THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

There's a magical isle in the river of Time
Where softest of echoes are straying,
And the air is as sweet as a musical chime,
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime,
When June with its roses is staying.

'Tis there Memory dwells with his pale, golden hue,
And music forever is flowing,
While the low-murmured tones that came tremulously through,
Sadly trouble the heart—and yet soften it, too—
As south winds o'er waters when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in the fairy-like isle,
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes and the sweet sunny smile
Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of that isle is the beautiful Past,
And we bury our treasures all there;
There are beings of beauty too lovely to last,
There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them cast,
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only Memory sings,
And the words of a dear mother's prayer,
There's a harp long unswept and a lute without strings,
There are flowers, all withered, and letters, and rings,
Hallowed tokens that Love used to wear.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning us there,
And with joy that is almost a pain
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,
We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like shore,
Is a vista unfadingly bright,
And the river of Time, in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the years were a dream of delight.  

—Selected.
Botanists tell us that after all their researches in the vegetable kingdom they have found no two flowers exactly the same. So far as our observation extends, it is nothing less than a corroboration of their statement. Of the myriad of aspen leaves that attract our gaze as they quiver in the breeze, each has a mark peculiar to itself. The laborer, when half his day’s work is done, and at noon reclines under the shade of an aged oak, and watches the autumnal leaves as one by one they fall about him and spread a bed of golden covering, cannot find in his quilt of nature two pieces precisely the same. As the careless observer of nature cannot fail to notice that every object is different from every other, so the cursory reader of history must observe that distinguishing marks belong to every age. In the history of a country he finds that one century differs from another in regard to government and religion; one decade from another with respect to manners and customs. What is true of different ages is equally true of different nations flourishing in the same age. To the traveller there is nothing more engaging than the peculiarities of the various races with which he may be thrown. I care not whether, for the sake of gold, he is wandering through India, or, for the sake of pleasure, his course is along the sunny vales of Italy and over the vine-clad hills of France and the picturesque mountains of Switzerland. So far as regards the point in view, it is a matter of indifference whether, in some eastern caravan, his journey is across an Arabian desert, the lovely plain of Esdraelon, and across the fertile valley of the Nile, or whether, on some western railway, he is borne with lightning velocity from city to city and state to state. However numerous the cities and countries he may have visited, yet he must have observed the peculiarities of the people inhabiting those respective cities and countries. Our country has some features in common with no other country on the face of the globe. Our age is cut off from every age that has preceded it by the manners, customs, and spirit of the people who now live.

Of many of our characteristics we are proud to make acknowledgment. There is no country in which the teachings of the Bible are more respected. No age can boast of greater achievements in scientific discoveries. But we have some characteristics, to boast of which would be an act of doubtful propriety. Prominent among them is the subject under consideration, namely, the practical spirit, which is aptly expressed in the words, Will it pay? Visit some great business
Will It Pay?

metropolis, where all is hurry and bustle. Some of the citizens are running hither and thither, others are poring over immense account-books, while the greater part of each class has no greater desire or incentive than the pay which they daily receive. How many men there are in our country who desire to learn nothing more than is absolutely necessary in making money. To meet the demand of the age, business colleges have been established professing to give a practical education in the short time of fourteen weeks. If making money is the only thing practical in this life, I have no comprehension of the term, and as for myself I am debarred all hopes of ever being a practical man. Far be it from me to condemn any one for being truly practical. The many failures which attend the lives of some people are due to the fact that they are not practical enough. Let every one, before he begins an enterprise, ask himself the question, Will it pay? If I invest my time and money in this or that undertaking, what will be the result? In business matters it is of supreme importance that men should exercise great foresight. If a purchase is to be made, or a bargain to be closed, the question is to be decided on the principle involved in our theme, Will it pay? This question being answered, there arises another not less vital, i.e., What will pay? There are stronger motives to impel us to action than the maddening rage for gold and silver. But there is a class of people who make money an end, and not a means. They stint themselves and those around them. They have millions, yet live like beggars. Tools to be pitied are they who have so base and ignoble an end. Let us beware, however, lest in our attempt to sail clear of Scylla we are engulfed in the whirlpool of Charybdis; lest in our eagerness to escape this class we find ourselves in another equally despicable, whose chief characteristic is indolence, whose members have no lofty aspirations, who say that they are content in their present condition, because, forsooth, many rich men have worshipped money. There is danger, they assert, in handling money. This we willingly admit. But must we have nothing to do with a thing because it is dangerous? The harmless things in most cases are the worthless ones. There is danger in the use of powder, yet see the granite hills as they burst asunder by its strength, and render no longer an obstruction to our thoroughfares. There is danger in confining steam, but shall we on that account have no dealings with it? Nay, with it we drive our engines, run our factories, propel our steamboats. So with money; let us hold the love of it in subjection, and if we are to boast, let us boast that we have dominion over the dangerous, and can cause it to do our bidding.
Again, there are some people who seek money in order that after they have acquired a fortune they may rest in ease and happiness. Little remains to distinguish such men from the lower animals. They lay in stores for future consumption, but the little ant does the same. The farmer that earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, and can appreciate the beauties of nature, is far happier than the man who surrounds himself by all that money can purchase, but whose desires cannot rise above the heaps of worldly goods that environ him. See the merry group, when harvest is at hand, gather themselves into the fields, all golden with ripening grain. The reapers, as they whet their scythes, fill the air with melody, which, wafted over the hills, strikes our ears, reminding us of Orpheus of old, to the sweet notes of whose lyre the wild beasts forsook their dens and danced in concert with the trees of the forest. The binders, too, in prompt response, strike the earth with nimble feet, and lend joy and gladness to the occasion by their loud laughter and rustic songs. What monarch, though surrounded by all the wealth of India, enjoys such happiness as these! When darkness is driven from the earth, and Aurora rises out of the ocean in her chariot, and with her rosy fingers drops the gentle dew upon the meadow grass, when the birds are singing in the groves and all nature is alive with music, the merry milkmaid trips on her way to the barn-yard, where the lowing herds are confined. Who dares to assert that she is not so happy as the woman who dresses in silks and laces, walks on Brussels carpets, and reclines on velvet cushions?

There is still another class who make money a means of self-aggrandizement. Society has, to a considerable extent, a money basis. Wealth certainly creates social distinctions, and never was there an age or country in which such distinctions have been more clearly recognized than in ours. A man may be guilty of a thousand immoral actions in acquiring riches, but, once acquired, they blind our eyes to the infamous deeds perpetrated in their acquisition. We forget the widows and orphans whom he has robbed, and give him a welcome to our parlors. We attend his magnificent entertainments, partake of his bountiful feasts, seemingly unconscious that this pompous display is made by money stolen from rightful owners. In rising to a pinnacle at which we shall receive the homage of men, two roads of ascent lie before us. A man may be praised for that which is a part of him, for some innate greatness which has so interwoven itself into his being until it has become the woof and warp of his nature; or a man may be applauded for that which simply belongs to him, for the worldly
possessions which are his. In gaining the heights of worldly fame, the ascent by either road is comparatively easy in such a country and under such a government as ours. Here a man needs no long list of illustrious ancestors to carry him through life. A young man may be of humble birth, yet, with ordinary energy, he can throw aside the shackles that bind him, and rise and shine in the highest circles of society. How different from those Eastern countries where the higher classes are separated from the lower by a gulf almost impassable, where the aspirations of the poor are crushed by the tyranny of the rich.

Let us ascertain, if possible, the causes to which the utilitarian idea, so popular among our people, may be attributed. To the enquiring mind there is little satisfaction until a plausible answer can be given to the question, Why? What I shall present may not be satisfactory, yet it is the best I can furnish, and, I trust, is not entirely without force.

First. The practical spirit is due in some degree to the fact that our country has been recently colonized. If honor is due our nation, it is not because of her hoary locks. She is yet in her infancy. Only five years have elapsed since the celebration of her first centennial. Only two centuries have passed away since that "solitary, adventurous" vessel the Mayflower landed on the shores of New England. Only a few generations have come and gone since the savage Indians roamed through our forest and wild beasts infested our lands. The hills and dales which now bloom and blossom like a rose, were then the hunting grounds of barbaric tribes. How critical were the surroundings of our forefathers, persecuted and oppressed on every hand. They died by starvation and exposure, they were killed by arrows and tomahawks. To their hardships were added the tyranny of the mother country. Of all on earth who would wrong a child, a mother should be the last. Others may trample it under foot, may usurp its God-given rights, but how can a mother rob of its liberties the child that is "bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh"? Yet it is true, "we were planted by the oppression and nourished by the neglect" of Great Britain, and common dangers and common hardships made our interests the same, and placed us all on equality. Titles of distinction current in the Old World passed out of vogue ere the men thus honored had placed their feet on the shores of America. Epithets of honor receive little toleration in the conversations of pioneers and early settlers. Our ancestors who first inhabited this country came from various ranks in society. Some were men of noble birth; others
were vile and wretched outcasts. Some were citizens of wealth and renown in their native lands, while others were beggars in the streets of their native cities, and were objects of scorn, infamy, and disgrace. The question may well be asked, what will be the result when such heterogeneous classes are thrown into one, when rich and poor, high and low, in almost the twinkling of an eye, are placed on the same level? Doubtless the wealthy and the noble, when they reached the foreign land, lost little or none of their former desire for wealth and fame, and certainly the poor and the ignoble, when they looked around them and saw by their sides those by whom they were formerly disdained, had their desire for riches and honor increased. Thus the close intimacy which was created between those once superior and those once inferior, inspired within the latter a longing after what men have been pleased to term higher things. The poor rejoiced in their elevation, and strove to hold their position. The bonds of tyranny which held them in subjection to the rich on the other side of the Atlantic, were broken when they started on a new career, in a new world. The broad chasm which had hitherto separated the two classes was closed, or at least bridged, and a harmonious union effected. If the remarks just made cannot be successfully contradicted, we may legitimately conclude that the small number of wealthy men who left rich fields to find others still more fertile, who forsook rich mines to dwell in a land where the beds of brooks and rivulets glistened with golden sand, dispossessed themselves of little, aye, none of their eagerness for gain, their practical spirit (a characteristic of the rich), when they settled our country; while on the contrary the countless number of poor, persecuted peasants, finding here an opportunity to increase their worldly possessions, seized this opportunity, and with the increase of wealth the anxiety for the same was correspondingly augmented.

Second. This low, utilitarian spirit has doubtless been favored by the position and natural resources of our country. No nation has better commercial advantages than those of the United States. Its situation renders easy access to all points on the globe, and ships laden with products daily sail from our ports for various parts of the world. Our vessels traverse every sea and visit every land. Our harbors, too, are crowded with vessels from foreign ports, and our commercial cities are increasing in population and wealth. But while the United States, in regard to position, is well suited to be a commercial nation, it is also blessed with natural resources infinite in worth. The fertility of its soil invites to its cultivation. Our coal and iron mines are rich and
vast enough to supply the world through years almost innumerable. Furthermore, no one can complain that we have not made use of our advantages. Visit the various sections of the country and see there the marks of wealth and enterprise. In your course rest on the summit of some New England mountain, and behold the sights that are around and beneath you, and listen to the sounds that greet your ears. See the many columns of curling smoke that rise within your horizon. Theirs is a beautiful story. They tell of busy hamlets, thriving towns, and wealthy cities at their bases. The din which you hear comes from the mills and factories in the valleys at your feet. Now mount some railway train and come to our sunny South. Though the scars of war are still upon her person, yet she no longer broods over the past, and is now rising up. "Aye, forth from dust and ashes, forth from humiliation and defeat, she is rising up! The cotton-blossoms are again resplendent in our fields. They are the robes of our ascension: We are rising up! The waters of our rivers are being taught to turn the wheel, and you hear them chant, as they murmur on to the ocean, We are rising up! The blades of the bountiful corn stand in serried ranks in many a field, and the winds that toy with the tassels of these foemen of labor, seem to whisper as they pass by, We are rising up! We are rising up! From the dark recess of the mine comes the merry click of pick and spade—iron and coal seem to sing in chorus, We are rising up!!!

More even than the foregoing could be said in regard to the West, but neither time nor space will permit it. While we gaze in rapture upon the picture just drawn we may well ask, Is there not a dark side to it? We rejoice in our prosperity, but whither is it leading us? If it is true that an individual can become so intensely eager in his search after riches, or so absorbed in gaining the almighty dollar, as to narrow his mind, to lower his admiration for that which is of real worth, the true, the beautiful, the good; or if it is indisputable that an individual when surrounded by wealth may become so interested in his earthly possessions as to deprive higher desires of their supremacy, and thus place himself upon a plane scarcely more elevated than that of brutish beasts, we are driven irresistibly to the conclusion that a whole populace subjected to similar temptations may in time be so endeared to riches, so attached to wealth, as to enslave themselves to base and greedy appetites, and may place money above honesty, and filthy lucre beyond virtue. Look at the status of political affairs in our own State and see if our former and present prosperity is not leading us in a dangerous direction. But I forbear to mention just
here the dangers which threaten us, as they will be considered under the next division.

Third. The utilitarian spirit has perhaps been favored by our democratic institutions.

After eight years of bloody struggle for independence, having encountered a common foe and endured common privations, our forefathers established a government which dealt with all men as free and equal. Having wept over the same defeats and exulted in the same triumphs with mutual tears and joys, our early ancestors, so long deprived of the right of representation, yet burdened with taxation, laid the corner-stone of a nation in which the whole people and not a select few should rule. Oppressed exiles from every shore found here a place of welcome. Those weighed down by the burdens of tyranny and persecution for following their religious convictions looked to our republic for a home of peace and upon our government as one which dispensed justice equally to all. Men who had long struggled for bare existence, were enabled by the advantages here given, to drive from their doors the grim monsters of penury and want. Those against whom every avenue to wealth had been closed while citizens under monarchical forms of government, where every governmental policy was for the promotion of the rich, while the poor were left out of consideration, gained new energy, shook off their former lethargy, when on our soil they inhaled the air of freedom and enjoyed the thousands of privileges granted by our government. It must, therefore, be evident to every mind that our prosperity has not only been due to our natural resources, but also to our form of government. A country may have ever so many natural advantages, but if its inhabitants are not well ruled they will be poor indeed. The right of citizens to enjoy their own property has stimulated our countrymen to industry. When we consider the beneficial results to mankind derived from the establishment of such a government as ours, we can but adore the wisdom evinced by the framers of our constitution. Long will their memories be cherished. Their bravery and their wisdom will ever be extolled.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!"

But, as has been already intimated, is there only one side to the picture, and that a bright one? I fear not. Though thrift has marked every decade of our government's existence, has it not brought its concomitant evils? It is not to be lamented that ours is a wealthy republic, unless her wealth has or is liable to debase her citizens. If
such results do already exist, or in time to come must follow, far bet-
ter would be our condition had our forefathers found this a country
not more fertile than ancient Greece, rather than a land flowing with
milk and honey. However willing we are to bow at the shrine of
wisdom, or however much inclined we may be to honor our elders and
superiors, yet, when we see to what extremes party spirit is carried in
our politics, we cannot be blind to the glaring fact that the machinery
of our government, in some of its workings, is far beneath perfection.
This assertion cannot be condemned as a piece of impudence, for its
truth defies denial. It is natural enough that there should be some
imperfections, for of all the inventions of man, not one is perfect.

Herein consists the danger which threatens our peace and menaces
our liberties. Under a democracy, political demagogues have free
scope to employ their energies in leading the populace astray. In the
Peloponnessian war, Athens doubtless would have been victorious had
not the people been led to and fro by men seeking their personal ele-
vation and not the good of their native city. No democracy is secure
when the people become so debased as to place private interests above
the public good. These were dark and ominous clouds in the Athen-
ian horizon. They foretold a dark day in Grecian history. They
pointed to a time when Athenian supremacy should cease to exist, to
a time when tyrants would assume supreme control. But let us turn
our eyes from the past, for the present alone is ours. Are there not
some signs in our political heavens foreboding evil to our beloved
State, signs, alas! too plain to be misinterpreted? We cannot escape
the fury of the approaching clouds unless a propitious wind shall rise
and avert their course. Already bands of politicians styling them-

Readjusters are canvassing our State from mountain to seaboard.
That they shall be successful in the coming State election is a question
yet to be answered. May I condemn no man, whose views are differ-
ent from mine, for carrying out his firm convictions, both in religious
and political matters. If a man is a Readjuster on principle, let him
defend those principles regardless of the opposition he may encoun-
ter. But I cannot refrain from making the assertion that if victory
shall crown the efforts of this party it will be due to the practical
spirit so prevalent in our State. Sad, indeed, is the thought that our
people will follow after demagogues who have little or no interest in
the welfare of the mother State, but are seeking selfish and private
gain. Painful, indeed, is the reflection that so many of our citizens
will sell their votes, that so many ask themselves, before they cast
their ballot, Will it pay? and thus barter their country for gold. The
danger which threatens Virginia binds upon her devoted sons weighty responsibilities. In vain we strive to turn our backs upon the picture which constantly rises in our imagination. Disloyal and selfish children, with daggers drawn, are ready to plunge them into the heart of their mother. Already she has received a blow, and reels and staggers. O, may her loyal sons arise and raise the shield of honesty to protect the mother ere she falls by a matricidal blow!

"CALICO."

Although this is not that season in which young men's minds are most apt lightly to turn to green fields and thoughts of love, yet I think that at no time than at the present would a paper upon this subject be more suitable. There is nothing so conducive to success as making a good beginning. Many of us have entered the walls of this college, as students, for the first time. The habits which we contract now are likely to stick to us through our college course. How necessary is it, then, that we should begin aright. If we form habits of diligence and of systematic study, we are on a fair way towards a successful college career. While if at this time we fall into habits of laziness, and of working without system, we shall find it much harder to break off from them in the future. If there are old students to whom it would not be amiss to mend their ways, there is no time so suitable for it as the present.

This is the time when the minds of many of the new and old students alike are intent on thinking of some fair one left behind. While if it is true, as I believe, that absence cools the ardor of our feelings, then those whose calico proclivities last session were too great for their mental development, will find it much easier to correct those tendencies now than at any other time.

My opinion in regard to the "calico ticket" is that college students should take it carefully and lightly. Calico is rather a dangerous thing to handle. I think it would be safest for the student if upon every package of it there was written, "Handle with care." If not handled with care, dangerous results may follow.
The student enters college for the development of his mental faculties. This should be, if it is not, the purpose for which he enters it. At least, this was the purpose for which our colleges were instituted. It is a very intelligible fact, as well as an inexorable law of nature, that no two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time. The one which presses against the other with the greater force pushes it out of the way. In this case the familiar adage "The weaker goes to the wall" is true. Mind, says our professor of Chemistry, like matter, is impenetrable. The student cannot think about the languages, and sciences, and Angelina, at the same time. One of them will have to give way to the other, and, as in the former case, "The weaker goes to the wall." No one for a moment will have any hesitancy in deciding which will prove the stronger. The occult meaning of the Greek and Latin roots, the altitudes of mathematics, and the profundities of metaphysics, pale into insignificance before the charms, the attractions, the fascinations, and magnetism of woman's magic influence. The student of Greek, puzzled over some difficult passage in Herodotus or Homer, sees not in the letters on the page before him the meaning of its author, but in its place he sees dancing before him, in fairy-like form, with bewitching smiles and magnetic eyes, the image of his Dulcina.

But say some, "Why not visit the girls without falling in love"? My reply is twofold:

1st. To go to see the girls often takes time which the diligent student cannot spare from his studies.

2d. The desire to visit grows upon you.

The advice of the best men of the past coincides with my own experience, that it is safer to keep out of the way of temptation than to risk the chances of resisting it. A person may think himself capable of coming out of the fray unharmed, but the brains of the fox will be of little service to him if he plays with the paws of a lion. Some men have conceit and are ignorant enough of themselves to think that they are invulnerable to the darts of Cupid; but in my opinion it is sheer nonsense to talk of being invulnerable to the charms of the fair sex. From the days of Helen until now, there have been but few men who were not susceptible to the charms of woman. There is hardly a person mentioned in history or biography who did not experience the sensations known to the commonest of mortals. And the reason is that men can't help themselves. They may fight against it as much as they please, but sooner or later they must succumb. Those who
have most ridiculed falling in love as an absurdity, and most abused woman, have been those who labored from unrequited love, or were most fearful of love's power.

If young men persist in frequently waiting on the girls, they will, before they are aware of it, have thrown around themselves

"Spells of such force that no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry
And force the planets from the sky."

They will soon find themselves involved in a Charybdis so deep that no earthly power will be able to liberate them. Scarcely will Pegasus himself be able to extricate them, entangled in the threefold chimera. The stern and veteran Roman soldier, enraptured by the charms of Cleopatra, Egypt's beauteous queen, forsook his mighty host, and let them fall into the hands of the enemy. Coriolanus by woman's power was stopped in the accomplishment of a purpose from which nothing else was able to deter him. The old singer of Teos, in his ode to woman, with truth, has said: "A woman that has beauty conquers both steel and fire."

The attractive power of woman's beauty is beyond the computation of the calculus. Arm it with virtue, and there is no power on earth able to cope with it. "From Socrates, who bowed his head beneath the avenging storm of Zantippe's wrath, to simple-hearted Goldsmith, whose happiest moments were those in which the Jessamy bride laughed at his foibles, all have at some time bowed to the blind god, and for a time, at any rate, submitted to his guidance."

I am not one of those who would condemn falling in love as an absurdity. For if it is an absurdity, it is one of which the most celebrated men whose footsteps have "echoed through the corridors of time" have been guilty. But while this is so, yet I think the most absurd thing the majority of college students can do is to fall in love.

There is one class of students who need especial admonition to be careful how they take calico. That is the class known in this institution as ministerials. The reasons why they need special warning on this subject are more than one. They are more addicted to the immoderate use of calico than any other class. It has a worse effect upon them than upon any other class of students. It is not only injurious to them mentally, but it has a most blighting and pernicious effect in the impairing of the physical man. The disease often results
in sore eyes, matrimonial bronchitis, consumption, and other kindred diseases to which the flesh is heir. These are diseases which the fathers in the Church of the ages which have preceded us, as well as the concurrent testimony of the ablest and best men of this age, have united in condemning. I have not stated things which exist simply in my imagination, but have stated facts which came under my observation no longer than during the session of 1880-'81. At the time of this writing, imagination vividly pictures to me the bowed heads, dull eyes, and haggard countenances of two students upon whom falling in love had a very deleterious effect. One of them had the most dejected, woe-begone appearance I ever saw. His case was so bad that he had to resort to whiskey and cod-liver oil to revive his exhausted energies. The poor fellow pathetically told me, before his Dulcina went back on him, that if she were to do it he feared the consequences. If this should strike the eye of the other one, let him not lay the flattering unction to his soul that his case was much better.

While it is not advisable for most students to take calico heavily, yet there are some to whom it would be beneficial even to fall in love: lazy ones and poets. It would not by any means, mentally, morally, or physically, hurt those students to fall in love who will not work under any circumstances. "An idle brain" has been well styled "the devil's workshop." Students must have something to do. If innocent employment is not furnished to them, they will find injurious employment.

Whether the immortal poet was guided by experience or not, when he wrote—

"Never durst a poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink is tempered with love-sighs,"

nevertheless there is in it a vast amount of truth. Another celebrated writer has declared that without a love-cross it is impossible to make a poet. Nothing is so well calculated to set the mind "in fine frenzy rolling," nothing so apt to make the "imagination body forth in forms unknown, and to give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." The intoxicated person, consumed by an inward fire, abandons himself wholly to his fancies, and, unbridled, allows his imagination to soar until, like the Latin poet, "his towering head strikes the stars." I, who think poets and novelists are fit to be read only for the purpose of developing our powers of description and imagination, and that this age of bare facts and prosaic literature is far preferable
to the days when Virgil sang of the wanderings of Æneas and Homer of the exploits of his heroes, and who had never attempted the composition of a piece of poetry in my life, last summer, having been smitten by the charms of a fair damsel

"Whose lovely face
Was but her least and lowest grace,"

even had the audacity to attempt to set forth in rhythmical numbers a description of her virtues and beauty.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The whole nation mourns the loss of her Chief Magistrate. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the snow lands of the North to the flowering fields of the South, a wail goes up from a united people. No party or sectional lines can mark the bounds of sorrow and grief. North and South, East and West, unite, and like one man deplore the loss of a great and noble, a God-fearing and a liberty-loving ruler.

When the news of the assassination spread throughout the South, the sincerest sorrow was felt. Everywhere from Virginia to Texas the impulsive and warm-hearted people felt a fierce indignation at the crime, and a deep sympathy for the afflicted ones alike. In the rich city sanctuary and humble country church, irrespective of creed, earnest prayers went up on that sad Sabbath day to the King of kings for the recovery of the wounded President. Not only did large mass-meetings in all the towns pass suitable resolutions, but, moreover, scarcely has any of the many conventions, political and religious, which have met this summer, failed to give formal expression to the widespread feeling of sorrow. Among the many telegrams of condolence which came from all over the world, perhaps not one was more appreciated by the sad wife at the White House than the one from the ladies of Richmond.

Does it not seem that an all-wise Providence has sent upon us this national calamity to make us forget the hatred and enmity engendered
by the late war, and to make us live again as brothers! Let the South see that she has judged the North too severely, and let her learn from the noble life and just administration of our murdered President that there are men in different sections and parties who will govern with equity, the rulers of the whole country and not of any one part. Let the North realize, as she sees the Southern people weeping tears of real grief over one who only eighteen years ago was in arms against us, that we are not cut-throats and outlaws, as political demagogues affirm, but loyal citizens, anxious to see the Union prosperous and strong. Let every true American see to it that hatred is subdued and petty jealousies crushed out, and then being no longer, as individuals, bitter partisans, as an aggregate we must form a united people. No longer let the dark chasm of enmity divide and weaken the power and grandeur of our republic. All the people should rally around the man who assumes the duties of President under circumstances so embarrassing and distressing, ready to strengthen and encourage him.

May the bells which tolled so sadly throughout the length and breadth of the land on that ever memorable 20th of September, but

"Ring out a slowly-dying cause
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws,"

and we shall echo, though with sorrow, the words of the Liverpool _Post—"The man dies not in vain around whose death-bed are buried all dissensions."

The life of James A. Garfield, from his birth in an Ohio log-cabin to his death at Long Branch, and his character, are preeminently American, and offer not a few facts of interest and lessons of encouragement. He was a self-made man. From earliest boyhood, his parents being poor and their offspring numerous, he was obliged to work very hard, and thus was laid the foundation of that iron constitution which for so many weeks resisted the attacks and complications of disease. Feeling that there was something in him which fitted him for something higher than the hard labor on a canal-boat, he could not rest content without an education, and surrounded by difficulties, made them but stepping-stones to success. By laboring in the harvest fields in summer and as a carpenter in the spare days of school, and afterwards by teaching, he managed to work his way through the country academy and Hiram College. Although twenty-three years
of age, he entered Williams College, and after two years graduated, bearing off the metaphysical prize. All that he now had to start out in life with were a few old text-books, his diploma, a scanty wardrobe, and a debt of $450! Young men anxious to have an education, and lacking means, should surely take courage and inspiration from the life of Garfield. The facilities for obtaining an education are far greater now than thirty years ago. If any young man shows real zeal for learning, there are men ready and willing to lend a helping hand, for the day in which people cast contempt on thorough education is almost gone. Never would Garfield, even by his remarkable will-power and genius, have risen to be the beloved and idolized ruler of fifty millions of people had he not obtained a good education.

One who is recognized through the land as a champion of education, who has for years been the warm friend of Richmond College and its students, wisely seeks to inculcate in the minds of young and old a spirit of cheerfulness about the future. Cheerfulness and strong hope have been beautifully exhibited by the President in all his suffering, and by his noble wife in all her anxious watching. Some people are always full of doubt and fear concerning the future, and thus often make themselves and all around them unhappy. Other men seem to carry success everywhere and in everything, their very faces manifesting hope. "Nothing succeeds so well as success." Let us, as individuals and as a nation, look forward to the future, even when all may seem dark, with a trustful and abiding hope.

Any account of the late President, however brief, which said nothing of his religious life, would be incomplete indeed. Many men, alas! though professed Christians, would never be identified as such by their actions. This was not true of Garfield. Though never a minister, even when a student he was not ashamed of the lowly Nazarene his Master, and often led in the prayer meeting. Nor has he since he has been at the White House, though surrounded by much adverse to piety, neglected his religion, but has been an active member of his church. It is indeed pleasant, in the midst of the sadness and gloom of this great national loss, to see that we have the earnest and hearty sympathy of the civilized world—such sympathy as it has never before manifested for any other people.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

The summer is passed. The regiments of Indian corn have changed their uniform of green, with badges of red or white silk, for a plain, brown garb. The forest primeval is fast donning its beauteous robe of many colors. The fall has come, and we again find ourselves at Richmond College.

It is hard for us to leave the scenes of childhood’s happy days, the society of loved and honored relatives; but we can truly say that we are glad to be once more under the wholesome discipline of our alma mater. Those who have tasted of the streams flowing from the sides of this octahedral mount of knowledge, have found their waters bitter to vanity, yet purifying to the mind, sweet to the soul.

We rejoice to grasp the extended hands of many former co-workers, and are pleased to meet with new students who will be to us no longer strangers. Yet a feeling of sadness comes over us when we think of dearly loved college-mates with whom in this world we shall meet—ah! nevermore.

With the appearance of this issue of the Messenger the present corps of editors must retire. That we have failed in many respects we are fully aware; yet the true interests of our cause have been dear to our hearts. The names of our successors will be seen elsewhere in this number. We gladly yield to them, for they are men worthy of the honor conferred upon them—men who will prove true to their trust.

Before laying aside the editorial pen, however, we wish to state some facts concerning our magazine.

The Messenger may be well termed an educator. Its pages furnish the careful reader with much interesting information and useful knowledge. Moreover, by contributing to its columns can be gained that exactness attributed to writing in Bacon’s much-quoted apothegm. It serves to supplement the college course, especially, by providing the highest stimulant for the acquirement of accurate and forcible expression of thought. To the students, then, from this consideration, the monthly is of great value; but not upon them alone are its benefits bestowed. The Messenger is our representative in the world of literature. Although published by the literary societies, it is the only organ of this institution, and upon its success depends no small share of our alma mater’s prosperity. It deserves, then, the cordial support of all who are interested in Richmond College. It has succeeded; it now...
occupies a high position among college journals. But past success should only stimulate to greater exertions. Much has been done; much remains to be done. All around us we see marks of progress. The number of students is already larger than it was at any time during either of the two last sessions. Preparations have been completed for the erection of an imposing addition to our building. Our faculty has increased in number and strength by the separation of the chairs of English and Philosophy. That it may fairly represent our college, the Messenger must be made much better than it has been.

To accomplish this, we must supply the editors with a greater variety of carefully written and corrected articles. Let each contributor remember that only after a thorough revision did Thucydides's history become a true ktema eis aei. While the students are expected to furnish most of the pieces, articles from our alumni will be gladly received. But not only written contributions are needed. Each monthly publication requires money. All friends of the Messenger can at least subscribe to it. To secure advertisements, it is necessary for those attending college to deal as far as possible with the men who advertise in our columns. Thus, by a united effort, we can readily establish the Messenger upon a sure foundation, and in so doing erect for ourselves a monument which will proclaim our honor to a grateful posterity.

Funeral services in memory of Mrs. L. A. Harrison, mother of Professor E. Harrison, were conducted at the First Baptist church on the 30th October. In his high yet truthful tribute to her character, Dr. Hawthorne said: "A woman who gave to the world such noble children may well be called one of the great benefactresses of mankind." The esteem in which our professor is held was evinced by the large attendance of college students. We extend to him our sincerest sympathy.

From several causes the publication of this number has been delayed. We regret this fact, and rejoice to assure our readers that the Messenger will appear more punctually hereafter.

THE JETER MEMORIAL HALL.

We learn with pleasure that the south wing of our college edifice will soon be erected. The digging of the spacious basement, now going on, gives promise of other work to follow. The architect has
been planning the structure with great care, and the supervising commit­
tee is trying to guard every point and to provide for the growing
needs of the college. The library and museum hall, named after
Rev. J. B. Jeter, D. D., late president of the trustees, will occupy the
first story. This will be about one hundred feet by forty, with
a pitch of twenty-two feet—large, spacious, handsome. We believe
it is the purpose of the committee to place a gymnasium in the base­
ment, which will furnish means of exercising in bad weather. The
cost of these improvements must be very great, but we believe they
will pay.
When the south wing is done, the entire building will be stuccoed
and painted, and the grounds improved. Speed the day!

PERSONALS.

Richmond College is represented at the University of Virginia by
about fifteen students, among whom are four Masters and one
Bachelor of Arts. C. Puryear is taking applied mathematics, minera­
logy and geology, and chemistry. A. M. Harris, A. R. Long, and
John J. Gunter study law. We understand that Gunter is “getting
down” Professor Minor’s course “verbatim et literatim.” George
B. Taylor, Jr., A. B., attends academic schools. Attentive to duty,
he did not fail to send an article for this number of the Messenger.
Matthew F. Maury, also, is one of these representatives, and is nobly
performing his work. John B. Jenkins expects to take his M. A.
diploma on the next public day. We have watched his University
course with much interest and satisfaction. His career at college led
us to form a high opinion of his abilities. This opinion has been
fully justified. He wins the degree in three sessions.

We exceedingly regret that a severe spell of sickness has prevented
E. F. Settle, A. B., from returning to obtain the full degree. The
intermediate and senior classes of mathematics sadly miss their
“oracle.” He is rapidly recuperating, however, and may re-enter the
race about the middle of the present or at the beginning of the next
session.

W. J. Decker is attending the Southern Baptist Theological Semi­
nary. All, but especially those of us who are laboring to comprehend
Porter’s theories, would gladly listen to the sweet discourses of our
“Socrates,” yet we rejoice that others can enjoy his true philosophy.

George Bryan, B. L., after taking the summer course of law at the University, has obtained license to practice, and hung up his "shingle" in an eligible part of the city. We anticipate for him much success in his chosen profession.

Charles Coleman, A. M., of session 1877-'78, has left the University of Virginia, where he spent the month of October, to become the principal of Churchland Academy, in Norfolk county.

J. E. Courtney and L. H. Bosher are at Richmond Medical College.

We hear that R. L. Page is studying medicine in New York.

H. P. McCormick, 1878-'79, is assistant professor in Howard College, Marion, Alabama. He fills the position formerly held by W. G. Hix, who is now teaching girls in Mississippi, we understand.

H. A. Latané is in the office of the clerk of Essex county. Next session he will probably take law here or at the University.

The State Fair and Centennial celebrations drew quite a number of old students to Richmond. Among them we were glad to see E. E. Holland, B. L., and H. H. George.

T. R. Campbell, also, was with us at the time of the Fair. He has charge of a store in Hanover.

W. Washington, 1878-'79, did not forget his college friends in his trip to Yorktown. His presence was cheering, and his apples were—how delicious!

C. A. G. Thomas, alias "Pet," was with us a few days ago. He may take charge of a church in this city. In that case we shall again see him in our lecture-rooms.

No student of this institution has, in our opinion, been distinguished by a keener appreciation of honor, or more unswerving fidelity to what he considered right, than Landon C. Catlett, a full graduate of last session. He must be greatly missed in the various scenes of college life, for his was the indomitable energy that successfully propelled many of our best enterprises. To him the Messenger owes no small part of its success. He is at present engaged in agricultural pursuits in his native county, Gloucester. Our hopes, our gratitude, our love, are all with thee, Carter. Let us have the benefit of your thoughts.
Rat! Rat!!

"Going to the Centennial"?

This is the very latest: "Are you going to the ocean"? "No, I am not going to the ocean—I detest the motion; but my sister has a notion of going to the ocean by way of Goshen."

A member of Table No. 1 came in to dinner rather late the other day, and being informed that he could get no beef, very calmly replied, "'Man cannot live by bread alone,' as Shakespeare says."

Monday, September 26th, was observed in this city as a day of humiliation and prayer. Many of the business houses and some churches were draped in mourning. Business was suspended after 12 o’clock. Religious services were held by churches of all denominations. Special services were held in the chapel at 10 o’clock, conducted by Dr. J. W. Jones. Addresses were delivered by Professors Thomas and Brown and Rev. Dr. Hazen. Professor Thomas spoke of the fact that we honored the man Garfield because of his firm and honest convictions both in regard to political and religious questions; because of his courage, notwithstanding his exalted position and the high honors of political life he had won, to acknowledge his belief in God, and to profess faith in Christ. Professor Brown spoke of the power and efficacy of prayer. He said that skeptics would ridicule the prayers which had been offered up by the people in behalf of the President; and after censuring them for their unbelief, added, that if all prayers were answered, Deity would be dethroned and all power given to men. Dr. Hazen, who was a class-mate of Mr. Garfield’s, spoke of his career as a student, and his unswerving fidelity as a Christian while at college.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society held its reunion meeting on Friday evening, September 30th. Mr. G. C. Abbitt was called to the chair. The exercises opened with prayer by Mr. Ramsey, after which Mr. Abbitt addressed the meeting. After expressing his hearty appreciation of the honor the society had conferred upon him, he alluded to the loss the Philologian Society had sustained in the death of one of its members during the summer of 1880, and said that the Mu Sigma Rho Society could now extend a more heart-felt sympathy to the Philologian Society, as it had sustained a similar loss during the past summer. The meeting was then favored with an oration from Mr. J. A. Barker, of Sussex county, Va., which was delivered in a very pleasing
Richmond College Messenger.

style. The oration will be given in full in an early number. Speeches were then made by several members of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Societies, and by several new students and old members of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. The society begins with many evidences of abundant success during the present session.

Tuesday, the 27th, was set apart as the day for the initiation of rats. During the interval between dinner and boss the faithful chairman of the executive committee arose with all the dignity and soberness of a judge, and in a very persuasive manner requested all parties subject to initiation to assemble around the parallel bars immediately after boss. Some ate no boss, but forthwith went to their rooms and took their beds, having been taken suddenly with—a sore foot or shortness of breath; others ate little, and kept up a sorrowful and painful grin. In a short time the scene opened. Some came forward with boldness and fortitude, and submitted to the tortures of the cruel initiation; but in their midst was a lemon, which, not being altogether mature, was sour, and positively refused to be squeezed, but by a little muscular persuasion he was finally "put through."


On the day of the memorial services held in honor of our late President, several of the Institute girls graced the occasion with their presence. They came up in an omnibus, upon sight of which a rat exclaimed, "Heigho! yonder comes an ambulanche."

Rats don't know everything. For example: A rat walked into a clothing-store the other day, and seeing for the first time the gas-jets, asked if they were not made to hang clothes on. Another, seeing a
soda-water fountain in a drug-store, walked in and asked the proprietor how many tunes that thing played.

That cruel mob commonly known as "toe-pullers," whose business it is to disturb the quiet slumbers of the new student, have begun their work. A few nights ago one of the residents of the third floor, after having studied to a late hour, retired, and was soon in the arms of "the girl he left behind." He could see her as she was when he left her, and was enjoying her expressions of devotion and feeding his imagination with thoughts of the happiness her placid and sincere disposition would hereafter shed around a home; but he was soon disturbed by the "old man," who entered the room with a stick. At this point he awoke, and to his astonishment and chagrin he was being conducted down the hall with one end of a rope tied to his toe. He fears that the interpretation of his dream is that she will kick him. Oh, astonishing wickedness!

Chemistry class, "Quiz day."

Professor: "Mr. S—, in what three ways is heat communicated? Now, Mr. S—, make a true bill, talk it out nicely, give it to us secundum artem."

Mr. S— (nervously scratching his cranium): "Yes, sir, Professor, heat is communicated by conduction, convection, and radification"(!)

The class simultaneously "smile a smile."

We have always felt proud of our institution, its history, its faculty, &c., but our pride has now broken out in a fresh place. Mirabile dictu, SOLOMON in all his glory (! !) has entered the classic precincts of Richmond College, and is now enrolled among its members. In times past our predecessors at college have boasted of a "Socrates" and a "Plato," who, stalking majestically across the campus, dispensed such wisdom as was never heard before or since; but let them now hide their diminished heads. Our savant matriculated under another name, but vain would it be to attempt to silence such a man, for "Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice"? He is now known throughout our bounds, and his reputation is established by all and questioned by none. A man of such erudition cares nothing for the opinions or writings of others, and so he has already advanced in the class-room opinions which will (if adopted) revolutionize all science. Our professors have unanimously decided that his learning is of a kind all unknown to them. Solomon, when not instructing the faculty and students, spends most of his time in the foundation which has been dug for our new-
building. We have yet been unable to determine whether he is engaged in making a new science of geology or in trying to reconcile the plan for our new building with that of the temple which bore his name. Being of a very generous temperament, we affectionately invite our friends to come up and sit at the feet of our wise man; we can assure them by actual measurement that there is room enough for all.

A new student being asked what his ticket was, replied: "Latin, English, Mathematics, and Algebra."

The annual reunion meeting of the Philologian Society took place on Saturday night, October 1st. Mr. R. H. Garnett, President pro tem. of the occasion, welcomed all present to their hall, and in choice and fit words introduced Mr. M. L. Wood, the orator-elect of the occasion. Mr. Wood announced as his subject, "Education and Character." He spoke first of the importance in this age of education and then of the still greater importance of character, and the obstacles to be overcome in the formation of character. His speech was sound, practical, finely delivered, and well suited to the occasion.

After the orator of the evening had concluded, Dr. Hatcher was called upon, and in responding spoke of the power and importance among college students of self-reliance. He said that a man is almost invariably in after life what he is at college; that the student who rides ponies while at college will ride them all his life.

Dr. Brown was next called for, and spoke of the benefits to be derived from a debating society, and in an inimitable and witty manner illustrated the difference between the or-ator and the o-rator. The debating society was the place to develop our powers of oratory. He would have us become orators and not o-rators.

Prof. Harris was then called upon, and wittily said that, unlike either of the gentlemen who had preceded him, he had no carefully prepared extempore speech. He presented his plea in behalf of ornamentation in speech, and proceeded to speak of the advantages which a debating society affords for the cultivation of the art of speaking. After several other speeches from members of the M. S. R. and P. Societies the doors were closed, and other business transacted by the society.

The following officers were elected in the M. S. R. Society, Friday night, October 8th: President, G. C. Abbitt, Appomattox county, Va.; Vice-President, G. C. Bundick, Accomac county, Va.; Censor, J. A. Barker, Sussex county, Va.; Editors of *Messenger*, D. M. Ram-
Poet Laureate is not with us this session, but there are many contestants for the honorable position he held. Among the number is one who will compare with L. in manners, &c., but as to poetry we leave that for others to judge. He is fair in complexion, beautiful in form, persuasive in speech, and good on a song. We give a sample of his poetry below:

"MY SWEETHEART'S SICK."

"And is it true," the lover said,
"Is there no mail for me"?
And then he frowned, as if in dread
Of great calamity.

"Good friend," said I, "why thus appear
As if with grief bowed down"?
"My sweetheart's sick, I really fear;"
He answered with a frown.

O world of care, O world of pain,
How bitter is that woe
That makes the heart of mortals pain,
And man to suffer so!

For here a man of promise bright
Is made to have the blues;
For, if not sick, it seems she might,
Perhaps, still yet refuse.

So, one and all, my comrades dear,
The thing is plain, you see,
That makes each student ask in fear,
"Is there no mail for me"?

—Nomel.
IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF PHI DELTA THETA, VIRGINIA DELTA CHAPTER,
September 28, 1881.

Whereas it has pleased an all-wise Providence to take to Himself one who was just entering the glory of noble manhood, one who was distinguished among us for gentleness of disposition, clearness of intellect, and an earnest love for learning, and who ever was to us a constant associate and a beloved friend; therefore, be it

1. Resolved, That in the death of Brother WILLIAM REYNOLDS SAVAGE not only this chapter but the Fraternity at large has lost an efficient laborer and a beloved brother—his family a devoted member.

2. That we tender our heart-felt sympathy to his bereaved relations and friends, trusting that they, with us, may realize that our loss is his gain.

3. That in token of our grief our hall and badges be draped in mourning for thirty days.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother, that they be published in the organ of our Fraternity, and in the Richmond College Messenger, and that they be spread on the records of Virginia Delta Chapter.

CONWAY R. SANDS, CARTER HELM JONES, GEO. C. ABBITT, Committee.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, October 24, 1881.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to take from among us our friend and former fellow-student CHARLES H. TYREE,

1. Resolved, That in his death we, the students of Richmond College, realize the loss of a friend who was always obliging to those around him and faithful to his promise.

2. That to those who were intimately associated with him his generosity was ever freely extended, thus evincing in him a spirit of unselfishness and sociability.

3. That inasmuch as he professed faith in Christ in November, 1880, we trust that his spirit returned in peace to God, who gave it, and that he now rests, in the spirit-land, from the toils and cares of earth.

4. That we heartily sympathize with his family and friends in their sore bereavement.
5. That in this dispensation of God's providence, we acknowledge Him as the One who doeth all things well.

6. That these resolutions be presented to the Richmond College Messenger for publication, and that a copy of them be sent to the bereaved family of the deceased.

  Jno. A. Barker,  
  O. R. Kent,  
  F: M. Latham,  

Committee.

Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to take from us our fellow-student and friend John Sharp Eubank, in the bloom of manhood, and just entering upon a career brilliantly auspicious; therefore, be it

1. Resolved, That in his death the students of Richmond College have lost an agreeable associate, an unselfish and a sincere friend, a most diligent student, and a Christian of humble and pure simplicity, who was beloved by us all, and whose upright character we shall ever cherish and strive to emulate.

2. That we extend to the sorrow-stricken family our tenderest sympathy, at the same time we rejoice that though we bemoan a temporary loss, yet he has obtained a priceless and an immortal inheritance.

3. That in this hour of their sorrow and affliction, we commend them to a most beneficent Providence, which alone can alleviate their grief.

4. That these resolutions be published in the Religious Herald, Northern-Neck News, the Messenger, and a copy of the same be sent to the afflicted family.

  A. J. Montague,  
  W. P. Wyer,  
  B. A. Pendleton,  

Committee.

Mu Sigma Rho Hall, October 7, 1881.

Whereas it has pleased an omnipotent God to remove from earth our beloved companion John S. Eubank; therefore, be it

1. Resolved, That in his death the Mu Sigma Rho Society has lost a zealous member, one ever jealous of its reputation, and who, by an unwavering adherence to virtue and truth, reflected honor not only upon himself, but upon his Society.

2. That Richmond College has lost a student who was conscientious and brilliant, and we, individually, a friend whom we trusted and
loved for his noble qualities, and whose example of Christian manhood and chivalrous courtesy we shall ever strive to imitate.

3. That while we are sorely grieved by this affliction, yet we would bow in submission to Him "who doeth all things well," and rejoice in the hope that our friend has left us to join the glorious society of the saints redeemed.

4. That we extend to his bereaved family our most heart-felt sympathy.

5. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Society, that they be published in the *Richmond College Messenger*, and that they be sent to the family of the deceased.

**CARTER HELM JONES,**
**D. M. RAMSEY,**
**GEO. C. BUNDICK,**

**Committee.**

**HALL OF ETA CHAPTER, KAPPA ALPHA ORDER,**
**October 25, 1881.**

Whereas it has pleased an all-wise God and loving Father to recall from his earthly mission our beloved brother JOHN SHARP EUBANK; therefore, be it

1. *Resolved,* That in his death the Kappa Alpha Fraternity has lost a true knight, Eta Chapter one of its brightest ornaments, and its individual members a faithful friend, who, by his consistent life, sound counsel, and ennobling companionship, ever encouraged them to pursue the way of duty, virtue, and honor.

2. That, though we deplore our loss, we rejoice that he, having made a faithful use of the talents committed to his keeping, has received a crown of life and entered into the joy of his Lord.

3 That we fondly cherish his memory, examine and carefully study his pure, Christian character, and apply the many excellent lessons which are taught by his example.

4. That, as a token of our love for our departed brother, and of the grief which we feel at his death, we, the members of Eta Chapter, wear for thirty days the badge of mourning.

5. That we extend to his relatives our sincere sympathy, accompanied by the strong hope that this affliction may work out for them "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

6. That these resolutions be preserved among our records, sent to the parents of the deceased, and published in the *Richmond College Messenger* and *Kappa Alpha Journal.*

**R. H. GARNETT,**
**JOHN E. WIATT,**
**M. G. FIELD,**

**Committee.**
OUR DEAD.

Since the close of last session, Richmond College has been called upon to give up several of her sons. Dear forms have been removed from our sight by the hand of Death.

Not for the purpose of pronouncing an extravagant eulogy upon our departed friends, but rather to show our appreciation of them, and to state some truths from which more accurate conceptions can be formed of their characters, is this article written.

Prof. Lewis T. Gwathmey, of Howard College, Alabama, died in September. He was one of the brightest and best of men—a fine scholar, and devoted to his profession. Prof. Gwathmey taught for some time in this college, of which he was a Master of Arts. He afterwards spent two years, as a student, at the most celebrated German universities and in Paris. He was Professor of Mathematics, French, and German in Howard College, and was fast coming to the front as one of the most accomplished and enthusiastic educators in our Southern land. Richmond College was proud of this son, and weeps over his early grave.

Charles H. Tyree was born in Richmond, Virginia, on the 27th of November, 1863. Much of his life, however, was spent in James City county. Upon the death of his father he was entrusted to the guardianship of Mr. Henry Bodeker, of the well-known firm Bodeker Bros. This gentleman speaks well of his ward's character. He says he conducted himself well, was a good, gentlemanly, upright boy, and, in his opinion, gave promise of making a fine business man.

In September, 1880, Tyree became a student of Richmond College. Although not very well known to all the students, he had warm friends among his college-mates. While attending college, he professed faith in Christ, at a neighboring church. At the end of the session he returned to Burnt Ordinary, James City county, the home of his mother. Here he took charge of a store. But close confinement in that malarial district proved too much for his health. A congestive chill terminated in congestion of the brain, from the effects of which he died on the 8th of September, 1881. He breathed his last in the arms of his brother-in-law, Mr. Baylor.

John Sharp Eubank.—Between the majestic rivers bearing the Indian names Rappahannock and Potomac, lies a tract well known as the Northern Neck. No part of the "mother of States and of Presi-
dents" has been more prolific of distinguished men. In this portion of Virginia is situated the scene of the nativity and childhood of the subject of this sketch.

Prominent among the citizens of Lancaster stands Warner Eubank, a man of lofty character and of good report, the honored clerk of the county. There for many years he and his lovable wife, Emma Cox Eubank, have lived in happy concord, and there, on the 22d of February, 1861, John Sharp, their son, was born.

The special object of their tenderest love, John received from infancy the most careful training at the hands of his Christian parents. His early schooling was obtained in the village of Lancaster Courthouse, where, during a part of the time, he was under the faithful instruction of W. R. and G. S. Gresham, both of whom had been successful students at Richmond College.

Having been thus well drilled, at the age of sixteen he entered Locust Dale Academy, Madison county, where he remained three sessions. Though sorely grieved at leaving home, he knew his work, and had the courage to do it. One who was with him during his whole course at this school, the last session as room-mate, says: "He was a model student, never neglected his studies, and stood at the head of all his classes."

Having decided to complete his education at Richmond College, John was matriculated here September 23, 1880. Tall, erect, muscular, symmetrically developed, with the bloom of health upon his handsome face, he was readily distinguishable among the new students. He fully appreciated the pleasures and opportunities of college life. In all healthful, athletic exercises he took an active part. Connected with the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society, he faithfully and cheerfully performed the duties that devolved upon him, but never pushed himself forward into undue prominence.

A member of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity, he was the pride and delight of his brethren: no one upheld its banner more surely, no one reflected higher honor upon the principles of the Order.

Yet, all these were only used as stepping-stones to higher development. As a student, Eubank won the esteem of the professors and collegians. Having naturally fine abilities, he was persevering, conscientious, accurate, thorough, and hence made with ease his whole ticket, a feat not often performed the first session one attends Richmond College. He gained promotions in junior English, the first junior class of mathematics and intermediate Greek, and the diploma in the school of Latin. At the end of the session he returned to brighten his home and gladden the hearts of his parents. But the
happiness caused by his presence was too great to be lasting. Tuesday, the 9th of August, John was taken sick; the fever, at first thought to be malarial, assumed the bilious-typhoid form; one week from the following Saturday his soul returned unto its Giver.

The character of this young man is worthy of careful study: close inspection but brings out more clearly its purity and beauty. Having made a public profession of trust in the Saviour and united himself with Morattico Baptist church while in his fifteenth year, religion became henceforth the ruling principle of his life, and moulded his faculties into one beautiful symmetrical structure. In the welfare of his church he was ever deeply interested, and loved to feel the pressure of its easy yoke. The above mentioned witness testifies concerning his Locust Dale life: "He was kind and generous to his fellow-students, ever ready to assist and befriend them in any way. Besides this, he was a true Christian, always at his place in the Bible class, and however tired at night his Bible was never neglected." At Richmond College he did not suffer the student's apparent interests to interfere with the Christian's privileges and duties. He was a regular attendant upon prayer-meeting at college as well as upon Sunday-school and preaching in the city. While many of his companions were indulging in sleep, he arose and engaged in the morning worship. And this conformity to outward requirements was only the reflection of his spiritual condition. Religion with him was a reality, and pervaded his being. He was thoroughly modest and unassuming, of comparatively few words, but always spoke sincerely and truthfully. In him was happily combined the courage of a hero with a woman's tenderness. Distinguished by unyielding obedience to duty, strong to protect the weak, and brave to defend the right—a type of manly beauty—he was also gentle, kind, and loving. He repaid his parents' care by rendering to them honor exceeded only by the love which prompted it. Although intimate with only a part of his associates, his heart received into its warm embrace the whole circle. It is but a natural sequence, then, that such a one insensibly stole away the affections of his companions. He was loved not by instructors and schoolmates alone, but by all to whom he was known. The large attendance at his funeral, the numerous letters of sympathy, the many tributes of love expressed in spoken and written language, can manifest but feebly the esteem in which he was held.

Distinguished by these traits while living, his death was in unison with his life. Ever mindful of his friends, during his sickness he asked his father to write to some of them. When the hour of disso-
ulation approached, while saying that there was not a spot upon his character, he testified that "all his trust was in Jesus," and that "while he would like to live he was not afraid to die." Shortly before he quietly passsed away he sang

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

He had no fears, no doubts, and was entirely resigned and willing to go.

The very day he was taken sick, he commenced a letter to the writer in which he expressed the noble determination "to win a place for myself, if the power within lay." Though he then knew it not, a place was already provided for him. He had no need to "buffet the waves of trouble and adversity." The strength of the ties which bound him to the hearts of his parents is beyond the description of pen; for not only was he a son possessing this nobility and loveliness of character, but he was their only son—the only living child of his mother. They can but miss him; yet theirs is a blessed consolation. The object of their lives was to prepare this gifted boy for God's service. He, by accepting the offering, has proclaimed their work well-done.

In the church-yard at Kilmarnock, within full sight of the Chesapeake bay, sleeps by the side of his little brother, the body of John Sharp Eubank.

"Rest thee; there is no prouder grave
Even in thy own proud clime."

One hundred and twenty-nine years before the birth of him of whom we write, in Westmoreland county, was born a hero whose praises were destined to resound over two continents. His life, useful as it was, was not more successful than that which we consider. Although not, like his illustrious countryman, "blest with a blaze of glory ere he passed away," John Sharp Eubank's mission was as fully completed, the aim of his existence was as clearly reached.

On the polished shaft erected to his memory is the inscription: "Loved in life; in death remembered," beautifully suggestive of that "unwritten memorial of the heart" which dwells with every one who knew him.
EXCHANGES.

The Messenger acknowledges the reception of many interesting periodicals. The formation of friendship is scarcely less pleasant than the reunion of friends. Hence, to all visitors, old and new, is extended a cordial welcome.

The September number of the Institute Journal is characterized by the brevity and usefulness of its articles, of which many bear the same signature.

From Lansing comes the College Speculum—a hardy infant. While many of its pages are devoted to local subjects, "Goethe as a Scientist," excites general interest. The fair yet determined spirit of the Speculum promises success.

The Archangel, issued by the students of St. Michael's College, Portland, Oregon, deserves favorable mention on account of its neat exterior, excellent print, and good articles. "Reading Good and Bad Books" is instructive as well as pleasing, and the editorial entitled "Study of the Greek and Latin Classics," commends itself to the honest thinker. The Archangel should be enlarged, we think. Not too many pages are given to advertisements, but too little space is left for the literary department.

The editors of the Messenger are glad to receive Hiram Sibley & Co.'s Catalogue of Seeds and Almanac for 1882.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

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