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RICHMOND, VA., JANUARY, 1884.

No. 4.

EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, O. L. STEARNES, E. B. POLLARD; *Philologist*,
H. W. TRIBBLE, J. H. PEARCY.

BUSINESS MANAGER.—R. C. HUBBARD.

MARITANA.

I.

The summer days had passed by, Maritana,
With all their dews and flowers and warmth and glow;
The autumn time had hung her varied banner
O'er all the trees and crouching shrubs below,
Maritana;
Bright-tinted leaves fell, carpeting the earth
So lately green with grass; the chattering bark
Alone of squirrels cheered the woods; the mirth
Of summer-singing birds I did not mark,
Maritana.

II.

Evening had fallen, and the rosiness
Of sunset lit up all the Occident;
One lone great star was following, with less
Of light, the orb of day now nearly spent,
Maritana;
Sweet quiet reigned, and ere the ruddy gloaming
Had darkened into dusk, I strayed into
The dying woods, and in my careless roaming,
Close by a streamlet's bank, I came to you,
Maritana.

III.

Beneath a bower of vines, where hung the mellow
And purple grape, there, half-reclining, where
The light of yonder West could meet its fellow
Within your glorious dark-gray eyes, aye, there,
Maritana,

Aye, there I saw you,—leaning on one hand,
 And in the other lay the luscious grape;
 To stay your wealth of hair, a ribbon-band
 Was tied—binding a head of wondrous shape,
Maritana.

IV.

Your lips were blushing cherries there beside
 The purple fruit you held; your throat, quite bare,
 Was rival to the pearls which did not hide
 Its soft and tempting beauty;—you were fair,
Maritana;
 And as I gazed, unseen, unthought by you,
 And as you dreamed, perhaps, beneath the vine,
 A longing for you thrilled my being through—
 And I shall never rest till you are mine,
Maritana.

December, 1883.

CLINTON.

A TRIP TO MONTICELLO.

Having had occasion to visit Shadwell with a friend in the spring of 1882, we determined to see Monticello. To me the trip was full of interest, and I hope to the reader this simple narrative will not be entirely uninteresting. Incidents connected with a place of such historical character, though imperfectly written, are generally of some interest, and hence I have chosen this subject.

We approached the house by a narrow, rough, circuitous route from the west, and entered the grounds through an old, time-worn country gate, which hung lazily on one of its rusty hinges, with the other end sunk deep in the soft mud, with which I was plentifully begrimed in my efforts to effect an entrance.

We had not gone far before the furious barking of a small dog aroused his sleepy master, a typical Senegambian, put there by a Northern man, the present owner of the place, as general director and sub-president of the concern, and with a whine as prepossessing as his canine slave, demanded of us *the sum of fifty cents each* as an entrance to the *show*! Now, I must confess that the ardor of these patriotic pilgrims was much dampened by such a cool reception. My friend proposed an immediate return to the home of J. Massie Smith, where we had been so hospitably entertained; but I had come there to see all that was to be seen of Monticello, if time and a small amount of money could effect it. So we fulfilled the demand and

entered. The wind whistling through the pines, and the general bleak character of this side of the mountain, rendered it rather gloomy.

The first object of interest was the family burying-ground, then a small, dilapidated enclosure, and showing that it had long ago ceased to be used as a place of interment. What quaint-looking slabs and tombstones! The tooth of time had left its mark on the whole scene—on the fence and graves as well as the slabs and tombstones. But the monument of Jefferson, a plain granite shaft, rising above the rest near the entrance, showed scars deeper than I think the tooth of time capable of making. No care whatever seemed to be taken of his grave, nor of any of them, for that matter. Jefferson's monument was shamefully defaced, all the letters of his name and the inscription were knocked out, and nothing but the dates of his birth and death were discernible on the base. I was told that this was the third monument which had been placed over his grave.

Although the destruction wrought by relic-seekers at this day is shameful and disgraceful, yet, under the influence of the mania, I wished for a memento of my trip. So, having found a smooth place, I began pecking on the shaft, bent upon a *relic*. My first efforts were unavailing. I unearthed a larger stone, and redoubled my energy. It being cold and frosty on this northwestern side, my fingers ached severely. Presently I became reckless, and, with a tremendous stroke, I knocked—from several fingers the skin, and from the shaft many small particles of granite, a number of which flew into my face. Away went the stone, and I, as I was standing on the sleek, thawing hillside, suddenly took an attitude of supplication. But my devotional exercises were not necessarily protracted nor remarkable for their Christian fervor. A saying not exactly religious escaped me, and picking myself up, with a small fragment of what seemed to me the cause of an earthquake, I left with my precious relic, bleeding knuckles, a smarting face, and came to the next object of interest.

It was nothing but another one of those precious gates, bearing the marks of many winters on its skeleton. It was more dilapidated than the first, and, like a drunken man leaning upon others in the same condition, was supported by numerous rails as old and decayed as the gate.

This led us into a beautifully-grassed lawn of several acres, well shaded, and I know it must be a perfect paradise in the sweltering months of July and August. The mansion stands in the centre of the lawn. Where could a more beautiful spot for a home have been

found? Jefferson's wisdom in public affairs did not desert him here. He evidently had a taste for the beautiful. Where a section more blessed by nature in health, wealth, beauty, and natural resources? Rising abruptly from and jutting out into the Rivanna-River valley, when viewed from the east, the height forms almost a perfect cone, nearly equal in elevation to the neighboring mountains, and upon the top of this cone stands Jefferson's home. As the train carried us rapidly by a few days previous, I caught a sight of the cone, overhung heavily with clouds, obscuring the top from view, and was much impressed with the still, gloomy grandeur of the scene.

Though early in April, the lawn was as green and fresh as one would suppose in June. The house, which we were not permitted to enter, as the owner had not yet made his yearly visit, stands modestly in the centre of the lawn, and bears all the evidences of having once been owned by a gentleman of learning, culture, and taste. Its eastern and western fronts, dilapidated weather-cock and dial, northern and southern underground exits, and massive chimneys, all showed that it had flourished in the past. I was told that Jefferson had employed some twenty or more men for several years in cutting off the top of the cone. At that time, I infer, it was built with all the latest improvements, and no doubt was the finest mansion in the State. We entered, as I said, from the west, but originally it was approached from the east by a beautifully-winding drive, which I think the prettier entrance of the two.

As I walked across the lawn, my thoughts reverted to the days when, in all his glory, Jefferson, like a true Virginian, there dispensed his hospitality to a circle of distinguished friends. And continuing my walk to the eastern side of the grounds, I fell into one of those delicious reveries which, with everything favoring, occasionally falls to the happy lot of man. Among other pleasant experiences, I thought of my home, my friends, my—yes, my girl. And with my thoughts wandering from these to the beautiful scene around me, I was more than ever impressed with the choice of such a place for a home. I fancy that it must have been some bright, pleasant spring morning, with the birds singing sweetly around him, and surrounded by all that was grand and lovely in nature, he conceived the idea of his epitaph; particularly when, with his eyes fixed intently upon the great object of his love, the University of Virginia, where he was wont often to gaze, did he think of the latter part of his celebrated epitaph.

Having seated myself in one of those old rustic chairs, which looked as if they had along with the mansion weathered the storm for

years, one of the grandest scenes presented itself that it has ever been my pleasure to behold. Born, bred, and raised in the mountains of old Virginia, with their lofty, inspiring heights always in view, I naturally became somewhat unappreciative of the beauties of mountain scenery; but having been away from them for nearly a year, when on my pilgrimage to Monticello a full view of the mountains presented itself, my joy knew no bounds. I felt, as I imagine the ten thousand Greeks did when returning from their march into Asia Minor, at the sight of the Black sea, they cried, "The sea!" "The sea!" So I felt like crying out, "The mountains!" "The mountains!"

My enjoyment of the occasion was heightened by the previous day having been a typical April day, during which it alternately rained, snowed, and cleared, and which made me feel as if my trip would be a failure. But now the sun shone warm and bright, and the fates seemed to be propitious.

At my feet flowed the Rivanna river, which wound around through the fertile valley, now all beautiful with its fresh coat of green, until lost from view. Extending for miles was a chain of mountains, forming a lovely background to the view, rendered more beautiful by being covered with snow, which had fallen the previous day, and now, all white and shining, gave a most singular appearance to the summer-like scene below. On my right the view extended a great distance, over gently undulating lowland, and far away, rising up above the horizon, was a lone peak, which I was told was seventy-five miles distant. About fifty yards distant from my seat was the place where Jefferson emerged from an underground passage, and mounting his horse, rode swiftly away into the woodland brush of the mountain, just in time to escape from a party of British soldiers who were sent to capture him. The prints of the horses' hoofs are distinctly discernible now where they rode up the steps and over the rock floor of the porch. To my left was the beautiful town of Charlottesville, and behind it, on an eminence, stands the University of Virginia.

How could I go away without once more paying respect to Jefferson's grave! I returned, but in a different humor from what I left it; and was permitted to tarry but a few moments, as I was soon reluctantly hurried away from a place of so much interest, with my mind filled with what I had just seen and with thoughts of the great man.

And now that a new and beautiful monument is being erected to his memory, and as I hear the grounds and place have undergone repairs, nothing would again afford me more pleasure than *A Trip to Monticello*,

ORLESTES.

ECLECTICISM.

We recognize now a need for method—a fixed method of investigation—by which truth may be separated from error. This method we denominate the Eclectic.

What, we would enquire, is the principle which underlies all advancement, whether in science, philosophy, medicine, or politics, or even in the accidental conveniences and commodities of life? We respond, Eclecticism. Destitute of its important aid, the mind could never have emancipated itself from the onerous thralldom of circumstances. Man could never have clambered to the lofty position in moral and intellectual grandeur which at present he occupies, from which he may scan surrounding creation, and exult in his own superiority. Society would, therefore, have arisen but a little above the debased condition in which we find it for several centuries after the expulsion of Adam from the Garden of Eden, possessing but few advantages and conveniences to facilitate the duties of life, consisting of wandering and pillaging tribes. Such would have been the inevitable result, had it not been consonant with the will of an *all-wise* and benevolent Creator to constitute man with an eclectic spirit.

But it may be objected, that if all advancement depends upon Eclecticism, we cannot account for the progressive movement of the first inhabitants of the earth. This objection is based upon the presumption that all knowledge is acquired, which we cannot for a moment believe. There must have been some starting point, some fundamental principles implanted in the mind of man by his Creator, upon which the intellectual structure was to be erected. And when earth's first inhabitant was expelled from Eden, a knowledge of good and evil was given him. He was enabled to discriminate between right and wrong, that he might be prepared to begin the fight for the establishment of truth and the overthrow of error. The mind is the motor which carries forward the work: it moves in a slow but sure pace. Rigid analysis is its first step; synthesis is the next means employed. Before the magic power of the first, truth and error lose their affinity and fly asunder; by the latter, the truth is gathered up and presented to the mind under some tangible form. Thus prepared, and thus proceeding, the result of its investigation may be easily anticipated. No inconsistency or extravagancy can escape its critical and piercing eye. Beauties, once obscured by the error in which

they were involved, come forth, as the full moon from beneath the dark cloud, radiating additional light upon every department of knowledge. With enthusiastic ardor it proceeds in search of the resplendent gem that lies concealed beneath the legitimate results of perverted genius, whilst the useless rubbish is promptly rejected and thrown aside. It gathers the beautiful lily that grows by the way-side, but leaves the worthless weed to wither and die beneath the parching rays of the summer's sun. The truth is furnished it, but in an impure and adulterate state; this it continues to reduce and refine until the truth of the age, in all its beauty and power, is brought to light. Thus a more glorious, consistent, and truthful system is established. Another gigantic step is taken in the history of human progress. The mind is less trammelled and better prepared to go forth in search of other jewels to add to its already well-stored casket.

Here we certainly see the philosophy of human progress. Here, too, we observe the greatest wisdom and benevolence displayed in the constitution of man. The very evil tendencies of his nature are made to subserve the purpose of progression. In his proneness to extremes, some one principle, at least, is pursued until it is fully developed. Thus a great work is wrought for succeeding generations; for truth will live and triumph, but error has no invulnerable fortress.

The advantages of Eclecticism in human progress manifest themselves in every department of science. They are as extensive as the scope of human learning. All knowledge gives unmistakable evidence of its influence as method. What is the philosophy of human progress in physical science? What principle is it that has contributed so much to enlighten benighted society in the unutterable beauties of the universe, and the relations of its different parts? What was it that assisted Newton to explain the phenomena of the material world—to penetrate the hidden laws upon which are poised the different masses that move through the immensity of space? Did Newton, alone and isolated, achieve all this? We answer, no; but Newton assisted by Eclecticism—Newton assisted by the researches of the past! If you would fully appreciate the importance of this principle in science, study that series of centuries denominated the "Middle Ages"—that period when all Europe was enshrouded in intellectual gloom, and the mind was chained to avarice, pride, and ambition. The excruciating tortures of the "Inquisition" were the highest reward the intellect received for its noblest efforts. At every invention and discovery the "bull of excommunication" was hurled in thundering tones, and some immortal spirit was pronounced doomed to eternal misery.

Those noble helpers of scientific research, who dared to venture beyond the bounds prescribed, must speak in hypothetical terms, or else suffer the pangs of immature death. Every step in science was loudly proclaimed as an innovation, calculated to undermine the Bible and its holy teachings. Every champion of progression was but a target for the vituperations of snarling sycophants, and the anathemas of beastly, blood-thirsty tyrants.

Copernicus, though fully convinced of the inconsistencies of the "*Ptolemaic System*," dared not publish them to the world until he had gone far beyond the reach of those monsters in human shape that sat upon the thrones of the earth. Galileo was hunted like a beast of the forest, because the desperate strugglings of his genius were crowned with glorious achievements. Scholasticism hung, like "Egyptian darkness," over the continent of Europe. It blighted every effort to civilize the world. The mind was enslaved—doomed to a certain long-trodden track, the track of authority. Every appearance of Eclecticism met with the vilest and most uncompromising opposition. The profound problems of the universe were left, for the most part, unsolved.

Thus Scholasticism, which retarded the progress of science during the "Middle Ages," constituted, for many succeeding generations, a most powerful drawback. Scholasticism and Eclecticism cannot exist together. Before the workings of the one the glory of the other must vanish. The object and the interest of the one is to hide the truth; the province of the other to bring it to light. The one leads the mind with a chain of authority around a certain tread-mill; by virtue of the other it goes forth freed, and prepared to bring light out of darkness and truth out of error.

Eclecticism in nations, contemplated individually, is no less necessary than in men. That there must be an equilibrium of moral and intellectual influence among nations, in order to their prosperity, is a proposition sustained by well authenticated history and by observation. Study the history of the world, and you find nations boasting an experience dating from time immemorial, with territory remarkable in extent and fertility and with geographical situations which eminently fit them to enjoy all the advantages of trade and commerce; yet they have been moving in the same unchanged routine for centuries past: they have neither learned nor unlearned anything within the memory of man. Their history might be given in that of a single century, so few and insignificant are the changes in politics, literature, or religion by which they have been characterized. Immutability is written in-

delibly upon every institution: it is wrought deeply and lastingly in the very constitution of their people. This stagnant civilization, this uniformity of character, is the legitimate progeny of their exclusive policy.

Action and reaction is a law which obtains everywhere throughout the physical world. There is nothing isolated in nature. Every atom acts and is acted upon by every other atom. The different spheres that roll in the boundless regions of space are held in regular circuit by the mysterious influence which they exert upon each other. A wise and benevolent Creator designed that a like relation, a similar law of action, should exist between individuals and between nations. And hence, wherever it is violated or annulled by individual or national policy, civilization is retarded or ruined. When this law shall cease to act, when all the world shall be absorbed in one grand empire, then, we conjecture, the drama of life will close; for the human mind will have reached its acme, the intellect shall have won its last victory.

AUBREY.

SYMPATHY.

There is in human nature an innate sympathy in distresses and grief. A man, whose nature has not been distorted by the jars and scars caused by collision with evil, cannot look upon the sufferings of humanity without a feeling of pain. This fellow feeling with the sufferer is similar in kind to the feeling of the sufferer, though it generally differs much from it in degree. This principle is so prominent in human nature that it extends to the lower animals. This commiseration with which we regard an animal that is suffering, may be thought by some to be entirely different from that which we feel towards human beings. But that it is a phase of the same instinct of our nature seems to be clear, from the fact that those who have the warmest sympathy for human beings feel most tenderly for the lower classes of animals. And even inanimate objects sometimes awaken this feeling within the soul. It was more than a gush of poetic fancy when Moore wrote:

"No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

"I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them."

This sympathy is an element of our better natures. It is one of the noblest traits of character to which human conduct gives expression. And it is susceptible of cultivation. Therefore, if one desires a thorough development of his better nature, he should give earnest heed to the cultivation of this trait of character. That complacency which is produced in the mind by it might be urged as a sufficient reason for its cultivation. And it is no unworthy reason. But a reason for its cultivation, perhaps higher and more unselfish, can be found in the fact that it is one of the means, divinely appointed to man, by which he can help his fellow-man. There is no other means by which man can do so much for man with as little cost to himself—indeed, it is pay to himself. A person may be oppressed with an onerous burden of grief, sorrow's cloud may lower thickly over his pathway; his companion may not be able to lift or bear the load, but he may wonderfully lighten it by a tender word of sympathy. Some one to whom we can confide our secret woes, with the confident assurance that we will meet with sympathy, is worth more than wealth or fame, so far as real happiness is concerned. Many of the failures in life, many of the wrecks of life, have resulted from the fact that no one would lend the aid of a deed of kindness or a word of tenderness and sympathy. And many, drifting down the stream of life, have been checked by a word of tenderness, aptly spoken, or a timely deed of love. The lady who spread upon the bloated face of a man lying in a gutter, beneath the parching rays of the sun, a handkerchief bearing her name, did a simple deed, but it was prompted by a tender regard, and when he awoke from his stupor he arose determined to drive out the demon and let the angel in. And so, many men have been encouraged to make bold efforts in life by the sympathy and cheering words of friends. Many a soldier upon the tented field has become discouraged by the hardships and suffering of war; but as he looks out from the folds of his blanket, and beholds the glittering gems which sparkle in the diadem of night, he remembers that there are loved ones at home, who perhaps at the same time are gazing upon the same brilliant orbs, and are dropping tears of love and sympathy and murmuring a prayer for him. Immediately the dull eye grows bright, the trembling hand is strong, the faint heart takes courage, and the soldier is ready to exclaim, "Strike 'til the last armed foe expires." So, in every pursuit of life this feeling of sympathy does much to nerve the arm and encourage the heart, and greatly aids in winning success. But it seems that the great work of sympathy is to lighten the load of grief, to dispel the lowering clouds

which darken the pathway of life. With the sympathy and kindness of partial friendship one is not likely to become gloomy or despondent. His journey will be through flowery vales, lighted by a heavenly brilliancy. And the source of the light will "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

ORLANDO.

PURPOSE IN LIFE.

Life in its simplest form involves causes and powers which the keen and reasoning mind of man cannot thoroughly understand and explain. Men of all ages have made discoveries, either physical or spiritual, and history has many eras marking the discoveries of new forces or relations; but none of these, however deep and far-reaching, have revealed all the secrets of life. Scientists may apply their intellects with the greatest exactness and power, but when they have done all that their genius and study can accomplish, they must leave some things as assumed for the foundations of all their thought. It is the highest form of life that is meant by the term as used here—the life of man; for this is the highest order of life in the world. Though this is so wonderful in its influences and effects upon other beings, and in its observations of its own experiences and workings, it cannot account for itself, or tell what it is. But though men may differ as to what it is, and as to what is real and what imaginary, they cannot deny that *life* is real. It actually is a fact that men and other orders of beings exist. For what purpose, then, is life?

The wonderful harmony in the order of nature shows us that there must be some original and controlling intellect; and the exact and economical adaptation of all things to the accomplishment of their respective results clearly demonstrates that the Originator has a grand purpose in all his creations, and since man is the King of the created, there must be a preëminently grand purpose for his existence. While we cannot understand all of this purpose, we have enough revealed to prove to us that our time should be employed for some true and good purpose.

Life is not, however, a stream that, by the very nature of it, bears its waters on to the great ocean, thus insensibly accomplishing its purpose in the economy of nature; but human life is dependent on the freedom and will of each man. It has within its power numberless resources; but these will not come forth of themselves and produce

the results which might be brought about by their proper use. This is only done by the wise use of them by each individual. How necessary, then, that one should have a lofty purpose, toward the accomplishment of which he shall bend all his energies, seeing that according to it his life will be a success or a failure. As the mind rules the body in all its operations, restraining it when it is required, and stimulating it when sluggish, so it is to a great extent true that the man makes himself what he is by his desires and aims in life. These disclose what one really is at heart, while his actions and words for a time may suggest quite the contrary. It is the purpose of a man that will overthrow him, if it is wrong; for, although he may make rapid progress for awhile in disguise, yet the veil will finally be removed—the light of truth and right will send forth their rays into the dark recesses of the man's own soul, and reveal to those deceived by him his false position, and down he must fall. There are those who have wrong purposes without any intention to deceive, but they have wrong conceptions of their own capacities and obligations.

From this consideration it is evident that, if any one would go aright in forming his plans for life, he must examine himself. A mistake, here, is sure to bring failure for part or the whole of life. Many, by insufficient self-examination, or in consequence of overlooking the importance of this matter, have been stranded upon the shoals of disappointment. It was no idle fancy that the ancient philosophers insisted upon the importance of self-knowledge. "Know thyself," which was written over the portal of Delphi, is an injunction worthy to be heeded. It is not true that a man can rise to the heights of success and great usefulness without regulating his purpose by his qualifications. If it were not so, men would not be so diverse in their constitutions as we know them to be. There are various spheres of activity—various callings in the world, and men must differ, accordingly, to meet these requirements. He will be the most successful man who, by self-examination, most exactly finds out the sphere in which he is naturally fitted to act, and then forms a determined purpose to reach the highest point of success in that sphere. It is not the man who aspires to reach the highest positions of honor and influence that is properly and always the most successful man. If he is fitted for them, and reaches them and fills them well, success is eminently his; but to strive after these when unqualified for them, and fail, or to reach them and be unable to fill them, is to bring to himself disgrace, where he had expected to obtain the fair laurel of success. It is better for one to be successful in an humble sphere in life than to be deceived

by the vanity of ambition, so as to attempt far greater things and afterward to have to return with his banner trailing in the dust. Better be a successful tiller of the soil than to be a *contemptible* candidate for the Presidency, or even an incompetent President. Failures should not, however, discourage one after he has rightly started. These have attended, more or less, the world's greatest characters.

This self-examination, as the term indicates, must be made for each man by himself. Others may help him to decide, but they cannot decide for him what his duty is or what his work in life ought to be. Advice of the right sort is of great importance, but it will not take the place of one's own judgment and common sense. For older minds to decide what shall be the purposes of the young minds under their charge, or to mark out the sphere of life for them, is both contrary to nature and, as a rule, pernicious to their highest usefulness. It destroys the independence of the individual, and tends to make mechanical what ought to be natural. No one can see into another's mind to know just what he is fitted for, or to feel his desires and mark out his inclinations. For no two individuals are exactly alike, either mentally or physically. All have their peculiarities.

Not only should every one consult earnestly himself, in order to form a correct and good purpose for life, but his purpose should be higher than to imitate some one who has become famous in the field in which he has decided to use his powers. This imitation also undermines that individuality by which nature marks every man. The great men who have figured in the world's history as discoverers and inventors in intellectual and physical sciences, have been those who, not making themselves mere imitators of their illustrious predecessors, have employed their materials and forces in new relations, so as to make new discoveries and inventions. Slavish imitation in any sphere impedes improvement and originality, and that peculiar power that the man has who is *himself* in his thoughts and actions; at least, who exercises independence of thought or *thinks for himself*. This fact should not hinder us from profiting by the excellences of others; but, after taking advantage of their experiences and productions, we should always aim to rise higher than those who go before us in point of time. No one ought to be content to occupy the workshop of another without improving the apparatus and making advances in his productions.

Again, the mind must be firmly fixed upon *one* purpose, so that everything else shall subserve its accomplishment. Not that a man shall perplex his brains about some one idea or notion that he takes up, until he shall drive himself into an insane asylum, but that he

shall have one clearly-defined purpose which shall underlie all his actions. The most successful men of whom history gives account have been those who, having one prevailing purpose, have pressed vigorously toward the goal at the end of their race-course. Nor does this hinder any one from a broad cultivation of his mind. Though our purpose be to effect a certain result, or to be successful in a particular sphere, yet an extensive development of the mind in general will better enable us to accomplish our purpose. The mind is one, and indivisible into separate parts. Hence, the development of any one of its faculties strengthens all the others, and for a still stronger reason the development of all the others will greatly strengthen any one. So that the study of mathematics, languages, &c., is not lost to him who would be successful in any cause which requires mental discipline.

Finally, there must be boldness and determination to carry out that purpose. The man who would succeed must weigh well the opinions and judgments of other men, and he must have the courage to reject them if they are seen to be of no service to him. He who is not determined in purpose, but changes with every new idea advanced, is like the ship broken from its moorings and tossed hither and thither by the billows of the sea, and destined soon to be wrecked; while he who is fixed and resolute in purpose, is like the ship held secure by strong anchorage while the storm rages, and when the storm has subsided sails safely into its destined haven.

O. D.

NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.

I have heard that this has been a favorite subject for essays with degree-men, and therefore it may appear a little presumptuous in me to attempt to discuss it (or "cuss" it either, for that matter); but, as I cannot hope to compete with them in treating it as they have done, I will attempt to treat it in a manner in which I have never seen it treated before. I will attempt to treat it literally. By treating it *literally*, of course I do not mean that I will treat it to anything to drink, for it has never treated me, and it is not likely that it ever will, and I do not propose to waste treats on "dead-heads," but I mean that I will discuss the subject in its literal sense. Lest its literal sense may not be clear to some, I will give here some definitions found in Webster's Unabridged:

"Night; that part of the natural day when the sun is beneath the horizon."

"Bring; to convey."

"Out; on the exterior, or beyond the limits of any inclosed place or given line."

"The; a word placed before nouns and used to designate or specify a general conception."

"Star; one of the innumerable luminous bodies seen in the heavens."

In the light of these definitions we may restate our subject thus: That part of the natural day when the sun is below the horizon, conveys to the exterior of some inclosed place, those innumerable luminous bodies seen in the heavens.

It is always best to state one's subject in as many ways as possible, in order to make it clear to all. Those who could not understand the first statement of my subject, will doubtless be much better satisfied with the second. But let us proceed with our discussion.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen: This is an all-important subject"—Ah! excuse me, please, I thought I was writing a speech. But, as I said, this is an all-important subject, and grand results depend on the establishment of the proposition stated in it.

In the first place, in order for the stars to be brought out, they must first be *in*. Now, the stars *are in*. Just *what* they are in—except space—I am not prepared to say, but they are certainly *in*. If you go out of doors in the day time, you may hunt for them as much as you please, but you cannot find them. They are not *out*, therefore they must be *in*. Some one may say that they *are* out, because they have been put out in the sense in which a lamp is put out; but I would ask him if he is prepared to say what arrangement there is for lighting them again if they are thus put out? They are too far from each other, and from the sun and earth, for them to be lighted up by an electric battery, and I do not suppose that the city police have the job of lighting them. The natural conclusion then, is, that during the day they are *in*.

The next point to be proved is more difficult, and I do not think there is any absolutely incontrovertible proof of it, but, nevertheless, there are strong arguments supporting it. The point of which I speak is, that the stars do not come out of their own accord, but have to be brought out, and I will proceed to bring out—not the stars, but the arguments supporting this point.

The stars are very timid creatures. They never venture out when the sun is in the heavens, and, in fact, many of them stay in their holes when the moon is in full blast. Now, you will admit that anything that is

afraid of the moon is timid, indeed. Is it not probable, then, that these timid things are too timid to come out at all, unless they are brought out?

Moreover, the stars are inanimate, and whatever action is observed in them must be mechanical and not physical or voluntary. This being the case, is it not plain that, owing to their mortal inertia, when they once start out, not only would they stay out, but they would get farther and farther out? It is highly probable, then, that they do not come out of their own accord, but that something brings them out.

What is that *something*? We maintain that it is night; some of you say that it is the clearness of the atmosphere. Let us see. You ask us, "If it is night that brings them out, why are they not brought out on a cloudy night?" We answer, "Because, these being timid creatures, the power of the clouds to keep them back is greater than the power of the night to bring them out."

We ask you, "If it is the clearness of the atmosphere that brings them out, why are they not brought out on a clear day?" You answer, "Because the power of the sun to keep them back is greater than the power of the clearness of the atmosphere to bring them out." We would simply remark that when these two powers, the clouds and the sun are brought together, the clouds as a rule obscure the sun, while the sun rarely ever obscures the clouds. Moreover, we can say that whenever the heavens are bedecked with stars it is night, while you *cannot* say that then the atmosphere is perfectly clear. Therefore our proposition.

Q. E. D.

MY FIRST POEM.

It was a bonnie lassie,
'Twas happy little Mary,
That caused a little poem
From languid prose to vary.

Full often in the school-room
I've seen this little Mary
Engaged in earnest study,
Like some attentive Fairy.

No thoughtless, idle whisper
Was ever heard from Mary;
But she was not sad and *saintly*,
Or disposed to be contrary.

It is extremely pleasant,
As I lay this pen aside,
To send congratulations
To a hopeful, happy bride.

P. L.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The quarterly election of officers in the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologist Societies occurred on the first Friday evening in this month, it being also the occasion of the election of two Final Orators to represent the two Societies respectively. The following officers were chosen by the Mu Sigma Rhonians: Final Orator, Jno. A. Barker, of Sussex; Term President, James F. Gunter, of Accomac; Vice-President, Percy G. Elsom, of Nelson; Censor, A. N. Bowers, of Hanover; Recording Secretary, D. H. Kerfoot, of Clarke; Corresponding Secretary, Noel Lewis, of Henrico; Treasurer, R. Lee Camden, of Nelson; Librarian, G. C. Bundick, of Accomac; Chaplain, Jno. R. Daniel, of Roanoke; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. G. Miller, of Rappahannock; Critic, Alfred J. Dickinson, of Louisa; Editors of the *Messenger*, James T. Redd, of Henrico, and Edward L. Scott, of De Soto Parish, Louisiana.

The following officers were elected in the Philologist Society: Final Orator, W. B. Haislip, of Fluvanna; Term President, H. W. Tribble, of Caroline; Vice-President, Robt. C. Hubbard, of Pittsylvania; Recording Secretary, W. A. Borum, of Norfolk; Corresponding Secretary, C. W. Pritchett, of Pittsylvania; Treasurer, Lawrence W. Wilson, of Westmoreland; Librarian, W. L. Lemon, of Botetourt; Critic, E. D. Reams, of Charlotte; Censor, J. D. Martin, of Pittsylvania; Chaplain, J. W. Mitchell, of Franklin; Sergeant-at-Arms, G. G. Ryan, of Rappahannock; Editors of *Messenger*, W. J. H. Bohannon, of Matthews, and J. G. Paty, of Tennessee; Board of Managers, W. Y. Quisenberry, of Spotsylvania, and P. J. M. Osborne, of Prince Edward.

Rev. C. F. James, of Culpeper, delivered before the students the fifth Biblical lecture of the course. His subject was, "Our Idea of God, and its Influence on our Lives." The lecturer made a fine impression on all who heard him. All nations, said he, even the most ignorant and savage, have some idea of a God, a being which is greater than man, whose anger is to be feared, and his wrath appeased. That it was after the Flood that the worship of false gods sprung up. Man can have no higher ideal than that which he has of the god which he worships, and that man's character is necessarily influenced and

shaped by that ideal. Man, said he, cannot have a perfect idea of God, but insisted strongly on guarding against wrong ideas of the Creator.

Mr. James is an alumnus of Richmond College, and quite a prominent one. He, fresh (this is not exactly the right word, we suppose) from the Confederate army, was the first student to matriculate on the re-opening of the college in 1866. He was also the first to put in operation the present *messing* system, which has proved such a success, and saved the poor student many a precious dollar. Not to mention Mr. James' war record, we can say, he was first in peace, first in the *mess*, and is one of the first in the hearts of the students.

POETRY.—Anybody can write poetry. Some people talk about poetic inspiration and the "gift of the Muses," but it's all *bosh*. One man has as much right to make poetry as another. It is easy enough to do. When a man goes to write poetry, all he has to do is, first to select his subject,—any subject will do—then, write the first line, that's easy enough; then the next line is all easy, except the last word, *that* must rhyme. It makes no difference about the length of the second line, just so you end up with the right word, and don't run off the paper. If the line is too long, just make the next line a little shorter. That's poetic license. One man is born as poetically as another, and he lives in the same poetic world. The reason why Milton is the only man who ever wrote a *Paradise Lost*, is because he is the only man that ever tried it. If you or I had written Milton's *Paradise Lost*, we would have been as famous as Milton. The reason you see so much bad poetry, is not because the person who wrote it absolutely cannot write poetry, but because he didn't go about it in the right way. If he had followed the rule given above, his poetry would be all that anybody would have expected, and if it is not appreciated by the people in literary circles, it is their fault, that's all.

Messrs. Editors,—You will confer a great favor by stating who is the author of "Mary had a little Lamb?"

JOE.

Why are you so anxious to know, Joseph? Is your girl named Mary, and are you her pet lamb? Or has Mary gone back on her pet, and you want to take spite on the author of those beautiful lines by giving him a *lambing*. O no, Joe, we see your evil designs, and will not be *particeps criminis* to any such sheepish proceedings.

ODE TO IONE.

BY OWEN.

I own my own Ione,
My own Ione I own,
Ione, I own my own,
My own, I own Ione,
Ione, my own I own,
I own Ione my own.

There is not a paper in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Australia, or Abyssinia—and we wager our gold pen on it—that has not at some time or other written something or other about the “trials of an editor.” To all that has been written on the subject in the past, or ever will be written in the future, we, the present corps, will not reiterate, but simple endorse, and cry, Amen, and Amen.

It is probably rather late in the season to be wishing our readers “A happy New Year.” Many others have wished them that. We would wish them a happy, prosperous, year, with all the joy and sunshine which it is possible and practicable for man to possess “in this vain world of ours.”

We welcome Messrs. Redd, Scott, Bohannon, and Paty as our successors in the editorial business. We are glad that such worthy men step into our shoes. The only fear we have is, that they—the shoes, of course—will be too small.

We take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a complimentary ticket of admission to the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y. We would be very pleased to visit the Observatory, and if any one of our staff has occasion to go to Rochester any time soon, he will certainly do so.

The corps who, next month, are to succeed us as editors of this journal, have commenced their work well. At the meeting of their organization, we understand that some such resolutions as these were the first to be offered and unanimously adopted :

Whereas it has come to our notice that a “Fighting Editor” is absolutely necessary to the success of a college journal ; and *whereas* previous editors have been sadly neglectful of this important and vital matter in general, and the last corps in particular ; and *whereas* one of the last corps, to wit : the editor of the local department, having gotten himself into a difficulty, “which did, or might have

resulted in the death of one of the parties ;" and *whereas*, in every fight, *one* man is bound to be worsted ; therefore, be it

Resolved, First, that all four of the incoming editors be, and are hereby, constituted "*fighting editors*," to maintain *by any means whatsoever* the honor and dignity of the Richmond College *Messenger*.

Resolved, Second, that we announce to the world, and all others, that we do solemnly swear to stand together against any number of assailants, *provided* that number shall not be less than one nor more than four.

Resolved, Third, that resolution second shall not be construed to mean, that out of the number of those who assail us, or our paper, we shall not have the privilege of selecting those to *flog* whom *we* may deem safe and expedient.

After which, the staff-elect went into the transaction of less important business.

LOCALS.

Ready?

For what?

Examinations, fool.

Oh, I don't like the schedule. I wish they'd give us a little more time.

Why was our case of chicken-pox like cold butter? Because it didn't spread.

"Say," Bill, "how high would you say our colleg-tower is?

Bill: "About—two thousand feet."

Why is there so much joking about the young man who was so unfortunate as to have chicken-pox? Is it not en-*Huff* to have that foul disease without also having everybody joke about it?

Professor of Chemistry: "Mr. Y., what fluid is used in that electric battery?"

Mr. Y.: "Deluded sulfuric acid, sir."

Greek student (to another): "S., have you an Anthon's Anabasis for sale?"

Mr. S.: "I haven't got Anthon's edition, but I have a Zenophon's Anabasis."

Greek student: "I don't want Zenophon's, that's not comprehensive enough; I want Anthon's."

Calicoist: "I don't like that young lady; she's got a predicament in her speech, and I told her so, and I haven't been to her house since."

That's right, young man, you stay away and be sure not to go to see another young lady this year, especially if she has anything as bad as that.

A young man having returned from the Theodore Thomas concert, (admission one dollar, reserved seats one dollar extra,) was giving an account of how Mr. Thomas was received. Said he, "He was *anchored* a half-dozen times." Theodore must have had a rough time moving about.

The boys on the second floor are evidently not fond of music; they would have it all shipped to the northeastern part of Africa.

Mr. B., in the Sunday-school class, when some gentleman was selected to write an essay on the Epistle of James, asked, with a serious air, if any information on that subject could be found in Herodotus.

Mr. B. probably made his mistake by supposing Herodotus to be the Greek for Herod. Mistakes will occur even in the best regulated Sunday-school class.

Mr. D. makes this translation of a passage of German: "How ye visit me, ye pictures which I thought long forgotten." And on being asked by the professor what *I* is nominative to, in the sentence, promptly replies, "To pictures." To be able to make such a beautiful rendition of the sentence, and not to be able to parse it, smacks rather of the equine, doesn't it?

S.: "T., when I first came here I thought you were as ugly as his majesty the D—— himself, but now—"

T.: "Go on S., finish the compliment."

S.: "And I think so now." (S. triumphant, T. crest-fallen.)

Mr. P., in company with a party of ladies, remarked that his "old lady" was quite unwell. The ladies having previously supposed Mr. P. to be a single man, were much astonished at the announcement,

and were about to set Mr. P. down as an impostor ; and their minds were only relieved when told that when a college boy speaks of his "old lady" he simply means his room-mate.

It used to be said that a Richmond-College student could always be identified by simply looking at the heel of his boot. If the blacking-brush had not visited that locality of his foot, he was a student of Richmond College. But this distinction is no longer made. He is now told, the girls say, by his "good looks." But we know irony when we hear it, and this is some of it. Everybody cannot be handsome ; some must be ugly. The girls should not be so rough, even on the ugly boys, for remember that each one of them is "somebody's darling."

Some of our students are very fond of visiting their friends at the Richmond Female Institute. But the principal of that institution is wise—not from age, by any means ; her wisdom seems to be innate—so she doesn't allow the boys to come *too* often unless they are cousins. Thus some of the boys are becoming quite expert at tracing relationship. But what we were going to say is, that even one of our present corps, having failed to find that he is a cousin, says he is going to strike higher, and establish even a closer relationship with one of the young ladies. We know him so well that we are confident he means what we says.

Soliloquy of a calico man who is still in the arena :

When I consider all
 The girls I love together,
 I feel like a peacock at a ball,
 With waving plume and feather ;
 I feel like one who gaily treads
 Some pathway strewn with roses,
 Whose garlands neat, and perfume sweet,
 Lead on to calm repose.

Soliloquy of the calico man, lately retired from the arena :

When I remember all
 The girls I've met together,
 I feel like a rooster in the fall,
 Exposed to every weather ;
 I feel like one who treads alone
 Some barn-yard all deserted,
 Whose oats are fled, whose hens' all dead,
 And off to market started,

Boys, how may we convert our old stewpan tops into objects of usefulness? Why, just listen to what comes from a sister institution, and it is not from "over the sea" either: "We have two hams in our room, and it would amuse you to see me cooking it in pans that we manufactured *ourselves from stewpan tops*. You know my fondness for ham, and, ridiculous as it may seem to you, I can testify that it is good." Why have we been so thoughtless as to dash them away? Isn't it evident that we have made a great mistake? It's true, we have nothing as nice as ham to cook; but often, while we could not make it "good," we might at least greatly improve our "rare" ante-diluvian beef and canine boulognas. Eve told Adam how he might eat of "forbidden fruit," and her daughters still carry out the precedence.

We always try to be modest, and let others praise our noble and beloved institution; but when she is the recipient, and wears so modestly such honors as have been lavished upon her for the last two or three terms, we are completely overcome, and are forced to crown her with appellations of glory. Just think! Session before last *Sampson* entered our college as a student! Last session *Soloman* deigned to matriculate also, that he might here add to his already vast and varied learning! And this session—*what shall we say!* We have enrolled as *students at Richmond College* none other than the prophet *Daniel*, the *King* of Halifax, and the *Duke* of Nansemond!! Can we refrain from speaking her praises? "If we were to hold our tongues the very *Stones* would cry out." The fact is, it would take *Reams* to catalogue all the important personages who are with us.

FIENDS.—There are three classes of young men at college, the appearance of whom is to be deeply regretted. We shall call them Fiends, for short.

The first is the chemistry fiend. This young man never uses any other than scientific language. Whatever may be the subject of conversation or the topic under discussion, he is preëminently and irrepressibly the chemist. He is well acquainted with all the nomenclature, new and old, which he never forgets to use. When at the table, he asks you to pass him the sodium chloride, or to fill his glass with hydric oxide, and presently he remarks on the sesqui-oxide of iron on his knife, &c., &c. When there is a large audience listening, he is particularly active. But it is not long before they swoon away and

pant for H₂O to be thrown in their faces. We are candid to say that the sooner King O takes him away the better.

The next is the calico fiend, so often heard of and dilated upon. He is generally, though not always, a first-year man; consequently should be looked upon with some degree of allowance. He always visits the prettiest girl or girls—generally the latter—in town, and always stays till the girl is tired and sleepy and the father irate. He never stops, however, nor checks his course, but on and on he speeds in his little skiff, slightly dreaming of the calamities which await him. Occasionally some old mariner, who has been along there, like Monitor, cries out from the shore, “Ahoy, young man, ahoy; the rapids are below you.” But onward, faster and yet more fast he speeds, until he is hurled over the rapids and the gurgling abyss closes in upon him, and—he is gone forever, leaving only his little craft floating upon the foaming surface, as a warning to those who are to come after not to trifle with dangerous things.

The next is the gentleman-of-leisure fiend. This gentleman cannot be accused of having the “calico ticket,” for it is the lawn ticket he prefers; in other words, you will always find him on the campus. At any time of day and a part of the night, and under all circumstances, you will find him there. He has no office hours. He is a jolly good fellow, and always has a good word and a cigarette for you. To him books are a useless encumbrance; you could never persuade him, however, that perhaps he might possibly make better use of his time. He does not believe it. He, on the other hand, can always show you the man who does not improve his time.

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us;
It wad from many a blunder free us
And strange commotion.”

He seems to forget the old adage, “People that live in glass houses should”—pull down the blinds.

Clinton, who has a just appreciation of the past services of his faithful friends—his slippers—immortalizes them in the following lines:

DEM SCHLIPPERS.

Vat is it dot mine vife has bought,
Und to me from de city brought,
Und “would be nice for me” she t’ought,
Dem schlippers!

Vat is it, ven I vas so tired,
 Und feels like I vas all day hired,
 Dot eases all my corns acquired?
 Dem schlippers!

Vat is it ven dem young brats squalls,
 Und fights und fusses in dem halls,
 Dot sometimes on dere breeches falls?
 Dem schlippers!

Vat is it ven I sits me down,
 Und yarms und nods mein old gray crown,
 Dot calls mein wife's sweet face aroun'?
 Dem schlippers!

Vat is it dot vill always be
 A comfort to mein feet—and me?
 Some t'ings I loves at night to see—
 Dem schlippers!

CLINTON.

PERSONALS.

Just as we were wishing for a man to put first upon our list of personals, whom should we meet but our old friend, R. L. Traylor, of session '79-'80. Bob is doing well, and looking well, too. He is in the chief-engineer's office of the Georgia Pacific Railway company, at Atlanta, Ga.

We get an occasional glimpse of Rev. I. M. Mercer, A. M. of session '78-'79. He is much pleased with his charge in Halifax.

J. L. King is back. He brought with him a—portly beard.

Where's Henson? When's he coming back? He is at home. The doctor says it is best for him not to come back just now. He will spend his time partly in hunting and horseback riding. And don't get jealous if he does *carry* on a little with the girls.

Willie Hudgins, session '78-'79, is practising law in Texas.

Rev. J. T. Lynch was with us a few days ago. The absence of his beard gives him quite a youthful appearance.

W. G. Hix, session '80-'81, has been engaged in teaching school, selling horses, and other useful occupations since he left us. He is now at the Seminary.

G. W. Young is in Ripley studying law.

R. T. Turnley is at his home in Spotsylvania studying law.

The last we heard of C. A. Branch he was on his way to a leap-year ball.

C. T. Johnson is merchandising at Beaver Dam, in Hanover. You left one of your over-shoes in room 16. Better come and get it, or you'll have a happy time hopping through the mud to see your sweetheart.

E. L. Waldrop—Can anybody tell us where he is? The last we heard of him he was proposing to buy a city lot. We suppose he is tired of his *lonely* lot.

T. M. Latham, session '81-'82, is attending the Medical College in Baltimore.

Sumpter George is studying medicine in New York.

J. M. McManaway, session '79-'80, is preaching in North Carolina. Glad to hear that the papers speak so well of him.

J. L. Estes, session '80-'81, is in business in Macon, Ga. Having a good time with the girls, too—so he says.

D. E. Coleman is at his home in Nelson. We miss your oratory, Coleman.

J. L. Lake, A. M. of '81-'82, is at his home in Fauquier county.

A. W. Hooker is at the University of Mississippi. Amzi, practice pitching. We expect you back next session.

We learn through a *Mendax Maximus* that F. F. Fowler is in Mexico, in a railroad office, getting \$25,000 per annum.

Rosenbaum is now at the A. and M. College, Blacksburg.

Alderson is in West Virginia teaching school.

A. J. Montague, session '81-'82, was with us during the Christmas. Come again, Jack, we want to hear some of your little jokes.

J. D. Ramsdell, session '80-'81, favored us with a copy of the *Cracker* a short time ago. This paper is published in Atlanta, Ga. Its picture department is right well gotten up, *by Josh*.

Willie Marchant, session '80-'81, is merchandising in Matthews county.

We are glad to learn through the papers that Rev. A. J. Reamy has accepted the care of the Byrne-Street church, in Petersburg. We wish him much success.

We are always pleased to note the advancement of former students of the college. It gives us pleasure to note the appointment, as judges, of George H. Swan, session '72-'73, and Timothy Rives, session '79-'80—the former of Botetourt, the latter of Prince George.

This number brings us to the end
Of what we've had to do.
And now kind reader, smiling friend,
We'll gently say adieu.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges are quite numerous this month. Among them are many of excellent merit.

On our table is a copy of the *Shaker Manifesto*. This paper presents a neat, attractive appearance. We were much pleased with the "Visit to the Shakers." It is quite interesting to read what these people believe. Come again.

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* objects to our "Sunshine," "Friendship," and "Patriotism." Of course, *Autumn, Love, and The Spell of Memory* are much more interesting subjects for a college paper. We could hardly conceive of a paper edited by ladies and gentlemen, conjointly, without a little love. As to patriotism, we think we are near enough to our National capital, and far enough away from our late civil war, to be patriotic. And since we cannot have as much love as you, do let us have all the sunshine and friendship we can get.

King's College Record speaks kindly of the *Messenger*, and asks, "Is there not among the Richmond-College students a single bard worthy of the name?" Look on the first page of our December No. We will also give you the songs of some of our other bards, if you

wish it. We have read "The Forests of Nova Scotia." We suppose it to be from one of the bards of King's College. If it is, it does its author credit. We find in it a line analogous to one in Gray's Elegy:

"Beneath these moss-draped spires, these arches wide."—*Record*.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree shade."—*Gray*.

We have before us a copy of the *Wake Forest Student*. This is one of our handsomest and most attractive exchanges. The present number has a fine collection of very readable articles.

The *Chimes of Shorter College*, Rome, Ga., is a bright, attractive little paper. We read with great interest, "This Above All—To Thine Own Self be True."

The *Academica*, from the University of Cincinnati, has a good collection of wit.

The *Volante* is one of our best exchanges. Its locals and personals are well gotten up.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* has evidently been trying to give *taffy* to the *Volante*. Should the exchange editor make his proposed "*waist-basket*," he will doubtless find it far more difficult to fill it than to fill his paper.

The *Signet* says that a student of Clarksville, Tenn., while acting as a book agent, had so much cheek that a thunderbolt, having struck him on the cheek while standing by a haystack, "glanced off and killed a mule. We admit that the "*young*" man has a good deal of cheek. That fact is exhibited in his claiming to be a *young* man. For at least fifteen years ago we saw that same story in print.

The *Record* is a small paper, published by the Preps. of Wabash College. There does not seem to exist a very warm friendship between the *Record* and the *Lariat*. We admire the spirit and independence of the *Record*. We find upon our table many more very excellent exchanges. Not all of them are indeed above criticism, but most of them are decidedly good. Time and space forbid a more extended notice of them.

But before we lay aside our pen let us extend a word of welcome to the *Educational Journal*, published at Jackson, Tenn. Come again,

In addition to the above mentioned, we have received the following: Several copies of the 'Varsity, the Star Crescent, the Rugby Monthly, the Fisk Herald, Indiana Student, Rouge-et-Noir, the Album, the Earlhamite, the American Kindergarten Magazine, the Fordham College Monthly, the Alma Mater, the American Protectionist, College Index, College Message, the Normal News, the Record (Clarksville, Tenn.), Ariel, Calliopean Clarion, North and South, the Roanoke Collegian, the Wheelman, the Agents' Herald, the Lutherville Seminary, the Adelpian, the Educational Monthly, the Educational Journal of Virginia, the Port Folio, the Academy Journal, the Bethany Collegian, the Electra, the Oak Leaf, the Wheaton College Record, Father Columbia's Paper.

With this number of the *Messenger* our term of office comes to an end. We have been highly gratified by the honor which our fellow-students have conferred upon us. But we feel that the labor and responsibility of the position has been great. Still we do not regret any labor we have performed. We lay aside our pen, feeling assured that our successor will, by his ability and prudence, fully, yea, more than atone for all the blunders we have made.

And now a farewell word to our exchanges: We have doubtless failed to see and to appreciate all the good that is in you. We hope that none of our criticisms have been harsh or unjust. We confess that we have not had the keenness of an eagle in detecting and exposing the faults of our exchanges. In all our efforts to say pleasant things we have endeavored to confine ourselves to the facts in the case. If we have failed in any of these respects we ask your pardon. Many of you we have learned to love, but to one and all of you we must now say adieu.

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C. O. CAMPBELL,
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