Another session for collegiate work has dawned upon us. The spirit of education has again breathed the breath of life into our grand and stately college-buildings. How our hearts throb with emotions of joy as we behold again our turreted temple, and hear the sound of familiar voices, and welcome into our midst those who have never before experienced the comforts and privileges of our happy home.

The air that we breathe seems to fill us with new life. The spirit which animates us rises to enthusiasm, and we cannot refrain the utterance, Honor and praise be to those who have been instrumental in placing Richmond College in our midst.

But as we pass from these scenes into our quiet little sanctum, the question greets us in all its living force, What shall our Messenger carry forth into the wide world from this sacred retreat?

It is with pleasure we greet you, readers and friends of the Messenger, through the pages of this the first issue of our paper for the session of 1883-'84. With high hopes and bright anticipation do we enter upon our field of duty. "To work!" is the cry that greets our ears and finds a lodgment in our hearts. The sweet notes of rest, sweet rest, have often, during the long summer-days, been comforting sounds to our tired bodies and minds, but now the cry "To arms!" is heard in its stead.

It has been in days gone by the peculiar privilege of the members of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies to call this "our paper." Again we throw around us this panoply, and in order to
make our paper a success, we must feel the force of the expression. Is it "our paper," when only four do all the work? A hint to the wise is sufficient. We take it that it is enough just to say that we are ready to give you a space for your "burning thoughts." Has the idea of putting your thoughts in print engaged one moment of your time? Its great importance is well worthy of your attention. In the midst of these busy, active, go-ahead times, how often do we find men whose minds have been cultivated to a high extent, whose influence in the community in which they live is telling for good, yet who, at the same time, must be held back on account of their inability to wield a facile pen! Their bungled and uneven sentences have no attraction, even though we should find upon the rugged mountain-side an oasis of thought. What a pleasure and profit it is to read the smooth and even-flowing periods of a cultivated intellect. It calls to memory a field of grain ripe for the harvest, bowing to and fro to the evening zephyrs. When in our readings we roll into a period where thought and beauty of expression are combined, we feel that we have been rocked to sleep in a chair whose mouldings sprang into existence in halcyon days, the influence of which has a tendency to keep bright and pleasant ideas before our mind all the time. We do not mean to be at all extreme in our views; but we do earnestly desire to impress upon those who have not given much attention to this part of their education, the very great importance of being able to express their thoughts in a clear and forcible manner.

To those of our number who have gone forth to battle with the realities of life, if you would send a beam of joy into our midst, then let us have some words of encouragement for the pages of the Messenger. Don't forget your alma mater. If you would have the Messenger for the session of 1883-'84 a perfect success; if you would have it go forth upon its regular monthly tour, giving off sparks of its real worth to its many friends, lighting up its pathway with influence and honor, then go to work at once, waiting not for the "spell of inspiration" to seize upon you, but giving of your time and work something for its good.

If this be the spirit that shall animate our efforts, we shall have a paper of which no one shall feel ashamed.
THE MINISTRY OF FAILURE.

[Oration delivered at the joint celebration of the Literary Societies, June 19th, 1883, by T. J. Shipman, of Mu Sigma Rho Society.]

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

The hearty welcome with which the salutatorian has greeted you, echoes through me its response, "Welcome." We have laid aside "dull books and corroding cares," and are ushered into your presence for a pleasant evening of mutual enjoyment. And now what shall I say? At your last annual celebration, my predecessor, in his peculiar "metropolitan" manner, having caught up the spirit of these fast times, put you all on a "railroad,"—an ingenious way to keep you up with him, wasn't it?—and with his wit entertained you very handsomely. But, as for me, there is no wit in my constitution, and the "railroad" is outside of my sphere, for I have been a Shipman all my life. Thus such scheming upon my part would be entirely out of place.

And were I to attempt to speak to you upon some fancy theme, dilating with "sky-scraping curls," it would be too great a presumption upon my part, for I am addressing a learned audience of Richmond, in which are eloquent pulpit orators, lawyers, and statesmen. Yes, I can almost hear you say now, the same old trite school-boy sayings which we used to hear in all the orations of our school-days. But we are living in the nineteenth century, the practical days, and we must have something in accordance with the times.

Then, ladies and gentlemen, I appear before you this evening not attempting any wit, nor having culled from the garden of fancy the flowers of rhetoric with which to please your ear or stir your imagination, nor do I come with the incisive thunder-bolts of logic, hurling them into your ears with the reckless dash of a boy; but I am here to suggest to your minds something that is old and common-place, and yet at the same time always new, and fresh, and full of interest, upon which your meditations may interest you, whether anything I may say shall or not. We have chosen as our theme, "The Ministry of Failure."

Failure! How personal! Honored professors, how often has its ministry breathed an influence upon your actions? Fellow-schoolmates, have its bitter pangs died away?

Young ladies, you upon whose countenance a bright smile should
always beam, and upon whose brow the rays of hope should concentrate, reflecting your exemplary brightness as guiding stars in the pathway of struggling humanity, do you escape the whisperings of its voice? And you of silvery age, who are nearly through with the drama of life, is not the voice of failure most eloquent?

Old bachelor—the very name is synonymous with failure—could the harp of Orpheus, or the magic strains of the Syrens, draw your mind from this subject?

And if there should be in this brilliant audience an "old maid," permit me to ask, and with great delicacy, Where are you? and what have you to say? Excuse me, if you please, if I leave with you a little sentiment of poetry which I have so often heard, and which comes into my mind with all its freshness just now:

"Yea, though the breath of disappointment should chill the sanguine heart, speedily it gloweth again, warmed by the live embers of hope."

"Hope is a star"; may the light emanating therefrom be ever thine.

There is not one before me to-night who does not know by experience what failure is. The part which it plays in the make-up of life is great. This idea of life is a wonderful thing; but a successful life is still more wonderful. The youth in his buoyancy looks out upon a canvas painted with success and colored with the brightest glowing. He hears with an eager ear the wonderful deeds of "Auld Lang Syne," until his whole soul is thrilled with this chivalric spirit, and he feels that he, too, might

"Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks."

Yes, he calls life a dream! This is but a photograph of his bright ambition. He looks out upon the smooth sea, where the rays of the sun are glistening and sparkling upon its silvery, placid surface, but hears not the roaring of the mad billows in the distance. Prosperity's allurements dance in all their magnetic power before the mind's eye, and the seraphic notes of praise come floating in upon every breeze, as it were, the notes of encouragement from some distant shore. Truly this is Dreamland! Wake up! "Life is real! life is earnest!" and the air-castles which we have built must be dragged over many an
Alpine summit ere they are mirrored 'neath Italian skies. The path of success, never a "primrose path of dalliance," is steeper and more thorny to-day than ever. Never before in the world's history was competition so great. Carlisle truly says: "The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading upon each other's heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe-strings."

To-day progress is our watch-word. It plucks its trophies from the field of actual fact at every turn. We catch up this enthusiasm of the mighty host that bow at the shrine of ambition, and with them we march forward.

To desire success is innate in man. Although he has not tasted many of its sweets, yet he feels the controlling power of its influence, as it claims for its votary the common heart of humanity. The march of mind has built for itself colossal monuments, which shall stand to speak of its power until "time is no more." In every avocation of life, the fact that success awaits the diligent stands out as a light-house guiding his actions and urging him on.

But success does not come upon us without effort upon our part. It does not come as the pure snow, covering alike the defects and the beauties of nature. Discouragements and disappointments must fill up the space between the desire and its attainment. We fix our mind upon the goal: nature bends to effort. Activity and energy characterize every action, and even then we do not always attain the desired end. We fail! But should this cast a gloom over us? No; we claim that there is a ministry, a lesson to be taught, in every failure. And since failures are universal, found so often in every man's experience, it must be a necessary accompaniment of progress. Yes, it is a voice speaking to each one, more potent than all the babbling tongues of earth. It suggests to our minds an effort to accomplish something, which effort was not successful. Not successful either because the necessary industry and determination were lacking, or else we had grasped at something beyond our reach. Whichever it be, there is a failure. And since we claim for it a ministry, what is that ministry?

No sooner does the garb of failure wrap us in its gloomy shadows than we begin to seek out the whys and wherefores. We are led to examine ourselves, and as we peer into our actions, the light begins to glimmer, it blazes, and then in all its brightness it glows before us, and we are led to see ourselves as we are. Truly, then, does the old sentiment of pagan philosophy, "know thyself," come home to us in
all its power. There is no successful life without some failures. It is a strange thing to say that failures make successes, but the truth of the statement is verified by living examples. Failure brings out the weak points of the man and develops the strong.

It is told of a learned lawyer of our State, who was a leader in the social circle, gifted with extraordinary conversational powers, yet without any success in his profession, whenever he arose for the purpose of addressing the court, the very idea of making a speech caused him to fail. Attempt after attempt was made, but without any improvement. Finally he began to examine himself, to see why it was that he could be the very life of the social circle, yet could not entertain an audience with a speech. And he came to this conclusion: "I will never again attempt a speech; but, having something to say, I will tell it to the multitude as if I were telling it to one man." From that day his success began. Failure is the furnace which melts away the dross and moulds the man into a symmetrical character, ready for any emergency.

We build upon the misfortunes and failures of others. And not only is this true in the case of individuals, but we might launch out into the political sphere. One age builds upon the failures of another. One nation reads her destiny in the actions of another. Young America, the grandest republic upon the globe, stands to day illuminated by the same lamp which lit up with such an awful glare the downfall of other nations. Even in these times, when Freedom's voice echoes from shore to shore, there comes from across the waters, into our open windows, the miasma, floating upon every breeze, mixing with our pure air the spirit "Dynamite vs. Dynasties."

As day by day the stones are laid in the monument erected to her national superiority, she is listening to the potent voice from the past: nations great and glorious now sleep amid the ruins of time. And to-day, as we stand upon the wrecks of dead empires, a whisper comes from the mouldering ashes beneath. It echoes back in solemn tones the actions of another age, their triumphs and their failures. It comes from the smoking ruins of the East, as the Russian host plants its banners upon the confines of Turkish power. It is heard in the clash of creeds, the contentions of religion, and the downfall of dynasties. Not only there, but everywhere, the dying notes of former ages, false doctrines, and damning principles, are breathing their influence in the moulding of a brighter and happier age.

Again: Failure brightens and sweetens success. It is the darkness
before the morning dawn. Night must come to bring out the stars. The beauty and magnificence of a bright painting only shows to an advantage when it has a dark back-ground. Go with me, in imagination, to Paris, and from that splendid hall where brilliant chandeliers are flinging their dazzling light over thousands of enthusiastic Frenchmen, listen to the words of praise and eulogy which go up as stars to deck the crown of their great Napoleon. All this makes the hero appear grand in our eyes. But when we stand amid the loneliness of St. Helena, listening to the sobbing swells of the Atlantic, as it sings its requiem to the dead hopes of Corsica's gifted son, and then meditate upon his brilliant career, how much grander is his fame, and how much brighter do those stars glitter in that crown which an admiring world has placed upon his deserving head. Without the desert there would be no oasis. Without failures we would not know success.

Read the encouraging lessons of failure in the life of Scotland's greatest poet. Behold a peasant boy toiling in the fields of his father. Thus struggling amid the "cheerless gloom of a galley-slave," even to his twenty-eighth year, from farm to farm he went, trying to better his condition. Day after day the cloud of despondency lowered its lengthening shadows over his head; and finally, in the depths of despair, he decides to leave his native land and seek his fortune in other climes. And as the clouds of the last night which he expected to spend upon his native shore were gathering thick and fast over his head, he gave this expression to his sad thoughts: "The gloomy night is gathering fast," thinking that it would be the last song of his which should ever reverberate over the "Caledonian hills." Ah, it must have been to him a gloomy night indeed; but the clouds broke away with the coming of the morn. And would you say that all these difficulties and failures did not heighten the joy in which he was wrapt as he stood before the scholars of Edinburgh, leading their minds, and causing them to tremble with his natural pathos?

We might speak of Columbus, and at the very mention of the name you would at once think of his failures, and how his persistent effort in them all brought to him such joyful success.

Innumerable are the examples which might be brought forward showing that failures, when their ministry is heeded, are but the stepping-stones to success. In this lies the Christian's hope. An old Greek motto says, "The gods look upon no grander sight than
an honest man struggling with adversity." Yes, when our future grows dark, and hope, that star which can pierce the blackest cloud, has almost faded away,

"How sweet to think that on our eyes
A brighter clime shall yet arise,
That we shall wake from sorrow's dream
Beside a pure and living stream."

To-day the world calls loudly for men of perseverance: men who, while climbing the rugged steep, when they lose their foothold and slip back, will gain renewed courage, and go forward victoriously to the summit. O, my fellow-students, let not the keen pangs of failure bear us down; we are not creatures for melancholy. But if we fail, and fail we must in many undertakings, let the old motto of Alexander H. Stephens ever ring in our ears: "Nil desperandum"; let us take heed to the Ministry of Failure.

"And this thought I give you all to keep,
Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold."

LIVING MONUMENTS.

[Oration delivered at the joint celebration of the Literary Societies, June 19th, 1883, by M. L. Wood, of Philologian Society.]

There is in the human soul an innate longing for immortality. The thought of oblivion, like a spectre with haggard visage and frowning gaze, awakens a feeling of dread within the secret chambers of the soul. The idea of cold forgetfulness is utterly repulsive. Man is ever striving to enshrine his name in the memories of his fellow-men. Not only does he wish to see his name written in flaming letters upon the tablets of fame to be read by his contemporaries, but he desires it deeply carved upon an unyielding substance and garlanded with never-fading flowers. If we look back through the dim vista of the past, wherever man has lived and toiled, this irrepressible principle has left its mark. A stranger wanders upon the banks of the beauteous Nile; the blue lotus and white lily bend lovingly over the stream and gently bathe their tender petals in the cooling water. The canvas of
Living Monuments.

the Arab's boat flutters in the gentle breeze, and the sun from a cloudless sky is imaged in the limpid stream. The stranger stands entranced by the transcendent beauty. Anon he beholds in the distance a stupendous structure, wearing its crown of hoary centuries. He forgets "Hapimou," "the abyss of waters," to which the Egyptians prayed, and all its environments of beauty. He fixes his admiring gaze upon that huge mass of stone, and regards it with awe and reverence on account of the remote period of antiquity to which it points. From its plan he learns that the mind of man has been employed, and from its structure that the hands of man have toiled. Why was that planning done? Why were those toils endured? What purpose does the time-worn structure serve? It is a monument which tells of a people of long, long ago who were unwilling to be forgotten. They desired some monument to preserve them from oblivion, though it could say nothing more than that they lived, they labored, and they passed away. Paleography, within the past fifty years, has made more vivid in the memories of men the names and deeds of Darius and Xerxes, and other Persian sovereigns, by bringing to light the mysteries contained in the inscriptions, carved in cuneiform characters, upon the broad surface of walls of unyielding stone. And so, through the silent lapse of centuries, men have come upon the stage of life, and have exerted all their energies and their genius to quarry the stones and construct living monuments. And varied are the spheres in which men seek renown, varied are the materials that are wrought into the structures which are to embalm the names of those whom the world calls great. Perhaps in no sphere of action has this deathless name been more widely sought than upon the field where the greensward or barren earth has feasted upon human gore. And as we study the history of these crimsoned monuments, we find that the actions which they record were prompted by widely differing motives. In the bosom of one, an unreined ambition kindles and burns with a steadily-increasing flame; he gives play to his fancy, and reads his name in flaming letters upon the loftiest turret of the temple of fame; he looks down upon conquered nations pouring their treasures at his feet and placing fresh laurels in his already glittering coronet. Blinded by these allurements, and nerved by the hope of success, he goes forth to carve out his destiny with the glittering steel. He advances from victory to victory, like the swollen mountain-torrent gathering strength as he rushes madly onward, until his power becomes irresistible, and he is acknowledged conqueror. And thus he wins his monument; its base is fixed and firm, its form is symmetrical and beautiful;
it yields not to time, and successive generations look upon it and remember the warrior for whom it was built; but upon the polished surface of its every stone there seem to be stains of human blood, and from its every crevice there seem to issue human sighs. Ah, how many of the monuments which live to tell of warrior's deeds live to perpetuate in the memories of men a long and dark catalogue of crimes. They tell of millions of manly hearts that have perished, and millions of gentler hearts that have been crushed with sorrow, that one man might be called great.

But this is not true of all the trophies of war. There are monuments, won upon the field of carnage, upon which, in after years, beholders gaze with admiration and delight, though their own kinsmen may have fallen to achieve the victory which these monuments celebrate. These are the monuments of those in whose bosoms there burned a flame of true patriotism—those who went forth in the hours of gathering gloom to place their lives as sacrifices upon the altar of their country; who placed their bodies as a wall of defence before their liberties, their homes, and their loves. Scattered over the continents of earth are to be seen many such monuments, before which each several nation loves to do homage. But we need not go abroad for examples. Throughout this our country, there are many monuments which tell of the deeds and merits of those on account of whose valor this has been called

"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

Upon yonder Square there stands a monument than which the world knows none grander. Around it are the effigies of noble men at the utterance of whose names the great heart of this free country palpitates with delight. Above them, upon his matchless charger, there sits a warrior true and brave, a son of Virginia, a patriot of America, "The Father of his Country." Near this monument stands the figure of another brave soldier, whose name is yet fresh in the memories of those who stood beside him. Many were the victories he won, glorious was his career, though over the cause he espoused there settled the gloom of defeat. But how few, how very few, who fall to sustain the silken folds of their country's flag, secure these memorials of their valor. The brave fall, but fall to be forgotten. But some who fell, forgotten by their country, had their monuments erected by the hands of affection. And who would not prize these more highly than all others when they bear such inscriptions as one in the lovely grove of Hollywood, upon which it is written, "He fell
in the ranks of Southern heroes; young, brave; true to home, to country, and to God. The pure light of his spirit, lingering in memory, gives lustre to his tomb."

But, ah! how different the lot of many. There never went away from weeping loved ones, and fought, and died, braver boys than many who slumber in unknown graves beneath our southern soil. Ashes of the brave, sleep on; "sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storm"; heed it not, though a ruthless foot may tread upon your forgotten graves; heed it not, though your loved country may have been put to the blush by ungrateful sons; heed it not, though no tear moistens the dust that makes your winding-sheet; for as the tears of night forget not to water the wild flowers that bloom upon your graves, and as the gentle zephyrs forget not to sing you a requiem in the branches which wave over you, so the Rewarder of the good and brave will not forget to present you with your enduring prize.

But there is another broad field upon which men seek renown, upon which they strive to win a deathless name. It is the wide field of thought, bounded only by the infinite. Upon this grand field some go forth to build their monuments. And how different the process.

The monuments of which we have spoken are constructed by the hands of others, of bronze, marble, and granite. These, every man must build for himself, using as material, embalmed thought. Many are the advantages in this sphere of action, for here we have the mind which cannot be restrained by force, and which makes man the lord of creation against those powers in which man's superiority is not so marked. And what glittering monuments he sometimes builds of these beautiful pearls, these gems of thought. Not as some beautiful temple, glittering with the rays of light borrowed from successive suns, but reflecting the light which shone around the philosopher who, in the remote past, traced them upon the deathless page. Some, wishing to erect monuments firm and solid, confront laboriously and boldly the recondite problems which are met in the world of mind. They seek great thoughts for foundation and corner stones in the wonderful structures which they are rearing. Some, as the sage of Greece, with unshod feet and disarranged locks, forget all else save the great truths which they are revolving. They are willing to spend the life of a recluse, to know nought of the joys which social life can give, that they may successfully thread the labyrinths of thought and leave to the world a memorial which will not perish with the material upon which it is penned. Others would build their monuments of
material which receives its form from fancy's mould. They hold converse with Nature, they enter into a spirit of sympathy with the cloud-capped mountain, the thundering cataract, the beautifully winding river, and the ocean with its hoary locks; and leaving the dull earth, upon the wings of fancy they soar in realms before untried, and body forth shadows wild, and "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." And around the summit of the monument they build, they twine a chaplet of beauties which fancy alone can weave. Some such monuments as these are to be found in the world. Some, standing afar off upon the shores of antiquity, send their rays of light across the waves of time to mingle with and make more brilliant the light which gathers around the summits of those erected in more recent periods. Of all the memorials of the glory and renown of ancient Greece, none are so enduring and none so sublime as those wrought out and polished by her poets and her sages. The tide of time must ever bear upon its bosom the memorials of Grecian wisdom and of Grecian song. Her Socrates can never be forgotten, and her Homer is immortal. And in modern times men have erected monuments as enduring and as resplendent as these. Amid all the changes that may sweep over the world, there will still linger in memory the blind old Milton as he invoked the heavenly Muse. And other monuments have been erected, firm and strong, and surrounded by an unfading halo of splendor. But in this sphere of action also, we find many arduously striving who never rear a monument. Some come forth and glitter for a brief space and are forgotten, like the meteor which shoots athwart the heavens—ere the meteor fades, the trace it left has vanished too; while others strive and strive, but vainly strive. The world knows nought of their labors. They are like the feathery snow-flake which falls upon the bosom of the tranquil river; it makes no additional wave-mark upon the sands of the shore, and it causes no ripple to play upon the peaceful surface of the water.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But if any are discouraged by the fact that upon the various fields of action upon which men have striven to erect their monuments, there are wrecks and ruins, telling of failures in the past and remind-
ing them of the possibilities of failure in the future, we cite them to the single field upon which there need be no failure, and upon which the monuments glitter more resplendently than those bedecked with gold, and diamonds, and the most precious gems of earth. For the building of these monuments, Parian marble is not pure enough, and all the brightest gems of the mines are refused as sordid dust. They are to be wrought of material which has not been defiled by a finger's touch, and they are to be formed in the image of Him who was the pattern of primeval man. It is a noble character which makes man great, which gives him power and influence, and makes him godlike.

“Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.”

A man may act well his part in the drama of life, and have no sculptured marble or massive volume to tell of his career; but if he fails in the building of this structure, he defeats the grand purpose of his creation; his life is a wretched failure. It is the reflection of this which gives lustre to the other monuments which may be erected to his memory. Without it, how mean is the fame of a daring warrior, a learned sage, or the most brilliant poetic genius From these monuments there is radiated an influence which is felt in the hearts of men, and aids them in erecting monuments of similar beauty. Like the silent influence which dissolves the fetters of winter and clothes the earth in vernal beauty, it finds its way into the secret chambers of the soul and awakens the nobler sentiments which lie dormant there. Such a monument will be a stimulus not only to one's fellow-men around him, but to generations yet unborn. Against it, all the shafts of enmity will fall harmless, like the urchin’s arrow directed against a fortress wall. This monument is firm because it is founded upon truth, eternal truth; and

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.”

Amid the discord, the turmoil, and the strife incident to the collision of man with man, the monuments built of granite, of marble, and of bronze, may be demolished and their beauty effaced forever; but this monument is far beyond the reach of man’s utmost power. In the midst of all his attempts to fell it, it stands
"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though 'round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

And not only is man powerless to affect it, but it defies time, that wonderful anomaly, "the fierce spirit of the glass and scythe." Time's finger will crumble into nothingness the most enduring substance that can be wrought into an earthy monument. Ah, what changes, what ruins, attend the march of time; but over this monument it has no power.

"The molten gold returns to clay,
The polished diamond melts away;"

e all the glittering spires and solid monuments of earth will yield to the conqueror and sink into oblivion; but when a sable mantle shall veil the golden eye of day, and when "yonder rich blazonry of God," the celestial diamonds which glitter in the diadem of night, shall quit their places "to darkle in the trackless void," yea, amid the wreck and crush of worlds, this monument will stand firm and immovable, ever pointing heavenward. Beneath its shadow, time itself shall moulder away; and around its summit, eternity's bright effulgence shall linger with unwasting fondness.

A TRIP TO HUMP-BACK.

It is said that variety is the spice of life; and, to break the tiresome monotony of ordinary life, people seek this variety in many ways. Prominent among others, is the pleasure, and, in some cases, the romance, of a tour to some mountain-peak to enjoy the cool mountain-air, the grandeur and beauty of the varied scenery which is presented, and the novelty of camping out in the mountains, and wondering if, upon such an occasion, one would feel altogether at home to have a neighboring bear pay his respects to him, or to be serenaded by the strange, yet ominous, music of a rattlesnake. Of such a trip, in which the writer formed one of the party, it is his purpose to give the readers of the Messenger a brief and general account, hoping that it may not be altogether uninteresting to those who cannot boast of having enjoyed so rare an opportunity, and at the same
time that if any one of those who were in our party on that occasion chances to read this account of our trip, it may afford some amusement by calling up the various incidents connected with it. Perhaps it would be well, before proceeding further, to give our readers some idea as to what and where Hump-Back is. It is simply a peak of the Blue Ridge, about six miles southwest of Afton, a station on the Chesapeake and Ohio railway. I suppose it takes its name from the peculiar shape of the rock on the top of the peak. The rock is of stupendous proportions, overhanging a precipice of several hundred feet, and on looking at it from the road which leads up to it, it seems to be suspended in mid-air, so that the sight of it from this point is truly awe-inspiring.

Such was the place to which we started on Tuesday, August 28th. Our party consisted of a gentleman and three ladies from Richmond, two of whom were daughters of a prominent gentleman of that city; a Frenchman and his lady, a young African, two gentleman and a lady from the neighborhood, and the writer. As might naturally be expected, all started in high spirits and in anticipation of a "big time." It was proposed to celebrate our advent upon the mountain with an "Old Virginia breakdown," or something after that order—of course there could be no harm in such a thing away off there—and to that end we took with us a fiddle—at least that was what they called it; but its ancient and time-worn appearance carried one back to the old, old times long ago, and made one wonder if the antediluvians understood the manufacture of such articles, for it looked as if it might have been with Noah in the ark, and had come down through the ages as a relic of the remotest antiquity. But evidently there were some in the party who did not know what they were undertaking; for all of the ladies, save one, went in a farm-wagon, which, as some of us know, usually goes at the enormous (?) speed of four miles per hour; and our readers may well imagine how strangely delightful it is to travel thus ten or twelve miles over a mountain road, which, from the quantity of rocks in it, makes one wonder if our forefathers didn't start to macadamize it, but concluded that the job wouldn't pay, and gave over the idea.

A gentleman of our party remarked privately to another, that the party who went in that wagon would be a tame crowd before they got back, but we thought it best not to acquaint them too intimately with the nature of the tour they were about to make, and so, for a time at least, ignorance proved to them to be bliss. They seemed to think it a small matter to travel ten or twelve miles; and on being informed
that those were miles, they seemed not to comprehend the occult significance of the expression, and with an air of self-complacency one of them sarcastically asked what else did anybody expect them to be. Their informer did not attempt to explain himself then, but the writer will stake his word upon it that there is not one of them now who does not know the difference between travelling through the country in a farm wagon, and being whirled through the city by pampered livery horses. One of the principal objects of the trip was to be there to see the sun rise. All of us had heard of what an indescribably grand sight it was to see from that point, and so we concluded to spend the night up there so as to be sure of enjoying the sight. The party met at a friend’s in Albemarle, where our city friends, before mentioned, were visiting, and started a short while after noon. Nothing of interest occurred until we got to Afton, except that we lost a demijohn of excellent cider, which we wished for more than once on our way. And just here it is due to our company that we call especial attention to the fact that it was only cider, for it is possible that the mention of a demijohn may suggest the idea of a stronger beverage. We stopped at Afton a short time to get our company together again, and attracted the attention of several bystanders, who, judging from their actions, seemed to be unable to decide whether we were going to a camp-meeting or were taking our journey to a distant country.

As we started up the mountain, for the first time it seemed to dawn upon our friends in the wagon as to what kind of a trip they had undertaken; and on being informed that the fun had only begun, a look of blank despair clouded their hitherto merry countenances; but a certain one of them was so absorbed in a favorite novel (such it must have been from the way she read it,) that for a time she seemed unconscious of her surroundings. But it was not long before the real began to have more effect upon her than the ideal, and fiction was soon laid aside as facts began to engage her attention; for it was certainly a fact that riding up a mountain in a farm-wagon was quite different from driving on Franklin, and soon they alighted from the wagon and began to amuse themselves by gathering flowers and making bouquets, and occasionally taking in the beautiful scenery in the valley below. While they were thus engaged the main party had advanced considerably ahead of them, and on coming to a point whence two roads lead off, their escort, in order to have a little fun at their expense, informed them that he didn’t know which road to take, but fortunately, just as they were beginning to look pretty gloomy,
they heard the main party a short distance ahead, and so the joke was spoiled. In a short time they overtook the other party, and seemed very willing to try the wagon again in preference to walking. The view which now burst upon us was beautiful beyond description. The Frenchman, especially, seemed to be charmed with it. Eastward we had a view of the valley which is said to be the most beautiful on the site of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway; westward and northward the Valley of Virginia stretched out before us until it grew dim and dusky in the distance. Proceeding onward we passed an old darkey, who looked at us with a wondering gaze, and on meeting a gentleman a little farther on, he accosted him thus: "Boss, is de gwine to be preachin' up here anywhar?" The gentleman asked him why he thought so. He replied, "I seed a crowd of people up here, en I jes 'eluded dey was gwine to preachin'." This amused our company considerably when they heard it. From this point our trip was without incidents until we reached the foot of the peak whence the ascent to it commenced. It was now past 6 o'clock, and an old mountaineer advised us not to attempt to reach the top of the peak, as it would certainly be dark before we could reach our destination. Had we heeded his advice, doubtless it had been better for us; but the idea was not agreeable to us, as we wanted to be up there to see the sun rise next morning. And so, determined upon scaling the mountain summit at all hazards, our cavalcade commenced the difficult ascent—difficult indeed it proved to be; but little did we know what we were undertaking. Soon the darkness began to gather around us, and above us the mountain peaks towered like spectres in the air. How we were to gain the summit was a mystery to us; but still we pressed onward. In a short time the stars began to gleam and glitter in the blue dome of sky above us, and as we turned our eyes upwards, doubtless all of us comprehended, as never before, the significance of the expression, "a starry night for ramble." Despite the darkness and solitude which surrounded us, we were all in high spirits, for we expected soon to reach our destination, enjoy the novelty of taking tea and sleeping in the mountains, and then to feast our eyes on the beautiful scenery next morning. But presently a low rumbling sound, like the clatter of wheels, was heard in the distance; gradually it became more and more distinct; one by one the stars began to disappear, until at last the sky was dark and lowering, and the roaring thunder alone broke the stillness, and told us what was coming. Still we hoped to gain the summit, and on we pressed. The glare of a lantern was all we had to show us the road, across which at times
we would find a fallen tree, and to see how the Frenchman handled
the axe on such an occasion was truly amusing.

All had deserted the wagon save the driver, and, weary and worn
with their journey, were making their way slowly up the mountain.
Deeper and deeper grew the darkness, and the black, thick clouds
above seemed to be frowning angrily upon us. There were some
gloomy faces then, for all expected to be half-drowned in the rain,
and to spend that dark, dreary night without so much as the cheerful
glare of the camp fire to dispel the darkness and gloom which envel­
oped us. But determined to reach our proposed camping-place if
possible, we pressed on, instead of making preparation for the
approaching storm. But soon we were brought to a halt, for the rain
suddenly began to pour down upon us—and such a time as we had
then! Some crawled under the wagon, some sought shelter under an
umbrella in the buggy, while the others crouched down under a tree
near by. But, fortunately for us, we soon started a fire, the rain
ceased, and all were soon in better spirits. After tea—pardon the
absurdity—we amused ourselves for a time by chanting "Nelly
Grey," "John Brown's Body," and "No, Sir," and then the French­
man and his wife entertained us with several French songs, which
they sang with a will. But presently somebody began to get mighty
sleepy, and to wish to be back at that pleasant home in Albemarle;
for a pleasant and a hospitable home, indeed, it was, and it is not
strange that somebody looked sad and gloomy when, away off in the
mountains, tired and sleepy, she thought of how sweetly she could
sleep and dream of other days, were she only back again in that stately
mansion nestled among the green hills of Albemarle. At last day
began to dawn; but with it came disappointment, for it was cloudy,
and we did not see the sun rise, but spread out before us, in every
direction, was a scene of rare loveliness and beauty. Drifting lazily
along on the eastern horizon were masses of soft, fleecy clouds, and as
the sun rose above them, and threw his golden tints upon them, they
seemed floating glories in the air. The valley below us, refreshed by
the rain and lit up by the bright light of the morning sun, looked
fresh and smiling, and we stood a long time feasting our eyes upon
the beautiful scenery. After rambling about for some time, and
inscribing our names on a platform which crowned the loftiest peak of
the mountain, we turned our faces homeward, and though we were
tired by the trip, yet we all enjoyed it very much, and in after days it
will be with pleasure and amusement that we think of that memorable
trip to Hump-Back.
REPLY TO J. D. M. IN HIS DEFENCE OF COUNTRY GIRLS.

In his scorn at my being "biased" in my treatment of the subject, J. D. M. makes no effort to conceal his partiality for the other side of the question. He supposes me to have good reasons for being biased, as he accuses me of being, and then proceeds to demolish an article which is the offspring of "good reasons." Surely he intended the phrase, "for good reasons," to be ironical. I do not feel that it is necessary for me to vindicate the city girl, especially by imitating the spirit of J. D. M., who gives prominence to the excellences of the country girl, especially, by magnifying and parading the faults and foibles of her city cousin. I admit that the country girl is usually more economical and industrious than the city girl; but J. D. M. will not agree that the city girl is superior to the other in cultivated and tasteful manners. Let us, then, state his position, and draw the natural conclusion: 1st. The country girl is more industrious; 2d. She is more economical; 3d. She is more modest. In these three respects the country girl is the superior, and in two others she is fully the equal, of the other—namely: 1st. She is destitute only in advantages which the other does not improve; 2d. She is fully equal in refinement and cultivation of manners; therefore the country girl, being superior in some respects, and "fully" equal in others—well, reader, I leave you to draw your own conclusion. As to those "most highly accomplished and truly refined ladies who adorn the old mansions in the country," you will find that one or each of three things is true—they have enjoyed the advantages of some good school, or mingled largely in good and refined society, or are the daughters of unusually refined and intelligent people. Therefore, having had the advantages of both city and country life, they ought to combine the excellences of both. But why need I invite your attention to the inevitable conclusion which must be drawn from the unanswerable (?) arguments of J. D. M.? He has saved you that trouble. Read this quotation: "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." Worthy model of dignity and refinement, "to tell" a guest (and perhaps an invited one) of how repulsive her dress or her manners are! I am sure he did not mean "her" to be one of those ideal creatures that adorn the old coun-
try mansions. But let us put the most charitable construction upon this article of J. D. M., and admit that he "would be the last person on earth to pluck one gem from the glittering crown of his city friends." He did not mean all that his words implied; he only wanted to measure his ability as a writer with that of a pert, conceited, city chap, (what else can we infer from his modest allusion to his own country origin?) and this he was able to do only by lashing me over the shoulders of the city girls. If the advantages of country life are so excellent in the development of all the most noble traits of character, why does J. D. M. leave his quiet country home for the classic halls of Richmond College? Why does he exhibit a tender respect for one of the fair daughters of the country who is now enjoying the advantages of the Richmond schools? Why does he and his father so earnestly look forward to the time when his own dear sister will attend one of the best boarding-schools in one of our Southern cities? If J. D. M. wishes me to make any compromise, I am willing to go thus far with him, and no farther: Take a girl of good common sense and genuine capacity from the country, and give her the advantages of a good school and of good, intelligent society, (I care not whether they be found inside or outside of the corporate lines of a city,) and she can be excelled by no city girl of equal capacity. To conclude, let city girls cultivate those traits of character which adorn our genuine country maidens; let country girls covet that ease of manner and that sprightliness in conversation which characterize our most intelligent and truly refined city ladies. Then may they employ the sentiment and language of the unknown writer:

"Cousin, let us love each other
Truly; don't you think we ought to?
I'm a rosy country maiden,
You a merchant's charming daughter."

These sentiments, I think, are not only not inconsistent with the statements of my first article, but are really deducible therefrom.

Respectfully submitted,

P. L.
In Memoriam.

IN MEMORIAM.

"God gives us love; something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone."

Thus it is. Surely God's ways are above our ways; and too soon, it seems to us, He has taken Wirt away. Association had knit our hearts to his with cords of love. They have been broken, and now we are sad. Should we complain? No; but our eyes fill with dew, which our deep love draws from our spirits, as memory brings his form before our minds.

We met him first in September, 1882, when he became a student at our college. For nine months we were thrown with him every day, and had those ample opportunities for judging of his character which college-life affords. He was a good student, not dashing, but careful and correct. "Whatever he did, he did with all his might," never slighting the little things.

As a Society-man he was energetic and active. At the beginning of the session he united himself with the Philologian Society, and always discharged faithfully the duties imposed upon him. His worth was appreciated, and the highest honors of the Societies were awaiting him. Along with some of our brightest boys, he announced himself a contestant for the improvement medal. His competitors were worthy of him, but at the final meeting he was voted the victor, and he returned home, after his first session at college, bearing the medal, an emblem of merit and honor.

But it was in his simple Christian life that his character shone brightest. A truer, nobler boy was never born. Nothing dissembling, he was what he was. He showed in his life that he was a Christian, and no one among us was more loved. His influence was for good. His belief in the interposition of Providence in his everyday affairs was unusually strong. Often have we heard him express himself concerning this; but once especially. During the final examinations, when every true student desires to be well, he was taken sick. Manfully did he strive to keep up, but finally he had to succumb, and for nearly two weeks was confined to his bed. Though it was cutting to his ambition, he resigned cheerfully, and said to us one
day, "This seems hard, but I believe that, somehow, it will prove best." By the close of the session he had recovered his health. He bade us good-bye with merry heart, saying that he would be back in September.

"But he was nearer home,
E'en nearer then, than he thought."

We parted, and heard no more of him till the startling news came that he was dead. What a shock it was! For a detailed account of his death we refer the reader to the Religious Herald of September 12th. The immense quantity of flowers which the multitude, with bowed heads, throbbing hearts, and silent lips put upon his grave, but poorly show in what appreciation he was held in his own county. The hearts of the whole community vibrated as one under the sudden blow that smote so tender a cord in the hearts of the afflicted family.

He had made an exhortation at church that evening, and was heard to say that "he thought that Christians should always keep in readiness to die." He started home, but not to the home that he thought. He was thrown from his horse, and Wirter W. Hurt, in his twenty-second year, was called from his home on earth to his home in heaven. He lived nobly, "but nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." "He left this world as 'twere a careless trifle." Yes, he is gone—what more? We did not mean to write so much; but something we did wish to say,

"Though silence may have suited best."

For—

"Words weaker than our grief would make
Grief more: 'twere better we should cease,
Although ourselves could almost take
The place of him who sleeps in peace."

WIRTER WILLIS HURT.

Thrown from a restive horse,
Stunned by a terrible blow,
He opened his eyes and whispered,
"Dear friends, I am ready to go."

For the eyes that wept in grief,
For the hearts that throbbed with woe,
The Saviour inclined him to answer,
"Don't weep, I am ready to go."
In Memoriam.

An angel was sent from heaven
For the comfort of those below,
And to heaven he wafted the spirit
Of him who was ready to go;

While the heavenly spirits stood,
Their hearts with rapture aglow,
Awaiting the happy arrival
Of th' one who was ready to go.

We oft are led to inquire
Why this or that should be so,
Resigned when a character tells us
That its owner is ready to go.

A SCHOOLMATE.

The students, in mass-meeting assembled, adopted the following resolutions:

"Whereas it pleased Almighty God to remove from earth to heaven our dearly beloved brother, WINTER W. HURT; therefore, be it

"Resolved, 1. That we bow submissively to the will of our Heavenly Father, who 'doeth all things well,' remembering that 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.'

"2. That He has removed from our midst one whom we tenderly loved—a young man of noble character, fervent piety, and an amiable and gentle spirit, whose example is richly worthy of our imitation.

"3. That the cause of Christ has lost one whom we feel assured would have proven himself a zealous, faithful, and efficient minister of the gospel, winning many souls to Christ.

"4. That we tender our warmest sympathies to the bereaved family, who are beclouded with grief for him who is now happy in the presence of the King.

"5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be printed in the Richmond College Messenger.

"A. B. RUDD,
"M. L. WOOD,
"J. A. BARKER."

The following are resolutions adopted by the Philologian Society:

"Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our beloved fellow-student and zealous co-laborer, WINTER W. HURT; therefore, be it

"Resolved, 1. That the Philologian Society submissively bow to the will of our God, feeling that 'the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away,' making our loss his eternal gain.

"2. That in his removal our Society has lost an active and faithful member, an earnest and persevering student, a fluent and improving speaker, whom we delighted to honor, feeling honored in return by his virtues.
"3. That our college has lost a son worthy of our highest esteem, aspiring to her highest honors, and called to the highest vocation.

"4. That our heart-felt sympathy be tendered the family in their grief and distress, believing that our brother is rejoicing in heaven, and is waiting to welcome us home.

"5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the Richmond College Messenger.

"J. Bunyan Lemon,
"A. B. Rudd,
"R. C. Hubbard."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The evening of Friday, September 28th, was one fraught with great pleasure to us. It was the time for the reunion meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, and the meeting was all that its name indicates. It was truly a reunion. At about a quarter to 8 o'clock a large number of the students, both old and new, assembled in the Mu Sigma Rho hall, and the tender grasp of happy meeting of the old, and the hearty welcome extended to the new boys, aroused our expectations, and made us look forward for a good time. These reunions are always delightful, and we think that this was not a whit behind any we have ever attended.

Mr. O. L. Stearnes, the president, opened the meeting with an appropriate address. After extending a hearty welcome to all, and citing the great benefit that one may derive from the active membership of a literary society, he emphatically warned the new students of taking too heavy a ticket, especially in that most popular department known as the "Calico School." The orator-elect being unavoidably absent, the president introduced Mr. Percy G. Elsom, who gave us a very amusing oration on a "Two-Headed Animal" that he had met. Then followed speeches—long, short, solemn, laughable,—from the old boys and from the new. The almost vital importance of a literary society was presented in nearly every conceivable light; the rats were assured of their welcome among us as students, and redoubly assured of the hearty welcome they would receive as members of the Societies.

They manifested their appreciation of these assurances by happy replies, in which they said that they had never before, in so short a time, felt so much at home among strangers. We all enjoyed the
occasion highly, and felt that we had been truly *reunited* in our struggle for nobler things. May the spirit and vim with which it has begun, be kept up through the session, and we feel assured that the present term will be exceeded by none in the past, in pleasure and profit to its members, and will honor the well deserved reputation which the Society sustains.

At a regular meeting of the Philologian Society held Friday evening, October 5th, the following officers were elected: President, M. L. Wood, of Pittsylvania; Vice-President, T. Leigh West, of Louisa; Historian, J. M. Coleman, of Appomatox; Recording Secretary, W. W. Reynolds, of Cumberland; Corresponding Secretary, J. W. Mitchell, of Franklin; Treasurer, Slaughter W. Huff, of Nelson; Librarian, J. T. Lynch, of Albemarle; Critic, Geo. W. Quick, of Loudoun; Censor, W. Y. Quisinberry, of Spotsylvania; Chaplain, W. A. Borum, of Norfolk; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. C. Hubbard, of Pittsylvania; Editors of *Messenger*, H. W. Tribble, of Caroline, and J. H. Pearcy, of Pittsylvania; Board of Managers, C. W. Prichard, of Pittsylvania, and G. Y. Bradley, of Powhatan; Monthly Orator, J. G. Paty, of Tennessee.

The following were the officers elected in the Mu Sigma Rho for the first term: President, Geo. C. Bundick, of Accomac; Vice-President, Jno. A. Barker, of Sussex; Censor, S. Watson Dorset, of Powhatan; Corresponding Secretary, William Latané, of King and Queen; Recording Secretary, A. C. Owens, of Nansemond; Chaplain, T. J. Shipman, of Richmond; Treasurer, S. L. Gilliam, of Cumberland; Librarian, R. A. Tucker, of Amherst; Critic, J. T. Redd, of Henrico; Sergeant-at-Arms, P. G. Elsom, of Nelson; Editors of *Messenger*, O. L. Stearnes, of Pulaski, and E. B. Pollard, of Richmond; Monthly Orator, A. J. Dickinson.

The annual reunion of the Philologian Society was held in its hall on Saturday night, September 29th. Mr. M. L. Wood, of Pittsylvania county, presided over the meeting. In a graceful speech he welcomed Mu Sigma Rhonians, Philologians, and new students. He called attention to the broad field for usefulness open to every man, and the grand opportunities offered in this institution for the development of those higher faculties and powers with which Omniscience has endowed us, and urged upon us the importance of improving the opportunities given. He then introduced Mr. A. B. Rudd, of Chesterfield county, as orator of the evening. Mr. Rudd announced as his subject, "Patriotism." He spoke of the difference between true patriotism, love of country, and the so-called patriotism in which love of self predomi-
nated, illustrating it by examples from classic Greece and Rome, and from England, and our own country. This age called for the highest type of patriotism; but never was there a period in our country's history so destitute of it. Patriotism had given way before the practical spirit of this age. Our public offices—county, State, and Federal,—were now sought, not from patriotic motives, but from love of self. This was to be deplored. Patriotism ought to be nurtured and developed as early as possible. In our literary society was a good place to exercise it. The way to do it, was punctually to attend all its meetings, and earnestly aid and support all its plans for improvement. After this, general speeches were made by Philologians, Mu Sigma Rhonians, and new students. If "variety" is indeed the spice of life, the general speeches did not lack spice. They were of every variety—humorous, dry, and instructive. The Society then closed its doors and organized for action during the present year.

LOCALS.

The late fall rains have caused vegetation to spring up with the rapidity of May, and nothing is more attractive than to see the rollicking crowd of college boys bounding over the campus. Foot-ball will soon be the rage, and then mashed corns will try the tempers, and sewing on buttons will give employment to the forlorn bachelors, who delight to give the ball what they have received themselves from another source—"the grand bounce."

The West End of Richmond has been the scene of an exciting base-ball contest for a few days past, between the ——, of Richmond, and the ——, of ——. Of course, the college boys took a lively interest, but as a piece of economy, a large number viewed the game from the college tower instead of paying the entrance-fee. The gate-keeper may frown and growl like Cerberus at the other gate, but that's all. If a boy chooses to avail himself of the lofty eminence of Richmond college, whose business is it? The contest has been close and exciting, but Richmond bears off the palm.

The paint-brush has done a good work in beautifying the halls and dormitories during vacation, and the dingy rooms have given place to cheerful and homelike departments. It is gratifying to observe the care and pride which these improvements are fostering. No whittling on door-facing, no marking on the walls with pencil and matches.
These relics of barbarism are discontinued. All thanks to Dr. Ryland and his Board for these improvements. It is refreshing to meet on the campus the genial and energetic Doctor, who is always as affable as a May morn.

Our versatile professor of Physics has returned refreshed and full from his visit across the waters. The boys say that neither his trip to the Old World, nor his recent title conferred by Hampden-Sidney, have changed the manners of the professor. But who expected him to be changed? He is not one of the changing kind, as the boys sadly remember who fell below 80 on examinations last year.

The "rats" this session, who, by the way, are a set of unusually fine-looking fellows, have reason to congratulate themselves, or some one else, at the good treatment they are receiving at the hands of the old students. We haven't heard of an initiation or of a toe being pulled this session. Hope that the new paint will be a protection to the rats' toes as well as to the panels of the doors.

We heard one of the professors tell some of the boys the other day that "they would have to step a little more gingerly than they were accustomed to," if they wanted to come into our newly-carpeted reception room.

Rat: "Say, what are you studying?"
Mr. —: "I am studying algebra."
Rat: "I never did like algebra, but I am very fond of mathematics, because I think it strengthens one's mind so much."

Mr. L., on seeing a "Rough on Rats" advertisement, exclaimed, "My goodness, look what a hog!"

The gentleman has doubtless been accustomed to looking at the notorious thoroughbred "Pine Rooters."

Rat: "Say, I'm going to run for the writer's medal—I write a prime fist."
Rat: "Say, who is professor of this 'Calico Ticket,' any way?"

He was about to matriculate.

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PERSONALS.

The following is clipped from the Pearisburg Virginian, published at Pearisburg, the county-seat of Giles county, Virginia: "Prof. L. D. Shumate opened his school in the academy yesterday (September 6th), with thirty-two scholars, and will probably have fifty to-day,"
He should have an average of over one hundred, and we hope he will. He is a young man of the very best moral habits, and is thoroughly competent to teach any of the branches."

W. J. E. Cox and J. D. Wright, students of 1881-'82, came to see us before going to Louisville. We were glad to see you, boys. Let us hear from you sometimes.

Chas. L. Corbitt, session 1882-'83, we understand, is drumming for a Baltimore house. We know he makes a "boss" drummer, but who is going to pick the banjo for us at the jollification?

We hear that A. J. Fristoe, session 1882-'83, is at Crozer. Hold up the Richmond College banner up there, Ashby. We miss you mightily in getting out this number, but you can't get out of it in that way. Write some for us.

G. W. Hurt, session 1882-'83, is at the seminary. We saw him as he came through Richmond on his way. We are sorry he is not with us this session.

Jno. Currie, A. M. of session 1882-'83, is in business in Richmond. William J. Wright is at his home, in Suffolk.

"Oh, for the touch of the artistic hand
On the fiddle that can't be still."

Come back, Wright, and bring Corbitt with you. Our band will then be complete, for we have a cornet this year.

We hear that Richard Washington, A. B. 1882-'83, whom we left at college sick when we went away last June, is going to teach near his home, in Westmoreland. Write to us and tell about it, Wash.

L. J. Huff, session 1879-80, who has been assistant pastor for Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, has returned to the seminary.

Geo. B. Taylor, Jr., session 1880-'81, has returned from Italy to take a course at the seminary.

EXCHANGES.

The St. Mary's Sentinel ranks among our best exchanges. Its get-up is neat and unique, and its various departments are well ordered. "Sacrifice and Perseverance" is an especially good article, and shows both thought and painstaking on the part of its author. Its editorial—a feature which, alas! in our college papers is frequently so sadly neglected,—is above the average. We are always glad to see a Sentinel,
Lasell Leaves is a bright little periodical, which we are always happy to welcome into our sanctum, not alone because it is the work of dainty hands either, but because it is indeed a worthy exchange. Its articles are not long, but pointed, happy, and of a high order—excellent traits.

Here comes our modest and beloved friend the Earlhamite. But, oh! as we glance at its contents, we see upon it, “In Memoriam,” which seems to reopen our wound. We can and do sympathize with you, dear stricken one, for we, too, are, but recently, bereft of a like treasure—for treasure he was.

We hail with delight the Roanoke Collegian. It has few superiors, though we do not particularly admire “His Sad Fate,” especially occupying, as it does, the most prominent position in the journal. In our humble judgment, it would have been better left out, or, by all means, not put on the frontispiece. We think that, to such a sapient corps of editors as those of which the Collegian can boast, there is always something good within their reach, and therefore aimless articles ought to be abandoned. With this single exception, we have not a suggestion to make, nor a word to say, save to its praise.

The College Journal (Georgetown) is truly a good periodical, but it certainly ought to “stir up” in its “get-up.” As good matter as it contains ought not to be enveloped by a sheet so plain and uninviting. Do, friend, put on binding and color, and appear as attractive as you really are.

It always makes us happy to see the Album, not alone for its true excellence, but also because, in “dreams,” it takes us back among the classic hills which majestically environ that lovely dell where, in our imagination, we have watched her as she strolled through the daisy-clad fields, or down to the bubbling spring, or, perhaps, as she sat resting upon some moss-covered rock with a tiny flower in her hand, surrounded by ivy and sweet honeysuckle—living picture! which to see, we have only to open the Album. The Album is, indeed, one of our finest exchanges, though it might arouse itself still a little more. It isn’t quite as spicy and breezy as it ought to be. While we are the heartiest admirers of modesty, quiet beauty, and inward worth, yet the Album is too much so—there seems to be a “vacancy” of some kind which, if filled, would add a great deal to its completeness. Besides, dear one, we have to make the same suggestion to you, though with as much modesty as we possibly can, which we made to our above friend—viz., to improve your appearance. Your contents are a pro-
per and able exponent of the wisdom and talent of your school, but your plain attire does not fitly represent her beautiful robes.

Awake, thou, O sweet mountain maid;
Put all thy lovely garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Clad in the robes of beauteousness,
Thy glory shall the world confess.

With this number of the Messenger our term as Exchange editor expires. It was with great delight that we took upon us the role, but it is with still greater that we lay it off; not, however, that we have been disappointed as to the merits of our exchanges, for they have proved to be both interesting and edifying in a high degree, but that we lay from off our hands a work all too hard and difficult for us to perform. Many we have learned to love, and doubtless would have loved better could we have read them more closely, and for them and all, we wish the greatest prosperity. Asking forgiveness for whatever may have been said with seeming unkindness, and feeling that the wiser and more prudent incoming editor will fully rectify every mistake, we say to one and all, Vale! vale!