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# Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. VI. RICHMOND, VA., NOVEMBER, 1880.

NO. 2.

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## WILL THE SHADOWS BE LIFTED?

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow?

Does the sun ever shine in vain?

And the clouds that are loud in their sorrow,

Will they ever cease weeping again?

Will the fields e'er put on their greenness,

And the flowers bloom sweet as before?

Will the sky, in its bluest sereneness,

Look smilingly on us once more?

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow

From my heart, in its grief storm-rent?

Will hope, the kind soother of sorrow,

With her bow of sorrow be sent?

Will the waves of my life's troubled fountains

Ever cease in their ebb and flow?

Will the shadows that darken my pathway

Be scattered like phantoms of woe?

Ah! yes, will the shadows be lifted

From hill-top and valley and plain,

And life, giving sunshine and gladness,

Replenish the drear earth again?

And, then, will the weeping of nature

Be hushed by a joy-giving ray,

And the beauty of sunset, as ever,

Be loveliest hour of day?

Ah! yes, will the shadows be lifted

From my pathway, so dreary and lone?

And the dark, drear clouds will be rifted,

Though I walk amid darkness and shadows,

One promise unailing is mine;

I know in a future to-morrow

About me *one* love will entwine.—*Selected.*

## THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

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The future of the negro in America, is a question of the greatest importance to the whole country, but especially to the South. It is, however, a very difficult one which, from its very nature, cannot be solved definitely at any near period of time. Yet we may observe the present condition of the negro, compare it with what it was twenty years ago, mark the changes, note the progress, if any, which has been made, and thus form some idea of the future of this race.

The question is to be viewed socially and politico-economically. These two standpoints seem at first to be quite distinct and independent of each other ; but just as the spirit of the law is carried out, to just that extent will the condition of society be but the reflex of the law. When the negroes were set free, they were looked upon as the political inferiors of the white man as they are still looked upon as his social inferiors. But since then, amendments have been made to the Constitution of the United States, by which they are recognized by the law as fully the equals of the white man, and no distinction is to be made on account of "race, color or previous condition of servitude." Here, then we have them, full-fledged citizens, possessing all the rights and privileges of American citizenship. But what changes for the better, what advancement have they made in consequence of the new power thus suddenly bestowed upon them? Instances are rare in which they have accumulated property. They are improvident of the future. They live for the present ; from hand to mouth. They do not care to work, if they have enough to satisfy their present wants. They have made very few changes for the better since the removal of all the political disadvantages under which they labored. Nor is their social standing any higher. But if, as was said above, equality before the law tends to social equality, will not the negro finally be recognized as the equal of the white man, socially as well as politically? I think not. Between two races so entirely different as the Caucasian and negro, there is an antipathy implanted by nature and too strong to be overcome by human legislation. Here are two races thus different by nature, thrown together in one country, and, in the eyes of the law equal. Yet they cannot be equal. One race or the other must necessarily be inferior. There is no need of argument to show that in this case the negro is the inferior. The history of the two races is a sufficient proof of this. What, then, will be the result of this antipathy or feeling of repugnance between the races? The extermination of the weaker? Clearly, no. The past has shown that there is no tendency in that direction.



The negro is too useful to the white man for this to take place. It is almost certain that this fate awaits the American Indians. But their's is a different case. They are stubborn and haughty of spirit, and refuse to yield obedience to the superior race. The result is, that they have been driven farther and farther West, their numbers decreasing as they go, until, judging from present appearances, they will soon disappear from the face of the earth. But how with the negro? From the first time he came in contact with the white man he has been treated as an inferior. He looks up to the white man as his superior. He is slow to assert himself. He avails himself of his political rights, but avoids claiming a position of social equality with the white man. In nearly all the States of the Union, there are laws against the intermarriage of whites and blacks. It is likely that these laws will remain. But even if they were removed from the statute books, nature has raised a barrier against miscegenation, stronger than any laws which can be enacted in Legislative or Congressional halls. Pride of race will prevent it. By amalgamation, the negro would be elevated to some degree, but the detriment which the white man would suffer would be incalculably greater. It is not at all probable that the whites will ever sacrifice themselves in this way. Will then the negroes, finding that they can never be recognized as equals, segregate themselves from the whites and refuse to mingle with them in any way? I do not think that this is at all probable. The two races have had dealings with each other so long, and their interests are so interconnected that such a state of things will be impossible. Whatever ideas of religion they may have they have derived from the white people. Their mutual interests must bring them together, but perhaps some may think that at some future time the negro will emigrate from this country. Liberia is a witness against this. There is a country to which they can go if they wish, and govern themselves according to their own ideas, unrestrained by being with another and more powerful race. But they have shown very little disposition to leave this country and go to one which they know nothing about. So that it is almost certain that they will remain here and will be connected with us in business relations. We have seen, too, that they can never become the equal, socially, of the white people. And although the law declares them to be the equal, politically, of the white man, yet they will never be able to rise to any position of authority in the administration of the government. Shall we have men in positions of honor and trust whom we look upon as social inferiors? Besides, they own no property, or nearly none; they take a very small part in supporting the government, and this of itself ought to exclude them from any important part in its administration. So they will never take a prominent part in the government of the



country. But what will be the final and permanent position which they will occupy? This is a question which time alone can answer, and the solution of which we may not live to see; but when the disturbed and unsettled elements of our society, made a molten mass by the fiery heat of internal commotion, shall have cooled down and each part and particle shall have taken its appointed place in its appointed stratum, then and not till then will this question attain its proper solution. But when that time comes, the people of our whole country will be able to view the question with unbiased minds, free from sectional hate and prejudice, and will inevitably conclude that the negro is the inferior of the white man, and that his short-comings cannot be made up by anything that man can do for him. There must always be menials; the poor must always serve the rich, the inferior the superior. Increased machinery but increases production. There will always be need of laborers and mechanics. They may be improved and elevated as civilization advances, but they must always be subservient to those above them. With this class, I think, from all that has been said, will the lot of the negro be cast.

RICHMOND.

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### SUCCESS.

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[We give a place in our columns to a speech delivered by Mr. Geo. C. Bundick at the reunion meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society.—Eds.]

Success is a thing which mankind of all ages, and the majority of individuals comprising all classes of society, have been pre-eminently desirous of obtaining, and purpose some time or other to achieve. The fact that we are in attendance upon the exercises of this institution, is an evidence that we are not satisfied with our present attainments, but that we long to take at least one step higher; we have placed ourselves under the instruction of the excellent gentlemen comprising the faculty of this institution, that our resources may be developed, our intellects expanded, and that thus we may be better enabled to gain the means that shall place us in a higher sphere than the one which we at present occupy.

I am aware that there are those who cry out against success, and say it is not essential to happiness, but it is because they are unwilling to pay the price which it demands. The path to success was never one of roses, and daily it becomes thornier, and the competition fiercer than ever before.

Although the path to success has been frequently traveled, yet it has

never been made smooth and easy. Individual after individual has trampled the briars and broken down the bushes growing therein, yet the soil is so fertile, so productive, that the trampling of the briars and the breaking down of the bushes tends, it seems, only to prune them, and spontaneously they grow so that ere the next individual comes along the trampled briars have become sharper, and the broken bushes stouter and thicker than ever before. If you are striving for success, if that is the destination to which you purpose traveling, many are the scratches you will receive, and many are the efforts which you will have to make before you reach it. But although the labor expended, the energies exerted, and the hardships and privations endured, may be great, yet the prize when once gained is more than sufficient to compensate for all the efforts put forth in endeavoring to attain it.

What if success does not always bring with it happiness and contentment, there are exceptions to all things, and why should this be an exception to that more general rule. But I contend while it may not always bring with it happiness and contentment, yet the higher degree of happiness and perfect contentment cannot be gained without it. I know contentment is a jewel. And that there is a doctrine strenuously and extensively advocated, that a person should be contented in whatever condition of life he is placed, or whatever may be the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and by being contented he is made happy, and that those who are the most successful, either in scientific and literary pursuits, or in the accumulation of wealth, are often not by a great deal the most happy and contented persons.

Success I am well aware does not always impart the happiness which it at first seems to give. Many of the apparently great prizes in life often turn out blanks. The fruit which has the richest rind is often rotten at the core. But while this is so, yet I believe man is so constituted that he cannot be contented and happy when in the midst of perpetual failure, when success never crowns his efforts. I believe that success is identical with happiness, and that a "sublime discontent," as Richter calls it, is a sign of man's elevation above all that is merely animal, and a prophecy of his immortality. I believe that the individual who starts out in life determined to be as happy if failure hangs out her banner in full colors in his face as if prosperity's sun shined upon him with her most glaring rays, or success with streaming pinions perched upon his banner, I say that the individual who starts out in life with this as his motto, will never be successful; he will live, move, breathe and pass off the stage of life and be heard of no more. And why? Because he will have done nothing by which he can be remembered and nothing for which he should be re-



membered, and consequently like the insects of yesterday be forgotten even in his own immediate vicinity.

Keats says, "There is no more hell than the failure in a great attempt." Though this is strong language, yet involved in it is a vast amount of truth. Upon what worse sight can we look than upon a person who has been confessedly and uniformly unsuccessful. The world will not tolerate such a person. Such a person will be elbowed out of the way and others allowed to take his place. A uniformly unsuccessful student does not long command the respect of professors or students at this institution. You have many inducements offered that should cause you to endeavor to be successful. A student who earnestly and zealously tries to succeed seldom fails. The professors and students generally judge success by a different standard from which the world is accustomed to judge it. As far as my observation has extended during the time I have been at this institution, men are judged by inside rather than outside; by their character rather than coat; by their brains rather than their boots; and not so much by their brains as by the manner in which they use them.

If you wish to accomplish some good, if you wish to attain to greatness and gain celebrity and a name that shall go thundering down the corridors of time, until it shall have been heard reverberating throughout every portion of the civilized world, and which shall stand firm even amid the crash of worlds and wreck of matter, the only way by which you can accomplish this, is through the path of success. As I said in the beginning, the way is rough and thorny, and the air is foul and gloomy, but when once reached, it leads into walks that are shaded with laurels, and into regions where the air is pure and exhilarating, while on an eminence above you there beams from the face of the goddess of contentment and happiness a flood of light which spreads a halo of glory upon her votaries.

To travel the path that leads to success four things are pre-eminently necessary. These are concentration, gathering up the fragments of time, industry and perseverance.

The foundation to a successful life must be laid early. Repeatedly have I heard old students who were inclined to be indolent, say that their indolence was more to be attributed to the habits which they contracted during their first session, than to anything else. If you wish to have a successful college career, at the beginning of your college life is the time to begin. If there are old students who have determined to acquire new habits of study and exert greater energies, now, at the beginning of the session is the time to acquire them.

Concentration is pre-eminently an essential to a student's success. The power of instantly drawing the attention from one thing and plac-



ing it upon another, is a faculty which every one who wishes to succeed as a student must acquire. Without having it to a greater or less extent, no real studying can be done. He who possesses the powers of concentration has an advantage in point of time over him who does not. He who has the power at a moment's notice of drawing in his scattered thoughts and concentrating them, is not only on a fair way to a successful college career, but he has a power that will urge him on, whatever may be the profession he chooses as the work of his life.

Time is an important factor to a young man who enters college. Often times during the session you will hear the cry about being pressed for time. Time is the most precious thing in all the world. It is the only thing which it is our duty to be envious of, and yet the only thing in the universe to which all men are delinquents. Time is so precious that never but one moment is allowed at once, and that is always taken away before another is given. Says Richter, "Thou can'st not for a single moment delay the flight of time. Above hangs unchanged the future, underneath grows the past, and becomes always the larger the farther it flies back. Thou askest, 'What remains with me?' I answer, 'The present,' 'Time is the chrysalis of eternity.'"

Says a Southern authoress, the greatest woman writer in America, "Oh Time! thou greatest of all anomalies; friend, yet foe. Preserver, yet destroyer; Where art thou great immemorial? When shall thy wondrous mechanism be dissolved? When shall the pall of obscurity descend upon thy Herculean net-work? Voice, of the past echo through thy deserted temples and shriek along thy bulwarks—never, no never!"

Says F. W. Robertson, one of England's most eloquent ministers, "Have you ever seen one of those marble statues in some public square or garden which art has finished into a perennial fountain, that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream on and on forever; and the marble stands there passive, cold, making no efforts to arrest the gliding drops. It is so time flows through the hands of men, swift, never pausing until it has run itself out, and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what is passing away forever."

Time is too important a thing to be wasted, yet recklessly, indeed, do men squander that which will never come again. It is a truth that cannot be too often repeated, that lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance and medicine; but time once lost, is gone forever. And we lose it not with deliberation or set purpose, but from sheer neglect and thoughtlessness.

There are many of us who daily lose an hour or two from the neglect



to gather up the fragments of time. Those who have accomplished the most in the world, were those who paid the greatest attention to the economy of time, who took care of the minutes, left the hours to take care of themselves. A surprisingly large amount of work may be accomplished by a student simply by taking care of the odd moments. A German physician committed the Greek Iliad to memory during the snatches of time between one patient's residence and the next. Dr. Mason Good translated the whole of Lucretia into English verse while walking from one patient's residence to the next. Hugh Miller, while working as a stoneman, learned to read and write, became master of one of the most brilliant and facile styles, and one of the most eminent scientists of the nineteenth century. Elihu Burritt, while working at his forge, learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects. Simpson, while working on his bench, became one of the greatest astronomers of his age.

The history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry. Not an eminent capitalist, not an eminent scientist, not an eminent philosopher or logician, not an eminent orator or writer has lived who was not an example of it. All history proves conclusively, that if a man gains success, it must be through industry. "Heaven helps those who help themselves" is a maxim bodying in a small compass the result of a vast human experience. Diligence is the mother of success. Diligence is the only safe road, in fact it is the only road to success. The spirit of industry strengthens the individual, and exhibited in the life of many it constitutes the source of national strength and vigor. Yet in contradiction to this, the almost universal opinion seems to be that industry can effect nothing, that natural genius and talent is everything, and that eminence is the result of accident. I know we have pretty descriptions sometimes given us by poets and novelists of nature spontaneously providing for her favorite offspring, but this class of writers never knew how to keep to plain matter of fact, and are fit to be read only for the purpose of developing our powers of description and imagination. The student who thinks that he has without work natural talent sufficient to carry him successfully through the course of instruction embraced in this institution, will find himself in the end miserably deceived. He will find that by their habits of industry, persons whom he thought almost brainless, advancing far above him. If you wish to attain to scientific or literary distinction, you must never slacken, but if possible, increase your efforts. Remember that Demosthenes spent three months in a subterranean study, elaborating and retouching a single oration. That Virgil pronounced the *Æneid* imperfect after eleven years work. Tasso's manuscripts were almost illegible with corrections. It is said of



George Whitfield, one of the most famous and eloquent ministers that ever lived, that his grandest efforts were made from texts from which he had preached at least forty times, that every sentence had been pruned, and every worthless sentence cast out, and every gesture studied to the best possible advantage.

To prove that industry enables us to rise above and triumph over the difficulties and obstacles placed in our way, we might mention a long list of men, who though dunces when boys, afterwards became distinguished in scientific and literary pursuits. But a few will suffice. Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest mathematician of his age, and the discoverer of the laws of gravitation, when a boy was one of the dullest. Dean Swift, Cook and Chalmers were dunces. Even Sheridan and Sir Walter Scott were called by their teachers incorrigible dunces. Stephenson when a youth, was distinguished for nothing except boxing and wrestling. These men gained success and renown through their untiring industry and perseverance.

A man may have concentration, gather up the odd moments, have industry and not be successful unless he persevere. I would therefore say to all of you, take as your motto "*Perseverantia omnia vincit.*" Never lay aside a lesson because it is hard until you have finished it. Never give up a mathematical problem because it is tough, until you have worked it. Never grow despondent and faint-hearted, because you may think the influence of constitution is against you. Many of you know the obstacles which obstructed Homer's path to glory. Most of you know the influence of constitution against which the Grecian orator had to contend. His lungs he strengthened by climbing the steep and rugged mountains. His stammering he corrected with pebbles in his mouth. His voice he improved by haranguing the winds and waves on the surge-beaten shores. Let their successful efforts encourage you. Let no ordinary obstacles dishearten you. Let no ordinary attainments satisfy you. Take as your standard *excelsior*, and never rest satisfied nor slacken your efforts until you have reached it.

Towards the attainment of mental superiority, some of you have made progress. But though you may now be a youth of promise, yet long and diligently must you trim your lamp until the "wee sma' hours o' the night," before you arrive at the full stature of intellectual manhood.

Allow me to say before concluding, that although in attaining success, the labor expended and the privations endured may be great, yet can any sacrifices seem too great, any discipline too severe which shall enable us to act a more conspicuous part or exert a more controlling influence over the masses who surround us?



PETER THE GREAT.

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In contemplating the history of a nation, the mind loves to dwell upon that period, if such there be in her history, when she suddenly bursts asunder the bonds of barbarism, takes up her march along the highway of progress and reform, and heads her course for the happy domain of civilization. The chief reason of this is that here is found exhibited in an extraordinary degree that energy, that determination, that disinterestedness, that bold daring and hardihood, which is so essential to heroism, and so necessary to the existence of what the mind regards as greatness.

The best example of this furnished by modern history is Russia under Peter the Great. Prior to the reign of this great prince, the history of Russia, now the representative Slavonic nation of the world, was but an annal of gross barbarism and revolting tyranny. Almost isolated from the rest of the world, weighed down by Tartar despotism, torn by internal jealousies, and a prey to every vice, she long remained in darkness after the other nations of Europe had become powerful and reformed. Her princes were embodiments of immorality and licentiousness; her population rude, barbarous, superstitious and ignorant; her religion a corrupted Christianity which failed to destroy, and scarcely alleviated the traits of barbarous life, while the clergy wielded an enormous power, which, however, was rendered subservient to the interests of absolutism.

“Such was Russia when Peter, the son of Alexis Michaelovitz, ascended the throne in 1682—a boy ten years of age. He early exhibited great sagacity and talent, but was addicted to gross pleasures. These, strangely, did not enervate him or prevent him from making considerable attainments. But he was mostly distinguished for a military spirit, which was treated with contempt by the Regent Sophia, daughter of Alexis by a first marriage. As soon however as her eyes were opened to his varied studies and his ambitious spirit, she became jealous and attempted to secure his assassination. In this she failed, and the youthful sovereign reigned supreme in Moscow at the age of seventeen.”

No sooner was he seated upon the throne of the Romanoffs than he began to conceive projects of reform, both in manners and government. It was then that a series of internal revolutions commenced which Russia had never before witnessed. Full of energy and courage, he found nothing too arduous for him to undertake; his genius blazed forth with singular brilliancy, while the rapid development of his pow-



ers became the subject of universal wonder. A standing army of twenty thousand men, officered and equipped according to the European model, was soon established; the long beard of the soldiers cut off, their robes taken away, and their Asiatic dress changed for one of more convenience. The idea of a navy was then conceived, and a plan for its completion projected.

But these efforts were met with opposition on the part of his subjects. They were too strongly attached to the old *regime* to submit quietly to such changes. Being a semi-barbarous and a semi-Asiatic people, they viewed with extreme jealousy every attempt to introduce the civilization of modern Europe. At length their disaffection broke out into open rebellion. But Peter was too earnest and too determined to be balked by this. With his characteristic courage and cruelty he soon suppressed the rebellion, executing the principal conspirators.

This ended, he returned to his work of reform. As before mentioned, he had conceived the idea of constructing a navy. To gain the requisite knowledge he travelled over Europe *incognito*, and learned the trade of a ship-carpenter. He visited the principal ship-building countries, clambered up the sides of ships, ascended the rigging, descended into the hold, and worked and studied until he mastered all the details of ship-building. But he was suddenly called home by the rebellion of the *Strelitz* guard, which he soon suppressed, punishing them with unsparing rigor, even executing thirty of them with his own hand.

Having satisfactorily improved and disciplined his army, Peter's next great work was to reform the people. He abolished the long Asiatic robe and the Tartar beard; he issued an edict for the toleration of all religions and sects, except the Jesuits, whom he feared and hated; caused the Bible to be translated into the Slavonic tongue; founded schools and humane institutions; remodelled the old odious laws relating to marriage; suppressed the useless monasteries; taxed the clergy as well as the laity; humiliated the patriarch and assumed many of his powers; improved the administration of justice; mitigated the condition of woman, and elevated her social rank; established boards of trade, post offices and a vigorous police; humbled the nobility and became a benefactor to the people.

And now, having completed social reforms and having organized his army, he resolved to gratify his ruling passion and turned his attention to war, military conquests and national aggrandizements. In the year 1697 he formed an alliance with Frederic Augustus of Poland, and Frederic IV of Denmark, against Charles XII, the youthful king of Sweden. Charles and Peter, at the heads of their respective armies, met soon after at Narva, and after a long and heavy engagement, the



Russians, although outnumbering the Swedes ten to one, were routed with innumerable loss. Though greatly chagrined by this defeat, the Czar, nevertheless, was not discouraged. While the enemy were exulting in triumphs, he was learning lessons of great importance from defeat. Contemplating his strength and his weakness, his inexperience and unlimited resources, he had made up his mind for defeat in the beginning, but was sure of final success. "I know very well," said he, "that the Swedes will have the advantage over us for a considerable time; but they will teach us, at length, to beat them."

While Charles turned his victorious arms against his other enemies, Peter began making new military preparations. He invaded the Swedish provinces on the east side of the Baltic, and annexed them to his empire. He took Narva by storm, and built the fortresses of Schlüsselburg and Cronstadt. He organized new armies, melted bells into cannons, constructed fleets and canals, inspired his soldiers with his own enthusiasm; at the same time attending to the complicated cares of a mighty nation with the utmost assiduity.

About this time Peter determined to build a new capital for the Russian Empire. The site he selected was among the marshes at the mouth of the Neva. At an enormous expense, and with almost incredible labors, he caused the islands to be drained, and in five months arose the city of St. Petersburg, a rival to the ancient metropolis of the Empire. The new city was an object of disgust to the nobles and the inhabitants of the older cities. In the first year, one hundred thousand of its settlers were carried to their graves by the pestilence. But, notwithstanding these difficulties, the Czar persevered in his enterprise. The city was scarcely built before its commercial advantages were recognized; and vessels from all parts of the world freighted with the various treasures of its different kingdoms, floated in the harbor of Cronstadt.

Two years after the founding of the city of St. Petersburg, the Czar met the peasant girl Catharine, became enamored of her, and finally married her. Although an alliance which brought not to him wealth or political influence, it was one of the wisest, for it was to her counsels that Peter was indebted for much of his success. Her rise from her obscure position in a distant country town, to be the wife of the absolute ruler of sixty-three millions of people, is one of the most extraordinary in the history of the world.

In 1707, Charles XII., having vanquished his other enemies, invaded Russia. Although the Russian army much outnumbered the Swedish, the Czar, profiting by his former experience with those veterans, resolved to reduce the invader by stratagem. He decoyed the Swedes into a waste and barren country, where they spent all their time in

useless marches and counter-marches, and so exhausted the troops by fatigue and famine, that the army of eighty thousand soon melted away to twenty-five thousand. At length they came to an engagement at Pultorva, a village on the banks of the Vorskla. It was one of the bloodiest battles in the whole history of war. The Swedes performed miracles of valor, but could do nothing against such overwhelming odds. Charles suffered a most disastrous defeat, and saved his life but by flight into Turkey.

Charles remained in Turkey for some time, and finally succeeded in embroiling the Turks in a war with Russia. They advanced against Peter with an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men. On the banks of the Pruth, in Moldavia, he found himself surrounded by the whole Turkish force; unconditional surrender seemed inevitable. But by the address of the Czarina Catharine, he was rescued from this desperate and deplorable condition, and was permitted to retire with his whole force.

After his defeat on the banks of the Pruth, Peter again turned his attention to the improvement of his country. He had now reached the exalted position to which he had aspired. He determined to make another tour of Europe, for the purpose of studying the political constitutions of the various states. He visited Hamburg, Stockholm, Lubec, Amsterdam and Paris. He reviewed all the works of art, and was particularly struck with the gobelin tapestries and the tomb of Richelieu. "Great man," said he, apostrophizing his image, "I would give half of my kingdom to learn of thee how to govern the other half." From Paris he went to Berlin, and became the guest of Frederic I, whose tastes somewhat resembled his own, and from whom he learned many useful lessons in the art of government. From Berlin he was suddenly recalled to St. Petersburg by the rebellious conduct of his son and heir, Alexis, who opposed his father's ideas of reform, and publicly announced his intention of restoring the old order of things upon his succession. Peter compelled him to renounce his right to the succession, and threw him into prison where he died. His conduct towards Alexis has generally been condemned as barbarous, and illustrates his familiar saying of himself: "I correct the faults of the Russian people, but not my own." But still this conduct has many palliations if the enlightenment of his subjects was more to be desired than the life of an insignificant prince.

Peter prosecuted with his wonted vigor both his wars and reforms, until the treaty of Neustadt secured to him, after a long period of unbroken war, a vast increase of territory and placed his Empire at the head of the northern nations. After having settled up the affairs of his Empire, subdued all his enemies, and compelled the nobles and



clergy to swear fealty to the person whom he should choose as his successor, he selected his wife Catharine. Accordingly, in 1724, she was crowned empress, Peter himself, at the ceremonies, attending on foot as the captain of her guards.

“In about a year after he died, leaving behind him his principles and a mighty name. Other kings have been greater generals; but few have derived from war greater success. Some have commanded larger armies; but he created those which he commanded. Many have destroyed, but he reconstructed. He was a despot, but ruled for the benefit of his country. He was disgraced by violent passions, his cruelty was sanguinary, and his tastes were brutal; but his passions did not destroy his judgment, nor his appetites make him luxurious. He was incessantly active and vigilant, his prejudices few, his views tolerant and enlightened. He was only cruel when his authority was impeached. His best portraiture is in his acts. He found a country semi-barbarous, convulsed by disorders, a prey to petty tyrannies, weak from disunion, and trembling before powerful neighbors. He left it a first-class power, freed in a measure from its barbarous customs, improved in social life, in arts, in science, and perhaps, in morals. He left a large and disciplined army, a considerable navy, and numerous institutions for the civilization of the people. He left more, the moral effect of a great example, of a man in the possession of unbounded riches and powers, making great personal sacrifices to improve himself in the art of governing for the welfare of the millions over whom he was called to rule. These virtues and these acts have justly won for him the title of Peter the *Great*, a title which the world has bestowed upon but few of the great heroes of ancient or modern times.”

Russ.

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### JOHN HENRY SMITH.

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When the students of Richmond College, who had separated in June, reassembled in September last, one was sadly missed. His memory was in every heart, his name on every tongue.

To preserve among us the recollection of one so tenderly loved, and to hold up a model for our imitation, this account of his life is written.

A. T. and C. W. Smith resided in Gordon county, Ga., and here, on the 18th of July, 1858, John Henry, their youngest son, was born.

Three years later found the South engaged in that struggle which, though of disastrous issue, will ever bring the flush of pride to the

cheek of her true sons, for in it were displayed, as never before, the power and the heroism of the Southern people.

Mr. A. T. Smith engaged with ardor in the cause which he deemed right and honorable, not only giving himself, but sacrificing the large part of his property to its interests. That he might recover more rapidly from the effects of the war, in 1867 Mr. Smith moved to Texas, at first settling in Titus county, and one year afterwards, removing to Franklin county, where he and his wife still live. Here it was that John laid the foundation of his after life. For eight years he assisted his father in the cultivation of his farm and went to school, thus developing himself physically and mentally. In both of these pursuits he showed the industry and zeal which afterwards characterized him. Now comes an era in his life. His character is now to be tested. That he stood the test with honor will be seen from the sequel. At the age of eighteen he severs, to considerable extent, the dearest ties that can bind man to earth, leaves his home and goes forth to prepare himself for the "world's broad field of battle." After spending one session at Furman University he came to Richmond College, in September, 1877, where he remained three sessions. His career at college was a particularly brilliant one. As the result of his first session's work, he gained promotions in the intermediate classes of Latin, Greek and English, and the Second Junior Class of Mathematics. At the end of his second session he was a graduate in Chemistry and Greek and promoted in Intermediate Mathematics. On June 17th, 1880, he obtained diplomas in the schools of Latin, English and Moral Philosophy, and thus took the degree of A. B., and also certificates of promotion in the junior classes of Modern Languages.

The very night on which he took his diplomas he was seized with a distinct chill, followed by fever. Stopping to spend a few days with a friend in Prince Edward county, he began to grow worse, and for that reason he hastened on to the home of his brother, Rev. W. R. L. Smith, of Lynchburg. Reaching that place on the 22d of June, a physician was summoned. For four weeks he lay upon the bed of sickness. At one time the disease seemed to be yielding, and strong hopes of his recovery were entertained, but he again became ill. On Sunday, the 18th instant, he completed his twenty-second year; Tuesday morning he quietly passed away.

It is impossible to contemplate the life of this young man without a deep feeling of admiration and regard for the character which he always sustained. From his earliest days, he was a gentle and loving brother and a source of great pleasure to his parents. His father says of him: "From his youth up, he was kind, tender, affectionate, and obedient, never doing a single act to give us, as parents, pain, and



treating all with whom he associated with such marked respect that he won the confidence of old and young." At college he soon became a favorite. His handsome face and commanding appearance made him conspicuous in any company. In physical strength and bravery he excelled perhaps all his fellows, but he seemed to verify the saying, "The bravest are the tenderest," for his very superiority made him more considerate of those weaker. We see him taking a leading part in all gymnastic exercises and athletic sports, for he believed and practiced the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." As a student, Smith had not many superiors. A few may have been somewhat quicker, but in depth of thought, and strength of intellect, and thoroughness in work, rarely indeed is he equalled. Only once, if then, during his entire collegiate course, was his usual success interrupted. But he was not content with his studies alone; his active mind was rarely at rest, and often, till long past midnight, he was engaged in culling from choice works, and storing away for future use, valuable information. He was a most efficient member of the Philologian Literary Society, and filled with credit to himself and his Society its most important offices. When he joined in the discussion he spoke to the point, and with great force. All who heard it will remember the masterly speech made by him on the "Greenback" question, which was one of the grandest efforts made in our hall since the writer has been connected with this Society. For two sessions John Smith belonged to the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, and was not only one of its brightest ornaments, but also the joy and pride of his brethren. As a friend, he was faithful and true, and his friendship greatly tended to elevate and ennoble. He ever consulted the best interest of his friends and was always ready to give words of encouragement and counsel. Pure in thought, word and deed, he did not appear to suspect others of being different from what they seemed. Indeed, he appeared to have the happy faculty of seeing in his associates all the good and passing over the evil. His judgment was sound and strong. He was not hurried into anything by the impulse of the moment, but was calm and deliberate. So, oftentimes, when his friends were disposed to act without sufficient deliberation, he gently restrained them and pointed out the honorable and safe course.

Is it strange then that one of such noble qualities and so many excellent traits of character should be respected and loved by his companions? It is rare indeed that we see one so universally popular. His pleasing address and knightly bearing won the love of even the coldest of his college mates. The news of his death filled the heart of each one of them with unutterable sadness, and suffused their eyes with



bitter tears. The high esteem in which he was held was clearly proven by the spontaneous tributes of respect which were paid him at the beginning of the present session. At the reunion meetings of the two literary societies, especially at that of the Philologian, speaker after speaker vied with his predecessor in rendering to him befitting praise.

At the age of fifteen, John gave himself to Jesus, and was the first convert baptized by his brother. He ever afterwards adorned the profession which he had made to the world "by a pious walk and a godly conversation," and was a bright and shining light to those by whom he was surrounded. Amid all the cares and perplexities of college life, he never forgot the one object of prime importance, and was never so much engrossed in his studies as to neglect the prayer meetings and anything else which had as its aim the benefit of the spiritual condition of his fellow-students. The influence which he exerted was powerful and salutary. For the purpose of taking a more active part in religious services, he transferred his membership to a small and struggling body, the Clay Street Baptist church of this city, where he regularly attended Sunday-school and preaching. At one time during his college course, as happens with many a thoughtful young man, his serenity was beclouded by speculative doubts. With his accustomed vigor and thoroughness he penetrated these, and during the last session of his pilgrimage was all the more assured in his Christian faith, because he had passed beyond "Doubting Castle." During his last sickness, he was sustained by the religion which had supported him throughout his life. At first, he was impatient, saying that he had no time to be sick. Gradually, however, he became resigned, and comforted himself with the words of Jesus: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." After this he took his medicine without a murmur, and bore pain with fortitude. Sometimes when fever raged highest, he called out names of his college friends. The day before he died he talked freely and clearly about dying. He said that he had hoped to preach the Gospel, but he was willing to go home and be at rest. As the supreme moment approached, he was very happy, and said again and again, "God is so good, God is so good." One of his last utterances was: "Yonder is Jesus opening the gates wider and wider for me to enter in—for me and my father and my mother and all of us." Thus returned unto the God who gave it the spirit of one of the noblest specimens of mankind. Surely each one of us could well wish his own end to be like this.

Four sisters and the brother already mentioned survive him; they grieve not for *him*, for he has now found that sweet rest which he desired.

Viewing it from different standpoints, we see how symmetrical and



beautiful was his character. His life was not the result of chance, but it was founded upon principle, and developed and directed by a Father's hand. May the sweet and purifying influence exerted by John Henry Smith, continue to abide with and pervade the heart of each one of us, his fellow-students, and may we learn from him the true secret of a useful and honorable and successful life.

G.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

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To say nothing about people, when no good can be said of them, is indeed charitable. Few men are so imbued with a spirit of charity as not to speak evil of their fellow-men when a good opportunity is offered. Few men are so modest as not to take the credit for all the good they do. The retiring editors are surely the most charitable men in the world, for they, in their last number, said nothing either about themselves or about their successors. The charity of these editors is only equalled by their modesty. They were too modest to inform the public that Mr. Chambers and Mr. Perkins, having graduated in law, were no longer at college, and that, therefore, the immense labor of getting out the October number of the *Messenger* had devolved upon two men.

We have long thought that Richmond College is exceptional in having a good faculty, good debating societies, a good mess club, and therefore, good students. We knew also that, as a whole, no students were more charitable and modest than Richmond College students. But really, we never thought that the *Messenger* could boast what no other periodical in the world, either secular or religious, can boast, *two modest editors*. But far be it from us to censure charity and modesty, even when exhibited in editors. We thank our predecessors for kindly leaving us unmentioned. We regret, however, that their modesty forbade their taking credit for what they so ably did. We cannot be so modest as they, for we must say, with regret, that Mr. Abbitt is sick, and that the work of four has fallen upon three men, inexperienced as editors. When we were assured that we were chosen to edit the *Messenger*, we were much pleased. We concluded that we were at last recognized by our Societies as men of worth. We thought little of the responsibility, but much of the honor laid upon us. We had visions of a carpeted room, with easy chairs, of fragrant Havanas, &c. We therefore called upon one of the old editors and asked to be conducted into the "Sanctum Sanctorum," of which we had heard so much. This grave and dignified old editor told us that he used his own room as a work-shop, and he supposed we could do as he did. Our dreams

were dissipated. We found that the *Messenger* had no office at college, and that the former editors spoke of editorial *work*. We have already come to the conclusion that the former editors were right in speaking of editorial work. We now realize that we have much to do to keep for the *Messenger* the high place which it has so long held among college journals. We acknowledge our inability to keep the *Messenger* up to the standard of the past, and we therefore call upon our fellow students for assistance. Time and again have the students been reminded that the *Messenger* is their own, that it rests with them to make it successful or not; yet the contributors to the *Messenger* are comparatively few. But contributions, in the form of written matter, are not all that our paper needs. Each student should consider it his duty to take at least one copy of the *Messenger*. Moreover, the students should deal with our advertisers. We have the advertisements of a number of good firms, and there is no excuse for not dealing with them. We have often felt disposed to complain that so few of our former students subscribe for the *Messenger*. We hope that all our students will aid us and the Board of Publication in making our paper a success.

Every old student regrets the loss of Prof. Massie. It is some consolation to know that a scholar fills his chair. But though Prof. Valentine is a scholar, though he has spent years in France and Germany, though he is as familiar with French and German as he is with English; still, to us, he is a stranger and cannot as yet fill the place of one whom, for so long a time, we have respected as a professor, honored as a profound scholar, and loved as a sympathizing friend. It is not our purpose to compare Prof. Massie with our other professors, or with other men, but were we called upon to catalogue all the men of our acquaintance, Prof. Massie, as a teacher, a scholar and a Christian gentleman, would occupy the first rank. We learned during the summer that Prof. Massie's ill-health would prevent his being with us this session. This, however, seems to have been a mistake. We are glad to know from the professor's own lips, that he is better than he has been for years. Prof. Massie is now teaching at Mr. McGuire's school in the city.

Selfishness controls the wishes as well as the actions of men. We know that we ought to wish for our loved professor the highest success and happiness. We do wish him the success which only such men as he deserve; we do wish him that happiness to which the good and just alone are entitled, but in our selfishness, we must express another wish. Our wish is that the success and happiness of Prof. Massie may be in connection with our college, and that another year may find him again occupying the chair of Modern Languages.

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 IN MEMORIAM,
 

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We give below the resolutions drawn up in memory of B. T. Davies, a graduate of '77.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, Oct. 29, 1880.

Whereas it has pleased God to take from his sphere of usefulness our former member and brother, Bartelot Todd Davies.

Resolved 1. That in his death the Philologian Society has lost a member, who, while a student, was ever active in the discharge of every duty, and who, even in busy life, continued to hold dear the interests of his Society.

2. That possessing all the characteristics of a true man, conforming to the highest standard of a Christian gentleman, he seemed to his many friends to have before him a brilliant career of usefulness and honor.

3. That while we lament the loss which not only our Society, but also the community in which he lived has sustained, we rejoice that he was ever on the side of right, directed by the spirit of his Master, and that he has left an example worthy of our imitation, and that having served and honored God on earth, he is counted worthy to glorify Him in heaven.

4. That we sympathize with the bereaved family in their grief for a fond husband, a dutiful son and a 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, }  
 J. A. POWERS, } Committee.  
 A. J. REAMY, }

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KAPPA ALPHA HALL, Oct. 30, 1880.

Whereas, in the providence of God, death has removed from our companionship, Bartelot T. Davies, a highly esteemed and honored member of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

Resolved 1. That though we lament the great loss which we have sustained in his death, we bow our heads in humble submission to Him whose "judgments are unsearchable and ways past finding out."

2. That we commend to ourselves, and to all his friends the illustrious example which he, as a student and a teacher, has given us, and

that we carefully treasure and apply the excellent lessons which are to be learned from his life of usefulness and Godliness.

3. That we thank God for the blessed privilege, which has been ours, of enjoying the elevating friendship of one so noble in mind and heart, and for the great consolation of knowing that for him death had no sting.

4. That as a token of their strong love for one who shed such lustre upon his Fraternity, and who always showed the deepest interest in its welfare, the members of Eta Chapter wear for thirty days a badge of mourning.

5. That we extend to his widow and relatives in their sad bereavement our heartfelt sympathy.

6. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Chapter, be published in the *Messenger*, and *Kappa Alpha Journal*, and a copy of them be sent to the family of the deceased.

R. H. GARNETT, }  
 J. E. COURTNEY, } Committee.  
 J. C. LONG, }

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## LOCALS.

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The College opened September 23d. September 28th the following order was issued by the Secretary of the Initiation Bureau:

WHEREAS, in all ages, it has been acknowledged that some form of initiation is necessary in order to induct men into membership in any organization; therefore be it

*Resolved*, 1. That those seeking the privileges of students at Richmond College be initiated in the way and manner established by the precedent of former sessions.

2. That if any one refuse to receive this initiation, he shall be persuaded to accept of such treatment as the Execution Committee, in their wisdom, shall see fit to inflict upon him.

3. That the Execution Committee be and hereby is empowered to carry out the strict letter of the law in the initiation of every new student.

4. That the general initiation take place this 28th day of September, and that any who enter college later shall be initiated in not more than a week after matriculation.

5. That new students shall not be called Rats after one month's attendance at college.

6. That toe-pulling, ducking, &c., constitute no part of the *initiation*, and that the officers of this Bureau be strictly charged not to



engage in toe-pulling or any other nocturnal performances whereby night is made hideous.

7. That Rats be enjoined to put strong bolts on their doors and windows, and that they be fully advised of the necessity of sleeping with their socks on. [Signed] \_\_\_\_\_,

*Secretary Initiation Bureau.*

In obedience to this order the Execution Committee commenced work at 4 P. M., and in less than an hour had put all the Rats *through the bars*. The Execution Committee are polite gentlemen, many of them ministerials, and they allow each Rat, after initiation, to assist in the initiation of other Rats. Everything has progressed well since the initiation. The new fellows have felt more at home, and have really improved in dress and gait, and even in looks.

The two Literary Societies have commenced very auspiciously. The prospects so far are that they will be as good this session as they have ever been.

The following officers have been elected for this term :

*Philologist* :—W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania Co., Prest. ; J. E. Courtney, King and Queen Co., Vice-Prest. ; C. W. Brooks, Fauquier Co., Rec. Secty. ; F. M. Latham, Jr., Culpeper Co., Corresponding Secty. ; A. B. Rudd, Chesterfield Co., Treasurer ; W. E. Marchant, Mathews Co., Librarian ; R. H. Garnett, King and Queen Co., Critic ; J. H. Percy, Pittsylvania Co., Censor ; W. H. Ryals, Fluvanna Co., Chaplain ; D. M. Goode, Chesterfield Co., Sargeant-at-Arms ; C. Woolfolk, Richmond College, J. B. Martin, Chesterfield Co., Board of Managers ; L. C. Catlett, Gloucester Co., W. B. Haislip, Fluvanna Co., Editors of Messenger ; M. L. Wood, Pittsylvania Co., J. F. Gordon, Roanoke Co., C. M. Knox, Richmond, Board of Publication ; A. J. Reamy, Richmond Co., Historian.

*Mu Sigma Rho* :—G. B. Taylor, Jr., Rome, Italy, President ; J. J. Gunter, Accomac Co., Vice-President ; Charles Puryear, Richmond, Censor ; Frank Puryear, Richmond, Recording Secty. ; D. M. Ramsey, South Carolina, Corresponding Secty. ; C. H. Jones, Richmond, Critic ; B. A. Pendleton, Richmond, Treasurer ; G. C. Bundick, Accomac Co., Librarian ; A. J. Fristoe, Warren Co., Chaplain ; C. L. Corbitt, Southampton, Sargeant-at-Arms ; G. C. Abbitt, Appomattox Co., H. A. Latané, King and Queen Co., Editors of Messenger ; L. C. Boshier, Richmond, J. C. Long, Pennsylvania, F. Puryear, Board of Publication.

[Mr. A. E. Cox, of Richmond was elected one of the editors, but resigned.]

Mr. W., who is a new student from *Piedmont*, was walking down the

street the other day and for the first time saw a street-car. He hurried to his companion and said: "I say brother, that is the largest one-horse wagon I ever did see."

Mr. C. wanted to know the other day how much postage had to be paid on a postal card.

As the toe-pulling crowd seems to have stopped work, we would advise that all of their ropes be employed in pulling cows' tails. Having cows on our campus is really a nuisance that should not be stood.

Messrs. X. and Y. had made an engagement to visit two of their lady friends. When the appointed afternoon came, they put on their starched collars, blacked their boots, and marched down the street. It took them but a short time to reach, as they supposed, their destination. A pretty little girl met them at the door, and on receiving their cards, kindly invited them into the parlor. They entered and lo, there were two in the parlor, but they were not the two whom they had expected to see. A strange lady and gentleman were seated on a sofa in one corner of the room. The lady rising from her seat said, "Messrs. X. and Y., I presume," and introduced them to her gentleman friend. The unfortunate students then took their seats, not amidst loud applause, but amidst death-like silence. This silence ruled and reigned for some time, until it was broken by a remark from Mr. X., that there was a considerable change in the weather. It was with great trepidation that he spoke, but the lady, to some degree, relieved him by her prompt and kind reply. Silence again reigned for the space of two minutes. *It was an awful silence.* But Messrs. X. and Y. still unconscious of *their mistake*, were waiting patiently for their two friends to put in their appearance.

"If ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise."

Our unfortunate friends would have presented a beautiful picture had any one gazed upon them with his eyes entirely closed. There sat Mr. X. listening with the greatest eagerness to hear the footsteps of the one whom he desired to see, while Mr. Y., (as if distrusting young ladies when they are out of sight, and placing no dependence in mere sound of footsteps,) gazed anxiously at the door to behold a face which, so often in times past, had gladdened his eyes. Mr. X. again ventured to break the profound silence, by asking whether the Misses —— were within. The lady answered, "You have made a mistake, sir. They live next door." Apologies now being in order, Mr. X. began, but soon became so entangled in his remarks, that he left the house in shame and confusion of face. Now Mr. Y., who previous to this had been so quiet, began to exclaim, "I want to go to the college! I want



to go to the college!" but he was quickly hushed by the persuasion of his companion, and was induced to make the intended visit.

## MORAL.

WRITTEN BY J. H. PEARCY, COLLEGE POET.

"When you a lady go to see,  
'Tis better to be sure  
To lift your eyes and read,  
The number on the door.

"Indeed whatever you pursue,  
Be careful in the chase,  
Or you, like X. and Y., will miss  
The right and proper place."

Z.

Mrs. WM. TIPPETT, Owasco, N. Y., says:—I have worn an Improved Excelsior Kidney Pad about three weeks, and have received great relief from it for pain in the back.—*See adv.*

## TO A FRIEND.

Ah, think me not too bold;  
But rather give to me,  
The privilege to hold  
Sweet intercourse with thee.

Sweet friendship thou wilt find  
I very highly prize:  
Then let attachment bind  
Our hearts with golden ties.

Thy pleasant ways impart  
Such cheerfulness to me;  
It purifies my heart  
To have a friend like thee.

## PERSONALS.

We learn that T. J. Lawrence is engaged in business in Georgia. The loafers all miss you, Tony, and we of "*De Land Cottage*" will miss your peanuts.

C. G. Davis, of Texas, has been attending the Business College in Poughkeepsie, New York. He says that he likes Yankees better than he had thought he would. We are sorry that he will not be back with us. Do you remember the *Crater*, old boy.

S. A. Fishburn is on the editorial staff of the *Mexia Weekly Ledger*. We wish him success, and are glad to welcome the *Ledger* among our exchanges.

Roland Johnston spent a few days with us last week on his way home to Texas.

A good many of our boys are studying medicine at the Medical College of this city. Among them we note Messrs. R. H. Latané, W. F. Mercer and W. C. Flagg.

Messrs. John B. Jenkins and T. W. Haynes called by to see us on their way to the University of Virginia. We learn from them that W. T. Hudgins is at the University this session taking the academic course.

Mr. Wm. P. Gray has charge of a church at Hicksford, Halifax county, Va.

R. H. Winfrey is teaching school in Chesterfield.

W. G. Hix (candidate for M. A.), having been elected to a position in Howard College, Alabama, left college for the South on the morning of October 29th. We beseech you, "aunty," not to let the Marion girls so entice you that you will forget all of your Richmond friends. Richmond College will be well represented at Howard by Professors Gwathmey and Hix (old Mu Sigma Rhonians).

C. E. Thomas, of '78-'79, and W. S. Holland, B. L., of '79-'80, paid us a visit during the Fair. They are both practicing law in their respective counties.

W. F. Bagby, '78-'79, is teaching school at Stevensville.

H. L. Davies is teaching the school in this city that his brother left in so flourishing a condition.

A. G. Loving is teaching a female school in Amherst.

Rev. Herndon Garnett (session ——) has taken with himself a wife to preside over his home in Mo.

Rev. E. W. Winfrey passed through the city the other day with his bride.

Mr. L. F. Nock, M. A. of this college, and B. L. of the University, visited us a few days ago.

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## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

When we first realized that the exchange department had been assigned to us we were inexpressibly delighted, believing that ours was the easy place, if there is any, upon the editorial staff. But as the exchanges continue to pour in upon us, each one demanding to be read in order to a just criticism, for the first time we realize how embarrassing is our position and how much time is required for the faithful discharge of the duties which it imposes.

*The Emory Mirror*, a neat little paper, contains some good, readable matter, and the little poem, "The Suicide's Grave," was considered excellent.

*The Student Life* has not only a pleasing exterior, but good matter, and well arranged. Many of our exchanges would make a better appearance if they would assume a form similar to that of *The Student Life*.

*The Critic* criticises the June number of the *Richmond College Messenger* thus: "The editorial department is conspicuous by its brevity, and in this one particular, we think the *Messenger* falls far below par." Why *The Critic* should criticise any paper for brevity we are unable to see. *The Critic* contains sixteen pages. Six of these are filled with advertisements, almost the half of another is filled with the names of new students and their places of residence. After a careful examination, one article was found which covered a little more than one page. With the exception of this, brevity is the characteristic feature of every page. If the *Messenger* falls far below par, it does not, we think, fall below *The Critic* in this particular.

*The College Message* opens with an interesting little poem, "The Dreams of Youth." How many can say, in the words of the poem,

"And I mournfully sighed as I gazed on the grave  
Of the dreams that were bright when life's heart-beat was strong."

We welcome to our list of exchanges the *Heidelberg Monthly Journal*, a lively paper from Tiffin, Ohio. May our exchange be pleasant to both parties, and may that be a prosperous journal, is our sincere desire.

*The Portfolio*, from the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, Ontario, is before us in its unostentatious attractiveness. The essay on "Conversation" is admirable.

*The Ariel*, although it "makes no pretensions to be a literary work,

but is willing to plod along as the representative of University interests and University news," contains some solid, readable matter, and is quite attractive.

We cordially welcome to our list of exchanges the *Mexia Weekly Ledger*, of which S. A. Fishburn is assistant editor. For the last three sessions he was a student of Richmond College. He was studious, and popular among the students and professors. We wish him eminent success in his chosen profession.

In looking over the exchange department in *The Beacon* of the Boston University, this *mild* criticism was observed: "The majority of college journals have no right of existence. They are, in general, insipid sheets, straining after something humorous, which they rarely attain, or asserting, with all the assurance that a bold originality would warrant, dogmatical platitudes. The college paper is no place for very respectably written essays upon literary or historical subjects. The editors must evince originality and persistent principles."

Alas! thought we, here is a man who knows what a college journal should be. Oh, the mistakes of life! Fortunately for the editors of the various college papers, they have saved themselves from the ignominy which would result from consulting the views of said editor in regard to the subjects which properly come within the pale of college journalism.

Among other criticisms of this journalistic Solomon is the following: "The *Messenger* does not deserve the name of a literary paper." From such criticisms, the natural conclusion would be, that *The Beacon* had gained the apex of perfection. Upon examination, however, such a conclusion proved to be lamentably false; for, with the exception of one or two poetical attempts, and a worthless article on "Introducing Politics into Colleges," there is scarcely a piece that would be justly considered an article. Perhaps consistency comes in just here, as "the college paper is no place for respectably written essays," they are not inserted. But if there are any articles, why should they not be well written?

The editor writes to the contributors to *The Beacon*: "Your articles must pass between the critical acumen of severe examiners on the one side, and the yawning jaws of a capacious waste basket on the other,—this is very true, but have no fear. In this instance Scyla is not dangerous, nor Charybdis deep."

Truly, indeed, there need be no fear! If such articles as those contained in *The Beacon* can pass, the waste basket will remain capacious, for the probability is, it will never receive a rejected article. The fact that such frail barques have reached in safety the haven, *The Beacon's* columns, is demonstrable proof that Scyla is not dangerous, nor Charybdis sufficiently "deep" to produce a wave.



Of all the exchanges received, none surpass *The Album*, published by the literary societies of Hollins Institute.

The question is often debated, whether or not woman is equal, mentally, to man. If we were called upon to decide this question, by comparing *The Album* with some others of our exchanges, the decision would be, she is not only equal, but intellectually superior to man. Most of the articles contained in *The Album* are characterized by clearness of thought, beauty of expression, and by intensity of feeling. Not a mere conglomeration of ideas suggested by the head, unaided by the heart, but throughout there is the clear ring of genuine pathos, evincing that what has been expressed upon paper has surged through the deep recesses of the heart, and is the pure out-gushings of the tenderer emotions. When ladies write thus, is it strange that "men are subjected to the disease of 'falling in love?'"

Last, and we must say, least of all that have come to our notice, is *The Lariat*. We say least because, when a paper under the dignified name of a college journal spurns the lofty position to which its name should entitle it, and stoops to dabble in the cess-pools of party politics, it is no longer worthy the name; and as the Gauls were thrown headlong from the Tarpeian Rock and Rome was saved, so a college paper, when by its course it proves that it is likely to bring reproach upon itself and upon other college journals, should be hurled from its lofty height into the filth and slime of party politics, its native element, so that the honor of college journalism may be saved.

Although we are not so well versed in the law as the editor of *The Lariat*, yet we do know that in Virginia students have not the right to vote except at their respect voting places. If we mistake not, this is the law in Pennsylvania and many other Northern States. It is not surprising that a "Democrat" should have challenged the votes of the Wabash students, and that "it was no little trouble for each one to hunt up some citizen" who could throw away his conscience and "swear him in." If the sentiments contained in *The Lariat* is the characteristic spirit of all the colleges, it ceases to be a wonder that "a prominent member of the Democracy has referred to colleges as 'Radical hell holes.'"

The grandest discovery known to modern times, "that all who seek thorough mental culture identify themselves with the Republican party," would never have been known but for the wisdom of *The Lariat*. Certainly this discovery is wonderful in the extreme! Thoroughly bewildered, we gasp, What next? Concerning the whys and the wherefores, we proceed cautiously, and venture to ask two questions in regard to this matter: 1. Is it because the student, by identifying himself with the Republican party, gets his board and tuition paid and a little pocket change to buy cigarettes and what not? 2. Does such identification raise him into a purer atmosphere, so that, being surrounded by bright luminaries, and receiving their light, his mind is enabled to solve intricate problems? If it is true that identification with the Republican party insures "thorough mental culture," this editor is in his right pew, for he needs culture.

We are unable, for want of space, to notice, or even mention, in this issue, many of our exchanges which reached us during the month of October.