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The Messenger.

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VOL. XVIII.

DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 3.

MAHONE AT THE CRATER.

JULY 10, 1864.

A scattered line of weary Grey
Stood guarding country, home, and right;
Across the ravine, crouching, lay
The legioned Blue awaiting night.

The darkness fell, the armies slept—
The strong, the weak, the Blue, the Grey;
Beneath the one, Death's minions crept,
The other safely slumbering lay.

The morning star was just in view,
The summer dews were scarcely pearled,—
As, planet-struck, earth broke in two,
And Judgment-Day was in the world.

The belching mine, with flame and rock,
To atoms flung the line of Grey;
The crater yawned—with dreadful shock,
Fell back into its jaws the prey.

Earth shuddered at the ghastly gap,
The morning star blushed bloody-red,
Heaven paled above the horrid hap,
And Death was revelling with his dead.

Ten legions rushed to fill the break—
To pierce beyond the broken line—
To stab, ere could the morrow wake,
Th' unsheltered heart of Cause divine.

They pause :—what fronts the serried hosts
With fifty legions at their back?
It must have been the marshalled ghosts
Of men in grey that crossed their track.

Was Stonewall Jackson on the hill?
Was Stuart with his handful there?—
No matter, but the Blue stood still,
Until the morning blossomed fair ;

While, man by man, a grey brigade
Stole swiftly up to crown the crest,
And ere the threatened blow was made,
Mahone stood hero there confessed.

His column spread to left and right,
And manned the hill where brothers fell ;
The God of Battles armed with might
The charge he led down into hell.

Ten thousand foemen fled before
The ball and bayonet of the Grey ;
A thin grey line in triumph bore
The Starry Cross to greet the day.

And in the east uprose the sun—
To gild the glory of the Grey,
To fling ten thousand taunts upon
The Blue that dared not save the day.

One lone brigade had put to rout
Ten legions in a single fray,
And in its front, in valor stout,
Mahone stood, clad in Southern grey.

Howe'er since then his ways have been
From honor's, as I think, astray,
I give him honor, o'er all sin,
For honoring then the Southern grey.

L. R. HAMBERLIN.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Since we are about to enter upon the year 1892, the centennial of the discovery of America, and since the Columbian Exposition, designed to commemorate that event, will be the greatest national feature in the approaching year—indeed, the greatest thing of the kind ever witnessed by this continent—perhaps some words about the discoverer of the New World will not be inopportune.

Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa about the year 1435. His father, Dominicus Columbus, was a wool-comber of Genoa, where his ancestors for several generations seem to have followed the same handicraft. His mother's name was Susannah Fontonorossa. Christopher was the eldest of four children—Bartholomew, James, and a sister, who married an obscure man. It has been claimed that Columbus was of noble descent—a claim probably true, as the feuds in Italy of previous years had overthrown and scattered many noble houses. Some of these afterwards endeavored to appropriate the distinction which the name of the discoverer would lend. But whatever be true of the ancestry of Columbus, certainly it is a thousand times better that one spring from obscurity and leave a name for which noble houses contend, than that he receive distinction because of his connection with such houses. The one is the sun shining in his own native splendor; the other is the moon, a satellite imperfectly reflecting a meagre portion of the sun's rays.

Columbus early exhibited a strong desire for the sea, and accordingly his education, limited in range and thoroughness because of his father's limited means, was designed to fit him for his chosen calling. It is likely that for a time he worked at his father's trade, but at most for a very short time, since he tells us that at fourteen, he entered upon nautical life. Amid the cares, toils, and dangers of his rugged life he diligently improved snatches of time to extend the cosmographical studies, all too briefly pursued at the University of Pavia.

Parts of the world known during the classic ages had become lost to the knowledge of later times. These parts were being rediscovered; old works on geography, such as those of Pliny and Strabo, were brought to the light; new and improved charts were made, such as that of Marco Polo, which was the favorite of Colum-

bus in his voyages. Indeed, the shackles which had long bound Europe in dark prisons were falling off, and she was walking forth to greet the sun of knowledge and enterprise with a new life and enthusiasm. Columbus partook of the spirit of the times and of his native city, and soon went ahead of them. In countries adjacent to the Mediterranean the sea was the field wherein the ambitious sought their fortune. The hardy constitution, perseverance, genius, and ambition of Columbus were destined to place him first among the great navigators of his day. But for a number of years he was a subordinate engaged in commercial enterprises, Italian wars, or pious expeditions against the infidels. About 1470 he came to Lisbon, drawn thither, it would appear, by the reports of the wonderful discoveries made by the Portuguese and the great wealth and glory which they were acquiring.

Prince Henry, of Portugal, whose motto was "The talent to do good," was the inspiring genius and great promoter of the discoveries which signalized the fifteenth century. He established at Sayres a college of maritime arts and geographical inquiry, and invited thither those studying or learned in such matters. He sought a route by water to convey to European markets the wealth of the East, that wealth which had made rich every nation that carried it—Egypt, Phœnicia, the Jews under Solomon, Venice, and Genoa, and in later times was to be England's pride. Prince Henry did not make this discovery, though Vasco de Gama did, but he raised his country from ignominy to glory, from poverty to empire. It was this man that kindled the ardent mind of Columbus into enthusiasm and rendered it possible for him to make a discovery before which all others in the annals of maritime life pale. While at Lisbon Columbus fell in love with and married a lady of poverty, but whose connections with noted navigators brought him into the centre of the current which swept out after discoveries. Prince Henry had sought a route to the East by circumnavigating Africa. About 1474 Columbus came to the conclusion that he could reach the Indies by sailing westward. His conclusion was drawn from three sources: First, the shape of the earth, which he considered spherical, and not flat, as seems to have been the opinion of the men of learning in general. The ancients had traversed about two-thirds of the earth's circumference. Marco Polo had gone further eastward into Asia than the ancients. It seemed, then, to Columbus that by sailing westward from Europe he could arrive

in a few days at the eastern extremity of Asia, which was imagined to extend over a great part of the earth's circumference; second, the writings of learned men who were of opinion that there was land beyond the Atlantic, and that that ocean was narrow; third, the evidences taken from the sea of land in the west. Martin Vincenti told Columbus that four hundred and fifty leagues west of Cape St. Vincent he took a piece of carved wood from the water. There were weeds which floated from the west, and the inhabitants of the Azores told that trunks of huge pine trees of a kind unknown to them were wafted to their shores by westerly winds; and it was said, moreover, that the bodies of two dead men with strange features were floated upon the Island of Flores.

But Columbus was poor, and unable to fit out an expedition to realize his grand scheme; moreover, the expedition should be undertaken under the direction of some government which should assume control over the discovered lands. The compass was just being introduced into more general use, and mariners rarely ventured far out of the sight of land. They were too timid to undertake such a voyage as Columbus proposed over the trackless seas. He appealed to Genoa, but without success. Alfonso, King of Portugal, died, and John II ascended the throne, 1481. John imbibed the spirit of his grand-uncle, Prince Henry, and determined to realize his scheme of reaching the Indies around Africa. As the discoveries along that coast were exceedingly slow, he called together the leading scientists of his kingdom, and the result of their conference was the application of the astrolabe to navigation. This instrument, since perfected into our modern quadrant, enabled "the seaman, by the altitude of the sun, to ascertain his distance from the equator." The compass giving the seamen direction, and the quadrant distance, cut navigation loose from the coast and sent it out to rove the deep, confident of finding the way back or to other known lands.

Furnished with these two supplementary guides, Columbus appealed to King John for help, and proposed to reach India by a shorter and easier route than that sought around Africa. John referred the matter to a junta learned in maritime matters, and the junta declared it visionary. However, John was not satisfied, and so at the suggestion of Centa, his bishop, he had Columbus to lay before him in detail the charts and plans which he would use in his proposed voyage. These he secretly turned over to a seaman with

a single caravel, which he sent out with the ostensible purpose of carrying provisions to the Cape de Verde Islands, but with secret instructions to pursue the designated route of Columbus. But the pilots, overtaken by a storm, seeing nothing but a boundless waste of heaving waves, ridiculed in their cowardice the project of Columbus, and returned home.

The wife of Columbus had died some time before, and when he found that the King of Portugal had kept him in suspense in order to steal from him his grand discovery, he indignantly left the country of his adoption; and the next year, 1485, we find him seeking the aid of the nobles of Spain. Columbus had before sent his brother Bartholomew to make application to England. It is also said that he applied to Venice. Now, failing to secure the aid of some of the powerful Spanish nobles, he was about to appeal to France for means to make his discovery, when the Duke of Medina, Celi, anxious that Spain should not lose an enterprise of so great importance, wrote to Queen Isabella recommending it to her. She invited Columbus to the Spanish court, but the Moorish wars were raging, and nothing was done save to submit the question to a learned junta, composed of the first scientists and clerics of the kingdom. The professors of the University of Salamanca opposed many objections, scientific and theological, to the theories of Columbus. The Ptolemaic system was universally received, and the idea that there were antipodes was held to be both unscientific and unscriptural. But these learned professors little reckoned that already Copernicus was in existence, whose sublime theory of cosmogony would supplant the hub theory of Ptolemy, that the earth is the centre of the universe. The junta, with suspensions produced by the tides and exigencies of war, deliberated on the question about six years, during which time the great discoverer was supported by making charts and by the royal bounty. At length, tantalized and impatient, he pressed for a decided answer with an earnestness which admitted of no evasion. Fernando de Talavera, to whom the matter was committed, reported to the king and queen that, in the opinion of the junta, the scheme was vain and impractical. The sovereigns sent word to Columbus that when the war was concluded they would treat favorably with him. Columbus repaired to court to hear directly from their lips his fate. He heard about the same answer, and turned his back upon the court at Seville, indignant that he had been beguiled out of so many

precious years. Penniless, on the way the destined discoverer of a world stopped before the convent of La Rabida to beg bread for his little boy. Here the prior of the convent saw him ; was struck with his appearance, conversed with him, invited him in, called in veteran mariners of the neighboring town of Palos to hear his theory, and so true and practicable it appeared to them that one, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, offered to engage in it with purse and person. The prior, Juan Perez, had been confessor to Isabella, and wrote to her not to allow Columbus to appeal to France, and lose such great glory and empire to the Spanish crown. Perez received a favorable reply, visited the Queen, and was presented by her with about \$216 to defray the expenses of Columbus back to court. But there, though considered a beggar, he demanded princely terms—that he should be admiral and viceroy of the lands discovered, and have one-tenth of all the gains, either by trade or conquest. Other terms not derogatory to his honor were offered, but he rejected them and left. Some zealous believers in his theory were filled with distress at the departure of Columbus, and considered that it would be an irreparable loss to the nation. One of them, St. Angel, in eloquent terms showed to the Queen how the loss, in case the expedition failed, could be but slight, but the gains, should it succeed, might be incalculable, eclipsing the glory and dominion won by discoveries under all other princes. He stated that Columbus only asked for “two vessels and about three thousand crowns,” and that he was willing to bear one-eighth of the expenses. The generous spirit of Isabella was enkindled and the full grandeur of the enterprise broke upon her mind. She hesitated a moment, reflecting upon the aversion of the King to the enterprise and the depleted condition of the royal finances, drained out by the war. Then, with an enthusiasm worthy of her noble character and of the great enterprise, she exclaimed : “I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds.” St. Angel offered to advance the money and to save her jewels, which was done. Columbus, who was pursuing his lonely journey, and was at the foot of Mount Elvira, within six miles of Grenada, was overtaken by a courier spurring on after him. He received with joy the glad tidings, and turned again his mule toward Santa Fe, whither he hastened to meet the Queen. Ferdinand and Isabella then signed stipulations with him as to the enterprise, April 17, 1492. Columbus, after many difficulties experienced in securing

three vessels, one-eighth of the expenses of which he bore, and men to engage in the voyage, set sail from the port of Palos half an hour before sunrise Friday, August 3d. After an arduous voyage, the many trying circumstances and difficulties of which are of common fame, and over which he rose triumphant, on Friday morning, October 12, 1492, Columbus first beheld the New World. As he alighted upon the shore he fell on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. He called the island San Salvador, and took solemn possession of it in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. It took him eighteen years to convince the sages of Europe that there was a new world to be discovered. It took him nearly as long after its discovery to convince them of its vast worth. He died May 20, 1506, under a cloud raised by defamers, but his sun has since come out in its glory. A New World is his legacy, a magnificent character his monument, and faith in a divine mission his lesson to mankind.

T. R. C.

MIND AND MUSCLE.

The two great factors in all the operations of the world are mind and muscle. The one devises and directs; the other executes and enforces. Mind plans and muscle pushes. Mind is spiritual; muscle is material. Thus they embrace the two great spheres of existence. In the various orders of creation they exist in inverse ratio to each other. In mere matter we find only force or physical power. The brute combines a very low order of mental capacity with superior physical capabilities. In man mind reaches its maximum and muscle is reduced proportionally. As we rise in the scale of being the mental increases and the muscular decreases. Doubtless this disproportion will be greatly augmented in future existence. Mind will be multiplied and matter refined.

The empire of man is in the realm of mind, not muscle. From the standpoint of mere physical power, he is comparatively insignificant. The unseen cold chills him. The invisible fever prostrates him. He is the sport and play of a thousand secret forces, a feather before the tornado's breath, a leaf upon the wild ocean's wave. Physically, many of the lower animals are his superiors, and even a mere machine surpasses him. The dignity and glory of man, then, is in his mental power. It is this that makes him superior to matter

and entitles him to the lordship of creation. In the light of these facts, we must admit that all contests the issue of which turns upon might and muscle rather than upon mental qualities are, to that extent, more brutal than manly. Wars, then, are barbarous and brutal. Questions should be decided by argument, and not by the sword; by appeal to principle, and not resort to power; by clash of minds, and not of arms. When men resort to mere might to settle an issue they are simply appealing to the same thing that would decide which of two beasts should occupy the lair, which of two colliding blocks should yield the right of way, or which of two liquids should rest on the bottom of the vessel. Have the superior faculties of man afforded him no better means of mastery, no better resort for deciding issues, than blocks and beasts enjoy.

This same principle assigns the *professional* athlete to a low sphere. His superiority lies in his muscle, not his mind. What glory is it to excel in those qualities in which brutes surpass men? Why make heroes of gymnasts and pugilists? Is the world's idea of manhood to-day no higher than that of Greece with her stadium, and Rome with her arena? Have two thousand years of civilization produced no advance in this respect? Is it not time, then, that our colleges had put a little check on the athletic rage? The function of a college is to develop mind and not muscle. Gymnasiums are very important for exercise and physical development, and no objection could be urged against an intercollegiate athletic contest occasionally between neighboring institutions. But is it not a mistake for a student to make athletics a *profession*? He makes an end of what should be only a means. Let us have a *sana mens in sano corpore*, but not a *parva mens in potente corpore*.

In the most popular game among college students at present the laurels are won by the side that can run the fastest and push the hardest. Where is the glory in this? Are men nothing more than race-horses or battering-rams? Let us have some contests among our colleges that will stimulate mental as well as muscular culture; that will place the premium on intellectual power and not physical force; that will be decided by brains and not brutality. Would not something of this kind be more appropriate for men and *students*?

THE SPECTRE UNDER THE PIANO.

Whenever I see a certain pretty little brunette in this city—and I take occasion to do so every chance I get—I recall an incident of my early boyhood, and feel my cheeks changing from their usual hickory-nut tints to a shade of brick-dust red. Her sweet face, always pleasant to look upon, brings back an incident of my early youth, at a period soon after I laid aside my Knickerbocker pants as sacred memories of an unforgotten past.

It was quite natural for me to think, when these abbreviated trousers had become an unnecessary part of my apparel, that I should go a wooing, and so I started forward on this precarious undertaking, which I admit becomes more and more difficult to me as the years advance. I selected as my intended a maiden who has since had several dozen similar “applications,” but at that time she saw fit to lead me on with her winning smiles, and I lived in a world of bliss, which was bounded on the east by the hall of her residence, on the west by a brick wall, on the north by the windows, and on the south by her back parlor.

The only thing which ever marred my happiness (not counting, of course, the pins which her small brothers inserted point upwards in the sofa) was the occasional interruption caused by some visitor, who unwittingly disturbed our *tete-a-tete* and ruined me for the afternoon.

On one occasion, while I was gracefully exhausting the supply of sentimental poetry which I generally learned in anticipation of my visits, the door-bell rang, and I was greatly perplexed, for I knew not what to do. I hated to leave the girl, and I disliked still more to hang around in the parlor while visitors were there. My *petite*, realizing my perplexity, quickly made a suggestion. “You get under the piano there,” she said, “and if any one comes in here I will excuse myself as soon as possible, and then you can come out again.” The idea struck me as a good one, but in the few seconds I had for deliberation it occurred to me that the vacant space under the musical instrument only embraced a few square feet. Yet I well knew that it would require a wonderful degree of agility on my part for me to compress my legs—then and even now quite lengthy—into this vacuum. There was no time for reflection, however, and so, by

"tortuous serpentining," I inserted myself into the specified hole, and awaited developments. It may be remarked parenthetically that my attitude was strangely akin to the *pose* of a soft-shell crab; but I murmured not, neither did I groan, yet I realized that somebody was being made a fool of, and that the individual in question was myself.

The parlor door slowly opened, and from my cramped position I realized in horror that two young ladies were about to enter. I knew then I was doomed for two hours' imprisonment, for each of them had their mouths set for a lengthy interview, and I could see that they had come to stay. The teeth in my head fairly danced jigs, they rattled so violently, and each hair on my head assumed an erectness like only unto the quills of a "fretful porcupine." There was no escape, and there I sat, and sat, and sat. Finally the fair hostess who had decoyed me into my precarious position turned her glances in my direction, and said, without a moment's warning, "Come from under that piano, and light the gas." The two visitors looked amazed, and my blood ran cold; but I knew this was my only chance for escape, so I untangled myself and emerged. In the dim twilight I arose, pale, agitated, and breathless, and quickly drawing a match from my vest pocket I sprung despairingly at the gas, lit it, and vanished through the door like a spectre.

I never knew, and never sought to know, what the two visitors thought, but inwardly resolved that all the cotton-compresses in this world couldn't force me into a similar position again.

One of the ladies who saw me at this disadvantage has since married, and I trust domestic cares have obliterated all memory of the horrible affair from her mind; but the other—the little brunette—told me only a few days ago that she had not forgotten the way I looked when I came from under the piano.

E. R. C.

LIFE.

"Oh, life! I breathe thee in the breeze,
I feel thee bounding in my veins,

I see thee in the stately trees

And in the flowers that dot the plains."

But while we behold the pulsating throbs of vital energy in the manifold forms of being around us, and ask ourselves the question, What is life? we must confess no true conception can be found.

We see the tiny oak when the first rays of light fall upon its unfolding leaves ; we watch its growth until it becomes a strong and stately tree, when its mighty arms extend above us and thrust aside the withering blast ; then through its sear and yellow-leaved existence. But lo ! it puts forth its fresh green armor no more ; it sinks down in dust to nourish and sustain the blooming forms that rise to deck its earthly tomb.

We daily see this passive obedience to nature's unalterable laws, yet the how and why are wrapped in darkness to the human mind. In and through all we see naught but the execution of plans, the birth of omnipotent design in the foundation of the world, a reservation in the purposes of our Creator, which largely renders him a being of adoration. But while there are many mysteries that hover about the pathway of the scientist, who endeavors to trace the footsteps of the Infinite through the intricate mazes of creation, and while many insurmountable barriers impede the progress of his investigation, yet there is one thing of which we can be certain, he has endowments superior to all other mortal creatures. There is in him a power which enables him to understand that heaven and earth are joined in bonds of holy wedlock, secure and inseparable, to continue as long as time shall last.

Man is the "proud lord of creation," to whom God has entrusted the care and keeping of the earth. Man is the highest conception of the Divine mind which has had material representation. By this royal prerogative he can claim kinship with the little flower that nods above his feet, and yet in spirit feel that he is related to that angelic choir whose anthems make glad the city of our King. Our life on earth is but the beginning of a life that shall never end. Then, since we are thinking and reasoning individuals so highly favored, is it not proper that we should more highly estimate the passing breath which links the cradle to the grave—this span between two great eternities which we call life? If beneath the damp clods of the valley all that man possesses could be forever hidden from view ; if when man enters the portals of the tomb he should forever cease to be, then would there be little inducement for spiritual culture. But truly, as the poet has said :

"Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul."

How few people seem to realize what life is, and how it should be spent! What opportunities are there in this free and happy land, where the gospel light sheds its mellow radiance over the pathways of men, and where balmy breezes of contentment fan their brows, where flowers of love and beauty are strewn along their path. As they pass along the road it separates, as they rise to accountability, into two widely differing paths. One is adorned with all the beauties afforded by the world; the other seems far less attractive, yet beyond rich hidden treasures lie. How many allow the pleasures of this life to lure them from the path of duty, and how many find, ere long, that which was lined with flowers of ease and happiness to be hedged in with briars and thorns of adversity. As the thickening clouds of iniquity o'erspread their sky they hear the muttering thunder of God's judgment and see the flashings of his wrath. Then they realize the sacrifices they have made of the best and most ennobling for a few vain and worldly pleasures—pleasures that, like the rainbow tints, beautify our sky and vanish even while we admire.

The life we live here may be an example to the world for ages to come. The character we form during life will continue to exist, either in the minds of our associates or in the annals of history, long after the grave shall have claimed us as its own.

Our life, if fitted by usefulness and religious devotion, may, like the beacon of some harbor, serve to guide many weary seamen into the haven of eternal repose. When the noontime hours of life are numbered with things that are no more, when the season for sowing is almost passed, and the shadows lengthen along our pathway, happy will we be if we have sown in the cause of our Master, for, if faithful servants,

“When life's daylight is ended,
And the task that he gave us is done,
We shall watch, at life's western window,
The gleam of its setting sun.
We shall fall asleep in the twilight,
As we never have slept before,
To dream of that beautiful city
'Till we wake to dream no more.”

JOHN.

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE.

As near as we can tell, our subject covers a period extending from the middle of the fifth to the middle of the twelfth century.

In 450 A. D. the Angles, a tribe from the wild waste of Sleswick, and the Saxons, from the sand-flats of Holstein, crossed over to Britain and took possession of the island.

After two hundred years of bitter warfare the Angles and Saxons were the acknowledged rulers, and their language, as was natural, became prevalent. In Anglo-Saxon, as in all other languages, emotion sought utterance before logic, and so poetry, the expression of the former, preceded prose, the vehicle of the latter. The special characteristic of poetry was alliteration, and a special feature was rhyme.

Beowulf, an epic relating the adventures of a Danish hero of that name, is the first poem we have. The central figure was a true-hearted and noble captain, who, sailing across the briny deep, encountering gales and wintry storms carried succor to the Danish King Hrothgar, at whose palace there was much mourning.

Grendel, "a mighty hunter of the marshes," had carried away to his hut thirty of the Dane's most valiant warriors, and robbed the village of the greater part of its inhabitants. Beowulf offers to rid them of this pestilence, and by means of his strength is able to accomplish his purpose. Still the wife of this fiend lives, but is in turn killed by our valiant hero. He reigns here for fifty years, until a dragon, who had been robbed of his treasure, challenges him to mortal combat and succeeds in killing him. This poem of six thousand lines contains only five similes.

Cadmon, the "Milton of our forefathers," was a swineherd to the monks at Whitby, and one night a vision appeared to him and commanded him to sing. When he awoke the words of a poem in praise of the Creator were impressed upon his memory. He was admitted into the monastery, where he continued to compose devotional poems. It is said that Milton took some ideas of "Paradise Lost" from the poems of Cadmon. He gave us also a Paraphrase of the Bible, and some shorter poems whose type was the war song where the verses fall like the "sword strokes amid the thick of battle." As Whitby, in the person of Cadmon, is the cradle of English poetry, so Winchester, the home of Alfred, is that of English prose.

Alfred made the period in which he lived especially illustrious by his great efforts for the advancement of literature and education. Although he was said to have been twelve years of age before he learned the alphabet, he afterwards became possessed of extraordinary learning. He invited literary men to his court from all Europe; and although there is some doubt about it, he is said to have founded Oxford, which has now become one of the greatest centres of learning. Among his translations, for such was the nature of most of his work, we find Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England. A translation of Orosius' Universal History and Boethius' Consolations of Philosophy are also credited to him. In company with Bede and Aldhelm, Alfred gave us a translation of the Bible.

One other prose writer this period gave us in the person of Bede, although his works were in Latin. He sometimes has been called the "Father of English learning." From his Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation we learn all that we know of the Anglo-Saxons and their Church. He was at the head of a school at Jarrow, where six hundred monks were in attendance, and for many centuries his educational and theological works will be used as authorities and textbooks.

The most venerable and at the same time the most valuable work now in existence is the Saxon Chronicle. It consists of a view of early English history, written, it is believed, by a series of authors commencing soon after the time of Alfred and continuing to the reign of Henry II, and its chief value lies in affording us the opportunity of studying linguistic changes from century to century. In general, it is lifeless and empty.

The Anglo-Saxon language was simple and homogeneous—that is, all the words are from the same stock—and it was also synthetic or inflectional, representing time, condition, &c., by changes in the forms of words, and not by the use of auxiliary words. In contrast to this, we see that modern English is analytic, and expresses the relation of ideas by prepositions and the arrangement of words. In the vocabulary the change has been marked. Many Anglo-Saxon words have been completely lost, and the language has received large accessions from Latin, French, and other foreign tongues.

In conclusion, we may say that the English of to-day is so unlike that of the Anglo-Saxon period that it is almost a totally different

language. Yet the course of the language is distinctly traceable, step by step; for English, in its remains and records of early literature, is richer than any tongue known to philology. We can hardly realize that from such a small beginning English has sprung to be the vehicle for conveying the thought of more people than any other language on the globe. Anglo-Saxon literature was but a tender tree, bearing upon its small but vigorous branches such fruit as the writings of Alfred and Cadmon, but growing steadily, through successive ages battling against wind and storm, has developed into a forest giant towering above all others, with the names of Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Tennyson, and Longfellow carved upon its crusty sides.

H. S. C.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

While it is not at all surprising that Richmond College should number among its students an author of considerable promise, one who has received enough for his first attempt at novel-writing to pay his way through college for a year, it is a little surprising that he has been able to prosecute such an undertaking right under the noses of two hundred students without any one finding it out. He is now fairly into a second volume, which will doubtless strengthen his hold on those who can appreciate pure literature. I read the other day three or four chapters of the manuscript, and was more than pleased with it. It would, beyond doubt, be unfair to anticipate any material part of his story, but as the following is only the substance of one incident in no wise involving the plot, I take the liberty of giving it to the readers of the MESSENGER:

Hobson, Josiah Hobson, five feet four, still single, still in hopes, irrefutable proof of Pope's maxim that "Man never is, but always to be blest," the victim of many a hard-fought defeat. Verily, it was Hobson's choice with him. The bald spots upon brow and crown evinced an irresistible inclination to "bunch hits." Hobson dreaded the coming of that day, for somehow he could not help feeling that when they twain became one he and matrimonial prospects would part company forever. Success had hitherto refused to smile upon his undertakings in this direction, the particular reason of which was that he had never found himself equal to broaching the subject. The Rubicon was past fording, and Hobson could not swim. He lay awake nights studying how he could cut down the bridge behind

him ; but Hobson's bridge was like the end of the rainbow. Each night he sallied forth, saying to himself, "The widow shall be wed." He went in hope, and came in despair. "The King of France and forty thousand men marched up the hill and down again." Some day—some day, he knew not when or how—he would doubtless toe the mark, but it, too, was like the rainbow.

Hobson was taking his leave. His peculiar admiration was holding his overcoat. She always held his coat for him when he was taking his departure.

All that evening a fierce battle was going on in his breast. The conviction that it was his last day of grace forced itself upon him, not a little to his discomfort. Flushed with chagrin, his first impulse was to leave.

No! He would make one more supreme effort. "Madam"—"Belinda"—"My"—he gasped, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, his hair standing on end, and the last drop of blood in his body rushing to his cheeks. He had lost his voice ; he could say no more. His embarrassment was painful. At the height of his confusion he had plunged his arms into his overcoat sleeves hind part before, and when he recovered consciousness his arms and his heart's affections clasped the same object, and Madam's head was resting upon his shoulder. "It is always the unexpected that happens."

* * *

PERSEVERANCE.

If we go back to some of the great hero-martyrs, we find that when they had well considered their duty they would carry out their convictions, though the course was almost of necessity a very difficult one. He who would succeed by persevering has much opposition and many difficulties to surmount. We may have the sagacity to see, but not the strength of purpose to do. To the irresolute there is many a lion in the way. To persevere there must not only be a conquest of liking and disliking, but what is harder to attain, a triumph over adverse repute. The man whose first question, after a right course of action has presented itself, is, "What will people say?" may sail finely with wind and tide, but when those oppose, will in all human probability go down. But, if having asked himself, "Is it my duty?" ; no matter what it costs, he can then proceed

in his moral panoply, and be ready to incur men's censure, and even to brave their ridicule. Perseverance is in some characters inborn, in others largely due to training. You may note this in our marine service. The sea has nursed the most valorous of men. The dangers of seafaring life educate men in courage, and not only in courage, but in a profound sense of duty.

Again, it is only by reflection that we derive a just appreciation of the value of perseverance. When we see how much any person of but average ability can accomplish in any direction if he resolutely perseveres in the course of action adopted as the ruling purpose of his life, we then arrive at a just estimate of the value of perseverance as a road to success in life. The old fable of the hare and the tortoise is a case in point, exemplifying a truth which all are ready to admit. Then all achievements of human skill, at which we look astonished, are evidences of what perseverance can accomplish. It is by this that the rock-quarry becomes a monument. It is by this that the magnificent cathedrals, grand and instructive to the eye of the beholder, were erected. Many men whom the world calls geniuses can exclaim with Franklin, that they owe all their honors to persevering struggles, and whatever they have been able to accomplish more than ordinary men has been solely by perseverance. They were once as weak and helpless as we. Once the very alphabet of that language which they now speak fluently was unknown to them. They toiled long to learn it, and longer still to gain the secret of its high charms, but when they once obtained this by long perseverance they swayed the world in astonishment, and made noble reputations for themselves by that untiring perseverance which they possessed. "Now let this spirit so animate us in our life's struggle" that we may ever keep our hands to the plough in all we attempt. "Talents are desirable, but perseverance is more so." Perseverance, conducted in the right direction and continually practiced, even by the lowest, will seldom fail of its reward. He who perseveres in business amidst hardships, trials, and troubles will always find friends in time of need. Go to the men of influence and business and ask them what kind of a man they want as their helper, and the answer will be: "The man who falters not by the wayside, who toils on in his calling against every barrier, whose eyes are upward, and whose motto is 'Excelsior.'" But beware of the lazy man. As soon trust the wave of the sea as such a man. If you

wish to gain friends, stand by your engagements and character; then others will soon see in you a noble trait in which they can put confidence. Society is often drawn down to low standards by the blusters of men who officiously and boastfully offer their services in any and every case; but when it comes to a test of their metal they are never equal to the emergency. "We must learn to turn sharp corners quickly, or we will be continually hurting ourselves." Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary parts of character, and one of the surest qualities to insure success. In times of distress, to give up is a sign of a weak nature. Opposition gives us—or it should, at least—a greater spirit of perseverance. To win in one trial gives us greater ability to win in the next. When trouble falls to our lot, instead of succumbing, it behooves us with perseverance to stand firm, to breast the storm, and never despair of better days. Too many of us, on thinking of the immense work lying between us and the object we desire to reach, are ready to give up in despair. It has been well said, "It is cowardly to grumble about circumstances." And lastly, when we reflect on the magnificent results that perseverance has worked out, we are led at once to believe that the man who resolves, wills, and perseveres can do almost anything in this life's struggle. Then, regardless of his situation, he should set his aim high and resolve to remit no labor that is required for its realization, but cheerfully take up the burdens that life has in store for him and carry his high purpose, if possible, to a glorious triumph.

If we could but learn to carry a thing through in all its details, we would then have the key to success. We should ever have the perseverance to do that which is right, and to undo that which is wrong, in the face of opposition. Let us ask ourselves the question, "Are we persevering in our life's duties as we should?", and then go forward as our conscience permits. Look at the pyramids of Egypt. Can you imagine a more enduring monument to the triumphs of perseverance than these? Commune with Nature. She will teach you to persevere. "There is almost no limit to what you can achieve if you thus govern your actions and make all your exertions contribute to the fulfilling of some great purpose of life, which you took with a brave heart and with a determination to persevere therein until success should crown your efforts."

Let us learn a lesson from Nature's master mechanics—the little coral—and emblazon our banner with the motto, "Persevere."

L. L. K.

Editorial.

The foot-ball season, which opened so promisingly, has closed with a record of two defeats and not a single victory. It is too late now to mend matters, but we may learn a lesson which should be of benefit in the future.

Why did the team fail to justify our hopes of a successful season? It is true we were handicapped to some extent by sickness and the loss of our captain when the season was only half over, but these were obstacles that could have been overcome. The real explanation can be found in the indifference of the men, who were fully able to play first-rate foot-ball if they would. With an unusual amount of material in College, the committee had great difficulty in getting good men for the team, and those secured seemed utterly oblivious of the necessity of systematic training and team practice. Two or three, it may be, tried to foster some interest and enthusiasm, but, unfortunately, two or three cannot make a team, and we present the sad spectacle of two hundred students without eleven men possessing the necessary ability and inclination to save their college from disgraceful defeat. After the first game the team practically dropped to pieces, and we met Keswick with men who had never before played together, and some of whom had hardly played at all. No wonder we went down before our practiced opponents.

This selfishness and lack of college spirit has prevented our athletic teams from keeping pace with the development of the College in every other direction. Indeed, we seem to be going backward, and now are beaten by smaller schools which once afforded us easy victories.

This state of things will continue until our love for our College and jealousy for its reputation shall prompt us to contribute to the common cause our muscles as well as our minds, for the best development of neither is at the expense of the other, and to sacrifice our personal pleasures to hard, systematic training. Not until then shall we win on every field that fame which should be rightly ours.

* * * * *

The past vacation witnessed much effective work for the College. This was not confined to any single agency, but we may be pardoned

for putting special emphasis upon the one phase of advertising in which we may naturally be supposed to be most interested. We refer to the number of college publications issued and scattered broadcast in this and other States. We think we have good reason to speak in praise of the "Commencement number" of the MESSENGER. It was a creditable publication—full, varied, and of excellent appearance. We are creditably informed by those who had opportunity to witness its popularity that it was eagerly sought and read with deep interest by many who knew nothing of its merits before. We believe our paper performed its part well in the summer "canvas." In addition to our paper, the Catalogue, the Broadus tract on "College Education for Men of Business," the Alumni address by Professor Harris, the address on the history of the College by Dr. Robert Ryland, were widely distributed. The excellent tract by Dr. Broadus has proved increasingly popular. Five thousand copies have within the past few months gone into the homes of people too long indifferent to college education for their boys. Many an old student has had his interest in *alma mater* quickened by Professor Harris' history of her work, while its impressive truths have made many friends for Richmond College. The record he revealed to the world may well excite the pride of her sons and the interest of all lovers of education. Summing up the list, we think we can say that not less than from *ten to twelve thousand* of these publications were wisely and effectively used to bring before the public the successful work of our College. Two things may be justly said. First, it is a matter of congratulation that the authorities of the College are awakening to the value of having its own literature, and then of placing it before the people in a popular form. There is no reason why the College should not do more publishing. And each publication should—as in the case of the Broadus tract—make an exhibit, in judicious form, of some phase of college work. The people will read and applaud. Let the good work go on. Second the good results of this extra diligence and popular advertising is apparent. Our College has a larger number of students than ever before. We have bid for patronage and received it. We have displayed the excellencies and attractions of our Institution, and the men have acknowledged its merits, and are knocking at the door in unexampled numbers.

* * * * *

It is the frequently expressed opinion of some persons that prizes

and medals should not be offered in colleges, because, they urge, they stir up strife, and, being unattainable by all, discourage the less fortunate or bright.

Contest is the law of nature, and shall we say that in this the Creator has erred? Generous rivalry is the condition of greatest efficiency. One is never at one's best except when pressed to the utmost by opposing forces.

A fixed standard for honors and degrees is necessary, of course; but there are many who can and will do more than this if the necessary spur be applied. Many students when confident of making 80 per cent., trouble themselves no further. This should not be so. Each and every one should be inspired to do not only a fixed amount, but as much more as is in his power. This is only possible in sharp but generous contest. Students seldom, except when very far advanced and well disciplined, work for very work's sake, but need some additional incentive. There is no other incentive to action so powerful with young manhood as emulation. Then let this motive also be allowed to operate to the fullest extent consistent with honor and friendship. To strive to excel is by no means to try to depose or injure, and students should not be taught to think so. We should be prepared by contest for a life of contest. For however philanthropists would like to have it, it is certainly the fittest that survive in outside life, and why should a college, a little world in itself, endeavor to be guided by any other principle?

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If asked for a characteristic of our age, instead of giving "electrical," "steam," or any merely outward and mechanical mark, we should say *exactness*. This is the distinctive difference between ancient thought and modern science. Old philosophers and sages gave the world maxims of business, politics, and right, but it was reserved for these latter generations to demonstrate the exact principles from which these maxims come. Some years ago astronomers were content to suppose that there were mountains on the moon; now we strive to tell their height in feet, and the next generation will correct our statements for inches. Then the earth was held to be spherical; now, in addition, its curvature is determined.

Exactness in thought is attained by demonstration and analysis, in material things by measurement. In nothing else do we see this spirit of the age manifesting itself so much as in the attention now

bestowed upon mathematics, both pure and applied—the one the embodiment of exactness in thought; the other, in practice. Mathematics is the soul and test of science.

Our College is keeping abreast of the movement in the time and talent bestowed upon this branch. Under our late beloved professor, E. B. Smith, Richmond College was far-famed for its excellent and thorough mathematical training, and it is with pleasure that we see that our young but learned Professor Gaines is keeping up this high standard.

This year our students also are manifesting an unprecedented disposition towards mathematics, there being now a larger enrollment than ever before in that school, so that the professor is taxed to his utmost to do justice to all.

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Of all acquaintances ever made, those of college life are longest and best remembered. Men never forget college friends and mates, and the lives of many are shaped to a great extent by friends made while at college, for it is upon these that they depend for positions and preferments when they first start in outside life. Seeing the importance of college friends, students should use care and judgment in selecting and cultivating them. We should consider that we are making friends for life. An old Latin proverb says, "Men exercise diligence in buying a horse, but are careless in selecting friends." Let us watch carefully the friendships formed at this period of life, since here the liability of error is great and the issue most important.

* * * * * * *

The last few sessions have witnessed a remarkable development at Richmond College both in grounds and buildings, and in teaching facilities. Among other things, recent years have brought us a new dining-hall, with gymnasium and bath-rooms attached. The campus on Broad street has been graded down to a symmetrical slope and sown in grass. A year ago four beautiful residences were erected, so that now we have on the grounds the families of five of our professors. At the same time was built a large and commodious cottage for students. By the munificence of friends and wise management of its officers the College is surely and rapidly developing in every direction. Important additions have been made to the faculty also. Last session was re-established, upon a firm and enduring basis, the school of law; modern languages was raised in

position and given a professor in place of an instructor. The school of expression was for the first time established under the care of a talented gentleman, whose title is as yet only instructor, but whose ability is none the less conspicuous, and it is to be hoped that in a few years he also will be raised in rank and salary.

It is now whispered by some that our so prosperous Geographical and Historical Society may, ere long, develop into a school of history. May this be the case.

Richmond College is young, yet it has already attained to no mean position among our institutions of learning. May it reach a yet higher station and carry out a broader mission in educating the youth of the land.

Locals.

Foot-ball!

Are you a fire-eater?

"A compound, self-adjusting, reciprocal fake."—Reid.

If there's any virtue in medicine, we are all right, for we have the *paregoric* mirror in chemistry and the *paregorical* form in philosophy.

One of our youthful acquaintances informs us that his moustache is immortal—undye-able.

Prof. B. (in all seriousness): "We call a newly-married woman a bride and the other man a groom."

Little Doon wants a pony to his Greek Testament. Next!

Mr. B. (who has been in Greek three years): "Professor, was Cyrus an Englishman?"

Prof. P.: "What is the thermotic effect when we put sugar in coffee?"

Mr. T.: "It sweetens it."

Mr. A. (in chemistry) said that "the air left in the air-pump is continued," but quickly corrected himself by stating that it is "ratified."

Prof. P. (in class, to Mr. R., who is deeply engaged in conversation): "Mr. R., is it not a good thing for a man to ask himself questions sometimes?"

R.: "Yes, sir; that is a great deal better than bothering other people with them."

Mr. C., arriving at Sr. Eng. late, explained: "Professor, please excuse my tardiness, as I was *contained* down town by some very important business."

The question of the day: "Have you got a cig'ret?"

Mr. H—— says that the only Greek letters he knows are Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian.

In Senior Greek. Mr. T.: "Professor, is it necessary to have ballast in war vessels?"

Prof. H.: "It is necessary to have enough to bring the centre of gravity below the centre of buoyancy, or it will turn over."

Mr. T.: "Why not place the guns on posts, so as to bring the centre of gravity below the centre of buoyancy?"

A SHORT HISTORY OF A FOOT-BALL GAME.

I.

A run;
A chase;
A tackle;
A fall.

II.

Three faint;
Two stunned;
Three dead;
That's all.

We are very sorry to report that the editorial man has been laid up for two weeks with a bent face—in other words, his face hurts him. To those who have had the pleasure (?) of gazing upon that ice-cracking, freight-train-stopping, when-shall-we-three-meet-again face of his, this will be sad news; but we will relieve the grief of

the friends of the E-man by stating that the trouble is not inherent, adherent, coherent, or any other kind of -herent ugliness, but is due to an aggravated case of toothache, which has been playing hide-and-seek over his Adonic visage; and, further, that he hopes to present his phenomenal mug in its normal shape in a few days, entirely recovered from the effects of its recent unfortunate episode, and wholly recognizable to his friends.

Here's to Tricky, Jr., and his face—even if it is bent.

ALPHABETICAL.

- A is for Anderson, with a new pair of glasses;
Also for Allison, quite fond of molasses.
- B is for Bradshaw, who never goes to prayers;
Also for Britt, who puts on many airs.
- C is for Corey, a very small fellow;
Also for Carter, whom some might call "mellow."
- D is for big Doon and little Doon, too;
Also for De Vault, a fire-eater true.
- E is for Essex, who refused to be run;
Also for Evans, very full of fun.
- F is for the Faculty, who spoiled all the sport;
Also for Francis, who got a poor report.
- G is for Gresham, who flunks on conic sections;
Also for Grove, who dodges collections.
- H is for Hobbs, who raised a big fuss;
Also for Hatcher, who was never heard to "cuss."
- I is for Idiot, the Junior English class;
There are no other I's, so from them we'll now pass.
- J is for Joyner, whom some would call fat;
Also for Jackson, who wears a sawed-off hat.
- K is for Keefe, of the Y. M. C. A.;
Also for Keyser, who quills every day.
- L is for Lambert, who is learning to quill;
Also for Lyne, who lives on Church Hill.
- M is for Moffett, who made our touch down;
Also for Moseley, something of a clown.
- N is for Norfleet, the boss of the mess-hall;
Also for Nichols, with an abundance of gall.

- O is for Oyster; we never get that;
Also for the Obligation which was imposed on the rat.
- P is for Prince, who wears a loud tie;
Also for Peña, with a very wicked eye.
- Q is for Quarles, the stout little man,
Who had lost the sack-race before he began.
- R is for Ryland, the Editor-in-Chief;
Also for Rowe, as tough as a beef.
- S is for Smith, who was scared by the noise,
But collected his senses and told on us boys.
- T is for Temple, as green as they grow;
Also for Taylor, whom I guess you all know.
- U is for Us, the students of this College;
Our minds bent on mischief, yet imbibing some knowledge.
- V is for Van Buren, a would-be tough;
When you've known him a week you'll think that's enough.
- W is for West, who knows little Phil.;
Also for Willingham, the Chattanooga pill.
- X is unknown here, as in every equation,
So I think it would be best to give it a vacation.
- Y is for Young, who got broke at the Fair,
But now has recovered, and has money to spare.
- Z is not here, a very naughty youth,
But I can't say I blame him, to tell you the truth.

DO NOT FLIRT.

'Tis said that recently Mr. L., being prepossessed by the beauty and attractiveness of a young lady who, in the excessive exercise of her bad taste, had had the bravery to venture a smile at him, wrote her a note, in which he expressed as delicately as possible his desire for a further acquaintance, but thoughtlessly signed his name—his real name. Nothing came of it until one day as Mr. L. was engaged in a very interesting wrestle with the mysteries and eccentricities of the Greek verb, a knock was heard, and it was announced that a young lady wanted to see Mr. L. in the library.

Off went Mr. L., confidently expecting that it was the "acquaintance" of the Sunday before who had called for him. Instead, imagine his surprise when he saw a lady, an entire stranger to him, from whom he heard something about like this :

"Is this Mr. L.? Well, Mr. L., I am ——. I saw that note which you wrote to *my sister*, and I have come to ask you what you mean by such conduct. If you do not immediately write a note of apology to my sister, I shall turn the case over to papa, to dispose of as he sees fit."

Though nearly stunned by the unexpected turn which affairs had taken, Mr. L. immediately penned an eloquent apology, and has been congratulating himself ever since on having escaped so gracefully from a residence in the penitentiary, which he thinks the execution of the lady's threat would have so surely thrust upon him.

Moral: Think twice—yes, several times—before you flirt once, or you may be caught in a situation similar to that of Mr. L.

THE HOBBIES AND THEIR RIDERS.

Foot-ball—H. C. Burnett.
 The MESSENGER—H. Hatcher.
 The Athletic Association—F. W. Duke.
 His marks—D. K. Walthall.
 His medals—A. D. Louthan.
 Everything—R. T. Gregory.
 Tennis—H. S. Corey.
 The Business Manager—The Editor-in-Chief.
 The Printer's Devil—The Business Manager.
 The Gymnasium—Everybody.
 The hazers—The Faculty.
 Us, in Phil.—The Professor of Phil.
 Elocution—S. J. Young.
 His prospective medals—H. W. Provence.
 Using big words—T. S. Dunnaway.
 Reforms of all characters—W. C. James.

A BALLAD OF JUNIOR PHIL.

[BY THE POET LAUREATE OF THE CLASS, COMPOSED DURING RECITATIONS.]

I.

The Three Primary Laws,
 The Hypothetical Clause,
 And many another cause,
 Make us sick of Phil.;

Davis' Theory of Thought,
Which at great expense is bought,
Is very thoroughly taught
In Junior Phil.

II.

Our energies we've spent,
Our minds we have bent
To following the gent
Who wrote our Phil.;
And we think we shall die,
And away we'd like to fly
To some mansion in the sky
Where there's no Phil.

III.

The Prof. will nervous grow,
When the Examinations show
How little Phil. we know—
Junior Phil.
But, however we may strive,
We *may* just get out alive,
Having made but seventy-five
On Junior Phil.

IV.

But, whatever you may say,
'Tis amply worth the pay
To devote an hour a day
To Junior Phil.
For 'tis there we have our fun;
But when the year is done,
Every last son-of-a-gun
Will know some Phil.

CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD FOR NOVEMBER.

November 1. K—r calls on his girl for the second time this month.

2. Great discussion in Sr. English on the sentence: "I saw the ship sink"; some very telling remarks by Messrs. Reid, Chambers, Winston, and Van Buren, assisted by the Professor.

3. Mr. Cox's barrel *of* apples has appeared.
4. Mr. Cox's barrel *and* apples have disappeared.
5. Sunset R. has his hair abbreviated ; the proceeds utilized for purposes of starting fires, lighting cigarettes, etc.
6. R., Jr., tackles a man in foot-ball, but apologizes for it immediately.
7. Meeting of Beelzebub Grand Lodge of Imperial Independent Order of Royal Fire-Eaters.
8. The editorial man appears with his face done up in a handkerchief, due to its (the face, not the handkerchief) being badly bent.
9. Foot-ball game (Randolph-Macon, 12; Richmond College, 4).
10. "White" A. blossoms forth with a new pair of eye-glasses.
11. Professor Puryear goes to Raleigh ; great rejoicing among the chemists.
12. The editorial man's face is a great deal worse ; he has taken the handkerchief off.
13. The proposed trial of S. does not materialize.
14. B. takes a bath ; great excitement on the part of his constituents and many inquiries in regard to his health.
15. Great sensation ! H. goes to Sunday-school ; several members of the class faint, but all are now in a convalescent state. It is earnestly hoped that H. won't make any more breaks like this.
16. T. answers a question in chemistry. [Applause.]
17. Ice-cream at the Mess-Hall. Whoop-la ! Score one for the Mess-Hall.
18. Local editor is absent from prayers ; his friends are very much afraid he is sick, and he promises not to do so any more.
19. Mr. Van B. buys a pack of cigarettes—a very cold day.
20. The towel in the chemistry-room is given its first bath. Verily, verily, this is a revolutionary age !
21. After a most diligent search with a pair of very powerful microscopes, N.'s moustache is discovered. It is not visible to the naked eye yet, but he promises to have it in shape in time for Commencement.
22. Peter J. went to church clad in a ministerial Prince Albert coat, but fortunately escaped the detection of the police, and turned up in time for dinner.
23. Foot-ball game ; Keswick's School, 12 ; Richmond College, 4.
24. Th——r left the Mess-Hall without taking his boss.

25. It snowed.

26. Thanksgiving-day; the College suspends. The good boys go to church, the rest play tennis.

27. Both societies adjourn in favor of the "Kirmesse," a device held at the Grace-street tabernacle for extracting change from mankind.

28. We all go down to see the foot-ball game (Trinity College, 20; University of Virginia, 0). The University boys are not so hilarious (?) as usual after the game.

29. It snows, and keeps everybody from church but Mr. A., who wends his way just the same to the First Baptist church.

30. The last day of the month, and the professors call on everybody to explain unexcused absences, but with little satisfaction.

WE BITE THE DUST.

Keswick school, 12; Richmond College, 4.

On the 23d of November the boys of the Keswick School came down to Richmond and furnished our team ample reason to believe that they can't play foot-ball. Their canvass suits were thoroughly bedaubed with mud, showing many a hard-fought battle and many a scrimmage in the mud-holes of Albemarle, while most of our suits were as clean and white as the "beautiful, beautiful snow."

They went to work as follows:

Keswick: Right end, Fox; right tackle, Harrison; right guard, Page; centre, Morgan; left guard, Long; left tackle, Barker; left end, Pettit; half backs, Shine and Rolan; quarter back, Stringfellow; full back, Cochran.

Richmond College: Right end, Joyner; right tackle, Luttrell; right guard, Louthan; centre, Hoover; left guard, Allen; left tackle, Boshier; left end, Grove; half backs, Duke and Childrey; quarter back, Marstella; full back, Bagby.

We took the ball at 3:45 P. M., playing up-hill, and gained some on a wedge. In some mysterious way the ball went to Keswick, and after several runs by Rolan, guarded by Stringfellow and Cochran, a touch-down was scored. No goal. Score, 4—0.

After several scrimmages down in our territory, Marstella, of our team, obtained the sphere on a fumble of the Keswicks, and made a run of 100 yards, scoring a touch-down; no goal. Score, 4—4.

Childrey was hurt, and Moffett took his place, but the change had little effect on the score.

After several more long runs by Rolan and Fox, two more touchdowns were scored by Keswick, neither being followed by a goal. Score, 12—4.

The second half started with Keswick in possession of the ball, but our team played better and prevented any more scoring on the part of their opponents, while twenty yards was the minimum to which the distance from the line of our coveted goal could be reduced.

Thus the game ended.

Our team was sadly deficient in team work, the men never having played together before, and it was in this respect that the Keswicks were our superiors, their whole team working together as a unit for the advancement of the sphere past our line.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The regular semi-monthly meeting of the above named society was held November 10th. The society enjoyed an address from Prof. W. D. Thomas on "The Importance of Original Investigations"; after which papers were read by Mr. S. J. Young on "Manchester," and Mr. E. M. Whitlock on "Powhatan."

At the next regular meeting, held November 24th, papers were read by the following gentlemen: Mr. Garnett Ryland, on "Henrico"; Mr. C. S. Dickinson, on "Goochland"; and Mr. G. F. Hambleton, on "Louisa."

Great interest is manifested in the work of the society, and its friends are very enthusiastic over its prospects.

Dr. D. C. Gilman's public address before the society on "The Relation of Geography to the Study of History" has been postponed until after the Christmas holidays.

PHILOLOGIAN PUBLIC DEBATE.

The Philologian Literary Society will hold its annual public debate some time in March. The following gentlemen have been selected as debaters on this occasion: C. T. Taylor, E. M. Whitlock, W. C. James, H. F. Williams. D. H. Scott, reader; Garnett Ryland, declaimer. Committee of Arrangements: E. E. Reid, J. S.

Ryland, W. R. Keefe. The question has not yet been announced, but an interesting discussion may be looked for, as all of the gentlemen are debaters of great skill and orators of well-known reputation.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The "Week of Prayer" (November 8-14) was observed by the College association by meetings every evening. Dr. Landrum, Dr. Ryland, Prof. Harris, and other visitors assisted in conducting these services, which were largely attended by the students.

Messrs. R. E. Chambers, C. T. Taylor, W. L. Hayes, and R. H. Bowden represented the association at the College Conference, held with the Y. M. C. A. of the University of Virginia on November 13th, 14th and 15th. These gentlemen report a most enjoyable and highly successful meeting. There was a full attendance of delegates, representing fifteen college and academy associations of the State. The reports showed that there were in the schools 2,322 young men, of whom 1,217 were Christians. Of this number 204 purposed to become ministers of the gospel. On the rolls of the associations were 1,066 names, including 746 active members.

Personals.

Many of our students, after leaving the halls of Richmond College, have enrolled themselves at other institutions of learning, where, in addition to the broad literary development acquired here, they may secure special training in those callings or professions which they have chosen for their life work. Through the kindness of two editors of the MESSENGER we are enabled to give brief sketches of our largest colonies of old boys, located at the following institutions:

SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Jacob O. Alderman, B. A. ('86), and winner of several of our handsomest medals, taught school for several years with large success, and has entered now upon his first session.

J. M. Burnett, B. A. ('91), followed up his college training by immediately entering upon a theological course.

W. Owen Carver, M. A. ('91), Writer's, Debater's and Reader's medalist, is also in his first session.

W. T. Creath ('89) was professor and pastor before he entered the seminary.

C. R. Cruikshanks ('88), after three years in most successful pastoral labors, has entered upon the first year of his course.

J. B. Cook ('85) spent a number of years in the pastorate, and then entered the "School of the Prophets."

T. J. Davenport ('72) took his M. A. degree and several medals at Emory and Henry College. He has been a popular professor in Virginia for several years past, and has recently entered the ministry.

E. B. Hatcher, M. A. (86), spent a session at Johns Hopkins, preached a year in Chesterfield county, and has spent two years at Louisville. He taught in the Rugby school during his first session, and is now professor of Preparatory Greek in the seminary. This is his second year as editor-in-chief of the *Seminary Magazine*, and he will graduate at the next commencement.

O. Hughson ('87) spent three sessions at the University of Virginia, preaching at the same time for churches in the vicinity. He has been recently called to the pastorate of a Kentucky church.

W. B. James ('91) lost no time between his college and seminary courses.

J. T. Johnson ('87) has already made four schools, and is a leader in local missionary work.

M. A. Jones ('88) is preparing himself to add lustre to the family of preachers to which he belongs.

C. T. Kincannon, B. A. ('90), is in his second year. He is instructor in the gymnasium, and business editor of the *Magazine*.

W. B. McGarity, M. A. ('90), made five classes last session. His name appears on the editorial staff of the *Magazine*.

M. E. Parish, M. A. ('89), was professor in Virginia and Georgia schools for two sessions, and is now in his second year. He has supplied during the summers for churches in Rochester, N. Y., and Andersonville, S. C., and now preaches near Louisville.

A. J. Ramsey, B. A. ('90), last session carried successfully a heavy ticket, besides teaching the mathematical course in the Rugby school. Since the opening of the session he has left to take charge of a church at Paris, Ky.

W. W. Reynolds ('86) has entered upon his second session.

J. S. Sowers, B. A. ('89), taught for a year at Lincoln, Va., and entered the seminary last session.

R. A. Tucker ('85) has had several Virginia pastorates. He spent the session '87-8 at the seminary, and returns to finish his course.

W. C. Tyree, B. A. ('87), ex-pastor at Harrisonburg, Va., has just begun his seminary work. He is pastor of a neighboring church, and has supplied for Walnut-Street church.

John J. Wicker ('90), after a successful pastorate at Kempsville, Va., is now at the seminary.

J. Milnor Wilbur ('90) has already passed his first session. He is instructor in physical culture, and an editor of the *Magazine*.

Our informant adds: "Richmond College has a list of men of whom she need not be ashamed. Among them are three M. A.'s and six B. A.'s, and they hold the highest place in the seminary for skill and learning and success. Four are on the staff of the *Magazine*; two have charge of the gymnasium, and one is professor of Preparatory Greek. They have constantly held positions of honor and importance."

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The seventeen Richmond College men are winning honors for themselves in their several classes, as follows:

James H. Corbitt ('88) is an academic, and applies this session for M. A. He is also instructor in Physics.

W. E. Farrar, B. A. ('90), was a last session's graduate and licentiate in Latin and Greek, and is now taking post-graduate work in these schools.

D. S. Garland ('91) is in the law school.

Maurice Hunter ('90) takes engineering, and is president of the Engineering Society.

C. W. Jones ('90) is studying medicine and playing left-end on the foot-ball team.

J. N. Johnson ('90) is in his first session in engineering.

W. F. Lewis ('87) is a student in the medical school.

R. W. Martin ('90) studies medicine for the second session.

F. T. Norvell, B. A. ('90), after teaching a year, has entered the academic department, and is doing post-graduate work in modern languages and history.

A. G. Patton ('91) is taking law.

R. M. Penick ('90) is in the medical school.

W. J. Porter ('89) studied a session at the State Medical College, and is now pursuing the same subject for the second session at the 'Varsity.

W. Penick Shelton ('90) takes engineering. He is vice-president of the Banjo and Guitar Club, and plays half-back on the football team.

C. Downing Smith ('90) is in the law school.

W. Lawrence Smith ('91) is an academic.

J. C. Southall, Jr. ('88), has done several years' work in the academic department, and is now instructor in Physics.

J. Hurt Whitehead ('90) is an academic for the second session.

Exchanges.

The familiar though rather unattractive cover of the *Virginia University Magazine* catches our eye, under a heap of exchanges from many different States. It is the November number, and we turn at once to the prize article, "Parnell." The writer's forcible, vigorous style commands attention to his sketch of the late Irish leader, who is treated in a manner more charitable and sympathetic than just. A discussion on the recent change in the M. A. degree, and an interesting account of a "Day in Concord," with some fair verse, make up the other principal features of the contributions. The first-mentioned records the surprising fact that "only a little more than two-fifths of those who enter the university spend more than a single year in her halls, and only about one in eighteen stays as long as four years."

A striking feature of the *Magazine* is its editorials—crisp, pointed, sound comment on matters of interest connected with the University. Indeed, their well-rounded periods and choice diction make them enjoyable even to a distant reader.

The latest addition to the list of our Virginia exchanges is the *Bellevue High School Nondescript*. Its contents and mechanical

make-up reflect credit on a school of its grade. We are glad to welcome every indication that the rising generation of our State take interest in literary work.

The following statement is taken from the columns of *The Wabash*:

"The faculty of the University of Wisconsin have inaugurated a radical innovation in college government by the abolition of examinations and all excuses for absences, except when the class standing is below 85 per cent., or the absences more than 10 per cent."

This is a wise movement. We see no use for the time-honored custom of making every student stand the examinations whether he has a high class standing or not. We think that this faculty might have wisely gone one step further, and decided that the students whose class standing is below 75 per cent. should not be permitted to try the examinations. The students ought to have some encouragement to work for a good class standing, and we see no better plan than this. If this was the rule in our colleges and universities there would be more hard studying done each day and more real knowledge gained. But as it is to-day, the students do not keep up with the class in their work, and they hope to get ready for the examinations by studying hard just before they come off, and the result is the many become discouraged because of the amount of work to be done in so short a time, and the few cram night and day and make the examinations. A few weeks afterwards the man who became discouraged and failed is as well acquainted with the subjects treated in the class as the man who crammed and made the examinations. The thing that men will need most in the busy arena of life is not a college or university diploma, but knowledge. The best way to get knowledge is to work hard each day, and the best way to get the student to study each day is to make the award according to daily recitations.

The doors of the Wesleyan University, at Middleton, Conn., have been thrown open to young ladies for only a few years, and now they constitute a large proportion of the students at that institution. The young men were glad to welcome the gentle sex to their university, and up to this session have been permitted to escort the girls to entertainments under the eye of a chaperon, and also to call upon the young ladies at their dormitory, which is known about the institution as "the roost." The authorities of the university have

come to the conclusion that too much time was being spent in calls at "the roost," so at the beginning of this session a system was devised to regulate the calling privileges and to ascertain who the students were that made the most frequent visits. No student is admitted to the ladies' dormitory without presenting a card from the registrar's office. This card has on it the name of the caller and the callee, the date and hour, and is "not transferable." No student can obtain more than one card a week, and each young lady may receive calls upon three evenings of each week. These regulations have created quite a stir, and both boys and girls are complaining about them. We can see nothing unjust in these requirements, and only wish that we could get to see our best girl once a week. We imagine that this state of affairs is not very conducive to study at this university. When Cupid, with his silver-tipped arrows, is piercing the heart, it is impossible to concentrate the mind on the dull text books and do full duty in the class-room.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix* is an excellent paper, but the editors say that the students of Swarthmore College do not give them the proper support. The staff deserve much praise for their paper, and ought to be aided by their fellow-students. There are many other college and university magazines that do not get the aid of the students at their respective institutions. It is highly important for all to take an interest in a paper to make a success of it, and it is necessary that many of the students contribute their best compositions to its columns in order that their paper may occupy no mean place among college magazines.

We are sorry to say that some of our exchanges are very poor, and it seems that neither editors nor students take much interest in them. In several the many pages of advertisements form the most conspicuous feature. Advertisements are very necessary—we only wish we had more of them; but, brother editors, don't seek them to the exclusion of the literary departments of your papers.

Clippings.

A CONFESSION FROM ONE OF THE "TEAM."

When first I came to college, as a quiet little youth,
I said I'd always study hard, and *thought* I told the truth;
But now, since they have taught me the pleasures of foot-ball,
I scarcely have a moment to look at books at all.

In the morning and the evening, and all times between, I train,
And the strengthening of my muscles leaves small time to train my
brain.

What's the use of digging out of books all sorts of useless knowledge,
If I uphold in foot-ball games the honor of my college?

But when from college foot-ball into life's foot-ball I go,
Though I'll try to make some touch-downs, and always tackle low;
Yet I'll leave my *alma mater* with "small *conics* and less Greek,"
For I've elected foot-ball for eighteen hours a week.

—*The Swarthmore Phoenix.*

RONDEL OF AUTUMN.

"Summer's sped and Autumn speeds ;
Virgo fades and Libra glows.
Virgo fades—so fades the rose ;
Summer's sped,—the flowers are seeds ;
In her train the maiden leads
Dreamy days of dear repose.
Summer's sped and Autumn speeds ;
Virgo fades and Libra glows.

"Libra glows,—work supersedes :
In Life's balance each one knows
Must be measured joys and woes ;
So to duty each one heeds.
Summer's sped and Autumn speeds ;
Virgo fades and Libra glows."

—*Williams Monthly.*

A LA KODAO.

They were sitting in the moonlight,
And looking at the stars;
He told her how he loved her,
And smoked up two cigars.

He put his arm around her,
And drew her to his breast,
And as he "pressed the question,"
She sweetly did the rest.

—*Mephistophelian.*

MISS-TERIOUS.

When some poor youth in love doth lose his head,
One might well say, "In truth, he was miss-led."
And when his smiles a tender flame awaken,
Might she in turn be said to be miss-taken.

—*Exchange.*

THE TRAMP'S VERSION.

Since in working and in resting
Life is divided best,
Let others do the working
And we will do the rest.

—*The Brunonian.*

LINES ON READING AGAIN SOME OLD LETTERS.

Reading my letters of yester-year,
The bright and the joyous, the sad and drear,
A frown for the follies by this one told—
Tears for a friendship now grown cold—
A smile at a comrade's merriest jest—
Lines from a pen in the grave at rest,
Leaves of the forest autumnal and sere,
These letters of mine of yester-year.

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*