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# Richmond College Messenger.

Vol. X.

RICHMOND, VA., OCTOBER, 1884.

No. 1.

EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, R. S. REDD, A. J. DICKINSON; *Philologist*, E. B. HATCHER. E. P. LIPSCOMB.

BUSINESS MANAGER.—W. A. BORUM.

## VIRGIE.

She's only a "country" girl,  
And yet

Her hair has nestled  
The warm sunset.

She's only a "country" girl,  
And still

Hear dear voice sounds  
Like a mountain rill.

She's only a "country" girl,  
'Tis true;

Her eyes are larkspurs  
Dipped in dew.

She's only a "country" girl;  
Be sure

Her mind is clear and bright  
And pure.

She's only a "country" girl;  
I know

Her heart's as white  
As unstained snow.

And so the sun, the stream, the flower,  
Each yields to her its witching power,  
And keeps my heart in happy whirl—  
Ah! who can match my "country" girl?

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L A B O R .  

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[Oration of G. C. BUNDICK, final orator of the Mu Sigma Rho Society.]

The doctrine of the Pessimists is that work, or rather the necessity for work, is the great enemy of man. I admit that labor was originally imposed as a curse, and that to many it is probably a burden and a chastisement. But an All-Wise Being so arranged our physical and mental constitutions that from what was intended as a curse have come man's highest honor and happiness. The Pessimists are, then, ignorant of those principles which are in healthy harmony with the activities and impulses of our nature. They come nearer to the truth who say that the great enemy of man is the spirit of idleness—the false notion entertained by many, especially among the people of the South, that labor tends to debase, and that manual labor is dishonorable and servile.

Action is the life of the universe—the impelling principle which carries men and nations onward. Old Ocean, with ceaseless roll and swell, moves in never-ending ebb and flow. The very air we breathe is in a state of ceaseless activity. Should this activity cease for one hour, it would be physical death to all of the higher forms of animal life. Man, from the moment he breathes the first breath of life till he pays the debt of nature, is never in a quiescent condition, and inaction for one moment would produce instant death. The earth daily moves about its axis. The planets are constantly whirling and revolving around each other in space, and should the activity of one of these planets stop a single moment, it is probable there would be a collision, producing such a wreck of matter and crush of worlds as to leave this world in a worse condition than that from which at the fiat of the Almighty it sprung out of chaos and eternal night. To suppose that man alone of animate and inanimate creation was made to



remain inactive and not develop those higher faculties and powers God has given to him, is an assumption contrary to nature's first law and to those impulses which fit and impel him to action. In the innermost heart of man there burns a painfully smouldering fire, giving him no rest till it forms into beneficent acts and creations.

All that distinguishes the boasted Anglo-Saxon from the aborigines of our country—yea, from the dusty denizens of Central Africa,—is the result of labor. This is the most splendid and useful heritage which civilized nations have had bequeathed to them. Work is the key that unlocks the store-house of creation and opens for us the treasures of the universe. It is the cabalistic sign which reveals to us the instruction of the past, renders useful the knowledge of the present, and pierces the veil of futurity.

Idleness is the mother of vice. It is the social gangrene, the plague-spot upon civilization which threatens to destroy all the real and actual. It is the hot-bed in which are generated and nourished all kinds of vice and immorality. I believe if all the evil deeds in the world were traced to their first cause, idleness would be found to have been the cause of by far the greater number of them. Idleness produces stagnation; stagnation breeds sickly forms of life. The heart and mind of many a man because of idleness is like a stagnant pool, while miasma hangs over the surface like a cold vapor, and in the sluggish waters beneath, hideous creatures of all kinds are taking shape and vitality.

Sidney Smith says, "the only way to destroy vice is to set up something better in its place." The Brahminical and Rabbinical scriptures teach that the parent who does not teach his child a trade teaches him to be a thief. A distinguished writer says: "The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated and without skill in any art or science, does an injury to mankind as well as to his own family; for he defrauds the community of a useful citizen



and bequeaths to it a nuisance." Among the laws given by Solon to the Athenians was one which excused the child from maintaining in old age that parent who had neglected to train him up to some art or profession. It was, perhaps, undue rigor to the defaulting parent to punish him with forfeiture of all claim on the neglected child; but if the measure of obligation is the measure of right, then it seems to me that the child whose parent neglects the most essential part of his training is not under as weighty obligations to the parent as he would have been if the parent had performed his duty.

How few in number are they who recognize that there is no distinction in *kind*, but simply in *degree*, between the cheat, the thief and the robber on the one hand, and the idler on the other.

Man is to a large extent the creature of education and habit. Early life is the time in which to cultivate in the rising generations, respect and desire for work. The failure to inculcate these principles in our youth as well as the disposition to discountenance manual labor has filled to overflowing the professions. The fact that God created men with degrees of capacity and diversities of talents is an evidence that he intended them for diversities of occupation. "Know Thyself," is said by Pliny to have been one of the three precepts consecrated in golden letters over the door of the temple at Delphi. Be what nature intended you to be. Many a man has had "failure" branded on him simply because he failed to get in the position for which nature intended him. Some men, not content with the position for which nature has fitted and in which Providence has placed them, aspire to higher positions, and venture, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders these many summers in a sea of glory, but far beyond their depth, and at length their high-blown pride breaks under them and leaves them, weary and worn, to a rude stream that must forever engulf them. Like Dædalus of old, they soar so near the sun that their wings are



scorched, and, falling headlong from their high position they are drowned in a sea of shame.

The notion that the three "black graces," Law, Physic, and Divinity, must be worshipped by the candidate for respectability and honor, has done incalculable injury to society by drawing into these professions men unsuited to fill them, and taking from the other departments men who, in them, would have achieved success. And in these latter days the lower notion that the aspirant to respectability and honor must worship also at the shrine of wealth, has done, and is doing, far greater injury to society. I can conceive of no worse evil that can befall a country than the worship of mammon. And it will be a sad day for our country when its people shall become possessed with an insane desire for wealth. The evils caused to thousands of honest, hard-working and dependent men, women, and children by an insane spirit of speculation, furnish a sad comment upon the honesty and integrity of the business men of our country. Honest industry is the real basis of a nation's prosperity.

The greatness and wealth of a country are far less dependent upon its natural resources than upon the energy of its people. Greece and Rome had but meagre natural resources; yet, by the indomitable energy, pluck, and application of their people, they attained to an unrivalled greatness and splendor; while indolent Persia, with unsurpassed natural resources, never attained to any high and permanent glory. To say a word against mental culture would be out of keeping with the place and occasion, and out of harmony with my own feelings; but I am convinced that its advocates assign it more than its real importance. Its orators, rising upon the wings of fancy and of imagination, almost claim that it is the *panacea* of human ills and depravity, and foundation of the morality and prosperity of a country.

There is no necessary connection between knowledge and morality. To men of practical sense and observation,



it does not require an astute and lengthy argument to prove this. The statement of one or two facts is sufficient. Goethe, the inventor of the term "culture," and Germany's greatest intellectual prodigy, (or, rather, its greatest intellectual monstrosity,) was evidently unable to distinguish between moral and religious influence, and might have with profit taken lessons in ethics from some of the most uncultured of his countrymen. A large proportion of the ignorant and uncultured of the sons of America, for honesty of action and integrity of purpose, stand equal if not superior to the most refined and cultured that can be found in all the professions.

Our Professor of Chemistry will deny the statement that the wealth of a country increases with the increase of mental culture; but I presume that, with all his acquaintance with the political economy, he will not deny that the prosperity and happiness of a nation increase in almost mathematical proportions with the increase of its industry.

I am not here to advocate work simply on the ground of utility. I believe that a vast amount of human misery and wretchedness is largely due to the fact that men construct their theories of duty not on the greatest "nobleness principle," as Carlyle styles it, but on the greatest happiness principle. "Happiness, our being's end and aim," is not the end to which we are to direct our energies. I hold the theory, that true happiness is only to be found in the performance of duty.

"Show me," says Carlyle, "a people energetically busy, heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel, their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling with man's energy and will—I will show you a people of whom great good is already predicable, to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure." I can conceive of no greater blessing that could befall this country than for all classes of society to be convinced of the truth that there is a perennial blessedness as well as sacredness in work, that labor alone is noble, that a man is not vulgar simply because he



gains his living by the constant exercise of his muscles, but that our country's workingmen are her true noblemen, her present strength, and her future hope. All of us admire great and noble actions. Youth and childhood spend some of their best and happiest hours in longing for and picturing to themselves the time when they shall take part in similar deeds. But, alas! I fear too many of us spend precious moments in vain longings and useless reveries, all unmindful of the fact that labor is necessary to fit men for the performance of such acts; that only in the imagination do great thoughts and deeds "leap, like Minerva, full formed from the head of Jove," and that in every prodigious feat of intellect there is revived and indirectly made to appear all the past activities of the mind, and great deeds are the result of the concentrated efforts of years. The man who is to become really great must be impressed with the truth that he is to begin by doing little things well. The greater the deeds he is to perform, and the higher in the scale of human greatness he is to rise, the deeper down and the broader must be the foundation with which he begins.

The labor at first must be immense and the progress slow, but physical and mental powers, like the boulder detached from the mountain's side, which goes slowly at first, and gains velocity and momentum in each succeeding revolution, till in its swiftness and momentum it carries everything before it, may be trained until there is scarcely anything in the realm of matter or of spirit, to which they will be unequal.

To some of us at times this life is like a summer sea—

" With winds abaft and sails spread wide,  
We drift adown the tranquil tide."

But soon the smooth surface of this sea is ruffled, and the gentle ripples are lashed into rough and angry billows, and we, in our frail barks with winds ahead and current against us, find ourselves almost desparingly struggling for



life in the angry sea. It is natural for us to think that it is best for us when nothing occurs to disturb our present happiness. But when the mists of passion and of feeling shall have rolled away, and the sun of sober reflection and reason shall shine forth in its undimmed lustre, we shall view the matter differently, and see that life does not always grow strong and vigorous in the midst of perpetual sunshine; that it would be better for it at times to be beaten by hail and storm, and that the most beneficial moments of our life were not those when Prosperity's sun blazed full around us, but rather those in which adversity shrouded us with a darkness that could almost be felt.

It is natural for us to fancy the condition of others better than our own. We are often disposed to be gloomy, forgetting that behind the cloud the sun is still shining. Some of us are apt to become discouraged and despondent. But those of us endowed with only common talents and but meagre opportunities for good, may take consolation from the fact, that in the final reckoning with the Master, we shall not be judged by the brilliancy of the work performed; that he will not receive the greatest applause who acts the most shining part, but he who acts best the part assigned him.

I imagine that when America's most gifted poet wrote—

———“ So live, that

When thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan that moves to  
the pale realms of shade,  
Where each shall take his place in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon;  
But sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,  
And lies down to pleasant dreams ”—

there passed in rapid panoramic review before his mind's eye the picture of one who had used his time, energies, and talents to the best advantage, and had grasped the idea that every man is but a link in the chain of creation; that these links are mutually dependent on each other, and that the chain, for its strength and utility, is dependent on



the individual and combined strength of the links, and only he fulfils the part designed for him who does not concentrate his thoughts and efforts upon self, but takes in the whole human family.

I have spoken of the dignity of labor, and have rather censured those who, instead of devoting their time, powers, and energies to the real and the useful, employ them in reveries and in vain and hurtful desires. But I do not advise that you pay no attention to the beautiful and the ideal; I warn you, rather, not to be so intensely engaged as to get under the despotism of the practical and material. If a man is to become well developed, well rounded and symmetrical, he must cultivate his whole being—physical, mental, and moral. If we become too intensely practical, if policy becomes the guiding principle of action, there is danger that the æsthetic part of our nature will become dwarfed, and that we will thus make for ourselves an existence narrow in aim and circumscribed in accomplishment.

Labor is the synonym of all that is grand, noble, and chivalrous. I do not know how better to pay my adieu to it and to you also, my fellow-students, who are so soon to go forth from these walls to battle with the stern realities of practical life, than in the closing words of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," a poem beautiful and musical in rhythm, and in sentiment noble and inspiring:

“Thou guide by which the noble arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;  
Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's cliffs or Pambormarco's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;  
Aid slighted truth in thy persuasive strain,  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
Teach him that state's native strength possessed,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;  
But self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.”



## VALEDICTORY.

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[Delivered before the Literary Societies by Mr H. W. TRIBBLE.]

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*Ladies and Gentlemen :* Such occasions as these, filling the soul of the student with emotions both of joy and sadness, giving him inspiration by the presence of such an audience as is before him, lend wings to his rhetoric and enchantment to his eloquence. But college eloquence, by reason of its positive qualities and distressing enjoyableness, taxes so oppressively the attention, and absorbs so exclusively the interest of the hearer, that it must fail to be appreciated and enjoyed if prolonged to too great an extent. And inasmuch as you have had so much of it to-night, and that of the most entrancing character, you are doubtless gratified to know that I come forward not to prolong the agony to any great length ; but, of course, it would be strained and unnatural for me not to indulge, for a few moments, at least, my eloquent inclinations. Besides, it would be out of harmony with the etiquette of the day not to give expression to some compliments and pleasantry before saying good-bye.

I shall try, however, to indulge just long enough and in such a manner as to allow you to descend from the heights to which you have been lifted, and to prevent my giving a shock to your feelings by a blunt conclusion. I do not wish to hold you spell-bound by a strict and logical consecution of thought ; therefore, if I am not disconnected, please do not think it my fault.

Pausing, then, before we come to the sad adieu, let us consider our situation. Parting scenes are usually looked upon as occasions of sadness ; but we, as students, do not experience to-night simply the emotion of sadness, but there is a strange commingling of the two—sadness and joy.

For nine long months we have been plodding up the rugged sides of the mountain. Now we stand upon its summit, and look with delight upon the low-lying plains beneath us. As we look back upon the struggles through which we have passed, we rejoice to know that they are behind us. Days and nights we have racked our brains with Greek roots, the Latin *cum occasione*, the concen-



tration of our reasoning powers upon the sure but scanty materials of linguistics, the expansion of our minds to comprehend the knowledge that extends from the centre of our earth to the planets which whirl in their orbits in the dim distance of the universe, and the divorcement by chemical persuasion of the most permanent marriages among the elements of nature.

Not satisfied with this, we have entered the realms of mathematics, and extended our calculations to the "mathematical burying ground," and aroused the slumbering occupants of infinity. Still unsatisfied, we have entered the realms of mental philosophy to encounter conflicts with its concepts, and, in many cases, to contemptuously fail to conceive of its abstract notions of Time and Space, the Infinite and Absolute. From all of these struggles we have derived much benefit; but we hail with delight the close of these conflicts. To the professors who have exercised command over us in these struggles, we bid adieu with joy and not with sorrow. Not, however, because we do not appreciate their worth, nor because we esteem them less on account of the labor we have had to endure, for we esteem them among the noblest sons of proud Old Virginia, and that notwithstanding the fact that they have been very lavish with their blue marks and zeros. But we desire to meet them upon planes where independence is a more mutual thing.

We also experience joy from our anticipations of the near future. Absent loved ones at home, and in some cases, loved ones outside of the home circle, are waiting to greet us with smiles and cheering words on our return from our labor. With pride and expressions of joy, will they behold the laurels of our success; and if any of us have had the misfortune of being "pitched," and have missed our laurels, of course it was because we were sick, or the professors put up too hard examinations. With these, or similar palliations, or with no palliations at all, our friends will receive us; and each and all us, "through" or "pitched," shall have our portion of joy. The fatted calf is prepared, the extra table is set, and all home is happy and ready to receive us. We shall be the favorites and centres of attraction till familiarity shall wear away the novelty and college polish, and, then, alas! my college friends, we shall again become



the same John, and George, and Henry. But, boys, we will have a "fat" time as long as the fat calf lasts.

But there are also feelings of sadness mingled with our feelings of joy. We are saddened to turn away from our old *alma mater*. We look upon her with admiration and delight as she stands, no longer in her lonely, prison-like appearance, but mantled in garments of grandeur and beauty—her campus is smoothing down its ruggedness, red clay is hiding itself beneath the carpeting of verdure, her trees are spreading their branches, and from them the birds give forth their voices in cheerfulness and melody, and all around she is rising into admiration, with only one pine standing as a memorial of her former days and as a preventive to her too high exaltation. We rejoice that our visitors have no longer to climb the winding flights of steps to look out from her tower for objects of beauty and attraction; but her towers, her halls, her museum, and her library are objects of attraction and delight. One of our chief joys is that our college is attractive to visitors, and especially that Richmond's fair daughters come to see her new apartment.

We feel sad in saying farewell to the people of Richmond, whose interest in us, and hearty appreciation of our exercises, we have always enjoyed, although, at times, this interest, from some of the more delicate class, has become partial and individualized. Methinks I see some manifestation of this here to-night; but I have no complaint against it; for partiality in this direction, at least, is a principle of human nature, and it is useless to raise war against the fixed principles of nature, as is well expressed in that line of Latin, *Naturam si furca expellas, tamen usque recurret*—though you drive out nature with a pitch-fork, nevertheless, she always returns.

We are sad to part from our fellow-students. Together we have had our joys and our sorrows. Upon the campus, in our games, in the lecture-rooms, in our societies, and in our mess-hall we have had common joys; in examinations, common struggles; in failures and sickness, common sorrows. These common experiences bind us together with strong ties of friendship, which are not short-lived, like the delicate flower that is withered and dried upon the stalk by the first rays of the rising sun. They are more lasting than college life, and when in after life we shall meet our college friends, we shall greet them with the warm grasp of true friendship.



But now, as we are about to go to enjoy the warm and cordial reception from our friends at home, we remember with sadness that one of our number, whose smiles and presence always added joy to our meetings here at college, has preceded us in his return home, being borne a cold and motionless form, to be received, not with smiles and joy, but with grief and mourning. Such was his life, however, as to be a spring of comfort to all his friends.

Fellow-students, as our homes, North and South, East and West, and all over this broad land of ours, open their doors to receive us, let us go forward, knowing that we are factors in the world and determining to be *benefactors*, that our careers, whether long or short, may be springs of joy and blessings to the world. Let us not rest on our laurels won here, for these, like the flower-garden, beautiful in its variegated colors and delightful in its rich perfumes, are pleasant, but we cannot live upon them. Let no such small periphery as self bind our purpose; but fixing our eyes steadfastly on our standard, fashioned out of all the best and most noble qualities, let us press forward with all our strength toward the full completion of our development and usefulness in the world.

Then will our lives be sources of happiness and blessings to our friends. Then will our old *alma mater* lift her towering head in pride and delight as the news shall be bourne back to her walls from the various quarters of our land, of her sons' success and gallantry, and of the fact that they are nobly bearing to the front the standard of truth and patriotism. Then will our memories live after us in the hearts of our countrymen.

Now, kind friends, thanking you for your attention and patience, and with the wish that each one before me may have his pathway through life strewn with the flowers of prosperity, peace, and happiness, and lighted up by the sunshine of joy and comfort, with only enough thorns to prevent his going astray, and enough clouds to give him a full appreciation of the sunshine and to make him conscious of its source, I bid you all good-night.



BY DEGREES.

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The seconds make the minutes; the minutes, the hours; the hours, the days; the days, the weeks; the weeks, the months; the months, the years; and the years, the cycles of eternity. Such is the order instituted by the Spirit of Omniscience. Little by little, the shores of time are crumbling away, and its sands are melting in the ocean of eternity. Each sable, crested wave, as it rolls in from that sombre, mystic deep, where sleep in everlasting oblivion the lost cycles of eternity, breaks and spreads a pall of midnight hue over this shadowy veil, on which are pictured, in gloomy coloring, the mystic and the horrors of eternity; and as it recedes within the horrible shadows which envelop the mysteries and the horrors of the unknown, leaving behind the mark of its destroying wave on the shore-line of the real and the transient, it bears away on its seething bosom the wrecks which it has wrought on the domains of time, and buries them forever amid the fathomless depths of its horror-haunted ocean, while the spirits of that sombre realm dirge a requiem mingled with the wailings of Hell and the joyous notes which come from some far-off Elysium, over the unmarked and unrecorded grave. Time is hoary with age and bending beneath the weight of years. Little by little, this burden has been increasing; and all the while the waves from eternity's ocean have been rolling in mad fury against its embankments, each coming with more violence, and each leaving a more horrible wreck behind. Slowly, but surely and steadily, the process has been going on; slowly, but surely and steadily, the effect is being produced. The shores of Time are wearing away, and still the waves come on. The ultimate conqueror is eager for his victim, which resists with mighty effort, but only to make the triumph of the supreme conqueror more stupendous. The years of time may roll on for ages and cycles yet unnumbered, but they



are only swelling that mighty tide which is rolling on with a majestic sweep, as if to ultimate infinitude ; yet, the dashing current develops into such incomprehensible proportions, it will be swallowed up and vanquished in the boundless expanse of eternity. From the gloom and mystery of that unexplored realm, there will come a great, sweeping wave against the crumbling shores of time, which will obliterate forever the boundary between the known and the unknown ; time will be no more ; and eternity, like a mighty conqueror, will reign supreme. Thus, by degrees, time, with all its products, is shaping, and is destined for, eternity.

Among the creatures of time, and connected with, and destined for eternity, man presents a striking example of development by degrees from the infant, whose observation is bounded by the room within which it is cradled, to the being only "a little lower than the angels"—a being whose thoughts roam creation o'er, and takes into contemplation other worlds which move through the immensity of space. At first he is the most ignorant and most helpless of all creatures. The lower animals display marked ability to care for themselves immediately after birth, but the infant is so utterly unable to help itself, that the expression, "as helpless as a new-born babe," has passed into a proverb. But the animal makes no advances, whereas the infant continually develops, until it arrives at matured manhood, with the ability to solve the problems of the finite, and, indeed, to venture almost within the confines of the infinite. The statement that the proper study of mankind is man, is worthy to claim a sage as its author, and it might be added that nothing is more interesting, instructive, and important than such a study. As the noblest work from the hand of Omnipotence, the sovereign of earth and the arbiter of his own destiny, he is a being of vast interest and worthy of all the profound thought which philosophers have given him. What an object of study is that infant as it lies there in a comparatively un-



conscious state in its cradle! What are its thoughts, its desires, its emotions?

“Who can tell what a baby thinks?”

Who, indeed, can tell whether it thinks at all? How strange, how incomprehensible, is the course of human life! Why is man brought into the world in such a condition? Why does he not come fully developed from the hand of the great Designer? Strange and difficult are the questions which arise in the study of man. By degrees he advances from his unconscious state, through successive stages of development, each placing him on a higher plane, and making him more God-like and noble. Thus, the process of development goes on, and man rises higher and moves onward until the sands of time crumble beneath his feet, and he passes into the unknown. Thus it is, also, that man advances from the darkness and gloom of ignorance and superstition, guided by the light of intellect, into the noon-day splendor of a perfect civilization. The history of any nation will show this to be true. The advance of civilization increases the wants of man, and confronts him with the problem as to how these wants shall be supplied. Through all the stages of advancement this process is carried on, and thus, with the motto, “Onward and Upward,” a nation rises to take its place with the foremost of earth. This law of advancement by degrees also governs intellectual attainments. The powers of the mind are not all developed at once. It is only by patient and constant training that this perfect development is attained. In the light of these facts, no young man who has the requisite amount of brains, backed by energy and true pluck, need despair. As he contemplates the master-spirits of the present age and of past ages, he may almost despair sometimes, but remembering that they too rose from humble beginnings, from their lives his soul will drink in sweet inspirations, and he will be actuated to press forward to glory and to greatness. Some may outstrip others in the race,



for there is truth in the saying that one man is made to excel another, but there are fadeless wreaths of glory awaiting all, more enduring and more precious than those which graced Olympic races, or crowned the warrior's brow. In the realm of thought we may build for ourselves a monument which will stand firm and unyielding when the marble shaft over heroes' graves shall crumble beneath the stroke of time and moulder back to dust. On the deathless page such achievements will be recorded, and succeeding ages will bestow upon them merited tributes of praise. Remember that lofty sentiment of Byron :

“ Nothing can quench the mind,  
If the mind will be itself ;  
’Tis made to sway,”

and, drawing from it noble inspirations, let every young man resolve to exercise his powers in exalting humanity and rising superior to the common herd ; and when the star of the mortal shall sink beneath time's horizon, it will only be to burst forth with fadeless splendor into the glorious sunrise of immortality.

VAN TASSEL.

---

## HOME.

If there is any place on earth dear to the human heart, it is that place called home. The individual who has spent his life at home, and who never knew what it was to be from home, cannot fully realize the relations that exist between him and his home. The young man, when he has arrived at manhood, having been brought up around the fireside of a good home, when he starts out in life for the first time, is delighted with the idea that he is to leave the scenes of his childhood, that he is to turn away from those things which have become so monotonous and wearisome, and that soon he is to be out in the busy world enjoying the pleasures it affords ; and then he thinks he will be happy. But scarcely has he left the fireside of



his youth, and gone out of hearing of the bitter wails of the mother and father who love him so fondly ; scarcely has the old home, that seems so monotonous to him, faded out of sight in the dim distance, when he begins to look around him, and all things seem strange and odd ; all are strangers ; not a face does he recognize ; no loving smiles or kind words to cheer his drooping spirit ; no hearty shake of the hand to welcome him, and nothing to make him happy. As he thinks of the home of his childhood he recalls those loving smiles that once met him, when in trouble, that now he cannot find ; as he remembers the tears that his loving sister shed at his departure, and those kind caresses bestowed by that mother who loved him, and that father who knelt down by his side and asked God's blessing upon him ; as he recalls all the surroundings of home which he once thought so old and wearisome, with remorse does he revert to the time when he cherished such an idea. He now thinks of the pleasures he once enjoyed, and longs to return to them again, for now he realizes that "There is no place like home."

Often has the cry been heard in trouble ; often in war has it been heard above the crash of muskets and cannons ; often amid the roaring storm, rocked on the bosom of the mighty deep, has the cry been heard above the rolling waves as the victim went down to an unmarked grave beneath the turbulent waters of the mighty sea, "I would give the world to see my darling home once more." And not only in times of trouble does this longing for home arise, but in times of pleasure ; the poet's words are verified : "There is no place like home." The boy who is so eager to leave his home for school, is not away but a short while before he finds that no place adds to his comforts like home. Though he may have all his heart can desire to make him happy, yet he feels within him a burning desire to return to his old home. So we may conclude, however favorable the surroundings may be, yet no place satisfies us like the spot around which halcyon charms are fondly clustered—home. Home, in times of despondency, lightens the burdened mind, it cheers the drooping spirit, it rests the weary, it comforts the troubled, gives help in misfortune, and consoles the heart that nothing else can comfort ; then can we truly say, "There is no place like home."

But having looked at some of the pleasures of home and some of the advantages to be had at home, having seen the place beauti-



fully arranged ; nothing left undone that will add to our comfort ; everything done decently and in order ; all the necessities of life heaped up in an abundance ; in a word, having all around us that heart could wish ; a pious father who every night leads us to the family altar, and teaches us to pray for God's guidance, and in the morning forgets not the place of prayer. A father who is always looking to our interest and trying to do what will be for our good and happiness in this life, and a loving sister who always meets us with a smile, and with a loving heart welcomes us to her love ; who is always ready to administer to our wants, always ready to soothe our fevered brow with her soft little hands, and to impress upon our lips that divine token of affection, and in every way possible to do all she can to comfort and make us happy. Then too a kind brother, who has an open heart always ready to receive us and lend to us a helping hand in everything that seems good to us in order that he may add to our happiness and comfort. Yet, we assert that with all these things, that home is not perfect,—one thing is yet lacking,—and that is, a *mother* ; “for what is a home without a mother ?” Thank God that I have always been blessed with a good home, and a mother than whom the world cannot afford a better. Methinks that home without a mother must be like heaven without angels ; for the mother is the ministering angel of the home, and when she is gone, it seems there is no one to administer to our wants ; for no one can do things half so well as mother ; no one can arrange our toilet for us like mother, and when we are sick no one can watch and wait by our bedside like mother. And when we are despondent no one's smiles can cheer us like those of a mother ; no one can comfort us or have half so much influence over us as a loving mother. The mother is the light of the home. Happy is that perfect home where the loving face of mother is seen ; but take her away, and the source of happiness is gone—the light is put out. All seems dark, and home, though it is yet dear to our hearts, has lost most of its charms. And now, young people, you that have been blessed with a good home and kind mothers—you, who know not what it is to have a home without a mother,—take my advice, and be kind and obedient to your mother, lest soon you may have the bitter experience of realizing the sadness of home without a mother.



### THE LIBRARY.

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During the summer months, while the rest of us were enjoying our holiday, two of our fellow-students were hard at work in the College Library. Under the direction of Dr. C. H. Ryland, the Librarian, a new and complete catalogue was made. He employed as his clerks, our friends E. B. Pollard, who took his A. B. at the last Commencement, and Alfred Bagby. For two months they toiled steadily at their tables, and the result has been highly satisfactory. The books were all assorted, and the duplicates or badly bound or injured volumes were all taken out. They were then classified as best could be done, and then the catalogue was made off on slips. These slips were then copied by Mr. Pollard in a blank form-book prepared for the purpose. This catalogue is a very complete affair and enables the Librarian to find any book without delay. It corresponds with the numbering and lettering of the cases, and with the labels in the books, and will prove invaluable. We congratulate our student brethren on their thorough and handsome work.

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### THE READING ROOM.

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Among the many improvements we must mention the judicious plans of our friend, the Librarian, for supplying the College with the news of the day. Instead of having a Reading Room in the Library Hall, which could be visited only at certain times, as was first proposed, Dr. Ryland concluded to divide it into two parts—a Newspaper Reading Room and a Magazine Room. The newspaper arrangement is now at work, and our fellow-students are delighted with it. The desks are placed in the Main



Hall of the North Wing, are neat, ample and convenient. Readers can approach them at any hour and find almost everything to suit their varied tastes. We shall have the prominent dailies, including *The New York Herald*, besides some of the best weeklies, in Virginia and outside. Then there is a good variety of religious journals on a separate desk. The Librarian informs us that the papers will be furnished without cost to our boys, and invites the co-operation of the students, not only in getting other papers, but in preserving those on file. We would urge our fellow students to aid the Library Committee and Librarian in this beneficent work. The improvement has long been needed, and now that it comes to us so generously, let us show an appreciation of it by doing all we can to make it a success.

The Magazines will be laid regularly on the Library tables, and may be read in the "Hall" at certain hours of the day. We think well of the plan of having the Papers and Magazines separate. The latter require more thoughtful attention, and should be perused under quieter influences than would be possible in an ordinary open room, where men meet to lounge and smoke and talk.

We are informed that the opening of the Library and the extension of the privileges thereof have been delayed by unforeseen circumstances, but everything will be ready probably before we go to press.

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At a meeting of the students of Richmond College, held October 1st, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

"Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to remove our fellow-student, W. C. Edwards, of Richmond, Va., from an opening career, bright with hope and promise ;

"*Resolved*, 1. That, bowing with submission to the decree of Infinite Wisdom and Love, we still keenly feel the loss of a young associate so gifted and distinguished for integrity, gentleness, modesty, frankness, and affability.



"*Resolved*, 2. That we tender our hearty condolence to the family of the deceased in their heavy and irreparable loss.

"*Resolved*, 3. That these resolutions be entered on the record of the Y. M. C. A. of Richmond College; that they be published in the *College Messenger*, and that a manuscript copy be sent to the mother of our late friend.

W. A. BORUM,  
G. Y. BRADLEY, Jr.,  
J. W. MITCHELL,  
*Committee."*

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### EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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On the evening of Friday, September 28th, the Philologian Society held their annual reunion.

It was truly an occasion fraught with pleasure to those present.

Mr. J. B. Lemon, the president of the Philologian Society, in a fitting speech, welcomed the members of the Mu Sigma Rho Society as well as all visitors present; he then set forth the advantages of a literary society to the student, and especially did he dwell on the power a student possessed, who was in the habit of thinking on his feet, (which generally being pretty broad subjects, expand the mind,) over one who only walks thereon.

In closing, the president introduced the orator of the occasion, Mr. E. P. Lipscomb, of Nelson county. Mr. Lipscomb then gave us an oration upon "the value and importance of intellectual culture;" he handled his subject well, showing that he had not let the vacation slip by without finding him ready to stand before an audience at the reunion of his society.

Mr. Lipscomb was followed by many speakers, both old Philologians and Mu Sigma Rhonians, as well as quite a number of new students.

In these speeches, much good advice was given by the old members of both societies to the new student; the main drift of the speeches was, "join a society." The new students expressed their



appreciation of the societies in fitting speeches, and a good number made practical application of their appreciation by afterward joining one or the other of the societies.

On the following evening, Saturday, September 27th, the Mu Sigma Rho Society held their reunion.

The President, Mr. W. C. Robinson, in an appropriate speech, welcomed the visitors, and introduced the orator of the occasion, Mr. A. J. Dickinson, of Louisa county.

Mr. Dickinson announced his subject, "Eloquence," and he entertained the audience upon this subject during his speech.

After Mr. Dickinson had taken his seat, many were called upon, both of the old and new students. Among those called upon was our honored professor of Greek, Prof. H. H. Harris. In response to the call, Prof. Harris said that if he had been intending to speak, he would have chosen the same subject as Mr. Dickinson. He then gave the students good advice how to become good speakers, if nothing more; for he said we could not all be such orators as Cicero and the like, but we could become fair speakers.

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At the regular meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society on Friday night, October 3d, the following officers were elected for the first term: President, W. F. Gunter, of Accomac; Vice-President, R. A. Tucker, of Amherst; Censor, M. E. Parrish, of Botetourt; Corresponding Secretary, B. T. Gunter, of Accomac; Recording Secretary, L. J. Haley, of Northampton; Chaplain, R. A. Smith, of Amherst; Treasurer, J. G. Haley, of Northampton; Critic, W. A. Harris, of Richmond; Sergeant-at-Arms, D. H. Kerfoot, of Clarke; Editors of the *Messenger*, A. N. Bowers, of Hanover, and N. Lewis, of Henrico; Hall Committee, J. P. Massie, of Amherst; Monthly Orator, B. S. Redd, of Mississippi.

The Philologian Society elected the following officers to serve during the first term: President, G. W. Quick, of Loudoun; Vice-President, J. H. Pearcey, of Pittsylvania; Historian, E. W. Stone, of Montgomery; Recording Secretary, C. D. Roy, of Georgia; Corresponding Secretary, O. L. Martin, of Henry; Critic, R. C. Hubbard, of Pittsylvania; Censor, S. V. Fiery, of West Virginia; Treasurer, D. H. Marrow, of Mecklenburg; Chaplain, J. H.



Comer, of Halifax ; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. M. Carrell, of Orange ; Editors of the *Messenger*, J. B. Lemon, of Botetourt, and S. W. Huff, of Albemarle ; Hall Committee, J. H. Hall, of Orange, and W. E. Davis, of Amelia ; Monthly Orator, F. F. Causey, of Hampton.

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The students this session will have an opportunity of hearing a course of lectures delivered by different distinguished men. These lectures are to occur one in three months throughout the session and are to be delivered before the societies. The societies passed a resolution in joint session to that effect upon the suggestion of the faculty.

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The *Messenger* is a subject that should interest all friends of the college ; therefore we presume that our readers will be glad to learn that the *Messenger*, financially, is to be put upon a firm basis.

At a joint meeting of the two societies, it was agreed to assess each member of the societies one dollar, in order to pay off all the indebtedness of the *Messenger*.

That the *Messenger* is self-sustaining, is clearly proven by the fact that three years ago it was considerably over one hundred dollars in debt, and now that debt has been reduced to ninety-six dollars.

In reducing this debt, the *Messenger* received no outside help ; all its funds being derived from its subscriptions and advertisements.

May the *Messenger* ever prosper as it promises to do this session, is the wish of the body that vacates the editorial sanctum with a sigh (of relief,) and leaves the incoming corps alone in its glory.





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LOCALS.

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Won't the foot-ball move this session, with a hundred and fifty-six pairs of feet to kick it?

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Not long since the inhabitants of the third floor were aroused by cries of "Help!" "Murder!" Upon turning out to learn the cause they found that Mr. A.'s rest had been disturbed by a tension on the utmost extremity of his foot.

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Mr. L. made the startling announcement in a speech not long since, that a certain man had more dollars than cents.

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The following was found on a "Rat's" table a few days ago:

"Nellie Mason is your name,  
Single is your station,  
Happy be the little man  
That makes the alteration."

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The spectators upon the "Graud Stand," a few evenings since, heard a voice from the nether earth asking the score. "Four to four," was the answer. "In whose favor?" again asked the voice. This time those lofty spectators only smiled.

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Prof.: "Mr. H., if we take a piece of wood and break it in half, then break one of those halves in half, and keep on in that way, what will finally stop us?"

H.: "Death, I reckon."

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Mr. L., being asked how many *m's* he had in his name, replied, twenty.



Mr. G. wished to go, one Sunday evening, to see a friend who lived on *Church Hill*. His *Old Lady* asked if he knew the number and street. "Number and street?" replied G., "why, *Church Hill* hasn't anything on it but a church and two or three houses." The above conversation took place in the early days of Mr. G.'s rat-hood.

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Prof.: "Mr. L, mention some metals that cannot be melted."

L.: "Wood, for instance."

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Prof.: "Mr. P., what do you think of the Irishman's doctrine that whiskey keeps you warm in winter and cool in summer?"

P.: "That man does not wish to get cool too fast."

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The first time Mr. C. saw the Richmond cavalry drilling, he wanted to know if they belonged to the United States navy. Doubtless he thought they were the "horse-marines" mentioned in that classic song, "Captain Jincks."

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In our last issue we mentioned a gentleman who was in favor of phonetic spelling. This is a mistake, and we beg leave to correct it. This gentleman says he is not in favor of phonetic spelling, and never will be.

Just here we would like to give a word of advice to the incoming corps. Handle this gentleman's name with care, or else his wrath will overflow, as our fighting editor found out to his cost.





## PERSONALS.

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C. W. Pritchett, of '83-'84, is attending the Medical College in Baltimore.

W. L. Cheatham has changed his headquarters of learning, and is at present located at the Medical College in Richmond. He keeps as close to his *alma mater* as possible.

W. B. Thornhill and Warren Tally (two last-session boys), are at the University of Virginia—the former as a student of medicine. We understood that Warren was coming back, but we were disappointed.

E. L. Scott is teaching school at Hanover Academy. Come down and see us occasionally, "Louisana."

J. M. Whitfield, another old student, is pursuing a scientific course at the University of Virginia.

G. E. Hatcher, '83-'84, was unable to come back at the beginning of college on account of sickness, but he expects to return in February.

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## EXCHANGES.

The *Normal News* comes to us in a fine form, and contains much valuable reading. Its "get-up" is very good.

We enjoyed very much reading the *Wilmington Collegian*. It is a good-sized paper, and presents quite a handsome appearance.



The *Aurora* has in its September issue some very interesting and instructive matter. Its articles are varied and spicy.

We have before us several others, but lack of time and space prevents our noticing them. And now we put on our coat and hat and bid our old sanctum a tender adieu. We make our bow to the incoming editors, and wish for them the highest success.

At a joint meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

"*Resolved*, That we, the members of these two literary societies, confine our patronage, as much as possible, to the parties advertising in our organ."

BUSINESS MANAGER.

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