

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

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Volume 5  
Number 2 *The Messenger, Vol. 5, No. 2*

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Article 1

11-1879

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### Recommended Citation

(1879) "The Messenger, Vol. 5, No. 2," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 5 : No. 2 , Article 1.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol5/iss2/1>

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# Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. V.

RICHMOND, VA., NOVEMBER, 1879.

NO. 2.

EDITORS:—*Philologist*—L. J. HUFF, W. S. HOLLAND; *Mu Sigma Rho*—GEO. B. TAYLOR, JR., G. B. MOORE.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION:—*Philologist*—RUEBEN GARNETT, JNO. FIZER, W. B. HASLIP; *Mu Sigma Rho*—C. G. DAVIS, W. G. HIX, ROLAND JOHNSTON.

## CULTIVATION OF SPEAKING TALENT.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1879, BY H. H. HARRIS,  
PROFESSOR OF GREEK.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen :*

At this your first meeting of the new session, it is expected that speeches should seem quite unpremeditated. Like some to which we have already listened with so much pleasure, and others that are to follow, they should flash with wit, sparkle with poetic gems, exhale the sweet perfume of well-turned compliments, and close with a bit of sage advice. Unfortunately for me, still more unfortunately perhaps for you, I was notified day before yesterday that I should be called on, therefore cannot plead want of preparation, but must beg you to indulge me in a vein rather more serious than exactly befits the occasion. Yet more unfortunately, both for me and for you, the two days' notice has given time to select a subject but not time to develop it. I come before you more as a prisoner than as a victor. The train of thought has laid hold upon me so strongly that *nolens volens* I must follow it, but I have not yet been able to encompass and grasp its bearings sufficiently to present it before you as its importance deserves.

My purpose is to offer some remarks on the *Cultivation of Speaking Talent*. "Ye will surely say unto me this proverb: Physician, heal thyself." But let me remind you of the motherly old crab who tried to teach her son to walk straight forward. One may know how a thing ought to be done and yet be unable to do it himself.

Eloquence has ever been most highly esteemed among men. Its subtle charm was felt even by the fierce warriors who beleaguered Ilium, when "to them arose persuasive Nestor, clear-voiced orator of Pylos, and from his tongue, sweeter than honey, flowed a voice."

But the records of all the ages present the names of few who deserve to rank as real "masters of assemblies." Three or four Athenians, one or two Romans, a single German, about four Frenchmen, a score of English (including the astute Scotch, imaginative Welsh and impetuous Irish) and perhaps a dozen Americans will make up the list of men endowed with that large development and nice adjustment of reason, fancy, taste, earnestness and dramatic power, which seem necessary to first-rate orators. Like poets they are born, not made, and born in and for great crises. Ignoble wavering in the ranks of Hellenic liberty, when the Macedonian phalanx approached with serried spears and measured tread, produced Demosthenes; the expiring throes of the Roman Republic, half smothered by the influx of oriental luxury, half strangled by the mailed hand of the coming Emperor, roused Cicero; the fearful immorality in high places and low, connected with public sale of Indulgences, called Luther from his monastic cell; the grievous wrongs that justified the American Revolution awakened the genius of Henry; the untold woes of a fratricidal conflict, prophetically foreseen in the dim distance, excited the ponderous intellect of Webster and freighted the fiery logic of Calhoun. Few, perhaps not one of us now present has the peculiar natural endowments necessary for a great orator, or will live in such times as to call them out. If such an one there should be, let him remember that neither birth nor fortune, nor both combined, will avail without the most intense exertion. The eagle is nicely poised on wide-spread pinions, all his instincts and surroundings favor an upward flight, but he does not rise above the lightnings and soar toward the sun without a vigorous and sustained tension of his weary wings.

There is, however, a lower flight, comparatively easy to attain, and certainly within the reach of all of us, who shall seek it assiduously and wisely. It consists in ability to think clearly, to feel warmly, to utter plainly, to control one's powers of thought and feeling and utterance, and so to speak effectively. Nor is this, which we may call speaking talent, though a lower gift, in reality less valuable than high eloquence. The splendid pulpit orator is much sought after, but his pastorates are rarely so long or so prosperous as those of his humbler brother, the good preacher; the brilliant criminal lawyer will gain now and then a princely fee, but his exchequer will never allow him, nor indeed will he be fit, to wear judicial ermine; the glowing patriot and statesman may entrance a listening senate and make its galleries resound with applause and then find himself on the greensward of his own county courthouse unhorsed by a local politician. In other pursuits speaking talent is valuable, even where eloquence would be out of place. The farmers have their Agricultural Societies; the mer-



chants, their Commercial Exchanges; the doctors, their Medical Congresses; the teachers, their Educational Associations; the mechanics, their Trade Unions; Christians of every name and station, their various religious meetings. You, young gentlemen, receiving collegiate education, ought to become leaders in your several spheres and vocations. How many thousands of your co-equals are denied the advantages which you enjoy! Surely, you will generously share with them in after life by using your present opportunities not merely for selfish ends, but for society, for mankind. To the diffusion among others of what you may think and feel and know, nothing will be more conducive than ability to express yourself before an audience clearly, briefly, pointedly.

At the beginning of this nineteenth century the cultivation of speaking talent was in nearly all colleges, as in some it still is, one of the chief aims. The curriculum, with its appointed and easy course of study, had its regular declamation days and frequent class exercises, and gave for its first honor a valedictory, for its second a salutatory. Under it Literary, or as they were more fitly called, Debating Societies, flourished. But a change has come over us. German scholarship took the lead and German ideas began to impress themselves especially on all our educational institutions. Now the Germans are patient students and profound thinkers, but not good speakers. Then a little over half a century ago another most potent influence began to work and to the same general result. The father of American democracy, true patriot, far-seeing statesman, wise philanthropist, author of so much that is good in our civil polity and so little that is evil—for you know that in this world wheat and tares commonly grow together—this author of the Declaration of Independence and champion of our statute securing Religious Liberty, added to the third and last of these great services which he himself thought worthy of mention in his epitaph. The University of Virginia, product of Jefferson's ripened wisdom, has exerted for more than fifty years a controlling influence over all similar institutions in the State and indeed in the whole South. Its key-note is work, its aim is to make students think clearly, earnestly, continuously, its whole drift is toward the expression of thought, if at all, in writing. In no other institution within my acquaintance is the student called upon to make so much use of his pen, so little of his tongue. It has been a reproach to the University that it did not produce good public speakers, and this, at least, in the days when, as a student, I knew its internal workings, was not altogether unjust. With lectures from 7.30 A. M. to 4.30 P. M. and on six days of every week, with huge volumes of notes and exercises to write, voluminous text books and ponderous books of reference to read and digest, the



better class of students were fully occupied. The Societies depended mainly on the few who had elsewhere learned to speak and esteemed the Debater's Medal more highly than a School Diploma.

Pardon me if, while memory lingers amid the familiar scenes of twenty years ago, I turn aside to yonder sunny slope and drop a slight tribute on the sod which covers all that was mortal of three who were my loved and honored teachers—three who, with their worthy associates still surviving, gave tone and character to the institution. Here lies Gessner Harrison, *clarum et venerabile nomen*. In those days he was applying the inductive method to philological study, and expounding the laws of the Latin Language—so kind and simple-hearted that none could fail to listen, so replete with suggestive thought that none could hear without being led themselves to think. Here sleeps Wm. H. McGuffey, the born teacher, who with marvellous intuition discerned the character of each student, roused the sluggard with sharp questions, led the practical man insensibly to speculate in Philosophy, and recalled the speculative from his aerial flights to the hard path of moral duty. He came as near as man can come to being a Professor of Common Sense. Here rests from his vast and varied labors Albert Taylor Bledsoe, who was wont with keen analysis and metaphysical subtlety to discuss the relation of constants and variables, and delve deep in the underlying Philosophy of Mathematics. With such teachers as these, and in the short and hurried period that is commonly allotted to a collegiate course, it was hardly possible that one should not find himself so engrossed with study as to have neither time nor taste for cultivating the art of public speaking.

Richmond College has felt even more than some others the influences already mentioned. Our system of independent schools, prominently announced at the reorganization in 1866, had really been in practical operation ever since the college was chartered. Of the present faculty of eight professors, seven are University Alumni. In our classrooms, as you know perhaps better than you like, there is call for thoughtful study, and for frequent exercise in writing, but not much encouragement to speak. So it has been a matter of deep regret that many of our best students are poor speakers; and few who take our degrees would gain much reputation by delivering in public their graduating addresses.

You will observe that I have been talking as if thinking power and speaking power were antagonistic. Such seems to be a popular opinion, embodied in various proverbs about "still waters," on the one hand and "cackling geese" on the other. To call a man a fluent speaker is, with many, to write him down as lacking in ideas. The less grist a mill has, the faster it runs and the more noise it makes.

So, unquestionably it is with not a few who do most talking both in private and in public. But the speaking talent which we are now considering, pertains to the expression of thought, and presupposes a diligent exercise of thinking power. The two are really complementary, and react upon each other—clear thinking is the only basis of clear speaking, and expression in words gives a clearer definition to ideas. Bacon puts the matter tersely and well in his much-quoted apothegm: “Reading maketh a full man ; writing, an exact man ; conversation, a ready man.” We need all three of these—fullness of information as to facts and principles, accuracy of discernment between what may only seem to be alike, and readiness to use all the resources within our reach.

Applying this, we may say that your regular studies and the classroom drill may be expected to furnish rich stores of exact knowledge. On the arena of one or the other of these societies you must cultivate readiness. The trustees and faculty feel the most profound interest in your success ; and if they do not testify it by more liberal contributions to the decorations of your halls, and more frequent attendance on your meetings, it is because they think it best for you in these societies to conduct your own affairs in your own way. The societies, as they have been conducted in the past, and will be this session, offer many advantages for the cultivation of speaking talent. Time would fail me to do more than notice briefly two or three of them.

First of all, you have here a homogenous and sympathetic audience—all, young men, untrained and diffident as yourself. It has been my fortune to make most of my attempts at public speaking in religious meetings. Imagine, if you can, how one must feel when he sees at his left hand a good deacon deliberately arranging for a nap, in front a wise doctor of divinity shaking his head as in disapproval of something or other, over on the back seat a couple of giddy girls diverting the attention of the grave young man who sits between them, and off on one side a set of unlettered men who, with open mouths, drink in all that is said, and perhaps misinterpret a good deal of it, to their injury. It is, indeed a trying ordeal to have to address a promiscuous assembly on topics of infinite moment to each and all of them. How different the audience which greets the youthful speaker here. All, alert, attentive, critical—I use the word in its proper sense, as meaning equally ready to approve what is good as to reject what is bad. In this connection, let me add that public debates have their uses, especially for displaying the parts of those who participate, but that for real improvement, no better audience can be found than the members of either society, sitting with doors closed against all other persons whomsoever.



A second advantage lies in the subjects which are here discussed. They are, for the most part, old, old questions, the decision of which is of no consequence. We are sometimes told that we ought rather to discuss living issues, but to this there are several objections. Few young men, (allow me to be candid,) I might say few men of our age, are competent to grapple with the problems arising from State finances and Federal relations, or with the scientific bearings of protoplasm and its development, or with the mysteries of free will and divine sovereignty. Then again, if one is set to defend either affirmative or negative of one of these questions, his immature judgment is apt to receive a life-long bias. That was a famous answer given in olden times to the question, what boys should learn at school. I've seen it quoted with approval a dozen times in the last few years. The reply was: "That which they shall need to do as men." A Spartan said it, and it embodies the narrow view of education, and the illiberal spirit of those institutions which developed a race of "splendid fighting bipeds." A cultivated Athenian would have answered rather: "That which will make them men." In the Indian Ocean there is a little insect which builds great reefs. Neither wind nor wave can shake them, but they rise and grow into large and fertile islands. Where does it begin? On the surface of the sea, heaving with perpetual tides and tossed by frequent storms? Nay verily, but deep down amid the quiet waters, and on the solid rock of a submarine mountain, it lays its foundations, and thence toils slowly but surely upward. These old questions, submerged for centuries by the seething tide of modern progress, are within the range of our collegiate course. We can approach them calmly and discuss them most earnestly without giving any offense. We may form correct habits and develop our powers of expression, and the work of after life will be to apply these same principles to new issues. Soldiers on a battlefield do not go through the evolutions of a dress-parade, nor handle their pieces as in target practice, but no troops can be relied on to confront with steadiness a living enemy till they have had the drill and discipline of a camp of instruction remote from war's alarms.

Lastly and briefly, a great advantage for the cultivation of speaking talent is found in the fact that these are debating societies. You know the stimulus of a sharp contest even in a game of base-ball. The fact that an opponent is eagerly listening, makes one more careful in his logic, cultivates his faculty of selecting what may be safely said on his side, and teaches him by rough experience that rarer and higher knowledge what to leave unsaid. Some opposition seems absolutely necessary to any considerable development of power. Water flowing smoothly in its natural channel wastes its motive power; only when dammed by obstructions placed across its course can it be made to

turn ponderous and complicated machinery. Electricity on a good conductor passes unseen, unheard, unfelt, and loses itself in the great depositories from which it was evoked ; but when it meets and overcomes resistance, we have noise and light and heat. So, genius, if highly favored, may silently waste its power ; but when it meets and overcomes difficulties, then it is that it thunders and flashes and burns.

If there be any one here this evening who already speaks with fluent ease and perfect self-satisfaction, he need not, as he surely will not, give any heed to what has been said. I have spoken to those whose knees smite together when they take the floor, who stammer and hesitate and almost despair of ever being able to speak. If this coveted goal shall seem nearer than you had supposed, the track less difficult than fancy had pictured it, the way plainer than it was before, or the encouragements to try stronger than they had seemed, neither my time nor yours will have been spent in vain.

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### THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.

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Intelligent beings, striving to comprehend the enigma of themselves, and to unravel the mystery of their being and ceasing to be, are led by a natural process to a love for the ideal. But the discovery of those truths which advance the human mind in the attainment of that knowledge after which it reaches out so eagerly, should excite a higher and intenser feeling than mere creations of the imagination, however beautiful.

The phenomena of the real are more startling and leave more enduring impressions upon us than the phantom existences of the unreal. Truth is more wonderful in many respects than fiction. Surely those discoveries of science which relate to combinations of matter, exhibiting results that unaided reason could never anticipate, and those scientific facts which attest the admirable balance of the powerful forces of nature, are subjects for contemplation truly poetic in their character and elevating in their tendency.

We tremble when the thunder cloud bursts in fury above our heads. The poet seizes upon the terrors of the storm to embellish his verse. Fancy images a dark-vizaged storm-king riding upon the wings of the tempest, and its demons are clothed with lurid lightnings. Such wild imaginings have been the delight of mankind. They are pleasing objects of wonder. But is there anything less wonderful and pleasing in the fact that the dew-drop which glistens upon the opening bud or flower, or that the tear which trembles upon the eyelid contains within its transparent globe electric fire like that which is discharged from the



cloud in the storm? Are these scientific revelations less poetic than the natural scenery and elemental wars seen by the eye of the savage? Are they less suggestive of a Great First Cause?

In the study of physical forces which are in constant operation around us, and in the attentive consideration of causes so far as science may reveal them in its search of the physical world, it will be shown that beneath an external beauty there exists, as a quickening spirit, a pervading power assuming the most varied aspects, giving to the whole its life and loveliness and binding every atom of its material mass with common ties to some great universal something beyond the range of our knowledge. Whether by intellectual improvement man will ever approximate absolute knowledge of physical forces and agencies, is a question for the curious and speculative conjecturer. Even if a clear understanding of these were obtained in their various relations and applications there would still be a necessary recognition of an unknown agency, referable only to the will of the Infinite, and the idea of the Infinite is the soul of poetry.

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### LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

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The pursuit of Literature has its own sufficient reward.

Its own pleasure exalts and refines the soul.

A cultivated taste is a moral sensibility, a moral power.

As there is a beauty of holiness, so there is a holiness of beauty to him who understands its spirit aright.

He who preached from the lillies of the valley, recognized beauty as the handmaid of truth. He who created the world so full of beauty,

“The air all living with its spirit,

And the wave all dancing with the music of its melody,”

consecrated the beautiful by His own seal.

There is a beauty in all truth, as all truth is beautiful; and, indeed, in their highest type and most perfect conception in the Divine Mind, they are one.

Love of the beautiful and the true is divine.

The sense of the beautiful mediates between our sensual and moral natures. It awakens man to the higher life. The man who retains this instinct can never be wholly lost to noble emotions. It was the sound of music, sacred from its associations with childhood, that dashed the poisoned cup from the lips of Faust. The truly beautiful has no sympathy with evil; corrupted it is lost. An appreciation of the beautiful must then be shielded from every corrupting influence, and must be perfected by exalted standards and pure associations.

Its cultivation is of great importance to all engaged in the work of self-education ; without it, the highest development is impossible, the purest joy is unattainable.

With the love of the beautiful disciplined and developed by the highest standards, chastened by right teachings and pure associations, the soul would become in sympathy with the realities underlying phenomena. The whole character would be transfigured. It was this striving after the beautiful, this probing for hidden harmonies, that lit the lone lamp of the ancient mystic, and filled with labor the hours of the great masters of Art and Literature. They could but dream of the place where all imaginable harmony of thought and action exists. The results of their investigations are our greatest aids in perfecting the idea of the beautiful. A single thought of some great master, caught either from marble or the printed page, pervades the whole current of the being and awakens us to a new life.

Above the true and the good stands the beautiful, like the brazen cross on some great cathedral, which, while pillar and parapet are wrapped in the shades of night, stands out like a star at evening.

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## HAVE HOPE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

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The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain,  
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head—  
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain,  
And the smile is scarcely flitted ere the anguish tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,  
And those lips cannot be human which never heaved a sigh ;  
For without the dreary winter there has never been a year,  
And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move amid its maze,  
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light ;  
And our hearts are often hardened by the mysteries of our ways,  
Which are never all in shadow and never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon and our weary feet a guide.  
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the meaning and the key ;  
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs the crucified,  
And he answers all our yearnings by the whisper : " Follow Me."



## A PEDESTRIAN TOUR.

Ego gave you an account of our travels up to the eve of our departure from Luray. He had of course a great deal to say of the cave. That wonderful curiosity of nature was so absorbing to us and everybody there that it engrossed conversation, and put out of mind many things that we had intended to notice.

But for the cave Luray would have probably continued its quiet existence, far removed from the noise and bustle of the world, an ancient German settlement, neither the worse nor the better for the lapse of time. The explorations of the cave, however, have brought about a great change in the life of this sequestered little village. Now there is a continuous stream of visitors from all parts of the country, and every available space is most of the time in demand for the accommodation of those who come from far and near to see the wonders of the subterranean world.

I was curious to know where Luray got its name. I did not recollect ever meeting with it in my reading or travels elsewhere. A cultivated gentleman of the village told me it was a corruption of "Lorraine," from which province many of the old settlers had emigrated.

There are some interesting and suggestive facts connected with the history of the great cavern which have come to my notice, and which, in the light of subsequent events, afford a striking illustration of the old apothegm that "there is nothing new under the sun." The hill which caps the cave has been known for nearly a century as Cave Hill. People about Luray tell you the cave was discovered a year ago last August; but that means the present entrance to the cave was discovered at that time. More than fifty-four years ago a lengthy and beautiful description of the cave was published in the *Shenandoah Sentinel*. Even before that early period the presence of a large subterranean cavity was acknowledged beneath the hill one mile west of Luray, and, memorial of this fact, the locality for years past had gone under the name of *Cave Hill*—an appellation it still enjoys. The party who undertook the exploration of the cavern at the period referred to numbered fifteen gentlemen; and though they were not the first, they were the most determined and best prepared for a good investigation of those extensive underground chambers that had been spoken of vaguely for years in Luray. The entrance to the cave at that time was at the summit of the hill, while now it is towards the foot, lying in the direction of the village. Congress Hall, which was declared by the explorers to occupy a floor of nearly quarter of an acre, and which recent visitors will recognize by a different name now, was first discov-

ered, and after that, in rapid succession, the Music Room, the Gallery, the Glazed Chamber and Masonic Hall—names quite different from those the same chambers have at present. The account referred to winds up thus:

“This cave is situated on the lands of Mr. David McKay, and is said to have been first partially explored in the following singular manner: A Mr. Ruffner, who was nearly as much celebrated for deeds of sylvan prowess as the renowned Putnam, in passing this cave some thirty years ago—(that is to say in 1795)—conceived the bold and hazardous design of entering it alone. He accordingly prepared himself a flambeau of pine and placed his rifle across the mouth to indicate, in case of accident, to his friends, if they should happen to see it, that he was in the cave. He descended, but soon fell and put out his light, and as might have been expected, was soon bewildered and lost in its labyrinth of passages. It happened that some of his friends in passing the cave discovered his gun, and rightly concluding that he had gone into it, they procured lights and entered in search of him, and found and brought him out again, after his having been in forty-eight hours. This brave fellow was among the pioneers who were foremost in exploring and settling our Western frontier; and was at last killed by the Indians, after having performed deeds of valor and daring prowess which would have done honor to the character of a hero.”

If I mistake not, this Ruffner was a native of Germany, a man of varied accomplishments, as highly educated as he was bold and adventurous in spirit. The legend goes that he left his native home for the wilds of America without the consent of his father, and that selecting the beautiful Valley of Luray, he made common cause with the then recent settlers of that place against the Indians, who were fierce and warlike. Here he met with Miss Marye, the daughter of a large Huguenot family recently settled there, and persuading her to share his fortunes through life, they were happily married. Later on Ruffner met the fate of many a brave pioneer, and was slain by the Indians, as mentioned by the writer of an article in the *Shenandoah Sentinel*. The article from which I have quoted may be found in full in *Martin's Gazetteer of Virginia*, an old book now rarely met with, and bears the date of May 14, 1825. Does it not seem strange that this wonderful cave, which is now attracting so much attention from all parts of the country, should have been so long unnoticed that in 1878 it seemed a new discovery. Here is a princely possession which has changed hands repeatedly for a mere song—a mine of wealth known positively to exist eighty-odd years ago, and extensively explored so long since that the very profusion of its wonders have been forgotten.



The day we left Luray was clear and beautiful. To the east lay the Blue Ridge, with its outlines distinctly visible. The inhabitants of this valley have a legend that the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe passed through the depression in the ridge near Luray called Thornton's Gap, just beneath Mary's Rock—the two places named after Mary Thornton, the only female bold enough to accompany that transmontane expedition under Governor Spotswood. To the south of Mary's Rock, which has attached to it a touching legend, the Stony Man rears his lofty head—the next highest peak, it is said, to the Peaks of Otter.

Pursuing a course somewhat northwest of Luray, we came to the South Fork of the Shenandoah, which we forded. Within a mile after leaving the river we began the toilsome ascent of the Southern Ridge of the Massanutten—an undertaking of the most arduous nature, but rendered tolerable—nay, enjoyable—by the magnificent and ever-changing views of the lovely Luray Valley. The descent on the other side brought us into Fort Valley, one of the most secluded places we have yet encountered. From the top of the Southern Ridge we paused awhile to look over this great natural fort. The valley is environed on all sides by lofty, precipitous, and rugged mountains. At the southern end, near which we were, we could distinctly see the broad swoops the Massanutten made to hedge in and cut off from the rest of the world this beautiful vale. But to the north we looked in vain for a similar closing. The naked eye refused to descry what lay so far off. The valley appeared to us lonely. No sounds disturbed the stillness, almost arctic, and during our walk across it we met but three human beings—and old man and his two daughters, in their primitive mountain home. We passed some deserted houses, and those that we could see in the distance appeared to be for the most part tenantless, so quiet and solitary did everything seem about them. We were so glad to meet one of our kind in that far-away place that we stopped awhile with the old man and had a pleasant conversation. He told us he was a descendant of the old settlers; that he had rarely or never left his native valley; that he knew of little that was going on in the outside world; and that his wants being few and simple, there was little or no occasion for him ever to leave his home. We got from him several legends of the Indians which he had received from the old men of the Fort, who were dead and gone fifty years ago. He told us that Powell, who was an early English settler in these parts, and who had left his name attached to the valley and several of her peaks, had mined silver ore a mile or two south from where we were then lying on the grass, and that he was supposed to have made much money; but he finally disappeared, and no one knew what ever became of him. Our informant, who had passed three-score-and-ten,

said that in former times the people of his valley spoke German, and that he and his wife kept up between them the old custom, though his children had never learned their ancestral tongue. Though born and reared in Old Virginia, this old gentleman had a broken and foreign accent. From this it may be judged how secluded is life in Fort Valley.

Before we bid our pleasant acquaintance good-bye, he gave us the route to General Gilbert Meem's, whom we had been invited to drop by and see on our way to Staunton. And then we set out again, thinking the while that even if the flight of years should soon bring us through this secluded vale again we should yet probably never more look upon the face of the kindly old man.

We left the valley by a defile shaded with a dense forest, through the northern ridge of the Massanutten. We travelled six or seven miles with hardly a break in the woods. Nothing human appeared. We were left to our own reflections; and as night was rapidly approaching we sped along over a rough road, only now and then disturbing that dark forest by an exclamation at its endlessness. Night-fall brought us to Smith's Creek, which, finding no footbridge, we had to ford; and in half an hour we knocked for admittance at the beautiful and well appointed residence of General Meem. It is needless to add we were well received, warmed and cheered up by a good supper, and after a short though pleasant chat were sent to bed, where we slept long and well.

One cannot speak too flatteringly of Strathmoor. It seemed to us the handsomest estate we had yet seen; certainly surpassing everything in the valley. The land lies beautifully for cultivation and stock raising. The house—a large brick structure, of a lead color, tastefully and conveniently built—occupies the first eminence west of the North Fork of the Shenandoah, which is spanned by a substantial and sightly bridge a hundred yards from the house itself. A lane of half a mile runs from the bridge, through beautiful meadows, to the great macadamized road that stretches through the heart of the valley from Staunton to Winchester. The corn standing in the field on either side and in front of the house was higher than we could reach with our Alpine stocks, while the wheat crop, which did not satisfy the proprietor, averaged twenty-five bushels to the acre. The cattle browsing on the fine stand of blue-grass were elephantine in size, and fat and sleek like seals. The Cotswold and Southdowns were splendidly cared for, and presented in consequence a fine appearance. We were shown a tuft of wool that had been sheared on the place, strands of which were a foot and a half long. The ram that had grown it left on the shearing-bench eighteen pounds of wool at the same time. These statements seem almost incredible, but let the lowlander remember the valley is the



garden of Virginia, and Strathmoor is the pride of the valley. We took our departure early one morning, and were accompanied a mile or so by two fair companions, who had exhibited us to the good people of Mount Jackson as two first-class gentleman tramps. We were out for a forty-mile walk that day, and as our gentle friends could neither go far nor fast, we selected the famous Rude's Hill as the parting ground. Then came the walk of walks. We were in a good condition, physically. It was a pleasant day. There was nothing to prevent the mile posts flying by rapidly, and we made them fly. Rude's Hill, New Market, Cross Keys, Harrisonburg, Port Republic—all famous names now—but we had no time to pause, we were walking our forty miles. Nothing could delay us. We had to make Fort Defiance that day. And we made it. Forty and a half miles it is from Strathmore to the Old Stone Church. The best walking we did was after our twenty-fourth mile. We went the twenty-fifth mile in thirteen and a half minutes. There were few miles that took us over fifteen minutes, the most of them ranging between fourteen and fifteen. We spent the night at the parsonage of the Old Stone Church, a famous landmark in the ecclesiastical history of the State. This time-honored edifice was erected more than one hundred years ago by the combined labor of the men and women—the Scotch-Irish—who first settled in the Valley. Around the church are the remains of an old fort (Fort Defiance) which protected the builders from the attacks of the Indians. The building is large and commodious, and in excellent preservation; indeed, at this day it takes rank among the finest of country churches in Virginia. Rev. Alex. Sprunt, a talented and energetic young preacher, is now the shepherd of the descendants of the old Presbyterian flock that reverently worshipped God in the ancient stone church nearly a century and a half ago. About two hundred yards from the church is the Willow spring, which presents the novel and mysterious appearance of a stream of water rushing out of the trunk of a willow trough—a spout inserted in the tree about five feet from the ground. The explanation of this singular appearance is found in the fact that many years ago a gentleman conveyed the water from a spring, a hundred yards off, to a trough by the roadside through an underground pipe. At the trough he bent the pipe, and running it up through a willow-post about five feet, made a hole for the water to run out by a spout. In the course of time the willow-post took root, and is now a good-sized tree, with several large branches covered with leaves. And the water flows on in a cool limestone current, exciting wonder and comment in every stranger that passes that way.

We spent but one night in Staunton. We found the time had unconsciously flown by, and we were already due elsewhere. We found

ourselves famous men in Staunton, but we tarried not. We set out for the Humpback, where we wanted to see the sun rise, and that extensive view of the Valley and all the piedmont of Albemarle and Nelson. *En route* we passed through the little village of Shenandoah, which is nestled far away by itself among the low hills at the foot of the Blue Ridge. The night caught us climbing the mountain towards the Humpback, whose frowning, black face had been in view all day long. But we never seemed to go directly towards our destination. We were traveling first to the north of him, then to the south of him, always marshalling up and down before him, as if he were some oriental despot who could not be approached as other men; and all the while his great iron face and discolored breast looked like the Egyptian Sphinx struggling to rid himself from the weight of earth. And when at last we did point our faces towards him he was covered by darkness, and Jupiter had come out with unusual brilliancy to show us the way. We spent the night a mile away from the Humpback Rock, and we were sitting astraddle his great scrawny back as the sun slowly and majestically swung up above the horizon and began his rapid ascent to the zenith.

In the afternoon we were eating heartily at a delightful homestead in Albemarle.

ALTER.

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## NOTES ON TRAVEL.

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Of all pleasures connected with travel none is greater than that afforded by memory. I have often driven melancholy and sadness away by allowing my mind to recall hours spent on foreign shores, and never do I tire of such recollections, but it is with hesitation and fear that I attempt to interest others. I will give an account of my trip over

### THE ST. GOTTHARD PASS.

Having just parted from friends, and being at the beginning of a journey of 4,000 miles, which I expected to make alone, I felt somewhat "blue" as I stepped on board the little steamer at the lower end of Lake Maggiore, in a pouring rain, in the Fall of 1876. Americans, when abroad, lose, to a large degree, sectional pride and prejudice, and meet with joy and part with pain. Imagine my delight, then, when I saw a gentleman come on board who was evidently from "across the water." He having been for two weeks with people whose language he did not speak, was as glad to see me as I to see him. To become friends—to find that our destination was the same—Lucerne—and to agree to travel together, was the work of a very few moments. The



boat had started, but as the rain continued to pour, most of the beauty of this beautiful lake we lost and I could only recall the impressions of a former visit. Having decided to remain at the other end of the lake, and not to travel all night in the diligence, we selected our hotel after consultation with our most valuable guide book (Baedeker.) Soon we reached Locarno, and valises in hand, we left porters and omnibuses in the lurch and found our hotel. Having agreed upon the prices with the landlord, as is always best on the continent, we were soon in bed, and, though tired, it was hard to sleep, when the pattering rain gave us so poor a prospect for our mountain ride next day. The day dawned fair, however, and after a good breakfast we left for Biasca on the train. Arriving, all the passengers made a rush for the diligence office, for there the St. Gotthard route begins; but we were more fortunate than the others, and before leaving Locarno, in company with two German ladies, had hired a carriage all to ourselves. The Swiss diligence, with its six horses, is a huge vehicle, defying description, and offering poor advantages for seeing, save from the coupé, for which an extra price is always charged. Our driver was waiting for us outside the depôt, with telegram in hand, to prove his identity, and a fine looking fellow he was, too, in his blue blouse, high boots and cone-shaped hat with a tall plume. The trunks being stowed away, the ladies having taken the inside seats, my friend and I the coupé, we started. A regular contract was written and signed as the Law requires in Switzerland. Our three horses, though small, soon showed that they were "trumps," and we were trotting along the splendid road mid chestnut, fig and mulberry trees, while on either hand luxuriant vines extended a "dense foliage over wooden trellis work" supported by stone posts. We were following the Ticino. The mountains rose on both sides, and from them cascades precipitated themselves at frequent intervals. I struck up a conversation with our driver and found that he spoke, with ease, French, English, German and Italian, though not a man of school education. Tall and graceful campaniles in every village showed that we were still in Italy, so far as manners and habits went. Thus, between seeing and talking, the day was spent. One rugged and narrow defile with rocky walls was a fore-taste only. Now away in the distance ahead we beheld St. Gotthard, and, with its battlements of snowy clouds, how grand it looked. At dusk we found ourselves at Airolo ready to begin the pass proper on the morrow. Here, for the last time, we saw Italian customs and Italian houses. Here, for the first time, we caught a glimpse of snow, and heard German spoken. Airolo is the Italian end of the great St. Gotthard tunnel, which, when finished, will be longer by a mile than the Mt. Cenis. Next morning, with an extra horse, we made an early start. Far above

we saw the road which we were to travel. In this pass, going up, the road winds so much that pedestrians, by making short cuts, can reach the summit sooner than the carriage. Overcoats thrown aside, we commenced the walk, from time to time looking back upon a panorama made most glorious by the rising sun. The wind in the pine trees made solemn music. As we went higher the wind and cold so increased that even with overcoats and rapid running we barely kept warm—this in September. Imagine what it must be crossing with snow five or six feet deep. My companion and I soon reached the summit, leaving our lady friends in the carriage far behind. All looked bleak up here. Several tiny lakes, pure as crystal, adorn this mountain top like gems. The only buildings are a hotel and hospice; the latter, erected by the Government, has fifteen beds for poor travellers. We examined the beautiful stones for sale as souvenirs while the woman brought us some milk. I had and still have a pine burr as my souvenir. The Newfoundland dogs for sale here are the finest and largest I ever saw. The price of one noble fellow was *only* \$250. We did not invest. Having left our extra horse we commenced the descent. With a heavy block on the wheel, as brake, we went around short curves and along high precipices at an alarming speed; following a stream which thundered over its rocky bed hundreds of feet below. In less than an hour we reached Hospenthal, having descended over 2,000 feet in so short a time. At this point the road to the Furca Pass and Rhone glacier branches off. Here we saw our first Swiss inn. Switzerland is preëminently the country of inns and landlords. It has no fertile plains, so nature's wonders and beauties are made to yield a livelihood for the people. They understand the science of keeping hotel and of *charging*, too. Here we saw wooden floors, quite in contrast with the brick and stone ones of Italy. Again in our carriage, after a good breakfast, we crossed the smiling valley of Uri, supposed once to have been a lake; passed Andermatt and entered a dreary defile made doubly so by contrast with the smiling valley. From this point the picturesqueness and wildness of the pass were at their highest. The mountains rise for hundreds of feet on each side and scarcely leave room for the road and river. The Reuss, with all the impetuosity of a mountain stream, seems to say

“Men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.”

At a most desolate spot is the “Devil’s Bridge,” covered with moss and dampened with the spray from the waterfall beneath. The bridge now used stands higher up. The old legend says that bridge after bridge was destroyed, so the devil promised to build a strong one, on



condition that whatever first passed over it should be his, expecting to receive a human being. The bridge was built, and then came the dilemma among the peasants, but a dog was sent across, the problem solved and the debt paid. His Satanic majesty raved and raged when thus outwitted, but he could do no more. Even to this day he gives vent to his ire in awful winds which war over this spot, and it has been made a memorable one for many a traveler by the loss of his hat. A fierce battle occurred here in 1799 between the French and Austrians.

More and more Swiss did the scenes become. The cottages of wood covered with shingles or boards, made secure against hurricanes by huge stones, and with overlapping eaves, perched here and there on the mountain sides or clustered in villages, realized many pictures we had seen. The road crosses and recrosses the river by massive bridges. This road is a marvel of engineering skill, as, in fact, are all the roads of Switzerland. One bridge is called *Pfaffensprung* (priest's leap), a monk having jumped across the river at this point with a girl in his arms. Beautiful views flew by in quick succession, and we met travelers beginning where we were just finishing. We will remember the village of Amsteg, not only for its pretty situation at the foot of the St. Gotthard pass, but also for the pretty Swiss girls who surrounded our carriage with souvenirs of all kinds. Our purchases were soon made and on we went. Near the road-side we saw the house of William Tell, and thought of his brave struggle for liberty. "*Montani semper liberi.*" Then came Altorf. There we saw the Tell statue, marking the spot where he shot the apple from his son's head. Near by a fountain shows where the boy stood. We had no time for soliloquizing, as we were hurrying to catch the boat. Two miles more and we were at Flüelen on the lake of Lucerne. To think of such mundane matters as money and pay, when surrounded by such heavenly scenery, seemed almost sinful, but our driver did not think thus; so, feeling for our purses, we paid over our Napoleons, plus a *pour boire*, took a hearty farewell of our good Jehu and sat on the pier and enjoyed the beauty of the dark waters of the lake and noble mountains capped with clouds, till the little steamer hove in sight. All was now confusion. What a mixture of nationalities! The bustling, consequential Englishman, with his numerous satchels and traps; the cool, *nonchalant* Yankee; the trim, neat little Frenchman, and the fat, guttural speaking German were crowded side by side. Soon we passed Tell's chapel, marking the spot where this hero jumped from Gessler's boat, while on the opposite shore is Rutli, which Schiller so beautifully describes. In a few minutes we turned the bend and then the lake appeared in all its beauty, but still the clouds hid from view the snow-capped peaks. From shore to shore the steamer went, dropping and taking up passen-

gers. It was growing dark, so we sought the "protection which the cabin grants" and ate our supper. It was a holiday, families were out "on pleasure bent." The beer flowed freely, and songs and laughter and jokes followed. All the types were now Anglo-Saxon—light hair and blue eyes. Forty-eight hours before I had seen nothing save black hair and eyes. Soon the lights of Lucerne began to shine in the darkness, and in half an hour my friend and I were in the pleasant salon of the "Hotel du Cygne" thinking and talking of our glorious trip over St. Gotthard.

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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

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In assuming editorial duties, though complimented by the position, we feel that the responsibility of retaining the *Messenger* in its former excellence is great. May the spirit of the late editors be ours.

Would it not be a happy thing if the "powers that be" could be persuaded how necessary to a college is a gymnasium. We have not even the magnificent ruins of one. We with due humility request that this matter be remedied.

In this number of the *Messenger* we publish an extract from "The travels of Ego and Alter in the Old Dominion." The latter is an assumed title of a former student of Richmond college, who is rapidly rising in the public estimation in his native city of Richmond. We rejoice in his success and future prospects. His descriptions are graphic and clear, and are sufficiently disencumbered of burdensome details to sustain the attention of the reader. Their travels, though destitute of anything like adventure, will be interesting to all readers within the limits of the Old Dominion.

One element, college spirit, seems to be wanting among us. Enterprises of peculiar interest are undertaken with no zeal, and imperfectly executed. Since the foundation of the *Richmond College Messenger* no pains have been spared, and none will be, to make it an attractive magazine. In the present number, for instance, we have an article from one of the clearest and most accurate thinkers in the South. An article of peculiar value to those cultivating the "Art of Speaking;" and thus every issue will strive to have something of interest. Yet the students of Richmond College do not seem to recognize the *Messenger* as their own, as their organ. We earnestly entreat that they will con-



sider this, and by numerous subscriptions, and by dealing with our advertisers place its existence upon a sure basis.

The *Messenger* has been very highly complimented by the college journals of many of the highest institutions North and South. For such we should feel grateful, perhaps proud—proud enough to use every effort to make our journal better. It can be made better. It must be made better. With this determination, the editors will endeavor to maintain a high standard, and we hope our fellow-students will cheerfully submit and try to make their articles fully come up to this standard. Re-re-write your pieces. Pay strict attention to the rules of composition. In selecting your subject remember that your thoughts are to be published in a *college* journal. Literary subjects are most appropriate. Study and analyze your subject well before writing.

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### LOCALS.

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Isle of W~~h~~ight county has four students here now, and two more are coming in a few days.

Several of the students who attended Dr. Hawthorne's lecture the other night, were perfectly charmed with the Doctor's wit and eloquence. We want to see more of him.

We wish our fellow-students would manifest the same degree of interest in getting up a Boat Club as they have done in the Telephone enterprise. Richmond College can get up a first-class club any time. Lay your heads together and bring in a determination.

A company of students, known as the Richmond College Joint-Stock Telephone Company, has been organized. The Company has a *useful* Telephone. By this means a very ugly man may sometimes talk with a pretty girl, (there is no other sort in Richmond, so far as our observation goes.)

A new student, who is preparing for the ministry and is also very pious, after a long pause was heard to exclaim: "What a conflict between the flesh and the devil!" An explanation being demanded, the youth said he referred to the conflict between dinner and Prep. Math.

We attended a lecture at the Medical College of this city the other day. We think the Prof. who lectured was the best looking specimen of the genus homo, that we ever saw. We can't say quite so much

about some of the *young doctors*, but we should be very much pleased to see them up at our Society meetings and in our rooms.

The institution known as the "Messing Club," when first established, perhaps merited its name, but under the efficient supervision of Mrs. Woolfolk deserves to be called the Richmond College Hotel. About fifty students are getting first-class board at comparatively low rates. The usual disorder which characterize Messing Clubs is unheard of in the College Hotel.

A devoted member of the Law Class, on waking the other night, found his "leg asleep." To wake it he began "to scratch and pinch," but all in vain. Enraged at the failure of his usual remedy, he scratched so furiously as to tear up the flesh, but at that point his bed-fellow arose to remind him by a blow that he had been scratching the wrong man's leg. The question is, can he recover?

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Thus saith one of old, even a poet. And what advantageth it that there be a passing away of the days of our fathers wherein indeed, were not many wonderful works and great, such as be in these present times? Wherefore, then, should one say unto another, lo, we be wiser than the ancients, and our days than their days. Wisdom hath been greatly increased and multiplied upon the earth. Doth it not come to pass what time the face seemeth joyful and delightsome very much, and the countenance glad with exceeding gladness, disappointments overtake the children of men? Science vaunteth itself and is proud, saying behold the railroads which be for conveyance hither and thither and up and down in the world, and saith not behold the mischief which is done among the sons of men and those that perish thereby.

Now there is another device of man's imagination which in the language of the mighty and learned in all wisdom is called phonograph, that is to say that which writeth the sound of the voice of men. Doth not this preserve sayings that are not profitable and edify not, whereas all manner of evil conversations remain and pass not away for a season. Moreover, I have seen another evil thing under the sun, and it is also new. That which never was, is, and shall be, and shall not be new unto the third and fourth generations. Even this which was, and is, and shall remain for a season, is the evil thing. He that can understand these sayings, so let him understand. Now there were some which dwelt at a goodly place which is called, according to our tongue, Richmond College, and they strove to become wiser than their fathers and to excel them in knowledge, and all who were before them, insomuch that they made haste to set up in their midst the evil



thing that the wise are wont to call the Telephone, but in the language of the common people who use it gladly only 'phone.

Now it came to pass that at certain seasons and times, according to the desire of every one, the youths and young men of the place did gather themselves together unto this place to this invention which men had sought out, for to hear and to be heard; and each one said what seemed good in his own eyes. Now this invention, as it were secretly conveyed whatsoever words they pleased to speak, whithersoever they listed even unto the uttermost parts of the city wherein they dwelt for an habitation, and this was done by reason of a wire which was made fast to posts set in the earth, an hundred three-score-and-ten cubits from the one unto the other. And he who wished to say anything to another even a far off, his voice was carried upon the same wire swifter than the flight of the eagle or any of the birds or fowls which fly in the midst of heaven, even so swift was it.

Now many came unto the 'phone and they of every kind. But every man in his own order, first those of more note and then those of lesser renown. First there came one tall of stature, even a cubit and upwards higher than many of his fellows, and among the people. He was comely and withal smiled at seasonable times. Moreover, his words were melifluous, and as one testifieth in another place like unto the speech of such as are called Nymphs and Graces, and he did long make glad the heart and rejoice the ear of a certain maiden, whose hair, as the saying goeth, was thick with many a curl that clustered round her head. Likewise, he did sing unto her, and descanted amorous lays, even as the bird singeth darkling, and in shadiest covert hid, tuneth her nocturnal note, yea all the night long; so, likewise, did he, esteeming such converse above his necessary daily meat; and neither was it a small thing that he could be both sad and filled with joy at the same time, and long for the evening, saying would that it were now evening for then would I hear the voice of my beloved (for after this manner did he talk and that continually.) When it seemed good to him he break his mind unto her saying: Alas, that I cannot look upon thy face, for my heart goeth out mightily unto thee. My whole soul longeth for thee. How long shall it be ere I behold thy face, oh thou fairest among the daughters of men? Come thou again unto this place on the morrow if I have found favor in thy sight, yea, come quickly, I beseech thee, for thine eyes are like unto dove's eyes; and thy locks, who can speak of them? Then she answered him in many kind words and encouraging, like unto the which he had never heard such in former times, testifying and saying, that her heart was much moved at the words of wisdom which he spake, insomuch that she could scarcely contain her joy. And then it came to pass that he

departed and went out from thence and began to think upon the morrow.

Then cometh another unto the 'phone and he was like unto the former in highness but was bigger, and for all that was even higher in stature. Him, a lad which is Gus, informed the maiden of, in words well pleasing and suited, moreover, to their several ranks. And straightway Bill began to hearken very much unto the speech which she did utter, and with the sweetness of her words he was pleased and his soul was delighted, forasmuch as he, too, had a mind to love and to be loved according to the course of this world, and verily he mused with himself saying, in the words of another, to be married or not married, that is the question; whether, therefore, is it best to eschew the affection of such an one and to go mourning all the days of my life, consider, ye, who are unstable in your ways and of wavering minds and hearts, moreover, not much tender. And he walked about the campus and meditated, and returned again. Then, began she to upbraid him mightily, for that he had been tempted to cut off his moustache, and began to say: If a man hath knowledge and whoso possesseth understanding, mark that man for he hath a moustache and his lip remaineth unshaven. Seek wisdom and thou shalt find it, but let no razor come nigh unto thee, for thus it behooveth the sons of men and becometh all the children of wisdom in the sight of all the world; for, verily, doth the damsels admire with much admiration the lip which hath not been despoiled of its ornament. Not long then sat he divining, and his sad heart within him pining, neither did he long dream dreams, no mortal ever dared to dream before, but straightway he softly whispered, nevermore; and even unto this day his moustache continueth to grow.

Then another cometh to the 'phone which is by the wall, and him, because of his boldness we call Major, signifying that he hath honor and eminence among us, for that he was both graciously welcomed by the maid at the place whereat we all meet and assemble and hold our convocations, and, also, he was very zealous in talking to the maid, and contended, with great contention, for the most considerable place in her heart. In like manner he sent unto her a *Messenger*. And, wherefore, sent he unto her a *Messenger*? Did he not this desiring terms of greater friendship, and that her mind might be more favorable and well disposed towards him? He who doubteth this hath much odds against him, and remembereth not the proverb which affirmeth that actions hath a louder voice than words, and stronger, more exceedingly, and that this saying is true since the world began. Even so likewise was he continually at the 'phone for proof of his love wherewith he loved the damsel, and often did deny himself to be there much, refusing to be comforted anywhere else.



In the fourth day of the eleventh month, which is November, her word came unto him saying, come down unto me that I may bear thee company up thither, that my eyes may see the strange things of that place, for its fame is gone abroad throughout all the land, and I have heard with mine own ear of the museum and the mummy thereof, and the fossils thereof, and the minerals thereof, and the reptiles thereof, and so also likewise of many other mineralogical, zoölogical, geological, archæological wonders and divers strange things, the number whereof is six thousand six hundred four score and six, (for I the number heard.) Then said he unto her, thou speakest after a wise fashion. I prefer to talk to thee above all the rest of mankind. And he said also unto his brethren which were near by, be ye informed this day that she is wise beyond all others, for she useth adjectives well and likewise the verbs are in their several places, and none is wanting. Whereupon she seemeth to be learned and smart beyond measure.

Another cometh to the place of which it is said, here we have our joy, for there were many visitors during those days, more than at any time since. This last was small of stature, but mighty in the realm of love, a land wherein he is a man under authority as well as being a man of authority. He bringeth seven others with him, larger than himself which had musical instruments,—the violin, the banjo,—and they did sing and play upon their instruments for her.

Then cometh the end, *sans* love-talk, *sans* joy, *sans* music, *sans* delight, *sans* everything except that which in our *patois*, (that is to say by interpretation, dialect,) custom among us styleth the *grins*. How, then, hath this change been wrought?

The youths and young men found that the maiden was from a far country, which is Ethiopia, as thou goest from Barbara unto Mozambique, through a country which is desert; and her color was not like unto theirs, and they were not well pleased. So then every one returned unto his own house.

MORAL—The wise man looketh before he squatteth; but the foolish man sitteth down upon the bent up pin.

Students should remember that the *Messenger* belongs to them, and that it is their duty to support it. We must spend our money with those who advertise in our columns, and we must subscribe to the journal. Some ladies might be pleased to read the *Messenger* if mailed to them by parties in whom they had an interest.

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## SOCIETY NOTES.

At regular meetings of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies, held October 10th, the following officers respectively were elected for the ensuing terms:

## MU SIGMA RHO.

President, J. T. Dickinson, Richmond, Va.; Vice President, A. May, New Orleans, La.; Censor, L. Joynes, Richmond, Va.; Rec. Secretary, C. H. Jones, Richmond, Va.; Cor. Secretary, W. W. Henry, Jr., Richmond, Va.; Critic, B. M. Pendleton, Richmond, Va.; Chaplain, W. P. Gray, Greenville Co., Va.; Treasurer, C. Puryear, Richmond, Va.; Librarian, C. G. Davis, Texas; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. H. Nelms, Isle of Wight Co., Va.; Editors *Richmond College Messenger*, Geo. B. Taylor, Jr., Rome, Italy; J. B. Moore, Giles Co., Va. Board of Managers of *Richmond College Messenger*, C. G. Davis, W. G. Dix, Roland Johnson.

## PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.

President, John H. Smith, Texas; Vice President, E. F. Settle, Culpeper Co., Va.; Rec. Secretary, T. J. Lawrence, Nansemond Co., Va.; Cor. Secretary, J. E. Courtney, King and Queen Co., Va.; Treasurer, John Fizer, Lynchburg, Va.; Librarian, N. B. Dial, South Carolina; Critic, J. M. McManaway, Bedford Co., Va.; Censor, W. A. Holland, Danville, Va.; Chaplain, W. B. Haislip, Fluvanna Co., Va.; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. L. Lawrence, Isle of Wight Co., Va.; Editors *Richmond College Messenger*, L. J. Huff, Albemarle Co., Va.; W. S. Holland, Isle of Wight Co., Va. Board of Managers *Richmond College Messenger*, Reuben Garnet, King and Queen Co., Va.; John Fizer, W. B. Haislip.

In joint meeting of the two societies a motion was offered and adopted, that the writers' medals of the two societies be consolidated; making the medal worth thirty dollars, to be paid equally by each society, and awarded to the best article published in the *Messenger* during the session. We hope this motion, if adopted by the two societies separately, will incite the best writers to labor arduously on their articles for the *Messenger*.

The reunion meetings of the societies were interesting and attractive as usual. In the Mu Sigma Rho hall Professor Harris delivered an interesting and able address on the art of speaking, which address may be found on another page.



## PERSONALS.

J. E. Fitzgerald, '78, is farming in Pittsylvania county.

George Snead, '78, is also at the Medical. He will graduate this year.

H. P. McCormick, '79, is teaching school and hopes to be back again next year.

T. Marion Anderson, '78, is with Dr. Chas. R. Dickinson at Green Springs Academy, Louisa Co.

W. Y. Abraham, '69, is kept busy by the two churches, of which he is pastor. He is doing a good work.

Hessie Jordan, '69, has moved from Augusta to Chesterfield. Don't forget your promise to come and see us.

E. O. Hubbard, '78, is farming in Pittsylvania county. Write and tell us about your hunting expedition. Was it a success?

J. M. Garnett, '79, is teaching school. Be of good cheer, for a certain young lady says that "garnet" is still her favorite gem.

A. G. Loving, '79 is preaching to two churches in Nelson. A friend who saw him the other day, tells us he is looking very well.

J. W. Fleet, who took the Wood's medal last year, is reading law in King and Queen county, with a view of taking it under Professor Davies next year.

Chas. L. Steel, '79, is in Baltimore at the dental college. We saw him the day before he left, and he was as bright as ever. Can you spell "ain't," Charlie?

W. T. Oppenheimer, '78, is at the medical college, and says he is going to study very hard. Don't let the girls make you break your good intentions, "Opp."

J. E. Peake, '79, is farming near Churchland, Va. He was here during the fair, looking after his agricultural (?) interests. He subscribed for the *Messenger*.

R. E. Scott, '78, gave us a call during the fair. He is teaching at Warrenton; and teaching and mountain air seem to agree with him. He hopes to attend college next year.

E. E. Holland, '79 was down from the University for two days last week. He has Law, and likes everything up there very much. Come again Ned. we are always glad to see you.

A. J. Yancey, '77, is in business in Charlotte Co. He was in the city the other day looking very well. He still wears his Mu Sigma

Rho medal, and also a Mu Sig. badge. He is proud of the old society.

James Lyons, Jr., '78, was married on the 9th of October to Miss Lizzie Henry, the great grand-daughter of Patrick Henry. The marriage ceremony at the church was beautiful, and the reception at the house most brilliant.

R. H. Pitt, '79. We met Bob about three weeks ago, and he told us he was going to be married on the 21st of October. He invited us to come out and "see it well done," and we would gladly have done so if it had been in our power.

C. T. Ogg, '79, is at Goshen. We saw him this vacation. He was telegraphing, superintendent of a Sunday-school, and, last but not least, attending to his "siders." He promised to get us some subscribers. We are anxious for them.

Charlie Warren, Jim Gentry, H. H. George, Lyman Chalkley and George Powers were in the city during the fair. The last two are at the University, where Richmond College is well represented. We hope one of them will get us up a large club.

P. Swann, '69, is pastor at Goshen Bridge. It is strange that among all the pretty girls who spend their summers in and around the "Bridge," he has not found "a better half." He has only become hardened, we fear. He half promised to subscribe to the *Messenger*, however.

Ashton Starke, '78, has gained for himself quite an enviable reputation at Mozart Hall—he is not a "Mozarter," oh no!—acting as Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore." We are proud that such a fine "Ruler of the Queen's Navee" is one of "our boys."

W. T. Hudgins, '79, was in the city a few days ago. He was waiting for the Ohio river to rise, as he is "homeward bound." After a year or so in Texas, he expects to return to Virginia, and take law, either at Richmond College or at the University.

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### EXCHANGES.

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We gladly welcome the *Seminarian* to our exchange list.

N. B.—Some of our exchanges send us two copies, one to the "*Musings*" and one to the "*Messenger*." The "*Musings*" died one year ago.

The *Home Journal* not only preaches but practices the phonetic system, spelling "photograph" "photograf," &c. It contains much valuable reading matter.



The *Vidette* in externals—type, paper and general appearance—is one of our best exchanges. It is full of spicy editorial notes and college news, but a few more original essays would improve it. It sighs over its run-down gymnasium, and advocates the adoption of a college color. We heave a responsive sigh for our gymnasium, and ask what has become of our college colors, which were introduced last year. It gives sound advice to “Preps.” “Don’t be cheeky.”

*Yale Courant* is mainly devoted to base ball and boating news. If “Yale” and other northern universities are at one extreme in regard to athletic sports, we certainly do not give sufficient attention to the last clause of the Latin proverb: *mens sana in corpore sano*. Let us imbibe some inspiration in this direction from our northern cousins. What has become of the boat-club enterprise?

The *Undergraduate*, for September, is before us, and is good. The first article is “The Origin and Development on the Color Sense.” We frankly confess our ignorance of this subject. The writer of “Progress Universal,” justly takes from the brow of the nineteenth century some of its undeserved laurels and gives them to past ages. We have only accomplished such wonders by drawing from the stock of knowledge accumulated by the labor of many centuries. “The Positive Boy” is well written, and true to nature.

The *Ariel* is a wide-awake paper. The article on “Sir Walter Scott” shows that the author has studied the life and works of the great author. A writer bewails the dilapidated condition of their literary societies. We are surprised at this, when we see that ladies are members. We should think that the smiles of the fair ones would prove a sufficient stimulus to the young men and the young ladies—but they do not need any incentive.

The *College Message* comes to us with quite a full literary department. “Amicus” causes us to wish more than ever that we could make the pilgrimage of the Mississippi. “Viator” complains of the old Gregorian map, and proposes the introduction of a “Pinafore map.” That would be going it “with a vengeance.” We touch our hat to the *Message* for its kind words about us, and return thanks for hints thrown out. Though we have four editors, most of the literary articles are by other students.

We think the severe criticism of the *Calliopean Clarion* upon the MESSENGER is rather out of keeping with the blush of youth on its pages, and the words “Vol. 1, No 1.” It should not commence giving advice so soon. We are sorry to see that the spirit of contention has been inherited from the *Emory and Henry Clarion*. The pamphlet form of our Magazine seems to please everyone else. As for the

quotation marks, the lines are so well known as to need none. If the *Clarion* had read more carefully, it would have seen why "are" in the second line was left off. The break is natural and impulsive, we think. We say the above prompted by "nature's first law," and with no harsh feelings towards the *Clarion*.

We have received the following: *The Seminary Guard, Canadian Spectator, The Aurora, The Va. Educational Journal, The Central Collegian, The Beacon, The Archangel, The College Record, The Reveille, The Critic, Roanoke Collegian, Queen's College Journal, Maryland Collegian, Pennsylvania College Monthly, The Earlhamite, The Portfolio, The Oracle, The College Herald, Lasselle Leaves, Washington Jeffersonian, The Euclidean, Virginia University Magazine, The Wabash, The College Mirror.*

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### BOOK NOTICES.

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"The Travels of Ego and Alter, an epistolary narrative of a tramp through the Old Dominion," by Peyton H. Hoge, ("Ego,") and Howard R. Bayne, ("Alter.") These letters, which appeared in the Richmond "Dispatch," during the summer, were so widely read that they need no further heralding. It was with pleasant anticipations that we hailed the advent of the little book, and these anticipations have been fully realized. In traveling we missed many of the letters and were glad to be able to read them connectedly. Most heartily do we endorse this kind of pedestrianism, and from some experience know how pleasant it is. Oh, that we could give an exterminating kick to Rowell's, Weston's and O'Leary's, and have "Ego's" and "Alter's" in their place! Then the letters *per se* are remarkable for their freshness, interest and style; "written as they have been, in the hurry of a departure or the fatigue of an arrival."

The little book is for sale by West, Johnston & Co., price 25 cents. It deserves a large sale.

*Scribner* for November is before us, full of interesting matter. In fact, we always look forward with pleasure for the monthly visits of this magazine, which is undoubtedly the best published in America. Among other interesting articles are the "French Quarter of New York," "Mississippi Jetties," "Bayard Taylor," and "A Sigh." In this number James continues his novel "Confidence," and George W. Cable commences "The Grandissimes," a story of Creole life. The illustrations this month are numerous, whilst the portrait of Bayard Taylor and the copy of the Cornell University Memorial are unusually fine. We would advise all who want a first-class magazine to subscribe at once. Address Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York.



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