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## Monthly Musings, Vol. 1, No. 6

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# Monthly Musings.

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

VOL. I. }  
NO. 6. }

RICHMOND, VA., JUNE, 1876.

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## The Muse.

### Maxims.

I hold him great, who for love's sake  
Can give with generous, earnest will;  
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake,  
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind  
That freely some great wrong forgives;  
Yet nobler is the one forgiven  
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still  
To keep a lowly steadfast heart;  
Yet he who loves has to fill  
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown  
Of a deserved and pure success;  
He who knows how to fall has won  
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be he who can command  
And rule with just and tender sway;  
Yet is diviner wisdom taught  
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God  
And earn the martyr's crown of light;  
Yet he who lives for God may be  
A greater conqueror in His sight.

## Library.

[The *Richmond Enquirer* in its full report of the proceedings of the Southern Baptist Convention, which was held in this city from May 11th to 17th, gives several "pen sketches of distinguished delegates." We make the following extract, believing it will interest every friend of this Institution:]

Rev. J. L. M. Curry; D. D., LL. D.

The scope of these sketches does not, for obvious reasons, embrace pastors residing in our own immediate community. But in the case of the eminent gentleman whose name heads this article, we think an exception may be made, as he is not a pastor, and has been a foreign tourist for nearly a year, and on the eve of the gathering of the Convention he returns to his home and to the hearts and homes of hosts of friends who are eager to welcome him. A peculiar interest therefore attaches to him. Besides, we are not aware that any historical sketch of his life has ever been published in Richmond.

Dr. Curry is of Scotch and English descent on his father's side, and was born on the 5th of June, 1835, in Lincoln county, Georgia. In 1838 his parents removed to Alabama. He graduated at the University of Georgia in 1843, and at Harvard Law School in 1845. During the Mexican war, in 1846, he served with Hays's "Texas Rangers." From 1857 to 1861 he served in the United States Congress, having been for some years previously a mem-

ber of the Alabama Legislature. It was then that the late Horace Greeley said of him that he possessed most of the brains of the Alabama delegation. In 1861 and 1862 he was a member from Alabama of the Confederate Congress, and justly regarded by his colleagues as one of the ablest statesmen in the body. In 1864 he voluntarily laid aside the honors of statesmanship and entered the Confederate army in General J. E. Johnston's command, the surrender finding him in command of a regiment of cavalry.

In 1846 he professed conversion, and was baptized by Rev. Samuel Henderson, D. D., of Alabama, and united with a Baptist Church in that State. While a lawyer and legislator in Alabama, and a Congressman in Washington and Richmond, he maintained the honor and integrity of his religious profession with unswerving consistency. The blandishments of political life never swayed him a hair's breadth from the path of piety and Christian duty. The writer knew him during the war, in Richmond as a member of the Confederate Congress. He was a Christian layman of most extensive and salutary influence. Whether as an unpretending pupil in one of the Bible classes, as a leader of the devotions of the social worship, or as the eloquent and instructive lecturer on the platform, the tenor of his example and teachings was pure and Christianly. Yet, there was in his bearing not the remotest cant or asceticism. He had a gentle affability and sympathetic, open-heartedness that attracted every one.

During the war he addressed the soldiers as an evangelist, but did not begin to preach regularly until after the war. He was ordained to the gospel ministry in 1866, at Marion, Alabama. About the same time he was elected to the presidency of Howard College in that State. Dr. Curry has twice been married; his present wife he leaves for a month or two with three sisters and a brother-in-law in Europe to complete their tour. Soon after his last marriage, in 1867, with his bride and a party of friends he sailed for Europe, spending there several months. Not very long after his return to America he accepted his present position of professor in Richmond College. For the growth and prosperity of this institution he has labored by pen and voice most assiduously and effectively. He is a very accomplished presiding officer, having served in that capacity in conventions and associations in Alabama and Virginia, in the Southern Baptist Convention and the National Baptist Sunday-School Convention, and as chairman of the Committee of the Whole in Congress. It is no dis-

paragement of other able co-adjutors to say that of the Great Semi-Centennial Memorial movement in Virginia in 1873 he was the central figure and moving spirit. With ceaseless energy and railroad speed he spoke at various points in the Commonwealth, until the clarion tones of his matchless eloquence reverberated from the seaboard to the mountains, stirring the benevolence of the Baptist masses until they forgot their poverty and gave generously to the endowment of their noble seat of learning. He was one of the two appointees from Virginia, to make addresses before the Evangelical Alliance, which met in New York two years ago. On this occasion his theme was, "the evils of the connection between Church and State." It was a splendid production. So great were the audiences in attendance upon the discussions of the Alliance, that they had to be divided into three or four sections, occupying contiguous buildings, and presided over by one and another of the numerous vice-presidents of the Alliance. One of these sections forming an immense audience, which happened to be presided over that day by a queer and eccentric vice-president, was addressed by Dr. Curry. Near the close of his eloquent oration, when rounds of applause followed in quick succession, he was rudely interrupted by the chairman, under the joint pretence that his "time was out," and that his sentiments grated harshly on the ears of delegates from countries having a State religion. The universal demand of the audience that he should proceed attested the fallacy of the latter pretence, and as no other slight excess of "time" had been visited by interruption, the inference was clear that the accidental chairman did an unwarrantable thing, which was repudiated and deplored by the Alliance, and of which he doubtless afterwards repented in view of the newspaper excoriations he received. Dr. Curry dignifiedly declined to finish his speech, and left the room followed by the crowd.

Dr. Curry has never been the pastor of any church, and avers his purpose not to be. He has declined numerous invitations to the pastorate of churches, at lucrative salaries, in New York and other large cities. While he eschews the pastorate, he preaches frequently and always acceptably in the pulpits of his own and other denominations. During the vacancy last year in the pulpit of the First Baptist church, in this city, he was its acting pastor, and evinced great aptitude and interest in its peculiar duties.

As stated above, Dr. Curry, after a year of foreign travel, has just reached the shores of

CHAS. A. G. THOMAS,  
Pastor Baptist Church

his native land. The dual labors of a pastor and professorship were telling upon his strong frame, and rendered the recreation of the trip necessary. His quick, acquisitive nature has surely enabled him to garner rich stores of culture and knowledge, which, in its own inimitable way, will be imparted to others. His "Notes of Travel" to the *Religious Herald* have been very interesting. With all his popularity, and genius, and greatness, his heart is as warm and tender as a woman's, and to "know him is to love him."

[Original.]

### "Only Your Name."

I ask not gifts from your wordly store,  
Nor wealth nor fame,  
But written on my inmost heart,  
"Only your name."

Send me not love, nor give me smiles,  
But just the same,  
Let me remember through waiting years  
"Only your name."

Deep in my heart to live alway,  
Wondering how it came,  
I'll love, and cherish, and never forget  
"Only your name."

And hours may come, and days may fan  
With love, my heart aflame,  
But never may I then forget  
"Only your name."

LILLIAN VIELA.

### Old Age.

Men do not rejoice over the fact that they have grown old. They do not intend to do so; they scarcely expected to do so; they did not think they were doing so; nor would they think they were doing so till convinced by a multitude of witnesses. They laughed at the first gray hair, they joked about the incipient "crow's feet," they expatiated on the ruinous effect of sweetmeats on the teeth of the young, they gently combed the side locks over the growing spot of barrenness on the crown, they emphasized the assertion that their strength was undiminished and their activity equal to that of their grandchildren. Thus, like a besieged city, they strive for years to keep the forces of Old Age at a distance; but he is a shrewd and patient general, who has never yet raised a siege, and who has time to wear out all human resources. His sufferers undermined the full cheeks, his pioneer corps threw pontoon bridges over their noses, his foragers plucked the high places bare, his artillerymen sent the bullets of rheumatism into joint and muscle, and frowning battalions of aches and tetterings and tremblings threatened them on every side, till at last after a gallant fight they surrendered at discretion and became his prisoners. But his bondage is not so grievous as they feared, he allows them many privileges, and these are larger and more numerous as they yield him a cheerful service.

Civilization venerates old age. God, the author of civilization, has linked the fear of himself and the honor of the old man's face in one inseparable command. There is no surer mark of progress among a people than honor for the persons and respect for the counsels of the aged; no more certain vindication of decay than dishonor of the hoaryhead and contempt for the lessons of experience. Nevertheless, age may be pitiful. It is the gentle Tholuck who says there is not a more repulsive spectacle than that of an old man who cannot for-

sake the world which has already forsaken him.

On the other hand, what is more beautiful than the crown of age on the brow of a pure and useful life? Instinctively we think of Polycarp going to the stake after eighty-six years of Christian labor; of Wesley, preaching fifteen times a week at the age of seventy-three and singing with Anacreon, "'Tis time to live if I grow old;" of Wilberforce, who could see no other reason for his prolonged life than to show how happy an old man could be; of Venn, who found himself on the right side of fifty, the side nearest to heaven; and, above all, of the beloved John, who, unable longer to preach, went tottering about among his people, saying, "Little children, love one another."

Simple age is credit to no one. We cannot help growing old—if we live long enough. Throw two apples into the Mississippi at the Falls of St. Anthony, one of them shall be uninjured, while on the other there shall be the slightest perceptible abrasion. If not hindered in their journey both will float to the Balize; but when taken out one will be found mellowed and sweetened, while the other will be rotten. So a good man and a bad one may float side by side down life's river; but at the end of the voyage, the good man will be better and the bad man worse than at its beginning. The mere voyage through life is no cause for self-gratulation—no reason for the homage of others. Time bears along good and bad alike. Wheat is not graded in the market by the distance it has been brought, but by the heaviness of the grain, and the absence of mould or other evidences of decay. So when man reaches the mart of old age the question is not how long, but how well has he lived. In one of his inimitable Back-Log Studies, Charles Warner tells of a man he once saw who was 113 years old, and who in his boyhood had heard some one talking about the then current rebellion of 1745. The old man knew nothing else, remembered no recent events, had never done anything himself, and was even ignorant of everything about that rebellion except that he had heard something about it when he was a boy. Yet he had a conceit that his long life was worthy of praise. Warner aptly compares him to a frost-nipped apple, which, on account of its worthlessness, the farmer has neglected to gather.

### Musings.

No matter how thickly the fates may spread clouds of gloom over our life's clear sky, the recollection of bright days, pleasant scenes, and pure joys in the past, will never fail to yield, for us, something of real happiness. From the pressing cares, the burdening sorrows of to-day, we turn to recall the reminiscences of a far-off childhood. Moments are, in imagination, spent with the faithful, trusted friends of our earlier years; the healthful games of our country school days are again enjoyed, with no less of zest than when we engaged in them long, long ago. The artless smile of our school-boy sweetheart, whom we learned to love so fondly, is again the reward, which makes the most toilsome duties pleasant. Glimpses of the old school room, the chipped desks, the roaring back-log fire—these, mem-

ory now and then brings up, and they serve to dispel gathering cares. We would not be distrustful of the future, nor murmur at the fate, which bids us to prepare for its emergencies; but it seems that our hearts will linger around these scenes, and we are loth to give them up. Be our coming—but now veiled—future what it may—be it overhung by clouds of adversity and sorrow, or made pleasant by the smiles of fortune and the sympathy and confidence of true friends—nothing will efface the memory of these happy hours. Our heart's feelings are the words of Moore:

"Let fate do her worst there are relics of joy—  
Bright scenes in the past which she cannot destroy."

It is fruitless to hope that the boundless longings of our hearts, the loftier aspirations of our souls, can ever be fully realized in this busy, work-day world of ours. Their satisfaction is a thing far too sublime to hope for. But there are times, short and fleeting moments, in which, by a prayerful and devout spirit, we seem to rise far above the active turmoil, the brain-racking cares, the bitter failures, the discouraging disappointments of life, and to be, for that short-time, the beings of our brightest day-dreams and fondest hopes. "Every man," says a writer, "is occasionally what he ought to be, and longs to be perpetually." If we struggle manfully against our inward tendencies to sin, and pray for grace to discriminate between the good and evil in life, and, at all hazards, to choose the good, there may be, even here, some attainments in goodness which alone is true greatness.

The star of hope oft times fades from our life's horizon just when it had seemed to be shining brightest. That man is strongest who can, in even a darkened, cheerless hour, find something to revive his hopes and start him cheerfully onward. It is poor philosophy to allow the disappointments of life to discourage and dishearten us. Look forward to and manfully hope for a better day. ATTICA.

### Sleep the Best Stimulant.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to perform his duty is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can. This is the only true recuperation of power, the only actual recuperation of brain force. Because, during sleep the brain is in a state of rest—in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking, consumes burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain-substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness in sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation, that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over.

## Science and Art.

Prof. Huxley, in a lecture before his class May 2d on the principles of Morphology, stated that "All animals are built on the same fundamental plan, and the differences between them are the result of complications which were produced in the course of their development."

**BABY-TALK.**—The Revue Philosophique has recently published an article by H. Taine on "Lingual Development in Babyhood," and a translation appears in the Popular Science Monthly for June. The scientific scrutiny of an infant's prattlings sounds a little queer; but it is interesting, and may prove valuable.

"Real Ice" Skating Rinks are to be found in London. They are said to be made as follows: Sulphurous acid gas is condensed by steam power. This condensed acid in returning to the gaseous state is to absorb the heat from a solution of glycerine, and this cooled glycerine circulating in pipes throughout the artificial pond freezes it over.

**FLINT IMPLEMENTS.**—Mr. Wallace, of this city, has made some stir by the publication in the Journal of Science of an account of his discovery of flint implements in considerable numbers in the stratified drift or gravels of Richmond. The exact importance of this discovery, if indeed it shall prove to be a discovery, is yet a matter of doubt.

**GOLD AND SILVER MONEY.**—It is estimated that the world's store of specie is about as follows: Gold, \$5,800,000,000; silver, \$3,000,000,000. The annual production is about \$13,000,000 of gold and \$72,000,000 of silver. The whole stock of gold in the world would make a cube of say twenty feet, and could easily be put away in the College.

**MINIATURES.**—In place of Ampere's rather fanciful doll-baby device for remembering which way a magnet turns when a galvanic current passes parallel to it, we see another of a different kind. It consists of the word N. O. S. E., which means North Over South East. That is if the current passes from N. to S. over the needle its N. end will turn to the E. If one nose it in this way he knows all about it.

Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, has patented a process of giving sonorosity to sundry alloys, such as britannia metal, pewter, &c., which commonly give only a dull sound. The result is to be effected by keeping the metals for some time in a bath of oil at a temperature just below their melting point. If the plan succeeds, the "true ring" will cease to be a test of the genuineness of our incoming silver halves and quarters.

**A NEW DISCOVERY IN AGRICULTURE.**—We find a curious paragraph under the above heading in the Scientific American of June 27. It seems that a Prof. Wilson, of Washington University, Baltimore, has discovered that plants can take their nutriment pill-fashion, swallowing it whole. This professor fed some of our Richmond diatomaceous or silicious earth to some wheat plants, and afterwards finds the diatoms in the straw of the wheat. Wonderful, to be sure! But still more wonderful that a Baltimore professor doesn't know the natural siliceous wheat straw from a swallowed and undigested diatom.

**HOW WERE THE MOUNTAINS MADE?**—Our friend, Prof. Joseph Le Conte, in the April No. of the Journal of Science, as the result of his observations on the Coast Range of California, presents the opinion that the mountain ridges were "mashed" into their present shape by horizontal pressure. Prof. Dana, on the other hand, "holds that the effect was produced by the bending or folding of the shales over each other." As a necessity, for some kind of yielding of the earth's crust, is conceded by both, we think they might harmonize by allowing both "mashing" and "folding" to have occurred.

**FORCE AND ENERGY.**—Prof. Tait, of Edinburgh, in his "Lectures on some Recent Advances in Physical Sciences" just published, devotes much space to the doctrines of "Energy." On this subject there is no higher authority than the author. We may quote, then, a sentence or two. Speaking of the term "Force," so often confounded with "Energy," he says:

"Great confusion has been introduced into many British works by a double use of the word 'Force.' It is employed, without qualification, sometimes in the sense of force proper, sometimes in the sense of energy. The two things are of as different orders as miles and square miles."

Again: "Force, then, has not necessarily objective reality, any more than has velocity or position. The idea, however, is still a very useful one 'for brevity;' but, as science advances, it is in all probability destined to be relegated to that Limbo which has already received the crystal spheres of the planets, and the four elements, along with Caloric and Plogiston, the Electric Fluid and the Odic or Psychic Force." The so-called "Imponderables," or "Forces" of light heat, electricity, &c., are, in fact, only varieties of what we call Energy.

## Locals.

Examinations are being held every day; all the Seniors will be over by the 17th.

The publication of this month's paper was delayed in order to publish in it the names of the Society medalists.

Extensive arrangements are being made for a grand celebration of the "Social Club," corresponding to the meeting of last year known as the "Jubilee Meeting."

A new student who ran for two medals, and failed in both, finds sweet consolation in the thought that two failures in one year are sufficient to check the fondest hopes of any "rat."

There are still many delinquent subscribers on our list, and many bills to be settled. Will not the former come forward and counteract the pending evil influences of the latter?

The memorial day at Hollywood afforded an excellent opportunity for the students to give expression to their patriotism, though those who were with ladies no doubt gave expression to feelings of a different character.

In the Mu Sigma Rho Society on the same evening the following gentlemen were elected: G. W. Riggan, Isle of Wight county, Va., best debater.

T. C. Whaling, North Carolina, best writer.

T. R. Gary, Florida, improvement.

J. W. Boyd, Botetourt county, Va., disclaimer.

The election of medalists in the Philologist Society resulted in the election of the following gentlemen:

J. W. Snyder, Richmond, Va., best debater.

S. W. Price, Petersburg, Va., improvement.

F. T. Davis, Clarke county, Va., disclaimer.

The writer's medal has not been decided, the name of the successful candidate will appear in our next.

A pupil of one of the schools in the city gave in his examination, and we make the following excerpts to show "Young America's" progress. He had twenty-five words to spell, and we have space for only nineteen, but think that number sufficiently large to do him justice:

Tuffen, shrudness, cinic, Tueasday, girate, dassal, pavillion, parsly, nigrow, chouison, (cushion), wgeon, gaizal, guina, sephere, innious, (igneous), rinoserers, (rhinoceros), nuasace, (nuisance.)

He revises the avordupois table as follows:

|                |          |
|----------------|----------|
| 20 grains make | 1 pwt.   |
| 20 pwt. "      | 1 cwt.   |
| 2 cwt. "       | 1 oz.    |
| 12 oz. "       | 1 pound. |

But manages to get the liquid correct with a few exceptions:

|              |           |
|--------------|-----------|
| 7 gills make | 1 pt.     |
| 2 pts. "     | 1 qt.     |
| 4 qts. "     | 1 pk.     |
| 8 pks. "     | 1 bushel. |

We can only encourage this young Newton and commend his originality to the youth, and we may add old men, who maintain their conservative foggy views.

## Programme for Commencement Week.

Friday, June 18.—Jubilee, under auspices of the College Social Club. Also, commencement of the Calico School, delivery of diplomas, &c. Music by the Calceopion Club.

Sunday, 18.—Sermon before the Missionary Society by Dr. Curry.

Monday, 19.—Alumni address by Rev. A. E. Owen, of Portsmouth.

Tuesday, 20.—Final celebration of the Philologist Society.

President—A. M. Harris.

Orators.—J. W. Tucker and T. H. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Geo. D. Wise will deliver the medals to the successful contestants.

Committee.—Cutchins, Hudgins, Rives, Jones, Robertson, Smith, Buckwalter, Hooper, Lewter, Brown, and Willingham.

Wednesday, 21.—Final celebration of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

President—L. H. Cocke.

Orators.—R. H. Pitt and W. C. Bitting.

Capt. J. H. Chamberlayne will deliver the medals to the honor men.

Marshals.—Thornhill, Wilbur, Leslie, Long, Oabell, Gay, Gore, Adair, Turner, Terry, and Powers.

Thursday, 22.—Commencement, proper delivery of College medals, diplomas, and valedictory address.

All these exercises will take place in the Chapel chapel, and the public and friends of the institution are invited to attend.

Since our last issue L. R. Steele has left the state of single-blessedness, and is now residing with his wife in Camden, N. J.

We felicitate Tommie Hundley in the successful choice of a partner, and feel confident that a couple so well matched will live happily together. His marriage was quite romantic, but exceedingly wise.

O! Romeo, would that we were ready to share a similar fate.

With our next number, volume I, of the MONTHLY MUSINGS, will be complete.

We will print extra numbers of the paper for July, containing full reports of Alumni address, celebrations of the Literary Societies, with orations, valedictories, and commencement exercises, including a list of honor men, graduates, medalists, &c. Persons desiring extra copies can get them by addressing us at once, enclose 10 cents for single copies or 25 cents for three.

No subscriber will receive the last number containing an account of the celebration, commencement-exercises, &c., unless he has previously paid for his paper.

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## MONTHLY MUSINGS.

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✎ Communications solicited from the students and friends of the College. No anonymous articles will be inserted.

✎ For Subscription and Advertising Rates, see eighth page.

✎ Business communications should be addressed to

HUGH C. SMITH,  
Richmond College,  
Richmond, Va.

Vol. I. JUNE, 1876. No. 6.

The MONTHLY MUSINGS, the organ of Richmond College, does not like the constitution of the Inter-Collegiate Association, and simply because the representatives of other Colleges did not accede to the views of their delegates. We do not like the constitution in all its features, yet believe the majority should rule.—*Roanoke Collegian*.

No, our opposition was based on better grounds than our contemporary gives us credit for. We were anxious that Richmond College should be represented in the contest, and we were unwilling that a constitution should be adopted which would virtually exclude it from the Association. The action of the societies in refusing to adopt the constitution shows that our dissatisfaction was shared by them also. It cannot be pleaded against us that we influenced their action, for our editorial was not published until after they had decided the matter, although it was written a short time before.

We have nothing further to say on the subject, as this College will not be represented in the Association, and the other Colleges have the right to govern themselves by any code of laws which suits them.

THE subject of marks and monthly reports has recently been discussed by many of our exchanges. Some of them waxed wroth and poured out the vials of their wrath upon the trustees, faculties, and all others who sanction or employ the "debasement" system. Others defend it as the most harmless plan that can be devised of noting the progress of a student, and as the only means of informing his parents or guardian of his class standing.

We do not propose to take up the cudgels in defence of the system, but we should be sorry to see it abolished unless its opponents furnished something better to take its place. There may be evils connected with it, but the

same objection applies to nine-tenths of all our methods and systems; and if we refuse to employ anything to which objection can possibly be raised, we shall find our limits very circumscribed, and some of our most cherished theories will be scattered to the winds.

We hold that the student is stimulated by a judicious system of marking recitations. He can form an idea from his reports as to the amount of time and study which it is necessary for him to give to a particular subject; and by comparing his reports, he can easily discover whether he is advancing in his studies as he ought to do.

To the objection that a spirit of dislike is aroused against the professors when the marks are not as good as was expected, it is sufficient to say that the authorities of a College never take action in any matter that affects the students without finding some one opposed to them; and, if everything that creates dissatisfaction, must be banished from College, nothing will be left to tell the story of the untimely end of that authority which is so necessary to the preservation of good order, and which, in the days of yore, ruled over submissive students with such unbounded sway.

The highest happiness in life is not freedom from all restraint, as some of our would-be reformers seem to think, and submission to properly constituted authority is not necessarily degrading and debasing. The Jewish kingdom was never in a more deplorable condition than when "every man did what was right in his own eyes."

We hope that the subject of marking recitations and of giving monthly reports will be thoroughly ventilated, and if any one has anything better to propose let him immediately step to the front, and he will thereby win the everlasting gratitude of perplexed professors and sullen students.

## Personals.

The late meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention brought many of the old students to the city, and most of them availed themselves of the opportunity to revisit their Alma Mater. Several of them, however, were so zealous in their attendance on the convention that they could not find time to come out to the College. They were doubtless unwilling (or unable) to get out of hearing of the bell(s). Among those who visited us were many of the *ante bellum* students, and they all seemed to enjoy renewing the associations of College life, and they were especially taken with the many improvements which have been made since the war.

Of the students who attended the College since the war we were glad to welcome J. E. L. Holmes, the popular pastor from Danville; J. H. Newbill, who is succeeding finely with his church at Burkeville. By-the-way, he is married and we were glad to see his wife at the convention. J. B. Turpin who also is married, and has charge of a church in Halifax. W. W. Wood who is pastor of a church in Middlesex, and who has followed the example of Newbill and Turpin. Sam. Frank Taylor, the only delegate from West Virginia, who left his wife in Charlestown where he has a flourishing church. Charles James and L. R. Thornhill,

who have both married and settled in the pastorate. Luther's son will probably come to College in about sixteen years from now. G. T. Gresham, who comes from the S. B. Seminary, with a host of diplomas, having graduated on all his classes. He will probably take the full degree next session. J. Ad. French, who sustained himself well at the Seminary, and who goes to Hampton to preach during the summer. S. C. Clopton, who did well at the Seminary, and was ordained to the ministry a week or two since. W. T. Hundley, who graduated at Crozer at the late commencement, and whose graduating address was highly complimented by the *Herald*. He goes to his churches on the Eastern Shore fully equipped for his work. J. W. Wildman, who has just taken charge of the Baptist church at Fincastle. W. G. Roane, of Spottsylvania, who staid with us several days. L. Lankford who is a full-fledged M. D., and is looking around for a partner. Samuel Saunders who didn't tell us what he was doing, and so spoiled a good notice. Fleet James, who was equally derelict, but both are preaching somewhere. George J. Hobday, who has a church in Greenville county, Va., and who is working as quietly as ever, but just as effectively. St. George T. Abraham, who is attending the S. B. Seminary. He didn't have much time to visit (boys) during the convention, but we don't blame him. J. V. Burgess and — Burwell, who were students here a few sessions since.

On Saturday evening, May 13th, the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies held reunions in their halls, and many of the former members participated in the exercises and made interesting addresses.

According to the latest definition, a batchelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

"Man," says Hugo, "Was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth. We can't guess her, but we will never give her up—no, never!"

If you have nothing, and your girl has nothing,  
Don't be in haste to wed;  
For nothing and nothing make nothing,  
And nothing won't chew like bread.

"Alice," observed a house-keeper to the hired girl the other morning, "as we have entered upon the dawn of another century of our nation's history, I guess you had better get a tooth-brush of your own."

Loquacious student—by jove, you know—upon my honor now—if I were to see a ghost, you know, I would be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life.

Ingenuous maiden, "Haven't you seen a ghost?"

Unsophisticated youth, (peeping in at the dining room.) "Miss B., Mr. B. is kissing your picture."

Miss B. (running to the parlor.) Why, he needn't do that." The crowd and laughter were too great for Mr. B. to comply, and blushing slightly he retired.

There was a hard-up man in town the other day, trying to sell, as a valuable relic, a three-cent postage stamp, which he declared was from one of Paul's letters to the Corinthians.

## Locals.

### Reception and Banquet in Honor of Dr. Curry.

About the middle of April it was announced that Dr. Curry would return from his European trip about the middle of May, and plans were at once made to give him a reception worthy of him and of the College. Meetings of the students were held, and a committee was appointed to make suitable arrangements for the reception. The committee were most indefatigable in their efforts, and for several days they were busily engaged in decorating the chapel with evergreens and flowers. They were assisted in their work by several ladies, under whose skillful and deft fingers the chapel underwent a complete transformation. Wreaths of cedar were twined around the pillars, and festoons of cedar were extended from the tops of the pillars to the opposite walls.

The rostrum was decorated with cedar and flowers, and above it was the word WELCOME, each letter being surrounded by a wreath of cedar. The benches were removed, and four long tables were constructed for the banquet, while the rostrum was occupied by a shorter table designed for the speakers and the guest of the evening. The lecture rooms were fitted up for hat and cloak rooms, and the halls of the societies were beautifully decorated with hot-house plants and evergreens, and served as parlors for the reception of the guests.

Kessnich's band was stationed in the rotunda, and its lively strains added much to the pleasure of the promenaders. About nine o'clock the guests began to arrive, and soon the halls were filled with Richmond's fairest daughters. As the couples arrived, the ladies were shown to the ladies reception-room, while their escorts were taken charge of by the committee and shown to the hat and cloak room. Afterwards the ladies were conducted by their escorts into the Philologian Hall, where they were introduced to Dr. Curry, who received each with a few pleasant words and a warm shake of the hand.

Both halls presented a most animated spectacle. The Mu Sigma Rho Hall furnished ample space for promenading, while in the middle of the hall seats were arranged for the interested lookers on. The Philologian Hall was an admirable place for those who wished to address an audience of one, and we noticed several couples who seemed to have no thought but for each other.

At ten o'clock, supper was announced, and on repairing to the chapel the guests discovered that Pizzini had supplemented the work of the decoration committee with his well known taste and skill. The tables were loaded with fruits and confectioneries, while the pyramids of ice cream served to recall the travels of the guest of the evening. Col. Thos. J. Evans, who presided over the banquet with his usual grace, welcomed the guests in an exceedingly humorous address. His puns and witticisms were admirable, and were highly enjoyed by the company. His hits at the Professors called fourth rounds of applause from the students, and his final exhortation "Not to call upon Hercules until they had helped themselves" was strictly obeyed. After the banquet R. T. Hanks delivered an appropriate

address of welcome to Dr. Curry in behalf of the students. Prof. Harrison welcomed him in behalf of the faculty, and Dr. Jeter made an address of welcome in behalf of the Board of Trustees. We regret that our space will not permit us to give extracts from these addresses which were frequently applauded by the audience, and which were highly enjoyed by every one present. In response to the toast, "To the Guest of the Evening," Dr. Curry made an exceedingly beautiful, and touching address. He responded appropriately to The Students, the Faculty and the Trustees, and was frequently interrupted by applause.

Dr. W. E. Hatcher responded wittily and happily to our "Alma Mater." The toast to the "MONTHLY MUSINGS" was responded to by John W. Snyder, who made several happy hits at the editors, and whose speech was full of humor. "Woman" was then eloquently responded to by R. B. Lee, and G. W. Riggan made an excellent speech in response to "College life." L. H. Cocke responded appropriately to the "Implements of our craft, chalk, blackboards, and ponies," and Prof. Puryear made the concluding speech of the evening in response to the toast "To the Faculty." The company then adjourned to the society halls whither many of the beaux and belles had already preceeded them, and for several hours the halls were filled with the bright and brilliant throng. With reluctance the guests at last began to leave, and the halls were gradually deserted. Thus ended one of the most brilliant entertainments ever given at Richmond College.

A young country friend heard that nearly all students use "ponies;" so when he came to College he brought a bridle and a saddle with him.

A student in Agricultural Chemistry says the reason that Chinamen are so stuck up is, because they live on rice, which contains a large amount of starch.

One of our friends who wears quite a large shoe, has hired a pair to a party of students, who will use them as pleasure boats on the river this spring.

Arrangements will be made for having a course of free lectures next session. We have had several this session, and they were exceedingly instructive and entertaining.

An Int. Math. thus expresses himself after failing on an original: Mighty mathematical minds may make many mechanisms, meaning to make me master math., but the manifold mystery is not masterable by me.

Both of our Literary Societies have received two very fine donations. A gavel made of olive wood from Jerusalem, from Dr. Curry, and a very large picture of the Forum of Rome and the Coliseum, from Dr. G. B. Taylor, of Rome.

A Jun. 1 Greek student sent the first and only perfect exercise to his sweetheart. She in reply complimented him, because of his V, and advised him to write Greek always, as he wrote it better than English.

The lectures in Chemistry contain so much knowledge that will be useful in a family that the students are advised to read them to their fiances as they may be more teachable before marriage than afterwards.

A student has declaimed Caesar's funeral sermon so often that his friends are contributing money for Caesar's monument, and are writing a petition that he shall not be resurrected any more in order that his funeral shall be again declaimed.

A young man, nearly seven feet tall, brought a lady to the reception who was so small that she could not easily reach his arm. He tied two corners of a handkerchief together and hung it on his arm, in which she placed hers, and all was well.

### Maiden Meditations.

Not amiss—a rich and lovely widow.

Ashes-of-roses silk, trimmed with seal-brown velvet, is odd and handsome.

"Belles" call a great many to church; but surely the ladies ought to know.

(At a party)—He—"Shall we sit down?" She—"I would like to, but my dressmaker says I musn't."

"Halo" bonnets probably derived their name from the exclamation of husbands when they see the bill.

A fashion writer says calico will be much worn this season. We're afraid the statement won't wash.

A young lady says the new sewing-machine is like a kiss, "because," she blushing adds, "because, you see, it seems so good."

Milwaukee thought she had a case wherein a young girl died from a broken heart, but it himed out that her corset strings were too tight, and one stroke of the joke-knife revived her.

A raptured writer inquires: "What is there under heaven more humanizing, or, if we may use the term, more angelizing than a fine black eye in a lovely woman?" Two black eyes is the only answer thought of at present.

Copy was out. The devil picked up a paper and said, "Here's something 'about a woman,' must I cut it out?" "No!" thundered the editor, "the first disturbance in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling about a woman."

A serenader warbles the following:

"De last time that I saw my love,  
She was standing in the door,  
With shoes and stockings in her hand,  
And her feet all over de floor."

Girls, be true! be honest, and you  
To the altar will some day be carried;  
And then you can work  
For a red-headed clerk,  
And be sorry you ever got married.

A young girl out West ate seven pounds of heavy wedding cake in order that she might dream of her future husband. A man with teeth a foot long, dog's feet and a hair lip haunted her presence all night; and, rather than marry him, she contemplated suicide and an early tomb, where the bobolinks sing.

## Reviews.

A NEW GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON. By James Donnegan, M. D.

When first we heard of Donnegan's Lexicon we rushed to the conclusion that Patrick Donnegan was its author, since "Patrick" seemed the proper handle for "Donnegan," and "Donnegan" never appeared lonesome in proximity to "Patrick;" but, although our reasoning was elaborate and *a priori*, we erred in our conclusion—the author's Christian name is Jim.

A careful examination of the work has convinced us that this is a safe book to place in the hands of children. We find in it no traces of sickly sentimentality, no evidences of "peace-with-the-world-and-rest-of-mankind" rhetoric; but throughout, Donnegan states his points briefly and fairly, and in each of the twenty or thirty thousand short stories which the book contains, he labors with commendable skill to accomplish that the hero shall marry well, the villain suffer merited death, and the cause of virtue eventually triumph.

We know this will prove grateful intelligence to fond parents, who tremble to think how many thousand editions of Davies' Algebra, Anthon's Cæsar, and Beadle's Dime Novels are flooding our land, filling the minds of promising youths with radically false ideas upon mathematics, Latin, and Indian life in the far West. And we likewise believe we may safely recommend to librarians of Sunday-schools, that when they find a book in their collection wherein the good little girl dies young, and the bad little boy grows up, prospers and eventually becomes Secretary of War, or a book that in any way teaches religion to be unhealthy, to take it out, burn it up, and carefully bury the ashes, whilst in its place a new well-bound copy of Donnegan's Lexicon might be substituted with great advantage. For it at least boasts no sickly sentimentality, and that is nine points out of ten in any book's favor.

Among the many thousand narratives the Lexicon contains, we are confident, that all, young and old, those in favor of public schools and those who evidently believe them "colorless, soluble, and productive of no effect," will find something in this book to cheer and interest. We would gladly publish an extract or two, but unfortunately the stories all begin with Greek words, and there is not a Greek letter in our printer's case, except when some heathen Chinese wanders in and knocks the type into "pie."

We love to behold such evidences of honest work and hard sense as this book reveals. It administers stern reproof to those collegians who revel in the wild exuberances of rhetoric, or take delight in wordy curls. The only curls herein found are of this style " ", which indicates snoring or hard breathing; but this is no evidence that Donnegan grows weary in his task—nay, through 1413 pages of triple-column, fine print, he buckles rarely to his work of dissecting roots and extracting roots, and from alpha to omega never laughs, weeps, nor spouts.

The day of sentiment is passed, "shame" must go to the wall, "truth crushed to earth shall rise again;" and, if truth arises, we have every reason to believe that Donnegan will get up too.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, volume I, No. 4.

This publication is conducted under the direction of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Association, and is specially designed to furnish material for the future historian. No reader can question that the work will well serve this purpose, as in its columns are constantly being published the most important documents and statements relating to the "Great Rebellion."

The history of the war remains yet to be written. The works heretofore given to the world, and purporting to be trustworthy accounts of the strife, are most unsatisfactory and biased in character. The sole praiseworthy treatise of so difficult a subject thus far emanating from the press, is the work of Come de Paris. His impartiality and full justice to both sections is only equalled by the accuracy of his opinions respecting men, and his intimate knowledge of the transactions of which he treats.

But whilst we gladly pay the talented author merited eulogy, we believe that the American civil war is a topic which only the pen of a true American can justly and fully review. Years must necessarily elapse before all prejudice and passion can so far have died away as to leave the mind of the future Macaulay or Hume, cold, philosophic, and just to weigh character, motive, and theories; but when that day shall come, and the historian sits down to his task, we are confident the Southern Historical papers will furnish him most valuable and desirable assistance.

## Exchanges.

It was our intention to look into the subject-matter of our exchanges this month, but time forbids.

We return our thanks to the *Texas Cadet* for its complimentary notice, and regret that we caused it "to be seized with a slight palpitation of the heart" and "to indulge a false hope." We always welcome this representative of the "Lone Star," and take pleasure in introducing it to (Misses) *College Sibyl*, of Elmira College, New York; *Collegian*, of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, who, we hope, will prove interesting and instructive acquaintances. We can always bear witness to their entertaining qualities and sterling worth.

We were agreeably surprised recently by being presented with *The Suffolk Gem*, a paper devoted to the welfare of the Lee Literary Society of Suffolk, with Messrs. R. H. Rawles and Merritt Briggs as editors and proprietors. From the appearance of the first number, we predict a brilliant career, as it is gemmed with sparkling articles. Mr. R. H. Rawles is an old student, and showed a talent for writing while with us; we are not personally acquainted with Mr. Briggs, but are quite certain that he meritts the confidence and support which he and his noble colleague are sure to receive.

So great was the success of *The Little Christian* that its editor, Rev. J. T. Whitley, has decided to enlarge and improve it; and in its stead we have the *Sunday-School Monthly*, a beautiful, eight page journal, containing *Grown Folks'* department as well as several columns devoted to the *Young People*. It is an evangelical, unsectarian paper, and devotes particular attention to the Sunday-school work, giving the International Lessons with full expository notes. We notice from an exchange that the orders far exceeded the first edition; and we are not surprised, for Mr. Whitley is an earnest Sunday-school worker, and an original thinker. We recommend the *Monthly* to all who use the International Lessons, or who are otherwise engaged in the Sunday-school cause.

Terms: 50 cents per year, postage paid, or in clubs of 10 to one address, 35 cents. Address, D. B. Dunbar, Suffolk, Va.

## The Starting of the Engine.

Next to the grand stand, at which the opening ceremonies of the 10th day of May were held, at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, the greatest point of interest was the Machinery building, and the rush of visitors anxious to see President Grant set the great Corliss engine in motion was simply irresistible. The scene shortly after the President arrived was indeed an impressive one, and calculated to excite the interest of an intelligent people. It was known that the great machine had been erected at a cost of \$200,000, and that fourteen acres of machinery and thousands of miles of belting and shafting were to be driven by it, and it was known also that one successful trial of its capacity to do the work had already been made; but had nothing happened since then, and were the great boiler, the wheels and the valves still in running order? were the thoughts of the crowd audibly expressed. Each individual seemed to take a deep personal interest in the success of the national undertaking, and great anxiety prevailed. Amid an almost breathless silence, Mr. George H. Corliss, the builder of the engine, a thoughtful man, tall, thin, and gray-haired, and very pale, but calm and self-possessed, conducted President Grant and the Emperor of Brazil to the two lines by which the now breathless monster was to be made a thing of life. Then, by a slight exertion of the rulers of two nations, the giant arms began to move, slowly at first, and then with a velocity that was tremendous in its force and majesty. One great sigh came from the huge iron chest, the belts and shafts moved in all directions, thousands of machines became active, the great engine was a success, and then such a shout went out from the hearts of the people as is seldom heard in a life time. The American multitude rejoiced at its own success in the triumph of the great American inventor.

"Give me," said Lubin, to his fair,  
To whom he would be more than friend,  
"Give me the little ring you wear,  
'Tis like my love—it has no end."

"Excuse me, that I cannot do:  
My heart you have no hope of winning;  
That ring is like my love for you,  
For, Lubin, it has no beginning!"

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