LIKENESSES.

Like as the dewdrops, cool night brings
Do bathe the flowers of earth,
So draughts of love I drink from thee
Leave fresh my heart from dearth.

Like as the sunshine in the morn
Peeps spotless o'er the hill,
So glances from thy glorious eyes
My days with radiance fill.

Like as the moonlight in the dell
Falls restfully adown,
So thoughts of thee my passioned life
Do calmly, sweetly crown.

Like as the tides of ocean 'tend
The moon in dark or shine,
So, yielding to thy magnet spell,
My life e'er leans to thine.

CLINTON.

LETTER FROM AN OLD STUDENT IN ROME.

Dear Messenger: During my college days, I often wondered that the old students did not sometimes send a short letter to the Monthly Musings, now the Messenger. Almost two years, however, have gone by since I left Richmond College, and though I have often planned to write a few lines, this is my first letter. Even in so short a time there have been so many changes among the students that I fear my letter
will have a personal interest for few. Things must have changed very much, however, if your "devil" has become less importunate in his cries for copy and the students more ready to write for your columns. Although a long way off, I feel a great interest in Richmond College, and it has been no small pleasure to see in the papers accounts of the improvements and fine out-look. It distressed me to hear that the noble magnolia tree had been cut down. It made me think of a severe frost which came one night in spring, some three or four sessions ago, and nipped off several fine trees on the campus!

To-day, which I spent in attendance at the races of the Roman Jockey-Club, reminded me in many respects of the days at the Virginia Agricultural Fairs, and some account of it may not be uninteresting. From the central part of the city, my friend and I went by street-car up over the heights of the Quirinal, by the ruins of the Thermae of Diocletian, to the gate of St. Lorenzo. Here we took our seats in the steam-train, having paid only thirty-two cents for our round-trip tickets. We passed the church of St. Lorenzo, the city cemetery with its tall cypresses, and soon were out in the campagna. Hillsides, covered with the large, spreading artichokes, or long lines of reeds for the grapes, and broad fields of fine wheat, gave us glimpses of Roman farming. The Roman campagna has a dark soil, which is richer than our prairie lands. Large landed proprietors have for hundreds of years been content to rent this fertile district for pasture lands, and have not cared to improve and cultivate so rich a heritage. Thus the beautifully undulating acres of the campagna, which stretches from Mount Soracte to the sea, a distance of fifty miles, and which in ancient times supported so dense a population, are now given up to droves of dun-colored, huge horned cattle. There are plans on foot, however, to break up this system, by requiring cultivation and improvement of these lands. This will do much for Rome, and must to a great degree destroy the fearful malaria which now renders this district uninhabitable. We now had a fine view of the aqueducts, striding with their high arches towards the mountains, and as we passed under them saw distinctly their massive masonry, covered here and there by graceful ivy. The train now ran for some distance parallel to the public road, which is beginning to be quite crowded. There comes a squad of carabinieri (police), who, in their black and red uniforms, with triangular hats, tall red and blue plumes and heavy sabres, present quite a gay sight, as their horses take fright at the engine. A little farther on is a flock of goats returning from the city. During the month of April they are driven thither
every morning, and at the street-corners and in the squares children and delicate persons drink the warm, health-giving milk. To our right stand out against the sky, in bold relief, the ruins along the Via Appia, and in the foreground the so-called grove of Egeria. In a few minutes more we left the train and struck across the fields, over the heavy sward, white with hundreds of delicate daisies. The crowd was not yet large, but an active trade was going on under the awnings and in the tents, and parties were drinking their good Roman wine and listening to a wandering musician. We lolled on the grass, in the pleasant sunshine, and eat our lunch, and enjoyed the magnificent view all around us. On one side is the full outline of the Alban hills, with its white villages. Yonder is Aricia, Horace's first stopping-place on his "Iter Brundisium"; there, the slopes of Alba Longa; up there, Cicero's Tulculan Villa; and a little farther on, the site of the battle of Lake Regillus. On some of the highest peaks of the Sabine hills we were surprised to see some snow; and to the north was Rome, with its ever-visible sentinel, St. Peter's. Our lunch was several times interrupted by beggars, and my friend recognized one or two of them as regular "professionals" from the city. Some juicy Messina oranges finished our repast, and by this time the carriages were beginning to come in large numbers. Numerous handsome four-horse vehicles, with elegant liveries and stylishly-dressed ladies began to skirt the track, with here and there a drag filled with officers. Now we heard the sound of the bugle, announcing the arrival of the royal family. First came King Humbert, driving himself in quite an unpretentious turn-out, and then came the Queen and the Prince of Naples (the heir apparent), with their out-riders in red livery. Their majesties were followed by several royal carriages and three or four "coaching" parties, with their "four-in-hands."

The races now commenced, and in the false starts, long pauses, excitement, &c., were like races the world over. Those open only to Italian horses were rather poor, but the race for "any age or nation," and the hurdles, were good and quite exciting. In one race the riders were officers of the Italian army, and the prize a handsome golden cup, offered by the Queen. The orange and cigar venders drove a busy trade all day, for everybody eats oranges and smokes, though it is rare for oranges or cigars to sell in Italy for more than a cent apiece. Ismail Pascia and the Prince, his son, were among those present in the royal stand. As we returned, the air was bracing, and the lights and shadows on the campagna, with the distant city, the aqueducts, and the long lines of pedestrians and carriages, formed
a scene worthy of an artist's hand. Hundreds, who could not go to the races, turned out on the streets and went toward the gate of St. John to see the crowds and fine carriages return. Thus ended our day, and by the rest and change, fresh air and fun, we had obtained strength for many days of work and labor. The good order and soberness of the crowds contrasted very decidedly with the rows and drunkenness which disgrace almost always even our smallest county fairs or race-courses.

Wishing every success to the Messenger, and to the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies, I am,

Yours truly,

GEO. B. TAYLOR, Jr.

Rome, Italy, April 16, 1883.

FROM SEVEN PINES TO HOLLYWOOD.

How beautiful and yet how sad a scene is that of newly-made soldier-graves in Hollywood. For more than eighteen long years they quietly and peacefully slept 'neath the historic shades of Seven Pines; to-day they were brought nearer the Capitol, and encamped with their old comrades who rest in Hollywood. As we stood over their richly-decorated graves, listened to the drum-beat and battle-music, and beheld the elegantly-marshalled troops, with clashing swords, glittering bayonets, and fine costume, we almost wondered that the sleeping heroes did not burst their tombs and join the cheerful ranks; but as we read upon the programme, "To the memory of the unknown dead," we no longer felt that they might come forth, for, being unknown, we imagined their veteran spirits preferred the sweets of solitude.

And as we listened to the clergyman as he solemnly repeated the burial ceremonies, and joined in with the band as it pealed out the heavenly strains of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" and "Rock of Ages," we pondered in our hearts what might have been the wishes of the sleepers concerning their late burial. Now that they lie in the sacred precincts of Hollywood, from year to year great concourses of people will assemble to perpetuate their memory and attest their love for them by keeping green their graves, and, perhaps, dropping a tiny rose-bud upon them, over their dust mock warriors will heed the old commands and march to the bugle-call, the burning eloquence of
patriotic and inspired speeches will set to sweetest music the tuneless
air that floats above them, and the sound of church-bells as they chime
their anthems will make hallowed and calm their sleep; but not so
calm their sleep, nor sweet their music, as that they have hitherto
enjoyed, for they are strangers, perhaps brave country lads, who upon
some old, secluded farm laid down their hoes to take up the musket,
whose bed was always hard, and whose ears were turned only to the
music of sighing winds. There it was they obeyed the last command,
there they read for the last time a dear little Testament, or took the
last fond look at a miniature of a mother or sweetheart, which had
been placed in his hand when, alas! more truly than they thought,
they said, “Good bye; be a man.” Then, by the nature of things,
they could not be other than greatly attached to the place, and we
think, if their spirits could only have said a few words, they would
have been—here let me rest:

“If, like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me, my rest a stone.”

Besides, the low murmuring of gentle winds, as they whispered
through the pine-tops, sang them a more beautiful and appropriate
requiem than the thrilling strains of “Nearer, my God, to Thee”, or
“Rock of Ages,” and the little wild flower which grew upon their
graves when summer came, was more touching and significant than
the rose which will now be placed there by tender hands, for they are
among “the unknown dead.”

“BE TRUE TO THYSELF.”

You who have read the play of Hamlet, know that these are the
words with which an affectionate father closes his farewell address to
his son, who is about to set sail for the sunny clime of France.

Polonius was one of those men whose garrulous tediousness, under
some circumstances, has evoked, not unjustly, the impatient exclama­
tion, “More matter, with less art.”

His intense interest in the affairs of his superiors, and that lack of
judgment which prompted him to stand between a crafty king and a
dissatisfied prince led to the indignant remark, over his slain body,
“To be too busy is some danger.”

His suspicious temperament led him to prescribe for his fair daugh-
ter a course of conduct towards an avowed lover which led to consequences scarcely less serious than those which he wished to avoid.

Yet, notwithstanding his faults, he was a parent whose affection for his children, and whose desire for their most substantial good, is worthy of the highest admiration. Perhaps there never fell from the lips of sage experience words more full of eloquent wisdom than that farewell address to Laertes. And perhaps the most sublime, certainly the most frequently-quoted passage of the whole address, is the one which contains the subject of this article: "This above all—to thine own self be true." From the natural consequences which (in the words, "And it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man,") he declares must attend obedience to that precept, we see that he had no contracted views of true self-interest. So intimate is the relationship which we sustain to others, and so reflexive in its nature is our treatment of others, that by no system of injustice to them can we promote our real interest.

Permit me to mention two things by which those should be characterized who wish to be true to themselves:

1. By prompt and unwavering decision of important questions. When circumstances make it expedient for us to decide as to what course to pursue, we should not hesitate to do it. Nor should unimportant considerations lead us to reverse a decision at which we have arrived by calmly looking at all the questions in connection with the subject. Of course we should not be hasty in the decision of important questions, nor trouble our minds with questions which we may never be called upon to decide; but, when the time has come to make a decision, we cannot be happy until we have done it.

2. By a modest and a firm reliance upon one's own judgment. If the interest of others is at stake, we must, of course, to some extent be guided by them. If I am running a farm in partnership with my neighbor, it is right for me to consult his judgment as well as mine, but we should not allow the wishes or opinions of a disinterested party to influence us to go counter to our own convictions. Our judgment may be inferior to that of another, but as it is impossible for another to be as well acquainted with all the circumstances of our lives as we ourselves, so also is it impossible, under many circumstances, for him to say what it is best for us to do. We should not disregard the advice which age and experience is ready to give; but, however excellent the judgment of our friends, we should regard their advice and opinions simply as materials from which to form opinions of our own. And as we get from the miller, not bread itself, but meal out
of which bread is made, so we should get from our friends, not that advice which is the bread of decision, but the meal which must be made up in our own tray, and baked in our own oven, before it is of actual service to us. P. L.

"NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS."

We can scarcely think of an expression more suggestive than the above. To awake early upon a beautiful May morning, and go out into some cool, shady grove, and listen to the melodies of sweet-singing little foresters, or perhaps delight yourself at watching the mischievous gray squirrels as they innocently chase each other in frolicsome sport over the branches of the great old oak, within a cavity of whose storm- and tempest-beaten bosom their little family has been quietly and peacefully raised, or listen in hushed silence to the low throbings of some lonely pheasant as he constantly beats upon some old, decaying log in a distant, quiet dell, or with excited heart to the shrill voice of the wild turkey as it echoes from hill to hill, or passively to the unending song of the pedantic mocking-bird as he labors to display his genius in the boughs of a neighboring cedar; or, it may be, to go out upon a beautiful lawn, and look at fine herds of cattle and swine, and amuse yourself at the untiring games of agile lambs and kids as they merrily bound over the plain, is so delightful that we almost wish for perpetual day; but when night throws her ebon mantle over the earth, and seems desirous of enveloping all creation in blackest darkness, the modest little stars seem to unveil their shining faces, and step out of their seclusion to forbid that absolute darkness shall reign, and they cheerfully light the weary factory-boy and ploughman's pathway as they homeward plod, or guide the wandering Indian as he stealthily prowls through sylvan wastes safely to his wigwam, or, perchance, gently keep their vigils over him whose only pillow is a stone, or, it may be, to inspire some sentimental pair, who would be wholly at a loss for more to say, if they could not comment upon the "beautiful night"—then it is that we are impressed with their pure, retiring, yet wonderful beauty, such as we can see in nothing else, and with which none but an infinite God could so richly have endowed them. The day, however charming, with its resplendent sun and other gaudy attractions, cannot vie with the enchanting beauty of a starry night.

Thus it is in the course of human events. Before our late war
there shone over our sunny South a bright and glorious day of happiness and prosperity. Men grasped fortunes. Our highlands, which now only aspire to the production of small pine and straw, were then white with cotton, like snow-clad hills, and our lowlands, which now abound in the willow and sappy rushes, and over whose malarial bogs the lurid streaks of myriads of fire-flies are seen at night, then groaned under the burden of their tremendous hay and corn crops. Indeed, the day was bright, and we hoped it would remain so; but, alas! the sun set, and the dark shadows of the hideous night of war gathered thickly and rapidly over our land, but with its approach the stars began to shine. We had them before; but no need for them, they lay dormant; and noble men, who otherwise would have gone down to unhonored graves, won for themselves the love of their country; brave women, by sacrificing the luxuries they enjoyed at home, rose to fame and immortal glory by their heroic deeds of love and mercy. Like Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Saturn, and others, the names of Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and Pelham shine preeminently in the glorious constellation that hangs over the courageous South. And just as we appreciate the stars above the boastful day, so do we these above the poor trash for which they fought. The name of the pious Lee or saintly Jackson is a heritage the South would not exchange to-day for all the slaves and wealth she ever possessed. Then, too, the bright and morning star of our country's father, which shines so lustriously not only over the South, the place of his home, and over an entire nation, the great and noble republic of America, but smiles upon and lights up other nations and other climes, was brought out by seven long, tedious years of the blackest and most uncertain of nights. It is very forcibly illustrated in man's life. When we look upon a person whose physique is grand and symmetrical, and upon whose ruddy face the glow of health and strength shine, our hearts very strongly incline towards him; we love to look at him, and not unfrequently do we envy him his good fortune. Then go to his palatial residence, pass through his excellent halls, view his highly-ornamented parlors, share his kingly hospitality, sit down to his sumptuous board, taste of the pure spring of knowledge and culture that flows from his select and costly libraries, and you will find much in him to love that is truly lovely. It is a glorious day that shines over his head, and for the time being we would wish never to be more highly favored than to behold and share such luxuries; but let misfortune overtake him, all his possessions be swept away, and go to his humble home, find him humiliated by affliction, poverty, loss of friends, perhaps hungry, and
nowhere to lay his head, his fine form distorted and contracted by
disease, and if we perceive in him cheerfulness, submissiveness, thank-
fulness, and the spirit of “Thy will be done,” we would not exchange
one moment’s interview with him then for a life-time in his bounty.
There is more grandeur and true beauty in such a scene, and more to
be coveted, than there is in a Goliath’s stature or in all the wealth of
the Indies. Truly they are stars than which, in the whole galaxy,
there are none so beautiful or that shine half so brightly.

We also experience it in student-life. Scattered throughout this
and other States there are dear homes that we love. In days that are
gone we happily played in the old orchard, in the familiar garden we
used to pick luscious strawberries and juicy grapes, and sometimes
roguishly plucked an early pear; on the mossy spring-hill we have
delighted to gambol, and search for snow-white pebbles in the rippling
brook; up in the woods, beyond the “big gate,” we have frequently
strolled in the twilight, and no less frequently or pleasantly have we
spent the evenings in the blest rustic-seat under the old elm in the
back yard. And then the precious country school house! How
many hallowed scenes gather before us as our minds revert to it, and
how many sacred memories awake as we recall the romps we had
with the girls, and the notes which, with beating hearts, we slyly
slipped, and in which the very nectar of sweetness itself stood, as it
were, in great dew-drops; and then that dear old blind-fold game, in
the heat of which some of us have hugged and kissed a red-hot stove-
pipe before we could possibly get away; also, the long-to-be-remem-
bered holidays we spent with them on the great cliffs, among wild
honeysuckle and ivy, where we talked of sublimity and “future bliss;”
then, too, the sacred fire-side, second to no other blessing earth can
give; with its affectionate brothers and sisters, some our seniors and
some younger, we never lacked for just the society we most desired,
besides that crown of all happiness—devoted parents, who were ever
so ready to grant all our wishes and to say encouraging words when-
ever we went to them with our childish projects; and although some of
us doubtless had to approximate for this privilege a little red mound
in the church-yard, yet it was sweet to go there and get inspiration
from the cold clay that shrouded their loved forms. Those were
sunny days. Yes, upon the whole we would say they were without a
cloud. We were happy, and would have been contented thus to
remain; but as we have grown up we have been forced to leave those
blessed scenes, in order to prepare for the duties of life. It is true,
we have some pleasures off at school; but, in comparison with former
days, we can truly say it is night. Here, day after day, and month after month, we toil, with fevered and aching brows, for four long years, and perhaps more, hoping finally to take a sip at the diplomatic fountain. This we shall do if we are faithful, and although the days are long and lonely, and the work arduous, let us be encouraged to labor earnestly, remembering that "Night brings out the stars."

VIVE.

MOTHER.

Mother! At that name, whose heart does not beat with the strongest emotion? Whose mind does not revert to the old home, and in imagination see that sweet, quiet face, as at one time it is radiant with some holy joy, which almost smooths the brow which time and trouble have furrowed, and at another time is overcast by the shadow of some weighty sorrow, yet struggling, however dark that sorrow, to wear a smile? Who does not remember how his soul thrilled with delight when, at times, he heard that sweet voice, as if from the fulness of a happy heart, break into some old, familiar tune? At the sound of that name every one who has a mother should thank God for such a blessing. Mother should be the love and care of every one. Mother should have the first place in everything. You had the first place in mother's heart. Can you not grant her as much? You, by a life spent in the attempt, can never repay the half of what she has done for you. Yet all the more should you strive by every effort to repay what you can. Who cared for you when, an infant, your life was but a spark? Whose heart yearned over you, and whose gentle hand soothed your heated brow when you were tossing on a bed of sickness? Who shared in all your sorrows and comforted you in your childish troubles? Whose hand brushed away the tears when your young heart was sad, and who inspired you with hope and confidence by the influence of that magnetic voice? Did not mother do this, and more? She deserves a return. What return shall you make? Love her, honor her, and let her, at all times and under all circumstances, be the guiding principle in your life. Make the most of the time when you have her with you. Few persons—in fact, none—ever knew how to appreciate a mother until her eyes are closed forever. While you have mother with you, never do anything to add another furrow to her brow or whiten another hair on her, perhaps,
already silvery head, so that, at her grave, you will not have to regret that you have shortened her life. Add, with every possible opportunity, to her cup of pleasure. Sacrifice your enjoyment to hers. Often has she given up pleasure and enjoyment for your sake. Make her feel that she occupies in your heart a place above all others. Feed her on loving words and kind attentions, and she will almost imagine that she is again a gay young damsel, and that you are her lover. Let mother be your confidante. Let her share in all your sorrows as well as in all your joys. Let her enter into all your plans. Her sound judgment and quick perception will be your best guide at all times. She will inspire you with renewed hope in times of disappointment and despondency, and when you meet with rebuffs she will infuse within you a new determination. Wherever you are, whatever you are doing, let the thought of mother fill you with an acute sense of what you owe her, and let it nerve your arm and quicken your brain, and cause you to do nothing of which she disapproves, but to do what you are doing with all your might, in order that you may, at least to some degree, repay her, and make yourself worthy of her.

"Of all my recollections
There cannot be another
More tenderly pathetic
Than those I feel for mother.

"The storms of life, though beating
With wind and rain together,
Can never chill, nor harden,
Nor blunt my love for mother."

Now, fellow-students, as the time is almost at hand for us to disperse to our respective homes, let us determine to do all in our power to lighten mother’s burden, and cause her, in after time, to look back upon this the coming vacation as a sunshiny spot in her life.

J. W. H.

THE VALUE OF AN ENEMY.

Is an enemy worth anything to us? His desires, as concerns us, are the opposite to our own. We labor to be worthy the respect and admiration of our fellow-men; he seeks to lower us in the opinion of others, rejoices in our defeat, and laughs at our misfortunes. We are
building up, he is pulling down. Can such an one be of value to us? He does not wish to be, and yet he is. He animates us in making believe that our opinions are influential. We would feel disrespected and worthless had we no ideas worthy of comment. Were our disposition and custom such that all men enjoyed them, we would think our composition a very peculiar one indeed. The fact that we have enemies is an evidence that there is something in us to stumble against. The nature and character of the enemy determines, to a great extent, the kind of position we hold. If our enemies are men of culture and strength of character, it teaches us that we are likely in the wrong. But if our friends are of this class, and those hostile to us are of a lower order, it is an evidence that our principles are commendable. From the character and reputation of our enemies we are, therefore, more capable of judging our standing than from a friend who ought to belong respectively to many ranks.

But he shows us more than this. He develops our friends. Let him pass through a community where we are known, and he is apt to speak disrespectfully of us. A true friend will advocate our position, differ from him in opinion, and demand proof for all disputed accusations. He takes it upon himself to correct all false impressions that might have been made upon his neighbors. But those who are indifferent as regards us, will prefer to sanction his assertions rather than enter into a controversy with him, and will take a pride in telling others about the remarks made by this enemy. Those who were not our friends, except in external appearance, are now revealed to the world, by freely expressing themselves as always having held such an opinion of us, but did not care to express it before.

We not only test our friends in this way, but the world can have opportunities to test us only by our enemies. They develop the material of which we are made. A glass of water may contain iron in solution without our detecting it, but when a certain chemical test is applied, the slightest trace is made manifest; so, we may have traces of the sublimest principles coursing through our veins, and remain forever unnoticed by the world, unless an enemy reveal them by his infallible test. He gives us courage by having won victories over him; he teaches us perseverance, for that is necessary to overcome him. Victory's sweetest boon is the joy of an enemy's defeat.

There could be no hero without difficulty to overcome, and there would be few difficulties without enemies. The world applauds a man who holds his head, in victory, above his enemies, who bears the trials patiently, yields not to disappointment, but defends his position
The Value of an Enemy.

bravely. And we are benefited also by making us more careful what positions we take in reference to any particular subject. An army would naturally seek a favorable position for an important battle: so would we exercise our best judgment in selecting the most advantageous and easily-defended ground, if we expected an enemy to attack us. We would see that we build on the platform of truth and foundation of philosophy, so that no enemy could break down our fortification. An enemy benefits us, therefore, in making us select such positions as are both tenable and easily defended in case of assault.

We are often unable to see our own faults until an enemy has magnified and pointed them out to us. He shows us that we have faults, and what our greatest are. He affords us opportunities to correct them, therefore, and we become better men than we might have done had he not have shown them to us. Those who love us seek to make us happy by throwing around us such circumstances as afford continued joy. As we sleep this life away in ease, wrapped in their warm embrace, we would do our fellow-men but little good, and leave no foot-prints on the sands of time, were we not so often roused from our peaceful slumber by the surprising deed of an open enemy. He throws an obstacle in the way, and forces us to activity, in order to maintain our reputation.

We should not desire an enemy, or seek to make them; but, if we have them, we need not count them worthless, or hate them for their deeds. We should pursue the even tenor of our way, and make use of them, as stated above; and we will find, in the evening of our life, that to our enemies we owe much of our success. Sons of wealthy men often fail to climb up the ladder of fame as high as others, because their wealth make to them apparent friends and hush their enemies. Consequently, they do not cultivate that perseverance and fortitude which are obtained from the effects of an enemy. Let us love our friends, also our enemies, remembering that, to us, the next best thing to a hundred friends is a persevering, close-observing, open enemy.

J. B. LEMON.
AIR-CASTLES.

Many a youth has looked into the ideal world as soon as he was old enough to comprehend the world’s movements, and beheld himself figuring as a hero among men. Standing astride the boundary of two worlds, the real and the ideal, he alternately examines the similar scenes which pass on their great stages of action. There are prominent the accomplishments of mighty men, through whose instrumentality there now arise before him startling facts that the past concealed in its dark unknown, but now stand forth in the world of realities clothed with beauty and splendor, and at the same time known facts present themselves under new and striking aspects.

The scientist, with his deep-reaching mind pointed with perseverance and forced by an iron will, has drilled far down into the mines of realities, and has blasted up those hidden stores of truth of which he afterwards built his monuments of fame, and upon which the young man looks with heart anxious that he, too, may bore, with keen intellect, into new and deeper mines. He turns to the ideal world and sees, just a little way in the future, himself enriching the world with astonishing results of his scientific investigations—having opened up still deeper tunnels into the fathomless pits of truth. He again turns to behold the works of the great, and there stands before him the naturalist, clasping the dissecting knife, with which he has separated the very atoms of matter, for the purpose of analyzing and classifying the various objects of nature, and enriching the world by exhibiting facts of which it is totally ignorant. He has forced his way into the hills, and dived to the ocean’s bottom, with the view of bringing to light new and valuable truths. He beholds him with his powerful telescope surveying the universe, mapping the heavens and calculating the movements of worlds. The young man’s heart beats high in his breast as he turns to the world of ideality and fancies himself more famous than any astronomer, yea, than him who has brought the lightning from the clouds and forced it to flash with the seconds across continents and along the caverns of the deep to other lands. How eagerly he watches the philosopher as he attempts to disclose what the past considered as mysterious! How closely he follows him as he dives into the abstract and attempts to deal with the intangible, to measure the range of mind, and consider abstract qualities and their possibilities! How intently he watches his steps
Air-Castles.

of progress or retrogression as he advances his theories upon abstruse subjects, vainly attempting to measure the boundless, to grasp the infinite, and the like. He imagines it would be with but little difficulty that he could find out some of those things which have been puzzling the minds of great men for centuries, and thereby enroll his name upon the list of the great. Again, he sees the literary man, with his volumes of recorded thought lying around him, soon to be sent to others, far and near, for their polish and enlightenment. Orators burst forth in strains of eloquence from senatorial halls, and the young man soon imagines himself a Demosthenes or Cicero influencing the world and even leading the minds of men to accomplish the projects which he has already formed, and so handing his name down to posterity, to live through all succeeding ages as the greatest of all orators. He looks with pride upon the conqueror, as he sternly rides in human blood,—gaining for himself immense stores of wealth as well as crowning his life with glorious victories—yea, even thrones and presidential chairs invite the young mind to dream of future possibilities. O, inconsiderate fool! why dost thou permit the world of fancy deceive thee? Hast thou considered with care the dread realities of to life? Thou art ignorant of the fact that it is only through years of toil before even the inventor's mind has presented to the world a thing of benefit. Thou has forgotten how patiently and ardently great authors have labored to give to the world their richest and rarest thought. Thou art unconscious of the conflicts of mind with mind and the gigantic intellects with which thou must cope. Awake from thy sleep, and see whether or not thy plans are without foundation and thy schemes but castles in the air. We do not condemn the young man for his high aspirations, nor speak ill of the motives which have prompted him to form plans for his future greatness, but to caution him against despair, if he should fail to carry out his purposes, and to warn him against building air-castles without first considering what burdens are to be borne on the road to success. We do not hesitate to say that the man who is devoid of ambition will never become more than an ordinary man, if that; but the man that sets his mark high in the world is far more likely to become a great and useful man than the man who is indifferent as to whether he succeeds or not. We believe that in some respects building air-castles is beneficial to the young man who has first considered the hardships to be encountered on his way to success; for great plans enlarge the ideas of noble life, and help the imagination to beautify the picture of ideal greatness, and thus is instilled into the young mind new zeal and energy.
to pursue, with greatest diligence, the lofty ends to which it is directed. But, on the other hand, how many thousands of young men become discouraged, and grow despondent, when they begin to battle with seemingly invincible obstacles! How soon some despair when Alpine heights arise before them or scorching deserts spread wide their burning sands, which they must cross if they would obtain the wealth beyond. Some perish on the fiery waste without reaching an oasis, while others with the greatest difficulty perform their journeys. It is pleasant to dream of future greatness, and mighty ends to be attained, but to reach those ends is a different matter. Build your air-castles if you wish, but enter the conflicts of life if you would learn whether or not your lofty ideals are easily approached. "It is easier said than done."

"TRUE COURAGE AN ATTRIBUTE OF MANHOOD."

Courage is a natural quality, and exists to a greater or less degree in every heart. Among the varieties of this quality is one which wears the appearance of energy, because it conquers one strong passion—fear; but the other passions it leaves unmastered, and thus differs essentially from moral strength or greatness, which consists in subjecting all appetites and desires to a pure and high standard of rectitude. This is not virtue or moral excellence, and the disposition to exalt it to such is one of the most ruinous delusions which has been transmitted to us from barbarous ages. Courage in some men belongs to the nerves rather than to the character; in others it is an instinct bordering on rashness. In one man it springs from strong passion, obscuring the idea of danger; in another, from a disordered imagination, or from the capacity of bringing future evils near. Many are courageous from the dread of the infamy absurdly attached to cowardice. To show the moral worthlessness of such false courage one consideration is sufficient. The villain often hardens into the thorough hero, if courage and heroism be one. Long-continued vice and exposure naturally generate contempt for life and reckless encounter of peril. Courage, considered in itself or without reference to its cause, is no virtue and deserves no esteem. True moral worth is often wanting in the bravery which has so long been sung, courted, and adored. Future years will reveal this truth in all its wondrous phases, and the
ages of barbaric worship will fade into the noontide of a higher and grander state of existence. Men whose souls surge in the fulness of martial feelings, and whose greatest glory is the wild devastation of war, are strangers to this god-like courage, and their merciless ambition shows no touch of pity or compunction. War is not now the only or chief part of glory. The greatest names are not now written in blood. The purest fame is the meed of genius, philosophy, philanthropy, and piety, devoting themselves to the best interests of humanity.

True courage, the noble quality which is both an incitement to the facing and performance of duty, and a restraint from participating in ruinous delusions and rashness, is often increased or diminished by circumstances. Among the considerations which tend to confirm this quality is the consciousness that we have right on our side, that we are engaged in an honorable and just cause. This is a virtuous, true, and glorious courage, but it often happens to be found least in those who are most admired for bravery. True courage is the courage of principle, which is to do right in the face of scorn, which puts to hazard reputation, rank, prospect of advancement, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, rather than violate a conviction of duty. It is the courage of benevolence and purity, which counts not life dear in withstand ing error, vice, oppression, injustice, and the mightiest foes of human improvement and happiness. It is moral energy, that force of will in adopting, over which menace and suffering have no power. It is that courage which thirsts so intensely for a pure inward spirit that it can yield up the animal life without fear. It is that in which the idea of moral, spiritual, and celestial good has been unfolded so brightly as to obscure all worldly interests. It is that which aspires after immortality, and therefore heed s little the pains or pleasures of the day. This courage should be called the perfection of humanity, for it is the exercise, result, and expression of the noblest and highest attributes of our nature, and the truest and best types of manhood; which, cultivated by the enlightenments of this day, will shame the carnage-covered hero, whose pathway to glory is marked by massacre. Let us endeavor to emulate the courage of the hero who breaks the fetters from human limbs, and whose highest aim is to add years to the span of human life, and whose shrine of ambition shines like a city upon a hill.
THE MOLOCH OF INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance, the Demon of the earth. He has wrecked many a life, damned many a soul. He has dimmed the light in many an eye and taken the spring from many a step. He has bowed many a head and all too early rattled the sod on many a coffin. He has sowed the seeds of crime and forged the weapons of the suicide. He has spread pitfalls in the way of the young and opened the gateways of shame to the tottering footsteps of the old. He has fevered the blood of youth with the delirium of his breath and stopped the pulse of age with the poison of his touch. He has grinned about the hearth-stone and left his loathsome footprint on the portal of the home. He has blighted the hope of fathers and broken the hearts of mothers. He has set the seal of sorrow on the hearts of trusting women and snatched the bread of life from the mouths of famished children. This relentless Demon—he has poisoned the darts of slander; he has made evil out of good, misery out of happiness, strife out of peace, weakness out of strength, thieves out of honest men. He has wasted fortunes, devastated homes, destroyed life, and built up tombs. And with more than demon's cruelty, he has held his bitter chalice to a people's lips for draining, and the melancholy cadence of his foot-fall has echoed through their capital. He has written shame upon the annals of a State, and stamped the lines of mourning round the pages of her history.

Intemperance, the disease that "wasteth at noon-day," the worm that dieth not, and yields no interval of repose.

Who has not seen the mother, her heart palsied with grief, as she watches the unnatural decay beginning upon her boy, the flower of her heart, and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, till her form was bowed, as her spirit had long been, with the burden of her stifled grief, and the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that, too, in the dust?

Who has not seen the father, with his full tide of years, broken by the spirit of the chalice which coffined his darling pride, as it called up the virtues of his boyhood, those blossoming promises of manly excellence? Sadness will trace the early furrow upon the brow, and scatter the untimely frost upon the head, but not till it has planted thorns, for whose rankling neither time nor joy hath a balm. Who has not heard the gush of agony which burst from his broken heart?
as he leaned over the grave of his idol, and felt that within its dark prison the throbings of his own soul would soon be hushed? Dead in full flush of youthful beauty and of starry hope: while yet the nervous hand grasped ever at the stake, and the too-busy brain was active to plan—are those a father's love now rears above this marble monument. Typical and simply beautiful, as besits the youthful hope, cut off in its prime, ere yet its fruits "mature," this shaft appeals directly to every breast that has lately learned to comprehend these words of another—"In Memoriam."

Pure is the upright shaft of stone; and pointed at the end: midway along the shaft we read the words that bring moisture to the eyes of those who loved, but lost. MONTROSE.

"COUNTRY AND CITY GIRLS."

The author of the article, "Country and City Girls," which appeared in the April No. of the Messenger, (for good reasons, we suppose,) seems to have been somewhat biased in his treatment of the subject. While the writer would be the last person on earth to pluck one gem from the glittering crown of his city friends; yet, as he is a country boy, he not only feels it his duty, but a great privilege, to take up his feeble pen in defence of the fair daughters of the country. As to the city girls having more cultivated and tasteful manners than the country girls, is a statement I cannot accept; but, to the contrary, maintain that the most highly accomplished and truly refined ladies of the day are those who adorn the old mansions in the country. While I admit that the city girl has superior advantages for an education, visiting, that of frequent church going, besides numerous others afforded by city life, to the country girl, yet I contend that all this speaks in favor of the country girl; for, without such advantages, she has that pearl of great price—genuine modesty, an element, we are sorry to say, is, to a great degree, seldom found in city girls. There are many diversions in which she delights which are not very accomplished nor "tasteful," and at whose mention the country maid would blush, much less condescend to participate in them; one, for instance, the familiar and popular one known as "mashing."

And we do not think that when the city girl visits her country cousin that she envies her position in life, or makes but one criticism, and that is to tell her how repulsive her city costumes are to her, for
she is too dignified, and too truly refined, to covet the "brass" or meaningless gab that she has, and which, in the eyes of some, render one attractive.

Though the city girl has advantages that the country girl does not, yet the country girl has some she does not have, (or at least does not improve if she has them,) and it is that most calculated to make a true and useful woman—viz., of learning while young how to perform the duties that will devolve upon them when older. Many of our city girls grow up to womanhood, and are thrown out into life without having the least idea of domestic duties, mere parlor ornaments, as void of household knowledge as a rattling cymbal.

Take two girls of equal means and capacity, and raise one in the city and the other in the country, and notwithstanding the excellent city advantages, at the age of twenty the country girl will be gentle, amiable, modest, dignified, refined, and very probably a loyal Christian, and the city girl will be bold, gay, frivolous, giddy, and very probably not a Christian, and if so, the most inconsistent of all.

The city girl, when she comes home from school, has but one concern, and that is her toilet, that when her stripping lover calls she may present as comely an aspect peeping through her bangs, her little waist looking as though drawn by hydraulic force and dandling her wee, tiny feet mischievously, as he, harnessed up by hide-bound pants, blue cravat, white, nobby hat, hawk-bill shoes, and rattan cane. It is not so with the country girl, for when she comes her first impulse is to go with "mama" into the dining-room and help about the duties she has fortunately learned to love, thereby relieves her mother of some of her oppressive duties, and at the same time, though all unconsciously, is better learning the very things that will be most useful to her in after life. With these views, I am compelled to say that the country girl is in all respects equal to, if not in many respects superior to, the city girl.

J. D. M.

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BOLOGNA BROWN TO POLLY DIGGS.

RACCOON HOLLOW, May 1st, 1883.

Dear Polly: I hope you are well; that is to say, I hope you are not sick. I am well and enjoying good health. I am engaged—engaged to be married, I mean. My beau is Timothy Toots. I am very proud of my beau. Nancy Green says he is bow-legged and ugly as a mud fence. But Nancy is just mad because she couldn't get him.
She is a conceited and consequential huzzy, and if I were a cat I'd tear her eyes out. I'd like to know what she knows of beauty; she hasn't got sense enough to spell buttermilk backwards.

For my part, I think Tim is grand. His nose is something to wonder at, and his mustache is just one of the prettiest objects I ever beheld. It is rather young, it's true; but then, as the boys say, "it's a coming thing." It and grandma's tom-cat are great pets of mine. Tim puts wax on the end of it—the mustache, I mean, not the cat—and when he comes to see me, I sit on a three-legged stool at his side and twirl it—the mustache, I mean, not the cat—with my fingers until I get one end to point northeast and the other end to point southwest. You have no idea how romantic it is! I just wish you could see me cultivating Tim's mustache. Tim is very attentive to me. He says that I'm a dear and dapper darling of a duck, which reminds me, as the old saying is, that my dog Dido died in a ditch. But I wonder what "dapper" means?

Tim says he loves me, and I believe him. He says he never told a lie but once in his life, and that was when he made a raid on his ma's pickle-jar and upset it on top of the flour-barrel. He ran to his ma with his fists to his eyes and cried, "Ma, I cannot tell a lie, but the cat done it."

Tim and my pa don't get along very well together. Pa says Tim is too dog-goned dogmatic, and Tim, who has studied phrenology, says that my pa is of a bilious temperament. I reckon it is so, though I don't know what it means. Pa likes Neddy Snodgrass; because Neddy is as soft as a cake of mud, and when pa says yes, Neddy says yes. For my part, I am voting early and often for Tim. Tim is so considerate and kind-hearted. When we go to church together, he sits close by my side and holds my hands while they are at prayers. He holds them in winter to keep them warm, and in summer he holds them to keep the sun off. And then he is so kind about the back of the pew, and supports it with his right arm to keep it from falling. Isn't it nice of him?

Tim and I went to the circus the other day, and saw a great, big hog with a horn on his nose. Tim says it was a hippopotamus, and came from hippos—a horse, and potamos—a river. The play-bills say it came from Africa, but I reckon Tim knows more than an ugly old play.bill. Tim is a wonder. I have been six weeks trying to memorize this passage from one of his essays: "The etherealized intellect, sublimated by the inspiring, illuminating power of its esoteric insight from the elevated eminence where it complacently reclines,
enthroned in unapproachable grandeur, contemplates with unmixed contempt the exoteric multitude who outwardly grope in the rayless darkness of an uneducated night.” Yes, Tim is smart. He says he will go to Congress as soon as he has made a “hit” in the pea-nut business, and I verily believe he will. Tim don’t like “bangs,” and he has worried me so much about mine that I feel like banging him over the head with a broom-stick. But I have stopped wearing them for his dear sake. I promised to take care of his happiness, and I’m bent on doing it, despite the consequences. Oh, Polly, I certainly do adore him! If it wasn’t sacrilege, I’d say he is chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; but as it’s sacrilege, I don’t mean to say it. Good by, Polly. Write and tell me about your sweetheart.

Yours aff’ly,

BOLOGNA SAUSAGE BROWN.

BIBLICAL LECTURES.

Doubtless the students of Richmond College appreciate the Biblical Lectures with which they have been favored during the sessions of 1882-3, though there has been no public expression of that appreciation.

These lectures are entirely distinct from the regular course of lectures in the college; and though the attendance on them is not at all compulsory, yet the lecture-room is generally right well filled. Of course, denominational and political questions are not discussed. These lectures are carefully prepared and forcibly delivered.

We hope it will be the pleasure of the faculty to continue them.

Respectfully submitted.

J. B. WILLIAMS.
On Friday evening, May 11th, the two literary societies of the college—Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian—held their last meetings for the session. In the Philologian Society, after a warm debate, the Society went into the election of medalists, which resulted in awarding the Best Debater's medal to Mr. George W. Quick, of Loudon county, Va., and the Improvement medal to Mr. W. W. Hurt, of Powhatan county, Va.

In the Mu Sigma Rho Society, the Best Debater's medal was awarded to Mr. F. F. Fowler, of Texas; the Improvement medal to Mr. E. B. Pollard, of Richmond.

Prof. C. H. Winston leaves for Europe in a few weeks, where he will spend, we are sure, a delightful summer, gathering rich stores of information from the Old World as well as enjoying its rich climate.

We understand the Professor is to be accompanied by a bride and groom as well as several of the "fair ones" of Richmond, which is calculated to render his trip a very delightful one. Please accept our hearty congratulations, Professor, and good wishes that your vacation may be pleasantly spent.

The annual contest for the Steel medal took place in the Philologian hall Friday afternoon, May 11th, under the supervision of Prof. Winston. This medal is awarded to the student who is adjudged by the Faculty the best reader of the occasion. Quite a number of visitors were present to witness the contest, with a goodly representation of Richmond girls, which made the occasion a very pleasant one. After the contest, in which quite a number of students engaged, the medal was awarded to Mr. L. R. Hamberlin, of Mississippi.

We look on our college building with a great deal of pride, for the lofty ideal has been reached, and now to the natural eye there is visible the grand edifice which its noble patrons have striven for these many years to erect. The trustees and patrons of the college have expended large sums of money to beautify it. They have given in honor of him, than whom there has live no greater friend to the college, Dr. J. B. Jeter, a Memorial Hall, a grand and magnificent structure.

The entire building presents a picture calculated to fill the mind of
the observer with a feeling of grandeur and to elicit the profoundest respect for its noble benefactors, some of whose bodies have long since mouldered into dust, but whose names will ever live in the archives of Richmond College. It calls forth the greatest admiration for the earnest endeavors of its friends who are laboring so faithfully at the present day to make of it an edifice as well as an institution of learning second to none in the land.

It was but a short while ago that our chapel was crowded with young and old to learn more accurately its history as well as behold, some for the first time, the Jeter Memorial Hall. On this occasion Dr. Hatcher spoke of its past history, the great struggles it made through years of adversity, but in spite of a thousand adverse circumstances it has, so far, surmounted every obstacle, and stands an institution upon which its friends, North and South, can look with the greatest pride. After his address, his audience, composed mainly of the Baptist General Association of Virginia retired to the Jeter Memorial Hall to admire especially the fine library hall, the bust of Dr. Jeter, and portraits of many of its benefactors.

We are proud of our college, and may it ever make progress in the grand work it is doing for the country in training the young men upon whose shoulders are already falling the mantles of the departed who have left behind them high and responsible positions to be filled.

We acknowledge the reception of the handsome commencement-ticket of Wake-Forest College, and congratulate the faculty and students upon their success in securing such men as Rev. A. C. Dixon of Baltimore, Dr. McDonald of Atlanta, and Dr. Lorimer of Chicago, to represent them upon the occasion of their final exercises.

In assuming the pen laid aside by the editors who have just vacated the "editorial sanctum," we extend to them our hearty congratulations upon their success in performing the duties which have devolved upon them during their term. We hope ours may be performed as well. We also ask that old students will favor us with liberal contributions in the way of articles, and follow the advice of the retiring editors: "Let us all support heartily the incoming editors, and close the session with a 'Boom.'"
LOCALS.

Examinations!

I believe I "busted."

A.: "Say, what did you put for the tenth question in the seventh block?"

B.: "Why, I put an interrogation point, and wondered if the professor was going to sit up with me that night until I should get through that outrageous examination."

"Look here, M.," says Mr. W., who has just bought a watch and doesn't understand the wonderful movements of this little machine, "I want to set this thing, and the minute-hand is at the right place; but the hour-hand is exactly an hour too slow. I have studied Intermediate Math. with its hard problems, but I never met up with anything that got away with me like this thing." Oh! what hard problems do arise in this life.

The following problem has been handed us, the solution of which being somewhat interesting to the students, we submit it to the class of Sen. Math., asking their prompt attention: "If a book agent sponges off a college with a tower one hundred feet high for thirty days, when board is $10.75 per month, and fifteen boys pull his toe, which is two inches in diameter, ten yards; find the diameter of his cheek, its position in the scale of hardness, and coefficient of expansion." Sen. Maths. give it up.

After having made four successive attempts for an engagement, and having received the "previous engagement" reply each time, he, in great humiliation, thus poured forth his anguish:

Tis I who once did here below,
Man's pathway tread mid pain and woe;
For pretty girls where e'er I'd go,
Always say the sickening "No."

But if they still my call refuse,
And all my wondrous love abuse;
Soon will I sadly from them turn,
And every thought of "calico" spurn.

How accurately expressed!

"As I have nothing else to do,
I will try to write to you."
Thus an affectionate young lass begins a letter to one of our boys. We know this is often the case with the sweet creatures, but her candor in thus acknowledging it is very impressive — to him.

Mr. B., while walking with his "Angelina" along the street, and passing a window in which were some beautiful flowers, very thoughtfully proposed that she should get some, "but," said he, "remember I'm not to foot the bill." Fair one, we'll be surety that he will never do so again.

One of the boys who happened to be in a certain apartment of our new building when the workman was putting up a gas-meter, said: "See here, they are going to give us a clock in here." Up with the time(s).

PERSONALS.

G. C. Abbit, A. M., 1881-'82, called to see his old friends and alma mater last week.

J. D. Wright, Jr., 1881-'82, paid us a pleasant visit while attending the meeting of the Baptist General Association of Virginia.

W. T. Doss, who had to leave college this year on account of his health, was at the above-mentioned meeting, and appeared to be in an improved state of bodily strength.

Cliverius, B. L., 1881-'82, was in Richmond a few days since, looking strong and hearty.

J. M. Mercer, A. M., 1878-'79, and full graduate of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., was ordained at the Second Baptist church of Richmond, Sunday evening, June 3d, under most brilliant and auspicious circumstances. He is to occupy the field recently vacated by Rev. Geo. Beale, in Halifax county, Va.

Isaac Diggs, B. L., 1881-'82, is sole editor and proprietor of the West Point Star. If he dig (9) s deep, well, he will some day taste of the pure water of success that always flows far beneath the surface.

C. H. Jones, 1881-'82, has just returned from the seminary, looking well and happy, especially the latter when we saw him almost drowned by silken flounces and golden tresses. We hear that he is to supply his father's church during the summer. We wish him the grandest success.

W. Y. Quisenbury, whose ill-health compelled him to leave college
some time ago, spent a few days with us last week. We were glad to see him, but sorry that his health was still bad.

J. H. Wright, 1881-’82, now of the seminary, is assistant pastor for Dr. Eaton, in Louisville, Ky. We often think of him as we last shook his hand near the parallel bars, and had hoped that he might be able to participate with us in our final celebration, but since this could not be, we rejoice that he is thus kept away.

W. J. E. Cox (alias alphabetical), 1881-’82, whom recently it was our great pleasure to welcome back from the seminary, added much life and vigor to our sanctum by the light of his face, and from his exquisite bee-ver, we thought he had been “gathering honey from every opening flower,” of which we were fully convinced when we heard him preach those two excellent sermons for Dr. Hatcher while he was in Waco, Texas.

EXCHANGES.

In view of feasting upon the rich and high-toned literature which so beautifully graces many of our exchanges edited by the noble young men of our country, and especially in the anticipation of perusing the spicy, dainty prose articles and copious poetical effusions that flow from the prolific pens of their fair sisters, it is with puerile enthusiasm that we assume the part of Exchange editor. But, alas! “Nulle rose n’est sans pines.” It has its bitters, which are so characteristic of all juvenile pleasures. We almost feel like shrinking from the arduous task of reading critically the literary journals which nearly overwhelm us. However, we shall endeavor to judge impartially, and wherever, in our humble judgment, a suggestion is needed, we shall not fail to make it, and we cordially invite our confreres to do likewise.

We consider the Wake-Forest Student one of the best and handsomest of Southern college papers. It is extraordinarily large, but fresh and free from monotony. All its departments are well conducted.

Lutherville Seminarian is a bright and cheerful periodical, edited by the young ladies of that institution. “Has Woman Ambition?” and “Types of Girls” are good articles.

The Dawn of Brightness is the name of a bright and beautiful new
The Richmond College Messenger, a paper that, for the first time, we have the pleasure of perusing. It is an excellent publication, and reflects much credit upon the institution from which it comes and the editors who so ably conduct their several departments. Therefore, the
Delaware College Review. Its get-up, as well as its contents, are attractive.

The Hagerstown Seminary Monthly, after congratulating our fair sister, the Album, upon its great success, and saying "all its articles are good," then censures it upon the ground that "it manifests a weakness for the Richmond College Messenger." We think it very strange, indeed, that so sapient a corps of editresses as those of the Album, whose articles are "all good," should not be able to judge correctly as to the real merits of the Messenger. "We regard the Messenger as a very ordinary exchange," says our fair friends of the above journal. Perhaps, friend Album, they "regard" us in a manner so characteristic of your sex, differently under some circumstances from what they would under some others. Besides, it is quite ungenerous and unneighborly to speak evil of one to another, without specifying any particular fault or making a suggestion whereby they might profit. "Tell thy neighbor his fault, and thou shalt gain him."

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Academica, St. Mary's Sentinel, University Mirror, University Quarterly, Chi-Delta Crescent, Georgetown College Journal, College Rambler, Heilderberg Monthly Journal, Varsity, Lasell Leaves, College Message, College Index, Electric Light, Roanoke Collegian, Vanderbilt Observer, Academy Journal, Institute Journal, School Chronicle, Rugby Monthly, Educational Monthly, Rouge et Noir, the Kaleidoscope, Seminary Monthly, Calliopean Clarion, Soulé College Courant.

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The next session begins 21st September, 1882, and continues nine months.

FACULTY.

EDMUND HARRISON, A. M., Professor of Latin.
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