

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

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Volume 6  
Number 5 *The Messenger, Vol. 6, No. 5*

Article 1

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2-1881

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### Recommended Citation

(1881) "The Messenger, Vol. 6, No. 5," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 6 : No. 5 , Article 1.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol6/iss5/1>

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# Richmond College Messenger.

Vol. VI.

RICHMOND, VA., FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 5.

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BOARD OF PUBLICATION:—*Mu Sigma Rho*, G. C. BUNDICK, C. L. CORBITT, M. C. PATTERSON; *Philologist*, CONWAY M. KNOX, W. J. E. COX, A. L. PLEASANTS.

[The following poem was written by a young man of Alabama while a student at William and Mary College, in the year 1842. The author of this poem was noted for his brilliancy of mind, a warm heart and genial manners, but he was addicted to that popular evil, strong drink, the excessive use of which caused his expulsion from College. Therefore we readily see that expulsion from College was the cause of this beautiful and touching poem.]

"Alas! how sad the thought to feel  
That manhood's age has come,  
That all my youthful joys are o'er  
And life's dark course begun.

How sad it is to exchange this lot  
Of pleasure, health, and peace,  
For one where joy nor peace is found;  
Where evils never cease.

Alas! those days of joyous hope  
When life's young heart is in its bloom,  
How did my bosom burn with love,  
How sweet they were, but fled how soon.

'Twas then my bark did smoothly roll,  
On seas of love, o'er lakes of bliss,  
But hidden rocks too fatally told  
How vain—how fleeting pleasure is.

Now darken'd sorrow the scene hath changed,  
No longer throbs my bosom high.  
O'er fancied dreams I'm left to mourn,  
O'er lost and fallen hopes to sigh.

But these sad cares experiences bring  
(When heated passions had their day),  
And even now they whisper me,

"'Tis foolish—vain with time to play."

RECOLLECTIONS OF GOOCHLAND.

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Now that the chilling north wind blows with all its fury and ice and snow are everywhere, it is somewhat a relief to remember, as we heap high the roaring fire, the pleasant times we had in the long, warm days of summer, and to know that stern winter cannot last forever. Excuse, then, a rather personal letter, and I will jot down some recollections of two months which I spent in Goochland last summer as colporteur. It is always a pleasure to speak a good word in behalf of the abused and slandered, and, therefore, I am peculiarly glad to tell of some of the attractive features of a county often supposed to have no redeeming qualities. More than one friend, upon hearing that Goochland was to be my field, seemed to pity me no less than if I had been starting for Alaska or Central Africa. As the route of the new railroad, for almost fifty miles, is through this county, some things about it may not be uninteresting. About forty-five miles long by about eight wide, it is, in shape, somewhat like a pair of saddle-bags when stretched out. From Tuckahoe creek, on the Henrico side, to Columbia, just on the Fluvanna line, it hugs the noble James and the "raging canal" in one common embrace. A chain of hills runs close to the river the whole length of the county, sometimes rising into abrupt bluffs and confining the river in narrow limits; sometimes receding and leaving broad fields of rich lowland. Upon many of these hills are handsome country seats, which by their stateliness, remind one of old English mansions, and, even in their decay, a better day when large-hearted hospitality reigned in their halls. The stained and polished floors tell of merry dances; the half-ruined brick stables, of the exciting chase. More beautiful locations than the summits of these hills, commanding picturesque views of the river, could not be desired. When known, this section cannot fail to attract settlers. The richest farm in the county, and perhaps in the State, is "Elk Island." This island, in the James, is two miles long, and contains a thousand acres. Being as smooth and level as a floor, it presented a most beautiful appearance with its fields of verdant Indian corn and luxuriant clover. So perfect and plenteous was the corn, that I half fancied that some kind Minnehaha had been keeping her vigils among these river farms, protecting and guarding the precious Mundamin. Back from the river, four or five miles, the land is poor, the country uninteresting and the residences less attractive.

Not knowing a soul in the county, I started out on horseback, in a certain sense seeking adventures like Don Quixote. In our glorious



civilization of the nineteenth century, some people really believe that the pleasantest way to travel is in a Pullman palace car, going at the rate of forty miles an hour ; but Ruskin well says, "Going by railroad I do not consider as traveling at all, it is merely 'being sent' to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel." Start out on foot with some genial compainion, or alone on horseback, and the buffalo of the prairie is not more independent. Traveling thus we tarry or hasten, according to our own sweet will. Now we pause to watch the reapers as they cut down the golden grain, now linger to trace the delicate outlines of that sweet, girlish face, seen in the pure, fleecy clouds. If the mid-summer's sun waxes too hot overhead, while our horse grazes, we can rest beneath the wide-spreading branches of a majestic oak and read a favorite author, till lulled to sleep by the music of the laughing brook hard by. We are thoughtful and would study ourselves.—Where better than in the deep recesses of the forest, where the pines are forever sighing? Now we are free from the despotism of that iron horse which gives us no time to enjoy the beauties of nature, and with its shrill whistle and practical puff dispels all our poetic and romantic thoughts.

A colored all-day meeting in the country and on Sunday, such as I attended several times, is very interesting, and once seen can never be forgotten. About 11 o'clock the crowd begins to gather. They come on foot, on horseback, or in any vehicle, from a sulky to an ox-cart, that can be procured. Every possible style of dress is seen, from the old "mammy" with her red "bandanna" and white apron, to the "young lady" who combines in dress and trimming and hat, just as many different colors as the country store will supply and her money buy ; from the venerable old "uncle" with spectacles and beaver, to the dandy with cane, white vest, standing collar, and numerous gold rings, cravat-pins, and other articles of prize-box jewelry. The services usually begin before the arrival of the minister, but are informal. The singing of the negroes is proverbial, and when they strike some old hymn like "Am I a soldier of the cross," the music is grand. The whole congregation rocks to and fro, the motion slowly becoming more marked, like the waves of a lake as the storm begins to rise. Soon it proves too great a strain for some, and their less excited neighbors have to hold them as they jump from one foot to another and hollo at the top of their voices. The extreme to which both ministers and members are carried by their emotions, or more properly by their ignorance, is painfully suggestive of how much they need yet to be taught. Intermission they enjoy hugely, and discuss chicken legs and pies with no less avidity then their white brethren on similar occasions. The airs of these sable belles, and the atten-



tions of their beaux, are very ludicrous. One fellow six feet high bought a large watermelon, and having hid it, went to seek his lady. He soon returned followed by two dusky maidens, both benignly grinning. His plan was evidently to find some retired nook where he might discuss the melon alone and enjoy sweet converse. His lady friends demurred, however, and to his evident disgust, he had to cut the melon right in the crowd. Soon some of his friends came up, and in a twinkling, his melon was gone, he had not tasted it, and his girls were returning to the meeting house with "t'other fellow." To his credit, be it said, that he preserved his temper and face better than many a white would have done under like circumstances. The negroes have been remarkably active since the war in building churches, and now in almost every neighborhood they have houses, which, considering their means, they may well be proud of.

Though all the prominent denominations are represented in Goochland, still her churches are not large, prosperous and liberal as in *ante-bellum* times. In the upper end of the county stands old "Liberty" church, in which very many of Virginia's ablest divines of past generations have preached. It was built as a union church, but now, belonging to no particular denomination, it is sadly in need of repairs and is fast going to ruin. It must be almost a hundred years old. At Manakin, which was quite a good size village when the neighboring coal pits were in operation, may still be seen the old building in which the Dover Association was organized. It is now used as a barn, and near where it formerly stood, there is a beautiful and commodious house of worship, built by one generous member.

I cannot close without speaking of the hospitality and kindness which I almost uniformly met. Though most frequently a stranger, the warmest welcome was always tendered me by rich and poor alike, and only can the value of such treatment be realized by one who has been away from friends, "a stranger in a strange land."

T.

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### "STARNO," THE OLD STUDENT, REVIEWED.

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It is a good sign when old students continue to take interest in the college. I love to see it, and always read with avidity what they say. This may account for the fact of my reading "Starno's" letter first, when the *Messenger* for January was laid before me. I expected to find in it either pleasant reminiscences or judicious and well-put suggestions about the college; a healthy, helpful, stimulating communication, which would do us all good and build up our struggling *alma mater*.



I have rarely been more disappointed. The article, it is true, does contain some just criticisms and some good suggestions. But the general tenor is fault-finding, the spirit is censorious, and the criticisms and suggestions are so overshadowed by inaccuracies and prejudice, that I am convinced its effect will be injurious. "Starno" says that if one dares to complain "of all this," he is silenced by being told that he is reflecting on the trustees and faculty. Verily, this fear is not before *his* eyes. I might suggest to "Starno," that if there does exist anywhere a desire to silence such complaints as he makes, it arises from the fact that they are not unusually made by those who take no pains to inform themselves of the real condition of things, so far as the trustees or faculty are concerned, and are, therefore, apt to be inconsiderate, if not unjust. One of the most difficult of all things, is judicious and helpful criticism. In attempting it one should satisfy himself that he is right before he goes ahead.

I desire to reply only to one portion of Starno's piece, with the distinct avowal, however, that while I shall not spare his "facts and figures," I do not question his motive in the letter he has seen fit to publish. I am perfectly willing to believe he is the friend to the college that he says he is. But if his article fails to correct the abuses of which he speaks, let him know that it is, in part, due to the fact that he has dipped his pen too deep. Men will at once see this and push aside his letter as an ill-considered, if not an ill tempered production.

For instance, he says: "I know well enough that money is scarce now, but I also know that the forty thousand dollars spent in putting up a building that came near tumbling down, ought to have made considerable improvement in the college grounds," &c. This is a very confident assertion, and, *if true*, reflects severely on the management of the college. Can it be a fact that the building came near tumbling down? *What building?* There are two buildings, the north wing, erected in 1856, and the centre building, put up some sixteen years later. I state, without fear of contradiction, that no breath of suspicion ever attached to the building of '56. It was thoroughly constructed. "Starno" must mean the centre building. But that did not cost forty thousand dollars. Nor did it *come near tumbling down*. He has got hold of some of the foolish rumors that at one time prevailed, and has put them into print without ascertaining whether they were true. He may think this helpful to the college, but no one else can see how. Nothing but *injury* can result from such talk. I desire to give the facts as given me by those who knew all the circumstances, and I trust I shall be able to disabuse the mind of your correspondent and all others who have heard, or may hear this



complaint against the college buildings. By some error on the part of the superintending architect, sufficient allowance was not made in putting in the joists for the weight which they were to bear, and consequently when the building was completed and had settled, it was found that the floors sagged a little, warping the doors and cracking the plastering. To quiet the fears of a few nervous ones, the Committee appointed a commission of architects and builders to examine and to report. They did so, explaining the cause of the trouble, and advising a remedy which was promptly used. But these competent and disinterested gentlemen at the same time stated in their report that the *building was sound and safe*. Now no one denies that the mistake of the architect was unfortunate. It makes things to some extent *unsightly*, but to declare from this that the building came near *tumbling down*, is a violent assumption. I would ask "Starno" the next time he walks out to feast his eyes on all the "old" things he can find about the campus, to inspect the foundations and walls of this building, and see if he can find a flaw or crack about them. I am particular to dwell upon this, because your correspondent "knows" that the building came near tumbling down, while competent architects and builders say it is not so. There I can afford to leave the matter, except to say that in my humble judgment, this sort of loose talk ought to stop. It is the *duty* of every student, new or old, to correct the impressions unwisely and needlessly sent forth to the world, and seek to protect the college from the evil consequences that must ensue from planting in the public mind erroneous impressions in regard to this building. There is no officer of the college, who, if he believed the building unsafe, would allow it to be used, or to remain where it is. I have seen vast crowds test the strength of the chapel and society halls for seven years, and there is no evidence that the building has at any time been *unsafe* in any direction or to any extent.

Again "Starno" says, "I can't help thinking the Trustees rather *green* for believing that a man was capable to alter the designs of an architect, simply because that man knew all about the construction of Solomon's temple."

The allusion, I have no doubt, is to Rev. Dr. Bitting, now of Baltimore, who was then here, and a member of the Building Committee. I make this inference, and believe it correct, because Dr. B. was fond of such subjects, and lectured upon Solomon's temple. I think that "Starno" is again mistaken in his statement. The *design* of the building was not altered by anybody. The *position* of the building with reference to the north wing was altered, but not at the suggestion of this gentleman. This is a small matter, but I allude to it, not only



to do justice to an absent friend of the college, who worked hard for it, but to show up another of the loose statements of an "old student."

The next thing I notice is the following: "I am likewise aware that all the subscriptions to the endowment fund were not collected; but I know that a part of what was collected was invested in *Virginia State bonds*." I might say of this, as of other assertions of "Starno," it has just enough salt in it to save it. He does not say so, in so many words, but the implication is that the college money has been recently invested in a security so doubtful that he puts it in italics, as if to call attention to the supposed absurdity. I will not stop now to express the surprise I feel that a Richmond college student can be found to cast a slur (even for the intense satisfaction it affords him of making this complaint as strong as possible,) upon his State. More of that presently. Let me bring out clearly the fact that no part of any recently raised endowment funds have been invested in State Bonds—not one cent since the agitation in regard to the State debt began—not a cent of the Memorial endowment, or any subsequent subscription or bequest. When it was done (some of it as far back as thirty years ago,) there was no "Starnos" to cast suspicion or create distrust in regard to Virginia's fair name. Her bonds were considered then *good as gold*. We have the best reason for thinking *they will always be good*. The State does not owe a dollar of interest on these bonds. The interest is paid (6 per cent. on the full amount,) twice a year. The college has not lost, and will not lose (in my judgment) one dollar by the State. No one of the three parties in the State has declared the least hostility to the colleges. On the other hand, all agree, in any event, to protect all educational funds. Who is this (evidently not very) "Old Student?" He is not a "Funder," for they have ever been kind—not a "Readjuster," for their platform says they will pursue a "fostering policy" towards colleges and high schools—not a "Republican," for as a party they are debt-payers. Who is this that goes beyond all parties, and emphasizes his contempt for the pledges of the State in regard to her colleges? Let him stand alone as a CHRONIC COMPLAINER AND GENERAL DOUBTER.

I will refer to only one other complaint, and then stop. He says: "The \$10,000 invested in that wretched steam apparatus, against the earnest protest of the Chairman of the Faculty, might easily have been saved. The college lost about \$200 a year, by using that apparatus, and was finally forced to abandon it." Now, all this sounds rather parrot-like. The very glibness of "Starno's" utterances in this statement (as well as in some of the rest) betrays the ready learner,



The steam-heating apparatus did not cost \$10,000. Nor has it been abandoned. To abandon a thing is to forsake it entirely, with the idea of hopelessness. This is not the case. It would be working to-day but for the sudden and serious falling off in the number of students. It will be used again when our numbers justify it.

It is not "wretched," but the best that could be had. It is not a "failure," but has done what was promised. It was bought for more prosperous times. It suits a college full of students, with every room occupied. It will not be thrown away. We hope if "Starno" does not succeed in driving them all off by his lucubrations, to see once more our halls filled with contented students and everything done *by steam*.

One thing I am especially glad to say: Whatever may have been the result of the effort, the purchase of the steam apparatus was designed to promote the *comfort* of the students, which your correspondent says is wholly neglected.

I could continue this review, and show that from beginning to end, "Starno" is more sweeping than correct. *Ex pede Herculem*. It is easy to demonstrate to any unprejudiced old student, that there has been not only a great but rapid improvement in the appearance and general condition of things about the college. Within the past five years nearly \$30,000 have been spent in enlarging the grounds, clearing off the campus, grading, inclosing, painting, &c. This is foundation work, but it betokens progress. No college in Virginia has spent one-half as much as Richmond college, since the war, in improvements. They have been necessarily *costly*, but until this was done there could not be permanent progress. Now we are ready to go forward. A fund is being raised to complete the building and embellish the grounds. Let your correspondent possess his soul in patience. "Rome was not built in a day." Those who manage its affairs love the college *just as well* as "Starno." They see the needs of the institution, and will keep on working until the whole is done. I applaud "Starno's" interest and share in his deep concern for the college, but I sincerely trust he will be more discreet. He will yet find out that it is much easier to pull down than to build up. There are thousands who are trying to sow good seed in this rich field of college life and growth, let him beware lest he scatter the tares of discontent, prejudice and unjust complaining.

ANOTHER OLD STUDENT.

[We venture to reprint the following beautiful poem by the late lamented Dr. Ticknor of Georgia. Although his life was passed in comparative obscurity, yet competent critics have pronounced him "one of the truest and sweetest lyric poets this country has yet produced." Dr. Ticknor wrote these lines after going through Page Brook Hall, the deserted but magnificent old mansion of the Virginia Pages.—EDS.]

THE OLD HARPSICORD.

"In one room of this deserted mansion we came upon an old harpsichord with a single unbroken string. Evoking the last sound from it, we extracted the Key, which you will find herewith."—*Letter from the Old Dominion.*

What of the night, old sleeper?  
 What of thy watch so lone?  
 Of the darkness and dust, and deeper,  
 The silence that shrouds thine own?  
 What song for the tuneless Reaper  
 Who binds all songs in one?  
 Crown thou his sheaf, Oh sleeper!  
 With a requiem monotone!

One chord in thy heart unbroken!  
 One key to that chord alone!  
 A touch—and thy thought hath spoken;  
 A sigh—and thy song hath flown!  
 A sigh for the single token  
 Of all who have sung and flown!

Of symphonies ceased forever;  
 Of harmonies heard no more;  
 Of chords that have ceased to quiver  
 Or ever thy task was o'er:  
 Songs and their symphonies never  
 Dying in requiems more.

Silence and darkness blended,  
 Dust on a desolate shore,  
 Footprints of Angels ascended  
 Around us forevermore!  
 When the lip of the beautiful singers  
 With the silvery chords lie low,  
 And only an echo lingers  
 Of the melodies sweet and old,  
 To blend 'neath their seraph fingers  
 With a hymn from their harps of gold.



## “GROWING OLD”

“To the gods alone, it is allowed never to grow old.” Said a gentleman, a few days since, “I have a horror of growing old.” He was in the prime of life, and I wondered not that while the warm blood ran vigorously through his veins, and his heart beat in sympathy with the great world around him, he should regard as a melancholy spectacle, “poor human ruins loitering o’er the grave.” We look in sadness on our dear ones as the furrows deepen, and the locks grow whiter, and the form bends lower and lower towards the earth to which it is soon to return. Disease grows more importunate, sight fails; hope, the solace and comforter of other and better days, departs; troubles thicken, cares become more oppressive—life is no longer a pleasure, but a burden. In old age, men are doubtless led, insensibly at times, perhaps, to contrast the remote and the more immediate past with the present. Hence, Horace in his striking description of old age, has not forgotten to add.

“*Lauditor temporis acti se puero.*”

But generally this contrast affords pleasure only while in imagination, they live over again the days of youth. They awaken from the dream to find themselves deprived of that which afforded most pleasure, and which no ministering hand nor tender care can provide. The friends of youth, where are they now? They stand alone—for not many grow old—like some aged and dying monarch of the forest, whose companions have yielded to the woodman’s axe, or the whirlwind’s wrath, or the slow waste of time, and often without one tender vine to twine around the naked trunk, and protect it from the winter’s storm. I remember well, when quite a boy, to have been moved to tears, as old Dr. B. said, with an expression which I can never forget—he was then more than eighty, and has since passed away—“I have out-lived my generation. My associates are all gone. Their children, and grandchildren are around me, but I know them not. They have nothing in common with me, I am all alone.” As I recall this incident, I am reminded of the touching lines of Moore:

“I saw, from the beach, when the morning was shining,  
A bark, o’er the waters move gloriously on:  
I came when the sun, o’er that beach was declining,  
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone:  
And such is the fate of our life’s early promise,  
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known,  
Each wave, that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,  
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.”

Melancholy beyond description, is the condition of those who grow old in crime and wickedness, to whom even the contemplation of the past brings no pleasure, who say at last with guilty Macbeth—

“I have lived long enough—my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have.”

The springtime of life neglected, its summer passed in idleness, or vicious employments—autumn without fruit. Winter desolate, accursed—how sad? The last rays of the setting sun fall upon a dreary waste, and gild the wrecks which attest the value of that which has been sacrificed or lost. It is age such as this, I think, which causes us to shudder at the idea of growing old. If age were as innocent as childhood, might it not be as pleasant? If it succeeded a virtuous life, free from excesses and abuses, would it bring remorse? Is not “the hoary head a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness?” After all, it is our view of life which determines its end. If we live regardless of the claims of our nobler and better selves, the punishment though it be slow, is sure. If on the contrary, we live with constant reference to the great objects of our creation, we need not fear—old age too will be blessed. Some good people I have seen, who seemed never to grow old, though they were advanced in years. They went down the hill of life with conscience as clear, and heart as bright as in the happy days of childhood. I know not whether I should say “they went down the hill,” for they seemed all the time to be going *upward*. The traveller finds in equatorial regions elevations on which there is no change of season. There perpetual spring reigns. And so to these, life seemed a continual youth, which was to be succeeded by an everlasting manhood.

CLAUDE.

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## OLÉ BULL'S FIRST CONCERT IN AMERICA.

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New York was thrown into paroxysms of excitement when, several years ago, it was announced that the musician, who, with a simple violin, had electrified all Europe, and made for himself a reputation as great as that of the hero of Waterloo, would give several concerts in that city. The interest manifested by that class of persons who are pleased to call themselves “The Profession”—the musical world proper—was none the less remarkable. They held caucuses and discussed the probable merits of the visitor. Was he a great humbug,



an impostor. who by some trick of legerdemain deceived the people? In what was the secret of his wonderful success to be found? What could he do with the violin which they had not already done? And so the curious public talked and waited till the appointed night arrived. The immense theatre was filled as never before. The cultivated and the vulgar, the critic and the man of no pretensions, the theatre-going, pleasure-seeking, mingled in one confused mass. To provide for every possible contingency Olé Bull had imported his European orchestra. Precisely at 8 o'clock the music commences. Every one is saying, How splendid! and "the profession" is whispering, Olé Bull need do no better than that! The orchestra is still playing as a gentleman of fine form and commanding appearance comes forward on the stage. In his hand is a bow and under his arm the violin. Immediately every eye is fixed on him. Presently he puts his violin to his shoulder and quietly draws the bow. Every ear is strained to catch the faintest note. Then, as if to provoke the audience, or intensify the interest by the suspense, the violin is taken down and the bow assumes its former position. This is repeated. A third time the violin is placed against the shoulder. Now the bow moves slowly back and forth across the strings, but the fingers which rest upon the strings seem motionless. Meanwhile the music has become more and more indistinct. A glance in the direction of the orchestra discloses the fact that several of the musicians have left their seats, and that for some moments no one has been playing save the musician who is now to manifest that almost miraculous proficiency for which he has been so noted. With consummate skill he had, as it were, imperceptibly to the audience, transferred the music of the orchestra to his own instrument, and by an adroit movement of the muscles of the hand, without changing the position of the fingers, the air was still carried on, though constantly it grew fainter and fainter. From the far off distance it comes, seeming at times like the autumn winds mourning tearfully over the fallen leaves and faded flowers; again, soft and low and sweet, as though fairy hands struck the chords of harp unseen and made music for the angels. So meltingly tender, so exquisitely sad was it that the vast audience was bathed in tears, yet knew not why they wept, nor cared to do otherwise, so oblivious was each of the presence of the other. They seemed indeed to fear that the sweet charmer would leave them altogether. But now it draws nearer. If before in its melancholy it resembled the sighing of the wind, now it seems like the murmurous flow of the brook which dallies with the flowerets on its banks. Fuller is the sound, more varied and more distinct are the notes, the bow moves faster, the fingers fly rapidly over the strings, till at last it seems as though a hun-



dred feathered choristers had taken possession of the enchanted violin and were pouring forth their most joyous notes in sweetest harmony. The enjoyment which had been before so mixed with sadness, now gave way to sensations of ecstatic delight. Higher still rose the notes, grander, more sublime. It is the torrent now, or the soaring of the eagle, which "bathes its wings in the thunder's home." Elevation after elevation was reached and passed, till the audience seemed dizzy because of the height, to be breathless, to pant from sheer exhaustion and weariness, and to be overcome with a sense of oppressiveness, as though the soul were filled to overflowing and could endure no more. Remarkable as had been the ascent, grand as was the climax, the descent, the *finale*, was no less wonderful. Soon the music, which seemed just now to fill all the heavens, again grew faint and fainter, till it was but the voice of the wave as it dies on the shore. When the music ceased there was silence for a moment, as if to give people time to recognize themselves, so transformed had they been under the influence of the master hand, and then there was such a shout as shook the very roof, and sent echo after echo out on the night air. Ladies waived their handkerchiefs and men seemed beside themselves as they threw their hats in the air and huzzaed without restraint. No chord of the human heart had been left untouched, but they seemed as accessible and as obedient to the touch of the musician as the string of his violin. Such is the power of genius and such the homage paid it the world over, no matter in what calling or walk of life it is found.

CLIO.

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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

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As with this issue of the *Messenger* the term of the present corps of Editors commences, we trust our readers will not deem a few words of a personal nature inappropriate; and if they do, we plead in mitigation of the offence that we are following the old and established precedent brought to light by the retiring Editors. We return our thanks to the retiring Editors for their hearty welcome to the sanctum; though we fear the feeling which prompted it, if such as we are now experiencing, would have given birth to the same expressions of welcome, no matter how ill-fitted we were for the task imposed upon us. We have accepted the position to which we have been chosen with a keen appreciation of the honor conferred upon us, and with some knowledge of its weighty responsibilities. We shall strive to make the *Messenger* both a true exponent of the College from which it issues, and a fit medium of communication between



the old and new students. This is a difficult task ; in fact, one we cannot perform, unless our Alumni lend us their aid and support, and the students manifest more interest in the management of the paper. If we fail in our undertaking, we will have the consolation of knowing that we have done our duty, and that men who wielded stronger pens and were endowed with greater energy of purpose have been equally as unsuccessful. If we succeed, it will be because the Alumni and students have at last learned that the *Messenger* is exactly what *they* make it. We shall endeavor to atone for our many deficiencies by zeal and energy, and strive not to lower, if we cannot raise the standard of the Messenger. Now, with a diffidence born of inexperience, we enter upon the performance of our duties, and ask our readers to bear with us patiently, until the time shall come when men of more learning and more equal to the task shall take our places.

ALMOST our first duty in assuming the editorial Chair is one of sadness. We are compelled to chronicle the loss of one of our most loved and honored Professors ; to make known the breaking of a tie which has lovingly existed for twelve years. At their recent meeting in Washington, the Board of Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund unanimously elected Dr. J. L. M. Curry as their Agent, to succeed the lamented Dr. Barnas Sears. We congratulate Dr. Curry that he has received an appointment which opens to him such a grand field of usefulness, and a work so congenial to his tastes ; the Board, that they have obtained an Agent so eminently qualified for the carrying out of their plans ; and the country at large that one so deservedly popular has been chosen to administer among them Mr. Peabody's great benefaction to the South.

But while we feel proud that one of our revered Faculty has received this honor, yet it is with genuine sorrow that we see Prof. Curry leave us.

Entering the Faculty in 1869, he has since filled the Chairs of English and Moral Philosophy with marked ability and success. To the students Dr. Curry has sustained the relation not only of a teacher, but of a friend. In the recitation room he raised no impassable barrier between the Professor's desk and the student's bench, nor did he maintain that frigid dignity of deportment and sourness of aspect which unfortunately so often characterizes teachers, but in his class he so combined strict attention to duty with grace and good humor, that the most timid "*Rat*" always felt at ease.

Ever greeting the students with a smile or a joke, first was he in the time of affliction to administer balm of consolation to the bleeding heart, and to point the grief-stricken one to Him who pities the sorrowing. But though he leaves us, we will not entirely give him up ; when-

ever we hear of his eloquent voice pleading for the great cause of Education we will still think of him as *our Professor*.

We give below his letter to the Faculty and Prof. Puryear's reply.

PROF. B. PURYEAR, LL. D., Richmond College.

*My Dear Sir*:—Having asked of the Trustees the immediate acceptance of my resignation, this day tendered, of the Professorships I have held in the College, I cannot consent to dissolve the relations which have so long and so harmoniously existed betwixt my colleagues and myself, without saying that the separation is peculiarly painful.

Loving the College with almost filial affection, I have found in the Faculty equal, if not superior, devotion to the interests of the institution, and the most zealous and pleasant co-operation in all efforts for its usefulness and success.

Living on terms of closest official and personal intimacy with my colleagues, my respect for their ability and scholarship has increased with my personal regard and affection for each one of them. The College is blessed and honored in having such a corps of teachers, and I shall carry to my grave as a precious memory the friendship and respect with which you have honored me.

To give a full expression to my feelings might appear unmanly, and I content myself with thanking each one for the unvarying kindness I have received, and with praying God's richest blessing upon yourselves and your families.

Yours sincerely,

J. L. M. CURRY.

*Richmond, Va., Feb. 7th, 1881.*

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, LL. D.

*My Dear Sir*:—Your letter of the 7th inst. was read to the Faculty at a called meeting, held yesterday, and was ordered to be spread upon the minutes. It was received with profound and tender sensibility. For twelve years you have been a member of the Faculty of this institution, and, during all that time, your colleagues have felt a pride in you as an associate, only equalled by their affection for you as a friend. A review of our long and intimate association suggests no unpleasant incidents, but only an unbroken round of gentle courtesies. The severance, therefore, of your official connection with the College is peculiarly painful to the Faculty, who so long have been accustomed to rely upon your wise and prudent counsel, your ardent attachment to the institution, and your warm and lavish kindness to themselves.

In the discharge of the high duties and heavy responsibilities of the new position to which you have been so flatteringly called, we have an unbounding confidence that you will accomplish, on a wider field, for



the public good, the same success which has so signally crowned your labors in Richmond College.

We are glad that the change does not change your residence, and we will be happy to see you, as often as possible, in our midst and at our meetings.

Wishing you success and usefulness in your work, health and happiness in your home, and invoking in your behalf the Divine guidance and support,

I am truly and faithfully yours,

B. PURYEAR, Chairman.

*Richmond, Va., Feb. 10th, 1881.*

**THE VACANCIES.**—The Board of Trustees of the College at a called meeting accepted Dr. Curry's resignation, and left it to the Faculty to provide for his classes for the remainder of the session. They have selected Professor Rodes Massie to teach English and Professor Harris to take the class of Moral Philosophy.

It is indeed with pleasure that we welcome Professor Massie to the College again, he has always been exceedingly popular with the boys, both on account of his ability as an instructor and his many noble qualities as a gentleman. The students received him with immense enthusiasm.

**DEATH OF CARLYLE.**—We feel that the *Messenger* would deserve to forfeit every claim to a literary character, did we not at least mention the death of one of the foremost literary men of the age. Thomas Carlyle passed away in London, Feb. 5th, 1881, at the age of eighty-six.

Few men have made a deeper impress upon the age in which they lived than has the author of "Sartor Resartus," "Frederick the Great," "Oliver Cromwell" and "The French Revolution." While a young man he became passionately devoted to the German language and literature, and plunged with enthusiasm into the study of German philosophy. Becoming deeply imbued with the Germanic spirit and systems of thought, by the subtlety and power of his pen he revolutionized English opinion and criticism, introducing German ideas, and was at one time the recognized leader of modern thought.

Carlyle was never essentially a popular writer. Intensely original, with a style marked, and at times grotesque, he nevertheless rises into great beauty, and his "Frederick the Great" is one of the most deeply interesting books in the whole range of literature.

Many writers of this century have charmed the multitude to a greater extent by the softness and beauty of their productions, but the wave of Time will sweep away these baseless fabrics which have for a moment obscured the view, while the fame of Carlyle like some

beetling crag withstanding the impression of years will still tower aloft in its rugged beauty so long as the English tongue be spoken.

*Resquiat in Pace.*

WE are glad to announce that Gen. Roger A. Pryor of New York has consented to deliver the annual address before the Societies at the close of the College term. His recognized ability as a lawyer, and established reputation as an orator forces us to anticipate a fine oration. His being a native Virginian, and thoroughly Southern and democratic in his views, ought to insure him a hearty welcome.

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### LOCALS.

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Had the measles?

Going to Washington to see the President inaugurated?

WE congratulate the good people of Richmond on Dr. William E. Hatcher's decision to remain in the city. After having considered maturely a most flattering call from a large church in Louisville, Ky., backed by four thousand dollars or more annually, he has decided to remain with his old church. When he announced from his pulpit his determination to remain, the scene was very affecting; young and old were moved to tears as one after another went forward to give him the hand of appreciation and love. The Doctor is an *alumnus* of our college and a member of the Board of Trustees, and has always shown himself one of its warmest friends. Besides, the students could ill afford to lose him from their midst, since they find in him a wise counsellor and a sympathizing friend—one who is always looking after their welfare. It is needless to say that he occupies a large place in their hearts.

WE notice that certain persons take special delight in defacing college property by writing on the walls and cutting the benches. These *Crusaders* have been busily at work for some time, and we think that it is about time for them to desist. We learn from good authority that the Richmond Institute (colored) is kept in perfect order. No marks or scratches can be found on the walls, while the walls of our college present to the eye of the stranger such a sight as the walls of a third-class country school-house usually do. While gentlemen may scribble on the walls and whittle the benches, we take it for granted that no gentleman will draw obscene pictures on the walls. If you haven't any manners apply to the occupants of Room 40 and they will teach



you some. You will find written over the fine arch of college part No, 2, in his own hand, this significant notice: "Gentlemen, please do not put your feet on the wall."

" If you have any manners,  
Take down your feet.  
By observing this hint,  
You'll keep the wall neat."

THE Philologian Society at a recent meeting elected our worthy associate, Mr. John A. Powers, of King William county, Final Orator, to represent them at their celebration in June.

At a called meeting of the students the following resolutions and letter were ordered to be published in the *Messenger*.

Whereas Dr. J. L. M. Curry, having been called to another field of labor, has resigned the professorship of English and of Moral Philosophy in Richmond College, therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That we, the students of Richmond College, while appreciating the sense of duty which required the step he has taken, nevertheless sincerely deplore the great loss in being deprived of his instruction, and of the elevating and refining influence which he exerted over the students.

Resolved, 2d. That in him we have found not only a teacher of marked ability and of peculiar fitness for the work in which he was engaged, but also a wise counselor and a sympathizing friend, whose daily life exemplified his interest in the students and his desire for their advancement and general welfare. Kind, generous and warm-hearted, he never failed to win the respect and esteem of those who were brought under his influence.

Resolved, 3rd. That, while regretting our loss, we are consoled by the thought that his will be a useful life wherever spent, and though he may be separated from us, we shall ever cherish the kind instruction received from him.

Feb. 14th, 1881.

W. J. DECKER, }  
W. B. HAISLIP, } Committee.  
G. C. ABBITT, }

*Richmond, Va., 23d Feb., 1881.*

To Messrs. W. J. DECKER, W. B. HAISLIP  
AND G. C. ABBITT—Com.

Gentlemen: Absence from Richmond and pressing duties have delayed an acknowledgment of the action of the students in reference to my withdrawal from Richmond College. The resolutions awakened the deepest sensibilities of my nature. I cannot flatter myself that I deserve one tithe of the good things the students were pleased to say about me, but I shall treasure as one of my most valued possessions the expression of the confidence and love of those

with whom I have been so intimately associated, and for whose moral and intellectual well-being it has been my pride and pleasure to labor.

In all my teacher-life I have sought to evoke the good in the young men, to stimulate a pure and lofty ambition, to hold up an exalted ideal, to inspire the most constant endeavors for improvement, that they might live worthy of their God and their country. I record with some satisfaction, and I appeal to every student who has ever sat under my lectures for verification of what I say, that no student of mine has ever been able to ascertain from what occurred in the lecture-room, what were my denominational or political preferences.

The young men of educational advantages live in a fortunate time and can accomplish much for their country's good and for the good of humanity. For your individual prosperity, my young friends, you have my earnest prayers. I shall watch, with a kind of parental solicitude the career of each one, and you need no additional assurance that it will be a coveted privilege to aid in any laudable undertaking.

I leave tomorrow for an extended visit to the South-West, but hope when I return to express, in person, my grateful appreciation of your kind expressions.

To the students, collectively and individually, I beg you to present my warmest affection,

Yours, very truly,

J. L. M. CURRY.

It is indeed with sadness that we pen it, unutterable sorrow wells up in our soul as we think of it, but the truth must be told—*Our Poet Laureate has the Measles!* Oh! most unpoetic of diseases why did you attack our nascent Byron just as he was endeavoring to get in the first "Ode to Spring?" But our P. L.'s greatest annoyance is, that though he earnestly desires to relate his misfortunes to his "Angelina," he has not yet succeeded in getting a word to rhyme with *Measles*. He has laboriously scanned Webster, Leverett, Liddell and Scott, Spiers and Surene, and Adler, but in vain. Any reader who has "the quality of mercy" in his heart will please forward the desired word to us C. O. D., and our genius may recover.

P. S.—Since writing the above *Weasels* has been suggested.

ONE of our cottage boys has been getting lately some ten or fifteen letters a mail. Wherefore, we advise the young ladies, in their several localities, to compare "notes," and, if he be found guilty, to procure the services of our Zulu chief, who longs to be on the war-path, to take his scalp. And we suggest further that they prepare a funeral ode for the occasion, adapted to long metre,



WE were sorry to part from our valued friend, Mr. W. H. Ryals, but we wish him success in his Kentucky home.

WE are glad to greet again, on the campus, our genial friend, Jack Montague, after his protracted sickness. Jack seems to be blooming as formerly, head and all.

IT gives us pleasure also to see Mr. J. L. Lake out again, who had one of his fingers badly shot by the accidental discharge of a pistol.

PROF. of Preparatory Mathematics: "Mr. A., what is the reciprocal of a quantity equal to?"

Mr. A.—"I don't know; but I know if a young man loves a young lady and she reciprocates his love, that means she returns it."

A STUDENT in preparatory mathematics was puzzled over a very simple example, when the Professor asked: "If you are drowning in an *inch* of water, what would you do if you were in the sea?"

Student: "I suppose I would be swallowed by a whale."

HE is one of those lean, lank, long-sided specimens that are the torture of the community during cherry time. His height necessitates the wearing of a mustache to prevent the sun from drawing blisters on his under lip. He was hurrying along the street the other day, Dame Nature had just varnished up, and all at once, his heels flew up, his head down, and the girl just behind him smole a smile as she turned away to inform the neighbors that it wasn't an earthquake that had shaken the community. He gathered himself up, after a scuffle, brushed the stars from his eyes and departed a sadder if not a wiser man.

WE are sorry to announce to an expectant world (and while we write we feel the mist gathering in our eyes), that our "phunny man" has nearly run out of jokes and persimmons. We beseech the druggists, if they have any almanacs, new or old, containing jokes, to forward them immediately in care of the *Messenger*; and we do implore the citizens of his community to keep their dogs tied next fall and thus give the man a fair showing at least once.

THE library committees of both Societies want a copy of the *Messenger* for November, 1879. If any one of our readers has a copy of that date he will confer a great favor by sending it to us.

The room-mate of our College Poet No. 1, says he invariably knows when Mr. Poet gets a letter from his sweet-heart by the following

signs: Mr. P. runs up the steps as *fast* as poets can run, throws the door of his room *wide open*. and stands for a short while at the door as if enjoying what Mark Twain would call a "religious ecstasy," his usually serene countenance lit up with a *huge* smile; then he begins to come into the room after the manner of a crab. His room-mate silently witnessing these curious phenomena attending the reception of the above letter, or letters, suddenly solved the problem why Mr. P. came into the room as if he were cross-eyed. The solution is this, the smile which our Poet wears when produced by the said letter, or letters, of his *dulcinea* is so immense as to necessitate the Poet to so turn his physical structure that one end or corner of the smile can enter the door at a time. Strange, but true!

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PERSONALS.

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Rev. Baylus Cade, '68-'9, is pastor of the church in Andersonville, W. Va. He is quite a big man in the West Virginia Association.

J. M. Simms, '77-'8, is clerk of the court in Washington, Ark.

Walter H. Harrison, '79-'80, is engaged with the engineering corps on the Richmond and Alleghany railroad.

Arthur Lee, '79-'80, is at the Virginia Military Institute. We saw him on the street a few days ago. He looks well in uniform.

R. O. Wortham, '79-'80, was to see us during the examination.

F. M. Satterwhite, '79-'80, was to see us a few days ago. He is doing missionary and colporteur's work in Bedford.

Thomas J. Nettles, '76-'7, (our own "Thomas Jefferson") is teaching and preaching in Chesterfield, and courting *the* girl(s). Tom is a good fellow and we like him, but we do envy him in some respects.

Hugh Goodwin, '78-'9, is colporteur in Louisa county. Hugh, send us your name and let us send you the *Messenger*.

M. F. Sanford, '74-'5, was ordained recently, and is preaching in Westmoreland and adjoining counties.

Frank Biedler, '76-'7, is drumming for a large house in Baltimore.

Wilton Thurston, '72-'3, is married, and teaching school in Greenville county, S. C.



Herbert Lewis, '78-'9, is practicing law in King William county. He was married some time ago.

T. Smith Wilbur, '77-'8, gladdened the hearts of his many friends by a visit a short time since. Fearing the lonely trip back to Charleston, he stole one of our Virginia girls to accompany him, as will be seen by the following extract from the Richmond *Dispatch*:

"Married, on the evening of January 19th, 1881, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Capt. Walter Bowie, by Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D., Mr. Thomas Smith Wilbur, of Charleston, S. C., to Miss Mary Ella Sumner, of Richmond, Va."

Wilbur, we congratulate you on your new-found happiness.

R. R. Gwathmey, '67-'8, was married not long since to Miss Winston, a Louisa belle, and has made this city his home.

W. T. Derieux, '76-'7, is preaching in Manchester, Va. "Dux" is married and happy.

Sol. Cutchins, M. A. of '77, and B. L. of '78, was married January 27, 1881, to Miss Berta Oppenheimer, of this city. Let us congratulate you, Sol.

It gives us real pleasure to learn that Charley Steel, '78-'79, will graduate from the Baltimore Dental College, the 2d of March, at the head of his classes. Charley is a bright looking fellow and he doesn't deceive his looks.

J. E. Peake, '78-'79, and C. W. Warren, '77-'78, are both farming, the former in Norfolk county, and the latter in Surry county. Report says they both contemplate launching into the harbor of matrimony at an early date. We reserve our congratulations until after—we receive our invitations.

H. P. McCormick, '78-'79, is teaching school in Loudon. "Mack" still visits the girls, and even had the audacity a few days since to write to an old schoolmate on a sheet of violet-tinted paper. He excused himself by saying he had just written "to a fair rival of Venus, who, in the witchery of her enchantment, far outstripped Lais of classic fame." He still loves to "curl" as the above will show. We can't give him any advice, since we never had his malady.

Ben. Gay, (Plague on it), '76-'77, is practising law in Jackson, N. C. We hear he is doing well, though he says, "Plague on it" the girls trouble me so much, I hardly have time to study my cases." We

say be of good cheer Ben, for if you were married, we are sure you would say "Plague on it" more frequently.

Wm. F. Bagby, '77-'78, is teaching the Public school at Stevensville, King and Queen county. We learn also that "Joe" is circulating extensively among the girls. Don't forget your Richmond friends, old fellow, when she fixes the day.

H. L. Davies, '79-'80, is the efficient Principal of the Richmond Academy, founded by his lamented brother B. T. Davies, M. A.

Wm. F. Harris, A. M., '77-'78, expects to graduate at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, this session. We trust that he may find his field in his native state, but wherever he may go he has our best wishes for his success in his calling.

W. T. Oppenheimer, '77-'78, is attending the Richmond Medical College, and expects to be turned loose on the world with a significant "sheepskin" this session. We overheard "Opp" giving a young lady a prescription not long ago, but judging from his woeful countenance since, we fear she did not take it.

Conway R. Sands, '79-'80, (Champion Catcher), is reading law with Mess. Kean and Davis of this city. Connie's "*Calico*" proclivities are still very great, and admiring Wilkie Collins' popular novel — "*The Law and the Lady*," he combines the two very faithfully.

Littell Wilson, '79-'80, is head book-keeper of the Richmond Telephone Exchange. We know the girls claim most of his spare time, but hope that he will not forget the College.

Wm. A. Vaughan, '79-'80, is teaching school at his home, Timberville, Rockingham county. Oh! how we will miss his deceptive curves in our games this Spring. Do not mistake your school room for the base ball ground and throw the ink stand at the head of an unlucky urchin, or catch one of your fair scholars "*on a fly*."

Lyman Chalkley, '78-'79, is in business with his father Mr. O. H. Chalkley in Richmond. How about that newly acquired dignity, Lyman?

T. V. S. Gilchrist, '69-'70, is living in Richmond, and is undoubtedly one of the greatest beaux of our acquaintance. He often visits the College where he is warmly welcomed, and testifies his love for his old Society by his eloquent speeches.



C. F. James, '69-'70, is the beloved and efficient pastor of the Buchanan Baptist Church.

R. H. Pitt, '77-'78, is the popular pastor of the Venable St. Baptist Church in this city. "Bob" don't let your new dignities make you forget us poor juveniles entirely.

A. Bates Tyree, '69-'70, is drummer for D. O. Davis & Co., Richmond. We always thought that he would make a noise in the world.

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### EXCHANGES.

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It is profitable to examine critically the work of others when we have the same kind of work to do ourselves. The Exchange Column of a college paper is a source of pleasure, too, in that it furnishes a medium by which we may openly and freely express our opinions about our neighbors, and, in turn, see what they have to say about us. If they say anything good about us it encourages us, and on the other hand talk badly about us, why, we will have our show at them next time.

The majority of our exchanges for January have been received, but some of our regular visitors have failed as yet to make their appearance. We miss the *Mississippi University Magazine*, *Student Life*, and several others, which we hope will be more prompt hereafter.

*The Reveille* comes to us from Chester, Pa., and contains several interesting articles. It is, also, in external appearance, quite a handsome paper.

The *Normal News* has a very readable article on "Crossing the Rubicon."

*The Beacon* is mainly filled up with matters concerning Boston University. It is rather deficient in literary merit.

Is the *Grand River College Courant* a college paper? We ask for information. Its name indicates that it is, but we have read the January No., and find nothing in it by which we can decide.

We have read with pleasure the January No. of *The Virginia University Magazine*. It sustains the reputation which it has heretofore enjoyed among college journals. It contains a larger amount of reading matter than any of our exchanges, but the articles are good. We notice among its editors our former student, A. B. Gunter.

We believe that no history gives, to any length, the situation of the South after the war, but we have it all in "*A Fool's Errand*." We learn the ways of people through the novel.—"C," in *The Wittenberger*, Springfield, Ohio.

If "C" is so credulous as to believe everything he reads, we suggest "*A Fool's Errand*" as a good title for any journeyings which he may make.

*The Critic* is not, as its name would indicate, severe in criticising its exchanges, but exhibits a very fair spirit. The column devoted to news from "Schools and Colleges" is well edited.

The motto of *The Linsly Echo* is "*Doctrina Vim Promovet Insitam*." This being so, we recommend to the *Echo* a little more "*Doctrina*."

*The Oracle* gives, in a table of statistics, the *average color* of the eyes of the students of the academy as brown. The process by which the average color was determined, is not explained.

Nearly all the articles in the *Roanoke Collegian* are of a very practical nature, and very serious. A little wit, or an article or two on some literary subject, would improve the *Collegian*.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Lariat*, (Wabash College, Ind.); *The College Journal*, from Wisconsin; *College Record*, *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, *The Hanoverian*, *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, *The Portfolio*, *The Seminarian*, *The Studio and Musical Review*, *Queen's College Journal*,

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## CLIPPINGS.

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PROFESSOR.—"Mr. M., what is the answer to the second question. Mr. M. (after waiting in vain to be prompted.) "Nobody seems to know, professor."—*Queen's College Journal*.

THE class of '82 is noted (?) for scientific men. Their discoveries and investigations were capped the other day by one of them announcing "tautology" as a science.—*Penn. College Monthly*.

LECTURE upon the rhinoceros. Professor: "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."—*Exchange*.



"WE understand that there is an East Ranger in medical jurisprudence who is going to get fifteen dollars from home if he makes it." *University Magazine.*

Surely, he *ought* to get it if he makes it.

PROFESSOR to student who writes, not for the masses but for the educated few: "You should write so that the most ignorant of your audience can understand all that you say." Student, (puzzled) "What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?"—*College Record.*

AN Irishman, who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time."—*Ex.*

PROFESSOR: If I should tell you that ice could be heated so hot that it could not be held in the hand, what would you say? Cheeky Junior: Well, Professor, knowing you as I do, I should ask you to prove it. Class becomes noisy.—*Syracusan.*

THE following was evolved recently from the brilliant brain of one of our juniors, who has evidently been thinking seriously of his rhetoric: "Most lies are hyperbole Hyperbole is a figure; hence most lies are figures. But figures can't lie. *Ergo*, a lie is not a lie, *quod est demonstrandum.*"—*Volante.*

"There is room at the top," the Senior said,  
As he placed his hand on the Freshman's head.

—*Knox Student.*

A red headed man recently attended a masquerade wrapped from his head to his heels in brown cloth, and with his head bare. He represented a lighted cigar.—[*Syracuse Herald.*]

We hope he did'nt ignite any fair tresses that night.

A Galveston man, who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear friend—If you are looking for a No. 1 mule don't forget me."—*Galveston News.*

Four hundred and fourteen million gallons of beer drunk in this country last year. Now figure out, how often "zwei lager" was shouted.—*Ex.*

We have some very good mathematicians among our boys, but they know nothing in the world about *lager*—Oh! No.

Cabman (to gentleman smoking cigar)—"Got a cigar to give away, sir?" Gent. (facetiously)—"I never smoke." Cabman—"Well sir, I thought you was just a-learning.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a young lady, entering a public hall the

other evening, "what a dreadful odor of carburetted hydrogen!" "Mum" said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. "The smell of the carburetted hydrogen," she exclaimed. "That's no kind o' gin, mum," replied the janitor, "that's garse; the pipes is leaky, mum."—[Boston Transcript.

During a recent conference at Worcester, the following conversation was heard between two boys: I say, Tim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here altogether?" "Why," answered Tim scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swap sermons."—*Ex.*

We respectfully refer this question to our corps of "*Ministerials.*"

A Frenchman and Englishman being mortally angered with each other, determined to appeal to the *code duello*, but inasmuch as both were great cowards, agreed to fight with pistols in a dark room. When the word was given to "fire," the doughty Englishman, creeping softly to the hearth, fired up the chimney and brought down—the Frenchman.

She was declaiming "The Launching of the Ship," and as with a tender voice she exclaimed:

How beautiful she is! how fair  
She lies within those arms that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!"

the professor rolled his eyes in ecstasy and whispered," "Beautiful, beautiful figure!" and the boys held each other down in their places, and smacked their juicy lips. Such, alas, are the temptations of co-education!—*Vidette.*

A man was coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, and his nose spread out all over his face like a piece of raw beef, and one his of ears chewed off. To a policeman who interviewed him, he replied: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went in ter see the man who writ it. He war *thar*, stranger."

Fishburn, is that the policy in your office, old fellow?

A Galveston gentleman hired uncle Mose to remove a lot of rubbish, but the old man piled on such little loads that he managed to make an extra trip. "Look here, uncle, if you had put decent-sized loads on your cart, you could have carried all that rubbish off in one trip." I knows it boss; yer see I'se a member of de Galveston society for de prevention ob cruelty to animals, and it would be agin my principles to have put too heaby a load on my old hoss." The gentieman sighed, but paid over the money. "Ain't yer gwine to frow in a dram?" asks the old darkey, working his mouth. "I would like, uncle Mose, to give you a dram." "Thank yer, boss," said the old man, wink-



ing his eyes and smacking his lips. "I say I would like to give you a dram, but I am a member of the Galveston Sons of Temperance, and it would be against my principles to encourage drunkenness."—*Galveston News*.

Photographer—"You look too sober. Smile a little." He smiles, and the photographer says: "Not so much sir; my instrument is too small to encompass the opening."

His name was—but never mind, just ask Miss —— to show you the picture.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at table)—"Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table." "Yes sir; and that is all you do leave."—*Ex*.

Little boy at the opening of a proposed spelling match—"Let's start fair, grandmother." You take Nebuchadnezzar, and I'll take cat.—*Ex*.

A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whale bone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is a gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

Junior English Class will take notice.

"Johannes Smithus, walking up a streetus, met two ingentes Ingins et parvulus Ingin. Ingins non capti sunt ab Johanne, sed Johannes captus est ab ingentibus Inginibus. Parvulus Ingin run off hollerin', et terrificandus est most to death. Big Ingins romoverunt Johannem ad tentum ad campum, ad marshy placem, papoosem, pipe of peacem, bogibus squawque. Quum Johannes examinates est ab Inginibus, they condemnati sunt eum to be cracked on capitem ab clubibus, et a big Ingin was going to strikaturus esse Smithum with a clubem, quum Pocahontas came trembling down et hollerin', 'Don't ye du it, don't ye du it!' Sic Johannes non periit, sed grew fat on corn bread and hominy."—*Wabash*.

We will state for the benefit of the Prep. Latin Class, that a "Pony" to the above can be had by applying at the State Library.

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