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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. VI.

RICHMOND, VA., OCTOBER, 1880.

NO. 1.

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DRIFTING AWAY.

I.

Drifting away from each other,
Silently drifting apart,
Nothing between but the cold world's screen,
Nothing to lose—but a heart.

II.

Only two lives dividing
More and more day by day,
Only one soul from another soul
Steadily drifting away.

III.

Only a man's heart striving
Bitterly hard with its doom,
Only a hand, tender and bland,
Slipping away in the gloom.

IV.

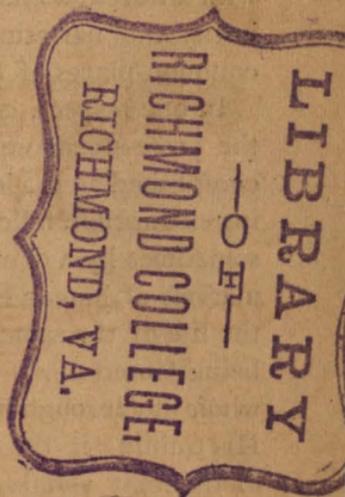
Nothing of doubt or wrong,
Nothing that either can cure,
Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,
Nothing to do but endure.

V.

The world cannot stand still,
Tides ebb and women change;
Nothing here that is worth a tear—
One love less—nothing strange!

VI.

Drifting away from each other,
Steadily drifting apart;
No wrong to teach that the world can reach,
Nothing lost—but a heart.



ANONYMOUS.

BOATING AS A MEANS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Cornelius Nepos relates that when the Persian host landed near the Plain of Marathon the Athenians despatched a messenger to Sparta to say how much they needed help. This simple message was borne by Philippides, who accomplished the journey afoot—a distance of a hundred and fifty miles—in forty-eight hours. This rapid traveler was one of a class of men who made it a business to convey intelligence with the least possible delay. They were invaluable to the State and to individuals in that day, when there was no mail, no steam-car, no telephone, no telegraph. Their achievements would sound marvelous to us, despite the prolonged walks of Weston, Rowell, and other heroes of the cinderpath. But in the day when their profession furnished a handsome livelihood, their deeds were matter of no special remark, and probably we should have known nothing of them were it not for the unstudied and incidental mention of them here and there through the pages of ancient narrative. Our author alludes to the feat of Philippides not as worthy of eulogium, but as an incident connected with an event so full of thrilling interest and transcendent glory as to justify the narration of every circumstance, however trifling, in the common-places of life.

In one respect, certainly, the pedestrian of ancient times surpassed the professional walker of to-day. Modern ambulatory feats are accomplished after a long course of special training, with the most distressing exhaustion, followed often by long continued debility and ill-health, sometimes by a drivelling mania, and then death. But formerly these marvels of human endurance and speed occurred one after another in the life of the same individual, without excess or that painful sense of being "used up." The ancient courier who again and again ran the whole day through lived ever with a view to such calls upon his strength. His training in the public gymnasium directed his mind to the effect of different viands upon his body, and his early instruction at the public expense impressed upon him the few and simple rules of diet and temperate living that have prevailed unaltered since the days of Æsculapius. The lithe and swarthy Philippides would probably have been ready the morning after his return from Sparta to do the bidding of Miltiades in furthest Thrace.

We have ever been a friend to athletic sports of all kinds. We regard them with the keenest interest, and we think we are ready at all times to give a reason for the interest we feel. We know of no recreation of a physical kind that is so pure and innocent; none that

is so healthful and promotive of happiness. We know of none better calculated to fit men for the wear and tear of life; none more inclined to lead them from voluptuous and debasing pleasures into the domain of legitimate—and what appeals more than that to our weak humanity—*satisfying*, amusement and recreation. It is conceded by all that rest and recreation are not only legitimate, but necessary to human health and happiness, and the grave problem with our philanthropists is how to supply this necessity. Rowing and other athletic sports seem to answer the conditions of this important question. Certainly, so long as a man keeps to these innocent and enjoyable amusements he never feels that craving after unnatural excitement which, when indulged, works so much harm to the human frame.

There are those—and they are good people, too—who object to rowing and such sports on the ground that they are excessive, producing harm from over-exertion. There is some force in this objection; undoubtedly instances have occurred in which young men have injured themselves while engaged in such recreations. But such instances, considering the thousands all over the length and breadth of the land attached to these sports, are exceptional, and only occur in regattas, and rarely then. There is, indeed, nothing that cannot be overdone, or wrongly done, and of a truth this is so of rowing. Likewise of eating, and drinking, and sleeping; and yet we think it wise and well to eat, drink and sleep. Considering the vast amount of innocent and healthful pleasure given by athletic sports, such an objection seems insignificant, and we know of none other worthy of mention.

With such sentiments as these on the subject of athletic sports, we may be expected to chronicle our delight at the announcement, coming to us through various sources, that the boating prospects of the city have greatly improved. We hear with unmixed pleasure and satisfaction that since the last State regatta young men have flocked in large numbers to the rowing club of this city, and undertaken to learn that difficult but delightful science. There is no sport more manly, none requiring greater endurance and courage than rowing, and it speaks well for our young men that they have so numerous offered themselves as candidates for representative oarsmen.

The inducements to learn well are considerable to an ambitious man. Besides the health and strength acquired, the confidence in one's powers and calm self-control under circumstances of excitement and even danger, it is well known that no man has a tenure upon the position of oarsman at the State regatta, but that the four are selected by competent judges from the very best material in the club. When a properly constituted mind enters the lists it strives nobly to rival the best, and when it succeeds its pleasure is as innocent as it is singular.

It is no mean thing to be selected as one of the four from such a body of men as the club now contains. We say again, this proffer of themselves to the club speaks well for the young men of Richmond, because they have done so at a time when that body was most discouraged over the result of the last regatta. That result was foreseen by those who were aware of the difficulties in the way of the Richmond club as to funds and members. But these young men are not willing to let the oar fall and the boat be broken with this record. They will wipe it out well at the next regatta. And now we want to bid them God-speed in this manly and harmless sport.

We consider it one of our missions to do all we can to further a recreation and a blessing like rowing. We know it will reclaim many from harmful pleasures. We note just here the actual observation of a gentleman who was a member of one of the Virginia clubs, that the formation of his club had the effect to wean upwards of forty men from dissipation. In training, oarsmen are not allowed the use of stimulants of any kind, and their diet is confined to the most nutritious food, of which they are permitted to eat as much as they will. The whole tendency of rowing associations is to warn a man against intemperance in everything, and, by affording him all the amusement and recreation he wants, to diminish or destroy all yearning after unnatural excitement.

Amusements of this kind in no way interfere with home enjoyments and duties. On the contrary, after a pull of four or five miles the first place an oarsman seeks is his home, where he can quietly rest and think over that delightful country air, those green fields, that cooling spray from the awkward man, the swell of the water as he rushes through it, the harmless jest and the laugh all around, the great drops of sweat, and the exquisite rest at the cry of "Oars!" Oh! how fresh and free and exhilarating it seems as he thinks of it!

It seems to us the duty of every man who realizes the necessity of rest and recreation after hard work to favor and commend young men when they have fallen upon an amusement as effective of good and as free from harm as rowing. We should like to see the fathers and mothers of the city, the employers, the prominent men in mercantile and social life, ministers and others of high moral influence give a helping hand to the young men in this matter. They appreciate it mightily, and it is a good thing, we all feel, to know that you are doing right and to be upheld in it. We have a feeling of peculiar gratitude to the Rev. Mr. McBryde, of Fredericksburg, for what he has done for the good of the young men of the State in being for two years president of the Virginia Rowing Association. It is enlightened commendation and assistance like this that attracts the respect and good

will of young men and exhibits to them the true manliness of the Christian character. They will learn from such examples that Christianity is not priggism, and that a brawny chest and corded arms are not inconsistent with high Christian development. They will realize that quiet Christian in yonder boat has as much pluck as anyone there, and that when it comes to the time that tries men's souls he rows with as stiff an oar and as straight a back as ever moved over a sliding-seat. We believe the day is coming and now is when physical development and recreation will be esteemed a requisite to civilization and sound morality, and when that now rarest of all sights shall delight the eye at every turn—a man among men. May it not be said of us that we waited for that day and saw it not!—HOWARD R. BAYNE, in *Richmond Standard*.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

If genius consists in the possession of great talents, Franklin was not a genius. If genius consists in capacity for labor, Franklin was a genius. He was ever in the pursuit of knowledge; labor, with him, was a habit. Whether working with the cutler, or with his father, or as an apprentice to his brother; whether at home or abroad, in youth or manhood, he is ever acquiring knowledge, ever busy. In this lay his success; in fact, he himself says, somewhat egotistically, "I am satisfied of the truth of the proverb, 'Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men,' for I myself have stood before several."

If the attainment of eminence is success, then Franklin was successful. His discoveries in electricity called forth A. M. from Yale and Harvard; he visits Great Britain, and the Scotch universities confer on him their highest honors; France makes him a member of the "Academy of Science." At home, the colonists love to show the esteem in which they hold him, and he fills first one, and then another, office. Making, with others, the most assiduous efforts to persuade the Colonies to declare themselves "free and independent States," he succeeds, is placed on the committee who propose the "Declaration," and is himself one of the signers of that immortal instrument; he is sent to France to obtain her recognition of the young republic, and after the most unremitting labor succeeds in his mission.

Past fourscore, we find Franklin President of the State of Pennsyl-

vania; having made many useful inventions, many great discoveries in natural science; having founded the American Philosophical Society, the Pennsylvania Hospital and the University of Pennsylvania, and having accomplished a feat of diplomacy which called forth the admiration of the civilized world.

It was in 1732 that he began to publish "Poor Richard's Almanac," which for nearly thirty years was immensely popular both in Europe and America. Its common-sense proverbs and useful hints have been preserved to this day, and are household words. After he ceased publishing the Almanac, he gathered the best of the proverbs together under the title of "The Way to Wealth."

Most men think of retiring when they reach their seventieth year; not so with Franklin. The most active and useful part of his life began at that time; and at eighty-two, he was a member of the Constitutional Convention.

He was a benevolent man, giving the whole of his salary as President of Pennsylvania to charitable objects. It was his wish that no pomp or parade be made at his funeral, but what could prevent a nation from showing its respect. Twenty thousand assembled to do honor to the memory of him "who was to the American cause in the old world what Washington was to it in the new." C.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

"Oh, darling humming bird,
 How very sweet thou art!
 Oh! let me run and catch him
 And hold him to my heart!
 Yes, Lillie, help me catch him."
 "My city cousin, why!
 You've taken for a humming bird
 A big tobacco fly."

PEARCY.

A friend tells us that a gentleman connected with the telephone office, down town, kneeled down to say his prayers one night and, in a fit of absent-mindedness, commenced: "Halloo! Holloo, there! Halloo-o-o— Oh!!

(NOTE.—We would be glad to be able to believe this story, but the instances of a telegraph or telephone man ever having said his prayers are too few to allow us to form any such conclusion.—EDS.)

AUNT MINNIE.

The clock on the mantel has struck ten. The fire is burning low in the grate. On an exquisite specimen of Chinese art—a carved and gilded table—is placed an argand lamp, through whose delicately tinted shade a mellow light is diffused about the room. An old lady is seated at the table, and the light falling full upon her, shows her hair to be of silvery whiteness.

Her face is full of expression. Now a smile, now a sadness flits over it;—her memory is busy with thoughts of the past, while her fingers are busy with knitting a pair of socks for her nephew, who is over yonder in the corner revelling in the delights of “Jack the Giant Killer.”

Twenty-five stitches;—yes, there were just that many in the school, boys and girls, twenty-five in all. What romps we used to have. What snow-ball battles. Tom Haynes used to sit next to me. Dear Tom; such a fine fellow; curly locks of nut-brown hair, and cheeks on which there was just the least bit of rose color,—and those cream-colored cravats he used to wear. How jealous the girls were because I sat next to Tom.

People all said that our teacher was a queer one because he never kept any one in at recess. He gave as a reason, that it was not healthy to confine the little ones. Very considerate man, he. I suspect that he did not wish his dinner to be confined to the table, for I noticed he always went post-haste after it the moment our play time came.

One day, when the pupils had gone out and the teacher had disappeared over the hill, Tom said to me, “Let’s stay in and play ‘tit-tat-to, three in a row.’”

“All right,” I answered, “my first go.”

When we had played some time, the game seemed to lag, and Tom said,—he was a sly fellow, Tom was,—“Let’s play sweethearts.”

“How do you play that?” I asked.

“Oh, it’s easy enough. You write the name of your sweetheart on the back of your slate and I will write the name of my sweetheart on the back of my slate. But it must be the *real* sweetheart, if it ain’t (Tom always said ‘aint’) it don’t count.”

So we moved apart and began to write. Presently I said, “Tom, let me see your slate.”

“No, let me see yours.”

“No, I shan’t either. That wouldn’t be fair.”

“Well, suppose we draw straws for it,” said he.

So we drew straws for it, and Tom had to show his first.

How red his face turned when he held his slate up, and as soon as I began to read the name and saw that it was mine, how quickly he jerked it away.

"Oh! You bad boy!" I exclaimed.

"Let me see yours," he answered.

"No, I shan't," I cried, trying to rub out what I had written. But he had hold of my hands and held them tight, and looking on my slate he read his own name. Then he threw his arms around my neck and kissed me. "Minnie, I love you so much."

"Tom, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."—I believe I did some kissing too, though.—

The old lady looked up from her knitting at her nephew, who, we might as well state, was named after the one who had been the subject of her thoughts.

"Tom, did I ever tell you about your name-sake?"

"No, Aunt Minnie."

"Well, when I was a little girl I used to sit by him in school,"—

"Was you ever a little girl, Aunt Minnie? I didn't know that. Weren't you afraid the giants would catch you when you went to school? I know there ain't any such thing now, but there might have been when you was little. If you ever was a little girl,"—Tom gazed at his Aunt Minnie incredulously—"I know you didn't have no hard lessons like I has to study."

"Tom, hush your nonsense and listen. After we played sweet-hearts"—

"What's that?" broke in nephew Tom.

"Never mind, I won't tell you; you will be playing it on some girl some time if I do.—We used to sit together, Tom and I, and we used to eat our snack together, and Tom always brought me some cake or candy, or maybe an apple."—

"Didn't you think Tom was a jolly fellow, Aunt Minnie?"—Tom's mouth was watering.

"Hush," replied Aunt Minnie, raising her finger.—"I remember once I made him a cream-colored cravat. He always wore that kind. He gave me a soap-dish too.

"Every day Tom came by for me to walk to school with him. One morning he was late, and as Charlie Jones was going by and asked me to go, I went with him."—

"Wasn't Tom hopping mad?"

Aunt Minnie did not deign to reply.—"Tom came in school late. I noticed he did not have on his cravat. He sat bolt upright and did not speak a word all day.—Nephew Tom's eyes and mouth were

both stretched now.—He did not even wait for me when school was over, but walked on by himself. When I got home I found that my mother and father had gone away and left me to keep house. In the evening I heard some one halloing at the gate and calling my name. I ran out to see who it was, and there was Tom. As soon as he caught sight of me he yelled: “Minnie Andrews hand me my soap-dish here now! Hand me my soap-dish, I say!”

“I don’t know nothin’ about your old soap-dish!” I replied.

“Yes, you do, too, and you had better hand it out here, three! Minnie Andrews, hand me my soap-dish!”

“Hand me my cream-colored cravat!” I screamed.

“I ain’t got your old cream-colored cravat! ’Twant no account, no how!”

“Where is it, then? Didn’t I give it to you?”

“I don’t care if you did. I tore it all to pieces and pitched it away this mornin’.”

“You did, did you? Thomas Haynes, you vile piece! You did, did you? You can have your old soap-dish. Just let me get it for you.”

So up-stairs I rushed, and taking the soap-dish I threw it as far out in the road as I could. “There, Thomas Haynes, take your old soap-dish.” Then I threw myself on the bed and cried myself to sleep. When I awoke my mother was bending over me. She asked me what was the matter. I told her “nothing.”

“Well, then, come and get some supper,” she said. But I told her I could not eat anything.

The next day Tom was not at school. They said that he was sick, and I learned that he did not come by for me the morning before because he had some wood to chop for his mother, which kept him later than usual. You may know how sorry I felt and how ashamed I was when I heard this.

The day after, when Charlie Jones came by for me, I told him that I would walk on by myself.

When I reached the school Tom was in his old seat, but school was about to begin, so I did not have a chance to speak to him then.

At playtime, as he was going out, I laid my hand on his arm. “Tom,” said I, “I am so sorry,”

“I am, too,” he replied.

“Well, let’s make friends then.”

So we talked it all over, and he kissed me and I kissed him.

The next day he brought the soap-dish all nicely wrapped up.

“Aunt Minnie,” put in her nephew, “did you make him another cravat?”

"Yes, I made him another cream-colored cravat; it took me two or three days."

"Have you got that soap-dish yet?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Won't you show it to me?"

"Yes, but not now; some day I will give it to you. It is after ten o'clock, and you ought to be asleep. Come and kiss me good-night."

Tom kissed his aunt good-night and went to his mother's room, bursting open the door with, "Ma, did you know Aunt Minnie was a little girl once, and a little boy like me, named Tom, gave her a soap-dish?"

His mother wished to get him to bed, so she answered: "No, Tom, I had not heard about the soap-dish. What of it?"

"Oh, you must ask Aunt Minnie about that," replied Tom.

—It was pleasant to Aunt Minnie thus to live over the days of her youth. And is it not so with all of us? Is there not a green spot here and there we are wont to cherish; a little oasis covered with green grass, trailing vines and waving trees, under whose shade we sit and listen to the voices of the past as they murmur by like the dulcet-flowing of a purling brook. We do not stop them, our pleasure seems too sacred, but let them flow on and on until, in sweet forgetfulness, we are lost. Yes, we too love to make the past the present, and sometimes a still small voice tells us this is the soul's whisper of immortality.—

Aunt Minnie has taken up her knitting again.—

That was the only cloud that ever came between us. Ours seemed perfect happiness. Ah! Tom was a grand fellow. As he grew older he grew handsomer, and his high forehead betokened the nobility of intellect within. He wanted to be a lawyer, he said. When he went to college he wrote to me every week.

What delightful times we always had when he came home to spend his vacations; how we would wander over hill and dale, fields and meadows; what walks; such riding and fishing we had.

He would never talk much about his plans, and though he anticipated success and strove for it as ardently as any one, he disliked to have it form the subject of conversation. Sometimes when I would rally him, he would say, "Time enough for me to talk about a seat in the Senate when I am about to rise from it in order to say. 'Mr. President, in the name of my constituents,' &c."

—Those who talk least about their plans have often the brightest anticipations, and those who are most silent are often the most successful.—

He at last finished college. How large a practice he had for so young a man.

We never talked of marriage, but I always thought that some day we would join hands before the altar to receive the blessing of our dear old pastor. So when he came and asked that I should name the day, I was not surprised. We talked it over, Tom and I did, and thought that May ought to be the time, because the flowers are in bloom then, and nature decked in her holiday dress brings gladness to all hearts. "Yes, Tom, if you say so, it shall be on the first day of May."

—Here Aunt Minnie's needles worked faster and faster, and the tears began to chase each down her cheeks.—

Dear Tom, poor fellow! What a great man he would have been if he had lived. Well do I remember what a crowd thronged to hear him speak. His client had been accused of a monstrous crime, that of murdering his own father who was eighty years of age. Perhaps I had better get the paper and read the report.

So Aunt Minnie takes a key from her pocket and goes to the cabinet where she unlocks a private draw, takes a paper yellow with time from it, returns to her seat and reads an account of the trial for murder. She dwells only, however, on such passages as these: "Mr. Thomas Haynes, counsel for the accused, made one of the most elaborate and eloquent appeals we have ever heard, and never have we seen an audience so thrilled and swayed by one man.

"Dr. A., thus acquitted, was surrounded by hosts of friends, who congratulated him on his narrow escape.

"For his counsel, who is quite a young lawyer, we predict a most brilliant future.

And to think that three days after his triumph he should be taken with that horrible fever. I can't bear the thought of it even now. Day and night I watched by his bed side.

In his delirium he would call on me. His voice would have such a pathetic tenderness in it. "Dear Minnie, you can never know how I love you—Minnie." Then he would perhaps break into a wild laugh or launch off into some old song. Sometimes he would have lucid intervals, but the physician forbade his speaking. With what tenderness, then, would his eyes follow me as I moved about the room. I felt more than repaid.

But this was only now and then. The physician gradually gave up all hope.

One day after a state of wild delirium he sank into a gentle slumber. He was lying so that he faced the sunset. I was sitting by his side fanning him and gazing at the west all aglow with departing day.

I heard some one say softly, "Minnie." I turned towards him.

"Kiss me, Minnie."

As I bent over him I asked, "Tom, how do you feel now?"

"Better, much better. How glorious is that sunset. I will never see another."

"Don't say that," I said, "you look so much better."

"Yes, I know I do, I feel better too, but I know what this feeling means. You can't know how grateful I am for your attention, and then to think that it should be all in vain. But God knows best. Minnie, do you know what day this is?"

"No, Tom."

"It is the first of May. It was fixed for our wedding. You will have many suitors when I am gone, and you are worthy of the very best man. How often have I thought how unworthy I was of you. When you are married, Minnie, and I want you to marry, have a little spot in your memory for me."

"Don't talk so, Tom," I said.

"Minnie, the sun is almost down. I go out with sunset. I have been but a poor follower of the Saviour, but he has forgiven me. Meet me in heaven. Minnie, kiss me."

I bent over him. His arms were placed about my neck.

"Minnie, I love you. Dear Min."—The physician unclasped his hands. I gazed one moment on the lifeless form, then taking my cloak and bonnet, I left the house.

Some of the servants whispered, "Miss Minnie looks mighty curious. I wonder how Mr. Tom is."

Without stopping I answered, "Mr. Tom is well now."

How calm every thing seemed. How calm I felt. I wondered at it.

When I reached home, I knelt down by my bedside and tried to pray. My brain seemed on fire. I threw myself on my bed. I shut my lips tight together.

When I awoke, kind friends were bending over me. One whispered, "The crisis is past."

The physician advanced, "You must not talk now, you are very ill," he said.

Then I remembered all. I sank into a troubled sleep.

After a while when I was strong enough, they drove me out to his grave. Then I knew how sick I had been, for the grass was green and tall. I could not keep back the tears; the flood gates of my soul were opened; I wept.

And when mother died, the old frame house was sold; and the hill that stood back of it; and the meadows and green fields; and the

spring where Tom and I use to stop and bathe our faces; and the dairy-house where we would stop and drink buttermilk which was always cool, because the spring ran through the dairy; and the lake with its groves all around its banks, and its water lilies that he would wade out after and bring and place in my hand,—of what pure white those water lilies were;—yes, and the stile we climbed over to get to the lake. They sold them all. The old oak trees were sold too. There were three of them—with giant trunks and branches that stretched out like great arms. They seemed to have stood for centuries.

And there was a tradition that under one of them an Indian chief had been condemned to die by slow torture. Even now I remember how my girlish fancy brought the scene in all its vividness before my eyes. The old chief sitting upon the glowing coals and smoking his pipe as complacently as though he sat on velvet cushions. How suddenly his eyes seem to shoot forth fire as springing to his feet, he seizes a tomahawk from one of the braves, and dealing death-blows right and left, dashes off into the forest and is not seen again until he returns with a chosen band and hangs the scalps of his tormentors at his belt. Tom and I often stood under the old oak and talked about the old chief, and wondered if he ever kept his canoe on the lake.

And then the grave-yard went too, where mother was buried, and where for generations the family one by one had been laid away. Well, they all thought it was for the best, as the family was scattered and its members living far from the old place.

Then, I came to my brother's, who had just married. How large a family he has now. It makes me sigh when I look at his children and think of Tom, but after all they are almost like my own.

When uncle Jonas died and left me that money, how many beaux I had. I told them that I never intended to marry, but none would listen to me. I know that I never encouraged any of them, for I behaved to them only as courtesy demanded, and yet some called me a coquette. Ah! they knew not the grief at my heart.

Often when summer came, some of us girls would go to a nice little place in the mountains. Only a few persons came to this fairy spot, which made it more pleasant, for throwing aside the conventionalities of society, we lived on familiar terms.

We almost always found Will Shipton there. How he ever heard we would be there I don't know, but there he was just like our shadow.

His preference for me was marked, and I did not dislike his company, for he was open-hearted, well read and an accomplished conversationalist.

We used to ride together, walk together, and fish together. Usually when we went on any of the latter excursions, Will took one of the poets

along "to encourage the fish to bite," he said. I remember telling him that I thought that fish would not bite if there was any talking going on. "Oh," he would answer, "that is because they are not treated to the right kind of conversation. Fish are naturally intellectual. Why, only read half a page of Shakspeare to them and they will swarm around you in shoals. It was the sentiment expressed in the words that Arion sang as much as his inimitable music that made the sea alive with dolphins." I liked to hear him read, so I would satisfy my conscience by giving him an incredulous look. We did not always take a book, however, and many a fine fish did I have, with Will to bait the hook.

One day he had spread his handkerchief down for me to sit on, and lying down on the bank, he was watching me fish. He had been silent some time. At length he said, "Miss Andrews, I have known you some time."

"Yes," I answered.

Words seemed to fail him; he seemed choked, "Miss Andrews, Minnie, I love you. May I hope that you will look upon me with favor—that some day our relations to each other will be nearer and dearer."

"No, Will," said I, "you know my resolution?"

"No, what is it?"

"I thought I told you that I never intended to marry?"

"I remember you did, but I thought you did not know your own heart. May I ask, without giving offence, why you came to such a determination?"

"It is this, Will," I answered, "I do not believe that I can ever love any one as I loved him who is now in a better world?" Then I told him the story of my life.

"Minnie," he said, after I had finished, "you will forgive me, won't you?"

"Will, there is nothing for me to forgive. You must pardon me for acting in such a heedless manner. Let us be friends though, Will."

"You can give me no encouragement?"

"No, Will, I cannot, for I think it would be wrong for me to marry any one, unless I loved him with my whole heart, and that I can never do."

After supper he caught my hand, holding it between both of his, pressed it to his lips, and in a quivering voice said, "Good-by, Minnie."

The next morning, when I enquired for him, I was told that he had left by the early stage.

He is in California now, and, as I learn, is one of the richest men

in the State. He writes to me sometimes, Will does. A year or two after going out there he sent me his photograph. He is an old man and has never married. He was a fine man, but I never could have loved any one as I loved Tom.

Perhaps I had better put this away,—Aunt Minnie had laid the journal from which she had read on the table; so, laying her knitting down, she goes to the cabinet.

As she lays the paper carefully aside in the drawer, she takes up a ebony casket bearing the simple name, “Minnie,” inlaid with pearls.

Dear Tom,—he bought this with the money he obtained from his first case. He brought it with him to our trysting place by the lake. The sun was sinking behind the western hills. Tom said it was kissing the earth good-night, and told me to see how the earth blushed.

There was a tree on the bank of a peculiar shape. I do not remember ever having seen one like it anywhere else. A little way from the ground the two main branches jutted out at right angles, and after they had separated a short distance they grew almost straight up, so there was a plenty of room for both of us to sit. And to make it more pleasant, an ancient grape-vine—I presume it had sprouted before we were born—had so interlaced itself between the two branches that there was a delightful back to our rustic seat. This was our trysting place. We did not talk much that evening. We sat a long time gazing at the sky, all violet and crimson and blue and golden; at the trees set thick and close together, only here and there a break. On the one side, as the rays of the sun touched them, they seemed like merry, joyous children as they smiled back and nodded playfully to each other; on the other, it was shaded, and the trees, all dark and stately, filled us with mysterious awe; these did not nod, but with a solemn, swaying motion seemed to frown and rebuke the levity of the sportive ones.

The old tree stands there yet. I use to visit the spot quite often. What a pleasure I found in sitting in my old seat and thinking Tom was by my side. I have a sketch of it now, which I took myself one day. I will not get up and get it now though—for Aunt Minnie had taken her seat.—Perhaps he was close by. I think it will not be long before I see him. I love to think that he is very near. It has been many long years since I saw him.

The knitting falls from Aunt Minnie’s hands.

“Yes, he told me to meet him in heaven; Saviour take me to Thyself, I have tried to be faithful to Thee.”

Aunt Minnie slept. Suddenly she opens her eyes, sits upright, a smile of greeting lights up her face; she stretches out her hands—

“Tom;”—She falls back, her hands resting upon the arms of her chair.

There was a sadness in the house the next day—a solemn sadness. The little private drawer was opened and the ebony casket was now seen by the family for the first time. There was a golden locket with only two letters—“T. H.”—on the beautifully-enamelled case. It contained a miniature, the face of a handsome young man with wavy hair of a nut-brown color. There was also a packet of letters, tied with a narrow ribbon, and also a sketch of a peculiarly-shaped tree, with a grape vine entwined about the lower limbs. There was a note, too, requesting that the casket and its contents should be buried with her. Ah! she knew that no one would ever value that little casket as she had, and how could she bear to think of its being the subject of idle curiosity or impertinent tattle.

The soap-dish, too, was found in one corner of the drawer nicely enclosed in a box, and inscribed to “My nephew Tom.”

Tom’s surprise was great when he untied it and took the cover off to find that the soap-dish was well wrapped in bank-notes. He did not know their value then, but in after years he had great cause to be thankful to Aunt Minnie.

Few words were said at the funeral, but the large concourse proved how much she was beloved. It was not only the charitable institutions which she had endowed that held her in their memory, but the poor, the afflicted, and the sorowing had tears in their eyes when they mentioned the name of Aunt Minnie. “Storied urn and fretted vault” often tell of pomp and pride, but the noblest monument is found in the breasts of those whose necessities we have relieved, whose wounds we have bound up, whose hearts we have comforted—this was Aunt Minnie’s.

A plain granite shaft, emblem of the simplicity and purity of her life, marks the last-resting place of Minnie Andrews. JACK.

A TRIP DOWN THE JAMES.

We started from home "when first the day did glimmer in the east, and the silvery moon hung like a vapor in the cloudless sky." We were duly and severally armed and equipped with fishing-tackle, ice, sugar, lemons in abundance, and so forth.

The journey towards the place where our gallant vessel lay at anchor was uneventful, save that we saw two gay and festive darkies who had taken so much diluted ice-water that they had found it expedient, if not imperatively necessary, to adopt as their own the motto of old Kentucky, "United, we stand; divided, we fall."

In due time we arrived at the dock, and a most pathetic leave-taking took place. Mr. Sweeney called for coins, and, as they chased one another down his ravenous pockets, we could but be reminded of the dear old hymn which begins with,

"Dearest money, thou hast left us,
We thy loss do deeply feel."

Those who had handkerchiefs took them out and wept. But even grief must have an end. Life is not given for vain repining. So, after electing Tim Toots commodore, Peter Perkins chief cook and bottle-washer, Duckie Smorlchunk steersman in general, Billy Dinker special artist, and your correspondent recording secretary, we laid aside all such superfluities as coats and waistcoats and pulled away out into the channel of the "noble Jeems."

OUR FIRST LANDING PLACE

was christened Sandy Beach, for there was much sand there. At this point all who were devoutly and religiously disposed performed their ablutions. Smorlchunk appeared to be a veritable aquatic animal, and your correspondent was highly entertained in watching and laughing at his varied and eccentric evolutions in the water; master alike he proved himself to be of the underhand, overhand, floating and dog-paddle methods. The writer also took his first lesson in the art aquatic; but, like the riding of a rocking-horse, it was all motion and no progress.

Starting from Sandy Beach we made sail with oar and muscle for

WARWICK'S;

and having come across a red post standing up in the water with the number 52 painted on it, one of the crew (a novice in boating) remarked that we were now *fifty-two* miles from Richmond, at which sapient remark there was vociferous and prolonged laughter. Sailing

along a short distance further we rested on our oars and listened with *erectis auribus* to the caws of some complaining crows. So inspired was Chief Cook Perkins by the melodious symphonies of these enchanting fowls that he treated us to a profoundly bass solo.

We arrived at Warwick's at 8:30 A. M. It is

A VERY ROMANTIC SPOT—

just such a spot, indeed, as a "youthful, modest, loving pair" would select for the mutual manifestation of that sentiment which is said to be the fulfilling of the law. Just where we landed a cooling spring bubbles up, and with gentle murmur glides away in its narrow channel, "making sweet music with the enamelled stones, giving a gentle kiss to every sedge it overtaketh in its pilgrimage," until it loses itself amidst the rolling waters of the river; and near at hand some gnarled old monarchs of the forest rear their lofty heads, defying alike the fury of the winds and the surging of the waters that wash their roots at every freshet. No wonder that one of our number, enraptured by the scene, should lift the voice and sing of the girl he left behind him, dwelling with just a touch of pathos upon the stanza:

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
 Her eyes like diamonds shining,
 Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
 May leave the swain repining.
 Ye gods above! Oh, hear my prayer,
 To my beauteous fair to bind me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I've left behind me.

It was at Warwick's—fitting place for such a transaction—that Commodore Toots was unanimously and enthusiastically voted a *brick*; after which all hands adjourned to meet once more around that bucket made of tin. About this time a horrifying and

AWE-INSPIRING TRAGEDY

was enacted, at sight of which we were struck dumb with terror; the hair of our flesh stood up, and our tongues, so loose and oily before, clove to the roofs of our mouths. It seems that the Commodore went on a scouting expedition up the high hill at the back of the spring; but descrying in the distance a large and imposing blackberry reposing serenely on a bush overhanging the bank, with his usual alacrity, and even more than his usual courage, he made a grab for it, but, missing fire, rolled away down the hill at the rate of forty knots an hour, landing, at length, upon a *bed*—not made with hands,—a bed differing entirely and essentially from down,—a bed most irritating and most discomforting,—a bed most irregular and most *moving*,—a bed whereon

no man ever sat and sung himself away to everlasting bliss. The Commodore paused for reflection. The Commodore did not remain long in a state of quietude. The Commodore got up and went his way, a smarter and a smarting man. After this catastrophe we surveyed our surroundings a little more closely, and were much pleased to find ourselves in a land flowing with buttermilk and blackberries; the former being vended, together with most toothsome corn-dodgers, at the low price of five cents per quart. There was an abundance of peach trees, and "the green leaves grew all around, all around, and the green leaves grew all around," but no peaches were visible to the naked eye. June apples were also heard of, but we saw them only with the eye of faith. We regaled ourselves, however, upon half ripe mulberries until sated nature would no more.

We pulled up stakes and started for

DREWRY'S BLUFF,

and in half an hour, Richmond receded from our view, and we were fairly launched upon the mighty deep. There was "water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink," so we again had recourse to the contents of our tin bucket, whereat, of course, much grief was manifested. Indeed, it was a notable fact that no single man in our party—and all of us, alas! *were* single men—drank more than a gallon of this vivifying liquor during the day. Very soon the Bluff hove in sight,—or we hove in sight of the Bluff, I don't know exactly which; at any rate, all eyes were distended to see what was to be seen—all eyes save those of Steersman Smorlchunk, who, at the bottom of the boat, with his head poked under the seat at the stern, had laid him down

——"in peace to sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

OUR RECEPTION.

We were much disgusted, not to say disappointed, at not seeing the shore lined with interested spectators, prepared to render an ovation to the distinguished representatives of the Gladstone Club; but we charitably concluded that they hadn't heard of our coming. There were no Yankees in sight. They had fled. We hastily disembarked and advanced with unfaltering step, valorously flourishing our oars over our heads and preserving our *lines* unbroken—as we proposed to fish. Your correspondent having heard of a celebrated spring near at hand went to see it, but it had sprung a leak and was no more. Your correspondent concluded, after grave deliberation, that it had run dry. We then went on

A TOUR OF DISCOVERY

up the hill back of the broken wharf where we had landed. Seeing some old and untenanted houses in the distance we went up to one of them which was in a little better repair than the others; and, as the doors were nailed and no one was present to let us in, our tender and diminutive feet were put into practice, and they did such good service that in a short while the obstinate door swung lazily back upon its rusty hinges.

In the middle of the room, upon a yielding floor we stand, and, as we look around at the broken plastering, the mouldering wainscot, the shattered chimney, the disjointed fire-place, and the rickety shutters, we can but think of and picture to ourselves the time when these deserted rooms echoed with the merry laughter and gladsome prattle of children. On yonder broken hearth the cheery fire blazes and the homely tea-kettle simmers away, while the wife and mother stirs busily about laying the snowy cloth and rattling the crockery, making preparations for the evening's repast, crowning with "simple plenty" the sturdy oaken table that stood where we now stand. And the stalwart son of toil, the husband and the father, coming in from well-tilled fields, ensconces himself cosily in his old arm-chair; and an expression of placid content steals over his honest sun-browned face as his eyes rest long and lovingly upon the comely form of her whom long years ago, when her cheeks were mantled with the blood of youth, he promised to love, honor and protect. All are gone now, and this is no fit dwelling place for Life and Thought. "There is no more of mirth and merry-making sound." All things are left a prey to the merciless tooth of Time.

But we see that there is life in the midst of death; the old dwelling is tenanted by some very youthful swallows. The mother-bird has built her nest on the side of the chimney near the upper wall; and, with irreverent curiosity and unpardonable hard-heartedness, we take it down and peer into it; whereupon its wee and skinny occupants indulge in a prolonged and simultaneous yawn. We have doubtless broken in upon their afternoon siesta. So, after admiring for a while the grace of their movements, and the symmetry and regularity of their features, we put the nest back in a safe place and leave the birdies to repose undisturbed.

At 3 P. M. we left the Bluff and started

BACK TO RICHMOND.

After having pulled a mile or so, three steamers came up, and we danced a while most merrily upon the rolling waves; whereat your correspondent, who is a church member (and doesn't know how to swim), and is

opposed to dancing, was much disturbed, and his conscientious qualms were by no means quieted by the boisterous way in which the spray splashed upon us as our craft would rise and sink upon the troubled surface of the waters. After a time the waves subsided, and we rowed away again; but in the meantime a storm had been brewing, and as the river gets to be fractious, we pull under a bridge over which the coal-trucks are wont to pass when used in unloading vessels. There was a schooner near at hand, so we moored alongside of her and tried to make the best of a bad situation. But the rain came down upon the coal-dust over our heads, and the coal-dust over our heads came down upon us so much to our beauty's hurt that we made haste to board the schooner and hide our heads under a piece of canvas; not, however, until our collars and cuffs, shirts and cravats, had taken on a hue that will doubtless call forth a few extempore remarks from solicitous mammas and amiable washerwomen.

After a brief interval, during which our Commodore tasted of the luxury of woe in the form of cramp, and had to be rubbed down with a brick, we started out again and soon pulled into port, somewhat weary, somewhat wet, somewhat stiff and somewhat sore. But we had a good time, and topped off the day's entertainment at *The Young Folk's Rendezvous*.

L. W. ROSE, Jr.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Now fades the sun, and one by one
 The stars gleam soft and fair;
 No robin sings, no swallow wings
 Its eager flight in air,
 But on silent dews distill,
 To fall in fairy rain,
 And only whispering breezes thrill
 The hush of grove and plain.

The lily slumbers on the lake,
 Where not a ripple stirs;
 The hare lies crouched amid the brake,
 The partridge 'neath the firs,
 And down the roses droop
 Their crimson and their snow,
 And poppies hide their scarlet pride,
 And wait the hour to blow.

Good-night! good-night! the moon will light
 The east before the dawn,
 And stars arise to gem the skies
 Where these have journeyed on,

Good-night! and sweetest dreams be thine
 Through all their shining way,
 Till darkness goes, and bird and rose
 With rapture greet the day.—*Edna Dean Proctor.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We loll back in our easy chair—this is metaphorical, our chair being made of the hardest pine we have ever come in contact with—and look at our fellow students gathered about us, giving this one a familiar nod and that one a cordial grasp of the hand. While we are sorry to miss so many old faces, we are not the less pleased to greet the new ones. We say to one and all, “Welcome to our sanctum. Welcome to our Alma Mater.”

One word to our new friends; the *Messenger* is an institution; with this issue it begins its sixth volume, and while it is under the control of the two societies, it is especially desired that each student shall consider the magazine as his own, and shall contribute articles whenever he shall feel so disposed, for it is our aim that the *Richmond College Messenger* shall represent Richmond College Students.

While it is a rule with us that our magazine shall contain original matter only, we have gladly made an exception in favor of the ably written article on our second page. We do this first, because it was written by an old student, one who endeared himself to our hearts by his genial manner and manly bearing. With student and professor, he was alike a favorite. Mr. Bayne’s ability as a student was marked, mastering Greek in two years, receiving two diplomas outside of the regular course, he took M. A. in ’72, and B. L. in ’78. We remember what a large and brilliant audience listened to his valedictory address, and how, as he came down from the platform, one of our most prominent city pastors handed him a bouquet, accompanied by his courtliest bow and one of his neatest remarks. We learn that Mr. Bayne is doing well in his chosen profession—that of the bar; this, however, is no more than is to be expected, for as a lawyer, he is characterized by the same energy and perseverance that made him prominent here. All success to Howard. May we see him at the head of his profession.

A second reason we had for inserting this article is, that we are convinced that the college should have a boat club. Our local editor has, however, referred to this point. “A word to the wise is sufficient.”

Let two or three students put their heads together, call a meeting, organize, and the thing is done.

Speaking of the boat club, reminds us of the "Trip down the James," written by our friend Sandie Rose. We have but one word to say in reference to this article. The writer does not do Billy Dinker justice. The fact is, we know something about that trip. We know that "special artist" was also special reporter, and not only did he surrender his sketches, which were unequaled by any thing in that line, and which most unfortunately do not appear in our magazine, but, in the innocence of his heart, he also gave up his notes to "your correspondent," and "your correspondent" hardly mentions him. Such is gratitude. At this present time, it would not be safe to come in sight of Billy Dinker. It is well that self-styled "your correspondent" has left, for we have reason to know that Billy has returned. However, notwithstanding, we are sorry to lose Sandie, and wish him all success at the Seminary in Alexandria.

IN MEMORIAM.

We give below the resolutions drawn up in memory of the late John Henry Smith, our lamented fellow-student:—

WHEREAS, it has pleased an allwise Providence to remove from our midst, our beloved and cherished school-mate, John Henry Smith, be it

Resolved, 1. That in his death, we, the students of Richmond College, have lost a true friend, an unselfish companion, a diligent student and a humble Christian, whom we loved and whose memory we shall ever cherish.

2. That we extend to his bereaved family our sincere sympathy, rejoicing at the same time that he died not without hope, and that our loss is his eternal gain.

3. That in their sorrow, we commend them to a compassionate Saviour, who having Himself wept over the grave of a friend, knows how to wipe away all tears from the eyes of those mourning the loss of one so dear.

4. That these resolutions be published in the *Religious Herald*, *Franklin Herald*, the *Messenger*, and a copy of the same be sent to the members of the afflicted family.

GEORGE C. ABBIT, W. G. HIX, W. J. DECKER.	}	Committee.
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PHILOLOGIAN HALL, October 4, 1880.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God to take from us, since the close of last session, our beloved brother, John Henry Smith,

Resolved, 1. That in his death the the Philologian Society has lost a faithful member, one who always had its best interests at heart, and who, by a prompt and conscientious discharge of every duty, reflected honor, not only upon himself, but upon his society.

2. That we individually have lost a friend sincere and true, a counsellor whose judgment was clear and unbiased, and whose advice was safe and honorable.

3. That while we deplore his loss as well nigh irreparable, we thank God for the bright christian example of honor, virtue and devotion to truth which he has left us. And we rejoice in the well-grounded belief that he is now at rest with those who are sanctified through the blood of the Lamb.

4. That we sympathize with the bereaved family in their grief for a dutiful son and loving brother.

5. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our society, that they be published in the *Messenger*, and that a copy of them be sent to the family of the deceased.

L. C. CATLETT,	} Committee.
R. H. GARNETT,	
A. J. REAMY.	

KAPPA ALPHA HALL, ETA CHAPTER,
October 4th, 1880.

WHEREAS, God in his omnipotence has removed from our midst our beloved brother, John Henry Smith, just as he was entering upon a manhood full of brilliant promise; Therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That in his death the Kappa Alpha Fraternity has lost a true knight, its members a devoted friend, and society, one of its brightest ornaments.

2. That while we are unable to express our sorrow at his death, yet we rejoice in the blessed belief that he is now among those who are on the right hand of God, and that there will be no sorrow there.

3. That we cherish fondly the memory of a brother so dear to us, and that we endeavor to make our lives conform more nearly to the noble example which he set for us.

4. That as an outward token of their deep grief, the members of Eta Chapter wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

5. That we tender to his bereaved family our most tender and heartfelt sympathies in their great affliction.

6. That these resolutions be spread on the record of Eta Chapter, and be sent to the *Kappa Alpha Journal*, and to the *Richmond College Messenger* for publication, and that copies of the same be sent to the members of his afflicted family.

JNO. E. WIATT,	}	Committee.
C. PURYEAR.		
JNO. J. GÜNTER.		

LOCALS.

“R-a-a-a-t!”

“Halloo, old boy! Have a pleasant summer? what’s your ticket?”

College opened on the 23d with a larger number of matriculates than usual, and with all the prospects indicating a successful session. The buildings and grounds have been greatly improved. The wood-work on the college and cottage has been freshly painted. Where the front campus was terraced last year, the grass has grown and greatly bettered the aspect of the lawn. The stumps of the trees which fell victims to the zeal of the base-ballers last year still remain. The patch of white-wash and paint which needlessly adorned the front of the left wing has been removed, and we are nearly happy.

The prettiest thing on wheels—our girl on parlor skates.

One of the noticeable features in this year’s attendance, is the large number of new students who have come to grace our college. We miss many familiar faces, but we hope there is no hidden meaning in such a condition of affairs, and that the students don’t get tired of us in two or three sessions.

Mount Vesuvius is said to have excellent lava-tory facilities.

We call attention to the article on boating, which appears in this number. We believe this is the regular time for poking the students up on the subject of a boat-club. So we will content ourselves with using this article as a poker, and let the boys take any action they deem best. Our duty is done.

One of our graduates has his sign hung out down town. “J. L., Jr., attorney at law.” Immediately underneath, a prominent newspaper has its sign, “*Richmond Christian Advocate.*” Singular coincidence.

A signal failure—a handkerchief flirtation with a green youth.

Our exchanges have been mislaid during the summer, and consequently we are unable to make any extended notice of them. Our exchange editor says nothing, but wipes his bloody sword and longs for gore.

The gymnasium has been repaired, and the giants of the rope and bars will now be contented, that is, for a few days; then the novelty will wear off, and the apparatus will once more be left to the destroying teeth of the elements and disuse. Mark our prediction.

The College Mess has been supplied with new furniture. And now they call themselves the Knights of the Round Tables, from the peculiar shape of those useful articles.

DE CIMICE.

To sleep—or not to sleep—that is the question.
 Whether 'tis nobler in a man to suffer
 The stings and torments of outrageous insects,
 Or to take arms against a swarm of bedbugs,
 And by quicksilver slay them? To rest, to sleep
 No more? And by a dose to say we end
 Those creatures and the concomitant ills;
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To sleep? Impossible.
 To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub—
 For in that ghastly sleep what dreams may come
 (When we have shuffled off our day-time garments),
 Of Bedbugs revelling wild, and high carnival holding,
 O'er our unconscious forms.
 For who would bear the consuming cuts and bites,
 The pangs of scorned appeals, the janitor's delay,
 When he himself his quietus might make
 With the judicious use of Kerosene.
 Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the terrific thought,
 That were we of these bugs to kill a thousand,
 Ten thousand more would 'tend the funeral!

Richmond College Messenger, published by the literary societies, Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian, send us an exceedingly creditable number, which does its staff of young editors honor. Commencement week fills up its pages to the exclusion of the usual literary productions. The account of the Jollification, by L. W. Rose, Jr., is well written.—*Baltimore Presbyterian.*

PERSONALS.

N. B. Dial is at Vanderbilt University.

W. G. Forbes, B. L., is employed in the Richmond Post-Office.

W. S. Holland, B. L., is doing well in his law business at Windsor, Isle of Wight county, Virginia. We hear he made a good deal of *rep* in a recent murder case, which is no more than we had expected.

Tom Kilby won't be with us this session, for which we are very sorry. We'll miss him.

A. May spent the summer in Poughkeepsie, New York, at Eastman's Business College. He intends to go into business in New Orleans. *Gluck, Gus!*

I. Morton Mercer, M. A., is at the Louisville Seminary.

Wyndham R. Meredith, B. L., is practising law in the city.

J. H. Nelms, is associate editor of the "*Smithfield News*," where he is also practising law. We noticed in his paper the following: "A good whiskey sling—sling the bottle out of the window." He should have added that they didn't do that in his part of the country until they had exhausted the contents.

We learn that Jas. D. Perkins, B. L., is meeting with success in his law-practice.

L. W. Rose, Jr., has gone to the Alexandria Seminary. He contributes an article to this number. We hope to hear from him frequently.

Carter Wade goes to the University of Virginia to study medicine. His brother, Wm. A. Wade, has left for V. M. I.

R. H. Winfree is teaching school.

W. A. Vaughan paid us a visit a few days after the commencement of the session. He will teach school for a year, and then take medicine at the University.

Prof. Wm. Valentine has accepted the chair of Modern Languages for a year. He is a gentleman of fine attainments, and the college is fortunate in having secured his services.

Prof. Curry has resumed his duties after a pleasant European tour.

Manly B. Curry, '78-'79, is practising law in Richmond.

Messrs. Gordon B. Moore, McManaway, Huff, and J. J. Taylor, are at the Louisville Theological Seminary.

Chas. W. Tanner, '77-'78, was married on the 14th of September, to Miss Ruth Hardgrove, of Gamble's hill, Richmond. Our heartiest congratulations to our popular young friend.

We saw our friend Netherland, '78-'79, a few days since. He is connected with the Singer Sewing Machine Company in Richmond, and is looking well and hearty.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

The father and founder of our magazine was the Rev. Hugh C. Smith. He it was who first started a journal at Richmond College. If we are not misinformed its name was "*The Mercury.*" Hugh, not then Rev., was editor, proprietor, printer, devil, proof-reader, &c., &c. He insisted that we ought to have a paper to represent us, and his enterprise and industry so impressed the students that they took the paper in hand and brought it out under a new form as the "*Monthly Musings.*" Not yet satisfied with its title and believing it should have a more dignified exterior, at the beginning of session '78-'79, its friends and well-wishers persuaded the societies to hold a joint session, and there, in solemn conclave, it was clad in a new garb and rechristened as the *Richmond College Messenger*. All honor to Hugh Smith. On all sides we hear him praised, and at the closing exercises of last session we had the pleasure of meeting him, and it did our heart good to hear him in his easy, polished manner talk about the "good old times." He is at present engaged in pastoral work and is also the editor of a thriving paper.
