Monthly Musings, Vol. 1, No. 6

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The Muse.

Maximen.

I hold him great, who for love's sake One 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 he who never had to bow, A hardy and a true part.

Who bears that burden well and lives, It may be hard to gain, and still To keep a joyous steadfast heart; Yet he who loves has to fill A narrow and a true part.

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

Great may be he who can command And rule with just and tender sway; Yet he who lives for God may be A greater conqueror in His sight.

Literary.

[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 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 1888 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 laayman of most extensive and salutary influence. Whether as an unpre-tending 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 cast 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, Ala- bama. 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 mar- riage, 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 Commit-teee of the Whole in Congress. It is no dis-paragement of other able co-adju-tors to say that 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 Evangel-ical 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, occu-pying contiguous buildings, and presided over by one and another of the numerous vice-presidents of the Alliance. One of these section forming an immense audience, which happened to be presided over that day by a queer and eccentric vice-president, was ad-dressed by Dr. Curry. Near the close of his eloquent oration, when rounds of applause followed in quick succession, he was rudely interru-ppted by the chairman, under the joint pre-tence that his “time was out,” and that his sen-timents 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 re-ceived. Dr. Curry indignantly 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...
his native land. The dual labours of a pasto­
.. the trip necessary. His quick, acquisitive na­
... yields him a cheerful service.

and these are larger and more numerous as

strong frame, and rendered the recreation of

aged; no more certain vindication of decay

the persons and respect for the counsels of the

they feared, he allows them many privileges,

Every side, till at last after a gallant fight they

p~ntoon bridges over their noses,

think they were doing so till convinced by a

th.ink they were doing so; nor would they

muscle, and frowning battalions of aches and

sent the bullets of rheumatism into joint and

that of their grandchildren. Thus, like a be­

inseparable command. There is no surer mark

help growing old—if we live long enough. Thro­

two apples into the Mississippi at the

falls of St. Anthony, one of them shall be

injured, whether it shall be that of 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 off than

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 dis­

tance it has been brought, but by the heavi­

ness of the grain, and the absence of mould life­

reaches the mart of old age the question is can,

m. even a clenched, cheerless hour,find

or other evidences of decay. So when man

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manners of our hearts. the loftier aspirations of

which alone is true greatness.

The star of hope oftimes 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

hopes for a better day.

**Old Age.**

Men do not rejoice over the fact that they

... they have grown old. They do not intend to do so;

... they scrarely 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 health was

undeclined and their activity equal to that of

their grandchildren. Thus, like a be­

sieg before, they looked back, yet they

would not say that the forces of Old Age at a distance; but he is a

shrewd and patient general, who has never yet

remembered his own events, had · The best possible thing for a man to do when

somethings are larger and more numerous as

they yield, for us, something of real happiness. 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 sor­

rows of to-day, we turn to recall the reminis­
cences 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 sweetness, 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 chippe­
ded chalms, the roaring back-log fire—these, mem­

taken on their side nearest to heaven; and, above

all, of the beloved John, who, unable longer

to preach, went wandering about among his

people, saying, "Little children, love one an­
other."

Simple age is credit to no one. We cannot

help growing old—if we live long enough. Thro­

two apples into the Mississippi at the

falls of St. Anthony, one of them shall be

injured, whether it shall be that of 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

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the disappointments of life to discourage and
dishearten us. Look forward to and manfully

hopes for a better day.

**Sleep the Restorant.**

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 an envi­
ronment free from the active turmoil, the brain­

caring cases, the brainippets slower than at its beginning. The cies to sin, and pray for gr.a<:e

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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 diligent 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. Riggin, 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., declamer.

The election of medalists in the Philologian 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., declamer.

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 extracts 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:

Tuffin, shroudiness, clinc, Tuesday, girate, dassel, pavillion, parry, nigrow, chouison, (cushion,) wegon, galal, guin, sophere, inamious, (igneous,) rinctorers, (rinconeros,) masuccasse, (muscass.)

He revises the avordsupois table as follows:

20 grains make 1 pt.
20 pwt. 1 cwt.
2 cwt. 1 ox.
12 oz. 1 pound.
But wages to get the liquid correct with a few exceptions:

7 gills make 1 pt.
2 pts. 1 qt.
4 qts. 1 pk.
8 pts. 1 bushel.

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

Locals.

The programme for Commencement Week.

Sunday, June 16.—Jubilee, under auspices of the College Social Club. Also, commencement of the Culpeper School, delivery of diplomas, &c. Music by the Culpeper Club.

Monday, 17.—Sermon before the Masonic Society by Dr. Currie.

Tuesday, 18.—Alumni address by Rev. A. E. Owen, of Portsmouth.

Wednesday, 21.—Final celebration of the Philological Society.

President—A. M. Harris.


Mr. Geo. W. Davis will deliver the medals to the successive consistent.

Committee—Cutchins, Hudgins, Rivers, Jones, Robertim, and Dabney.

Thursday, 22.—Presentation of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society.

President—L. H. Clark.

Orators—J. E. Pitt and W. C. Bunting.

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


Tuesday, 21.—Commencement, proper delivery of College medals, diplomas, and address of the senior class.

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.

The Good and the Great of our Country speak as follows of the “Lee Gallery”: The Pictures are admirably and tastefully arranged. REV. J. B. JETER.

One of the best Photograph Galleries in the United States. CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

Beautiful, artistic, and accurate likenesses. REV. C. C. BITTING.

They have never been surpassed, so far as my observation goes, in this style of art. REV. J. L. BURROWS.
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 wrath and poured out the vials of their wrath upon the trustees, faculties, and all others who sanction or employ the "debasing" system. Others defend it as the most harmless plan that can be devised of notting 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.

Personal.

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 bells.

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. 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 Charleston 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. Grisham, 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. Freuch, who sustained himself well at the Seminary, and who goes to Hampton to preach during the summer. S. C. Clifton, who did well at the Seminary, and was ordained to the ministry a week or two since. W. T. Hundle, who graduated at Ozerex 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 stated 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 deftful, but both are preaching somewhere. George J. Hobday, who has a church in Greenville country, and who is working as quietly as ever, but just as effectively. St. George T. Abra- ham, 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."

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 housekeeper 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."

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

About the middle of April it was announced that Dr. Curry would visit from his European tour and 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 workers, 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 stage was occupied by a table designed for the speakers and the guests of the evening. The lecture rooms were fitted up for hat and cloak rooms, and the halls of the societies were beautifully decorated with hothouse plants and evergreens, and served as parlors for the reception of the guests.

At ten 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 Philological 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 Melodeons of the Mask Hall furnished ample space for promenading, while in the middle of the hall seats were arranged for the interested lookers on. The Philological 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 they were highly enjoyed by the company. His hits at the Professors caused 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 present.

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 warmly and happily to the address of welcome. 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. Riggin 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 preceded 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 student in Agricultural Chemistry says the new sewing-machine was out. The devil picked up a paper and said, “Here’s something about a woman;” two black eyes is the only answer thought of at present.

抄写 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 rasperted 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?” She—“It would like to, but my dressmaker says I can’t.”

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

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

A young girl out West ate seven pounds of heavy wedding cake in order that she might haunt her presence all night; and, rather than marry him, she contemplated suicide and an early tomb, where the bobolinks sing.
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 1, 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 world, and pertaining to be trustworthy accounts of the strife, are most unsatisfactory and biased in character. The sole praiseworthy treatise of such 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 equalized 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 prejudices can so far have died away as to leave the mind of the future Macaulay to judge and pass sentence on that protracted war which in its romantic, poetic, and historic phases, has furnished materials for the composition of a work almost equal to the "Lone Star," and take pleasure in introducing it to (Misses) College Bynol, of El-eimira College, New York; Collegian, of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, who, we hope, will prove interesting and instructive acquisitions. 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 gowned 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 merits 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 and missionary 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. 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 undertaking, and great anxiety prevailed. Amid an almost breathless silence, Mr. George H. Corliss, the builder of the engine, a thoughtful, full man, tall, thin, and gray-haired, and very and elegant in dress, 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.
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