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Richmond College Messenger.

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The Song He Never Wrote.

His thoughts were song, his life was singing;
Men's hearts like harps he held and smote.
But in his heart went ever ringing,
Ringing, the song he never wrote.

Hovering, pausing, luring, fleeting,
A farther blue, a brighter mote,
The vanished sound of swift winds meeting,
The opal swept beneath the boat.

A gleam of wings forever flaming,
Never folded in nest or cote,
Secrets of joy, past name or naming,
Measures of bliss past dole or rote:

Echoes of music, always flying,
Always echo, never the note;
Pulses of life, past life, past dying,—
All these in the song he never wrote.

Dead at last, and the people, weeping,
Turned from his grave, with wringing hands:
"What shall we do, now he lies sleeping,
His sweet song silent in our lands?"

Just as his voice grew clearer, stronger,—
This was the thought that keenest smote,—

"O Death! couldst thou not spare him longer?
Alas for the songs he never wrote!"

Free at last, and his soul up-soaring,
Planets and skies beneath his feet,
Wonder and rapture all out-pouring,
Eternity how simple, sweet!

Sorrow slain, and every regretting,
Love and Love's labors left the same,
Weariness over, suns without setting,
Motion like thought on wings of flame:

Higher the singer rose and higher,
Heavens, in spaces, sank like bars;
Great joy within him glowed like fire,
He tossed his arms among the stars,—

"This is the life, past life, past dying;
I am I, and I live the life:
Shame on the thought of mortal crying!
Shame on its petty toil and strife!

Why did I halt, and weakly tremble!"—
Even in Heaven, the mem'ry smote,—
"Fool to be dumb, and to dissemble!
Alas for the song I never wrote!"

Helen Jackson, in *Century*.

A Ride to Seven Pines.

On one of those balmy evenings which now and then present themselves near the middle of autumn, in company with a friend who had passed over the same ground in times of war, I visited Seven Pines. This place is about nine miles from Richmond, and the site of one of the most famous battles of the Confederate war.

To visit battle-fields, and step, as it were, in the "footprints of war," has always held a fascinating sway over my imaginative mind.

The day selected perfectly coincided with my spirits: each warm, bright ray of sunlight seemed in keeping with the happy sentiments of my soul; each little cloud in the sky seemed in sympathy with the specks of sorrow on my heart; and, as these so little molested the regal splendor of the sun, equally so little did my shadowy sorrows molest me in my utmost felicity. For is anything in life more enjoyed than the excursions made while on the turning point of life—when childishness has lost its sway and "appreciation real" reigns in its stead—before old age has killed the love of excitement and change within us, and surrendered us to cold formality?

Behind a rapid trotter, we soon drove through the macadamized streets of the city, and were winding our way down a smooth, hard country road. The houses were becoming farther and farther apart; pretty cottages, with large yards filled with flowers, substituted the tall, cramped tenements we had just left. Around us on all sides could be seen large green fields and pastures; some with sheep

gamboling in the rich sunlight; others with calves fondling around their mothers, and neighing, prancing colts sweeping across the clear fields in exciting race, proud of their skill and speed.

No man who has spent long months amid walled-in streets, with little save the light to remind him of the beauties of nature; with tired, lifeless animals passing him in their slow, mechanical motion; with the hot, dusty winds, laden with the odors of all the waste of a large city, could help feeling a relief at thus being under the open sky, having fresh, invigorating air to breathe, and seeing everything look spirited and gay, in accord with the merry, sweet notes of the birds, as they flit here and there amid the crouching shrubbery, freely singing their appreciation of liberty. The housewife could be seen "plying her evening care"; the rosy face of the healthy country girl, in her simple calico frock, pruning and pulling the withering flowers, substituted the colorless, sleepy maiden we had just left. The first seemed early morn, the other tiresome eve.

We hurried on through the refreshing country scenery; up and down hills, across pretty silver brooks, along valleys where the thick foliage of the trees formed an arch for our buggy, now opening to present to us some new scene, and again drawing the curtain before our eyes, as if to prepare them for another of rarer beauty.

The thirsty October winds had been before us, and drunk the life-blood of the leaves, but behind them had come the grand scenic artist of nature, and given

them beauty unknown before—coloring inimitable by man. The rich tints, graceful shading and blending of colors, brightened by the green fields and azure sky, present a grander picture than brush can paint.

It reminds us of many characters in human life, which drift upon the tide of luxury and pleasure, careless and reckless, seeming unable to stand poverty and misfortune; but in time of emergency, when the cold winds of adversity had dried up the stream of wealth, upon which they had revelled in days of prosperity—when it had ceased to ripple, to chatter, to gurgle, and had carried its last tribute to the ocean—then, from under the thick veil of indulgence and dissipation, they show the beauty and nobleness of their characters that so long had lain dormant, and display to the world a true theory of happiness.

I was thrown into a state of reverie in contemplating the scenes around me, and almost forgot the presence of my companion.

We soon reached the battle-field, and my exuberant spirits commenced to fade away and a feeling of melancholy to come over me as I walked around the grounds. My companion pointed out to me the positions, and told me the movements of the armies in the "lithe and fierce" struggle for victory. He remembered, as well as if it had happened the day before, each circumstance of interest; he showed to me distinctly the line of march of the contending armies; the places of the fiercest attacks; told me the causes of retreat, and how the men were rallied and instilled with new and indomitable determination to conquer or die. I could almost hear the loud cries of commanders

to "fight on, that victory was nigh!" And they fought on, while thousands were lying dead and dying under their feet. Sometimes my friend would grow sad, and his voice would be laden with sorrow, when he showed me about where some of his dearest friends and brothers-in-battle had fallen before the fire of the foe. The Confederates had the advantage in some respects, for the greater part of the Federal forces were separated from the scene of battle by the swollen and impassable Chickahominy swamp. But those who were engaged thought not of what "might have been"; they were soldiers to the letter, and stood up bravely under their unfortunate circumstances. Through mud and slush the battle raged. Nothing could daunt the patriotic spirits that rested in the bosoms of these men of two sections, both fighting for their supposed rights. Oh, civilization! to what crises have you arisen, when men who now stand upon the highest stage of the world's education and refinement have to walk over and trample in the mud the bodies of brothers, comrades, and foes, who have fallen victims to the rattling deathstrokes thrust among them by the hands of fellow-countrymen thirsty for blood. Should we be proud of our enlightenment, when it cannot show to men the means of peaceful settlement of questions relating to state, instead of their having to leave their homes unprotected and wretched, to be shot at in a way that appears to be sport to excited human beings?

Over the ground where thousands had lain writhing in agony, and crying and praying for death, we walked with broken step. The scene which we had called to mind had much affected us both. Sitting

on a conspicuous eminence, we began to compare the days before the unfortunate war with the days of the present—Virginia, as she was then and is now. We called to mind the many who used to live in affluence, who are now in the last stage of poverty; and some who were idle and indulgent then, who, by this calamity being made to strive, have made themselves men of prominence and worth. Our conversation drifted to the love which some still cherish for fallen friends. With some, love is considered a small part of themselves, until there comes a roughness in it; little do they value others until they are deprived of them; then it seems that all that made life dear and appreciable to them has by the wind been swept away, and they are left without a friend or pleasure. Little thought does the merchant or professional man, enrapt in his business, give to the love he has for his home, wife, and children; but, when they are taken from him, he considers his all has gone, and sees before him nothing save a monotonous, dreary life, not worth the living. Thus many hearts have been quickened in love by deprivation; many a memory is fondly cherished; and, though it brings ever with it the pangs of distress, yet that remembrance brings its sweet melancholy for loved ones gone, of which none would be deprived.

Yet thousands have gone from their homes, fought bravely and died; have had a few tears shed over them; but, ere many summers have passed away,

they are scarcely remembered. Their graves lie in some neglected spot, sunken and covered over with weeds; a decayed slab, with letters which cannot be deciphered, stands bending to the ground, telling by its position its tale, "Forgotten by all."

How many wives, with clinging arms and moaning sobs, have tried to steal one more minute of the precious time of love! How many days passed in heart-rending anxiety for their husbands' safety, swooning and fainting when the mangled remains of their husbands were brought home. But, before many years have passed away, they sit by and caress another, who sits in the former's chair—his happy successor. Many a girl has vowed to herself that if the misfortunes of battle should fall upon her beloved, his memory should be her only thought, and by his grave would be the only place in which she could find peace and pleasure; but she, ere long after his death, sits and gazes with smiling, twinkling eyes into the faces of numerous admirers.

How sad to think that any, who give up all for their country's sake, should be left to sink into the deep gulf of oblivion.

As the sun was disappearing in the west, sometimes showing its beauty through openings in the trees; as the dews of evening were preparing to relieve the withering plants, we wound our way back to the city, somewhat sad, but having much enjoyed our evening's ride.

C. W. ALEXANDER.



[We are always glad to hear from former students, and are, therefore, especially delighted to receive the following from a last year's student, who is now pursuing a special course of study at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.—Eds.]

The Life and Writings of Sidney Lanier.

Lanier was a man who could interpret all the varying moods of nature, and who saw, with a wonderful insight, into the complicated and varied emotions of the human soul. As well as a gifted musician and a brilliant writer, he was a true poet; and in his poetry, as in a mirror, we can see the man's whole life-history—can read the records of his struggles with poverty and disease, and almost feel his own intense enjoyment of all beautiful things. There are few natures in which his songs will not find an echo, and few who read his works will fail to be impressed with his love of nobility and truth.

Our poet was descended, on both his mother's and father's side, from many generations of poetry and music-loving ancestors, and early begun to show his remarkable talent in these directions. His first passion was for music. While yet a child he learned to play on several instruments, almost without instruction, and especially well upon the violin and flute. His father, however, feared the fascinating power of the violin, and in deference to his wishes, young Lanier applied himself more particularly to the flute. His playing upon this instrument was to the last degree powerful and refined. Near the end of his life, Mr. Hamerik, the director of the Peabody orchestra, said of him: "His playing appealed alike to the musically-learned and to the unlearned, for he would magnetize the listener; but the artist felt in

his performance the superiority of the momentary living inspiration to all the rules and shifts of mere technical scholarship. His art was not only the art of art, but an art above art."

Mr. Lanier graduated at the age of eighteen from Oglethorpe College, in Georgia, taking the first honors of his class, and immediately upon his graduation received an assistant's place in the college, which he held until the outbreak of the war. It was during this time that he first became conscious of his own genius. Rarely, indeed, did he ever speak of it, and it is only in letters to his wife at a later day, and in the records of his diary, that we find any allusion to this knowledge of himself. He felt that he could be a great musician, but also felt how small and insignificant music is compared with other things he could do. He also felt that he could distinguish himself in literature, and in his note-book we can see that he felt aspirations for grand literary work. One can fancy him, not speaking his thoughts, but writing them down; feeling that he had found in himself a standard above anything in his fellows.

At the beginning of the war he enlisted as a private in a Georgia company, and until the last year of the great struggle he remained in the ranks, not choosing to accept the promotion which was frequently offered him, because that would have separated him from his brother, for whom he felt a peculiarly tender affection.

Late in the war he was selected to take

charge of a vessel, which was to run the blockade. His vessel was captured and he was confined five months in Point Lookout prison. During this time his flute, which he had smuggled into prison in his coat-sleeve, helped him to while away the tedium of his confinement, and frequently earned for him some of the little comforts of prison life.

In February, 1865, he was released from Point Lookout, and with only twenty dollars, which he had with him when captured and which was returned to him, he made the long journey to his Georgia home on foot. He arrived with his strength utterly exhausted and was taken with a serious illness, recovering just in time to see his loved mother die of consumption. For two years afterward he filled a clerkship in Montgomery, Ala., and in April, 1867, went to New York for the first time to attend to the publication of his novel, "Tiger Lilies." Upon his return he took charge of a large country academy, and in the same year was married to a young lady from Macon.

Mr. Lanier had written a few poems before his marriage. They are vigorous and manly in their style, but not so finished as his later works. Some of them, however, contain passages in which it is possible for one to read his very thoughts. His hopeless poverty, his knowledge that he was possessed with that terrible disease, consumption, which he had to battle with through all his short struggle for existence, made some of these poems very sad. Indeed, there is a strain of minor melody running through all his works, and a year before his death we find him writing—

"Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare ;
Look how compounded, with what care ;
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee,
Sweet herb from all antiquity.
Then time, let not a drop be spilt,
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt,
'Tis a rich stirrup cup to me,
I'll drink it down right smilingly."

From the time of his marriage, until 1873, he was almost constantly sick and traveling for his health. At last, finding that he could not succeed at anything else, he betook himself seriously to poetry and music, and went to Baltimore, under engagement as first flute for the Peabody orchestra. And now commences the heroic struggle, than which there is no sadder in the history of genius. On the one hand, opportunities for study, the consciousness of power, and a will that was never subdued ; on the other, a frail and delicate body, weakened by disease and continually overtaxed, not only to express the thoughts of beauty for which he found such noble utterance, but as well to provide food for his children.

His father offered him a share in his business in Macon, but to leave the opportunities of the greater city would have been almost folly on his part. He decided to stay, and but for the generous help of his father and brother at the time of his greatest need his end would not have been long delayed.

Having given his whole life to his art, he wrote and studied with fervor, meanwhile eking out a scanty subsistence from his poems and magazine articles, when the editors accepted them. He could not bring his ideas of art to the level of the public understanding, and hence was frequently misunderstood and discouraged. In his own words his idea was, "that the artist should put forth humbly

and lovingly, and without bitterness against opposition, the very best that is within him."

Against the contemptuous criticism which his pieces brought forth, he launches this indignant sentence: "What possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect—that criticism which crucified Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, tried Luther for a criminal, tortured Galileo, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into exile, and gave Milton five pounds for 'Paradise Lost'; kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's door-step, reviled Shelly, killed Keats, cracked jokes on Schubert, Glück, Beethoven, Berlioz, and Wagner, and committed so many other impious follies, that a thousand writings like this would not suffice to catalogue them?"

In the next two winters our author wrote "The Symphony," the "Psalm of the West," and several other shorter poems, with a series of descriptive articles for *Lippincott's Magazine*. In the summer of 1876 he met with a great disappointment. He had been engaged to write the life of Charlotte Cushman, but after he had gotten fairly into the task the engagement was withdrawn. He fell sick again, and once more was obliged to seek the warm climate of Florida.

Upon his return to Baltimore he began to give lectures on English verse—at first to a class of ladies in a private parlor, afterward in the hall of the Peabody Institute. These lectures brought him well into public notice, and in 1879 he received an appointment as lecturer on English literature for the ensuing year at the Johns Hopkins University. This was the first time in all his life that he

had a year's salary insured in advance. That year he lectured at the University and also in private schools, besides bringing out his book on "The Science of English Verse" and playing in the concerts and rehearsals at the Peabody.

The winter of 1880 was a fearful struggle for him, and his life was despaired of. However, he sufficiently recovered to resume his course of lectures at the University. He never finished this course, for he was unable, even by sitting through his lectures, to speak above a whisper; and later in the year, when too feeble to raise his food to his mouth, and with a fever raging in his veins, he pencilled his last poem, "Sunrise," ending with these words:

"And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that
has tried thee,
Labor at leisure, in art, till yonder beside
thee,
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

Four months after, he died at Lynn, N. C., where he had gone in hope of relief.

Thus ended the manly struggle. Just when he had sufficiently conquered fate to find time to write his poems he died, and every line he has left us is written in his life's blood. His genius elevated him into that serene atmosphere—almost above all earthly care, above all small things—from whence he seems to look down and sing

"Oh, suns, O rains, oh, day and night, O
chance,
Oh Time, besprent with seven-hued circum-
stance;
I float above ye all into the trance
That draws me nigh Nirvana.

Gods of small worlds, ye little Deities
Of humble heavens under my large skies;
And Governor-Spirits all—I rise, I rise,
I rise into Nirvana.

The storms of Self below me range and die,
On the still bosom of mine ecstasy,
A lotus on a lake of balm, I lie
Forever in Nirvana."

I cannot attempt here to discuss the genius of Lanier. His sympathies were large enough to take in all the world—his sensibilities sufficiently keen to hear music in the waving of a corn-field, or the sighing of the wind through the live-oaks on the marshes. His writings are full of a delicate imagery and a fervent admiration of beauty and goodness that reminds one of Milton and Ruskin. In the sharpest contrast is the school of Swinburne and Rosetti, of whom indeed Lanier said: "They invited me to eat; the service was of silver and gold, but no food therein save pepper and salt."

Lanier's poetry was pure and fresh in its conception and all untainted by either the transcendentalism or the half-immortality of the modern.

Now that he is dead the world appreciates the genius that penned "The Symphony," and it will pile a mass of stones—such stones as they have given him for bread—above his grave, and perhaps will put upon them the wreath of bay and laurel that always comes too late to him who by his genius seeks to elevate and ennoble us.

CHARLES T. CHILD.

[The following is an oration delivered by Mr. O. L. Martin, of Henry county, Va., at the public debate of the Philologian Literary Society. We hope it may prove as pleasing to our readers as it did to his hearers.—EDS.]

Oration.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

When the society appointed me to this honor, you will be glad to know it limited me to ten minutes; as for me, I wish it had been five. I always did have an abhorrence for seeing big men tackle little subjects; therefore, not being willing to claim your valuable time and cultivated attention to a discussion of commonplace topics, I propose to call to your remembrance some of the revolutions of the nineteenth century. I hope you are duly impressed with the magnitude as well as the momentous importance of this monstrosity. As this is an occasion for the discussion of deep and fundamental subjects, such as determine the life and history of coming generations and centuries, I will not overwhelm you with the philosophy of the rise and fall of confederations; I will not ask you to ascend

with me the pinnacle of political history, and view the dark clouds of national discord and sectional animosity that finally broke over us with a terrific conflagration and rolled its fiery billows over this broad land, drenching the continent in fraternal blood, and then ask you to follow me as I go back into the dim past, tracing the cause of this outburst to the first negro that was chased down in the equatorial regions of the Congo. These clouds have been dispelled, leaving over us a clear sky and around us the sunshine of peace, with healing in its beams. We will not dwell at length on the good old days when Sambo and Dinah roasted their "taters," sopped their 'possum fat, played the banjo and cut the pigeon wing around their cabin fire. I will not burden you with an elaborate discussion of the change of the Federal Constitution,

the goods or evils of universal suffrage. Call on our old friend *Civis*; he will enlighten you on this subject at his leisure. We will go back to that age according to Darwin, of the evolution of man from the monkey; when our grandfathers and grandmothers walked four miles to church carrying their shoes in their hands—the men 10s and the women 12s. But revolution has brought us to the age in which the women wear a leather fabrication about as broad as your two fingers, with a pivot in the middle, more resembling stilts than shoes. The men—alas for man! He stuffs a No. 10 foot in a 5½ shoe till he has corns on his feet like bumps on a log, steps around like a snow-bird on hot ashes, or as if he were going to dance a schottische. Think of the days when old Grandfather Isaac took old Grandmother Betsy Ann up behind him on old sway-back Bill, with little Susan in his lap, and set off for church. There they found no cushioned pews, but seats made of slabs with holes bored in the ends and wooden pins inserted for legs, with now and then a couple of fence-rails laid down, with the sharp edge up, to make up for the deficiency of slabs.

No deep, mellow tones of the church organ are heard emanating from the roof of the house where half a dozen men and women, stacked around it to make the music, could be seen under the dim, flickering gas-light, by the shining of their eyes; while they ran the gamut through the skies, tripping from star to star with lightning speed, and thus playing hide-and-seek through the caves of the earth. But the minister lined out—“Hark! from the Tomb,” &c., and a thousand voices rang out from below,

some singing Old Hundred, some Arlington, every one singing his own tune in his own time.

In the pulpit was no college dude nor seminary fop, *curling* to the skies on Socrates, or spouting Porter. No conglomeration of gold-headed cane and silk hat, with a disgusting superfluity of D. D.'s and LL. D.'s *ad infinitum*, who don't know Lazarus from Barabbas. But a stalwart *rusticus*, feeling himself a perfect master of the situation, and in every respect equal to the occasion. With a chest developed by exercise in the corn-field, and strong lungs from breathing pure air, he has no religious or moral scruples about preaching two hours and a half. Outside of the house, they discuss general topics; inside, the dogs fight and the babies yell. The old man preaches right on, all the same. The men occupied one side of the house and the women the other; down through the centre ran the wall of partition, separating the sheep from the goats (I don't know which were the goats, though). Nobody went to sleep, for the carbonic acid had free exit and the oxygen free access through the cracks in the house large enough for a mule to crawl through.

There is another revolution worthy of mention. Think of the time when our forefathers courted our foremothers in the spacious old-time parlors,—the favorite courting fire being made of roasting-ear cobs and green persimmon. Reuben sits away over in one corner, and Nancy Jane away over in the other, on those old-fashion straight-back split-bottom chairs, one of which contained timber enough to make a wagon bed. Now this is the three-hundredth time Reuben has been to see Nancy Jane. So Reuben, with his heart

flopping up and down like a churn dasher, stammers out in a half audible manner, *Nance, will you have me?* Nancy Jane, blushing all behind her ears, and with her little heart fluttering like a wounded bird, exclaims, Oh, Reuben, you scare me! And the poor fellow, thinking he has committed some great blunder, wishes the earth would open and swallow him up. But presently, to his great relief, Nancy, with very tender accents, enticingly says, "Reuben, scare me again!" Now, instead of the old-fashion parlor and its clumsy chairs, we dudes and dudians have a cosy little parlor about as big as an old-fashion chicken coop, with its gilded chandeliers and marble centre-table, and a cute little little sofa, just big enough for two. And then we don't get "left," and go crazy. Oh, no! our little hearts are not cracklings. They will expand and contract at will. We get "left" and are engaged again in less than a week.

Another very interesting revolution, away back at some time not definitely known by me, a strange idea took posses-

sion of the ladies, (as so often does) and they go out and pull down all the grapevines and bamboo briars to make a shuck basket fabrication. From time to time the thing grew to so enormous an extent that only two women could sit in the same pew. And finally, the circle described was so great in diameter that the sweetheart, poor fellow, was excluded from his fashionable farewell at the parlor door.

Out of this exigency grew the pin-back, and the reaction was equal to the action, till soon the young lady could not sit down at all. But no matter, this is a one-sided extreme, and gives the beau that proximity that allows him his sweet "bye, bye," and both parties have been satisfied ever since.

Let me say in conclusion, that these things only apply, of course, to way-out-in-the-country people. Nothing I have said, you know, applies to city people or Institute girls, because *they* never run fashion, or anything else, to an extreme.

FINIS.

Pericles.

Biographical study is interesting and instructive in that it gives an insight into the life and character of men, the age in which they lived, and the impress of their actions upon that age. To the lover of such study, no nation is more replete with inviting material than Greece; and among her great men, perhaps there are none whose lives will more amply repay critical investigation than the character that forms the subject of this article.

In studying the achievements of great men, our estimate of them must necessa-

rily be incomplete until we take into consideration their inner life and character; so, then, a glance at Pericles from this point of view will be most appropriate, as the circumstances of his birth and education show us how eminently he was fitted for the position he occupied in the administration of his country's affairs.

His ancestry was of noble blood, and this of itself, in that age, naturally contributed towards giving him prominence; nor were his intellectual attainments in any degree deficient. The most complete

training available in that age he had received from the most illustrious instructors. Like Lafayette, the generous friend of American liberty, he was, "In the morning of his days, the associate of sages," and the effect of his intercourse with the prominent philosophers of Greece, was, as we may reasonably infer, to give him that gravity and dignity of character which so signally characterized him.

In that age oratory was in the zenith of its glory and power, and to this Pericles had devoted much study, recognizing it as one of the most potent influences over the Athenian assemblies. His profound study of nature, the results of which he used to enhance his oratory, imparted still greater dignity and impressiveness to his style, and, judging from the effects of his speeches, we must accord to him the meed of a truly "cyclopic orator."

His manners were marked by a reserve which some regarded as over-assuming and pompous, but it is more probable that it was the reflex effect of his constant intercourse with the learned men of his time; or perhaps he recognized the significant fact that "familiarity breeds contempt," and this, doubtless, accounts for his custom of exhibiting himself but rarely in public. He sought not that cheap glory which might be reaped by participating in matters of secondary importance. The conduct of these he left to his inferiors, reserving himself for great occasions, when the majesty of his presence and the dignity and impressiveness of his eloquence were irresistible; and truly his policy in this respect is worthy of the consideration of those modern politicians who measure reputa-

tion by the frequency of their appearance before their countrymen.

Such was the character of the man who appeared as a leader of the Democratic party of Athens after the death of Themistocles. The aristocratic party was the opposing faction at this time, and was led by Cimon, whose genial and generous nature, along with his military renown, gave him great influence, despite his political principles. But a military expedition of which he had command, at his request, having failed of its purpose, weakened his influence greatly and so also that of his party. To the Democratic party this was most gratifying, and especially so to Pericles, as it enabled him to strike a blow at the man who was at once to him a private and a public enemy. By proposing certain changes in the Athenian constitution, which were ultimately adopted, Pericles overthrew both Cimon and his party, and thus having gotten complete possession of the reins of government, he entered upon that long administration which marks one of the brightest eras of Grecian history. Succeeding to the political principles of Themistocles, he proposed to render Athens the leading power of Greece. Her maritime ascendancy had already been secured by the confederacy of Delos, and now his policy was to extend her influence in continental Greece.

Remembering the affront to the Athenian soldiers offered by Sparta, he prevailed upon his party not only to renounce their alliance with Sparta, but also to join her bitterest enemies. They formed a defensive alliance with Argos and her subject towns against Sparta, and soon afterwards still further extended their influence in continental Greece by

an alliance with Megara. This action gave signal offence both to Sparta and Corinth, but it greatly increased the power of the Athenians by giving them the key to certain passes which would enable them to hold in check an invading army from Peloponnesus. In all these actions the wisdom and foresight of a statesman are displayed, and the plans of Pericles in establishing the supremacy of Athens must elicit the admiration of every true statesman of succeeding years.

In the year 458 B. C., through the advice of Pericles, the Athenians began to construct the long walls which connected Piræus and Phalerum with Athens. This idea was doubtless suggested to him as a means for the protection of his city against the invasions of the Lacedæmonians, which he saw was inevitable, although they were then disturbed with internal broils; already he saw the kindling fires of war, and with statesman-like foresight he began to prepare for the approaching storm. The aristocratic party, through jealousy at the rising power of their rivals, opposed the undertaking, but in vain. Jealous Sparta now took active measures against Athens, and, assisted by a disloyal Athenian faction, gained some advantages; but the final issue was the healing of domestic faction at Athens, and her consequent advance in power and prosperity. She soon afterwards acquired the title of "Imperial Athens," and this she really was, but she soon began to totter in the midst of her power, while jealous enemies stood ready to assist in her overthrow. Ill fortune followed, and Athens was saved only by the vigilant Pericles, when the Spartan king invaded his country. Weakened in power, Athens now concluded a thirty

years truce with Sparta. Pericles next looms up into prominence by his actions against, and final overthrow of, his able political opponent Thucydides, which made him sole director of affairs for the rest of his life. Being now at peace with Sparta, having vast resources at hand, and guiding an energetic people, Pericles now proceeded to consummate his long contemplated plans of rendering Athens the glory, the admiration, and the wonder of the world. How well he succeeded, is attested by the unanimous voice of history, which styles this period by way of preëminence the "age of Pericles."

Art in every variety flowered out and blossomed with unwonted splendor and perfection. The name of Pericles is inseparably linked with the name and fame of the Acropolis, the grand centre of the architectural splendor of Athens. The colossal statue of Athena stands out prominently in history, even as its lofty summit towered high above the Parthenon, guarding the fame of the Acropolis, and directing the generations of men to the greatness of Pericles, "the accomplished man of genius"; and the poetic strains of the sublime Æschylus, the rhetorical Euripides, and the sublimely-rhetorical Sophocles, along with the truth-illuminated wisdom of Socrates and the philosophic history of Thucydides, will ever speak to succeeding ages of Pericles, "the generous patron of literature." The breaking out of the great Peloponnesian war alone checked the increasing magnificence of Athenian art. Successful as he was here, he failed in establishing Athenian power, and involved his country finally in complete disaster. Aggressive policy made enemies abroad, and

exacting, and seemingly unjust, tribute produced discontent at home. Athens soon became arbitrary, and this naturally produced complaints among her allies, who charged her with being despotic. But times of devastation and blood were fast approaching. The quarrel between Corinth and Coreyra kindled the war which overwhelmed Athens with misfortune, and snatched from her forever the hegemony of Greece.

In this affair Pericles again looms up, turning the scale of decision by the weight of his authority and influence. A meeting of the Peloponnesian allies soon followed, and war was declared against Athens; but previous to an open declaration, several demands were made of Athens, the refusal to comply with which they proposed to use as a pretext for declaring war. The banishment of Pericles was one demand, on the ground of his having inherited "an expiable taint" from his ancestor, Megacles—a political trick to get rid of their powerful enemy, and one which also laid him liable to the charge of being the cause of the impending war. His intimacy with Aspasia and Anaxagoras involved him in grief so profound that for once he was seen to weep as he pleaded for his beloved Aspasia. These facts show that he had enemies; still, his friends were in the majority, and he remained secure. The next requisition was Athenian recognition of the independence of the other Grecian cities. The swaying eloquence of Pericles fixed the decision, and no concessions were made; and the opinion which he expressed here, along with its influence at such a crisis, finds a parallel in modern times in the memorable words of our own Patrick Henry—"The war is inevitable." War soon followed. The

Spartans marched toward the Attic border, and sent a herald concerning the invasion—who, at the suggestion of Pericles, was forbidden to enter the city.

The invasion of Attica followed, and with it devastation. Pericles instructed his people to secure themselves and their own within the city walls. Discontent at such a life and at the destruction of their great rural homes followed. They were eager to attack the advancing foe, but he wisely refrained from such a course. Murmurings against Pericles were heard, but he bore these with characteristic fortitude and firmness. Amid the discontent, a dreadful plague broke out, and carried off multitudes of the crowded masses. An expedition, of which he took command, proved successful, but public sentiment was against him at home. Upon his return he was charged by his enemies with peculation, and found guilty, but was afterward reinstated in power and influence. But the end was drawing near for him. Death had claimed many of his dearest friends and two of his sons, leaving him without a legitimate heir, and now the "King of Terror" asserted his claim upon the great statesman. As he lay dying, his friends around his bedside were recounting his exploits, when the great man, suddenly arousing from his stupor, said, "What you praise in me is partly the result of good fortune, and, at all events, common to me, with many other commanders. What I chiefly pride myself upon you have not noticed. No Athenian ever wore mourning through me." Such was the last utterance of Pericles—a sentiment worthy of one around whose bedside lingered brilliant comorseations from the glowing altars of immortality.

Vacation.

To the tired student, perhaps no word has a sweeter sound than that all-expressive trisyllable—vacation. When wearied with study as he burns the “mid-night oil,” how fragrant are its memories! To him who has been applying himself for months with steady perseverance to his lessons the word itself signifies rest and pleasure. It is necessary for the body and mind alike to have rest; without it they cannot perform their functions aright. It is very hard to keep oneself to text-books, exercises and originals, for nine long, weary months; and he who has done it can tell how pleasant is the thought that vacation is at hand. But the most enjoyable part of vacation is the pleasure which it brings. How radiant does the student’s face become, as his imagination fondly pictures the good time which he will have in the approaching summer. He will soon leave the scenes among which he has dwelt for the past session. Ere long, the train or steamboat will bear him swiftly homewards. As he speeds along on the journey, his heart leaps for joy at the thought of meeting those from whom he has so long a time been separated. What young man is not o’erjoyed that he will soon be with her who has never forgotten him for a single moment—his mother. And

he will in a short while bend his steps towards some retired house in a fine old grove of trees, where dwells his sweet “Angelina,” ah! even now

“The loved one doth await
Beside the garden gate,
With loving, longing heart,
A greeting to impart.!”

How pleasant the walks they take together, as they visit the scenes made sacred by sweet memories! Time swiftly passes away; and, before one is aware of it almost, the last week at home has come. He turns his face toward Richmond, full of hope and buoyancy, and enjoying the retrospection of the vacation spent in recruiting health. Soon the steeples of the city come in sight, and that familiar edifice—the college building. College life has begun once more. Again our hero is in an atmosphere full of classical lore and scientific research, and of the exceedingly harmonious and melodious sound of “Rat.” He enters upon the session with the determination to do better, study harder, and waste less time than ever before. And fortunate is that one who carries out his resolution. But my subject is running away with me. Kind reader—adieu.

TREBHEH.

Said the Professor in English Literature: “I will not give you any advance lesson. Just read the sixth and seventh books of Paradise Lost and all you can find on Swift, Steele, De Foe and Berkeley’s Theory, and look up the questions I gave you at the last recitation.” Pro-

fessor in Art Criticism: “Copy down these six sets of questions as expeditiously as possible and at the same time take notes on the essay which will be read.” This is what makes the Senior’s life a burden to him.

Louis XVI.

At the age of twenty, in the year 1774, A. D., Louis the Sixteenth ascended the throne of France under the most auspicious circumstances. Upon his first entrance into imperial power he was very popular. "All young kings are popular." And as he was a young king of amiable disposition, he was a great favorite. But how long did he continue in the estimation of the people, and why his sad end? He married Marie Antoinette, a beautiful daughter of the Emperor of Austria, when she was only sixteen, and they resided in Paris, with all the accustomed attributes of royal splendor. His was the home where many guests were ever welcome; his was the home of frequent banquets of a sumptuous nature. In short, his home might be rightly called a "feast chamber." But what was the condition of the people who were subject to his administration?

There were two distinct classes of people in France, called nobles and commons, similar to the patricians and plebeians of Rome. The land was divided between the 150,000 nobles on the one hand, and the 25,000,000 commons on the other. This great number of the lower class, with their small share of the country, had the great burden of taxation to bear, which absorbed about two-thirds of the produce of their land. "Still," says White, "fresh taxes were imposed; still the expenditure exceeded the income by seven millions a year." Through the influence of Marie Antoinette, Colonne was appointed minister of finance. He at once furnished her with unlimited sums from the treasury, to be employed in her feasts and balls. "There

were court shows which had never been surpassed for beauty or extravagance, while France lay groaning and writhing beneath the weight that pressed her to the ground." Colonne made these extravagant allowances until the supply of money in the treasury received from taxation was exhausted.

The groanings of the people under such oppression, caused the king to call a meeting of the nobility and magistrates, for the purpose of consulting together for the common welfare. Upon their assembling, they refused to redeem the state by sacrificing a shilling of their wealth, or one iota of their liberties. But, from pure malice, they circulated irritating reports of the "national distress," &c. Consequently, on the 1st of May, 1789, to the great delight of all, there assembled a convocation of the whole people, to propose measures for the amelioration of the starving condition of the country. But the nobles, and the proud gang of authorities under Louis, were actually too aristocratic to sit in the same hall with the commons during the session. Therefore another organization was formed among the oppressed classes, called the "National Assembly," which was bitterly opposed by Louis. The rash opposition of the king to this body caused a bloody revolution in France, which after lasting for about three years, resulted in the death of the king. In this struggle the entire clergy aided the oppressed commons against the king and his monopolizing and avaricious ministers. It might be asked, What could Louis do to improve the people's sad condition?

It might be claimed that it was not the

king, but his executive staff, that were at fault. But Louis was king; and, as such, he had authority over all of his officers, and was held responsible for keeping in power such men as were so treacherous and detrimental to the interests of the State. He was brought to trial, and found guilty of treason, and executed on the twenty-first of January, 1793. After this, France enjoyed that immunity from the bondage of taxation and oppression

for which she had so long been struggling.

It seems rather hard that this end should be accomplished by taking the life of the king. But this seemed to be the only expedient to adopt in order to secure the relief and redemption of France. It may truly be said that they took his life, not that they loved *Louis* less, but that they loved *France* more.

SIC SEMPER.

Pleasant Moments.

The blustering winds with their fierceness
Have left us for a season just now,
And spring-time with her laughing sunbeams
Comes forward with her plighted vow.

And the James with his silvery waters
Ever roars on the still, gentle air,
While the white marble columns of Hollywood
Are refulgent in the sun's open stare.

So when the cares of the day now are over,
And the sun goes down in the west,
With joy we may sit for reflection
While the breeze lulls us softly to rest.

And twilight comes forward to cheer us
As the entrance to night's sweet repose;
And the birds flit away in the darkness
To find a rest for their troubles and woes.

And the moon to the scene adds its beauty

As the soft fleecy clouds move away,
And the sweet, gentle zephyrs are passing
Like the richness of a lovely May day.

As we sit in the twilight's soft glimmer,
How sweet is the voice of the Past,
As our minds wander back in the distance,
Over pleasures so countless and vast.

And our homes looming up with their bright-
ness,

Turn our minds to the dear happy spots
Where the rose and the violets are blooming
Near the ivy and forget-me-nots.

Though now with some feeling of sadness,
We think of the ones far away,
Yet Hope drives away that sad feeling
By the thought of a union That Day.

DUNBAR.

She was one and I was one,
Strolling o'er the heather,
Yet before the year was done
We were one together.
Love's a queer arithmetician—
In the rule of his addition
He lays down the proposition:
One and one make one.

She and I, alas, are two,
Since, unwisely mated,
Having nothing else to do,
We were separated.
Now, 'twould seem that by this action
Each was made a simple fraction,
Yet 'tis held in love's subtraction
One from one leaves two. —[Ex.

The Crusades.

The Crusades will ever constitute one of the most interesting chapters in European history. They occurred in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, extending over a period of nearly two hundred years. At the present day, after the lapse of more than six centuries, we are able to judge of them much more fairly than a contemporaneous writer could have done. For a man, writing about occurrences which take place in his own time, is apt to be prejudiced for one side or the other; but the historian, surveying past events in all their aspects, can reach a just and impartial decision.

In determining the causes of the Crusades, we must consider the general tone of society at that period, since it was this, rather than any particular event, which brought them about. Of course, their *prima causa* was the desire of the western nations to wrest the control of the Holy Land from the hands of the Turks. Some years previous, immense hordes of barbarians from central Asia had overrun the western part of that continent, and had at length come over into Europe. These uncivilized tribes held possession of the Holy Sepulchre. About the opening of the eleventh century, Peter the Hermit, a well-to-do farmer of Sicily, began to think about recapturing Jerusalem. So enthusiastic did he become on the subject, that he went to Palestine to examine into the condition of the country, and into the feasibility of taking the Holy City. On his return to Europe, he obtained the Papal bull authorizing him to advocate his scheme; and he visited the kingdoms of Europe, telling the people of his pro-

ject. How well he succeeded may be seen from the numbers who followed him.

But why should the Hermit meet with such great success? It were useless for one man to preach the Crusades, unless the public mind were in a condition to accede to the proposals he made.

It was the custom of those days for a man, when he had committed some great sin, to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of a departed saint. He thought that to do penance there would wash away his guilt. And, if this were the case with regard to the shrine of a human being, surely it would be preëminently so at the tomb of Jesus of Nazareth. There was also a general belief that the world would come to an end in the year 1000 A. D. As that time drew near, the inclination for these pilgrimages increased, as people desired to expiate their sins. Thus we see that when Peter the Hermit came, his doctrines found ready acceptance. The man and the emergency met. A vast number came to join the first crusade. It was composed partly of knights and squires, but chiefly of the very scum of creation. In such a heterogeneous mob there could be no unity of sentiment; and, consequently, internal dissension and strife, and defeat in battle before they reached the Holy Land, brought ruin and disgrace upon the cause. Subsequent expeditions, however, had better success.

But it is not here intended to give a history of the Crusades, and we pass on to discuss briefly their consequences.

One, and perhaps the chief, result of these mighty events which stirred Christendom from one end to the other for nearly two hundred years, was the awa-

kening of Europe from the state of sleep and lethargy in which she had been up to that time. It was the shedding of new light into the minds of the people. Men began to look at things in different aspects, and also to have some knowledge of nations far removed from themselves. The fair-haired Saxons of England and Germany, the light-hearted, excitable French, and the inhabitants of the peninsulas of southern Europe, joined common cause in the rescue of the holy sepulchre. To bring nations together in friendly intercourse, is the best way for them to understand one another. This rubbing of mind with mind was brought about to a large extent by the Crusades. As a consequence, a great impetus was given to international commerce.

Another result of the Crusades was the independence which they gave to human

thought and action. They were one of the chief causes of the final overthrow of the feudal system, which had been instituted many generations before. They instilled into the minds of the common people a desire to be independent and to govern themselves—not to be servants of an overlord, but to be their own masters. These notions were diametrically opposed to the domination of the barons. Hence the system gradually gave way. We say “gradually,” since for some time the barons held sway in England—notably, in Henry the Third’s reign. But by degrees the feudal system yielded to the march of intellect.

Thus, while not meeting with much success in attaining their avowed object, yet the Crusades produced results the effects of which are felt at the present day.

ALBION.

A Review of the Thirty Years’ War.

My readers will bear in memory that this struggle was the most prominent event of the seventeenth century, before the English revolution, which was evolved out of the religious and political disputations between the Catholics and Protestants. It is an event that will ever be remembered as one of the principal characteristics in the history of modern Europe.

Since Luther had aroused Europe from her apparent mediæval lethargy, and sowed the seed which was to germinate and bloom into a future reformation, Germany was from that time the battle-field of a long and devastating war, of thirty years, which was carried on before the Protestants could guarantee their liberties.

The Protestants were suppressed nearly all over Europe. Charles V. resolved to suppress Protestantism in Germany, and would have perhaps succeeded, had it not been for the various wars which distracted his attention, and for the decided stand which Protestant princes of Germany took respecting their rights.

The Catholics swayed their pontifical sceptre, and, with the league of Smalcalde, the freedom of Germany seemed prostrate forever, and the power of Austria reached its meridian. But the cause of liberty revived under Maurice of Saxony, once its formidable enemy. All the fruits of victory were lost again in the congress of Passau and the diet of Augsburg, when an equitable peace seemed guaranteed to

the Protestants. But the treaty of Augsburg proved to be only a truce, not a lasting peace. The boundaries of both parties were marked out by the sword, and by the sword only were they to be preserved. For a while, however, peace was preserved, and might have continued longer, had it not been for the dissensions of the Protestants among themselves, caused by the followers of Luther and Calvin. After the diet of Augsburg, 1555, Charles V. resigned as Emperor of Germany, and his successors, during the war, were inefficient emperors to rule an empire on whose grounds the various powers of Europe were arrayed.

In 1612 Matthias mounted the imperial throne, and I might say that it was during his reign that the thirty-years war commenced. In proportion as the Protestants gained ground in Hungary and Bohemia—two provinces very difficult to rule—the Protestant princes of the empire became desirous of securing and extending their privileges. Their demands were refused, and they entered into a new confederacy, called "Evangelic Union." This association was opposed by another, called the "Catholic League." The former was supported by Holland, England, and Henry IV. of France. The Emperor Matthias died in 1618, and was succeeded by his cousin Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, who was an inveterate enemy to the Protestant cause. His first care was to suppress the insurrection of the Protestants which, just before his accession, broke out in Bohemia, under the celebrated Count Mansfeldt. The Bohemians renounced allegiance to Ferdinand II., and chose Frederick V. for their king. And then the Catholics swarmed around the standard of Maximilian, Duke of Bava-

ria, who advanced and fought the battle of Prague, which decided the fate of Bohemia. Frederick, at first intoxicated with success, was now without hope, and the Protestant cause seemed irretrievably lost. But notwithstanding their defeat, earnest Count Mansfeldt dared, in the Bohemian town of Pilsen, to defy the whole power of Austria; whence twenty thousand sabres leaped from their scabbards, undismayed by the reverses of Frederick, and resolved to sustain him. New prospects began to open, and his misfortune raised up unexpected friends.

James of England opened his treasures, and Christian of Denmark offered his powerful support. The courage of Frederick was revived, and he labored assiduously to arouse the Protestants. Meanwhile the generals of the emperor were on the alert, and the rising hopes of Frederick were again dissipated by the victories of Tilly. At this time Wallenstein, an experienced officer and the richest nobleman in Bohemia, offered at his own expense, and that of his friends, to raise, clothe, and maintain an army for the emperor—in favor of the Catholics. He led his army through parts of Germany yet untouched by the war, laying waste and plundering the homes of those who lay bleeding, helpless, and indignant at his feet. The soil of Germany had for long years drunk the blood spilt by the sword of the martyr. As yet, for the Protestants, a cloud of despair overshadowed the past cycle of events, and no silvery lining had been seen.

But one hero produces another. A Wellington is ever found to oppose a Napoleon. Providence raised up a friend to Germany in its distress in the person of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden.

It was not for personal aggrandizement that he lent his powerful arm to the Protestant princes, who, thus far, vainly struggled against Maximilian, Tilly, and Wallenstein. Zeal for Protestantism, added to strong provocations, induced him to land in Germany with fifteen thousand men—a small body to oppose the victorious troops of the Emperor Ferdinand. He himself was indisputably the greatest general of the age, and had the full confidence of the Protestant princes, who were ready to rally the moment he obtained any signal advantage. Henceforth Gustavus Adolphus was the hero of the war—a man magnanimous beyond all precedent in the history of kings. He had scarcely landed in Germany, before his victorious career began. France concluded a treaty with him, and he advanced against Tilly, who now headed the imperial armies.

The tardiness of the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg in rendering assistance caused the loss of Magdeburg, the most important fortress of the Protestants. It was taken by assault even while Gustavus was advancing to its relief. And from what I can infer, no pen can paint, no imagination can conceive, the horrors which were perpetrated by the imperial soldiers in the sack of the unfortunate place. But the loss of this important city was soon compensated for by the battle of Leipsic, in which the

King of Sweden effected the rout of Tilly. The freedom of Germany was now secured. Gustavus was everywhere hailed as a deliverer; he traversed Germany as a conqueror, law-giver, and judge. Tilly was soon after killed, and all things indicated the complete triumph of the Protestants. Ferdinand was no longer safe in his capital—it was now his time to tremble.

However, the Catholics made another desperate attempt to regain their power. The imperial forces now united themselves under Maximilian, who at last met Gustavus upon the memorial plains of Lutzen. Victory declared for the troops of Gustavus, but the heroic leader himself was killed, in the fullness of his glory. It was his fortune to die with an untarnished fame, and well did he deserve the tears of Germany shed over his grave. The war lasted a few years longer; the success of which was in behalf of the Protestants. France was now governed by Cardinal Richelieu, who, notwithstanding his Catholicism, lent his assistance with a view of reducing Austria. Indeed, the war had destroyed the sentiment which produced it, and political motives became stronger than religious. At last the Thirty Years' War concluded with the treaty of Westphalia, which gave the Protestants the right to hand down their doctrines to posterity.

NONPLUS.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald-headed old man, and a gorilla? The first is an heir apparent, the second has ne'er a parent, the third has no hair apparent, and the fourth has an hairy parent.—*Ex.*

Why is a girl like an arrow? Because she is sure to be in a quiver till her beau comes, and cannot go off without one.—*Ex.*

Why is a melancholy young lady the most pleasant of company? Because she is always a-musing.—*Ex.*

Novel Reading.

In this age preëminent for letters, when there is so much literature of every description abroad in the land, it is a necessary consequence that much time is devoted to reading—a great portion to novel reading. This is a practice which has been much abused, both objectively and subjectively; and I hope that a few lines on this matter in the mouth-piece of our College, where so much of it is done, will not be out of place. It is a practice resulting in great good to some, in greater evil to others. But in the beginning, permit me to say that I wish to speak in its behalf—provided it is done in the right way. There are many who condemn it wholly and unconditionally. They think that he who follows it commits a sin, both against himself and against others, in setting a bad example for them. With them, it makes no difference who may be the author of the books, or what may be their character; it makes no difference whether they are works by Scott, Dickens, Roe, Augusta Evans Wilson, or are ten-cent novels by the author of Jim Black, the boy detective; whether there is running through them a high tone of morals, or whether it is a “blood-and-thunder” tale of dark deeds, horrible tragedies and frightful scenes, exhibiting no taste and less sense. They condemn them all alike. They seem to think that whatever is called by the name *novel* is necessarily vicious in its character, and degrading to him who reads it. There are some who are such fanatics that they will not allow one to be brought into their homes; and if Johnny smuggles one in, and the dear mother happens to catch him in the back parlor, under the sofa,

reading the “hateful thing,” she immediately flies off into a mixture of paroxysmal grief and whirlwind passion. She would rather see him dead and in his grave than doing such a thing, and she means to whip him for it right away! This seems to me a foolish extreme. It is very proper that parents should, to a certain extent, restrain this tendency in their children, for it is a habit which rapidly grows in power, and its charms are very fascinating. It should not be allowed to take deeper root than is needful to a healthy growth. Habitual and promiscuous novel-reading is to any one a curse—a blighting curse. No condemnation is too severe, no anathema too bitter, to be pronounced against it.

More reading in this direction is done between the ages of twelve and twenty-five years, than in all the rest of one's life, and this is the time when the foundation for the learning of after years is laid. So we must not give too much attention to novels, though they hold, what I believe to be an essential place in our education. Yet, however essential it may be, it should not be cultivated to the exclusion of something else equally important. Mathematics is essential, but should we give our whole time to that particular branch of science and ignore Latin and Greek? Certainly not.

Many young men and women, however, seem never to think of this, and spend the greater part of their time in this way, thereby becoming greatly dwarfed in other points of intellect. The failures of many young men at college are attributable to this source. I have known some who not only spent in this way the most of

their time while out of the recitation room, but even took their novels to the class and read while there, caring neither for the preparation of their lessons before going to the class room nor for the reciting of them after they got there. This is manifestly wrong, and he who thus spends his time cannot, I think, have a true appreciation of its worth.

If, now, habitual novel reading is so worthy of condemnation, what should be said of it when it is both habitual and promiscuous!

This is one of the greatest evils of our time. Our land is flooded, as it were, with literature of the basest kind, and when our youths and maidens come in contact with it they cannot but imbibe a portion of its baseness. There they meet with the most degraded ideas, the vilest characters, the lowest conceptions of life, and yet they are clothed in such an array of outward beauty that they cherish and respect them, and alas! alas! sometimes embrace them. Oh, ye parents of America, the land where this desolating evil is rifest, I beseech you, guard your children from these vicious books. Too often have we seen the evil results of such reading. How many are there in our insane asylums, whose brains were frenzied by the awful crimes, blood-curdling tragedies, cold-blooded murders, and woeful tales of unrequited love, of which they have read? How many are there of noble birth and pious rearing who have thus been led astray, and are now leading lives of degradation and shame? Sad the fact, but their name is legion.

Again: We may do neither of these—we may neither read habitually, nor read those things which are a disgrace to those

who wrote them—and yet be far from right. There are those who feel it utterly beneath them to descend to the baser literature of to-day, but they will pick up *Ivanhoe*, or some other work which is worth the study of days, after supper and scan it over before they retire. They give no heed to new words, beautiful expressions, grand thoughts, or sublime sentiments. All they care for is to get the thread of the story, and keep the connection until hero and heroine marry. Then they lie down to sleep, and that is the last they know about their book—at least, they know nothing which is worth knowing. Perhaps they can tell you the names of some of the prominent characters, or perhaps relate something about the principal events of the story, but that is all. Of what value is such reading as this? None; absolutely none.

What is a true novel, in the higher sense of the word? My conception of it is, that it is a writing intended to teach some fact of history, to bring vividly before us some ancient custom, to guard us against some dire evil, to set forth some high moral, or to teach some important truth; and in order that these may be strongly impressed upon us, they are expressed in the more pleasing language of romance and fiction.

So, friend, as we glide adown the stream of literature, let us not go swiftly, only sipping the pleasant waters of the surface, or gathering flowers here and there; but let us proceed more slowly, and, reaching deeper, gather the gems which lie at the bottom.

There are many works of fiction which are as well worth our attention and study as anything in profane literature. By reading them carefully we can learn a

vast amount of human nature. I am almost tempted to say that we can learn more in this way than by observation, for seldom is it in real life that we see men as they are. They are always covered over with a gloss of deception, but in novels they are divested of all externalities, and we are thereby enabled to form a correct estimate of them, and to know how to gauge our fellows, has much to do with our success in life.

But from an educational standpoint there is a still greater benefit accruing from the practice of novel reading. If we read the proper kind, and read them carefully, it will certainly beget in us the desire for reading in general. With scarcely an exception, all eminent scholars are well acquainted with the works of standard novelists. It is through them that we get faint glimpses of a brighter goal yet to be reached, and we set out on our journey toward it. We find in them so many quotations, and so many allusions to other authors, of whom we have never heard, that we become ashamed of our ignorance, and are thereby incited to greater efforts to improve ourselves.

It is in novels that we find the choicest language, the smoothest diction, and the most beautiful figures of speech. In no book on earth do I believe there is a more beautiful figure than that drawn by Augusta Evans Wilson, when she compares the course of life with that of the Gulf stream. Now, our own style of speaking and writing is to a great extent moulded by what we read; so if we would acquire a pleasing, forcible style, we must read the works which possess these characteristics. Now let it not be surmised from this that I think that any

one should *adopt* and *imitate* another's mode of expression. That is contemptible.

Here, too, we are made acquainted with points of history which are presented in so lucid and pleasing a manner that it is almost impossible to forget them. History is a branch of learning sadly neglected in our higher institutions, and for this reason most of the knowledge of it which a person gets while at school is when he is quite young. At this time his mind is too immature to grapple successfully with these important facts, and even were not this the case, the child does not sufficiently recognize their value to apply himself diligently to acquiring them. The book which he has on this subject is usually dry and dull, and he studies it only because he is compelled. Thus but few gain anything like an adequate knowledge of this department of learning while at school. Yet it is necessary to a finished education, and here, in novels, is where much of it can be most readily obtained. A more accurate knowledge of the condition of Britain after the invasion of the Normans; of the harsh measures employed against the noble Saxons whose blood we are proud to boast; how they were trampled in the dust and their liberties taken away; in what utter, absolute, and unjust contempt the Jews of that time and country were held; of the spirit of chivalry and knight-errantry which characterizes that age,—can nowhere be better gained than from *Ivanhoe*—that best of novels by the prince of novelists.

Often, too, these works, instead of leading us into evil, turn us away from it. In them we see life-like pictures of the abject poverty, the loss of character

and manhood, the disgrace and shame to which these evils lead, and seeing the pits into which others have fallen, we are enabled to shun them ourselves. No one, after reading Roes' "Without a Home," and seeing the father of the heroine first in a happy home, and then by reason of vice, descending step by step until he is a sorrow to his wife, a terror to his children, and a disgrace to himself, can but take warning and flee the curse which brought him so low. He sees the Herculean efforts of the slave to free himself, and the death-like grip with which the vice holds on; he sees him descend from affluence and hopefulness to the depths of poverty and the slough of despond, dragging his family along with him, and finally dying a suicidal death. Who, after reading this can, but shudder at the thought of following in his footsteps, and curse the sin that destroyed him?

Not only do they turn us away from that which is evil, but they direct us to that which is noble and good. They present us models by which we may mould ourselves. In them we find our ideals of men and morals. We see men rising from poverty and insignificance to wealth and renown. We find there men of the highest honor and integrity, women of the purest chastity and truth, those whom no allurements could influence to swerve a hair's breadth from the path of duty. There are deeds of pure unselfishness and heroic self-sacrifice. These are the ideals we should ever keep before us, and though they may be higher than we can hope ever to attain, let us not by this be discouraged, for he who aspires to nothing higher than he can reach, will reach that which is not worth the grasping.

WENTON.

The Progressive Condition of the South.

Thanks be to Divine Providence the South no longer holds a race of human beings in bonds of slavery. 'Tis true it fought against their being freed, because it deemed it its duty, but I dare say I voice the sentiments of all the true sons of the South who, against overwhelming numbers, fought for the Stars and Bars at Manassas, Gettysburg, and Appomattox, when I say that the issue of the secession has been for the best.

History shows us that as long as a nation permits a system of slavery or serfdom that it cannot become as powerful, civilly or politically, as it would if such were not allowed, other advantages remaining the same. Look at Russia, for

instance. Serfdom prevails there to a degrading and horrible extent even to-day—man treating a fellow-being as though he were no better than a brute—such as one living in the America of to-day could scarcely realize. What a grand stretch of territory the map of Russia presents to the eye! And what has Russia ever done to show her greatness?

The United States, though not a *nation*, is indeed a *republic*, and republican principles have become instilled into all its citizens, whether of native or foreign birth. We glory in the fact that one of our countrymen has just as much authority in saying who shall be our rulers or administrators of the law as another,

whether he be a native of New York or New Guinea. White politicians, it is true, while waving the bloody shirt, have fabricated more than one lie about the maltreatment of the negro in the South—disclaiming that they are allowed to have a voice in politics by the constitutional motto: a free ballot and a fair count. It is useless to deny this falsehood before a fair-minded, enlightened man, and it is to be hoped that the garment so long waved by some contemptible politicians has at last been buried so deep that it can never be recovered, and that peace and good-will between the North and South may ever continue. This, indeed, is the era of good feeling between the North and South, has time, the healer of all wounds, has, in the last twenty years, wrought a remarkable change. Lips which spoke most bitterly in denunciation of General Grant twenty years ago were the first to express deep regret at his illness and death. Surely the time will soon be when we will know no *North* and *South*, but both will be one.

Surrounded by such auspicious circumstances, and abounding in resources such as no other country can boast, who can prophesy aught but prosperity for the South? Raising as it does such vast quantities of grain, cotton, and tobacco, it only needs the capital to build the factories necessary for the preparation of these products near at home, which capital it is sure to possess ere long. Manufacturing of all kinds have of late years been built, testifying to the industry and zeal of their owners. With such an enormous supply of water-power to be utilized, suitable for impelling machinery, factories will be run much cheaper than if they were operated by steam, which

will, of course, enable southern manufacturers to prepare their goods at less cost than those elsewhere. Dame Nature has indeed smiled on our sunny South, furnishing it rivers teeming with all kinds of fish, fertile lands suitable for all kinds of crops, forests towering with trees of nearly every variety on the globe, mountains rich in every kind of precious stones and metals, and a climate that is not equalled anywhere. But what profit would all this be if the men possessing these surroundings were not so intellectually endowed as to be able to take advantage of them? If it were so, it were indeed wasting its sweetness on the desert air. But far from it. The South has furnished men to Congress unequalled by any others, such as Randolph, Clay, Calhoun, and many more whose spirits, as it were, are living to guide us in their paths.

We can find no country so favored in so many ways; and though we love the South we have no less affection for the North, and would gladly welcome their aid in developing the resources of this land with which we are so kindly blessed. Now since that great civilizer, the steam locomotive, has pierced the everglades of Florida, frightening the Seminoles from their hiding place, and mocking the fierce war-whoop of the Comanche on the wild Texas prairie with its shrill whistle; and since we have been endowed with various other agents of development, we hope to show to the world the abounding resources of our country and our ability to develop them.

O land of the South, most blest of all climes, we bespeak for thee a future of prosperity!

FIGURES.

Early Manhood.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”—*Shakspeare.*

To some men this tide comes often, and they have many opportunities to take it at the flood and sail to the port of fortune, honor, and success. To others it comes only once, and if they launch not then their barques on its bosom, their chance for a successful voyage is forever past. To those to whom this tide comes but once it always comes in their early manhood. When they have passed from the scenes and joys of their childhood and crossed the line which separates youths from men, when they are about to assume the responsibilities of men and do battle with life, then it is that they have the opportunity of determining their future career.

Life is then before them, and ready to run in whatever channel they may turn it. It is left for them to say which way 'twill lead—whether to honor, wealth, and distinction, or to shame, disgrace, and humiliation. Then is the time for them to determine whether they will live in such a way as to command the respect of their fellow-men or will be a scorn on their lips.

It is my firm belief that it is in the power of almost every young man to determine his after life if he will only form a strong resolution and adhere closely to it. It is determination, force of purpose, that enables a man to do or become whatever he sets his mind on doing or becoming. That youth who has an ardent yearning to rise in any sphere and

fixes his mind firmly on it will do it though obstacles be piled mountain high.

Lammenais once said to a young man: “You are now at the age at which a decision must be formed by you; a little later, and you may have to groan within the tomb which yourself have dug, without the power of rolling away the stone. That which the easiest becomes a habit in us is the will. Learn, then, to will strongly and decisively; thus fix your floating life, and leave it no longer to be carried hither and thither, like a withered leaf, by every wind that blows.”

Yet, notwithstanding the fact that so grand opportunities are offered men at this age, how few are they who avail themselves of them! Some seem never to recognize them, but go on leading an aimless, drifting life, living in and for the present, saying the world owes them a living. Young men, to such as *you*, the world owes nothing. There are others, however, who are wise enough to take some thought of coming years, but when they behold the probabilities and uncertainties of the future, they are bewildered and fear to step forward into its hidden mazes. When they see the trials through which they must pass, the labors which they must undergo, the privations they must suffer, the pleasures they must sacrifice if they become true men, they give up in despair and wear only the semblance of man.

This period of life more than any other calls for decision, determination, and will-power. As the young man stands on the brink of his future career, trying to peer into the hidden scenes of coming

years, where all is so dark and uncertain, he tremblingly asks, Oh, what will it be! This, trembling friend, depends on you.

Cease to ask yourself what will it be.
Go forward and make it what you will.
JUVENIS.

EDITORIAL CHAIR.

Without experience we receive the pen and assume the duties laid aside by the retiring corps of editors. Their success excites in us a friendly envy. We congratulate them and the Manager upon the enlarged and healthy state of the *Messenger*, showing that the fears of some as to increasing its size were groundless. Though examinations are pressing, we are resolved, if possible, to advance the *Messenger's* standard, and trust that the members of both societies will handsomely sustain us by contributing many and worthy articles. "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," was Pope's warning to seekers after knowledge. Had he lived in our day, when multitudes are trying to get into print though they be unable to write a correct paragraph, he might have warned them in a similar line against the evils which beset inexperienced editors and writers, whose ambition exceeds their brain and whose failures bring disappointed hopes and empty purses. Frequently these reverses lead to misanthropy because their supposed talents were not recognized. But there are many worthy authors and editors whose facile pens give rich treasures and blessing to their readers. Such men are the very bulwarks of society in that they conceive, build up, and maintain a proper and pure public sentiment, while they teach the people what is to their interest and how to advance it.

Every one of this age who can claim

any culture, whatever his profession or avocation may be, has need of writing in a clear, pleasing, and forcible style. This the majority may attain to by practice and perseverance, while the chosen few may be numbered among the classics. The students of this institution can find no channel so ready and so effective for educating and developing their capacities in this respect as through the columns of their own paper. The same is true with students of other institutions and their papers. Nor is there a stage in life at which such progress may be made as at the present formative period, when the imagination is active and the feelings run high. Write, boys, and remember that *now* "the pen is mightier than the sword."

LABOR AND CAPITAL.—It is an acknowledged fact that a man has the right to agree for what wages he will work. It is equally true that an employer can state what salary he is willing to give. So far, both employer and employee are correct. But suppose a laborer consents to work for a certain stipend, and then thinks that his pay should be increased. He has perhaps joined an association of laborers who refuse to work for less than a stated amount. He now makes a demand for increase of wages; and should the capitalist not accede to his demands, he leaves work. If he stopped here, no one would complain. But the workman is not content. Though his society has

nothing to do with his employer, yet it even threatens to "boycott" all people having any business transactions with him. In going thus far we think the members of such organizations are overstepping the limits of justice, and imperil, moreover, their own interests. What right has the laborer to injure the capitalist, because, forsooth, the latter does not choose to yield to the former's demands? They are each the greatest friend of the other if they would only look at the question rightly. The oppression and injury of the one side must ultimately bring a reflex injury to the other. There must be capitalists to develop and carry on the country's great industrial interests. There must be hearty and ready labor under control of the capitalists to prosecute all these enterprises. Check their prosperity and business is flat, the laborers are thrown out of employment and subjected to poverty with its accompanying depravity.

The strikes of England have seriously injured some branches of her industries. Already we feel the effects of the great Western and Northern strikes. Will the people blindfold themselves and seek their own ruin? In the face of such facts we would strenuously condemn all such ultra organizations as the Knights of Labor. They are formed for the purpose of protecting the working class from any oppression of capital; but, by blinded zeal and prejudice they convert virtue into vice. Capitalists by oppression first made protection of labor necessary. Some agreement must be arrived at, and the sooner a well adjusted one is reached the better for

both parties. Otherwise deep-seated danger is lurking about us.

THE IRISH QUESTION.—In the House of Commons, on April 8th, Mr. Gladstone made a speech on the Irish question. Such great interest was manifested, especially by the members from Ireland, that many arrived at the House of Parliament at six o'clock in the morning, though the House did not begin its session until four in the afternoon; this, too, despite the fact that the House was being cleaned and swept meanwhile. Mr. Gladstone with difficulty got through the dense crowd, and was received with round after round of applause. The "grand old man" spoke with freshness and vigor, though he is at present some seventy-six years old.

His plan for the government of Ireland seemed to be somewhat as follows: That a separate Parliament, consisting of two houses, shall sit in Dublin; that Irishmen shall not sit in the British Houses; that the body at Dublin shall have authority in nearly all matters, except in the case of granting special privileges to any one religious sect; also, that the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland shall not be a political office. In short, as the Premier himself expressed it, to preserve "Imperial unity with legislative diversity." The speech, which lasted three hours and a half, was received with approval by Parnell and Irish members generally.

We hope that the day is now near at hand when a peaceful settlement will be made with regard to unhappy Ireland. All honor to Mr. Gladstone!

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

It is said that the approaching comet, discovered by Fabry, will reach its greatest brilliancy early in May, when it will be a very conspicuous object in the western sky for some hours after sunset. During the first half of May it will set two or three hours after the sun, and later will rapidly disappear.

In the New York *Examiner* of April 8th, in its remarks on "Science," is the following about the invention of the deep-sea lighthouse. The model of a deep-sea lighthouse, invented by the late Captain Moody, has lately been exhibited at the Barrow Shipbuilding Company's yard, in England. It consists of a central vessel of iron or steel, divided into water-tight compartments, and having four rays projecting from it, from between which, cables connect with the mooring anchors. A telegraphic cable, connecting the vessel with the shore, runs through a hole in the centre of the cable and up into a lattice-tower of steel, fitted with a lantern sixty feet above the water line. This is regarded as a very successful attempt to solve the problem of deep-sea lighthouse construction.

The cotton manufacture in 1885 shows the total number of mills in the United States as 826, containing 261,228 looms and 12,280,342 spindles, manufacturing 786,000,000 yards of print cloth per annum. Of these, New England has 481 mills, containing 205,011 looms and 9,481,272 spindles, manufacturing 646,000,000 yards of print cloth.—*Scientific American*.

A serious explosion of natural gas oc-

curred at Murraysville, Pennsylvania, on the 19th ultimo. A big well at that place caught fire, burning with a flame at least seventy-five feet high. It was several days before this flame could be extinguished. Several persons were fatally injured and a large amount of property destroyed.

A large gas vein was recently struck at Piqua, Ohio, at the depth of 400 feet.

A new kind of railway switch has recently been invented, by means of which a moving train can turn the switch. It has a spring which the engine works when approaching. It is said to be preventive of accidents.

A mine of mercury, consisting of the sulphuret and chloride, with drops of metallic mercury, in a gangue of quartz, which appears to have been worked in ancient times, has been re-discovered at Schuppiastena, near Belgrade, in Servia.

The scientific development of electricity has not yet reached its height. In the recent contrivance for telegraphing to and from a moving train, Mr. Edison thinks he has made a discovery concerning the conductive power of air—that it is not, as has been considered, a non-conductor except after being charged with the electric fluid.

An Italian has, it is alleged, invented a luminous printing ink that renders it possible for newspapers to be read in the dark. Will it not be good for us all when it comes into use, if indeed it shall? Then dark nights will be less intolerable when we can pick up a paper and read regardless of the absent lamp or the poor gas.

LOCALS.

Local option !!

April fool !!

How are you going to vote, wet or dry?

Mr. M., hearing some degree-men talking about their *Theses*, enquired whether *Thesis* was a god or goddess.

Mr. N. remarked the other day, "We read to-day in Vergil the finest selection in the English language." We didn't know that Vergil was particularly well versed in the English language.

Professor, to class in Political Economy: "Mr. L., if you were raising tobacco and corn, what would you do to the ground?" L. "I would plant tobacco and corn." The Professor and class took a bad case of grins.

On the night of the public debate, which was very cloudy, Mr. P., and Miss —, a country maiden, were coming up to the college. Upon looking towards Broad street, she exclaimed, "There is the moon rising." We were not aware that the electric light resembled the queen of night, or that the moon rose in the North.

Prof.: "Mr. O., when you look in your looking-glass, what kind of an image do you see?"

Mr. O.: "An image of myself, sir."

Prof.: "Is it real or virtual?"

Mr. O.: "Virtuous, of course, sir."

Op. is a virtuous boy.

A student on a visit to Washington was looking for the famous "Corcoran Art Gallery," when he came across Corcoran's spacious private residence on the

corner of Pennsylvania and Arkansas avenues. Thinking that he had struck the right place, he boldly walked in through the open door back to the elevator, and quietly seating himself, asked to be taken up to the gallery. When he arrived at the *garret*, he discovered his mistake, and beat a hasty retreat down the stairway, not deeming it necessary to call again for the elevator.

Our advice, "Look before you leap."

Professor in the class of Logic: "Mr. L., if you were a member of the Legislature, and were offering a bill, and some member should show that there were objections to it, what would you say?"

L.: "I should say that there might be objections *for* and *against* it."

Mr. C., a bashful youth, was the other afternoon perambulating up Broad street, deeply absorbed in his usual occupation of wearing out shoe-leather, when before him he beheld a beautiful maiden sweetly smiling upon him; at once he pulled off his hat, and his chagrin can be better imagined than described when upon a second look he discovered that it was only a photograph.

A student was asked a few days ago what Latin foot his feet most resembled. "A spondee," was the ready reply,— "too long."

The Board of Trustees at their last meeting authorized the preaching of an annual commencement sermon, and Dr. H. H. Tucker, of Atlanta, Ga., has been chosen as preacher for our next commencement. We are informed that the sermon

will be preached in the chapel on Sunday night, June 20th. Dr. Tucker has been quite ill for some time, but we sincerely hope that he will be able to be with us.

Our fellow-student J. R. Comer, attended recently the commencement exercises of the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, where his brother graduated, taking the M. D. degree.

Prof. Puryear has introduced a very interesting feature into the Senior English class—namely, a course of reading in our greatest English author, Shakespeare. The class reads twice a week. His design is for the class to read the principal historical plays, and then, if there is time, to read Hamlet and Macbeth.

Grading has been begun on the Broad street side of the campus, near the Grace street entrance, but owing to the continual rain it has not progressed very far as yet.

On Friday night the 3d of April, the following officers were elected in the Mu Sigma Rho Society for the third term: President, L. J. Haley, Jr., of Northampton county; Vice-President, C. W. Trainham, of Richmond; Censor, J. Page Massie, of Amherst county; Recording Secretary, W. L. Lewis, of Danville; Corresponding Secretary, T. S. Lawrence, of Norfolk county; Critic, L. Lee Kelley, of Norfolk county; Treasurer, C. T. Smith, Jr., of Caroline county; Sergeant-at-Arms, M. E. Parrish, of Botetourt county; Chaplain, R. L. Motley, of Pittsylvania county; Hall Manager, W. T. Creath, of Southampton county; Monthly Orator, M. Ashby Jones, of Richmond. George H. Edwards, of

South Carolina, was elected Final President—Salutatorian.

In the Philogian Society on the same night as above, the following officers were elected for the third term: President, T. R. Corr, of Gloucester county; Vice-President, O. L. Martin, of Henry county; Censor, W. E. Robertson, of Charlotte county; Recording Secretary, L. B. Fontaine, of Norfolk city; Corresponding Secretary, B. P. Willis, of Orange county; Treasurer, W. B. McGarity, of Georgia; Critic, Carey A. Folk, of Tennessee; Chaplain, H. N. Quisenberry, of Spotsylvania county; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. E. Jordan, of Halifax county; Board of Managers—J. G. Paty of Tennessee, and J. D. Martin of Virginia; Monthly Orator, C. R. Crookshanks, of West Virginia. J. D. Martin, of Pittsylvania county, was elected Final President—Valedictorian.

On account of the recent continuous rains the historic James has become somewhat turbulent. Here in Richmond it overflowed its banks, rising higher than it has since 1877. Crowds flocked to the lower part of Main, where the water covered the street for several hundred yards, and to the different bridges. On Main street boatmen were kept busy transferring persons across the water, some on business, some on pleasure. One of our college boys, intent on the latter, got his "dike" suit quite wet, besides having to stand the jolly fun of a non-Local-Optionalist. On the bridges, there was a surging mass of all classes of persons, and the sight was truly grand. The water, in a few feet of the bridges, rushed and whirled over the falls, and below Mayo's island, becoming placid,

flowed off towards Rocketts like a great inland sea. There was considerable damage done here by the water, but owing to communication from up the river, nearly all the movable property in the exposed districts was transferred to places of safety before the bulk of water arrived here. The water overflowed the city gas-works and thus put the city in darkness for several nights, except where the electric lights shone. More damage was done to the railroads and wharves than anything else. The Alleghany road was unable to run trains for several days, owing to the inundated condition of its track, and traffic was more or less delayed on all the roads centering here. We are glad to be able to state that at this writing the waters have subsided and the river has put on its natural appearance.

BASE-BALL.—The following account of the game of ball played between the first nines of Randolph-Macon and Richmond College we copy from the *Dispatch* of April 18th. It is only necessary to add that owing to the fact that Lewis, the regular catcher of the Richmond College nine, had a broken finger, Maxcey Field, of '83-'84, caught for the boys:

A crowd of about 300 people witnessed a game of ball Saturday afternoon between the first nine of Richmond College and the first nine of Randolph-Macon. The Randolph-Macons were unable to make a run until the seventh inning, when Marye, having gotten his base on balls, stole to third, and reached home on high-fly muffed by the center-fielder. They succeeded in getting two more in the eighth; DeLeon knocking a three-bagger, bringing in Cooke, and coming in himself on a wild pitch. The ball knocked by DeLeon was the longest hit ever made on the college grounds, going all across the campus and into the professors'

grounds. The Richmond College boys played easily from the first, and added to the score at every inning. Hazen batted a fine three-bagger and Cutler made a beautiful catch in right-field. To Field belongs the greatest praise, as he caught an almost perfect game.

Below is the score:

RICHMOND CLUB.						
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Field, c.	4	2	1	12	5	0
Davis, p.	5	0	0	0	7	0
H. Harris, 1st b.	5	2	1	7	0	1
Williams, 2d b.	4	2	0	2	1	2
Gregory, 3d b.	5	2	0	3	1	0
Hazen, s. s.	5	0	1	0	1	1
Wilbur, l. f.	5	3	1	2	1	0
W. Harris, c. f.	5	1	0	0	0	1
Cutler, r. f.	4	1	0	1	0	2
Totals	42	13	4	27	15	7

RANDOLPH-MACON.						
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lynch, c.	4	0	0	7	3	0
Talbott, p.	5	0	0	0	9	0
Hunt, 1st b.	5	0	0	13	0	0
Vaughan, 2d b.	5	0	1	2	1	2
Cooke, 3d b.	4	1	0	0	2	3
DeLeon, s. s.	4	1	2	0	1	2
Wilson, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Pace, c. f.	5	0	1	0	0	1
Marye, r. f.	5	1	0	0	1	0
Totals	41	3	5	24	17	8

Three-base hits—Hazen, 1; DeLeon, 1. Wild pitches—Davis, 2; Talbott, 4. Base on balls—Davis, 3; Talbott, 3. Passed balls—Lynch, 3; Field, 1.

With this issue a new corps of editors take charge of the *Messenger*, consisting of T. R. Corr, H. N. Phillips, and C. A. Folk, from the Philologian Society; and of J. O. Alderman, H. F. Cox, and L. J. Haley, Jr., from the Mu Sigma Rho Society.

Although entering upon our duties with the press of examination upon us, we will strive to keep the *Messenger* up to its usual standard of a spicy college journal.

General Jackson's old Sorrel died some days ago, at the Confederate Soldiers' Home. This faithful steed, that bore its

gallant rider safely through so many fierce conflicts, and so demeaned himself as to merit the praises of all right-minded men, has at last succumbed to that fate which laid low his master on the bloody field of Chancellorsville. For thirty-one long years he successfully battled with the enemy of life, but now his spirit has departed, and like many other things of that ill-fated era, disappearing before the onward march of the rising generation, he has passed from existence into history. His skin was taken to New York, where it will be stuffed and presented to some museum, but the brave soldier who, barefooted and ragged, followed him into the thickest fray, will not recognize in this creation of man the fiery charger he loved so well.

The Thomas memorial hall is being painted and will be ready by next session to be used for the purpose for which it is designed—namely, as a lecture hall, where the lectures procured by the Thomas memorial fund will be delivered. It was at first intended, we understand, to use this hall solely as a museum, but after the reception by the college of the above-named fund, it was decided to use it for a lecture hall. Our former fellow-student A. W. Hargrove, of '84-5, is general overseer in the work of painting the hall, and we know from his business character that the work will be pushed to completion as soon as possible.

Owing to a fire at the printers' this number is necessarily delayed. We hope to be "on time" next month.

PERSONALS.

Rev. C. S. Gardner, of '81-2, who for several years has been pastor of the Baptist church at Brownsville, Tenn., has recently been called to and accepted the care of the Edgefield church, of Nashville.

Rev. P. P. Massie, of '83-4, is pursuing a course of study at Crozer Theological Seminary, Upland, Penn.

Dr. J. G. Field, of '82-3, who for the last year has been resident physician at the city almshouse, has removed to New York to engage in the practice of his profession.

Rev. Carter H. Jones, of '81-82, was married on the 7th of April to Miss Anne McCown, daughter of Dr. J. W. McCown, of Gordonsville, Va. Our best wishes attend the happy couple.

W. W. Field, of 1875-6, who has

been practicing law at Gordonsville, Va., has removed to Tekoma, Washington Territory, to pursue the practice of his profession.

J. M. Whitfield, of '83-4, is studying medicine at the University of Virginia.

George A. Hatcher, of Tennessee, who was here during the session of '83-4, is this year at the University of Tennessee, at Nashville.

L. R. Bagby, of King and Queen county, who was at college session '81-2, has lately paid his friends here a visit. We are always glad to see you, "Lom."

A. A. Scruggs, of '83-4, is at Crozer Seminary, Upland, Penn.

Frank Wilson, of '83-4, is studying medicine at a medical college in Baltimore. How do you stand the warm weather these times, "Tug"?

EXCHANGES.

With this issue the *Messenger* appears in new hands, and it is with some misgivings that we step into the places of the retiring corps of editors, who have so well filled them. Certainly we feel our inability to keep up to what has been before us, and cannot hope to do better. But, in undertaking the conduct of Exchanges, College News and Fun, and Selections, we hope to find sympathy among our friends of the editorial cast until we become better acquainted both with them and our work. If our predecessors have entertained you better than we do this time, don't, we ask, be too hard on new editors. We will try to get better acquainted with you soon, and get more at home in our new sphere. Already we find springing up within us a warm feeling of acquaintance and friendship towards those of you who have visited us in our childhood, and hope we shall soon be strong and lasting friends.

The *Texas University*, though but young, presents a good appearance and some very readable matter. In the February number is a poem entitled "The San Marcos River," which, in our opinion, is above the average poem of the college paper, bearing some marks of real poetry.

The *Indiana Student* for March lies upon our table. It is a well published paper. Two well-written articles upon Civil Service Reform, and The Saloon System, are worthy of remark. It is bright for its size.

The March number of the *Hagerstown*

Seminary is now before us in a very presentable dress. Among the locals was found by one of our boys, "Fannie says she would not for the world carry a match in her mouth. She says she would be afraid the gas would take fire." He asks if she would allow one at her side, and thinks he would do.

The *Wake Forest Student* is among the most interesting and instructive of our exchanges. It is well gotten up, and shows off well. Among its other points of excellence and strength is its editorial department. We look with real pleasure to its monthly visit. But it seems to know nothing of exchanges.

The *Calliopean Clarion* is at hand, under the management of new editors. It is well arranged, and presents a neat appearance. We trust it will succeed well under its new management, if we are to judge from this number.

The *Burr* lies before us, and has just amused us by its entertaining matter. Indeed, some very well gotten up material is stored away within its bounds. We enjoyed reading the "Recollections of a Private."

The *St. James Reveille* is small; and while it contains some good things, it might, we think, enlarge itself and develop its resources a little. But we like to see it come to our sanctum, and welcome it with pleasure.

We find in the *Blackburnian* some fifteen pages of matter. Some of it is very good, but we think it might improve

somewhat upon its literary and editorial departments, and make them better than they are.

The *Bible College Exponent* now lies by in a neat form, inviting us to inspect it at more length. But we cannot in this number say how we will be struck with this young paper, now in its first year. We will see more of it before our term is out, however, we hope.

An interesting little paper is *St. Charles College Gazette*, which is bright and readable. It is right well arranged, and for its size will compare favorably in matter with others.

W' enjoy the *Chimes* from Georgia's Rome,
Where *musicales* find a home,
Where many a heart with pleasure swells
Responsive to those charming *belles*,
Where *Nature's Music* sure appears,
And Happiness unmixed with tears;
There prose and poetry combine
And many a pretty wreath entwine,
To crown the brows of maidens fair,
Who modestly but well declare
They can and will contest with pen
To show they're equal to men.
And but to see is but to say
They well indeed contest the day.
We love you (may we?) *chimes*, and meet you
With joy, although we cannot beat you.

The *Guardian* for March comes to us in mourning. Perhaps no other exchange has, in so short a time, more interested the new Exchange editor. Why this is so, we can hardly say; for it is not as presentable as some others, being printed on poorer paper and having no extra good cover. True, there are some interesting articles in its literary department, but we think it is probably the familiar some-

thing which we find in it that has caused us to be so interested. *Philomathesian* and *esse quam videri malo* are not entirely unknown to him. We will look with pleasure for the next visit of our new and interesting acquaintance.

The *Hermesian* contains about twenty pages of interesting matter; at least some of it is interesting to us, while, we suppose, the *Locals*, &c., are interesting to others. Very good paper and cover contribute to its appearance. We enjoyed reading an article entitled "Will America Decay, Like the Nations of Antiquity?" and agree with the writer in regard to America's stability; but disagree in regard to one of his statements, viz.: "In science, knowledge, and literature, she [England] leads the nations of Europe.' Does England lead France in science?"

The *Southern Collegian* is among the best of our exchanges, but lack of time has prevented a full perusal of its pages. We will, however, enjoy it in the future. We insert the following, clipped from it:

"The *Richmond College Messenger* is among our most sprightly and newsy exchanges; several of the articles are quite lengthy, and display no inconsiderable amount of thought. The *Messenger* seems to have gotten into quite a discussion with a Mr. John Dry on the subject of 'Prohibition,' but vindicates beyond a doubt its position in regard to the subject. The Scientific and Editorial departments are very interesting, while even the *Locals* are made readable (an occurrence very seldom met with in the average college journal). The Exchange column is quite complete, but, justly, certainly displaying a faint streak of vanity."

COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

In the United States are 370 universities and colleges.

Dr. McCosh graduated from Princeton at the age of 17.

The Phi Delta Theta fraternity has established a chapter at Williams.

The library at Dartmouth College is increasing 1,500 volumes a year.

Senior K. asks if Brown, the Scotch philosopher, was the founder of Brown University.—*Ex.*

Librarian to Fresh: "Why do you want Bacon's works?" Fresh: "To read just before dinner when I'm hungry."

What one of our number suggested to his lady friend that she play a duett with him on the mouth-organ?—*Ex.*

She: "Where do they expect to get the music for the dance?" He (confusedly): "At the book-store, I suppose."
Ex.

A Cornell professor has remarked that the average scholarship of the young women at Cornell surpasses that of the male students.—*Ex.*

Cornell University has 60 instructors and 638 students, 239 of whom are Freshmen, while the Senior class number only 84.—*Ex.*

In China not one man in a hundred or one woman in a hundred can read or write.

Yale has almost completed the amount of \$100,000 for its new gymnasium.

Don Pedro, of Brazil, proposes to build an academy of fine arts—the first in South America.

James Russell Lowell will probably

be chosen to deliver the oration at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of Harvard's founding, which occurs November 7th.—*Yale News.*

Most visitors to Washington run the national capital and their own as well.

In Central Park: She: "If the lion gets loose, whom will you save first, yourself, or me!" He: "*Me.*"

The Czar of Russia carries a camera about with him, taking his friends' pictures. They must be more handsome than the average college boy.

In the thirteen Southern States there are 97 colleges, which, with grounds, &c., are valued at \$8,016,750. The aggregate amount of endowments is something over \$10,000,000.

Barnum has purchased Alice, the companion of the late Jumbo; she will reach this country soon. ('Tis not the companion of College Jumbos.)

Among the Sophomore class of Yale has been circulated a petition asking the faculty to make astronomy optional. We thought Sophomores liked stars and the moon.

The voluntary attendance of students upon lectures and recitations is being tried at Cornell this year, but subject to abandonment.

A member of the debating society arises and says: "I move that we elect the president of this meeting by *exclamation.*" (Great applause.)—*Ex.*

It was Sunday night, and they were reading a chapter together before they parted. The footfall of the old man was

heard just as she read the words, "Dust thou art," and Arthur dusted.—*Ex.*

The Western States are as forward in the progress of colleges as in anything else, it seems. In that part of our country are more schools falsely called colleges than in any other part of the world; and in it, too, are more *well-endowed* colleges.

Rumor says that C. P. Huntington, President of the Chesapeake and Ohio system, will purchase the Hygeia Hotel at Old Point.

A waiter uncorked a bottle of wine in a Parisian café. "How long did you say this wine had been bottled?" "Fourteen years." "Ah; that is a long time for a fly to live; see, he is swimming around quite lively."—*Ex.*

We clip the following from an exchange: "The faculty of a certain university in Texas has three members—father and two sons. The sons conferred the degree of LL. D. on the paternal, and he returned the compliment by making each of his boys Ph. D.

The supply of natural gas in the vicinity of Pittsburg is so great that 264,000,000 cubic feet go to waste daily. (Some of it must find its way to the society halls on Friday night.)

Cornell University has purchased the law library (consisting of 4,100 volumes) of the late Merritt King. It is said that it is to have a law department, which

matter is now in the hands of a committee of the trustees who are to report in June. The establishment of a medical school is also under consideration.

"Pshaw! what if Davy Crockett was cradled by an earthquake?" said C. M. S. "My grandfather was tougher than he was. Why, when he was a baby, two months old, he took his father's pistol and bowie-knife, ran away from home, and when his mama found him, he was playing Peek-a-boo with a rattlesnake, in a hornet's nest. He slept between iron blankets; in the winter these were made red-hot. He slept so soundly, they had to throw him out of the window to wake him up, and I, *myself*, shot a cat-fish 37 times, and he just kept a swimming."—*Ex.*

The *Saturday Review* gives some more illustrations of the learning that is fostered by the English School Board cross-examinations. One is that "the earth's axis is a pole put through the centre of the sun, which turns it round." Another pupil stated that "the Nile is the only remarkable river in the world. It was discovered by Dr. Livingston, and rises in Mungo Park." On ancient Britain the examinations brought out statements that "Julius Cæsar invaded the country B. C. 400"; that the women "wore their hair down their backs, with torches in their hands"; and that the "Druids were an ancient people, supposed to be Roman Catholics."

Which are the two smallest things mentioned in the Scriptures?

The widow's mite, and the wicked flee. (flea).—*Ex.*

What is it we all frequently say we

will do, and no one has ever yet done?

Stop a minute.—*Ex.*

What was it a blind man took at breakfast which restored his sight?

He took a cup and saw,—sir: (saucer).

SELECTIONS.

Mr. E. Colborne Baker, in the Royal Geographical Society, compared the shape of the Island of Formosa to that of a fish. If he likened it to a whale, he said, although he must confess it was not very like a whale, he might be asked to account for the blow-holes of the creature. These blow-holes actually exist in the north part of the island, in the shape of sulphur pits and caverns, from which a great stream of sulphurous vapor is continually spouting in many parts. Her Britannic Majesty's consul at Tomsui resided within an easy morning's walk of an inactive volcano. The summit was a cradle four hundred yards in diameter, and ten miles off was a spot which was very much favored by the European inhabitants. There was a river of hot water, and not many yards off a cold water-fall. The river was fifteen yards broad and five or six feet deep, while the cold water-fall was fifty or sixty feet in height. The surrounding tract was, of course, burned ground, where no vegetation could exist; but a quarter of a mile away the flora was luxuriant, and the best pineapples in Formosa, which are the best in the world, were cultivated on the very margin of the Avernus.

Walter Coote has described some curious moneys of the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands.

The inhabitants of Santa Cruze Island use for money rope-ends about an inch thick, and ornamented with scarlet feathers, which are worn about the waist.

The money of the Solomon Islands consists of neatly-worked pieces of shell about the size of our shirt-buttons. They

are strung on strings about four yards long, and are distinguished under the names of red and white money. Dog teeth are of higher value, and comparable to our gold coins. They are usually worn on a string around the neck. Mr. Coote saw a necklace of this kind that was valued at about a hundred dollars. Marble rings are also worn on the breast for ornaments, and as valuable money. The currency table of these islands would be about as follows:

10 cocoa-nuts—1 string of white money.

10 strings of white money—1 string of red money, or 1 dog-tooth.

10 strings of red money—one isa, or 50 dolphins' teeth.

10 isa—1 fine woman.

1 habika, or marblering—1 head with the head-antlers, or 1 good hog, or 1 useful young man.

Montclair, N. J., prides itself upon the scholarship and intellectuality of its young ladies. Having formed a club for weekly discussions respecting the relative standing of the principal poets of the world, one of the members of the club a few weeks since, before a large audience, read a brilliantly logical and well-balanced account of Victor Hugo's poetical works. It was acknowledged no man in the town could have equalled it.

THE PEACHBLOW VASE.—The famous peachblow vase, for which the late Mrs. Morgan paid \$10,000, and which recently sold at auction for \$18,000, is of ovoid shape, eight inches high and three inches in diameter. It belongs to the Konghe period, which dates back to

1661, and was once the property of a Mandarin prince, Wang Ye, and formed part of his private collection. It is said to be the finest specimen of its kind in the world, and the peculiar color (peach-blow) from which it takes its name cannot now be produced, as the art is lost. It was purchased by Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, and will be one of the chief ornaments of his wonderful collection.

Of the three colleges—Columbia, Harvard, and University of Pennsylvania—that received the benefit of the Tyndall fund, Columbia has been the first to act, we learn, from science. Her trustees have recently drawn up a series of regulations in regard to the John Tyndall Fellowship. The Fellow, who is to be appointed on the recommendation of the

President and Professors in the Scientific Department, must pursue a course of study and research in experimental physics for the term of one year, and he may be appointed. The first incumbent of the Fellowship is Michael Pussin, who graduated at Columbia in 1883 with honors, and has since his graduation been studying mathematics and physics at Cambridge, England.

A telegram from Catania announces Mount Etna to be in a state of eruption. Cinders and stones are being continually thrown up, and it is supposed that lava is coming out of the crater, but as it is covered by a dense mist, no proper observations can be taken. Slight shocks of earthquake have been felt at the foot of the mountain.

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