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THREE SONGS FROM HEINE.

Ages may come and vanish,
Races may pass away,
But the love which I have cherished
Within, can ne'er decay.

Once more I fain would see thee,
And kneel where'er thou art,
And, dying, whisper,—“*Madam,*
Be pleased to accept my heart!”

Dearest friend, you are in love;
Tighter draws the chain, and tighter;
In your head 'tis getting dark,
While your heart is growing lighter.

Dearest friend you are in love;
Yet from confidence you're turning,
When I see your glowing heart
Through your very waistcoat burning!

Death is a cool and pleasant night;
Life is a sultry day.
'Tis growing dark—I'm weary;
For day has tired me with his light.

Over my bed a fair tree gleams,
And in it sits a nightingale:
She sings of naught save love
I hear it even in dreams.

ATHENIAN EDUCATION.

An Address before the Educational Association of Virginia, July 9th, 1879, by Prof. H. H. Harris, Richmond College.

[Reprinted from advanced sheets of Educational Journal.]

We have thus far seen what was the usual school-age in ancient Athens, and how it was spent, how schools were established, equipped and conducted, what subjects were taken up and how they were studied. It remains to submit

SOME GENERAL REMARKS,

which may help to explain the strange fact that a system so deficient in organization or correlation of parts, schools so destitute of what we consider requisite appliances, could yet accomplish results so potent and so permanent. One can but pity their lack of comfortable appointments and of the innumerable aids and stimuli to study which we enjoy. Every one of us has been assisted in gaining his education by a thousand heads and ten thousand hands—engaged in contriving and making houses, seats, desks, slates, black boards, pencils, pens, ink, paper, diagrams, maps, charts, pictures, books. Dwell a moment on the thought, and try to estimate how many in this present generation have contributed to your instruction and mental growth, then call up the long line of their predecessors in all the centuries past, and consider how many “other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors.” The Athenian boys had very few indeed of these inestimable advantages.

There was another and a far worse defect in the Athenian system. It has been incidentally brought out in the preceding discussion, but deserves distinct mention, as it was the greatest of all the evils, exerts to this day a baleful influence in eastern countries, and has its effect even among the most enlightened western nations. I mean the utter neglect of woman. In Homer’s time she seems to have been highly honored, and something of this sentiment remained in historic times at Sparta and on the Levant. At Athens, she either never had or had utterly lost the respect which is her due. Pericles, in his funeral oration, addresses fitting words of consolation to the surviving comrades of the fallen soldiers, to their fathers, their brothers, their sons; he curtly dismisses the bereaved mothers and sisters, and the crushed widows, with “a brief advice,” to avoid notoriety either of praise or blame. Hipponax exclaims—

“Two days in wedded life there are most sweet,—
When one brings home his bride, and when he sends her forth to burial.”

In the Iliad the husband gave presents—in effect, bought the bride from her father. She cost much, he esteemed her accordingly. At Athens the bride must bring the dowry; she was estimated rather by what she had than by what she was. The custom still prevails among the middle and lower classes in Greece that every bride must pay her husband a certain stipulated sum of money, generally in advance of the ceremony, and must moreover bring him six suits of clothing. While staying at Athens, my linen was washed by a recently married woman. She had saved up about seventy-five drachmas, but the obdurate man on whom she had set her heart, demanded a hundred. In her extremity, and for fear some other maiden might outbid her, she borrowed the needed five-and-twenty, and was now doing whatever extra work she could find in order to repay the loan. Whether neglect of female education was a cause or a result of the low estimate set on woman, certain it is that the two were connected, and each intensified the other. There were no schools for girls. The mother or the nurse taught them to spin, and weave and sew, with sometimes a smattering of letters. They led a sort of harem life, excluded from all association with the other sex, or indeed with their own, outside the home circle, except at certain religious festivals. Public processions and funerals gave the young men the only chance they ever had to see modest girls, and to such occasions are referred the few instances of “falling in love” which have come down to us. Raphael has given Aspasia a well-deserved place in his “School of Athens,” but she, though long resident in the capital, was born and educated on the green shores of Asia Minor, where the influence of Sappho’s exquisite muse still lingered untarnished by the slanders of Attic prudery. One can hardly blame the great statesman for putting away his illiterate and ill-tempered cousin, and installing as mistress of his heart and home the beautiful, refined and cultured alien from Miletus. If a thousand of his fellow citizens could have followed his example, the stream of Athenian history might have run a far different course.

So much for the most striking defects and disadvantages under which they labored. We turn now to consider how it was that in spite of these they produced great men and diffused the benefits of culture to an extent which is the admiration of the world.

1. They combined the development of the whole man, physical, intellectual, æsthetic, religious. Man has several more or less clearly distinguishable nature united in his one person, and no education which disregards any of his powers can be complete or well-rounded. If all the human faculties should be arranged in an ascending series, with inert matter below and deity above, it would be found that each

depends for exercise and expression on what is inferior, for control and completion on what is superior. The neglect of any step in the series reacts injuriously on the whole. Comparing the extremes, we may say that a sound body is not less essential to vigorous thinking than are sound religious views to correct thinking on any subject whatsoever. Comparing intermediaries, we may say for example, that accurate perception is the foundation of memory, which in turn gives value to perception—and so throughout the whole gamut.

Is it possible in our schools to imitate this excellence? Not fully perhaps. Greek religion was in large measure a growth from within, ours is rather a revelation from without. Homer, as the impersonal embodiment of his race and time, wrote what has been called "the Greek Bible,"—it was the principal school-book. Our Bible must not be made a mere text-book; for one I am constrained to stand shoulder to shoulder, though on different grounds, with Jew and Catholic, in demanding its exclusion from all schools which are supported by general taxation. Religious instruction must be largely left—we rejoice to believe that it may be safely left—to home influence and to Sunday schools, but surely we ought not to neglect, so sadly as is done in many schools, the physical and the æsthetic.

There have been in my day many improvements in the organization of schools. Among them, however, I cannot count the substitution of the present recess for the good old play-time, nor the concomitant change from the old athletic sports to games regulated by strict rule and decided by professional dexterity, not to say trickery. I simply indicate the need, trusting that others will apply a remedy.

For æsthetic culture we have in English literature material almost as varied as the Greek, much more abundant and far cheaper. Who will dare to reject the common Readers—a patch-work of specimen stones gathered promiscuously—and substitute completed structures, poems, tales, histories, orations, picking out here and there passages to be conned, criticized, memorized and held in close contact with the budding imagination, till it is filled with their fire? He will reap a rich reward in his own improvement and will have in after years the hearty thanks of his pupils.

2. A second and still more important advantage in the Athenian system was the narrow curriculum. They studied no language except their vernacular, no history except their own, no geography except of Hellas, no *ologies* or *osophies* of any sort, but instead a little music and mental arithmetic, and much reading of classic poetry and prose. How is it in our schools? Examine any circular and see what a long list of subjects, then behold the series of text-books on each subject: a series on Spelling—Primer, Speller, Word-book, and two or three

graded Dictionaries; a series of Readers, running from first to sixth; a series of Geographies—Primary, Pictorial, Intermediate, Higher and Physical; a series of Arithmetics—Primary and Complete, Mental and Written, Progressive and Practical; a series on Grammar and Composition; a series on Science; a weariness to the flesh, no end of making many books.

Of an old village schoolmaster, Goldsmith says:

* * * And still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew."

The wonder nowadays is rather how a poor little child can tote all the books he has to study. We seem to forget the good old maxim, *Ne multa sed multum discas*.

Education means *drawing out*. Not a few teachers, and even some writers on pædagogics, seem to fancy that it is a drawing out of what the pupil knows. Plato, laboring to prove that all knowledge is reminiscence of what was learned in a previous state of existence, makes one of his interlocutors argue it from the fact that "men, if one questions them skilfully, can of themselves tell everything." That may be true, but the teacher who works on this line alone, runs a great risk of only drawing out what previous instructors have imparted. Do not understand me as depreciating the value of questioning, especially of such as provokes thought and invention. Far from it, but this is not all nor even the chief part of a teacher's work. Education is the drawing out of faculties, the development of powers, the cultivation of habits. The educated man may fall far short of being in himself a cyclopædia of knowledge even in a single branch, but he is one who knows what he wants, knows where and how to find it, knows how to make it subserve his purpose. For this education we depend less on the variety and range of subjects, than on the methods of study.

3. Still more valuable in Athenian schools was the great amount of personal contact between teacher and pupil. How a child ever begins to learn is hard to explain. Between the perfect blank of a nascent intellect and the mind conscious of its developed powers and stored with data for future work, there is a gulf. It is the teacher's business to bridge the chasm, to act as mediator, to watch for and direct the unconscious, perhaps instinctive, blind groping after the unknown, and to bring within its reach such salient points of knowledge as it can most readily seize. The best learners are by no means always the best teachers, and that because they may fail to appreciate difficulties in others which they did not themselves experience. It is universally agreed that woman makes the best teacher, pre-eminently so in the most important period of education, that is to say, for begin-

ners. With a more delicate organism than man, she has finer sympathy and better tact; in other words, more of personal magnetism and more ability to adapt her instruction to the peculiar wants of each pupil. The great teachers, even of advanced students, have done as much by personal contact as by formal lectures. As Tholuck once said: "The teacher should labor with his pupil, sympathize with him, not simply impart scientific truth, but stand by his side to advise him and enter into all the workings of his mind." His own practice of this theory enabled him, against tremendous odds, to revolutionize German theology. Arnold of Rugby accomplished not less in his afternoon walks than in his recitation room. Of the perfect exemplar, the one Great Teacher, we may reverently say that the Sermon on the Mount was not more potent than those quiet conversations held with the chosen twelve as they walked together in unfrequented ways.

Hearers, especially if they stand by nature or by choice a little aloof, are apt to imitate the foibles of their instructors, those who lovingly draw near imbibe and assimilate something of their excellencies. Husband and wife, "who've clomb the hill thegither," do not imitate each other, but how wondrously alike they become in views and tastes, and even in features.

A distinguished missionary, after nearly thirty years in China, returned recently for a brief visit to his native land. He frequently deplored the great decline of conversational power, attributable as he thought chiefly to what he was pleased to call "the everlasting newspaper." At a hotel breakfast, said he, you cannot now, as formerly, talk with a table companion because he has his morning paper; on a railroad train you may put a question to a fellow-traveller, but he will answer in monosyllable, and hold up his newspaper before his face. It is doubtless true that conversation is getting to be among us a lost art. The New Englander can ask questions, the Southerner can dogmatize, the man of society and the woman of fashion can draw hack-nied compliment and insipid commonplace; but how few can start and delicately guide a real conversation, an interchange of thought and feeling, alike pleasurable and instructive to both participants. This may be due in part to "the everlasting newspaper," which occupies so much the adult mind, but also in no inconsiderable degree to the fact that in the formative period, teacher and pupil were held assunder by the incessant presence of the "everlasting" text-book.

4. And finally, the schools of Athens fitted her surroundings, fostered her special genius, and thus helped to develop her greatest glory. As above intimated, in quoting from Macaulay (p. 3), that brilliant writer fails (a consolidationist must necessarily fail,) to appreciate fully that one great idea, which seems to me the richest legacy

left when Athens fell, her most valuable contribution to the thought of the world. Greece was an irregular mass of broken peninsulas, cut up by mountain barriers into separate little tracts, and surrounded by numerous islands similarly divided. Till conquered by Macedon it had never been under one government, but consisted of hundreds of separate and sovereign states, protected against each other less perhaps by their power than by their poverty. Social autonomy, in modern phrase State sovereignty, was thus deeply imbedded in the political philosophy and enshrined in the inmost heart of all who called themselves Hellenes. Athenian statesmen took a grand step further in the same direction. They saw that a city consists of citizens, and developed the idea that the social unit is not a government, as Europeans hold, nor a family, as Asiatics believe, but a *man*.

You say we are indebted to Christianity for our ideas of human freedom and individual responsibility—that is true; but mark you, the doctrine, though quite fully revealed in the teachings of the super-human Master, was not perceived nor promulgated in its fullness by any of the men of Galilee. It was foreign to Hebrew thought and opposed by Jewish exclusivism. For its distinct enunciation and steadfast defence we are beholden to that Apostle who, in the schools of his native Tarsus, had drank deep of the full streams which flowed from the perennial fountain of Attic philosophy.

In conclusion, let me commend to you, fellow-teachers, the leading Athenian idea. Your work is not to make farmers, mechanics, merchants, engineers, lawyers, doctors, preachers, but to take those ignorant, undeveloped, wayward boys, and make of each, so far as may be possible, what Simonides fitly called, “a man, four-square and wrought without reproach.”

GATHERED ROSES.

Only a bee made prisoner,
Caught in a gathered rose!
Was he not 'ware, a flower so fair
For the first gatherer grows?

Only a heart made prisoner,
Going out free no more!
Was he not 'ware, a face so fair
Must have been gathered before?

—SELECTED.

THE CRUSADES.

Of all the infatuations that have possessed mankind, perhaps the greatest is the Crusades. All Christendom seemed crazed with the thought that the burial place of the Son of God should be in the hands of infidels; it was run mad with the desire to rescue it from their hands.

About the middle of the fourth century, Helena, the mother of Constantine, visited Palestine, where, keeping her ears open and listening to every idle tradition, she soon became possessed of quite valuable (?) information as to the exact spot where the cross stood, the situation of the sepulchre of Christ, and other points of interest to the Christian.

Over these places churches and convents were built, and to make a pilgrimage to them was thought to be a great virtue, so much so, that many of the pious from even the most distant parts of Europe donned the "weeds of the pilgrim," took the staff in their hands and set out for the Holy City.

Later, the Saracens obtained possession of the Eastern Empire; but as the pilgrims brought some wealth in to the country, and carried out only a few trinkets and useless relics, they rather encouraged them.

In the Tenth Century, the opinion prevailed that the 1,000 years spoken of by John in the Apocalypse, was about to be completed, and the world about to come to an end; and as the common notion was, that Christ would appear at Jerusalem, naturally there was a great influx of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, that they might meet Him and ascend with Him. But meanwhile the Turks had succeeded the Saracens, and inspired by a like fanatical zeal for their religion, which afterward possessed the Crusaders, treated them with great cruelty. As the pilgrims passed from house to house, on their return, they told of their woes, drawing the most vivid pictures of the atrocities they had witnessed, of the treatment they had received.

All the Christian world was inflamed by these accounts, and needed but a spark to kindle the fire now dormant in its bosom. That spark was supplied. Peter, the Hermit, returning from a pilgrimage, bare-footed, covered with rags, and bearing in his hand a cross, travelled from court to court, from castle to castle, everywhere urging all he met to rescue the tomb of the Saviour from the hand of the infidel Turks. Everywhere he was received as a prophet, the enthusiasm of the people was raised to a white heat; Pope Urban I assembled a council; while he was yet speaking, there burst forth one simultaneous shout, "It is the will of God." This passed from lip to lip, from nation to nation. It became the watch-word of Europe. The church proclaimed

that each one who enlisted in this army would be released from his debt, would have no interest to pay on borrowed money, and that his entrance into the kingdom of heaven was secure. As a mark of his consecration, each one wore on his shoulder a cross, hence the name Crusaders. So great was the eagerness of the multitude to assume this, that many of the princes cut their robes to pieces to furnish the symbol.

This motley crowd, among whom were sickened women and children, presented a very unwarlike appearance. The attack, however, was so unexpected, that the Turks were overcome; but quickly recovering themselves they drove the Crusaders back. Nearly all of those who escaped the hand of the Turks perished in the wilderness. Of the 300,000 who set out, only a mere handful returned.

Other expeditions were afterwards fitted out. To avoid the dangers by land, it was thought best to travel by water; so they embarked from the cities of Italy. These were more successful. Jerusalem was taken; men, women and children put to death; the streets ran with blood; the atrocities perpetrated were horifying. The conduct of these men presented a strong contrast to the clemency and moderation of Saladin. Two hundred years after the first Crusade, the West lost all foothold in the East; in fact, they never during that time held power there for more than fifty years at one time, and then it was very precarious. They never seemed to cope effectually with the Turks.

The history of the Crusades is glorious and sad; glorious in that so many joined in what they believed to be right, sad in that so many perished in a vain strife. And it was valuable, not in its aim, but in its end; not in its intention, but its effects.

The meeting of people of various nationalities led to the interchange of views, the feeling of mutual sympathies. Seeing the world with each other's eyes, their ideas became less crude, their minds were enlarged, and more liberal sentiments prevailed; even the Turks were looked upon with less scorn, for however the Crusaders might condemn their unwarlike character, they could but regard them as superior to themselves in elegance and art.

The eastern empire was now in the zenith of its power and grandeur, while the nations of Europe held but a third place in knowledge, art and industry. As these uncouth and almost savage people, the barons themselves being little better than those they commanded, marched through the East, they were filled with wonder and admiration as they beheld the genius of the attorman, the splendor of his cities, his stately palaces and magnificent mosques. The Latin historians of that day seem to vie with each other in their descriptions of Constantinople; "O, what a vast city, and how beautiful! how many mon-

asteries are there in it, and how many palaces built with wonderful art!" "There never was a city so beautiful and rich in the whole world." To the Crusaders, part of the East seemed almost a fairy land. The extent of the cities; the corruscating domes of the imposing mosques; the wealth, elegance and luxurious ease of the inhabitants—the sight of these not only caused them to marvel, but awakened a desire of beautifying their own houses; so that from the beginning of the Crusades a greater polish, more attention to the refinements of life, and an awakened spirit of enterprise were observable among the Western nations. It was later that the learning and various industries of the East began to be seen; but like leaven, they were working, after a while spreading over all Europe, and influencing succeeding ages. The Nineteenth Century is indebted to the Crusades certainly for the rudiments, (if not more,) of many sciences and arts. With them began the decline of the East and the rise of the West. This is probably due to the Turks having become very effeminate, and in Europe's being in full vigor—not yet weakened by luxury.

After the unfortunate end of Peter, the Hermit's, Crusades, the expeditions were embarked from the Italian cities. An infinitely small per capita upon the thousands who passed through would have been a source of great wealth to them; but when we remember that there they bought their provisions, fitted out their fleets, which often laid for a long time in the harbors, and that they made grants to them of large tracts of land which they had conquered, we can see what a source of wealth the Italian cities had. Becoming from this cause large and prosperous, they felt the oppression of the barons to be very burdensome, and by gradually asserting their rights, they became independent, and some of them first among the kingdoms of Europe.

In some portions of Europe, remote from the seat of government, the nobles, having become weakened by continual warfare, the cities found it much easier to throw off the yoke.

In France the kings began to form the cities into municipalities, and the barons observing how much the power of the king was increased by this measure, not only since those who before served him from fear, now served from gratitude, but because they became the refuge of men who desired to escape oppression, freed many of the cities dependent upon them.

Strange to say, there were no cities in Germany, from the Rhine to the Baltic, until the Nineteenth Century, when some were founded by Henry the Fowler; but the inhabitants, like those who dwelt in the cities to which I have referred, were mere slaves, and not until the Twelfth or Thirteenth Century were they manumitted.

In former times the oppressed and weak were accustomed to flee to

the castle of some baron for safety, but the organization of municipalities changed all this; they became stronger and more impregnable than castles, and men looked to them for protection. In many instances the barons themselves sought and obtained citizenship.

Thus as the power of cities increased, that of the barons declined, and in many places the royal power became greater. The effect of this was to prevent private war, a most fruitful source of anarchy, and the people were freer and being collected in cities, the arts and progress of civilization were advanced.

Naturally the acquirement of broader views, the formation of municipalities and the complete independence of some of the latter caused the decline of feudalism.

Feudalism in its origin may not have been bad, and probably the state of society called for it at that time; but afterwards, in its abuse, the condition of those under it was one of great misery. Most of them, bought and sold with the land, fearful when bringing suit against each other to make a compromise lest their lord should become their enemy by the loss of his fee, forbidden to marry without the consent of their lord, which must be purchased, and always oppressed and down trodden. Those who were free at that time were even worse off than the slaves, since they were liable to be maltreated by every one who had any power at all.

The spirit of chivalry which had so wholesome an influence in refining European society, came into existence before the Crusades, but received a new impetus from them.

Thus we see the Crusades brought order out of chaos; where before power was divided it was made more united; where despotism reigned and justice was disregarded, by freeing the bondsman, by the encouragement of municipalities, tyranny was overthrown and the laws were held in respect. Knowledge, although at first misdirected, was held in esteem, love of learning began to permeate Europe, and the arts and sciences encouraged and cultivated.

BORDIS.

NOTES OF TRAVEL FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON.

[These are simply pencil notes jotted down in the hurry and bustle of travel, and were never intended to appear in print. They are now published simply on account of the demand for copy by our printer, who is like Homer's giant quaffing at the goblet of Ulysses, forever crying "*give me more.*"]

From New York to Newport, by one of the "Old Colony" steamers, is a delightful ride. We left New York at five in the evening, and reached Newport at four the next morning. Leaving the New York harbor, we get a fine view of the city, and pass many objects of interest, such as the new suspension bridge, now being built across East river to Brooklyn, and the prisons and insane asylum on Blackwell's Island. Gliding rapidly on we were soon out on the Sound, and as the last rays of the setting sun linger over the salt water, the waves seem to take the colors of the rainbow, and shine like rows of rubies, sapphires and emeralds. Here and there are ships lying still, with their sails at rest, waiting for a breeze to carry them out to sea. In their listlessness and inertia, they resemble many men who are always waiting for a tide of fortune, or wind of luck, to carry them to some haven of prosperity. Fortunate that vessel which, besides her sails possesses steam to drive her onward when the winds fail her! and thrice happy the man who has that within him which will send him on to success without waiting for fate or "blind chance" to bring it to him. Just here the gong summons us to supper, and we descend to the magnificent dining-room. Here land and water delicacies of every kind are displayed, and soon partaken of with great zest. Sitting on the deck after supper, the scene presented to us is one of wondrous beauty. Cool breezes greet us with welcoming murmurs, the salt sea waves break over our steamer's bow, the stars came out one by one and looked down kindly; a light-house glimmers brightly in the distance, and the moon sheds a magical luster over the whole, its reflection on the water making a long, pale, shimmering track of light. Some one called for a song, and a sonorous voice carols forth "Rocked in the Cradle of the Briny Deep."

We are now nearing the Atlantic, and the sea begins to get rough. Our vessel is tossed up and down at a fearful rate, and many of those on the deck begin to look pale and grow sea sick.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress;
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness."

Brave and valiant looking men beg to be treated as Jonah was, and

long to be "anywhere, anywhere out of the world!" Ladies, in intervals of ease, vow they will never again venture on a boat, and some seem anxious to make their wills. We leave the scene of sickness and go below, and are soon asleep. When we awoke the next morning we were at Newport. Newport claims about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is one of the oldest cities in the United States. It has been frequented as a sea-side resort for many years, and is often called the "queen of American watering-places." There is a certain kind of quiet and repose about Newport, which is as refreshing as it is uncommon. The air here is wonderful exhilarating, and it is a real pleasure to breath it. The surf-bathing and sailing are both excellent—and if old Ixak Walton could have fished in the Narragansett Bay, his good soul would have overflowed with delight.

There is probably more wealth represented here than at any other popular summer resort. August Belmont, James Gordon Bennet, and many other millionaires from New York and Boston, have cottages here. These cottages, many of them costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, are the handsomest summer residences in the world.

The scenery around Newport in every direction is very beautiful. Nature seems to have been in a happy mood when she fashioned its location and the surrounding country. High and lofty cliffs, white-crested, foamy waves, and azure skies, make up on every side a view enchanting to the visitor.

There are many very old and historic buildings in Newport, some of them being several hundred years old. One of the most notable relics of by-gone generations is the old Stone Mill in Torno Park. When and by whom this structure was built has not yet been determined. Some say it is part of a mill used by the Puritans; others ascribe its origin to the Norse Voyagers.

From Newport we went by rail to Boston. There was nothing especially striking along the route. Everywhere may be seen substantial proofs of the industry and prosperity of the people. On the cars is an excellent place to study human nature. People generally when travelling throw off the mannerisms and artificialities which so often surryund them in daily life, and are revealed in their true nature. At times like these it affords one real pleasure to watch closely those near him, and to strive to discern their characters from their faces. Near me sits a young lady of handsome visage. She is dressed tastefully and appears to be every inch a lady. Her face is a rather peculiar one. When animated it possesses a remarkable beauty, but when in repose there is little there to attract. I have often thought that one's whole character could be read from the eye. This young lady's eyes were strange in their expression. They were chameleon-like in the

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variety of their hues, and were wonderfully fascinating; and yet while you are attracted by them, a kind of chill creeps over you on approaching nearer. Their is a cold and heartless glitter about them. She is a flirt—her eyes betray her; she is fond of sweet nothings and adoration—her eyes say so; she can upon occasion indulge in sentiment, and yet in her inmost soul is cold and calculating. In her attractive appearance and winsome ways, her freedom from that curious piece of mechanism called a heart, and her destitution of real feeling an tender impulse, is she not a true type of the girl of the period?

We arrived at Boston late in the evening, and set out the next morning on our regular round of sight-seeing. One naturally feels much curiosity about Boston—"the hub" of our Union. It claims more poets, historians, essayists, scientific men, extreme abolitionists, and pretty girls, than any other city in the country. Longfellow, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James T. Fields, W. D. Howells, and many other authors of note live in or near the city. Boston is a very wealthy city, and has not suffered very much from the recent hard times. The fire which burnt up so large a part of the city a few years ago has been an advantage. The burnt district has now been entirely rebuilt with very handsome edifices, and the streets have been much improved and widened. The Old South Church and Faneuil Hall, on account of the historical and legendary interest clustered around them, are very interesting to the visitor. The Boston Museum is also well worthy of a visit, and contains a fine collection of curiosities, paintings, bric-a-brac, &c. One of the things displayed conspicuously, there is a bunch of buttons cut from the coats of Confederate soldiers, who were killed at Chancellorsville, Manassas, and other battle-fields. Harvard University, Cambridge, should be seen by all who visit Boston. A street car from the Common will take you there in half an hour. Harvard has grown and increased in wealth very much during the last ten years. Several very handsome buildings have recently been added, and the property of the institution is now valued at several millions. There were about eighteen hundred students in attendance there last session. Leaving Harvard the street cars pass by many handsome residences. A little way out is that historic elm under whose bough Washington received his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American army. A little farther on is the house where our American poet-laureate Longfellow lives. We stopped at Mount Auburn Cemetery on our way. This is said to be the most beautiful burying ground in the world. Though it does not possess the natural advantages of Hollywood, still it has been so laid off and perfected by art, that it is surpassingly beautiful. Coming back, Mr. Longfellow got on our street car, and we had the honor of sitting by the

greatest American poet. His hair and beard are white, but still he looks much younger than he really is. His eye, though not "in wild phrenzy rolling," is bright, clear, and seems to look one through and through. He is about to publish a new edition of his works, in which will appear several new poems—and he is evidently "still achieving, still pursuing."

While in Cambridge we visited Bunker Hill. The site of the battlefield is enclosed and kept neat and beautiful. The monument is several hundred feet high, and the view from the top of it of Boston and the surrounding country is exceedingly fine.

Hundreds of soldiers fell here on this hill, whose names are unknown, but they are not unhonored or unwept. While freedom and liberty exist and patriotism and gratitude hold sway in the human breast, their bravery and endurance will be recited by historian, and sung by bard, and here at the spot where so many of them bled and died,

"Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

A. K. I.

A PLEA FOR THE CITY GIRLS.

If the author of "some thoughts about the city girls" wished notoriety, he has certainly received it; but is it such as one would rejoice in having? His "desultory remarks" have given rise to various speculations in the social circles of our Metropolis, where the *Messenger* is extensively read, and where, I may add, its eminent literary merits are justly appreciated. As an advocate of "Woman Rights," and especially of the rights of "City Girls," I have decided to espouse their cause. It seems strange that "A. K. I." can so coolly overlook the faults of the average country girl, to expose the lesser ones of the city girls! Why cannot this popular author grapple with those faults which his country girls have, rather than fly to others at a distance? I remember a couplet, but cannot recall where I saw it,

"For foreign pleasure, foreign joys I roam,
No hope of pleasure or of joy at home."

"A. K. I." goes beyond this, for *he* roams not for foreign pleasures, but for foreign grievances, and that, too, when he has plenty of the same sort at home. He says on his first page, "I have met but *few* who could sustain a conversation on any other subject except the

weather," and the like, then immediately upon the next page he says, "the gossiping faculty is very well developed among *most* of the fair sex of the town." Does "A. K. I." mean to say that conversing about the weather and gossiping are the same thing? If so, he has perverted the meaning of gossip as given by Webster. Surely the author must have been himself under the weather when he put two such incongruous statements so near each other.

Then in a most melodramatic style, he informs us that Shelly was the "most emotional and rhythmical of English Poets," and that Poe had "hallowed our city by having lived here for awhile," as if he was the only one that possessed this knowledge. I will not be so hard on "A. K. I." as to say that it was his "own obtuseness" that caused him to think the weather the only staple of conversation among his lady friends; but I will say the writer appears to have little knowledge of girls, and city girls in particular. What knowledge he has seems to be based upon an association with some girls who have spent most of their time in the country, thus borrowing the plumage of the so-called country girls. He should, to use the words of Wordsworth,

"Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Think on the countless springs of silent good."

But instead, he only ruffles the surface, which surface perhaps received its color from association with country girls. He should have dived deeper, and perhaps if he had mentioned Shelley, &c., he would have learned more of these authors than he could "weather."

"A. K. I." next makes note of the perfection of sarcasm in city girls, and indeed he goes to such an extent, that I am forced to conclude that he has tasted the bitter fruit of disappointed love. If such be the case, I tender my sympathies, and think that he ought to consider it a blessed fact that deep, confiding, passionate love, however unrequited, never harms the nature which has been filled with it. He may have loved only an ideal being, a creation of his own heated imagination, yet this worship should have exalted and purified him, and should have inspired him with a more chivalric tenderness for the other sex, and have shown him the possibilities of his nature, and imbued him with faith, hope, and charity. Is it nothing then to be able to say *ich habe gelebt und geliebet*? It is only the shallow-pated or the bad-hearted egotist, who comes off badly from an affair of the heart to break out against woman and declare himself a misogamist. The libations which such a man offers at hopeless shrines, turn naturally enough to vinegar. What "A. K. I." means, in his beautiful description of his silver-bowed goddess, when he says, "she was every inch a country girl," is more than I can tell, unless he, too, like the city girls

he speaks of, was measuring her "loveliness by the number of pounds she weighs."

The old singer of Teos, with his wine-drenched lyre, sang many beautiful erotic songs which the world does not seem disposed to let die. I well remember my introduction into that symposium of love. There is one sentiment in his ode to woman, over which a fond memory broods as does the nightingale over the rose :

"A woman who has beauty conquers both steel and fire."

Truer words were never spoken over the wine-cup, or by mad Anthony, enraptured with the charms of Cleopatra. The attractive power of beauty over the human heart is beyond the computation of the calculus. The sun compels the planets by his attraction to move around him in their orbits, but the sun has not the power to attract them from their path toward himself; the centrifugal force of the planets forbids. But where in all human hearts is their a centrifugal force that can resist the centripetal force of beauty? Arm it with virtue, and there is nothing under the cope of Heaven that is its equal. I too have in my "mind's eye" a true type, not of a country, but of a city girl. A few years only have passed, since on the fairest of all days I sauntered from the city over the clover-crimsoned fields and breezy hills to enjoy tranquility for a season in a grove of sturdy oaks. Having seated myself upon one of nature's seats, made of grape-vine, adorned with deep green tufts of the myrtle, I listened to the singing of birds, and the pleasant babbling of an adjacent rill as it drew a silver linit towards the west. I had not occupied this enviable position long, ere a delight thronged my pulse with the fullness of Spring. A gush of song stole through the woods, soft at first, and timorous, until emboldened by its loveliness, it soared aloft with a grace that was supreme, and filled the pauses of solitude with numerous echoes, such as the Naiads breathe from their sea-toned shells. Voice more superb never sounded in my ears. It had the gladsome vivacity of the lark, the impetuous warble of the thrush, the liquid melody "and full throated ease" of the nightingale. Arising in the first surprise, I stood as one charmed, while the song continued long after the voice was mute. All the night it vibrated in my brain; that singer afterwards became a dear friend. She had escaped from the smothering heat of the city to refresh her roses on the country hills, but she was no imperious Clara Vere de Vere, who

" ——— thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere she went to town."

She was guileless as a wood-nymph, as lovely as a poet's dream. There was one heart that took the color of all objects from her love and only in her. And in that heart hangs her image, wreathed around with

memories olden, where as in a twilight chapel, the saintly chanters who are the affections, with their waxen tapers chant low masses for her safe return. For she is now breathing the air of the "Sunny South." I long for her coming; for radiant face and stately mien. And I know well, for the very winds whisper it, that ere Spring gives place to Summer, she will come

"To dazzle when the sun is down
And robe the world of rest."

VINDEX.

[We have received several articles on the same subject as the one discussed above, and lack of space alone prevents us from publishing them. After this, we cannot publish anything more on this subject, and the city girls, country maidens, *et id omne genus*, can rest in peace.]
EDS. MESSENGER.]

LEGENDS.

The fables and the legendary myths of distant ages never fail to be of absorbing interest to every one who has the emotions which are common to humanity.

They are always invested with a charm which attracts attention and delights the imagination. And this is easily traceable to the fact, that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and veils with the delightful charms of cloudy uncertainty the distinctive features in the characters and events which they represent. Legends are closely akin to poetry—both are the natural product of man in the most uncultivated state of barbarism, and spring from his rude and undeveloped conceptions.

The mind of man has been so constituted that it dwells with peculiar delight on these wonderful creations of improbability, and finds its chief relief in withdrawing itself from the naked realities of earth, and thinking on deeds of glory which surpass all human rivalry, and which purport to have been performed by heroes of superhuman power.

And while legends are manly composed for the purpose of exaggerating and over-rating the merits of renowned and brave heroes, and to perpetuate their names; yet, to some extent, they have been constructed in obedience to this desire of the mind for something above the earthly, and above man's conceptions of probability or possibility. Like poetry, "They give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

The plausibility of this conclusion is derived from the nature of the legends themselves, and from the pleasurable sensations which arise in the mind as a result of their perusal.

Legends are the connecting link between barbarism and civilization. A nation, when making its first advances in literature, will necessarily recount the exploits of its heroes in a legendary form, which the rude imagination that always characterizes people in this stage of progress, will readily convert into glowing pictures that are only ideals, and have no existence in reality. They are as truly beings of the imagination as those which are bodied forth by the conception of the poet, and this perhaps constitutes their chief charm. They appeal to the employment of man's highest faculty, and to the exercise of its most pleasant function.

In tracing the history of the literature of any nation, in order fully to appreciate its significance and its merit, it is pre-eminently important that the inquiring critic should be familiarly acquainted with its legends and historical myths. For from these are drawn illustrations without number, and constant references are made by writers of every class to their force and expressiveness.

No one, however otherwise learned, could be truthfully said to comprehend the beauty of Grecian or Roman literature, who was not conversant with their legends respecting themselves, their descent from the gods, and all their other legends from which were derived their belief in religion, and their faith in government. Everywhere, through all the classical authors, are interspersed allusions to these myths from which numberless and varied illustrations are drawn, with which they adorn and ornament their sentences and simplify their thoughts.

Whenever an ancient writer wished to express an idea in a beautiful garb, and expressive as to thought, he decked it with the robes of metaphor and simile derived from those legends, which ever since early youth had been carefully instilled into his mind as a part of his fundamental belief. The inquirer into these literatures, if ignorant of these legends, would grope in midnight darkness without one ray of light to guide him onward in his investigations. A knowledge of them is absolutely and indispensably necessary to a perfect understanding of the character and content of their literatures.

And while it may be improper, I cannot refrain from specializing and noting the fact, that among all the legends of every nation, none impress the imagination and the senses of fitness as more peculiarly beautiful and significant than those of King Arthur and his Knights.

These legends are closely interwoven with all that is delicate and fanciful in English literature. Their influence is traceable in every department of knowledge, and they have pervaded and imbued with something of their own spirit, every grade of society.

They have often proved as a spark to fire the imagination of the poet, and to give inspiration and apt illustration to writers of all classes.

They are so completely and thoroughly commingled with our literature, that to separate one, would be to destroy the beauty of the other. They have served to awake the lyre of one of the grandest of modern poets, and have transfused the spirit of inspiration into the soul of the noble poet, as he endeavoured to commemorate their existence, and to sing their praises in verse.

The Legends of the world constitute a vast repository or store house, on which all alike unceasingly and perhaps unconsciously draw.

“HOPE.”

DEFENSIO URBANARUM PUELLARUM.

Messrs. Editors, once upon a time,
 I essayed, in the rudest of rhyme,
 To tell how a dreaming student—poor fellow—
 Dreamed of his Nell, dreamed with rapturous joy;
 That he saw her, that he kissed her once more.
 I had thought that for me rhyming was o'er,
 For I hacked my pegasus so sorely,
 And with it all I rode him so poorly.
 That at twelve, one lonely winter's night,
 When all the sparkling stars were shining bright,
 When the snow-clad earth seemed to sleep,
 Leaving the stars the watch to keep,
 “I heav'd on high my waukit hoof,
 To swear by a, yon starry roof
 That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
 T'ill my last breath.”

This solemn oath I hold as sacred still;
 For no slight cause do I resume the quill.
 'Tis not for me to sing in tuneful lays
 The heroes bold of the olden days;
 Nor is it mine to celebrate in rhyme
 The noble men of our modern time;
 But with heaving bosom, with eyes dilate,
 With vengeful wrath, with direst hate,
 Urged on by honor, o'erwhelmed with shame,
 I invoke each several muse by name;
 I pray for words of burning fire,
 Words fitly to express my burning ire:
 Words that shall pierce the ruthless A. K. I.
 If the wretch be country-born let him die!
 Shall he with poisonous arrows sharp,
 Wound innocent worth, and forever carp
 At Richmond's girls, the city's boast and pride?
 And shall he, his shameless guilt to hide,
 Picture the virtue, the beauty and the grace,
 The sprightly eye, the fascinating face,
 The artless ways of the sweet country girl?
 Softly a muse replied, “seek not to hurl
 Thy fury at one so mean and vile,
 To be angry at him, isn't worth the while.
 Blush not that he, with seeming pride hath told
 Of the lovely country, his home of old:
 For be assured *he* is no country lad,

Such as *he* the country never had.
 The suburbs of a city is his home,
 And from suburbs whence he did never roam.
He would judge the city's beauteous fair,
 But, my country son, leave the fox his lair:
 Soon enough by his own envious hate,
 He will be dragged to his pitiless fate.
 But thou, my son, if thou indeed wouldst sing,
 Let a nobler strain make thy voice to ring.
 If to a lofty flight thou canst not rise.
 There in country fashion—thy native guise—
 Tell how 'twas a Richmond girl, fair to see,
 Who made the world all love and joy to thee."
 Ah, well do I remember, 'twas sweet L.,
 Whom I used to style Richmond's lovely bell.
 'Twas she of whom in her absence I wrote,
 (I still keep a copy of that boyish note:)
 "Dear L., you are the sun, your absence is night."
 Now, while all is dark, and no ray of light
 From the stars pierces the dark gloom without,
 I recall another night, without doubt
 The blackest that from heaven ever fell
 To hide the deeds of demons fit for hell.
 'Twas L., who upon *that* night long, long ago,
 Taught me the meaning of that little word *no*.
 When L., cruel L., lovely L., said me nay,
 For me all was darkness, there was no day.
 But after all a bright star appeared,
 Brighter it grew as to the zenith it neared;
 That brightning star for me shall ever be
 A guide over life's tempestuous sea;
 Yes, bright star of Richmond, Dearest A.,
 My course is shaped by the farest ray.
 "Where're I roam, whatever realm to see,
 My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."
 But to sing the praises of Richmond's girls,
 These rare, these pure, these beautiful pearls,
 Were for me a task by far too great,
 For without fear I challenge the whole State,
 In beauty in grace, in wit to equal them;
 I challenge the whole world to surpass them.

TORCUL-TORNO.

 EDITORIAL NOTES.

The American Book Exchange is doing a good work in placing within the reach of the great mass of the people sound and choice works. Nothing will sooner destroy the sale of trashy literature. The incentive that makes a man buy and read a dime novel is the same that leads us to the works of Shakespeare, or Fielding, or Tennyson. But "Old Hundred Scalps" is only ten cents, while a good novel is so high, the reader, yet uninitiated, has no hesitation in deciding in favor of the former. It will be a great day for the people when classic works can be obtained at a reasonable price. The profit on text books are exorbitant. The student must choose between two alternatives,

either to purchase a cheap book whose print is so fine that the eyes are injured, or swell the profits of some company by paying a high price for one that has not this fault.

The Harpers, in their great zeal for the diffusion of classical knowledge, would confer a much greater favor by furnishing the pure stuff at a reasonable rate, than by scattering their little picayune accounts of ancient writers. Much more good would be accomplished by putting a good translation of Pascal or Herodotus within the reach of the majority of the people, than a criticism on a man, who to us, so long as we have not read his works, is a mere figure. Perhaps we have misstated the Harpers. It is possible that their zeal for money is as great as their desire for the diffusion of knowledge. We hope that the reform begun by the American Book Exchange will soon have a general extension.

Now here we are in a pickle! The unfortunate A. K. I. has brought not only upon himself, but upon the editorial staff, the indignation of our fair city neighbors. We are in a mortal terror. Our box is full of replies, showing wherein A. K. I. was not logical. We stand

“Upon a narrow neck of land 'twixt two unbounded seas.”

By the rejoinder to A. K. I. in the present issue, the city girls may be appeased, but with what feminine logic will the country girls decide that a defence of the city girls must be an attack upon them. We, therefore, are in a distressing state of mind, and are so enveloped in night, that we fear that never more will we hear the bird of morning sing. *Otempora, O mores!* that is to say we are done for. Now we think that between the two extremes there is an even mean. The city girls have their imperfections, which are angel instincts, and the country girls have their imperfections, which are angel instincts. (We sacrifice grace of language to fairness.)

To show how impartial we are, our columns have been thrown open to both sides. We do not wish to see injustice done to either. While we ourselves do not see the necessity of such heroic proceedings on either side, yet since the question has been sprung, we intend that it shall be fairly discussed, although the most of us know that there are different kinds of glories—a glory of the sun, and a glory of the moon, etc., and that both city and country girls are considered glorious each in their respective spheres. Let us, therefore, have peace.

LOCALS.

Students who are interested in the welfare of the *Messenger*—and all should be—ought to do their trading with those merchants advertising in its columns. Let us patronize those who patronize us.

“Grof,” who is somewhat on the order of Baron Munchhausen, and who is never so happy as when relating to a credulous crowd his bold adventures and his hair-breadth escapes from death in the wilds of Texas, was a little taken back the other day, as is shown by the following incident, which, however, cannot be duly appreciated by those unacquainted with the parties concerned. “Grof” had thrown himself on the outside of a goodly amount of dinner, and made his way up to Loafer’s Headquarters, (cottage porch,) taking a seat and propping his legs up against a post, preparatory to telling some giant “yarn.” Pointing to a scar on his hand, he remarked, “So you see this?” His friend Hanley, anticipating him, said in an earnest tone, “yes, I reckon a tiger bit you there, didn’t he?” There was a big laugh among the bystanders, and the tale went untold, leaving, perhaps, to eternal darkness the cause of the scar.

There is nothing lively passing at college now, hence our locals must be proportionately few and dull. So let no one condemn the local editor, if his columns be not full, for he is no sinner of a newspaper man, who telleth lies to please his readers, maketh to exist what is not, and feareth not the world to come.

At last some long-needed changes toward the improvement of our campus is being brought about. A general cutting-down and filling-up is in progress, and that old shanty, which, from its prominent position, has so often been taken for President P.’s office, is being torn away. When all this is finished, that comely pile of brick-bats is removed, and those ornamental (?) oaks pulled down, we can with more truthfulness deny the charge that our campus looks like the site of some ancient ruins.

As in spring, the lazy turtle crawleth out upon a log to sun, so now cometh forth the loafer from winter quarters to the cottage porch.

The students have decided upon another “jollification.” Although we are not in favor of it, yet, if they *will* have one, they should begin preparations early, and make a success of it.

“A. K. I.” is “gone up” now “for the angry muses a.e barking at his heels. See “*Defensio Urbanarum Puellarum*,” on another page.

A naughty boy who wanted to perpetuate his name to coming generations (truly, a laudable desire,) without much trouble, carved it upon a valuable relic belonging to the Museum. It was only by a timely ab-

sence from college, that he saved himself from a wholesome flogging at the hands of the Professor, who was very naturally exasperated when he learned of the act.

The Senior and Intermediate Mathematic boys are about through (dis)cussing their intermediate examinations.

The Trustees are offering for sale that piece of college land lying on Franklin street, and at present in cultivation by Professor Puryear. Now, that's too cruel! They must know the Professor could never survive the loss of his plantation.

Two students were coming from the college grocery with a bag of crackers:

1st Student.—These must be the remnants of the crackers which Noah took on board the Ark for his boys.

2nd Student.—(With a look which betrayed no lack of confidence in his biblical information,) yes, Cain and Abel.

If Pinafore has done no other damage to the world, it has at least knocked the sublimity out of one of our most awe-inspiring words. Never again can that word be used with its former effect; never by its impressiveness can it send a thrill of awe through the veins of the hearer. To no purpose now does the orator rise to heights of eloquence from his stately periods, build his lofty climaxes, if he forgets, and, as formerly, caps them with "never." So let us hunt up a synonym for this word, which will hardly ever acquire again its ancient seriousness.

EXCHANGES.

Our friend the *Philomathean*, "a magazine devoted to the interest of all lovers of learning," furnishes "all lovers of learning" a great treat by its discussion with the *College Message*. It is difficult to determine just what effect this discussion will have on religious thought. The *Philomathean* in his last reply is calm, but quite decided in his statement. "Yes, sir," he cries, "our proboscis is long and tough, and you may pull to your heart's content. We, however, reserve the right to kick." How sad to see the sagacious elephant reduced to this asinine expedient "to kick."

These two journals have long since shown who brays.

The Rochester *Campus* is a model magazine. It preserves a happy balance between the local and literary departments. Nothing can be more tedious than to run over a long list of locals, whose only effect depends upon the associations they suggest.

“My Old Coat,” although a singular subject, has some quaint thoughts, and in one or two instances approaches to pathos. The *Campus* expresses clearly and well its view about college papers entering into political questions.

The Cornell *Era* is guilty of the unfairness of taking from an article of several pages eleven lines, whose spirit he claims to be a fair index of studies in political science down South. In the first place he should not have given that part of the paper out of its connection. And again, it was a fine exhibition of carelessness, or perhaps even ignorance, to claim that eleven lines from a paper contributed to a College Magazine showed the tendency of political science down South. We by all means dislike party strife, and especially when carried on within reason. If Mr. Calhoun was right, no earthly power can make him wrong. The same may be said of Daniel Webster. That Mr. Calhoun’s principles were right, we acknowledge; that it was expedient to put them in practice Daniel Webster denied, and both North and South are now ready to reiterate his statement. We went to war on a question of abstract right, the results are before us; although the war did not answer Calhoun’s argument, yet it proved how much better statesman Webster was than Calhoun, in that it showed that the practical application of Calhounism was not expedient.

The *Polyhymnian* monthly is fresh and sparkling. We commend its spirit towards its exchanges. It is never harsh, and always fair. It would certainly be much to the gratification of us all if many college papers would but recognize the fact that even in a college papers, to make a willful misstatement, is wrong; and that purposely to refuse to give a brother or sister exchange due credit is an ominous prophecy of after life.

The Yale *Courant* is good after its kind. The local element predominates, but nothing is so effective in arousing college spirit, and in giving the outside world a fair idea of the college. It is a debatable question whether a college paper should not, for the most part, be composed of matters which pertains directly to the college. Prize essays, and essays of every description are rarely ever read by any but the contributor.

The *Virginia Star*, the organ of the colored people of Virginia, is one of our most regular and esteemed exchanges. It exhibits a gentlemanly and intelligent spirit. The most of its statements are fair and candid. Its editorials show considerable political insight, and make us hope that for the good of the colored people, it will always be their organ. Every true Southerner is necessarily interested in the wellfare of the negro, and can but know that they are capable of development.

PERSONALS.

E. H. Benton, '78-'79 is farming in Loudoun. Want to "go to Ashland" Ed?

L. P. Brown, '78-'79, is reading medicine at home, in Upperville Virginia.

Walter Christian, '78-'79, is studying law in the city.

W. W. Holland, '78-'79, is in the tobacco business in Danville, Va.

Wm. H. Ryals, '78-'79, is teaching school near Palmyra, in Fluvanna county, Va.

T. W. Cheny, '77-'78, is attending Mercer University, Georgia.

Chas. E. Wortham, Jr., '78-'79, is in the banking business with his father in the city.

Charles L. Steele, '78-'79, is attending lectures at the "Baltimore Dental College." Prof. Harris, of that institution says, "he is second to no one in his class as student and operator." Drop us a line sometimes, Charlie. Have you forgotten that famous nitric acid joke of yours?

John W. Snyder, '78-'79, has gone to Salt Lake City to live. We wish him abundant success in whatever he may undertake.

W. T. Oppenheimer, '77-'78, came out with flying colors at the commencement of the Richmond Medical College, and was a member of the Committee of Reception at the final celebration March 2d. Don't forget the scenes that transpired in a certain historic Fluvanna church, "Snooks."

A. G. McManaway, '75-'76, was in the city recently. He is pastor of the Baptist church at Blacksburg, Va.

J. W. Fleet, '78-'79, was in the city a few days ago and called on us at our office. His plan now is to take the summer law course at the University next vacation, and to attend Prof. Davies' class at this institution next session,

J. W. Boyd, '77-'78, has been studying law at home for the last year or so, and will soon hang out his shingle in Buchanan.

J. S. Kirtley, '78-'79, is farming in Kentucky. He expects to return to college next session.

Lucien H. Cocks, '74-'75, is teaching at Hollins' Institute, Va. He is as popular as ever with the girls, and they say that as a professor he is an unqualified success.

H. P. McCormick, '78-'79, is teaching school in Loudoun county.

C. C. Biting, Jr., '74-'75, was married a week or so ago in Washington. He is practicing law in Baltimore.

Chas. H. Chalkley, '77-78, graduated in medicine at the Medical College commencement March 4th, 1880. Besides this, he was appointed physician to the City Almhouse, (a position given to the student of the highest standing in the graduating class,) was awarded a handsome case of instruments for the best thesis on the "therapeutic uses of alcohol," and was valedictorian on the occasion.

Mr. Paul Y. Tupper has returned from the Louisville Medical College, where he graduated and took off three or four medals. Good, "Paul."

THOR'S VISIT TO JOTUNHEIM.

A SCANDINAVIAN MYTH.

Dark Urdur's scroll, dear reader, let's unroll
And revel in its mystic lore; 'tis there
Is found recounted wondrous tales wherein
The god-like feats of the god-brothers three,
Great Odin, Villi and heroic Ve,
Are faithfully portrayed. 'Tis there we learn
How, battling with fierce Ymir, hoary giant,
They conquered and relentless slew; how of
His gory corse they formed the rolling earth;
His blood, forth gushing from his gaping wounds,
They made the waters of the seas; his bones,
Full harder than the adamant, they hewed
And shaped the mountains and the rocks; his hair,
By virtue of their fictile power, became
Converted into trees; his skull, so large
The powers of Jötunheim, with all their strength
And boasted might, cannot remove, they made
The vaulted circles of the heavens, inlaid
With amethyst, and scattered brilliant gems
Called stars all o'er the concave's wide expanse,
And hollowed out the deep-cut grooves through which,
With tireless energy, the golden sun
And silver moon their endless races run.

From those great deeds by which the universe
And all its wonders were created, turn
We now to learn of Thor, the thunderer,
Great Odin's greatest son, he who possessed
More strength than either gods or men; who with
His strength redoubling belt begirt and hands
Encased in gloves of iron, thus to make
His trusty hammer more efficient, which
When hurled returned again to his own hands,
Dire vengeance dealt relentless foes. Full well
'Tis said, the Frost and Mountain giants knew
The power of his might, for the cleft skull
And scattered brains of kindred told the tale;
At the hoarse rumblings of his distant voice
They shrank abashed into their darksome caves
And trembled with affright.

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 But let us turn again and learn of Thor's
 Rash visit to the land of Jötunheim,
 That wondrous home of giants, numerous bands,
 The enemies inveterate with whom
 Eternal wars the gods supernal wage.
 And now we find the mighty Thor on some
 Dire mischief bent, Valhalla's sacred hall
 He quits, while tricky Laki and Thialf?
 Beside him travel too. This Thialfi was
 Of men most fleet of foot, a servant true
 Of Thor; and that the trio by the way
 Might hunger's pangs allay, well filled
 With Schriminir's sweetest flesh, a wallet huge
 Upon his robust, brawny shoulders carried.

The rough uneven tenor of their way,
 O'er rugged mountains, jagged cliffs and fields
 Of snow and ice, undaunted they pursue,
 Until the sun his western course had run
 And darkness' sable shades began to fall
 Upon the earth. 'Twas then they found themselves
 Bewildered in a forest of great magnitude
 Whose boundaries were unknown, and then began
 To hunt some friendly nook in which the night
 To pass. At last their eager eyes descried
 A huge and spacious hall, whose entrance was
 The breadth entire of an extensive end,
 Elated at their fortune good, in haste
 They entered; wearied with the day's fatigue
 Soon sank to sleep. But as the mid of night
 Drew near, behold, the earth began to quake,
 The friendly walls that gave them shelter, shook;
 Strange noises, horrid cries their ears besieged.
 'Twas then the mighty Thor upspringing called
 Aloud to his companions, "Seek a place
 Of safety, while this trusty mallet grasped
 In my unerring hand shall ye protect."
 Obeying his command, they quickly fled
 Into a chamber near—as sentinel
 Thor kept the watch till morning dawned.
 When fair Aurora lit the eastern sky
 He sallied forth and lo! the cause of their
 Alarm discovered. Stretched upon the ground
 And near at hand, a sleeping giant lay
 Whose snoring shook the earth for miles around
 And made the rocks to tremble in their beds,
 And the tall trees before him bend their heads
 As in a mighty hurricane. 'Tis said
 For once afraid to use his mallet was
 The mighty Thor; and, as the giant soon
 Awoke, Thor was content to merely ask
 His name.

"My name is Skrymir," said the giant,
 "But need I not to ask thee thine, I know
 That thou art Thor. But stay, friend Thor, my glove?
 I see it not!" 'Twas then, astonished, Thor
 Perceived that what they'd took to be a hall
 Was but *the giant's glove*; the chamber where
 They'd refuge sought, *its thumb*. So Skrymir then
 Proposed together they should travel on
 And Thor consenting, down to breakfast sat

They all. This through, great Skrymir's able hand
 The remnants of provisions packed into
 An ample wallet, over his shoulders it
 He threw, and with tremendous strides with which
 They scarce could keep apace, he led the way.

So thus they traveled all the day, and when
 The dusky shades of night drew near, beneath
 A large oak-tree the giant chose a place
 To pass the night, and, saying he would sleep
 Bid them a supper to prepare. Indeed,
 Soon fast asleep he fell, and likewise soon
 Began to snore so loud, for miles and miles
 Around the echoes wake a chorus full.
 Thor seized the wallet eagerly, but with
 Surprise he found the tricky giant had
 With such dexterity the wallet tied
 Strive as he might, he it could not untie.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

We, the students of Richmond College, hearing of the death of J. B. Jeter, D.D., President of the Board of Trustees, in mass meeting assembled, do hereby resolve :

That in the death of Dr. Jeter this institution loses a staunch supporter ; higher education loses an earnest advocate ; we lose a sympathizing friend.

That we find in Dr. Jeter a *model* of integrity and devotion to principle, a useful life, and a triumphant death.

That a copy of these resolutions be offered for publication to the Richmond College MESSENGER and to the Religious HERALD.

A. J. REAMY, }
 L. J. HUFF, } Committee.
 J. J. TAYLOR. }

Richmond College, Feb. 18th, 1880.

At a meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, the following resolutions were read and adopted :

Whereas, an all wise Providence has seen fit to take from our midst, one of our members, George Watson, thereby casting a gloom over our Society, and saddening the hearts of each and every one of its members, therefore, be it

Resolved, 1st. That by his death, we have lost one of our most worthy and promising members, and that we truly deplore his loss.

2nd. That while his death saddens our hearts, we rejoice to know that he is not dead, but has simply departed from this frail world to the abode of the blessed.

3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his afflicted family, that they be spread on the minutes of our Society, and that they be published in the *Richmond College Wessenger*.

C. C. DAVIS, }
 J. T. DICKINSON, } Committee.
 J. J. GUNTER. }

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