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# Richmond College Messenger.

Vol. VII.

RICHMOND, VA., DECEMBER, 1881.

No. 3.

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[These lines were sent to a friend with a little frosted flower found in a winter's walk by a frozen stream.]

## WYNTERBROOKE.

'Tis a little thing I bring;  
Just a tiny Pimpernel,  
Gathered where the hidden spring  
Sends its waters to the dell.  
If thou knewest how cheerily,  
Daintily, and merrily  
Flash those shining waters downward  
To the stately seas,  
Where the great white ships are riding:  
If thou knewest of these,  
Heart of hearts! thou would'st not scorn  
Even this poor puny thing,  
Summer's child, unduly born  
Where those waters spring.

I do see them in my dreams,  
When the winter locks the land;  
Though a hundred fairer streams  
Leap and sweep on either hand,  
Still it runs the lightliest,  
Dimples still the brightest.  
Oh, to follow, follow, follow  
Ever where it leads  
Down from dusky glades and woodlands  
To the golden meads!  
It were worth the changing bliss  
Of a thousand linke'd years  
Just to dream such dreams as this,  
Tho' thou wake to tears!



Hadst thou come but yesterday,  
 Through the sedges shoulder high,  
 Where amid the grasses gray  
 Light-winged robins flit and fly;  
 Hadst thou heard how blithe and gay  
 Rang the rhythmic roundelay  
 As the laughing stream went chiming  
 'Twixt its icy shores,  
 And the mad winds swept the chorus  
 Far across the moors;  
 Loyal heart! that knowest to sing  
 When the winter beats the most,  
 Dear had been this wee slight thing  
 Nurtured in the frost.

—A. S. G.

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### “CALICO” DEFENDED.

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I carefully read the article on calico, written by “Monitor,” in the October number of the *Messenger*, and was once of the same opinion he is as regards students visiting the fair sex; but I was then laboring “from unrequited love,” as I believe “Monitor” is; but I have recovered, and think I can offer a few thoughts in reply to his article without any feelings of prejudice.

In the first place, I wish to tender my heartfelt sympathy to “Monitor” for having met with a refusal from his *Angelina*, for, as I have intimated above, I think it must have been the effects of a refusal that influenced him to express such sentiments as he did about that most lovely of all articles, “calico.” His, indeed, was a bad case, if whiskey and cod-liver oil were necessary to a revival of his energies. His sentiments were more liberal than could have been expected of one so dangerously affected. He certainly wrote as one who had taken the “calico ticket” from prep. to senior, and failed in every *class*; and because he failed, he would advise others to let it alone. He advises all students to handle it carefully and lightly, and thinks “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.” Doubtless he has been in the habit of handling it roughly, and dangerous results have followed. Probably the old gentleman has witnessed the manner in which he has, on several occasions, handled it, and has gently led him out of the door



by the ear. Any one that has any knowledge of "calico," that knows anything of its tender nature, knows that it ought always to be handled with care. Nature has indelibly stamped upon every piece, "Handle with care"; but some persons are so very rough that they are incapable of handling "calico" at all, and to them it may be well to say, "Handle with care," not because it is hurtful or very dangerous to handle, but because it can be easily hurt.

It is true that colleges were instituted for the development of the mental faculties; but it is not true that it is impossible for the student to develop his mental faculties if he occasionally calls upon the girls. Mind, like matter, may be impenetrable, and I agree with our worthy professor of chemistry that the student cannot think about the languages and sciences and *Angelina* at the same time; but he can think about them all at different times, and *Angelina* is certainly worthy of some thought. After one has been poring over an original in analytical geometry, or some difficult passage of a Greek or Latin author, and has almost concluded to give it up, a pleasant and brief thought of some lady friend would inspire him with fresh vigor and animation.

Not only must we develop our mental faculties, but our moral nature must be cultivated, and what better way is there of doing this than visiting refined and cultivated ladies? And what more beneficial to the development of the mental faculties than the discussion of some question of moral philosophy or a pleasant conversation upon the current literature of the day with an intelligent lady? Nothing can be more pleasant, and but few things more profitable. And the man who would abuse such privileges ought to be shunned by "calico" of all ages. He is incapable of appreciating that which is the fairest of all God's creation. Some one has said that "college life is the grave of piety." This is sadly and unmistakably true in a great many cases, and I would venture to say that the majority of such cases were among those who had but little or no appreciation of woman's blissful company. They spend the most of their leisure moments in sinful indulgences; they are influenced to forsake woman's company and participate in wicked and injurious amusements, and, as "Monitor" says, "the desire to visit grows upon you," so it lessens as your visits are made fewer, until you have no desire; and when a man becomes absolutely indifferent to the society of woman, he loses his piety and self-respect. Our late professor of English, whose judgment and advice we appreciate so highly, has often said to his classes, "Visit the girls." He surely must have thought that it was not absolutely



impossible for a student to visit the girls without being so infatuated by one particular girl as to visit her exclusively. And he must have thought that it was beneficial to the student, or he would have never given the advice. The experience of many has proven the benefit of visiting the girls. The majority of us are away from home, we have not the frequent smiles and words of encouragement from a loving mother or sister, and we ought to seek such influence and encouragement from other lady friends.

In answer to the question, "Why not visit the girls without falling in love"? "Monitor's" reply is twofold:

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

In reply to this, I would ask, Is it true that there is no time which the diligent student can possibly spare from his studies? Then we must infer that "Monitor" is not a diligent student, for if he were, he would have spent the time he occupied in writing that absurd article on "calico" in studying the languages and sciences. But the diligent student ought to have, if he has not, some time which he does not give to his studies, and we know of no object more attractive or more worthy upon which this time could be bestowed than "calico." If the mind is given no rest, the constitution will be broken down and the health impaired. Recreation is absolutely necessary to good health, and visiting the girls is a very pleasant and superior recreation. It is a recreation to the body, and a recreation and at the same time an improvement to the mind. We ought to learn all we can about society and refinement, about which we learn so little when we are brought in contact only with men, especially with such men as "Monitor," who care little for refinement. Then we ought to take time to visit the girls *occasionally*—not more than three or four times a week.

Second. "The desire to visit grows upon you."

Does "Monitor" mean to say that if we visit the girls at all a desire to visit them oftener will grow upon us until we are possessed with a desire, which is absolutely uncontrollable, to be with the dear creatures continually? This may have been the effect it had upon "Monitor," and doubtless this partly accounts for his having received the *grand bounce*; but we are not all similarly constituted. Probably his *Dulcinea* was tired of cleaning the parlor so frequently, and the old gentleman thought it was a waste of coal and a useless expense to keep up a constant fire for him, and consequently "Monitor" received his walking papers.



It may be true that the desire may grow upon us, but I believe there are few men who cannot control this desire.

"Monitor" thinks our ministerial friends need especial admonition to be careful how they take "calico." He thinks they are more addicted to the immoderate use of "calico" than any other class of students. Does he mean to say that our ministerial friends are more attractive than the rest of us, and consequently have more inducements to use calico more immoderately? It is true that they are very handsome and attractive (?) men, but we have some very handsome and attractive men among our other students, men who are as much distinguished for their *mashing* qualifications as our ministerial friends. And as to "calico" being more injurious to the physical man of the ministerial, this I can't understand. Their physique is generally not less robust than that of other students, and, I believe, they are not more liable to be affected by "*sore eyes, matrimonial bronchitis, consumption*, and other kindred diseases to which the flesh is heir," than other students.

But there is one other class for whom I would offer a word of defence, and judging from what "Monitor" himself has said we might infer that he was one of this class, or was aspiring to be considered as one; I mean, poets. "Monitor" says "there are some to whom it would be beneficial even to fall in love, lazy ones and poets," and in concluding his article says: "I \* \* \* \* \* 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." We see no reason why he should have said that poets will not work under any circumstances. There have been students and there are students now at college who are considered poets and also considered hard students. And I think it, therefore, unjust to class them among the indolent. Many of our fellow-students are greatly in need of that refinement which can be obtained only by visiting the girls. Then we would say to all, visit the girls, control your desires, and be happy. JUSTICE.

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## CONCERNING AMBITION—ONE SIDE OF IT.

—“Not kings alone;  
Each villager has his ambition, too.”

Ambition is almost universal. The poorest man above the degree of the beggar who asks alms from house to house has his group of admiring worshippers, and revels in the little eminence he has attained. Ambition is not confined to any single profession or pursuit. It may produce different effects, but the principle animating and inspiring them is, in great degree, the same. It has been affirmed that if Napoleon had not met with those apparently accidental experiences which placed him first among the military leaders of his own and of all time, the same aspiring ambition which gave him success in that, would have kindled within him and have led him to distinction in other pursuits.

Ambition produces different results as it is modified by a strong or a weak understanding, by a noble or an ignoble purpose. If one aims not at some high and noble object, and seeks only the inferior and the mean, his desires become proportionally contracted, and he will be fortunate if in the end he escapes the contamination of habitual converse with such pursuits. But if, on the other hand, he strives for some lofty and ennobling object, he will find his desires and his capacities approaching nearer and nearer to that which he aims at. Ambition, the aspiration to excel, is moral and natural.

A man ambitious of true distinction often embodies in himself the highest desires and excellencies of his fellows. He aims at that species of excellence which raises him highest in the estimation of his race. It is not surprising that in endeavoring to secure this, and to win the good opinion of his fellow-man, he is often governed too much by the passions of the hour, the principles which obtain and rule among the people with whom he mingles, and over whom he desires to exert his influence. These almost unconsciously enter into his action and largely form his character. Circumstances that, personally, might never have affected him were he simply left to work out for himself his own destiny, now guide and control him, and cause him to copy the fashion, and sometimes even the follies, of his time. Is it too much to say that the excessive austerity and severity of manners which distinguished the Puritans were in part the product of ambition?

The ambitious man not only utilizes the material which he has in himself, but he collects and groups into one what appear to be heterogeneous and discordant elements around him, and converts them into an harmonious whole. Take Napoleon, already referred to, as an illustration of this. By the force of his character, and urged by a passion to



control his fellows, every one who came in contact with him, in some sort became the creature of his power and obedient to his will. And so an army of a hundred thousand men, headed by leaders of almost every type of character and every degree of experience and training, moved on as one mass, urged and controlled by a single purpose, and effecting the wonderful results which distinguished the army of Italy; and all this because of the fiery ambition of its leader. Some ambitious men are not so happy. In aiming to subdue, they are themselves subdued. Such, perhaps, we would say has been the experience of many of the modern reformers, who, without capacity and without force, have attempted things too high for their attainments.

The great dramatist, in picturing his characters, did not forget to portray one consumed with ambition. In his characterization of Wolsey, we see portrayed an ambition that raised him from among the ranks of the common people to that of the highest offices of Church and State. This even did not satiate his ambition. His restless spirit towered to grander heights, and in his endeavor to accomplish the impossible, he "fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again." It is in this connection that Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Wolsey that striking passage :

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels."

Ambition is seen alike in the political and in the literary worlds. D'Israeli is one in whom glowed the sparks both of a political and a literary ambition. That he was desirous of distinction in politics none will deny; his rapid ascent from a comparatively low sphere to that of the highest position within the reach of an English subject shows this conclusively. In his books, leaving the thread of the narrative, he indulges in fine and pungent thoughts on ambition. We cannot forbear placing some of these on record here: "We dream of immortality until we die," he writes in *Vivian Grey*. Again: "Ambition! at thy proud and fatal altar we whisper the secrets of our mighty thoughts and breathe the aspirations of our inexpressible desires. A clouded flame licks up the offering of our ruined souls, and the sacrifice vanishes in the sable smoke of Death." A gloomy close, but still showing the fire underneath the writer which prompted and inspired the sentiment. In the *Young Duke* he says: "For I am one though young, yet old enough to know ambition is a demon"; and in the same work elsewhere: "View the obscure Napoleon starving in the streets of Paris! What was St. Helena to the bitterness of such existence? The visions of past glory might illumine even that dark



imprisonment; but to be conscious that his supernatural energies might die away without creating their miracles: can the wheel or the rack rival the torture of such suspicion"? We have, perhaps, quoted too much, but we must quote once more: "Indeed, existence was intolerable, and I should have killed myself had I not been supported by my ambition, which now each day became more quickening, so that the desire of distinction and of astounding action raged in my soul; and when I recollected that many years must pass before I could realize my ideas, I gnashed my teeth in silent rage, and cursed my existence." This last from *Contarini Fleming*. In these quotations the author speaks his own sentiments in language that cannot be mistaken or misinterpreted; he speaks the thoughts that had haunted him throughout his life. Sleeping or awake, they were ever before him. Leaving one whose name will go down to posterity as the very synonym of ambition, let us group together, in one view, others who in different countries have illustrated the fact we assert, that ambition is universally disseminated. England furnishes us with the names of Shakespeare and Milton, of Carlyle and Macaulay. Without these, how much would she lack of the completeness of her glory! Blot out from Italy's records the names of Dante and Tasso, of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and how much of her noble history do you blot out with them! How much would be lost to France if the pages were obliterated on which appear the names of Racine and Moliere, of Michelet and Guizot, of Lamartine and Thiers, of Bossuet and Fene- lon? What would the glory of Spain be without a Cervantes and his inimitable humor, and a Lope de Vega, abundant in labors and overflowing with genius? What would be the glory of Germany without her Schiller, and Richter, and Goethe? What would the glory of America be without her Washington, her Jefferson, her Longfellow, and her Bryant? Were not all these ambitious men, and was not their ambition, in chief part, a blessing to their race?

We have not time, nor space, nor the inclination, to turn the other side of the picture and develop the curses of ambition. Nor is there need of it. They have been familiar topics on which homilies innumerable have been produced, with the usual effect of homilies which run counter to one of the strongest and most universal of human characteristics. We inculcate ambition as an excellence, and must say,—let us put our thought into a proverb: "Seest thou a young man without ambition, there is more hope of an idiot than of him." He will do nothing, think nothing, accomplish nothing, of which the world will be proud, or for which it ought to be grateful. R.



## A VISIT TO KNEBWORTH, THE HOME OF BULWER.

Knebworth is a small and simple village, thirty miles from London, consisting of scattered cottages, and the stewards' and clergyman's dwellings. On one side of its green and lovely lane is the lesser park of the manor-house, where Bulwer, the great English novelist, spent his childhood.

This manor-house, formerly of great extent, was built around a square court; from the early days of the Second Crusade to the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth, lord after lord making his own additions to the massive pile. At the time when the mother of Bulwer inherited it, three sides of it were in so ruinous a state that they had to be pulled down; but the fourth side, which still remains, is, in itself, one of the largest country-houses in that county. Its architecture is of a highly ornate style, and it contains a noble oak hall, with a lofty ceiling and a raised music gallery.

The place somewhat resembles Penhurst, where the flower of English chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney, lived; and its sloping avenues, upon which so many generations have trodden, command wide views of hills crowded with cottage-homes and spires; scenery of that peaceful, stately, and yet homelike character, which English poets have loved to sing. The old church, once consecrated to St. Mary, is in the simplest Gothic style, and its gray and venerable turret seems to blend with the towers of the house, so near are they together, and the green sanctuary of the churchyard almost touched the walls of the outer court.

Towards the extremity of the park lies a clear and deep sheet of water, fed by some subterraneous stream, and flowing with a fresh, strong tide through a beautiful body of woods. There is a small fishing-cottage gleaming white among the thick firs, and larches, and oaks, where here and there you may see also the shining red berries of the mountain ash; and the tall and dark-green reeds grow along the margin, and you hear the winds "glide and sigh amid these earliest tubes of music." Here, where the whole bank was fragrant with the odor of the sweet thyme, crushed under foot, and with the blooming heather, Bulwer loved as a boy to spend his summer noon, and, as he himself tells us, to "build castles in that cloudless air until the setting of sun."

He relates also in his *Student* how he loved to watch the ærial, blue-winged butterflies, poising themselves near, and the glittering dragon-



flies, darting through the boughs and along the water; and tells us that he found in the "hum and stir of the summer noon something inexpressibly attractive to the dreams of the imagination. It fills us with a sense of life—the exuberance of creation that overflows around us."

Those who have enjoyed his powerful romances of history and his exquisite essays, will gladly pause by a spot which he loved so well in his boyhood, and share with him the delight of the quiet spot where, through the waving fern, the stately deer came slowly down to the water-side to drink.

In the little village the quiet, rural lives of the lower classes in England may be seen with interest—the keepers of the game, the small mechanics and day-laborers, the pensioners and servants of the manor-house. Among these are some, who have retired from service from the infirmities of old age, who tell by their firesides, with delight, stories of their own recollections and those of their fathers—"of the glories of the coaches-and-six long vanished, the notes of bugles long silenced; how the squire was clothed in scarlet and gold, and how my lady swept the avenues with brocade." Such a glimpse of the old world is so seldom given in our quick, restless, go-ahead American life, that a visit here is not unlike looking upon the pictures of an artist of a by-gone age.

E. F. M.

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### ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN.

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Nothing could exceed the joy of the English people occasioned by the accession of Elizabeth to the throne. The strife then agitating the two great religious parties waged so fiercely that every true lover of his kind desired its abatement. England's hope of escape from the blood and the fagots of the reign of Mary lay in the character of her new Queen. In her early life Elizabeth had much of her mother's beauty. Her figure was commanding; her face, queenly and intelligent. She was a graceful dancer, an accomplished musician, and a learned scholar. She spoke French and Italian as fluently as her mother tongue, and was the diligent scholar, in Latin and Greek, of the learned Ascham. She was familiar with Horace and Virgil, with Homer and Ariosto. It is an interesting fact that she was born the very



year in which Ariosto died. Her dauntless courage and commanding air, her pride and her impetuosity, marked her at once as of the Tudor blood. Her love of admiration never forsook her. Even to old age she displayed everywhere, and on all occasions, the vanity of a girl. And though her shrewdness, as pictured by her biographers, was unrivalled in state affairs, yet even here she was largely influenced by personal flattery and compliment. Elizabeth had a fine sense of her real resources. She knew instinctively how far her power over her people extended. She knew exactly when she could resist their wishes and when she must yield. And when she yielded, her queenly granting of their requests had much of the glory of a victory.

In 1588, the mightiest fleet that ever swept the ocean appeared off the coast of England, in full confidence of victory, taking to itself the name of the Invincible Armada. Elizabeth ardently desired to be among the foremost in repelling the proud foe. She wished in person to be with the forces on the coast. Her council opposed it; but being advised by her favorite, the Earl of Leicester, she resolved to set out for Tilbury. Arrived there, she delivered one of the finest, most eloquent, and most impassioned addresses ever pronounced by commander on the eve of battle. The day on which she went in royal pomp to visit her camp at that place is one of the most interesting in her whole life. Never, indeed, did she perform her part as the leader of an heroic action with more imposing effect than on that occasion. A painter of diligence and skill would find sufficient employment for his pencil for nearly a lifetime in illustrating the history of Elizabeth. Nor need he be idle in his work. The artist who attempted the task would find some events in her career to make him pause. He would sometimes be at a loss to decide whether he should give the subject of his painting the look and mien of a royal tigress or of a sympathizing and afflicted friend. When, for example, her biographer should give him for illustration the weeping Elizabeth, weeping over the death of the queen whom she had cruelly incarcerated and afterward had left to her fate with a death-warrant, held by no friendly hand; if he should be a charitable judge of human motive, and believed that there was no such thing as deception in royal bosoms, he might be induced to give to the queenly Elizabeth the benign and heavenly aspect of a much-afflicted and tender companion, weeping true tears of pity for the loved and lost; but if, on the contrary, our artist had studied the character of our princess minutely, if he had observed her persistent endeavors, first to humble the rival Queen, and then to make her wholly dependent upon her royal will; if he



should call to remembrance that the Queen of Scotland had come to the shores of England for protection and for help, and recall, too, the manner of her reception, he would be compelled, if he painted the scene at all, to represent Elizabeth as an arch-hypocrite, weeping no true tears of sympathy, but only weeping that she might the more conceal the enormity of her own guilt.

But I must drop the curtain over other scenes in the life of the famous Queen. The life of monarchs as of others ends sometimes in deep bitterness and surprising woe. Did she weep herself to death for Essex's sake? Hardly that; for though the tears for him were not as the tears for Mary Queen of Scotland, yet was Elizabeth of stouter mould than thus to break her heart, and leave throne and empire and all. The story of the dark hours and dark days which closed her career is a sad one. Her best biographer has given the scenes, all of them, with graphic minuteness. There is a gleam of light, scarcely more than a gleam. She died, it is hoped, a Christian. A flatterer, after her death, penned the couplet. It mattered not, he thought, whether it was true or not, as it was spoken of a royal personage. It ran thus:

"She is, she was—what can there more be said,  
On earth the first, in heaven the second maid."

V.

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## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

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### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

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I had been told much of the wonders in the "British Museum," so I wended my way to Oxford street, where it is situated, with highly raised expectations; which, I must say, were not disappointed.

It is a matchless collection of curiosities in natural history, antiquities, and literature. There are sixteen different libraries, each in a different apartment, the largest of which belonged to George IV. There is also a miscellaneous collection, which is very large and continually increasing, as every British author is required to send here a copy of his work when finished.

I saw in one of these rooms the illuminated ritual used by Mary Stuart, and the prayer-book of Queen Elizabeth; also, many original letters from kings and queens long since sleeping in the dust.

Among the Egyptian antiquities, I was much interested in looking at a stone sarcophagus, brought from Alexandria, which is said to have



held the coffin of Alexander the Great. I saw here an exquisite vase of glass, with figures in white enamel, which was dug up near Rome, and bought by the Duchess of Portland. Of course I lingered long over the Elgin Marbles, so called from having been collected by the Earl of Elgin when ambassador to Turkey. They are sculptured models of ancient Grecian temples, executed by the unrivalled Phidias; and there are still more ancient works of sculpture here, brought from the temple of Apollo at Delphi. The mummies interested me greatly; and as I looked at their withered and ghastly features, I wished that a breath of life might once again return to them for a brief space, that I might question them of the life in the olden times.

The famous Rosetta stone is on exhibition here. I cannot attempt to describe the collection of minerals, geological specimens, stuffed birds and animal shells, corals, &c.

In the ante-room, where we registered our names, is an original copy of the *Magna Charta*, kept in a glass case; but I must say that I was not nearly so much interested by this as I was by the sight of the original manuscript of our household friend, Charles Dickens, who, though unknown to sight, is a familiar guest at so many American firesides. His last work, *Edwin Drood*, is here, and I looked sadly at the last line penned by him for his world-wide readers.

The etchings of Albert Durer are preserved at the Museum. His wonderful accuracy is his chief merit—rather a rare one in an artist whose vivid fancy usually delights to add a few softening touches to every subject.

I had almost forgotten to mention the beautiful groups of sculpture brought from the ruins of the Parthenon, in Athens. They are exquisite, both in design and delicate execution.

TRAVELLER.

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## WHAT I KNOW ABOUT EXAMINATIONS.

BY A YOUNG STUDENT.

'Twas the night before examination. "Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse." The clock tolled the hour of 12, and almost startled me as its tones reëchoed through the house. All were "wrapped in the arms of Morpheus" but the unfortunate student, who vainly endeavored to cram the empty chambers of his brain with Latin, German, or Mathematics, for the next day's examination. Wearily, and almost in despair, I at last closed the text-books, and



repaired to rest. Sleep vanished for a season, but finally it calmed my "muddled brain," till dreams of enormous black-boards reared their grim faces, covered with knotty problems, and inexpressible mysteries of roots—their endings and beginnings. All these ran through my confused brain, till the dignified professor appeared in all his stateliness with additional "extras" to be added. This scene so appalled me that sleep departed! Soon the bright rays of the morning sun streamed in to mock my agony with their brightness. At an early hour the signal bell tolled, and away I strolled to pass the fiery ordeal—the students' dread! I thought to "spot" him—the keen professor! but the very problems I had not worked appeared in awful array, and there I was — as — could be! The very chapters in Cæsar I could not translate mocked me with their abstruseness, and as for German, "*Die Jung frau von Orleans*" always was a sealed book to me! What should I do? Quietly "pitch up?" This I attempted, when the familiar tones called out, "Are you through so soon, sir?"

This bitter experience calmed my enthusiastic visions of "*A. M.*," and I therefore begged for leniency! C.

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## LETTERS.

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ZEBEDEE SIMPKINS TO POLLY PRIMROSE.

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SCREAMERSVILLE, 9th August, 1880.

*Dear Aunt Polly*,—I have been kicked. It wasn't a mule—oh, no! it wasn't a mule. It was a girl. But it was a hard kick, it was a vigorous kick, it was a very painful kick. Ah, me! Pinky Periwig was the one that did it. She sent me a note and told me. I was sitting in my room writing her a letter when it came. I was quoting poetry, "The rose is red, the violet's blue; sugar is sweet, and so are"—that's as far as I got. Oh, my darling, how could you be so cruel! I didn't think she would have done it; specially after I bought her all those horse-cakes. But she did it. And she used to say she loved me better than any fellow in the world except herself. It's all over with us. I pleaded and groaned, I swore by the moon, the stars, and the solar system. I got down on my knees and developed a rip in my doeskin breeches. I said I would never do it any more, so long



as my name was Zeb Simpkins. But it was a waste of ammunition. Pinky said she never would forgive me. I offered to stand on my head and live on mush for a week. I offered to beat anybody she hated and kiss all the girls she loved. I offered to take her to Bon Air and treat her to ice-cream. I offered to ride on a rail and chew *lignum-vita*. I offered to take her out buggy-riding, and show her the house where I was born and the old oak in which I used to sit and eat June apples. I offered her a gold pen, a pint of sweet oil, a yard of blue ribbon, a head of cabbage, Mrs. Browning's poems, a peck of onions, a diamond ring, and a superannuated sow. But her heart was hardened, and she heeded me not. When the occurrence first occurred I had many feelings; that is to say, they were various. First, I felt like somebody had hit me on the head with a crow-bar; then, I felt like it was winter and I was chewing icicles under the Falls of Niagara; then, I felt like it was the middle of July, and I was wrapped in seventeen blankets and drinking four pints of red-pepper tea; then, I felt like I was infested with ten million chigres, and was swimming in salt water,—this was too much, and I fainted. You ought to have seen me. I was a sight to behold. But I survived. I am still living. I am not dead. I promised Pinky, when she and I were engaged, that I would never smoke, and I kept my word. But as soon as she discarded me, I went off to Ben Bullywinkle's and bought two cheroots for five cents. I hadn't smoked for a long time, and the cheroots were strong, awful strong, so strong that they made me weak. I got pious, and came very near going down on my knees in the street. Bill Dinker took me home and put me in my little bed. I slept, and dreamed that I was clawed by wild-cats, ground in a grist-mill, and swallowed by a whale. When I awoke I felt bad, and my appetite for breakfast was much reduced. My ill-fated love was telling on me. I ate only three mackerel and six corn-dodgers, and Aunt Jezebel Snubbs was concerned. I told her I wasn't hungry. She gave me a dose of tansy tea.

Well, Aunt Polly, I didn't know what to do. I had no sweet-heart, and, as Dr. Curry says, a young man with no sweetheart is on the road to ruin. I resolved to commit self-murder, as I knew no other way of touching Pinky's hard heart. So I made my will, and left Pinky my doe-skin breeches. I thought they would remind her of the time when I knelt at her feet and split the seam of those selfsame breeches. I pictured to myself her grief and her lamentations when she received those breeches as a legacy from her dead boy. And I left instructions that my corpse, all mangled and bloody, should be



carried and laid at her feet. My first plan was to butt my brains out, but it didn't work. I began on my bedstead, and butted it to pieces without even so much as making a dent in my skull. I butted my bureau, book-case, wash-stand, chairs, and table into splinters; but my skull was as sound as a Mexican dollar. I bought a William-goat, and crushed him with one lick. So I gave up this idea, and thought I would drown myself. I went down the river in a row-boat with the boys. When we got down by Sandy Beach, I said good-bye and keeled over. I went down like a rock and imbibed one gallon of water. I arose, took a second thought, yelled for help, went down again, and drank more water. By this time my longing for water ceased and I got scared, dreadfully scared. My thoughts were many and mournful. I thought about Pinky and that confounded Bob Jiggers, and my obituary, and watermelons, and the club, and my sins, which were numerous—especially the watermelons. I thought that perhaps my darling Pinky would marry Jiggers, and then her name would be Pinky Jiggers—Jewhilikins! that was awful! Pinky Jiggers! I lost my senses, and when I came too a little bit I felt as if I was rolling about on something round. I thought maybe my dream had come true, and I was swallowed by a whale. But when I opened my eyes I found myself laying at full length on a barrel on Sandy Beach. Taylor Edmunds had hold of my head and Russell Williams had hold of my heels. For half an hour and more they had been trying, with the help of that barrel, to spread me out thin. I arose and stood up. I felt pale. I was also sore. I felt hurt because of that barrel. I don't think I'll commit suicide any more. It's too dangerous. But Pinky. Oh, my loved and lost Pinky! Bob Jiggers sent her a basket full of flowers, and that spoilt my mutton. I am a church-member, but dog-gone Bob Jiggers! He went and told Pinky all about my mishap, and she laughed and laughed. He's ill now with chills and fevers, but I mean to mash him as soon as he gets about. But Pinky, oh, my darling Pinky!

Your afflicted nephew,

ZEBEDEE SIMPKINS.

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We toss up our hat with a hurrah for the Faculty of the Indiana University! The literary societies of that institution selected Bob Ingersoll, the would-be infidel, for their final orator, and the Faculty wouldn't let him come. Who says the Faculty "ain't" the safety-valve to the machine, any way?



# QUERIES.

## *Editors Messenger :*

The following quotation having recently come under my observation, the question has arisen, "Who is the author"? This not being satisfactorily ascertained, the idea has occurred to me to seek information through the medium of your interesting journal.

As nearly as can be recalled, the circumstances which occasioned the composition of the quotation in question, are as follows:

In one of the English colleges, our Saviour's miracle of turning water into wine at Cana of Galilee, was given to the students as the subject for an essay. A valuable prize was offered to the student whose composition should be pronounced best by the most competent judges.

After carefully reading many and some very long and learned articles on the subject designated, the successful competitor was unanimously decided to be the author of this *one* line of concise and beautiful language: "*The conscious water saw its Lord and blushed.*"

Will some of the readers of the *Messenger* inform me who wrote the above line?

T.

## *Editors Messenger :*

Will you please inform me about the following: "In Maiden Meditation fancy free," and oblige,

STUDENT.

The above request is rather ambiguous, and coming as it does from a student, is rendered more so. In fact, we are quite at a loss to understand what "Student" does mean. If he means that we should inform him in what seeming Utopia the above line holds sway, we would refer him to his *Alma Mater*. Here "maiden(s) meditation" has attained such supremacy that we fear soon the Professors will rise *en masse* against it. One, indeed, has already begun a crusade, and each year gives to the new students what he considers wholesome advice against it. It is: "Two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time; *ergo*, the thoughts of 'Angelina' and that of study cannot occupy the mind at once." But notwithstanding the above proverb (for such it has grown to be), *Dulcinea del Toboso* was not ever more present to the mind of the renowned Don Quixote than "maiden(s) meditation" to the minds of the average college youths. If, on the other hand, "Student" desires to know what author wrote the above line, we would refer him to Shakespeare, as it occurs in *Midsummer's Night Dream*.



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## A. COLLEGE EDITOR.

Prominent among the innumerable advantages which the college genius enjoys, is the ease with which he wields his pen. It is entirely a mistake to imagine that he racks his brain simply to concoct so insignificant a thing as an editorial. Language to him flows in the channel of entrancing eloquence; ideas as brilliant as the sparks emitted in a jar of oxygen from the burning of a steel watch-spring electrify the amazed minds of his host of readers. With concise and fearless comment, he dives into the intricacies of scientific investigations which the sage philosopher would not dare approach. Thus the rapid progress of art, and the ever-varying and increasing developments of science, are but light food for his facile pen. He effervesces as the sparkling champagne, and with the buoyancy of an untrammelled balloon, filled with most elastic gases, mounts upward with grace and elegance, and with the same ease, is enabled to effect a descent, and for a time he condescends to dwell on a level with his illustrious and elder compeers. He is alike unintimidated by the sublime and the ridiculous. Fearlessly he unsheathes the sword of criticism, and in a belligerent attitude he stands to guide the "ship of state," as his clear perception unveils the wire-working politician and reveals financial whirl-pools which muddle the brains of statesmen in their *attempted* logical solutions. State debts, tariff questions, and the *small* matter of displacing a president, are each discussed by him and classified according to their various merits. Internal improvements and the developing of a country's resources are handled in a masterly manner, and if his theories be carried into execution, the desert will ere long blossom as the rose, and oases of verdure fill the land with beauty, and the garner with plenty.

Yes, unquestionably, it's certainly a glorious life, that of a college editor—a life more surpassingly grand in all of its attributes than *any* recorded on the rolls of fame.

Birds in their little nests agree, and 'tis a shameful sight for journalists of high degree to fall out and chide and fight.—*Exchange.*

That's cooled us off, brother. All our belligerent feelings are gone now. We are destroying our pistols and bowie-knives as fast as we can: making a white flag to hang out as a sign for "truce," not small-pox; begging tobacco to smoke a pipe of peace—in fact, we are now innocent as lambs, harmless as doves!



Write boys, write, write with care,  
Write for the pages of the *Messengair*.

The society of women is the element of good manners.—*Goethe*.

Why blame a fellow for loving "Calico," then, thou uncivilized  
"Monitor" !

"Truth is stranger than fiction." But what is stranger than either, is to understand how such men as Darwin and Kant can attract so many followers, when one, by a process of logic, so called, converts the fly into the elephant, the monkey into the man, and the other, in his *Critique of Pure Reason*, expels all *realities* from the world ?

A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, and likely to do honor to the university of which he was a member ; " but he is shy," added the father, " and, I fear, buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards the parent, anxious for his opinion, inquired what he thought of his son. " I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland, " at all the corners, and there is *nothing in it*."

A correspondent requests us to furnish a " recipe to cure love." We heartily commend the following ; but vary the usual monotony in giving endorsements, when we assert that we " haven't tried it " :

" The one end of a rope fastened over a beam,  
Then make a slip-knot at the other extreme ;  
Then just underneath let a joint-stool be set,  
On which let the lover most manfully get ;  
Then kick away the stool, and take a good swing,  
And leave all the rest to the care of the string."

" Now is the time to begin forwarding to the delighted editor your spring poetry, so that it may appear on time Spring poetry will not keep till summer, and then again, it is so nice for an editor to get green provender while yet the winter is not out of sight. Send in the result of your wooings of the goddess of Spring, that we may spend the interim preparing it for its *debut*."—*Mexia (Texas) Weekly Ledger*.

If, after the above " cordial invitation," you are not overwhelmed with delightful strains, (strains in the sense that it will *strain* you to read them,) just make a demand on *our* Poet Laureate. He can deal it out for you by the foot, yard, or mile, just as you please. With him poetry is the " unconstrained expression of a crystalline mind " !



As editors, we would call the attention of the students to the paucity of advertisements. The reason of this is that the students, individually, do not endeavor to procure them, but leave this part of the work to the Board of Managers, who already have their hands full. This should not be so. It is the duty of *each* student, and he should feel it *his* duty, to work in this quarter. We should not only endeavor to get new ones, but to have the size increased of those we already have. To do this we must patronize those who advertise in our journal, and only those. Only a few days ago, chancing to be in Mr. B. Florsheim's clothing store, (who, by the way, always has a fine assortment of goods, and whose advertisement is found in our columns,) we were informed by the energetic proprietor that he would be willing to increase his advertisement to double its present size if only the students would patronize him as of yore. What is true of him we have no doubt is true of all. The money received from advertisements is the lubricating oil which keeps our paper in working order. It is (we might say, for the subscriptions amount to very little,) the only source which furnishes the means for the costs of printing. We are confident that it is only necessary to mention this to those who have their college paper at heart to gain their hearty coöperation.

WASHINGTON'S IGNORANCE.—A daring writer in the *Washington Union*, who rejoices perhaps that his eyes are open in the present enlightened age, and who seems rather skeptical as to the glory of "ye olden time," thus exults over the ignorance of the Father of his country :

"We don't like to be irreverent, but would like to ask, What did our forefathers know? What, for instance, did George Washington know? He never saw a steamboat; he never saw a fast-mail train; he never held his ear to a telephone; he never sat for his picture in a photograph gallery; he never received a telegraph dispatch; he never sighted a Krupp gun; he never listened to the fizz of an electric pen; he never saw a pretty girl run a sewing-machine; he never saw a self-propelling engine go down the street to a fire; he never heard of evolution, and he never took laughing-gas."

In our last No. we happened to mention the wonderful fact that each editor of this publication has *three* hands: with respect to nature, *two*; with respect to the *Messenger*, *a little behind hand*, we think it was. Well, since writing that, we became alarmed at the thought of being locked up in the Museum, or of having to follow Barnum around as natural curiosities, and so we visited a celebrated



surgeon, Dr. Time, thinking to get separated from our cumbersome member. "Dr. Time," said one of our number with great earnestness, "can't you cut this *little behind hand* off? Its worrying our life out of us." "Really, gentlemen," said the old man, shaking his head, "to do that would be a fatal operation; but I think I can put you on a diet by means of which your troublesome member will disappear—go home and live on *catch up*!" We are taking the Doctor's advice, but think we'll have to eat a good deal of the stuff before we get all right again.

We are not prepared to say that the class of students now at Richmond College are better morally or intellectually than their predecessors, but we do know that the word "*Calathump*" is a term all unknown to the rats, while its meaning is only a traditional one among the old students. It may be that our boys are too *aesthetic* for these nocturnal recreations, but whatever the cause is, we feel sure that our learned chairman of the Faculty and the distinguished expounder of Greek are profoundly grateful that our college bell is no longer musically inclined at midnight. In connection with this subject, we give the following story as told us by our genial friend Dr. J. Wm. Jones:

"Years ago, the students of one of the Northern colleges were having an old-fashioned '*Calathump*.' After marshalling their forces upon the campus, they started off 'to take the town,' as they expressed it—a feat more easily imagined than described. Just as B—, one of the ringleaders of the band, was removing a sign from a prominent store, the irate owner, who was on the alert, rushed out in hot pursuit. B— fled with his booty toward college, and gained his room in time to lock it in the face of his pursuer. Safe within his palladium, he thrust the sign into his stove, and sat down to wait for it to burn. Meanwhile the enraged storekeeper had gone to the President and complained that he had seen his sign carried off by one of the students, and had tracked him to his room. So before the sign was half burned, B— heard the President thundering at his door. The college regulations required that the President should be admitted into a student's room at any time, except *during the student's devotions*; so our friend B— fell upon his knees and began to pray, keeping one eye on the slowly burning sign. Just as the last bit was consumed, B— concluded his prayer in a loud voice as follows:  
\* \* \* "And, Oh Lord! thou knowest that a wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and no sign shall be given them."



It is our sad duty to note the death of Prof. Harrison's father, an aged gentleman, and one whose honor was in keeping with his years. Prof. Harrison has been called upon to bear the death of his parents in quick succession: his mother dying in November and his father in December.

It must be exceedingly sad for Prof. Harrison to part with his parents, who have so long watched over him.

If sympathy begets sympathy, our Professor of Latin is not without this consoling balm.

We extend him, in this time of sorrow, our tenderest sympathy, and while we do this we but express the sentiment of every student in college.

"How peaceful and how powerful is the grave!"

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#### LOCALS.

"Hallo! have a good Christmas?" "Yes, man, a regular *hog-killing time*."

O, that Xmas would come oftener, and examinations less oftener!

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The new building is progressing quite steadily. Honorable gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, *please remember the gymnasium!*

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Moustaches! Moustaches! Only a few weeks have elapsed, and so many of these lip-protectors have disappeared. What is the cause of this? But we didn't intend to ask that question. What a change time makes in our Apollos! Verily, it "doth transfix the flourish set on youth."

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"Mr. R., lend me a pair drawers!" spoke the student who deals in "signs and wonders." Let us beseech you not to use the word "drawers"; you are liable to be misunderstood. The exactitude of mathematics would require you to say, "compasses."

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While noting the erection of the new wing, we would not fail to ask (we do not know whom, but hope this may strike some tender heart) that something be done with the walks of the cottages. Mud besets us on every quarter, and an untold number of shoes have been submerged beyond recovery. Will not some one (we don't care if there be twenty) remedy this?



After working on a problem for some time, the professor asked: "Now, Mr. R., what is the first thing I must do now?" "The next thing is to set it down, professor."

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Mr. X.: "I saw a ghost the other night, and before I could draw a good breath, it took me up, hung me on a nail, and placed a burning candle in my mouth."

Mr. L.: "I don't believe that."

Mr. X. (quite angrily): "Why don't you believe it?"

Mr. L.: "Because a ghost never takes roundabout ways to do anything; and if it wanted a light in or near your mouth, it would not have gone to the trouble of lighting a candle and sticking it in your mouth, but simply struck a match and held it at your mouth."

How gaseous Mr. X. must have been; and we, too, can testify that Mr. L.'s words are full of wisdom.

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We found the following glittering gem upon the table in one of our student's room. We don't blame him for laying it "on the table!"

TO MY LOVE.

When from her opal, cloudy bed,  
Aurora, blushing like a bride,  
Doth rise with cheeks so rosy red,  
And yoke her steed, her course to ride—  
*I'll think of thee!*

Then, dear, fortunate maiden, whoever you are, we fear he will never think of you; for all that panorama above described is never going to happen! If it does, we'll pack up our luggage and leave this country by telegraph, certain!

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MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—"Yesterday morning at 4 o'clock P. M., a middle aged appearance of insignificant person, whose name was either Smith or Robinson, with a heel in the hole of his boots, and a collared-velvet coat, committed laudanum by swallowing a dose of suicide.

"He was found lying (which was his habitual practice) at the door of his step, grasping a convulsive latch-key and heaving breathlessly.

"The frost had been broken by his fall for some yards around the spot where he lay, whilst the policeman who picked him up, according to the report of the surrounding atmosphere, was redolent of rum hot, which he had smelt before, and therefore knew it. At the ver-



dict, the inquest returned a jury to the effect that the deceased came to the fact in accordance with his death.

"He left a child and six small wives to lament the end of his unfortunate loss. Truly, in death we are in the midst of life. *Sick Monday, glory a transit*"

AMI.

In the window of Messrs. Saks' clothing establishment, on Main street, is something that causes the passer-by to halt. It's nothing but a jar of beans, and yet the placard above it makes every one of those beans an object of lively interest. It reads something like this: "To the person guessing nearest the number of beans in this jar will be given a fine pair of dress pants; to the second nearest, a silk umbrella. Beans will be counted March 1st. Come in and register." We walked in and booked our name, putting opposite it our guess, 25,000; and now when the winds of March do whistle and howl, we'll be happy in a fine pair of pants, or with a silk umbrella over us—one or the other—in anticipation of which event we are beginning already to make engagements to call on the girls about that time! A bean-stalk won for Jack renown, and we see no reason why a bean-jar shouldn't win for us something better!

IN MEMORIAM.—A gentleman in DeLand cottage has had the sad misfortune to lose his hat. This hat has been the subject of a long and useful life. Its death is of a most painful nature. The room-mate of the gentleman above mentioned was suddenly seized with an "inspiration" to "remove" this hat, and as a means for this end buried it alive.

Looking from the window of our sanctum, during the late snow-storm, we beheld a lonely board, standing erect in the snow. We forthwith went to this; when, lo! we beheld a tomb. Brushing the flakes from this simple slab, we read the following brief epitaph:

"\_\_\_\_\_s Hat.

Born, 1800.

Ceased to be, 1882, on the 2d day of January."

This inscription was brief, but sufficient to arouse the anger of the owner of the hat, who, as soon as knowing his calamity, had the remains dug up, burned, and the ashes placed in a box, where daily and hourly he repairs, and there weeps over these ashes, as did Achilles over those of Patroclus.

In noting this sad occurrence, we forbear to mention names, as we



never strive to harrow up sad or unpleasant feelings; but merely, through a deep sense of regret, do we give this short account of an event which has caused much that is closely allied to bitter sadness.

To you, thou owner of an ill-fated hat, we extend our sympathy, and we would say, bear up, console yourself that your hat had already spent a long life, and, though

“bruise'd with adversity,  
We bid (you) be quiet when we hear (you) cry;  
But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,  
As much or more we should ourselves complain.”

The following officers were elected in the Philologian Society, January:

President, J. H. Wright, Richmond; Vice-President, Jno E. Wiatt, Gloucester county, Va.; Final Orator, A. J. Montague, Middlesex county, Va.; Historian, M. L. Wood, Pittsylvania county, Va.; Recording Secretary, E. D. Reames, Charlotte county, Va.; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Sampson, Alexandria, Va.; Treasurer, L. D. Shumate, Giles county, Va.; Librarian, J. B. Lemon, Botetourt county, Va.; Critic, A. B. Rudd, Chesterfield county, Va.; Censor, G. W. Quick, Loudoun county, Va.; Chaplain, J. B. Cook, Pittsylvania county, Va.; Sergeant-at-Arms, M. G. Fields, Culpeper county, Va.; Editors *Messenger* (next term), J. L. Lake and G. W. Hurt; Board of Managers—J. M. Coleman, Appomattox; H. W. Kemp, Baltimore, Md.; Board of Publication—W. V. Mcfee, Charlotte county, Va.; Robt. Hubbard, Campbell county, Va.; J. L. King, Halifax county, Va.

The election of officers in the Mu Sigma Rho Society, January 6th, resulted as follows:

President, C. H. Jones, Richmond, Va.; Vice-President, A. J. Fristoe, Warren county, Va.; Editors of Richmond College *Messenger* (next term), G. C. Abbitt, Appomattox county, Va., and G. C. Bundick, Accomac county, Va.; Censor, W. H. Ancell, Fluvanna county, Va.; Board of Managers for Richmond College *Messenger*, W. C. Barker, Hanover county, Va., Orren L. Stearns, Pulaski county, Va., and Warren Talley, Lynchburg, Va.; Recording Secretary, W. F. Gunter, Accomac county, Va.; Corresponding Secretary, E. E. Etheridge, Norfolk county, Va.; Chaplain, J. W. Loving, Fluvanna county, Va.; Treasurer, Isaac Diggs, King and Queen county, Va.; Librarian, C. Davidson, Buckingham county, Va.; Critic, D. M. Ramsey, Greenville, S. C.; Final Orator, P. G. Elsom, Nelson county, Va.



FOOT-BALL MATCH.—Our boys left Richmond on the morning of the 3d, at 8:15, and reached Ashland about 9:15, at which place we were received by the students of Randolph-Macon in a manner so cordial as soon to put us at perfect ease.

Our trip up on the train was lively and enjoyable, despite tin horns and other noises equally disagreeable.

Shortly after 10, the respective "twenties" of Randolph-Macon and Richmond colleges began to play with no little vim and skill. Three games were played, and our boys bore off the palm of victory in each. We would not be considered as bragging, for the games were closely contested, especially the last, the time consumed in playing this being one hour and fifty-five minutes; the first and second, respectively, forty-five and fifty minutes.

The games were watched by an enthusiastic lot of spectators, among whom were to be seen some of Ashland's fair daughters. Would that our Richmond boys could have been blessed by the approving smiles and sympathetic encouragement of their "hopes." Wouldn't we have played better, boys? Not only were the ladies interested and excited, but all were; in fact, the sedate writer of this, though only a spectator, found himself once or twice having a game on his "own hook," and was only arrested in this novel mode of playing by the cry, "What in the mischief are you doing? That's my shins you're kicking!" Of course we begged his pardon, explained the mistake, recommended a bottle of St. Jacobs oil, and went on our way rejoicing and searching for another victim.

Both sides played well; and our boys certainly did, as is testified by their success, and by the cries, during the games, of the Randolph-Macon fellows, who would shout lustily, "Hold, Frank!" "Hold, Hog-e, or none!" and similar expressions, when our boys were "doing the thing up brown."

At 9:15 P. M. we shook parting hands with the Randolph-Macon boys, and a feeling of sadness crept over us as we had to part so soon. We reached Richmond at 10, and in a short time thereafter we were under the influence of that subtle thing, "tir'd nature's sweet restorer," and in our dreamy realms we went over the scenes of our sojourn in Ashland.

Our stay at Ashland, though short, has been of the most pleasant nature, and we shall retain it as an occasion specially to be remembered.

We sincerely thank the Randolph-Macon students for their hospi-



tality, and we assure them, that if they will only visit us, we will, for their kindness to us, make a just retribution.

*December 17th.*—We played on our grounds another match with our Randolph-Macon friends to-day, and beat them again, and quite badly at that. The score stood three for us to the Randolph-Macon's nothing.

We have heartily enjoyed having the Randolph-Macon boys with us, and can conscientiously say, that if they have appreciated us as much as we appreciated them, then these are truly *appreciating* times.

1915  
1881  
34

### PERSONALS.

E. E. Holland, B. L., is practising in Suffolk.

R. L. Page is at the New York Medical College.

D. M. Goode, Jr., '80-'81, is farming in Chesterfield.

E. P. Valentine, '80-'81, is at the Virginia Military Institute.

W. H. Ryals, '80-'81, is in Kentucky. May success attend you.

H. A. Latané, ex-editor of the *Messenger*, is reading law in Tappahannock, Va.

John A. Powers is in very bad health. The many friends of Jack will be pained to hear this.

Jno. L. Lawless is preaching in Bowling Green. This doesn't appear that you are a law-less fellow, after all.

J. Campbell Spotts is in business (we will not enumerate the particular one, Spotts,) with his father, in Richmond.

James B. Seward, B. L., is practising law in Surry. We had a visit, not long since, from him, and he looked quite legalized.

W. B. Crump has left college for this session. Sickness was the cause. Crump says that we may expect him next session.

B. A. Pendleton has returned to college. We welcome you back, Pendleton, and congratulate you upon the speedy recovery of your health.

W. Kirk Mathews, '80-'81-'82, has been compelled to leave college on account of his eyes. We wish, too, Kirk, that we didn't have eyes about this time.

Ro. E. Scott, B. L., is practising law in the city; also, our friend and ex-editor of *Messenger*, George Bryan. Wait patiently for the judicial ermine.



Hon. C. E. Nicol is reflecting much credit upon this institution by his manly bearing in the Legislature of Virginia. We had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman the other day, and were glad to find him so enthusiastic upon our college affairs. While we note this, we would not omit to say that Mr. Nicol has been recently married. We wish you happiness in this new phase of life.

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### EXCHANGES.

The Cincinnati *University* displays a neat heading, which seems to be a forerunner of the good things which follow.

A neat and unique exchange is the *Seminarian*, whose matter is of local as well as general interest.

We return thanks to the editors, Prof. W. F. Fox and Dr. Ruffner, for the January number of the *Educational Journal*. It contains some excellent papers.

We hardly think our brother editors of the *Philosophian Review* devote enough space to literary affairs, if we may be allowed the suggestion. However, *review* is rather an all-embracing word, and under its shelter the editors can store away many different topics.

Change of diet is well; and so we relish, with first-rate appetite, the Mexia (Texas) *Weekly Ledger*, a professional paper, not edited by ye college student, (who has something else to do besides shove the quill,) but by a *bona fide* editor, whose time and brains are both devoted to journalism. We welcome the *Ledger* to our list. Like our Texas boys, it's all right inside and outside!

Prominent among our Southern exchanges is the Vanderbilt *Observer*—observed to be very good by a close observer. The Dental *Headlight*, quick as a flash, wishes it (the *Observer*) unbounded success. We wish it *bounded* success—even that it may be bound with a binding like unto our own blue backs!

We thank our good-looking exchange, the Central *Collegian*, for its complimentary notice of us. From it we extract the following:

“We have just received the Richmond College *Messenger* for October. \* \* \* \* It is of good size, well edited and well printed. The article on ‘Calico’ is good, and expresses our sentiments exactly.”



Now read "Calico" Defended, published in this No., and see if those sentiments don't vanish into thin air!

The editors of the *Sibyl* begin their editorial duties with a motto that might well be followed. It is: "Consider nothing impossible but failure." If all their numbers prove as interesting and as readable as the one before us, they will have well illustrated their watchword, as this is far from a failure. In fact, without wishing to give undue prominence to the *Sibyl* above other college journals, we must confess that for vivacity and purity of diction it is unrivalled. In this issue, "Scholarship in Politics" is decidedly its best article.

The College *Message*, a badly-printed, hap-hazard sort of sheet, sees fit to fire into the October No. of the *Messenger*. The editors of that No. have retired, their term being out, or they would speak for themselves, which they are perfectly able to do. We will say this, however, for the benefit of the *Message*: When a man fights, he ought to have some "backbone" to support him; when a man attempts to criticise, he ought to have some merit of his own to back him. Draw your conclusion, Mr. *Message*!

The *University Magazine* is a favorite exchange, one we always read with interest and profit. The November number is replete with interest. Office-seeking it puts down as the "bane of the nation," and thus, we think, hits the nail on the head, driving it home with a strong article. The *Magazine* also discusses "Novel Reading" with ability, pointing out the evil and the good that novels do. With the writer, we are disposed to envy our forefathers "with their small supply of novels and their large supply of common sense." "Collegiana" teems with good things, prominent among which is an eloquent tribute to the generosity and liberality of W. W. Corcoran, Esq. The *Magazine*, however, pays no attention to exchanges. It should not be so absorbed in itself as to seemingly ignore the outside journalistic world.

A bright little exchange is the Norfolk College *Record*, edited by fair hands. We were about to say it is the essence of sweetness and quintessence of neatness, but we believe we will keep our opinion to ourselves! The *Record* introduces a new feature into its columns—viz., "Mathematical Recreations." Whew! Think of that, boys! mathematical *re-creations*! We who have all the time looked upon a mathematical problem as we would a grubbing-hoe, now hear them called by another class, *Recreations*! Well, they will have to be *re-creations* before they



bring us pleasure. The truth is, boys, we can't get ahead of the girls, even if we get up at 4 o'clock in the morning. The *Record* pays us a nice compliment, which we heartily reciprocate.

The Georgetown (D. C.) College *Journal* is a model of neatness in its make-up, and its articles seem in keeping with its handsome appearance. A very critical chap, however, sits in the "Exchange" chair, and gives his brethren "blue blazes" to warm 'em up this cold weather. In the No. before us, he fires into one brother because he admires Macaulay's writings and can't express his admiration in the masterly sentences of that rhetorician—which fire, not unlike other reports we have heard, is the explosion of a blank cartridge. Next, this penetrating editor attempts to tear a poor brother's poetry all in shreds. Macaulay has well said that the analysis which criticism can effect of poetry is necessarily imperfect. "One element must forever elude its researches; and that is the very element by which poetry is poetry. Hence, those who, trusting to their critical skill, attempt to write poems, give us, not images of things, but catalogues of qualities." Of one thing we are sure—viz., what the editor of the *Journal* so imperfectly decomposes, he cannot perfectly reconstruct.

The *Journal*, however, has an attractive feature which we would like to see in the *Messenger*—viz., Correspondence—consisting of letters from the alumni, old students, and friends of the college. Ye men who vowed eternal love for your societies and college, prove it by writing back to their representative, the *Messenger*. Ye who went from these walls into the busy world, tell us how it's serving you.

A most valuable and interesting exchange is the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*. It would grace any editor's sanctum or adorn the table of any reading-room, so cheerful and fresh is its appearance. The issue for January 21st is before us. On the first page an attractive picture strikes us, called "Grandmother is Pleased with the Neat Work." It represents an old lady, countenance beaming with delight, adjusting her spectacles to inspect some needle-work of her bright-eyed little grand-daughter, who stands near anxiously awaiting the verdict. Equally as interesting are the various departments of the *Weekly*—"Our Contributors" (containing articles by such men as Drs. Cordley, Hall, Platt, and others); "The Library," the "Home Circle," "At Home and Abroad"—all being well edited, and interspersed here and there with neat illustrations.



## CLIPPINGS.

Why is the house of a tidy wife like a motion to adjourn? You give it up? Because it is always in order.—*Ex.*

Anticipation is a check drawn on the future and dated a week or a month ahead.—*St. Louis Journal.*

Careful housewife (lifting a shoe from the soup-tureen): "La! who'd a-thought baby's shoe would turn up in the soup? But I knew it wasn't lost; I never lose anything."

There is a man in Virginia who says he has not slept for fifteen years, and that he lies and thinks all night. We cannot vouch for his thinking, but he evidently keeps on lying all day, too.—*New York Mail.*

"Peter, don't you enjoy the astronomical phenomena these evenings?" said a well to do citizen to his colored servant the other evening. "Clar to goodness, I never tried 'em; muskmelon am my favorite fruit."

Senator Bayard tells that the venerable John Adams once said to Daniel Webster, who had inquired after his health, "I inhabit a frail, weak tenement, in decay; battered by the winds, and broken in upon by storms, and from all I can learn the landlord does not intend to repair."

"What are you in jail for?" asked a prison visitor of a negro. "For bor'win money, sah." "Why, they don't put men in jail for borrowing money!" "Yes, but you see, I had to knock the man down free or four times afore he'd lend it to me," exclaimed Africa's child.

"What does transatlantic mean mamma?" "Oh, hold your tongue, and don't bother me with any more questions. But I'll tell you this, and then you keep still. Transatlantic means across the Atlantic. There!" "I wanted to ask you what transparent means, mama, but I guess I know now it means a cross parent!"

"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in a railroad office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note-book. Said the railroad man, edging toward the door. "That paint you are leaning against." Such are the loads a newspaper-man must bear.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

COLEMAN WORTHAM.

EDWIN WORTHAM.

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