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EDITORS:

MU SIGMA RHO:
M. A. TURNER,
J. JUDSON TAYLOR,

PHILOLOGICIAN:
L. C. CATLETT,
R. E. GLOVER.

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RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

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"He worthily did the work that was in him to do; proved himself in his garret a gentleman of nature, and left the world no ungenerous bequest."—Forster.

The eccentricity of character, which is so proverbially coupled with genius, is nowhere, in all the history of literature, better illustrated than in Oliver Goldsmith. No man, probably, ever possessed a list of such heterogeneous qualities. We turn aside from the enchantment of his beautiful creations to the contemplation of the man, and readily recognize the elements of "Scholar, Christian, and Poet;" but nothing surprises us more than to find them mixed up in a somewhat nauseous compound with "Rake, Dupe, and Gamester." There is no austere Puritan whose table his works would not adorn; no reckless, rollicking debauchee who could not find something congenial in his private character. A pride and pet, as well as scapegrace and object of ridicule amongst his associates, his name has come down honored and loved for the good he has done; his faults forgotten, and his frailties smiled at as springing from a generous and open heart. It is seldom that posterity deals thus gently with a great name. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Not so here; his good has lived after him, and will continue to live; his evil, if evil he ever did to any one save himself, lies buried with him.

Goldsmith was born in 1728, the son of an Irish clergyman, as ob-
scure as the lonely village in which he lived. During his childhood he gave no promise of his future greatness. Idle, shy, sensitive, and uncouth, he was a veritable type of the Irish stripling. During his early school days he was looked upon as a decided dunce, which amiable reputation was relieved in part, however, by his extraordinary love of music. As he grew older he began to give evidence of a great fund of quiet humor; his character gradually became bolder, and love of mischief was strongly developed. These qualities would have made him an excellent companion among youths of his age but for his extreme over-sensitiveness. These two elements of his nature—awkwardness and sensitiveness—weigh upon him like a terrible incubus through all the scenes of his multiform experiences, and constitute the one great mar to his happiness until his dying day. His sanguine temperament would hold up under any amount of privation, but the least slight (and he must have received many) would wound him to the quick and depress his spirits for hours.

At Dublin University, which he entered in an obscure quality, his old idiosyncrasies clung to him still. His love of music and mischief, his constant blundering and bashful self-consciousness, his improvidence and laziness, his ready sympathy and charity—all these combined to fit him eminently for failure. His father’s niggard means could barely keep him in existence, and yet he wastes his time in writing balads and in hearing them sung by street musicians. This, however, affords his purse a slight perquisite now and then, and we hear of his giving on one occasion, when he had been unusually successful, a somewhat sumptuous banquet in his university rooms. What a striking reminder of the reproach he afterwards made against France:

“Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year.”

Surely he ought to have felt somewhat at home in that land of “kind skies and gentle manners.”

At the end of his term—mirabile dictu—his name appears last on the list of those taking the Batchelor’s degree.

On leaving the university, an indulgent uncle furnishes him with the means to study law. Giving this up in disgust after a few months, he tries his hand at theology. The bishop refuses his ordination, and we next find him on the continent, nominally attending medical lectures at Leyden! At the end of a year he leaves here with no incumbrance except a flute and an empty pocket—a diploma would have been a superfluous impedimentum—and sets out on a traveling tour through Europe. Incredible as it may seem, he “fluted his way,” as Bulwer
puts it, through Holland, Flanders, France, Switzerland and Italy, and finally back to England, where he terminated his cosmopolitan career and settled down as a bookseller's hack in London. Such was the author of the *Traveller* and *Deserted Village*.

Now one would naturally suppose that this man would be about as near brutalized as possible by such a vagrant career, and that his writings would scarcely be worthy of circulation in the lowest dens of London. How then are we to reconcile Goldsmith's profligate and seemingly worthless course with his comparatively rapid rise and early association with such men as Johnson, Garrick, Beauclerk, Reynnolds, and Burke? To do this, let us bear in mind that Goldsmith's shortcomings, although his father was of English extraction, all belonged to that class which is peculiar to Irishmen, and which we cannot help looking upon as venial, since they are always counterbalanced by a host of redeeming virtues. Moreover he possessed a natural delicacy and refinement of feeling which made him, at the bottom, a gentleman, although the surface was sometimes marred by blemishes which obscured, for a while, the true nature within. Though, at first sight, he would probably have been taken for a vagabond, a short association would invariably reveal the gentleman. The tenacity with which he preserved this instinctive purity seems almost miraculous; yet it is manifest in everything that fell from his pen. With scrupulous fidelity he admitted with him into the sacred precincts of his muse only those underlying qualities which made him a pure, unsullied child of nature.

As an author, Goldsmith evinces neither great breadth of imagination, nor a profound philosophy. In fact, many of his works, such as his histories, are almost worthless, except as models of composition. These writings he was compelled to throw off hurriedly, without any previous depth of research, simply to relieve the pressing needs of the hour. But even here a purity of sentiment and style shines out on every page, and chains the attention. In his fictitious works, he displays almost to perfection that fascinating blending of pathos and humor, which never fails to win popularity. In his delineation of character, he never ventures successfully outside of the sphere of his own observation. But within that sphere he is unequalled. Thor­oughly truthful and candid, his narration abounds in a graceful naivete, which thoroughly enlists our sympathies, and gains our affection for the author as well as for his heroes.

But it is chiefly upon the two poetical gems, *The Traveller* and *Deserted Village*, that Goldsmith's wide reputation is founded. These have found a resting place in every English home, and will go down to posterity as long as genuine tenderness, true philanthropy and widespread sympathy can find a responsive chord in the human breast.
The author carries into the poems his characteristic combination of pathos and wit. His simplicity and perfect candor peep out everywhere. Attractive alike to the child and the philosopher, there is no heart which he fails to reach. A cynic's sneer would vanish at the touching delineation of his sorrow, and a stoic would feel a sensation of merriment at his delicate humor. Now and then he suddenly rises to a startling height of grandeur and eloquence. Few passages are more genuinely poetical than the simile with which he closes his description of the village preacher—

“As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

Goldsmith's descriptive powers are very rare when employed on quiet, peaceful scenes. These are what suit his nature. He could lie down under the shade of a "hawthorne bush" and take in the minutest details of a rural scene; he could recall them with wonderful accuracy, years after, in his lonely London garret, and describe them with the most charming simplicity and impressiveness. But set him deliberately at work to describe some Waterloo or storm in the Alps, and he would probably have been utterly at a loss. He could completely captivate the hearts of a circle of rustics with his simple tales, but even after he had attained his highest fame, he would wilt like a child before the "polished sneer of Beauclerk" at the Turk's Head club-room. There was not a trace of imperiousness in his nature; he always won affection, but could not command that respect for which his sensitive heart so strongly pined. Byron would have quickly dissipated the sneer from Beauclerk's face, and lashed him into quiet submission with the keen whip-chord of his satire; would have made the "grim old autocrat," Dr. Johnson, descend from his throne and open his eyes wide in astonishment at his impudence and irreverence—and withal, would have been thoroughly hated by the whole set. "Goldie" was a quiet wall-flower at that table of wits; was frequently the subject of their jeers and ridicule; yet they all loved him with a sincere, lasting affection. Such men are rare and valuable; let his name continue to live through the ages, and his works to exercise the beneficent influence which ever attends upon their perusal.

X.
THOUGHT.

As the subject does not very distinctly indicate the treatment here proposed, let us first notice some general manifestations of thought.

With the light he enjoyed, the doctrine of Socrates, that "mental culture is the chief end of life," although not in harmony with revelation, is worthy of profound admiration, for, unless thought "smites the rock," all that is beautiful or beneficial must perish.

Political history abundantly proves that liberty is a reward to be earned, not a blessing to be lavished upon all without discrimination; a reward in reservation for the intelligent and deserving, the patriotic and virtuous, and not a boon to be bestowed on a people too degraded to be capable either of enjoying or appreciating it. Mr. Jefferson held certain rights to be inalienable, but his efforts for the public testify that it is thought in the employment and direction of instrumentalities which must secure and retain the enjoyment of these rights. Mr. Webster expressed this principle when, in speaking of the American Revolution, he said: "We fought against a preamble."

The growth of civilization and liberty has ever been cotemporaneous with the vigor and boldness of thought on the part of the individuals composing a community. Such a public sentiment demanded a well-defined indemnity against certain royal usurpations, and King John granted the "Magna Charta;" it asserted a right to take part in the councils of the nation, and Rufus built Westminster Hall for the reception of its advocates. The same power in England abolished the Star Chamber, effected the "settlement" of 1688, reversed the favored maxim, "A Deo rex, a regi lex," and, by long continued action, has made the House of Commons the supreme power in the kingdom. Such a power, hampered by the declining strength of despotists for a time, produced rebellion and revolution in Germany, but no sooner had the despot lost his foothold than the same agency effected the unification of the German States, and the establishment of a German parliament. This power, like all others, produces good or evil results, according to the wisdom displayed in its application. Here we see the admirers of Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," and those who bitterly condemn Pitt's "Peace Policy," and here we find an explanation of the "Parisian Mob." It is the operation of this power in Russia and Turkey that fixes the piercing gaze of statesmen to that quarter. This influence, applied by skillful hands and patriotic hearts, has won for the institutions and government of the United States the admiration of the civilized world.
If we pass into the "domains of religion," we find thought exerting, if possible, a more potent influence.

From pre-historic time to the present, belief in a Great First Cause has been universal. But whether there be one God or many; what are his attributes; whether He hath revealed Himself to us otherwise than in the well-ordered worlds which He has made; whether all or a part of such revelation be contained in any particular record; whether He hath appointed any infallible interpreters on earth; whether evil rulers should extend their jurisdiction over the Church—these are questions respecting which controversy is growing fiercer and madder. The teachings of Paul and Voltaire are tried by the same tests. German scholars mock at the Christian's "little-child faith." England admits the Jew into her cabinet and tolerates the Catholic priest, but still holds to the principle expressed by Mr. Gladstone, when he says: "The powers that dwell in individuals acting as a government, as well as those that dwell in individuals acting for themselves, can only be secured for right uses by applying them to a religion." Scientific research seems to confirm the doctrines of the materialist, and hence his followers multiply, and his enthusiasm increases. The Swedenborgian would spiritualize, and the Socinian would rationalize, the tenets of the Bible. Each of these, together with the modern infidel, uses science as his buckler and his dart.

With these operations of thought, and with free access to the ideas of Homer, Plato, Ulfilas, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Luther, Bacon, Milton, and Macaulay, should we murmur because the philosophy of yesterday is rejected to-day and ridiculed to-morrow? Why should we repudiate God because mother nature reveals some truth which she had concealed behind the mystic veil, contrary to the anticipations of her most credulous creatures? Why should we wonder because distinctions of birth are not recognized in this country; because the doctrine of Church and State has been utterly discountenanced; because the advocates of "universal suffrage," "universal education," repudiation of public debts, trades' unions, have secured attentive audiences?

I could not close without some suggestions on the importance of one's thinking for himself.

In matters of religion—whether we are in a state of religious revolution is a question of little importance when compared with our duty to cherish a catholic spirit and liberal charity toward those who differ from us in opinion; to avoid, by all means, those fatal errors which contaminate modern theology; to use our influence in reclaiming the fallen and in arresting the powers of error.

In politics—shall we be content when party struggles, communistic
clubs, and personal slander are substituted for political discussions? Is the patriotism of Brutus lost in sympathy for the crimes of his son?

Thought at the proper time is the hero’s secret. The “Town Clerk” at Ephesus may not have been a profound thinker, yet he allayed the cries of a mob. Clearchus, at the battle of Eunaxa, saved his army by offering a reward for the arrest of him “who had turned that ass out.” These are two examples among many.

By thought, at the proper time, men adapt themselves to the age in which they live. The world was not ready for the philosophy of Roger Bacon, and hence another has been credited for the “Baconian Philosophy.” Perhaps no other man has enjoyed Shakespeare’s genius in thinking for all coming time. To be truly successful, to be useful in checking the evil tendencies of the age, or to appreciate the advantages of modern civilization, to adorn our respective professions, to serve our country’s highest interests and to honor God, we must think for ourselves and at the right time.

A. T.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE AGED.

Speak kindly to the aged,
They may not long remain
To give you the kind office,
To sooth their mental pain.

Speak kindly to the aged,
Who, sad and desolate,
May cherish fond remembrance
Of scenes of gorgeous state,
Where they, with hope before them,
Moved proudly with the great;
To them give words of kindness
To cheer their altered state.

Speak kindly to the aged,
Who penury’s vale have passed,
And as they slowly wended on,
Bowed ’neath its bitter blast.
Speak to them words of kindness
To cheer them at the last.

Speak kindly to the aged,
Who may in fancy see,
A group of cherub faces
Still cluster round their knee;
But all have gone before them
Into the spirit land,
And they, with earnest longing, wish
To follow that dear band,
To them speak words of kindness,
Let smiles their footsteps greet,
Till they shall pass death’s gloomy vale
And all their loved ones meet.
POETS AND THEIR SPHERE.

The sphere of the poet may most justly be called that of the popular philosopher. Master spirits in the moral and scientific world institute new systems and laws, which they derive from natural principles, and promulgate them in their abstruse and technical methods; but to the poet is left the glory of showing them to mankind in all the simplicity of nature. The thought and feeling conveyed by a single stanza will sometimes set in vibration every chord of our being, where multiplied, abstract pages would not convey the same indelible impression. From the philosopher we understand it, but from the poet we feel it. The stoics say, that anger is a short madness. Our mind appreciates the definition, but how much more do we feel it when, free from any discussion of genus, species, and difference, we hear the poet say:

"Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings."

Patriots and statesmen speak eloquently of love of country, but to hear it in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," listen to old Anchises in the flames of Troy.

The ideality of the poet is no serious charge against him; for that but fits us "to bear the ills we have." Immortality teaches us that ideality is an inherent principle in our nature. In this respect, indeed, is the poet a physician; for the realities of life wrinkle the brow and trace out their lines on the careworn face, but the poet transfers the weary mortal to another sphere, and there he finds relief.

By a prismatic touch of his pen, life, thought, and nature are unfolded to us in all their hidden beauty. Ideality is but the weight in the scale that keeps our life in equipoise.

The poet transforms himself into a second nature. Virtues, with their shining qualities, as well as vices with their black stains and foul deformities, are mirrored to our view by the flashes of his genius.

Earth, air, and sky produce subjects for the exercise of his God-given powers—whether 'tis a landscape in its gorgeous livery of velvet green, or sombre dress of russet brown, or a glorious sunset with its grand display of mingled tints, that swiftly chase each other away, and mildly blend in heaven's azure blue. Indeed, wherever God has put his finger, there the poet delights to be.

A writer in one of the late English reviews says, that whatever kind of a poet a man may be, he is an interpreter of to kalon and "nothing
more,'" which, as old Polonius says, is good, if he had only left off the 
"nothing more." An interpreter reproduces the exact thoughts of an­
other, so as to be readily and easily comprehended by a third party, and 
what more enviable and noble position than to act as the medium by 
which to_kalon is communicated; is interpreted to oi polloi? How 
much more, indeed, does the poet see in nature than the populace— 
how much more in everything! He is, as it were, the telegraph wire 
by which these two distant poles are connected, along which flashes the 
electric fluid of poetic inspiration, proclaiming and interpreting the 
beauty of the universe.

Truly, then, might we say, that "the laurel crown appointed for 
triumphant captains, doth worthily of all other learnings, honor the 
poet's triumph."

Poets, as a class, have always been compelled to struggle against 
difficulties; for their vocation appears to the masses to be a sort of 
busy idleness, and then there has been co-existent with the art an anti­ 
poetical party. Malherbe, who was a poet, always frowned down upon 
it, and asked, whenever a new poem was shown him, if it would lessen 
the price of bread. How much then do we owe to the great patrons 
of learning! 'Twas a noble precedent that Mæcenas set. But even 
then, no doubt,

"Full many a flower" was "born to blush unseen, 
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Yet Coleridge, Gray, Goldsmith, Wordsworth—and Shakespeare, 
who reflected in his writings, the philosopher and poet; a many-sided 
genius, who has been treated of by pens, the most facile; with speech, 
the most polished; one feeble attempt in whose praise would not add 
more lustre to a name already surpassingly brilliant and crowned with 
unfading laurels—these, and a host of others, will traverse the river of 
time, even unto the ocean of eternity, under a cloudless sky, richly 
freighted with all the beauties of literature.

Tennyson, of whom it has been said that he carried the imagina­ 
tion too far in some of his lines in the "Lady of Shallott," and makes, as 
critics say, the abominable rhyme of Camelot and Shallott, has written 
poems that will stand the severest test of time. What more delightful 
can be found than his ever-appreciable and well-known "Locksley 
Hall?"

"Love took up the harp of life, 
And smote on all the chords with might, 
Smote upon the chord of self, that, trembling, 
Passed in music out of sight."

This is true poetry. The harp, the sweetest of all instruments, un-
der the touch of a Timotheus, gives out, with every vibration of its strings, sounds that will appease a tyrant's anger or swell his breast with rage, or even "raise a mortal to the skies;" while an Orpheus will charm the nymphs and whirl the groves in a giddy maze. But here we have the harp of life—numberless are its strings, while the gamut of expression is equally intricate—and the player, not one of the old masters, but Love, who, with her gentle touch, makes us almost see the utter forgetfulness of self, while hours and days on winged wings fly past. Cecilia, who drew an angel from the skies, must have been the embodiment of love. And again,

"As the husband is, the wife is,
Thou art mated to a clown;
And the grossness of his nature
Will have weight to drag thee down."

What truth is here—poetry and practical sense vouch for each other; for the wife's nature is drawn to the level of that of the husband, and what will she be, if his love, like the pine bending its head to every capricious breeze, oscillates between horses, hounds, his companion debauchées, and his wife? This poem alone would thoroughly establish the originality of Tennyson.

It would be a task pregnant with pleasure to express appreciation, admiration and love for the author of the "Ancient Mariner," that great enigma of poetical history, whose only bar to greater fame was that ever-fatal word "to-morrow;" to keep company with the Ayrshire poet and follow him in the witches' dance and the pursuit of poor Tam O'Shanter, or raise the latch and peer into the cotter's home on Saturday night—this we would like "unco' weel;" to have sweet commune with the blind Mæonides of modern times; the pious, "holy George Herbert;" the bard of Twickenham, or with the poet who has thrown around the banks of the Ouse a lasting interest—an example of how poetic genius can transform, as it were, desert sands into fertile oases, all overgrown with nature's rarest flowers. All this, indeed, is tempting, but time and space forbid.

However, we would fain close this imperfect essay with a brief sketch of the founder of the "Lake School," who has been so much criticized for expounding in theory what he so diametrically opposed in practice—the bard of Windermere.

Wordsworth, born in 1770, was sent at an early age to a village school, where he first showed an innate love of external nature, which is so prominent in his poetry. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Cambridge, where he graduated. It is related that he prepared for his examinations by reading Richardson's novels—quite a novel method—
for he was not thoroughly imbued with a great regard for that renowned seat of learning.

He appeared, indeed, to be in advance of his time, as most genuine poets are.

After a length of time spent in traversing the continent, he established himself at Rydal Mount, giving the latter years of his life to wooing the poetic spirit, living upon a small inheritance from his father, and making short excursions to the "lands across the straits," for, as a writer says, he was a "confirmed wanderer." One Calvert, a friend, aided much in his support by a clever bequest.

Wordsworth has most justly been called the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century. No one has yet appeared to dispute the claim, and he will live, no doubt, as the greatest "interpreter of nature." To him, the primrose, the tendrils of the clambering vine, the delicate blade of grass, the modest violet—all reflected in themselves the purity, beauty, loving kindness of the great author, though, as a writer says, "his poetry is wanting in objectivity; there is too much subjectivity; he is eminently a spiritual poet." No one can ever say of him:

"A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

Wordsworth endeavored to reform the old method in poetry; namely, by using the language of the common people; but his practice was entirely, and, perhaps, fortunately, out of harmony with his theory, and on this point criticism has aimed at him its sharpest, and sometimes unerring, darts. His works are but the index-finger which points to the learned poet. A poet friend says that the "Excursion" is "bespangled with dictionary words," and, indeed, idiom seldom claims a share in the embodiment of his poetic thoughts. DeQuincey writes elaborately and convincingly on the subject to prove that such must have been the case, for, in the expression of passion and feeling, the Anglo-Saxon is called into requisition, but in meditative poetry, the Latin will be predominant.

Like the brown-eyed, mischievous maid, who dallied with her persistent lover, the muse often coquetted with our bard, for he is rather chameleon-like in his poems, yet no author has written so much that will forever remain fresh as the sparkling water that gushes from the mountain spring. More praise is accorded to him now than in the time in which he lived. Like the setting sun, he grew brighter and brighter as he neared the horizon of life, and now gives light and pleasure to, as well as infusing warmth into, other generations.

On this subject, DeQuincey says: "Meditative poetry is, perhaps,
that which will finally maintain most power upon generations more thoughtful; and in this department, at least, there is little competition to be apprehended by Wordsworth from anything that has appeared since the death of Shakespeare." And at the present time we may say, "though dead," yet does he live; aye, in a burst of enthusiasm, we might go further and say will live, until the "angel, with one foot on the land and one on the sea, shall swear that time shall be no more."

HOURS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Of all the places of interest in London, Westminster Abbey is the most admired. Some may like the British Museum better than the Tower, and among the parks; some may prefer the aristocratic Hyde to the plebeian Regent's, but every one agrees that the Abbey surpasses all else in beauty of architecture, uniqueness of design, and glorious memories. It charms both rustic and savant, and like the fair, blushing face of some sweet maiden, the more it is seen, the more it enchants. Perhaps no building in the world presents such a beautiful outline of the political and literary growth of any country as Westminster Abbey does of England. For hundreds of years it has stood unchanged amidst so many changes. The old walls have heard the joy­ful wedding marches and solemn funeral dirges of king after king.

The history of this Gothic cathedral, with its legends and myths, alone would fill a volume. As early as the seventh century we read of a church being built where the Abbey now stands, and the tradition of the dedication of this first church caused Edward the Confessor to erect a new one on the same spot in 1045. The last important changes were made by Henry III. and Edward I. The surroundings of the Abbey are very fine. A stone's throw distant are the Houses of Parliament, while still nearer is a public square with statues of some of England's greatest statesmen. We were not much pleased with the entrance in the north transept, but having crossed the threshold, we stood

"Gazing, entranced, down the gorgeous vista,"

while admiration, wonder, and delight seized upon us. The long
aisles, and delicate pillars and roof so high above, helped us gradually to realize where we were, while the many-colored windows, with the apostles, robbing the sunbeams of their irreverent glare, and

"Casting a dim religious light,"

inspired us with awe. Then as we looked around, and found on all sides tombs of great men and women, we dared not speak save in whispers. Almost the first which caught our eye was that of the Earl of Chatham—the man who declared Americans right in fighting for their liberties. But not only to right and left were marble tombs and slabs, but underneath our feet

"There lay memorial stones whence time had gnawed
The graven legends"

of great departed ones. Surely we were walking on "holy ground." Thus, as we wandered on, scarce able to comprehend what we saw, a shrill voice, asking if we wished to see the tombs of the kings and queens, half startled us. It was the sexton. Having paid our shilling, we started on the round, our guide grinding out in a monotone the oft repeated story—The chapel of Henry VII. is grand! Around the sides are the stalls of the Knights of Bath, and over each hang the spear, and banner bearing the owner’s name. In the middle of the chapel we saw the tombs of Henry VII. and his queen, made beautiful by bronze and marble. Alas! no good did all their pomp do them, for

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The tombs of Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth attract the notice of all, for who has not heard of, and been made indignant by the history of the cruel treatment which gentle Mary received from the proud English Queen? Not far apart are their last resting places. Mary receives pity, while mingled with the praise of Elizabeth’s greatness is scorn for her meanness. On we went, listening as our guide told of the lives, and glories, and crimes of successive sovereigns; the cruel deeds of some, making our blood curdle, and the noble actions of others causing our hearts to swell with pride. In this sombre place is the coronation seat where, with due ceremonies, the crown is placed on the new king or queen. Right amidst these sepulchres? What a short step from regal power to impotence and the grave. Methinks the ruler should be admonished by all around him to govern justly and wisely. After an hour or so among these relics of royalty, we bade our guide good-bye, and turned our foot-steps to the most charming part of the Abbey—"The Poets’ Corner." What country can boast of
such a list of proud names as these walls present, or claim so many great writers as her own? It is like a wonderful galaxy, each star rivalling the others in brightness. On one side, an ancient monument caught our eye, and upon closer inspection we saw that it bore the name “Galfridus Chaucer,” and in the Latin inscription, he is declared to have been “Anglorum vates ter maximus olim.” No one can deny this praise to the father of our English poetry. As we gazed upon his tomb, in our imagination we saw “The Canterbury Pilgrims” starting from the old inn in Southwark, and as they journeyed on, one after another telling his tale. Chaucer well deserves a resting place so honored, and thousands will pause in reverence before his tomb, as his Pilgrims did before the shrine of St. Thomas. Advancing a few steps, we were almost surrounded by tombs of, and monuments to, illustrious men. A stone, high up in the wall, bears only the words “Oh, Rare Ben Jonson,” and yet how pregnant of meaning they are to one acquainted with his history. Hardly a fine monument commemorates the glory of Milton and Gray in these lines:

“No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay,
She felt a Homer’s fire in Milton’s strains,
A Pindar’s rapture in the lyre of Gray.”

The first, our great epic poet, whose praises unconfined by England’s shores are sounded wherever true poetry is valued. The other, author of that beautiful elegy, so familiar to all. General Wolfe, shortly before he died, said he would rather have been the author of Gray’s Elegy” than the victor of Quebec. Crossing the transept, the appropriate monument of Shakespeare riveted our attention. His ashes are beside the “gentle flowing Avon.” The person asked to write an epitaph, fearing his inability, aptly chose these lines of the great master himself:

“The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wrack behind.”

But he has left us a store-house full of sublime and precious treasures. Near his we read the names of Thompson, Southey and Goldsmith, and the lines on Gray’s tomb—

“Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.”

* Exact copy from the monument.
Just here, in the pavement, we saw the tomb of Chas. Dickens. The slab only bears his name; when he was born and when he died. Surely enough. His name alone is a volume. He needs no long record of his life to keep back the wave of oblivion and neglect, but long will his memory be fresh in the heart of an admiring multitude. There to the left we read the name of Thomas Campbell, and though he may not have his wish fulfilled, and be

"* * * * the Orphean Bard
Of whom it was reported
That nightingales sung o'er his grave
Whilst lovers came and courted,"

ever will there be those who will pay their loving tribute to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope."

Turning, with reluctance, from the last resting place of so many

"* * * * Bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Down the corridors of time;"

to explore some other parts of the Abbey, we were warned by the entrance of the choir of white robed youths, that evening service was about to begin. Down we sat, and as we listened to the deep-toned organ and to "the full-voiced choir below," more than ever did we feel the beauty and power of Milton's lines in "Il Penseroso." When organ and choir joined in one grand anthem of praise, a wave of melody swept down the long aisles, and the softened and gentler echoes came rippling back like tiny billows on the bosom of a placid lake. The legend of the consecration of the Abbey by songs of an angelic band was remembered, and we felt as if some of these heavenly strains were still lingering to comfort and make happy poor sinful men. Words cannot express the grandeur of the music and the rapture of the hearer. * * *.
The music ceased and the service was ended, and we came out into the noise and bustle of London streets.

What would London be without Westminster Abbey? Worse than the play of Hamlet with Hamlet out.
HIC JACET.

And this is life: to live, to love, to lose!
To feel a joy stir, like an unsung song,
The deep, unwrit emotions of our souls;
Then, when we fain would utter it, to find
Our glad lips stricken dumb.

To watch a hope
Climb like a rising star, till from the heights
Of fair existence it sends lustre down,
Whose radiance makes earth's very shadows shine,
Then, suddenly to see it disappear,
Leaving a bleak, appalling emptiness
In all the sky it did illuminate.

To build up stone by stone, a temple fair,
On whose white altars we do burn our days;—
To form its arches of our dearest dreams;
To shape its pillars of our strongest strength;
Then, suddenly to see that temple fall,
A broken and irreparable wreck—
Its shape all shapeless, and its formless form
In ruthless Ruin's unrelenting grasp—

To veil our shrinking eyes lest they should see
Life's grim appraisers, Death and Burial,
Come down the path that leads across our hearts,
And write us paupers in the Book of Love.

To dream, in all Life's happy arrogance
Life's proud proportions limitless, then find
Life's limit limited by one fresh grave;—
To stand beside that new made mound and feel
Within that cell is locked forever up
The precious honey, gathered, drop by drop,

From out the fairest flower-fields of our souls;
Lonely and desolate to cast ourselves,
In some White City of the Silent, down
Beside some cold, forbidding marble door,
And feel ourselves forever shut away
From that which was our dearest and our own;
To know, however careless we knock,
That door will ne'er be opened unto us—
To know the dwelling there will never step
Beyond the boundary of that cruel gate;—
To know, howe'er we plead, no lip therein
Will break into its old accustomed smile.

The folded hands stretch out no welcomings,
The fastened eye-lids never lift themselves
Again in answering anguish, or glad love,
From out the frozen bondage of their sleep.

'Tis this to love and bury out of sight
Some precious darling of our dearest years;
Some far, out-stretching root of our own hearts,
Some flowery branch that we had hoped to train
Along the loftiest trellises of Hope.

Life, Love and Loss! Three little words that make
The compass of that varied road which lies
Stretched out between our swaddles and our shroud!
Life, Love and Loss! Three ripples on one brook:
Three widening branches of one mighty stream;
Three stemless currents, emptying themselves
Into one vast and vague Eternity.

—M. A. TOWNSEND.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

We do not intend to make any lengthy remarks upon the change in editorial management. A salutatory would not be appropriate, for we have filled the chair before. Yet we cannot rest content until we correct a slight inaccuracy that we noticed in the last issue of the MESSENGER.

It was there stated that three of the four editors elect were candidates for the Master's degree. We may have been born great; we may have achieved greatness; but for the love of Great Jupiter, don't thrust greatness upon us in that way. Some of us have no objection to "running for the degree," but to placard us for such a race at present, would be, we must confess, rather premature. At any rate, to reach the goal, according to the hand-bills distributed, would be to ask us to skip over the ground at the speed of "a thousand quarter miles in a thousand quarter minutes." The true condition of affairs is, that one of the editors is a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts; and another, that of Bachelor of Law.

We know our predecessors did not intend to misrepresent our position; but hereafter when we attain a like honor, we will give notice to them beforehand to blow through the big end of the horn.

ACTA COLUMBIANA.—The Acta Columbiana, besides pouring out its slanderous anathema concerning "Southern literature," or "Southern trash," indulges its hyena-like appetite and polecat proclivities in discussing such subjects as the "Four Nurseries of Vice," as represented by Princeton and other Northern colleges. The editor should go as a missionary to Five Points, or among the wharf-rats on the Hudson and East rivers at New York.

The places are within easy reach of Columbia, and there he would find plenty for his idle brains to do, as well as exercise for his gentle and soul-pervading Christian spirit.

LAW LECTURES.—The lectures on constitutional law which are delivered by Dr. Curry are much enjoyed by the members of the law class. Dr. Curry's reputation as a constitutional lawyer, won when a member of Congress, together with his known abilities, is a full guarantee of the genuine profit to be derived from his lectures.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We must protest against articles being handed us which smack of political subjects. The MESSENGER is not a means by which views upon congressional proceedings can be promulgated; but a method for cultivating a graceful as well as logical style in writing. We trust then that hereafter those who intend to give vent to their
thoughts in an essay for the MESSENGER will select a literary subject, and not such a one as will call forth unpleasant, though just, criticism from our neighbors. We have foreborne publishing communications just on this account, and we must adhere strictly to the rule.

A BOAT CLUB.—It has been a subject of much wonder with us that no plan has been set afoot for the establishment of a boat club here at college. No institution is so located as to advantages. Every year we notice chroniclings of some eventful regatta; and, indeed, in our own State, there exist two very good clubs at the University of Virginia, and Washington and Lee. Neither of these places has so good a sheet of water as the James affords us. In fact, we doubt if any more suitable place could be found anywhere.

And then, rowing is a manly sport. A grand regatta here, in which our college friends, North and South, would participate, would be an event in Richmond’s history. We might safely say that the attraction would bring crowds from all quarters. No place presents to spectators a better situation for seeing the race. Taking everything into consideration, a boat club should be as indissolubly connected with our college sports as is a first nine at base ball, and a thousand times more so than the pointless game of croquet—a very poor substitute for parlor billiards. Let those who intend to return next session consider the matter. The alumni will, no doubt, assist in this undertaking more readily than any other.

We must call the attention of our delinquent subscribers to the fact, that there will be but one more issue of the MESSENGER this session. We have tried to make the MESSENGER compare favorably with other college journals, and we are quite sure that it is worth more than the small price at which we now publish it. However, we have no desire to raise the price of subscription; we simply wish to remind our subscribers that their subscription is now due, and that we need the money.

In this connection, we would also say, that the last issue for this session will contain a full account of all the Final Proceedings. Extra copies can be had by sending ten cents to Mr. Thomas. We offer this issue at reduced rates, because we wish more of our friends to see our paper, feeling confident that they will then be more willing to subscribe next session. We are exceedingly anxious to interest a greater number of our old students, and friends of the college generally, in our behalf. At the beginning of this session, we sent the paper together with a circular to many of our old friends; pardon us for saying that we were grievously disappointed at the result. Though we earnestly begged their assistance in our arduous undertaking, few responded. We do not wish to complain, yet we must say that it strikes us as being very
remarkable that men, who have enjoyed the confidence of their socie­ties, and who, while at college, were highly honored by them, should manifest no interest in an enterprise which so deeply concerns them. It is no excuse to say that we have never sent you a sample copy, or that you did not even know of our paper. We have no means of knowing your whereabouts, but you know that Richmond College stands on the same old site. You can easily drop us a postal, and we would take pleasure in sending you a sample copy, and still greater pleasure in re­ceiving your subscription.

We must also say a word to our students at college. Many of them do not take the Messenger. Now the paper is managed in the interest of the students, and they ought not to expect outsiders to raise the funds. Our advertisers have been quite liberal, and surely each one of us ought to be interested enough to take at least one copy. Well, we will say no more for the present, but we promise that you shall hear from us again on this subject, if you do not promise, not only to sub­scribe for yourself next session, but also to solicit subscriptions during the summer.

THE BouLEVAR D.—We are going to have a boulevard on a small scale when the excavation is fully done on that part of the grounds which look immediately towards Grace street. For the benefit of old college boys, we will say that the general entrance to the college property has been entirely changed by the recent improvements in the western part of the city. Grace street, as matters now stand, leads up to the grounds, which are about ten feet above the level of the street, and by the above-mentioned excavation, it is proposed to make an entrance by a gradual incline. It will be a great improvement when finished. Indeed, when the whole property is terraced, there will be another spot of land in Richmond that will have capital attractions.

THE MAGNOLIA TREE.—Each one of the students should resolve himself into a special committee of one to prevent the urchins that fre­quent the college grounds in the afternoon from injuring the large and stately magnolia tree that we all admire so much. A large bough has been recently broken off, and if there be no means used to stop this wanton disfigurement, very soon we will have an unshapely skeleton of branches, instead of the largest and most beautiful magnolia tree that Richmond and its vicinity can boast.
LOCAL MENTION.

Warm.

Judgment!

Want to fight?

Going to Ashland?

Have you seen the ghost?

What's the shape?

Very questionable!

Oh! by the way, did you get through?

Student, who had reviewed certain portions of the text-book, looking at the examination: "Professor, it seems that our minds have not run in the same channel." Professor: "Then, since great minds always run in the same channel, either you or I will have to give up our claims to greatness." We think the professor had the vantage ground; at any rate he had the text-book.

Examination on Chemistry—Question: "What takes place when water freezes?" Answer: "It becomes ice."

Professor of English: "What do you consider the saddest stanza in the whole range of English poetry?" Dejected member of Sen. Math. Class:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'We've flunked again.'"

Professor of Phys.: "Young gentlemen, the smallest advance in one branch of science always causes a corresponding advance in all the other branches. An apparently trifling invention may benefit the whole world; therefore do not look too high, but be content to invent something small but useful; a grubbing hoe, for instance." Bright student: "Then, Professor, we would strike at the root of the whole matter."

Professor, lecturing on Modern Algebra: "Mr. C., will you go to the board and prove that the congrredient of the contravariant of the emanant of the invariant may be expressed as a simple determinant of the discriminant of the eliminant by means of the Jacobian, by transforming it through tangentials into the Hessian, and then applying 'Euler's Theorem'?" Mr. C.: "Professor, I think I can prove that white is black, but please repeat the proposition slowly."

Question on examination: "What is the effect of a galvanic battery?" Answer, by a rat: "The effect is shocking!"
THE PHILOMATHIC SOCIETY of the Richmond Female Institute extended to the two literary societies at college an invitation last month to attend an evening entertainment given by the young ladies who compose the organization.

The exercises consisted of such as characterize the usual weekly proceedings. Of course every student, "in his best apparel decked," was promptly "on the ground," well knowing the pleasure in store for him. Even our much-abused editor, who designed to carry into effect an intended visit, went by a remarkably circuitous route, and stepped in "to see how things were going on," and, bless your soul, you couldn't have pulled him away with a forty-horse power engine, or put him to sleep with an ounce of morphine. The hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen.

After the members of the society had passed upon the platform, they were called to order by the president, Miss Lizzie McDonald. Her great skill in wielding the gavel was evinced more than once during the evening. The regular order of business was proceeded with. An effort on our part was made to get a full programme, but it has been unavailing, as results show. The entertainment was both of a musical and literary nature. It was no place for the cynical critic in music to display his idiosyncrasies as to taste and execution; for it was intended only as a pleasant sociable soiree. We could not, in justice to all, say that the performance of any particular one was par excellence beyond the rest.

As to the literary part of the exercises, we must be excused if we particularize, for we are forced to say that Miss Gertrude Christian, who chose as her theme, "The mill will never grind with the water that has passed," expressed the poetic illustration as applied to life, in thoughts, which

"In the mine may come forth either gold or dross,
But coined in words, we know their real worth,"
and in this instance clothed in choice and beautiful language. The water, as it rushes on the wheel, and the separate drops of the disintegrated whole, as they glisten in the sunlight in all their pearly purity, and then are swept off in the current below, were aptly and strikingly compared to time as a whole, whose ever-revolving wheel turns out the golden minutes that make up the sum of life, bringing pleasures, or sorrows it may be, and

"Like the snow flake in the river,
One moment white, then gone forever."

Miss Christian's enunciation was clear and distinct—what we would call a happy characteristic; no, we will call it an accomplishment. This essay was the gem of the evening.
Miss Lettie McDonald read with great fidelity of impersonation, "The Irish Mother's Lament for Her Lost Heir." If we will be pardoned for using the expression, and promised not to fare as did the creditors of Timon of Athens, we will say that in the reading, Miss McD.'s "Irish was up." The hereditary vein of wit peculiar to Erin's isle was very perceptible.

At one point in the exercises, a tastefully arranged design of flowers was handed to the Rev. Wm. E. Hatcher, who was in the audience near the front, by Mr. J. B. Winston, an old member of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, we believe. Mr. H. seemed much surprised that any one should present him with such a handsome testimonial; he thought probably it was done on account of his youth, but rather on account of his beauty; he did not know which. However, he would, if they would excuse him, look at the card pendant from one of the hanging baskets. He found himself mistaken as to its being intended for him! The card said that it was "From the Mu Sigma Rho Society to the Members of the Philomathic Society." He then, after some hesitancy, addressed the young lady presiding (Miss Lizzie McD.) as Mr. President, remarking that he had one president at home. Dr. H. stated that he now more than ever fully believed in the principle that it was more blessed to give than to receive—since he found it was not for him; and that the Mu Sigma Rho Society had filled the entire country with good preachers, fine lawyers, and hen-pecked husbands. The flowers, he knew, were not intended to interfere with the police regulations of the institution, though in the bottom basket, no doubt, might be found love letters secretly stowed away. They were meant, however, as a bond of intellectual unity; the more practical view would be in time to come. In closing his remarks, he said they were flowers of sympathy that foretold the fruits of love.

This gives a faint outline of Dr. H's remarks. He is noted for his humor and flashes of wit.

Thus ended, what was to the students, one of the most pleasant entertainments they have ever attended during the session. May we have the like again.

JOLLIFICATION.—The various committees, appointed to arrange our jollification, are now at work. It will take place June 13th, and we think we can promise a pleasant evening to all who may attend. By the way, the chairman of some of those committees asked us to write an article on the duty of committeemen; an ode in praise of punctuality, and an essay on the probability of ever getting eight students together at once, for any other purpose except to eat or play ball. Our space alone forbids our complying with this request, but we will
say that it is rather hard that the leader of the chorus and the chairman of the committees should have so much trouble in getting their men together. Come, boys, we have no time to spare; let us meet promptly hereafter, and be sure to make this jollification a complete success.

April 30th our club played a match game of base-ball with the Richmond club, which resulted in the score of 18 to 18.

Woods' Medal.—The annual contest for the Woods' declamation medal came off in the chapel on the evening of the 13th inst. There was a moderate assemblage of persons from the city. There were in all about eleven contestants. At the conclusion, without much delay, the judges, Messrs. P. H. Starke, S. B. Witt and J. S. Davis, decided in favor of Mr. J. W. Fleet, of King and Queen county, Va. "Billy" was lifted high up on the shoulders of friends, and triumphantly carried around; and after matters had subsided at college, some friends called on him in a body, and demanded a speech. He gracefully responded to the call. Now the next thing to do, "Billy," is to write to your sweetheart, and let her know it; yes, and wear it too.

A Pleasant Trip to Ashland.—In pursuance of the acceptance of the challenge from the Ashland club to our college club to play a game of base-ball, the morning of Saturday, May 3d, found about sixty of the denizens of college at the depot at Elba, in the western part of the city, anxiously waiting for the departure of the Washington bound train. At half past eight the train came sweeping along the curves through the city, and soon the familiar sound of "all aboard" hurried us on the train, and in a moment we were speeding on the wings of the wind through field and forest, the ceaseless rattle of the wheels and busy whirl of the train broken only by the merry jokes and jolly songs of the cheerful crowd. After a pleasant ride of three-quarters of an hour our destination was reached. The students at Randolph Macon, of whom most of the Ashland club is composed, met us with their usual well-known cordiality—such as should exist between the two colleges so closely situated. In a short time the game was begun. Much good playing was done in the first five innings. On the Ashland club, we are forced to speak of the particularly fine catching of Mr. Blogg, who is a professional base-ball player. Messrs. Young, Hancock and Waters, were also especially good in their respective positions. As to our college club, it would be invidious to make any distinction; but we will say that Connie Sands, Lit Brown and Pet Thomas are hard to beat.

The ladies of the village aided by their presence in adding to the enjoyment of the occasion. The Randolph Macon boys did all in
their power to make our visit agreeable, and we were never more forcibly struck with the meaning conveyed in the couplet,

"As bees mixed nectar drawn from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, wisdom and delight."

The curtains of night were drawn before we took our departure on the south-bound train, with many thanks to our friends for kindnesses and mutual good wishes, trusting that our relations forever may be as productive of good feeling as this our trip to Ashland. The score was as follows, resulting in a victory for the college club:

**ASHLAND CLUB.**

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<th>Third</th>
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<th>Fifth</th>
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**RICHMOND COLLEGE CLUB.**

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<td>Gentry</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bagby</td>
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<td>1 l.o.b</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vaughan</td>
<td>P.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas</td>
<td>C. F.</td>
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**Total each inning.** 0 0 0 0 4 3 0 1 8

**UMPIRE:** Lee Sutton, Esq.  Time of game, 2 hours and 5 minutes. Our boys expect to play for the championship of Richmond.
A Mass of Rubbish.—We have spoken of the capability of our grounds being made very attractive. Not so, however, if the mass of bricks, which have remained during the whole session as an eye-sore to every student, continues to mar the anticipated beauty we have pictured. Every time a friend is brought to the college, an explanation must be made concerning the remnant of the old Mayo mansion. The tongues of students wag wearily now on account of over-exertion on this subject. They have discussed it ad nauseam.

Cinderella.—The opera of Cinderella, which has been taking the city by storm, has been very liberally patronized by the students. All come away delighted—especially charmed with the flexible voice and artistic skill of Miss Swain, Richmond's idolized soprano, who rendered the role of Cinderella. Miss Swain is a lady of rare classical musical culture. Several of the college boys took part in the chorus. Indeed, we know that one of our number could have taken the part of Pedro and played it perfectly, for he has proven himself suited to such a role. The proceeds were given to the "Retreat for the Sick." Mr. Siegel, whom all of us know as the kind and obliging shoe merchant, on Broad street, and an advertiser in our columns, was the musical director; and as such he has no equal in the city. His efforts were fully appreciated. He is a genius, and an important factor in the general make-up of the community.

One of our boys, talking to a young lady, said he would like ever so much to go to New Orleans by water, but for doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Give him the leather medal!

Student (of an enquiring mind): Professor, if you were going to travel on a cold day, which side of the Buffalo robe would you put next to you?

Professor: The hairy side, sir; because that is the warmest.

Student: Well, Professor, I think the Buffalo ought to know best about that, and he wore it the other way.

That Niche. He.—Can any ingenious student tell his fellows what that niche is for, which is hollowed out of that part of the tower that looks towards Grace street? Can't some one suggest a fitting "subject" to fill the "vacant chair?" Alas! alas! that geniuses are so few amongst us.

At the Medical College, down town, a first-course student at the end of the term is thus questioned:

Professor: "Mr. Pool, suppose a man were, unfortunately, to swallow his set of false teeth, what would you do, were you called in as physician?"

Mr. Pool (putting on a knowing look): "I would give him nitromuriatic acid to dissolve the gold plate."

You may guess what followed.
On Saturday, May 10th, the second game of base-ball was played between the Ashland club and our college club. There were many students from Randolph Macon present, and we used our utmost endeavors to return kindnesses and courtesies extended during our stay in Ashland. The game was not so well played as that on May 3d. This time the tables were turned, and the Ashlands carried off the palm. The Randolph Macon boys seemed pleased with their trip, and more than pleased with their victory. The following was the score:

**ASHLAND CLUB.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PLAYERS</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>First</th>
<th>Second</th>
<th>Third</th>
<th>Fourth</th>
<th>Fifth</th>
<th>Sixth</th>
<th>Seventh</th>
<th>Eighth</th>
<th>Ninth</th>
<th>Total Runs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Boyd</td>
<td>C. F.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell</td>
<td>P.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crenshaw</td>
<td>3d B.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blogg</td>
<td>C.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smithson</td>
<td>R. F.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waters</td>
<td>2d B.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>o</td>
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<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hancock</td>
<td>S. S.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>I</td>
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<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fox</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
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<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young</td>
<td>1st B.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total each inning: 3 0 0 4 0 6 1 0 8 22

**RICHMOND COLLEGE CLUB.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PLAYERS</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>First</th>
<th>Second</th>
<th>Third</th>
<th>Fourth</th>
<th>Fifth</th>
<th>Sixth</th>
<th>Seventh</th>
<th>Eighth</th>
<th>Ninth</th>
<th>Total Runs</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sands</td>
<td>C.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnston</td>
<td>3d B.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drewry</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George</td>
<td>R. F.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>o</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>o</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>S. S.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hudgins</td>
<td>1st B.</td>
<td>1.o.b</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>1</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentry</td>
<td>2d B.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>I</td>
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<td>l.o.b</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vaughan</td>
<td>P.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas</td>
<td>C. F.</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>l.o.b</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total each inning: 2 1 6 1 1 0 0 5 2 18

Umpire: Lee Sutton, Esq. Time of game, 2 hours and 20 minutes.

Our Ghost.—On one Friday, about two weeks ago, (a good time for ghosts, for Friday is hangman’s day,) when the societies were in
full blast, and the hands of the clock were creeping toward the midnight hour, a student taking advantage of the quiet around, began his mathematical review. With his mind fully concentrated on a difficult problem in integral calculus, nothing was further from his thoughts than that "canonized bones; hearsed in death." should "burst their cerements, doomed, as it were, for a certain time to walk the night;" or, that "s-pulchres should open their marble jaws, and cast up again," those long since passed from earth. Quietly, we say, was he pursuing his work, when an icy chill, that shook his frame, told him that something other than flesh and blood was hovering near. A glance towards the door verified his conjecture, hastily formed. Long white arms, a skeleton hand, and snowy robes were visible within the entrance to his room. Chill after chill played "tag" up and down his back; his knees smote together, and his very "hair stood on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine." He did not know but what it would "tempt him toward the flood, or to the dreadful summit of some cliff, that beetles o'er his base into the sea, and there assume some other horrible form which might deprive him of his reason and draw him into madness." His moral courage and mental strength nerved him to action, and grasping a club he made a movement toward this thing of life, and yet not life, whereon it vanished into air.

The watch ticked on; he settled down to work again, and when fairly absorbed again, the apparition intruded upon his sight, and this time, though quivering like an aspen leaf, he followed it out of his dormitory, and bursting into an adjoining room, the sudden thrusting open of the door made the light of the lamp which he carried in his hand flicker, and, involuntarily, the exclamation: "The devil's got me now—

"I'll get my farin',
In hell he'll roast me like a herrin'"—

burst from his lips, but immediately the light regained its usual brilliancy, and lo! the ghost was gone.

No longer did he remain for another experiment of the same sort, but put in his best strides, at double-quick, for his society hall, where he might meet with more congenial spirits.

Some may not believe we have a ghost, but Will Hudgins says it surpasses any of the cabinet scenes of the Davenport brothers that he ever saw.

During the last trip to Ashland many good puns were made, but the liveliest thing about the players is what one of the inhabitants of the village gave as a reason why Pet Thomas made those two beautiful fly-catches in the centre-field. Said he: "The fellow must have tare (tar) on his hands."

Not long since a student, who had made a short call, came by one of the churches where rather protracted exercises were held in the interest of the "Publication Society." After having been in the vestibule a short time, during which a little boy seemed very much exercised about watching, as it were, for some particular person, the Professor of Physics came in, politely bowed, and passed on to the
door, and had opened it but a few inches, when the little boy walked rap-

didly up to him and demurely said: "Mr., are you the sexton?" "No," said the Professor, and made haste hot for the inside of the church, while the student enjoyed the good joke to his heart's content.

Well loaded is the Professor's table, on which are the following articles, viz: "One Holtz's electric machine; two broken retorts; one phonograph; two crayon boxes; six specimens of ores; thirteen feet of copper wire (estimated); one electroscope; twenty-seven old nails; one Bunsen's burner; one nautical almanac, for reference; fifty-eight square inches of marble slab (estimated); one Ruhmkorff's coil; seven feet of rubber hose, (estimated,); one zinc of a galvanic battery; seven pieces of chalk; two black-board rubbers; four horse-shoe magnets; two bar magnets; one measuring rod; three text-books; five pieces of window panes; two plates of mica; one broken kaleidoscope; one Nicol's prism; two Leyden jars; five small magnifiers; two telephones; seven small mirrors; one tallow candle; one radiometer; two microscopes; one discharging rod; three glass tumblers; one microphone, and a ball of thread.

"The trees have their trunks packed and are ready to leave." — *The State.*

That's a sprightly and *Springy* joke, but as *The State* has been *rooting* for it through all the bleak days of winter, such *barking* is rather dry. We suggest that ere the *top* is reached this *blooming* punster will feel *sappy*, and for the delectation of beholders it is better that his *greenness* remain till the *withering* blasts, which will come in *their* season, and remind him that his *umbrageous* retreat is to *fade*.

May no unfriendly insect destroy the *pith* of his pun till the ripened *fruit* appear. Should the tender *branches* be overladen, a timely *prop*, placed here and there, may reward his toil and save his *drooping* reputation. When the *foliage*, frost-bitten, returns to earth, may he not with it be blown mercilessly among the *stumps* and *brush* of fallen *forest giants*.

This is the way a *cluster* of our college *sprouts*, *grassy* and *verdant*, would extract all life from *The State's* tree of wit.

The time has now come when treats are in order. Pizzini's is always an attractive place, but it is especially so during this season, when the hot sun is about to draw, as the darkey says, "all the suption out'n you," and you can just cast aside all care and cool off with deliciously-flavored ice-cream, &c.

*Law Class*—Professor: "Mr. C., is ignorance"—here Mr. C. interrupts the Professor and asks to be excused on recitation, as he is not prepared.

Professor: "Mr. T—s, are you prepared this evening?"

Mr. T: "Yes, sir."

Professor: "Is ignorance of the law any excuse?"

Mr. T: "I don't know sir."

Mr. T. takes the "dry grins" and steps down and out.

Mr. M., who is just out of examination, is discussing with Mr. J., a fellow member of his class, as to the correctness of his papers.

Mr. J.: "I suppose you made it all right?"

Mr. M.: "Well, yes; I think I understand the principles asked for,
Society Notes.

but I am not certain that my phraseology will fully convey to the Professor my intended meaning. For instance, I know all about a chose in action; I know it means that a man may choose to bring an action in whatever manner he pleases, but I am afraid that I have not been explicit enough.

'Twas with difficulty Mr. J. could contain himself, in fact, he didn't; for he folded himself within himself, watched nobody but himself, and walked off by himself, for fear the feelings he was experiencing within would seriously damage himself.

One of the law students has recently gained his case (suit for divorce) by "letting it go by default." We don't know how it is, but it is so, for we saw the "bill of costs."

Professor: "Mr. T—s, if a man were to get half-way through an open window, and some one were to catch him by the seat of his breeches and pull him out, would that be properly called 'an entering?'

Mr. T—s: "I don't know, sir; but, I think, he would be badly seized."

Class in a roar; "laughter holding both her sides."

We cannot refrain from putting in print the following pun, made by a young professor, not a thousand miles away:

A young lady (Miss Lee) remarks that "she thought every man should have something to worship."

Professor: "I am of the same opinion, and do worship something."

Miss L. "What is it"

Professor: "My profession."

Miss L.: "What is your profession?"

Professor: "Give me a card and I will write it."

Miss L., of course, complies, and the witty Professor hands back the card with Lee-gal written thereon. Beat it, if you can.

Professor: "Mr. J., how would you prevent a grant being issued to a party seeking to appropriate lands as waste?"

Mr. J.: "I would have a caveat (kaveet) entered in the Land Office."

Judge Kaveat now presides on the bench.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The debates in the two societies are becoming especially interesting. A number of the contestants for the best debater's medals are in the field, and the contest promises to be unusually warm. Last year each society offered five medals. Both of them have prudently decided to abolish the medals for reading and for declamation, so that each society now offers three medals; one to the best debater, one to the best orator, and one to the most improved in debate. The two writer's medals are given for the best articles in the columns of the MESSENGER. The societies seem to be disposed to make their honors less numerous and more valuable. Acting on this principle, we hope that they may unite next session in giving one handsome writer's medal.
In the "Philologian public debate," given in the April number of the MESSENGER, we find the following: "Many of the arguments were taken from the eloquent and able articles of of "Civis" on the public school system." Surely the author of that account did not consider the weight of the charges brought against the negative. We know that Civis has handled this subject in a masterly manner, but we are unwilling to admit that he has so thoroughly discussed it that the negative were obliged to get many of their best arguments from him. The truth is that the negative avoided as far as possible the line of argument pursued by Civis, and they showed an originality of thought truly commendable. The speeches of the negative are still extant, and reference to them will show the harshness and injustice of the criticism. However, we suppose the objectionable sentence was a lapsus penna, or a typographical error.

EXCHANGES.

The Archangel is a little cherub. Now get mad!

The Old Trump, from Bethel Academy, is well named, if all we have heard of that institution be true.

After reading Lassell Leaves, "the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The Pennsylvania College Monthly contains a very pleasing variety of articles. "Reminiscences of College Life" is first rate.

The Beacon has "A Soliloquy" in Greek. It is one of the best things out; in fact, better out than in.

The College Message evidently has a "bloody irlishman" on its editorial corps by the way it pitches into "one Van de Venter." As we have only seen seventeen criticisms on the typography of the Message, we, in the kindness of our heart, shall have nothing to say on that subject.

The Dickinsonian is one of the best college journals we have seen. Whilst it has not much reading matter as some others, yet, what it has, is really good. The article, "Europe’s Old Age," is both well written and very interesting.

The College Transcript opens its exchange department with some very pertinent observations with regard to what seems to be the general idea of an exchange department. We have noticed that this matter of criticism amongst college journals is very often a "you tickle me and I’ll tickle you" business. The Transcript’s remarks deserve the careful reading of all college journalists.

The mathematical department of The Wittenberger is more interesting than usual. At least we judge so from the unusual profusion of sin., cos., ( ), [ ], { }, and other mathematical et cetera.

Student Life is very entertaining and amusing, but rather too much after the "Jolly Joker" order. We were much pleased with its editorials, and especially with the suggestion concerning a convention of college journalists.
The opening poem of the *College Record*, "A Monologue," is one of the best productions we have met with in our exchanges. We predict a bright future for Miss Jennie. The students of Wheaton seem to be predisposed to the middle ages, as the two remaining articles of the *Record* are mediaeval in subject.

To say that we have read *The Packer Quarterly* with pleasure, but in a measure expresses our feelings. It is, we might say, all that could be expected of a college journal. While some of its articles have not that depth which we would expect in an article in *Scribner*, yet it compares very favorably with any amateur magazine we have ever seen. We were especially pleased with "The Organ at Lucerne" and the Editor's Tables. The latter is, what cannot usually be said of editorial notes, quite interesting to the outsider: We would suggest to our friends of the Quarterly to get an advertisement from the institution they represent, so that the uninitiated may know where "Packer" is. The femininity of the Quarterly is only observable in the gentleness which pervades every page.

The exchange editor of the *Georgetown College Journal* gravely announces at the head of his department that he then and there makes his "first appearance upon the stage of journalism." We are sure that all will believe him who look over the remainder of his department. As he is so very much of a novice, we beg leave to remind him that throwing stones is a dangerous business. The *Journal* is about two-thirds full of that "New Building," with everything pertaining thereto, including a full and accurate description of the Irishman who helps the Scotch stone-mason, etc. We know not how to describe "Here and There in Jersey," but by saying that it is a grand conglomerate of wish-wash. It has neither dignity, to which, indeed, it makes no pretension, nor wit, though, we suppose, the author intended it for "funny."

The typography of *The University Quarterly* is excellent. We notice that the two leading articles in the Quarterly, "The Age of Chivalry" and "The Need of Principle in Politics," lose all effect on account of their excessive division into paragraphs.

The *Washington Jeffersonian* opens with a fine article under the heading, "Education of Sentiment Demanded," by the President of Washington and Jefferson College. The Jeffersonian is taking a step in the right direction. Occasional articles from mature manhood give a very pleasant respite from the lighter and less polished effusions of youthful genius.

We notice from *The Euclidian* that the editors of the Phi mathean and Euclidian journals are at work endeavoring to frame a "College Journal Directory." We hope that success will attend this effort, as the directory will be invaluable to all interested in college journalism.

We were rather surprised to find in *The Alfred Student* an extra fine "bloody-shirt" article. Nor was our surprise lessened when we remembered that the editorial corps of *The Student* had amongst its number several ladies. *The Student* should bear in mind that whilst such articles cannot do the South the lest injury, yet they can and do injure any journal, however insignificant it may be.
PERSONALS.

Rev. C. C. Chaplin, session '56, has been presented with a handsome cane by the Texas Senate as a slight testimonial of the esteem of the members for his merit and services as chaplain of that body. He weighs about three hundred pounds—used to be called “our baby.”

“Tall Oaks from ——”

J. A. French, session ’73, was in town a few days ago. He did not call to see us, and now we are hurt. He acted as escort to two handsome young ladies from Orange county.

B. S. Gray, session ’75, is said to be “lawing” in North Carolina. Bennie, let us hear from you—“pleeg on it.”

A. G. McManaway, session ’76, was at the Southern Baptist Convention—“having a glorious time.” The smile on his face is rather broader now, and he is examining the catalogues of the female seminaries to find a real sweet, pretty name.

G. W. Riggan, session ’78, passed through town a few days ago, en route for Isle of Wight to see—well, guess who? He will spend the vacation in Caroline, preaching to the church he so acceptably supplied while at college.

F. P. Robertson, session ’78, has been to see us. He goes to South Carolina to engage in evangelical work. Don’t forget Dulcina, Peter, in your Southern sunny home.

R. S. Peele, session ’76, is down in the Old North State teaching the young idea how to shoot. We hear with pleasure that he expects to return to college next session.

J. A. Leslie, session ’75, returns from the Seminary to his old charge in Chesterfield. Bro. Josephus and Dr. Broadus differ in the interpretation of Ephraim, but doctors have differed before.

Leigh Williams, session ’78, has been down from the University. Of course he came to see us. We were glad to see him looking so well.

C. H. Nash, session ’76, is pursuing the even tenor of his way in Greenville. Handsome as usual!

W. T. Derieux, session ’78, has received a call to South Carolina. Dux, you are our agent to canvass for the MESSENGER. A fine chromo

Jeff. Adair, session ’75, is merchandising on the Eastern Shore.

——, valedictorian of ’57, has been “heard from.” He was on the campus a few evening since, but recollections of the olden times seemed to be his chief delight, if not his chief glory.

Jack Motley is merchandising at Minneola. He still means “no violence.”

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Merchant Tailor & Clothier,

ELEGANT STOCK OF READY-MADE CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

MOST RELIABLE GOODS & LOWEST PRICES.

JOHN WANAMAKER, Cor. 10th & Main Sta.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

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