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Richmond College Messenger.

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No. 3.

EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, A. N. BOWERS, W. A. HARRIS; *Philologist*, S. W. HUFF, J. B. LEMON.

BUSINESS MANAGER.—W. A. BORUM.

THE TWO HOPES.

[The following poem was written by the late Rev. MERRIWETHER WINSTON, once a student of this College. It was penned while he was yet a mere boy, but it shows the genius which he afterwards displayed.]

Earthy hope is but a flower,
That blossoms for the tomb;
Anon 'tis watered by a shower,
And for a while doth bloom.
It rears its head upon its grave,
And drinks in waters bright—
In dew it bathes its smiling face,
Nor dreams of withering blight.

The Christian's hope, a flowret fair,
Fanned by the wings of love,
Breathes odor 'midst the purest air,
Warmed by the sun above.
Its holy stem shall ne'er decay,
Its fragrance never die,
Soon flourish in eternal day,
Transplanted to the sky.

PROCRASTINATION.

After promising for several times to write "an article" for the *Messenger*, and as often failing to do so, I deem my subject one worthy of my consideration, at least, if not of my readers'.

But I suspect that there is not a single person who will be so unfortunate as to read this who has not had at some time cause to regret his or her procrastination more than once in life. If you have not, my fellow-student, I feel no hesitation in saying you will have ample cause to do so before you complete your college course. And, for that reason, you should deem the subject one worthy of your own consideration. Perhaps it may be when you have spent a very pleasant vacation and returned to college only to receive intelligence of the marriage of some fair damsel who always caused a--what shall I call it?--peculiar fluttering sensation while you were in her presence. Yet you delayed in pressing your suit. Or perhaps it may be at the close of the session, when you see your comrades who have not procrastinated as much as you have in the matter of reviewing, going up to get their honors as a reward for their faithfulness.

Procrastination may at first be indulged in to a very limited extent, but it will, like all other habits, grow upon a man very rapidly. Men get into the habit of procrastinating by failing to perform very trivial duties at the proper time, but it grows upon them so that in a short while they will be astonished at themselves. Some make such delays from time to time, about entering college, that when they come, their powers of grasping an idea are so obtuse that it is impossible for them to go *pari passu* with those who came to college earlier in life. Perhaps some of the greatest disasters the world has ever known were caused by procrastination. And on the other hand, some of the greatest

victories and most renowned successes the world has ever seen were gained by strict punctuality.

There are several reasons why a college student should avoid the growing habit of procrastination. Of course we do not mean to say that college students are the only class of people who should avoid this habit, but they are the class whom we address.

One reason is, because when a boy enters college under normal circumstances, his mind is fresh and bouyant; he is fired with all the ambition of a Napoleon or an Alexander. His mind is flexible and pliant, and can be trained and cultivated as the tender vine. He matriculates with high aspirations; his mind is filled with air-castles; his soul is fired to the very core with ambitious designs. He begins his session's work with firm resolutions and a fixed determination to be victorious—to have the highest honors the college can bestow upon him. But, alas! before the session has ended, he finds himself procrastinating in his most imperative duties; he finds himself doing, or rather neglecting to do, things that would have shocked him when he entered college. Yet, to his own surprise, he goes on, and does not even make an effort to regain his former energy. In fact, he appears to himself as one sliding down some gradually sloping hill, and yet all effort on his part to check himself is vain. Procrastination has got the best of him, and he is obliged to make a new start, form new resolutions in his toils for fame and glory.

But again, young men seldom realize the rapidity of time, especially those at college. Our college days, at longest, can only last for a short while, and for that reason, if for no other, we should endeavor to make the most of them. Students begin to form a slight idea of the preciousness of time when they are informed of some important examination only a day or so previous, and have all of their reviewing to do in that time. But their knowledge of its true value is not so comprehensive then as it is when his

college days are drawing to a close. Then he realizes, as never before, those solemn and truthful words :

“ Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have swiftly drifted by !
Oh, the good I might have done !
Gone ! lost without a sigh.”

That which seemed at first nothing more than passing the time away pleasantly, will come before him then as a mighty monster, and will stare him in the face, and harass and discomfort him by its ever-piercing glance. There are special times for preparation, sowing, cultivating, and reaping, in the human life, just as there are in vegetable life. And while young men are at college, it is a special time for their preparation for after life. When he leaves his *alma mater* he will have to go out into the cold and unsympathizing world, which will be only too glad of the chance to point its long, bony fingers at him, and dub him with the appellation “a failure.” If every preparation should be weighed and valued according to its worth and profit in the final result, college days should know of no such word as procrastination. But every college student should have indelibly stamped upon his mind that “Procrastination is the thief of time.”

MAXWELL.

WOMAN.

The love of beauty is one of the most instinctive qualities of the human mind, and only those who are themselves morally or mentally defective fail to admire it. There is no temple on earth so beautiful as that in which the soul of woman is enshrined. All noble architecture relates to and has had its origin in her form, and no structure of stone or brass that humanity has been able to devise is so splendid as that proud and shapely form, that, leaping out of the will of God, first gazes abroad amidst the gathered wonders of Paradise.

There is no sight under the vast canopy of Heaven more gloriously beautiful than woman. Seas may be vast; rivers may be wide; mountains may be wild and lofty--rearing their snow-capped pinnacles aloft to the thunder's home; vales may blossom with eternal summer; but there are none of these natural beauties that can move the heart of man so deeply as one glimpse of the grace and perfectness of a beautiful woman. There we find all the splendor of the earth concentrated. In her face we find the blending harmonies of beauty, casting a light over all, a divine light, before which the sunsets of the west and auroral fires of the north fade into dim twilight. Show me the country in which woman has not her influence and is not held in the highest reverence, and I'll show you a land without a hero, a rabble without a law, a people without a God. We recognize woman as a grand exemplar in all moral works, and always feel honored by her refreshing presence; in fact, no joy is complete, and no happiness without her. Whatever political theorists may say, the destiny of the human race is in the hands of the women, and their citadel and throne is home. No place on earth deserves the name of home where woman is not seated in her pure and lovely character. And wherever she dwells in her honest and chaste relations, she is far in advance of all those around her in whatsoever is noble and of good report. Woman's character and influence is the perfection of man's nature. And whenever man and woman agree in the efforts to make home pure and happy, the inmates of that household have a protection than which the world can afford no better. If you place her among the flowers or foster her as a tender plant, she is a thing of fancy. She is timid, annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or the rattling of a window-pane at night, she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come, arouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and watch her then! How strong is her heart! (You know a woman's strength

lies in her heart) Place her in the front of the battle—give her a pet, a bird, or anything to protect—and see her in a relative instance, lifting her white arm as a shield, and her own blood crimsoning her forehead, while looking heavenward, praying for life to protect the helpless.

Transplant her upon some far-off isle, where the poor, benighted heathen group in nature's darkness. Call forth her energies into action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence, a blessing. She contends for the right, through adversity as well as prosperity, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad. Oh, happy woman! A spectacle than which the world affords no happier! Thou art contending in thy sphere, ready at all times to benefit the world by thy exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of thy touch! Yes, there are those who are thus happy because they can't help it. It seems as though no clouds ever brood their sky; no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. Ah! they have the secret of contentment, the value of which is far above the philosopher's stone. For without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sorts of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What may be their condition in life makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world, but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they may live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre that kings and queens may covet. My mind often carries me back to some little cottage under the shadow of Rappahannock's forest, in which some of the fairest and loveliest daughters of Virginia reside. Oh, woman, blessed is thy memory! It floats to us like the beautiful perfume from some wooded

blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of thine will echo in our souls forever and ever, in notes sweeter than Vesper hymns, or akin to that music which floats through the vault of Heaven. Other faces may fade away and be buried in the shade of forgetfulness, but thine is indelibly engraved with a chisel of iron upon the tablets of our memory. Woman, sweet woman, lovely woman, the tinge upon thy cheek has caused even the roses to blush; thou art the fairest and sweetest flower in the garden of humanity! Thou art the morning star of glorious beauty, the loveliest bud of perfection's group, the inimitable God-polished monument of grace and goodness! Wield thy scepter proudly, for it is under the grand old gospel banner you are marching. Peace, joy and happiness be thy lot! And when you have done all the good you can, and when you have removed the last briar from life's thorny road, and placed thereon roses of immortality—when you have achieved your last victory, and when you have, as it were upon the wings of a dove, soared the last hill of the old, ever-green mountain, may you then be borne away on the snowy wings of angels, to Jasper's golden gate and there wield the palm of victory.

G. G. R.

THE SATELLITES.

Mr. Cleveland is elected. Who will be his cabinet? Who will be the satellites around the governing planet? A new era has dawned upon us. The Republican solar system has become unbalanced by little deviations from time to time of some of its largest planets. They deviated a few degrees from the planes of their orbits. And now, after a threatening storm for several weeks, the thunderclouds are breaking away, the angry winds are ceasing, and the dislocated fragments lie still beneath our feet. The nights have been dark, the times exciting; but the moon is not turned to blood, though the sun of Republicanism is

darkened for a while. Has the end come? End of Republican rule, we mean. Like a stranger comet, it may be turned from its parabolic course by some attractive obstacle like Prohibition and Greenbacks into a figure of such shape as to return again in our generation. Present investigation cannot tell. It will take the mathematical power of a deity to determine the curve that the shattered system will now describe. Only one thing we know with certainty in regard to the political issues of to-day. We know that this political universe must shortly pass away. The astronomer has already pointed his telescope to the coming sky, and the prophet foretells from the current flow of events who are to be the great luminaries in the coming administration.

The Latin sentence, *Deus mundum regit*, shows that God is the great sun around which all the political transactions revolve, like darkened planets away off in space. And we are concerned now only in gazing upon the forming satellites around our sphere of action.

A great mind is a shining light; and it is now considered a privilege to be a satellite to reflect its brilliancy. Borrowed thoughts, borrowed expressions, borrowed essays, and borrowed sermons are so plentiful now-a-days, that the most far-reaching chemist cannot distinguish between the false and the true, the moon and the sun, by the effect produced from the light shed forth. Is there any originality to-day? Is there nothing new under the sun? Students go forth from college as the mouth-piece of their professors. Parrots are as common in the human form everywhere as they are among the fowls of their native land.

In our Society halls are satellites which shine by reflected oratory. Their pale moonlight, like that of Luna, is a splendid balm to quiet down the thinking mind to sleep. In our church choirs the moonlight shines almost as bright as day. We are all satellites. Let us examine ourselves, our styles, our deportment and our conversation. Let us cultivate originality, or adapt other men's thoughts, manners, and delivery to our own peculiarities.

BEAUTY AND BEHAVIOR.

It is natural to desire the gift of beauty. But this is not the dower of all, and for those who have it not, it is the height of folly to cherish discontent. Many a girl who is merely plain, makes herself repellant by being conspicuously envious of her more fortunate companions.

Beauty is a dangerous gift. While poets have sung its praises, and artists have become immortalized by perpetuating its charms, yet it has brought ruin to thousands of its possessors. She to whom nature has been moderate in her gift of beauty has not so hard a contest against pride and vanity. Moreover she has encouragement to strive for those charms which, after all, are the more potent and enduring.

For "beauty is a fading flower," but merit and behavior increases and strengthens in age and use. True is the expression, "Beauty charms the eye, but merit wins the soul;" for when a man of sense comes to choose a companion for life, he looks for one who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect; one who can soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, and strengthen his principles. And the beauty of it is, this character can be acquired by all, the acquisition of which make the plainest, favorites among worthy people; the acquisition of which winneth the heart of man, subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast. There are many girls who have such sweetness in their spirit, such gracious gentleness in their manner, such decisive candor, such thorough self-respect on the one hand, and on the other such perfect regard for the judgment of others, that one cannot help loving them, though they may not be as beautiful as others who are less esteemed. The true and prevalent sentiment makes behavior predominant, and then beauty, if convenient.

One of the very important components of behavior is sincerity in all of our transactions :

“ Oh ! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive ! ”

Therefore be in reality all you would have others to consider you. Another important feature is genuine politeness, which is “ to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way.” When a person has all of the many constituents of behavior well blended together, then it is that he will shed abroad the pure atmosphere of gentility.

I close with the words of the poet :

“ His life is long whose work is well,
And be his station low or high,
He who the most good works can tell,
Lives longest, though he soonest die.”

F. B. R.

GREECE.

There is an insignificant-looking spot upon the surface of the globe, jutting out into the Mediterranean Sea. This, the smallest of the peninsulas on the south of Europe, is called Greece. There, rough and rugged mountains lift their snow-capped heads towards the sky, having their bases bathed by the gentle ripples of the ocean. There the rough and hardy mountaineer has but a few miles to traverse before he stands upon ocean's beach and breathes its bracing atmosphere. Down in the fertile valleys many fields are seen yellow with their ripened grain, and flocks of sheep and goats brouse here and there upon the rugged mountainsides. Small rivers come rushing down the mountains into the plains below, singing their merry songs as they move on to pay their tribute to the sea.

Its coast, washed and worn by the ocean's ceaseless roll, is rough and rugged. Numerous inlets, extending almost to

its centre, furnish protection from the ruthless storm to the fleets of its numerous states.

Then, are we surprised that this little spot of earth should become so renowned? Wherever learning and the fine arts hold sway, there Greece is praised. Nor shall it ever be blotted from history so long as illustrious nations occupy a place upon its pages.

Where else could we find a country so well fitted for the development and improvement of man? The sea, with its commerce shedding its softening and refining influence; the mountains, with their wild and picturesque scenery, not only giving strength and vigor to the body, but vivifying and strengthening the imagination by their picturesque presentations of the beautiful, the awful, and the sublime. Mt. Helicon stands forth in its beauty as the seat of the Muses. Its beautiful valleys and sides covered with verdant green, its balmy air enkindles the poetic flame within the breast of man. Parnassus, that awe-inspiring place, was known throughout the world. The temple that stood upon its summit at the foot of two tall and massive rocks, was visited by men from all parts of the globe, seeking knowledge of the future from its auricular responses. Its influence, so wide-spread, continued throughout many ages, whilst others, like the night-blooming cereus, flourished for a night and then sank down, being forgotten forever.

Then, can we ever forget the men that such a country as this has produced? Would Greece ever have been famous if it was not for her men of genius?

Homer, *the prince* of poets, will ever be spoken of in words of praise so long as language is left to man. In fancy we see him at the entertainments of the chieftains singing his immortal epics. Little thinks he that in after ages the world will resound with his praises. His *Iliad* and *Odyssey* was the Grecian's bible. What would poetry be to-day if they had not been?

At Sparta, the *Iliad* was especially prized. The recounting of warlike deeds and daring acts of heroes touched a

responsive chord in the Spartan's breast. How beautiful and brave the noble three-hundred stood at the pass of Thermopylæ, fearing neither danger nor death in their determination to do their duty for their country. Well does their epitaph contain these words :

Go, tell the Spartans, thou passer-by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

The Spartans could be overpowered, but they would never yield. Their highest aspiration was to die upon a field of battle. But not Sparta alone made Greece famous.

Athens held the highest place for intellectual cultivation of any city of its time. Nor has any other city ever produced, in the same length of time, so many eminent men. To this city the whole world flocked to drink from its fountains of knowledge. At Athens the populace was delighted by musical, poetical, and oratorical contests, where mind clashed with mind ; while at Rome, her rival and final conqueror, vast sums were expended on gladiatorial combats and the clashing of man with man. Athens conquered nations with her learning and her art, lifting them from the dark shades of barbarism into the sunlight of civilization. Rome, encircling them with the iron bands of slavery, robbed and plundered them in order to enrich herself. The one towered above all other cities in the magnificence of its art and the perfection of its literature ; while the other was known throughout the world by its arms and powerful legions.

Greece, wearied and weakened by internal commotions, fell an easy prey to avaricious Rome, who was only waiting for a suitable opportunity to bring her under its sway. Her principal cities were razed to the ground in order to make Rome the *first* city in the world. And Roman governors soon completed the entire subjection of Greece, taking away from her inhabitants, by their heavy taxation, even their daily bread. Thus perished the grandest country that ever flourished.

HAW.

UTILITARIANISM.

A doctrine so much spoken of, and so often advanced as this, deserves at least our notice, if not our careful consideration. Especially so far as that branch of our subject which pertains to education extends, we should investigate its merit. What is education for? And what kind is best suited to us? The popular idea is that every one should have a collegiate education of a thorough academic course. Is this popular sentiment tenable? If not, then in what is our system of education deficient? The utilitarian attempts to answer the question, and his answer is not altogether a failure.

The educator says that he teaches Latin and Greek not only to train the mind, but to increase the student's knowledge of languages as to their formation and merit, and to increase and widen his vocabulary of English by acquainting himself with the original forms and meaning of words. This is, indeed, plausible argument for every one to pursue these branches of study. But cannot we adopt some other plan by which the student may obtain these very results and at the same time fill his mind with more material for usefulness? The great surprise to our thinking men of to-day is that many of our highly accomplished and highest honored graduates go out in the world with but little practical attainments and less ability to apply them. They are compelled to grind off what they call the "wire-edge of college" before they become serviceable to any great degree.

So far as vocabulary is concerned, the utilitarian asks whether this could not be more accurately obtained if students were given exercises in high-toned English to be reproduced in simpler words, and monosyllabic, dissyllabic and trisyllabic sentences to be reproduced in polysyllabic ones, or as nearly so as possible, instead of his Latin into English and his English into Latin. And further, it is

thought that this system would remedy the lamented fact that so few, even fine students, know good English. The educator replies that the dead languages give the student so much insight to the fanciful fables, the customs, &c., of these departed nations, and that no English words can express the full force of their sentences or translate their poems without the loss of half the meaning and beauty. But does not our classical dictionaries give us in one volume all the interesting facts and fables which scattered over a multitude of books could hardly be reached by any but specialists? Would not the study of that book alone give us the cream of all the splendid information found among the classics, and thereby give us the material for comprehending the fullest force of the poets' allusions, who have woven these mythological heroes into the scenery of their rhythm? And as to the force of the original words being lost, may it not be claimed that the gains in the acquirement of English by the one system, equals the losses by not studying the original in the other?

The utilitarian does not claim that the study of these languages is useless, but that the same power of education may be obtained in a different way, less difficult and more practical. For instance, suppose a student gets the same mental training in Senior Mathematics that he does in Philosophy, if he means to make a minister, would he not be wiser to take the course in philosophy in preference to mathematics? For the one would not only give him the same mental training as the other, but would, at the same time, fill his mind with serviceable facts, from which store he could always get articles useful to his vocation, while if he had spent that time on mathematics, he would have had the mental training, but not a store of such merchandise as his vocation calls for. But were the student to be a surveyor, would not the opposite course be the one for him to pursue for the very same reasons?

What, then, is the utilitarian view? It is, young man, that you should decide early in life what avocation nature

has fitted and intended you for. And after you have decided, pursue just such a course as will give you mental training, and at the same time open to your use, by the obtaining of such knowledge as is incident to the acquirement of this mental training, a reservoir of serviceable facts that will never go dry.

In this day of progress and civilization, no one may hope to become great who is not a specialist. And even not then unless his lifetime study is, as it were, in cutting highways only to those junctions which would rush trade into his market and enliven his city. But some one will say, let a man cultivate his bodily strength, and after his muscles are fully developed, he may go at whatever he pleases, and his strength will always be useful to him; and that likewise an educated man will find use for all his powers, matters not how he acquired them, or what branches he studied. That is true; but a man who is made strong by exercise in a gymnasium does not know how to weld iron or mend the broken steel, while the blacksmith, in getting the same muscular strength, has also learned to shoe his horse and iron a wagon. Likewise the mind in getting strong will learn the art of applying the material which gave it strength; and it is therefore important to seek that course of study which will adapt itself to our wants in coming life.

In this article, I do not mean to take aught from the importance of studying all the branches taught in our schools, both the sciences and the languages, if age and circumstances will admit. Mathematics teaches us to think closely and philosophy deeply, so that this combination is, indeed, desirable, and thus other combinations are formed by uniting other schools, which we all will do well to obtain. But the great object of education seems to be comprehended in the answer that it is to learn how to gird up the strength of the mind and focus all its powers on any desired subject presented for our consideration. My purpose is to only

throw out these few suggestions that we may all think about what is the best plan for us to accomplish the most concentration of thought, and at the same time prepare ourselves for the most usefulness. For to be useful is better than to be great.

AMICUS.

TIME.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time in thy flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night ;
Pause for a moment in thy wild career,
And bring back to me those times once so dear.

Smile now upon me, left here all alone ;
Carry me back o'er the years that have gone—
Years that have robbed me of moments so dear,
And are bearing me on to my grave so near.

Carry me back to my once childhood's home,
And thro' its old halls once more let me roam ;
Bring back the loved ones who lived with me there :
Ah, canst thou be deaf to my piteous prayer ?

Only let me live in those scenes once more,
Then better can I bear my lot, I'm sure ;
Will nothing make thee to stop for awhile,
And bring back the days when I was a child ?

How fast thou art going—deaf to my cry ;
Oh, stop in thy mad course, and backward fly ;
Pause one moment, look at what thou hast done,
At my life now wrecked—so brightly begun.

I'd give worlds if I could just now spend one day
Of those old times when I was young and gay ;
When all around, the world seemed bright and fair,
And I was stranger to trouble and care.

Ah, me, 'tis bitter to look at the past,
And then at me now ; oh, what a contrast.
In those happy days little did I know
What I so very soon was coming to.

Ah, those were precious old times to me then,
And am I never to see them again?
But my cry is in vain, Time hears not,
But on He goes with the same steady trot.

My chances are gone, my fate is now sealed,
And I henceforth to cruel time must yield;
He is the great monarch, he reigns supreme,
And men, do what they will, *must* follow him.

MAL. E. SCRIPTUM.

TRUE EDUCATION.

In entering upon the discussion of a subject like this, one is reminded very consciously of his feeble ability to grapple with the broad expanse of territory like the boundless ocean, that spreads itself out before his imagination.

But what is a true education? It is a proper development of those mental faculties that nature has so abundantly bestowed upon the human family. And as this refers directly to the mind, let us pause a moment to consider briefly some of its special attributes.

A child two years old has the same capacity for an education as one of maturer age—that is, the development of his capacity lies not so much in age as in culture.

What are the principal constituents of the mind? Are they not intellect, sensibility and will? And does not the mind of a young child possess these attributes as much as an older person? I think so. In considering the mind of a child, it is like looking in upon an empty room that is not furnished, yet it contains the space for the furniture; so the mind of a child has all the attributes necessary for an education; but like the empty room, it has the capacity, though it is unfurnished, uncultivated.

And does not a true education consist in a proper development of these respective functions of the mind? Certainly it does. One of the necessary constituents of an educated mind is its capacity for thinking.

Some one has said that a mind is educated that can be brought to a focus, by the will of the man, and centered upon some subject under consideration, although he may not know a letter in the alphabet. And by proper training this power of the mind can be greatly developed. Some one has said equally as forcibly that the thinking of one man, who produced the steam engine as the result of his concentrated thoughts, has done more to benefit the world than all the slavery that ever existed. How important, then, that we should strive to acquire a true education. And if man be originally blessed with the capacity for an education, and if its acquisition be so important, is not man responsible to God for an omission of duty when he fails to acquire it?

Now, let us notice some of the benefits accruing from a true education. It qualifies man to grapple more successfully with the stern realities of life. For education, when it works upon an ingenious mind, brings out every latent talent which, without such help, would never be able to make its appearance. As the pearl-diver must go deep down under the briny billows for the hidden treasures, so the man who desires the fruits of an education must explore its fundamental principles, and grapple with its foundation works, that he may acquire its inexhaustible but hidden treasures of pearly value.

When men have acquired this education, they may be able to accomplish some noble and triumphant success in unexplored fields of human invention; and thus inscribe their names upon the roll of fame, that will be lost to the world only when men cease to read. If it had not been for the able historian, we would have no knowledge of the past; could never have known that Alexander the Great conquered the world. And but for this aid, those ancient heroes would have been concealed in obscure darkness; but now, they stand revealed by this link which makes the past visible to the present, and their bright examples serve to stimulate the aspiring youth in his efforts for an education. And in closing, let us remember that as the mind becomes expanded by education, we learn and admire more of nature, and learn and admire more of nature's God.

WASHINGTON.

THE POETIZER'S SOLILOQUY.

Though I would fain believe
That I was born a poet,
I've thought so much about it,
That I'm inclined to doubt it,
And say I do not know it.

We have so many young
And shrewd poetic writers,
Whose thoughts are so sublime,
That all *my* labored rhyme
Is turned to candle lighters.

If ev'ry one of us
Continues to compose,
Then certain as we live,
Our countless songs will give
No room on earth to prose.

So I will say adieu
To my poetic muse,
And beg her to retire,
Or fewer hearts inspire,
And luckless me excuse.

P. L.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Our Reading Room has proved a great success. It is true, it is rather uncomfortable standing at the desks to read, yet this prevents the papers from being monopolized by a few. As it is, the students stop on their way to and from lectures, and in the time which they would not otherwise occupy profitably, they inform themselves upon the general topics of the day.

A few weeks ago the Faculty had a mail-box put up in the main hall of the college building, and appointed a postmaster, who was to open the box at certain hours of the day. This system met with fierce opposition from some of the students, and a few mornings after, the box was found in several pieces, one of which was

hanging on the gas-jet. We hear the chairman intends dealing severely with the one who committed this piece of violence upon the mail-box, *if* he catches him. The offender most probably was conscious of the fact that the frail timber of which the box was composed was all that hindered him from smiling (or it might be just the opposite) over a letter from —— (it is needless to say who), and how, under these circumstances, could he resist the temptation to tear away this frail hindrance? We hope the chairman, considering the circumstances, will deal leniently with the erring one.

We understand that the *Institute Gazette*, which for some time has been compiled by the Philomathic Literary Society of the Richmond Female Institute, yet not printed, is soon to be printed. We had the pleasure of hearing the *Gazette* read at a public session of this literary society. We were much pleased with its matter. In our humble opinion, some of the essays it contained, as well as several others read on that occasion, were far above, in point of merit, the ordinary school essay. We look forward with heightened expectations to the time when we will be allowed to welcome the *Gazette* among our Exchanges.

Dr. Ryland told us some time ago, if we would let him know when we were going to have public exercises of our literary societies, he would have the Jeter Memorial Hall illuminated. The Philologian Society has decided to have a public debate the second Friday evening in December; and we hope the friends of the college will avail themselves of this opportunity for seeing this magnificent hall, and being with this literary society.

The "college boys," as might be expected, have shared the excitement which has pervaded the whole country. The college halls have been made to resound with "Hurrah! for Cleveland." The first night after they were confident of Cleveland's victory, a number of horns were brought forth from places where the chairman would not accidentally fall upon them, it being well known that he has such a love for the music of these instruments, and thereby for

the instruments themselves, that he cannot resist the temptation to gather them up wherever he finds them. These musical instruments had been allowed to quietly rest since they were used to serenade the "new students" at the beginning of the session, but judging from the noise made, their season of rest had not diminished their capacity for making this solace of college life. Professors were serenaded—that is, all that could be reached without coming in contact with the police. Several of the boys made speeches. One of them found, not much to his comfort, that his audience was not composed wholly of students, but that the chairman was listening very attentively; who afterwards addressed them on the subject of *horns*. Their enthusiasm reached its height when they were invited to take part in the parade which was to be made in the city. Several days before the time appointed for this display, officers were elected, transparencies were painted, and various other arrangements were made for joining the procession. A committee was sent to request the chairman to lead them on his "noble grey." The chairman said he appreciated the honor they had conferred upon him, but his charger not being sure-footed, he was afraid to attempt it. The night of the parade was very disagreeable, being rainy and cold. It took a large amount of patriotism to induce one to "turn out" in such a night. Some found theirs amply sufficient, while others found theirs woefully deficient.

There were one hundred and forty-four visitors recorded in the Library and Museum Register from October the 20th to November the 20th. It is interesting to notice how many visitors of note there are registered. There is also another class of distinguished (?) gentlemen who persist in recording their names. It is those of our fellow-students, who suddenly becoming illustrious (in their own estimation) forthwith record themselves, with many imaginary titles, in the Register. We would advise these gentlemen to abolish this practice, as it is very annoying to the librarian, and besides, they might have their desire for notoriety satisfied by their names being put in a more public place, even, than the Register.

The Librarian informs us that there has been an average of one hundred and twenty-five books per month let out to students since the Library has opened. We are gratified to see that our fellow-students are cultivating this department. It rivals "Calico." The young ladies of Richmond must look to their laurels, or "Alice," "The Fair Maid of Perth," and the "Women of the South," will cut them out.

A few of our fellow-students are sick, and it is beautiful to see the deference and kindness shown them. There is no kinder heart than that which beats beneath the uncouth exterior of the average "college boy," hidden though it may be by his impulsive manner. Besides, our officers and professors do all in their power to cheer and relieve the sufferers.

We have received a book entitled "Students' Songs," published by Moses King, Cambridge, Mass. We hope the students will get up a glee club. There is sufficient talent here to form a club which would reflect credit upon its members; it would also be an important factor in the public exercises of the college. We noticed one song in this book which, while it may not be as popular as some others, is especially adapted to the "Chemistry Fiend," as one of our predecessors called those gentlemen who in conversation use the nomenclature of chemistry, so far as it will go. It is entitled H SO_4 . Surely the addition of music to the mode of expression of these gentlemen would render their conversation more agreeable, if such a thing is possible.



LOCALS.

Were you in the parade?

Did you get wet?

I got soaking!

Going home Christmas?

How long you going to stay?

Prof. of Chem. : "Mr. D., how do you find the pressure of the atmosphere?"

Mr. D. : "Well (after some moments' thought), you first find the diameter of the earth."

Mr. B., while in the room of a friend, saw the picture of a young lady on the mantel, and while gazing at it became so much enslaved by her beauty, that he forgot it was "only a picture," and turning to his friend, asked whether he had a picture of that young lady?

Mr. H., feeling the necessity of being shaved, (although he was the only one who thought it necessary,) requested Mr. G. to shave him. Mr. G. first lathered his eyes, so that his curiosity might not interfere with the operation, and then proceeded with due ceremony to shave him with the back of the razor. H. remarked several times during the performance upon the sharpness of the razor. His personal appearance was greatly improved by the operation, and he now well merits the name "Little Dude," by which he is known here.

A dish of salsify was brought on one of the mess-hall tables, and several of the "boys" wanted to know what it was, when Mr. G. spoke up, "O, that is sassafras!"

Mr. P. was visiting some young ladies in the city, and the conversation turning upon an ash-cake as a subject, Mr. P. expressed his desire to see one of those curious commodities. Soon afterwards he received a neat bundle, in which was the object of his curiosity. We hear he has been feasting ever since. We feel slighted, P., that you did not give us a bid.

Mr. S., finding in Mr. F.'s room a swab with which F. had been cleaning his clarionet, wanted to know what it was for. He was told it was used to mop the throat, and after examining it for some time, went in and told his room-mate that F. "certainly did have a good thing for sore throat."

Mr. K. had gotten to a place in his philosophy lesson where he could "curl," and was anxious to go on; so, while the Professor was looking down his roll for another man, he continued thus: "Man differs from other animals in another respect: he has a chin, and other animals haven't, and the author thinks a deficiency in chin is a sign of deficiency in the upper story."

Prof. (looking over his book): "What if a man has too much chin, Mr. K.?"

Mr. K., seeing the force of the Professor's question, stopped "chinning."

Two of the students undertook to break a mule colt. We are not positive as to how they succeeded, but judging from the quantity of court-plaster that adorns their faces, we would suppose the breaking was the other way.

One of our ministerial students was on his way to fill an appointment. Taking the street-car, and not having any money; when the conductor called for the fare, he told him he had no money, but he was going to preach, and would pay him when he came back. The conductor had no idea of allowing any one to play such a trick as

that on him, and made the divine step off. He said the only thing he minded was the smiles of several young ladies on the car.

This same gentleman called at the Westmoreland Club house and was very anxious to sell "Mrs. Westmoreland" some books.

Prof. : "Mr. L., give an example of centrifugal force?"

Mr. L. : "The hands of a clock, for instance."

The Seniors have their troubles, yet they are not the only ones who are oppressed with a burden of work. See how a student of Cæsar addresses the great Julius :

Oh ! should some power the giftie gie you,
To see yourself as we do see you ;
From many a vain conceit 'twould free you,
And make you melancholy.

We mourn that ever you did see
Helveteans, Gauls, or Aedui ;
Oh ! we should all so happy be
If you had staid at home.

Of all the heroes known to fame,
Brutus the noblest place may claim ;
Yet there's a blot e'en on his name,
He should have killed you sooner.

Mr. B. wanted to know *how many* were going to play on the football *eleven*?

Mr. L. says he has been suffering very much from an *ulster* on his tongue.

We have heard of putting a bridle upon the tongue, but we think Mr. L. is introducing something new when he muffles his tongue with an *ulster*. We hope, however, his experiment may prove successful, as the bridling process is found to be insufficient in many cases.

One of the students was passing a place where he had been visiting a young lady, when a little boy, who was standing on the porch, recognizing him, called out, "you needn't come in here, Patsy is gone."

Prof.: "Mr. W., what is a crank?"

Mr. W.: "It is a wheel that performs revolutions when you turn it around."

Prof.: "Mr. C., what does *de bonne heure* mean?"

Mr. C. hesitates.

Prof.: "Literally, it means a good hour. Now, Mr. C., what is a good hour?"

Mr. C.: "Oh! dinner-hour, sir."

Good for you, "Jersey."

PERSONALS.

W. P. Malone, session '83-'84, is now attending the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College at Blacksburg. We hear he is helping to organize an entertainment soon to be given by the "college boys" for the amusement of "ye fair daughters."

J. T. Lynch, session '82-'83, is now located near Wilson, N. C., preaching very acceptably to those good people of the Old North State. The *Biblical Recorder* gives us most favorable reports of him. They tell us he is calling a Virginia lady to the ministry.

Mr. J. L. King, of Halifax, session '83-'84, is spending a long vacation. Why don't you come back, Rex? We have been expecting you.

Mr. J. R. Daniel, session '83-'84, is preaching in Cumberland county. We miss your argumentative powers, *Judge*.

Mr. W. C. Tyree, of Nelson, has left us on account of the sickness of his father. We are sorry to lose him.

Mr. W. C. Dorset, session '83-'84, is preaching in Powhatan. How are the girls, Wat?

Mr. F. L. Wilson, session '83-'84, is teaching school in Giles. How do you like spanking the children, "Tug"?

EXCHANGES.

It is with genuine pleasure we peruse the pages of the *Alma Mater*. It is undoubtedly a fine paper, and does credit to its fair editors. Besides other pieces, we were struck by the minute and vivid description displayed in the piece titled, "Envy of Brides." Will some one please inform us why it is that the minds of young ladies so vividly picture such scenes?

The *Wake Forest Student* is a fine paper, and the largest that comes to us, but we can truly say its size detracts nothing from its value. In it we have information and thought united.

We are glad to state we have a goodly number of the *Wake Forest* students this session, and hope they will aid us in lifting high the banner of the *Richmond College Messenger*.

We think *The Collegian* would add to its interest by eliminating a portion of the smaller matter and lengthening the literary department. A small space for literary matter and much room for "News and Notes," shows a lack of interest in the paper.

The *Roanoke Collegian* comes to us in excellent style; but what we know and have heard of Roanoke College, we think the paper can be improved.

For want of time and space, we can only mention the reception of "College Chips," the "College Speculum," the "Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly," the "Varsity," the "Indiana Student," and many others. We will state that our exchange list has been very good during the past month, and hope it will continue.

We have been looking in vain among our exchanges for some news from the R. F. I. Can any one inform us of the reason? Are the young ladies of R. F. I. not smart enough to publish a paper, or is it because they are too poor? We hope some one will give us the desired information.

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