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# Richmond College Messenger.

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Vol. X.

RICHMOND, VA., JANUARY, 1885.

No. 4.

EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, SIDNEY L. GILLIAM, W. A. HARRIS;  
*Philologist*, S. W. HUFF. J. B. LEMON.

BUSINESS MANAGER.—W. A. BORUM.

## SOME DAY.

When years have fled and we are old  
Our students' life we may unfold,  
With all the scenes brought in the play  
That linger round our rooms to-day.

We'll think of this, when we are old,  
As silver threads among the gold—  
The ties we formed in a manly way  
Among our schoolmates of to-day.

And then, I guess, a lighter theme  
Perhaps quite foolish then will seem;  
But, still, our natures go that way,  
For all must love a girl some day.

We'll think of her whom we loved best,  
And also of our heart's request,  
When she declined and answered "Nay"—  
We'll think how sad we felt that day.

These hearts of ours can ne'er forget  
'Till all the stars of memory set,  
How hopes, like leaves of autumn, lay  
Fast falling 'o the ground that day.



Her merry heart, so gay and free,  
 Had promised smiles and joy to thee.  
 A passing dream has flown away !  
 We'll think of this again some day.

Our early youth, our boyhood's home,  
 Our manly deeds, our college dome,  
 A chain of golden links display,  
 When we, as old men, dream some day.

Our course on earth will soon be past,  
 And the sun of life be set at last.  
 Beyond the skies in heaven we may  
 Still think of all these things some day.

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 NOMEL.

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 NOW.
 

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What now? Can such a small and familiar word afford any new thoughts? Draw a line to represent time in its course. With your pen make a dot anywhere upon it, and call the east end of the line past time, and the west end will represent the future. If the line be a mathematical one, and the dot be regarded as a mathematical point, see how near the future is joined to the past. Yet that small intervening space—that inconceivably small connecting link—is the territory of the present, and all that now can claim. The pendulum tries to swing into the future, but with it goes the present and behind it lies the past. The ticking of the clock is past before it is heard, and ere you call this moment present, it is numbered among the past. The action of the mind is past before it is expressed. Oh, then, how short is the present! Now is a little word, but it cannot be uttered in the present, for when the *o* is sounded, the *n* is past and gone, and the *w* has not come. And yet this almost inconceivably small interval is large enough for all the worlds to move in, and all the universe to exist in. For does not everything exist in the present that ever existed in a material form?



Yet it is the peculiarity of the Caucasian race to live in the future. And this is right; because, in so doing, the present can be more enjoyed. How natural to hear men say that a good time is coming! We look forward to a beautiful manhood like some weary traveller on a high mountain-top who gazes over into a rough and broken valley, and because he cannot see the rocks and brooks, the weeds and briers, he longs for rest in that fairy land where his present annoyances do not seem to exist; or, as the daring adventurer, in exploring some great desert, sees at nightfall the reflected rays of the setting sun refracted by crystal grains of sand, and thinks himself about to discover a fairy land of flowers and fruit-trees. But when the sun has completely gone, and left his gorgeous attire in benighted darkness, he finds that he has only dreamed, and all has proved to be simply a delusion.

So do we look anxiously forward for a blissful future, and the present joys of anticipation are sources of precious delight to even the most humble and unambitious; and even if, when the sun of life has completely set, like the traveller in the desert, our lives be found only a delusion to our hopeful friends, we will have chosen the wise part of life by having lived in such a dreamy existence as we borrowed from the future. Distance lends enchantment to every scene in life, so that I suspect even our college days, characterized by such trials as they are, will some day appear to us as the loveliest of all. And when some wintry evening we sit by our fireside, our minds will revert to the scenes of our childhood and make us exclaim: "Oh, those blissful, dreamy days of my youth I can never recall, and my only hope is that the flowers which bloom around the portal of the grave may be as beautiful as those that blossomed once during the reign of youth." But inasmuch as we often borrow trouble from the future as extensively as we do pleasure, some say that we would enjoy more life if, like the African race, we would live altogether in the present.



It is certain that we do not possess any other time but the present. Man has very little in this world. The present is very small, but he has precious little of that. He possesses and controls only what has been put beneath him. Above his head he possesses nothing, unless it be that he placed it there. And since the past is not his, he has no right, like the Egyptian, to live there. He cannot control the smallest event that is gone. What, then, do we conclude? It is that we should live, move, and act *now*. But while we should live *in* the present, we should live *for* the future. The bearing that our present act is to have on our future should be weighed well in the scales of our judgment before the act is begun. How much less crime, how many less blighted lives, and how many more pleasures we would have in this world, if all people would thus consider before acting.

Now is the time to act. Many resolutions are made signifying a purpose to reform, but the time is so often put in the future wherein we are to begin. Now is the time. Every law passed in the legislature of our minds, sanctioned by the senate of our parents, and endorsed by the governor of our conscience, should go into effect from the day of its passage. But it is so natural for the slothful student to say that to-morrow he will reform. To-morrow never comes. Life closes in the present; now is the only time.

CANTO.

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#### WOMAN.

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Every once in a while, in glancing through the pages of the *Messenger*, we see "a monument more lasting than brass" dedicated to woman. Ah! poor fellow, whoever you be, we pity you from the inmost depth of our heart, for we see you have become an unhappy victim of her wiles. We would fain give you advice upon this subject, but we know it would fall on ears that hear not, and upon an understanding that understands not. Forgive our seeming ego-



tism in thus daring to advise you, for you know we have had experience—perhaps you may think sad experience—in regard to the fair creature styled woman.

First, let us look at the composition of the word *woman*. Analyzing the word, we find it compounded of *woe* and *man*—that is, *a woe to man*.

How sad, yet how true! She has, indeed, been from the foundation of the world, a woe unto man. But for her subtle influence, we would now be enjoying the blessings of Paradise, whence we were expelled on account of the weakness of poor Adam in not being able to resist her charms and influence. We do not deny she is beautiful and fascinating, for to do this we would take away her power over man. If she were some ugly old hag, devoid of charms, her power would be gone forever. As the fascinating wine-cup steals our senses and removes all power of self-control, so the charms of woman take away our common sense, and leave in its stead a poetic imagination, as we see in the case of our poor friend, "G. G. R." Truly has it been said, "The lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact;" but we can say of the lover what cannot be said of the poet and lunatic: when a man is so unfortunate as to become a lover, he becomes the poet and lunatic—especially the latter. "God made man first, and woman after him, and she has been after him ever since." This sentiment is worthy of a Socrates or of a Cicero, for no truer words have been spoken since the foundation of the earth. She is continually after him till she gets him tied to her in bonds of matrimony, and continues after him with her tongue and broom-stick as long as he is an inhabitant of this mundane sphere; but, thank goodness, we can truly say, none has ever been after us, and hope they never will!

We have but little courage, but we can truly say we would rather face a whole battery of Napoleon's grenadiers, with empty guns, at a distance of forty feet, than face the battery of a woman's tongue. Truly did "G. G. R." state that



she contends for *her way*, through adversity as well as prosperity, where man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away and hides in the straw-stack until her wrath has cooled off and she lays aside the broom-stick.

My friends, we need not entreat you to beware of woman, for we would as well beg the moth to leave the candle which burns off his wings, for it would be as useless; but we would tell you, in tones of thunder and blazes, *to pause, to consider*, before you enter upon this rash act.

We would beg you to reflect, as did Hamlet upon suicide; and we hope you will agree with us in regard to matrimony as Hamlet thought of suicide.

To marry, or not to marry! that is the question;  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of single blessedness,  
 Or, by marrying, end them? To be single  
 No more; and by marrying to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That singleness is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
 By no means to be wished. To court, to marry;  
 To marry, perchance to be beat with a broom-stick  
 And by a woman's tongue,—aye, there's the rub;  
 For in that state of matrimony what quarrels may come  
 When we have shuffled off this single state,  
 Must give us pause; there's the respect  
 That makes a single state of so long life.  
 For what fool would bear the whips and scorns of time  
 Under the leadership of a fair, fussy woman,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The law's delay in giving a divorce, and the spurns  
 That the poor husband from his fair wife takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels  
 Bear to grunt and sweat under single blessedness,  
 But that the dread of something after marriage,  
 The inextricable condition from whose bourne  
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear the ills of singleness  
 Than fly to others we know not of?

AMATOR.



## LADY MACBETH.

Shakspeare's genius in depicting female character is wonderful. His pre-eminent position among dramatists is in no little measure due to his unexceptionable success in this direction. The female character is a difficult one to understand, and much more so to reproduce and portray. To many men, woman is a great mystery. "She is the greatest conundrum of any age," said a man who had not succeeded in solving her. "Yes," said Victor Hugo, "but we'll not give her up." Shakspeare did not despair even of solving the female nature; but notwithstanding this, it is said his companionship with a woman, Ann Hathaway, his wife, was not altogether a pleasant one. And although he did not live as lovingly with her as it might have been desirable, yet there seems to have been no misunderstanding of her character. He was perfectly well acquainted with her nature. He called her Ann Hath-her-way; a solemn joke to him, no doubt. Some men are ruled by women without knowing it. Not so with the author of *Macbeth*. What he failed to understand in the female character, let us despair of knowing. Shakspeare's women have been immortalized.

Lady Macbeth, the subject of this short article, is by no means a typical woman; and it is well that this is true, for she adds little to any one of those jewels with which woman has so beautifully bedecked the world. Lady Macbeth was the wife of a successful general, and was exceedingly ambitious. Women have a peculiar kind of ambition. It is not so selfish an ambition as that which characterizes men. The success and preferment of a woman's husband, or of her sons, not of herself, seems to be her highest ambition, being aware that she will be partaker in their glory. If her lot in life has brought her neither husband nor son, she has no stronger ambition than that her lot should be otherwise. Eve did not alone eat of the



apple that she herself might be as a god, but gave to Adam that both together might "be as gods." Lady Macbeth's husband had just returned from a successful encounter with the enemy. She was proud of him for his success; but more, on his way homeward, the "weird sisters" had hailed him, "Thane of Cawdor" and "King thou shalt be hereafter." What could kindle warmer his wife's ambition and his own? Macbeth had great ambition already, only surpassed by that of his wife. There was, however, the difference mentioned above—viz., Macbeth was ambitious for his own glory, and, perhaps, thought little of the advantage to be reaped by his wife; she sought for honor through the glory of her husband. But they both had that ambition which Macbeth himself describes as

"Vaulting ambition that o'er leaps itself  
And falls on the other."

Through Lady Macbeth's mind, in an instant of time, there flashed visions of royalty, her husband wearing the crown and swaying the sceptre, and herself his wife, and her children ruling after him. If all ambitions cherished by men and women of the world could be suddenly realized by them, what a world we would have? Would it be worth living in? I think not.

Had the skill and contriving powers of Lady Macbeth been directed in different and more upright channels, what a power she would have been! She seems herself to have made all the arrangements for the terrible crime of Duncan's murder, only Macbeth was to commit it. At the very beginning she told him, "You shall put this night's business into my despatch." And he did so. Macbeth began to shudder at the prospects of the awful deed; it was Lady Macbeth who had all the presence of mind. And when the deed was done and Macbeth came trembling out, unwittingly bringing the fell instruments of destruction with him, she asks: "Why did you bring the daggers from the place? They must lie there." When he, in his fear,



refused to go again to the frightful scene of his own making, she says: "Give me the daggers." She smears both them and Duncan's grooms with blood to hide her husband's guilt. She was a skilful artificer. Macbeth sees the ghost of Banquo, whom he had caused to be slain, seated in his chair at the feast, and cries out in his mad frenzy: "Who has done this?" "Avaunt, and quit my sight." "Thou canst not say I did it; never shake thy gory locks at me." Yet Lady Macbeth, even at this involuntary intimation of guilt on the part of her husband, is undaunted and equal to the emergency. "My lord is often thus, and has been from his youth." Lady Macbeth, like other women, could faint. She, when the necessity of the time required it, made use of this form of stratagem. Women *will* faint, they may as well be humored in it. All that one can do or say about it is what Macbeth said, "Look to the lady, and take her out."

Lady Macbeth exhibited boldness and daring to an extent which few women ever show. Women are by nature neither very bold nor very daring, nor can they be said to be pre-eminently courageous. There is a wide distinction between boldness and courage. A bold woman is admired by no one, but a woman of courage is honored by all. Nature knew best when he made woman of a retiring disposition. On the other hand, there is no one quality in man which woman exalts more than true courage. No man ever won the hand of a woman by being a coward. Macbeth was a man who had boldly fought and successfully vanquished the enemies of Scotland. He had, undismayed, rushed towards death itself, yet at the last, when lacking courage to commit the direful deed of destroying his master and king under his own roof, and doubtfully asked, "What if we should fail?" his wife replies, "We fail! but screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail." Some women, as well as some men, constantly imagine they see grim failure staring them in the face. Lady Macbeth could not see failure beforehand.



Often much can be learned from very wicked people, or even from the Devil himself; the art of screwing the courage "to the sticking place," is what is wanting to a great many good people.

In Lady Macbeth we have the strange anomaly of the cruel woman. What poisonous blood must have coursed through the veins of the woman who could pray that she might be filled "from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty," or "come to my woman's breast and take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers." Strange spectacle, to behold one of those creatures whom Scott calls "ministering angels" to be invoking "murdering ministers!" Lady Macbeth was of the genuine Jezebel stamp. She was more *ultra* than her husband in carrying out the deed of death, and she does not show that remorse which he exhibited after it had been committed. Macbeth grieved because Banquo and Fleance still lived. His wife suggests, by way of reminder, "But in them, nature's copy is not eterne." How could one murder a *bad* man? But Duncan had "borne his faculties so meek," and had "been so clean in his great office," that surely this would disarm his murderers. But, no; how cruel is ambition! It unarms reason, quiets pity, and blunts the sensibilities.

We cannot, for our part, resist the belief that woman, to be very bold, or daring, or cruel, must do great violence to her nature; but the belief is equally irresistible that it is exceedingly easy for her to be deceptive. Not that sincerity is a trait of character with which female nature is unacquainted, or that with it candor and straightforwardness is infrequent, but simply that woman seems to be so much better able to deceive than man. Whether endeavoring to conceal "a love flame," or to hide the "out-rages of time," she is equally successful. But as for man, in the former he is a failure, and about the latter, he is not so careful. In the art of deception Lady Macbeth eclipsed her sex. When the countenance of her husband betrayed



that the crime which he was about to commit was repulsive to his better nature, she put him on his guard with such advices as "sleek o'er your rugged looks" and "look like the flower, but be the serpent under it." The little deceptions practiced by women, especially those on the opposite sex, might perhaps be palliated as one of the means remaining to them for self defence, but who can approve the woman of the snake-in-the-grass order? Such is the character of the subject of this sketch. Young man, beware! There are not many such, I trust, but beware of such a one, even though to her name there is affixed the assuming title of "lady."

In the play of *Macbeth*, among other things, we have an illustration of the extent to which a man may be influenced by his wife. *Macbeth* was undoubtedly a bad man, but his wife made him to be worse. Aided by her influence, he became the daring demon that he was, for there were times when his "senses would have cooled to hear a night-shriek," but at last he had gone so far as to "forget the taste of fears." Her jaunts and sneers at his hesitancy, caused by a sober, second thought, had its mighty weight. "Art thou afeard?" and "wouldst thou live a coward in thine own esteem?" were words which he could not withstand. The sneers of a woman only the brave heart can resist. *Lady Macbeth* had a sleek tongue that was the whip which lashed his lagging resolutions into actions. Force of character and strength of purpose is to be admired wherever found, but it is their misuse that is to be censured and deplored. They are like a huge gun, which may be useful when directed aright, but which becomes a curse when directed at the wrong object, or so handled as to recoil on him who handles it.

RIP.



## FUTURE.

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The future, to the mind of a young man, is something vague and indefinite. Each one has in his imagination a fanciful future, which carries with it the idea of pleasure and happiness, soothing many pains and dispelling the gloom which now surrounds him. Who has not on a pleasant summer day, beneath some spreading oak, while listening to the sweet songs of merry birds, pictured to himself a future filled with brightness and prosperity, and doubtless across each fanciful picture floats the face of some human being. Or what college boy, in the silent hours of midnight, after the lights are all out, has not lain hour after hour, as it were in a trance, while there coursed through his mind gilded images of the days that are to come after his college days are over, and when he shall be thrown out into the world to search for fame and honor. It is pleasant thus to muse, building castle after castle which crumble to pieces, furnishing material for others, or gently fade from one into another.

But the world rolls on and the future is fast becoming the present, and the present the past. The present is the ship; the past, the maps and charts which help to guide it as it moves steadily on into the future.

The astronomer, observing the motions of the heavenly bodies throughout long ages, lays down laws by which he can determine the positions and motions of these bodies hundreds of years before they come to pass.

The historian, looking back into the past and observing the rise and fall of nations, the appearance and disappearance of races, the change and counter-change of language, places before us facts, by closely studying which the statesman can tell in which direction his native land is tending, and by adopting suitable means he may avert its ruin and raise it to a state of the highest prosperity. For history is but a cycle of events repeating itself after intervals just as the moon goes regularly around the earth and the earth around the sun.

The future of man cannot be predicted with as much certainty as



the eclipses of the sun and moon, being endowed, as he is, with a will peculiar to himself, which has the largest share in shaping his end. His surroundings, if left to themselves alone, just as the attraction of matter for matter draws the whole solar system around the sun, would bend his course in some regular curve. But he, by the exercise of his will, can so change its direction and modify it, that but few traces of the former curve can be discovered.

A man who would be successful in the world, must have an eye to the future ; for though he lives in the present he lives for the future. The wise man, peering through the gloom and darkness which surrounds the future, deciphers outlines of the dim figures which it contains, and aided by past experiences adopts means suitable to obtaining those ends.

The fool, thinking only of the smooth sea all around, lies lazily dozing upon the deck, while he is gently borne along by the zephyrs, nor does he see the dark cloud towards which he is steadily going, until it breaks upon him and he is overwhelmed in a sea of troubles. The man of business who, gliding along under full sail, does not look ahead, is sure to be wrecked, however skilful he may be at the helm. The statesman who has ceased to see anything in the future for his country, but sees before him a canvass bare and blank, has served his day and generation.

The old man, with but a few sparks of life left, sits in his easy chair and thinks over the journey which he has come. For him the future has no charms, for a few more brief moments and his future on earth is over. He has now no mark to make, no fame to win ; that is a thing of the past. But his counsels are the more valuable on account of the distance he has come. "Improve the present," says he, "for on it hangs the future." Let not a moment pass unimproved. It may be but a small link in the chain of events, but being weak, it impairs the strength of the whole chain.

Some having their minds filled with grand achievements, think that they have nothing to do but sit and wait, and that in some distant day, by some magic power they will accomplish their aims with little difficulty. Let no such thought as this find lodgment in our minds. There is only one fairy in the land to-day ; but the magic



power of this one, is even more powerful than that of all the fairies mentioned in ancient legends. The name of that fairy is *hard work*. Then, let us each day go about our tasks, hard though they be, picking up here and there rare jewels, and carefully stow them away where we can find them ready for service in the future.

MAJOR.

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### COURSE OF TRUE LOVE IN THE CONIC SECTION.

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One bright June morning the young knight, Focus Ellipse, was riding leisurely over the green slope of a semicircle, which was shaded by sturdy tangents and grey normals up whose erect trunks ran flowering cissoids and conchoids flaunting with delicate asymptotes, whilst the ground was bright with the blue eyes of the Witch of Agnesi. Just as he turned the top of the ascent, he heard from the right a most grief-speaking shriek. Spurring at once through the underbrush in that direction, he came upon a scene which stirred his blood from centre to circumference. He beheld the lovely Parabola Jenkins being borne away by the gigantic Quadratrix of Tschirnhausen. Instantly drawing his jewelled-handled radius from its conicoid scabbard, he rushed upon the ravisher and with a curvilinear sweep hit him a perpendicular blow full on the vertex of his helmet, and the good sword went through, severed the giant's Jacobian, and filled at least one quartic with his blood.

The lovely Parabola fainted in the arms of her hero, who made haste to carry her home to her stern father, old Hyperbole Jenkins. Hyperbole thanked him with that fluency of language for which he was noted, and then asked him to dinner at no particular time. And the reason is plain. Old Hyperbole wished the noble old Lord of Cubics for a son-in-law, and the lovely Parabola did not. She indeed preferred, if she were forced to make a choice, her young knight, the gallant Focus. Focus agreed with her



perfectly, and they came without difficulty to a mutual understanding. So determined was Focus on this point, that it is no strain on language to say he was in that respect a determinant of any number of rows. That is, he did not care a vanishing fraction how many rows he might have to encounter in securing Parabola.

Time passed on as it has been known to do on other occasions, and one dark night Focus stood beneath the window of his beloved, as she was dressing for the bridal, and he was registering an infinite number of vows to the effect that, come what might, she should never become a Cubical Parabola.

Hyperbole had pressed matters to a crisis. He would stand no negative for Cubics. He was very positive about that, and raised such a power of noise over it that rather than be discussed to death, Parabola had consented. But her arrangements with Focus were intended to make that marriage come on when she was off. And here was Focus equal to the occasion, though his eye was glaring with an irrational quantity of joy, and his mind unbalanced by a tremendous *reductio ad absurdum*. As thus—to prove there is now to be no marriage at this place. Let us suppose there *is* to be one; if there is to be one, Parabola must be at this place. But Parabola will not be at this place (not if I can help it),—hence this will be no marriage,—hence a marriage is no marriage—a manifest absurdity, if not an *alibi* as well. Down a wire rope of elliptical shape slid the excited Parabola, dressed to death. A momentary oscillatory contact, and away went this pair of conics to a good magistrate. But Cubics' dog Quadric raised a howl as long as the hypotenuse of the nuptial diagram, and Cubics rushed out in time only to see his Parabola cantering off at a maximum rate on a minimum mule. With a yell as tremendous as the common logarithm of infinity, he started in pursuit. But Focus was not a fire-place of the kind to be easily caught. His brother, the left-handed



Focus, and his cousins Major and Minor Axis, were there ready to stop Cubics or any other man. They brought his career suddenly to a limit, and closed his mouth with one energetic ramphoid cusp. The spirits of Cubics were so reduced by this rough treatment, that they led him without resistance to the scene of the marriage about to occur.

Need we say more? Need we tell that during the canonical evolution of the ceremony, Cubics' ideas were so involved as to leave him in doubt whether he was standing on a conjugate point or his vertex? Anyway a partition set in; his seminariant suddenly vanished, his diameter pierced his centre, and Cubics fell to the earth an indeterminate ruin, a mere zero divided by zero.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

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The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the students of Richmond College at their regular weekly prayer-meeting, Thursday night, December 11th, 1884:

Whereas it has been according to divine providence to throw around us the mantle of sadness, and cause us to lament the loss we sustain in the removal by death of our friend and fellow-student WM. LATANE.

1. *Resolved*, That in this our affliction, we bow submissively to this dispensation of Him "who doeth all things well"; and while we deeply lament our loss, we reverently say "Thy will be done, O God."

2. *Resolved*, That in WM. LATANE, we recognized the elements of a pure Christian gentleman; a character marked by its simplicity of manner, purity of intentions, and whose example was worthy of imitation.

3. *Resolved*, That we do attest that he, in his connection with Richmond College, as a gentleman, student, and associate, was worthy to be, and was ranked among the first by the professors and students of this institution.

4. *Resolved*, That in our own affliction, we still more deeply sympathize with his bereaved relatives and friends in the loss of a loving brother, a dutiful and faithful son, and a lovable friend.

5. *Resolved*, That we believe that the Christian ministry has sustained the loss of one, though perhaps, less demonstrative than some, yet, whose purity of character, fixedness of purpose, love to God and zeal for his cause, would have guaranteed him success in that great work.



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6. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, also, that they be published in the *Religious Herald* and *Richmond College Messenger*.

G. W. QUICK,  
J. G. PATY,  
E. W. STONE,  
*Committee.*

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The following preamble and resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity:

Whereas a Supreme Being has seen fit to remove from our earthly fraternity our beloved brother, WM. LATANE, and to initiate him into the great fraternity of the redeemed, in which Death's chilly fingers are never felt, and where those once united never part ; be it

1. *Resolved*, That although feeling deeply our loss, we bow submissively to the Divine will.

2. That the Kappa Alpha fraternity at large, and Eta Chapter more especially, sustains a great loss in that dispensation of providence which called home our brother, whose cheerful disposition, sturdy application, and gentlemanly deportment, to which we, who knew him as a brother can testify, gave evidence of that success which would reflect honor upon his fraternity.

3. That although the cloud of sorrow hovers around us, enveloping us in its gloom, we realize that around the home of our departed brother it is even more dense, and in our bereavement we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the grief-stricken family, relatives, and friends.

4. That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

5. That these resolutions be inserted in our minutes, published in the *Messenger*, and a copy of them be sent to the bereaved family.

W. A. HARRIS,  
S. W. HUFF,  
A. H. HILL,  
*Committee.*

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At a regular meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society on Friday night, December 19th, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from out of our midst, our friend and gifted member, WM. LATANE, of King and Queen ; therefore, be it

1. *Resolved*, That by his death our society feels a void, and our hearts a gap, which time can with difficulty obliterate.



2. *Resolved*, That WM. LATANE was a man whom we esteemed, courteous, kind, and good; and that the society will miss him from its deliberations.

3. *Resolved*, That judging from his daily walk among us, we feel a confident assurance that he has been translated into that everlasting society of the blest in heaven.

4. *Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed member, inserted in the minutes of the society, and given to the *Richmond College Messenger* for publication.

EDWARD B. POLLARD,

R. A. TUCKER,

D. H. KERFOOT,

*Committee.*

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### EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Since our last issue, a gloom has been cast over the college by the death of one of our fellow-students, WM. LATANE. He was a son of Dr. Thomas Latane, of King and Queen county, who in company with his daughter and one of his sons, administered to the last wants of his devoted son, and our esteemed fellow-student. Officers and students united in doing everything that would promote his comfort.

We will not allow ourselves to deal in eulogy, for the resolutions found elsewhere express more directly the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-students here, than anything which we might say. But we may simply say that his unobtrusive, gentlemanly manner is, and will continue to be missed here.

Those of the students who have been sick are now improving, and it is not probable that there will be any more serious sickness here.

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Christmas morning, at 9:30, upon the ringing of the college bell, those boys who were still at college assembled in the Latin lecture-room, and Mr. A. J. Dickerson, in a very appropriate address, presented Professor Puryear with a handsome buggy robe, made of four Canadian wolfskins, as an inadequate testimony of the esteem, in which he is held by the students. Professor Puryear, on receiving the gift, made a few very happy remarks. He said he valued



the present for its intrinsic value, for it would add to his comfort by keeping out the winter's cold, but he prized it far more for its associate value; and that he, like other men, had his troubles, yet he could truly say that not one of them was caused by the students of Richmond College.

It is rumored that Professor Puryear expects to sever his connection with the college. This testimony of love on the part of the boys may be looked upon as an expression of their feelings in regard to this action.

---

It is a sad fact, but true nevertheless, that two thirds of all the articles offered the present staff of editors for publication, were but various avenues for giving vent to love. Why this is the case, we cannot see. Is "Calico" the predominant ticket of Richmond College this session, or is it that only those who are affected by this solace of life, have it in their hearts to write for the *Messenger*? Arouse yourselves, ye men of History, of Philosophy, and of native wit. Give us historical sketches, clear and connected essays, and short, witty articles. An action like this on your part would not benefit the present staff of editors, as this will be the last copy of the *Messenger* of which they will have the arranging; but we feel for our successors, we fear the consequences of such a siege of love as the present staff has been subjected to. They locked their hearts, and waded through the loving effusions, and are now cherishing the hope that they are safe. But who knows but what in the far future, when all trace of this trying ordeal has been obliterated, one of those little sweet phrases may come stealing through their memories, and thence to their tongues, and thus prove their destroyer? We would not, however, discourage the writers of sentimental articles; we would suggest that you adopt some other style; but if you cannot write any other kind of articles, write sentimental ones, and we feel sure that the incoming editors, like the present ones, will publish all that are suitable.

---

We hear that our Exchange editor has raised a storm around his head by his innocent inquiries for news from the R. F. I. He



“hopes some one will give him the desired information.” We would suggest that a way of getting the desired information would be to go down and inquire from some of the young ladies ; but as a brother editor, we would advise him to “Wait till the clouds roll by.” His questions arose, no doubt, from a desire to see the R. F. I. represented by a magazine, for which (if the truth were known) he looks with higher expectations than his language would imply. We hope now the *Gazette* will come forth in a neat form and able style which will be emphatic answers to our colleague’s questions.

---

At the beginning of this session a change was made in the boarding arrangements of the Education Board. Before that time, most of the students on the Board had been boarding at the Mess-Hall, but as it was essential to the success of the messing system that it should be run strictly on a cash basis, and as the financial condition of the Education Board was such that it could not pay the board *promptly* when due, it was thought best to board them where the Board would be given more time for payment. Accordingly, arrangements were made to board those of the students who are on the Education Board at a private boarding-house near the college.

Soon the students felt that they had cause to complain of the fare, which they made to the Education Board by means of petitions and committees, and being satisfied that these were not effecting any material change, they notified the Board that arrangements would have to be made for boarding them elsewhere, or they would have to leave college. That day circumstances happened which determined them not to go to this boarding-house again. Accordingly, they engaged supper at the Mess-Hall. There they awaited the action of the Education Board, which would decide whether they were to go home or have another boarding place. The Education Board promptly appointed a committee to investigate the matter, which committee, we learn, has completed its work, and the boys will board at the Mess-Hall.

This is a brief statement of the facts in this matter, as far as we can learn them.



The Jeter Memorial Hall is now heated by a furnace placed in the basement; reading hours have been announced, and the students are now at liberty to spend a portion of each day in this quiet, comfortably-warmed hall, reading the most prominent magazines of the present day, such as *Harper's Weekly*, *Scientific American*, *Century*, *Eclectic Magazine*, *Harper's Magazine*, and *Popular Science Monthly*. We hope no student will let this opportunity for keeping himself informed as to the progress of the present age, pass by unimproved.

---

Most of the students who went home for the Christmas holidays have now returned, apparently much refreshed. The approaching examinations will soon compel them to lose sight of the past, which is just at present being so often recalled, and once more that searching question, "How much reviewing have you done?" will be on every tongue.

---

The present staff of editors have had a shorter time in which to do their work than usual, by reason of the *Messenger* being nearly a month late when it was handed over to them. This has forced them to the necessity of urging their contributors, the effect of which, we fear, is evident in our matter.

We believe it is customary, on leaving this office, to give some of our experiences and feelings for the benefit of those who expect to hold the office in the future. The effect of our adventures in this line upon our future lives is too enormous to even guess at. The Literary Editors, as stated elsewhere, have been sailing through a sea of sentimentality. How impossible it would be to determine the effect of this upon their future, is evident. The Personal and Exchange Editor has incurred the displeasure of the fair sex; and what must be the lot of that man who has woman's wrath for his portion through life! The Editorial and Local Editor has, for the past three months, been carrying the news bag for the college, and he fears it will result in his having a decided tendency to be newsy in the future. One thing, however, he has learned while collecting



Locals; and that is, that it is not always the man who looks to be the biggest fool who says the most fool things. The "fighting editor" now kicks off the boots, the spurs of which are rusty, as, in fact, they were when we received them; for although several of our predecessors were forced to the necessity of strutting around in them, yet the spurs were not used. We so far have not even found it necessary to don those "weighty honors." And so, with these various experiences and feelings, we bow ourselves out, leaving the incoming staff alone in their glory, with our best wishes.

---

LOCALS.

Hacks!

Right down!

What sort of a Christmas did you have?

Did you bring anything good to eat back with you?

Mr. P. went into a clothing store and wanted to know of the merchant whether he kept reflexible brim hats.

Professor of Chem.: "Mr. B., how many metals are used in Grove's battery?"

Mr. B.: "Two, sir."

Prof.: "Well, what are they?"

Mr. B.: "Sulphuric acid, and ——."

Mr. W. was heard to murmur in a most suggestive tone, as he leaned over his coal-box, "Heat is the absence of coal (cold)."

Mr. H. *alias* Solomon, who has been vehement in his de-



nunciation of the tendency of the young men of the present age to waste time upon "Calico," has been (to use a slang phrase) "cralled up on." One of the students, in passing through a little town not far from here, came upon H., a fit illustration of how completely a woman can humble the man who thinks he is proof against the darts of Cupid. We are told H. received some nice presents from Christmas trees. One was a huge cob pipe. He was not much pleased with this, as he is very much averse to the use of tobacco. He "didn't do business that way." The other present was a box of green persimmons. We "don't know so well about this," but suppose it was more appropriate and consequently more appreciated.

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Mr. H. says in order for him to write a speech he must have a *seluded* place to compose.

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Decemder 3d, the students assembled to hear the first lecture of the course of biblical lectures for the present session. Professor Harrison, after stating that there would be a lecture every two weeks from that time, introduced Rev. Mr. David, a well-known missionary to Africa, as the first lecturer.

Mr. David took for his subject, Africa—Her Needs and her Prospects. He spoke of the knowledge of African geography at the present day as compared with that one hundred years ago. He thought it showed the wisdom of God to keep the interior of Africa a secret to explorers until civilized nations had learned not to abuse Africa. He said the Africans were not large monkeys, as many supposed, but were intelligent beings, as their skill in mining and other pursuits evinced.

This lecture was somewhat different from the general character of the lectures in this course, yet it abounded in interesting information, and was much enjoyed by the stu-



dents. Mr. David has collected some valuable curiosities, in the shape of African idols and games, for our museum.

The Editorial and Local Editor being (unfortunately both for himself and the society) elected to take part in the exercises of the public debate, one of the other editors, who is not a member of the Philologian Society, kindly consented to report the exercises.

Although the weather on the 12th of December was very bad, the hall of the Philologian Society was well filled with the beaming faces of the "first and fairest sinners." Our public debates are always well attended by the fairer sex.

But such was the state of the weather on that night, that even the boldest trembled for the success of the debate. Some (who had engagements) even wished to postpone it; but it was held, and they had to put in a plea of sickness, hire hacks, or with overshoe and umbrella to wade through mud and water to *her mansion*. It is needless to say that the latter plan was adopted with almost universal consent, as most of our boys are strictly moral boys, and are always opposed to anything that looks like cruelty to animals. But this is the dark side of the picture, and we will dwell no more upon it, as it may cause unpleasant thoughts to arise in the minds of our fellow-students. When once in the hall, both he and she soon forgot the mud, so eloquent were the speeches made upon that occasion. The programme was served somewhat thus: After a song by the octette, the president, Mr. G. W. Quick, arose and addressed the audience, welcoming them to the public exercises.

After another song he introduced Mr. I. B. Timberlake, who declaimed the "Course of Regulus" Following him came Mr. S. W. Huff, who read a selection called "John



Plowman's Talk." When the sweet notes of another song had ceased to reverberate, came the event of the evening; the debate. The debaters, contending over the question,

"Resolved, That the contributions of Science to the World have been more Valuable than those of Art", were drawn up in battle array, as follows : On the affirmative, E. P. Lipscomb and O. L. Martin ; on the negative, E. W. Stone and J. B. Lemon. These gentlemen engaged warmly in the contest with pointed wit, impressive rhetoric, and irresistible logic. Each one strained every nerve to gain the smile of approbation from the fair audience and to place victory upon his side. The rounded periods of Lipscomb, the oratorical flights of Stone, the humor of Martin, all mixed with the *essence* of Lemon, made quite an enjoyable occasion and reflected credit upon the Society.



The Literary Societies, at their regular meeting Friday night, January 2d, elected for the second term the following officers :

#### PHILOLOGIAN.

President, J. B. Lemon, of Botetourt ; Vice-President, E. P. Lipscomb, of Nelson ; Recording Secretary, M. B. Pierpont, of Georgia ; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. H. Parker, of Pennsylvania ; Treasurer, J. H. Willis, of Orange ; Critic, O. L. Martin, of Henry ; Censor, C. F. McMullen, of Madison ; Chaplain, H. W. Jones, of Washington ; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. G. Paty, of Tennessee ; Editors of the *Messenger*, J. W. Mitchell, of Franklin, and E. W. Stone, of Montgomery ; Hall Committee, T. R. Corr, of Gloucester, and E. J. Woodville, of Orange.

#### MU SIGMA RHO.

President, B. S. Redd, of Mississippi ; Vice-President, M. E. Parish, of Botetourt ; Censor, W. A. Anderson, of Norfolk ; Editors of the *Messenger*, L. L. Pritchard, of North



Carolina, and E. B. Pollard, of Richmond; Recording Secretary, G. H. Edwards, of South Carolina; Corresponding Secretary, N. S. Groome, of Warwick; Chaplain, P. G. Elsom, of Nelson; Treasurer, R. A. Tucker, of Amherst; Hall Committee, J. F. Savell, of Florida; Critic, D. H. Kerfoot, of Clarke; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. L. Guy, of Norfolk.

The following Final Orators were elected: Mu Sigma Rho, J. O. Alderman, of North Carolina; Philologist, G. W. Quick, of Loudoun county, Va.

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### PERSONALS.

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L. R. Thornhill, former student of R. C., we are glad to hear, has accepted the call of the First church of Manchester. We congratulate the members of that church on their wise choice, for, in our opinion, they could have chosen none better than L. R. Thornhill to attend to their spiritual welfare.

J. L. Coker is attending the School of Technology in Long Island. We are glad to hear his eyes are much improved.

T. J. Shipman is preaching near Staunton, and we hear is doing very well. We wish you much success, Tom.

Notice! Was married not many days ago our fellow-student, Rev. P. G. Elsom, to the lady of his choice. We would give with pleasure the details of this important event, but as P. G. was married outside of the city it is impossible for us to obtain them, but it is undoubtedly a fact he is married. "*Sic semper tyrannis.*"

L. D. Shumate is head-master of a school in Giles county. Good news; but better still, he was married not long since. One more soul made happy!

S. W. Dorset paid us a visit during Christmas. We were glad to see him looking so well, but we do not understand how it was that he and his girl should land in Richmond at the same time. Strange coincidence!

W. C. Barker, M. D., of Richmond Medical College, is



practicing medicine in Fredericksburg, and we hear he is doing well. Why don't you drop in to see us sometimes, Doctor?

J. G. Field is still at the Richmond Medical College, and is expecting to be an M. D. at the end of the session.

Maxey Field is farming in Albemarle county. Are you still afraid of the girls as ever, Max? *Jeemse's Creek!!*

W. A. Parish is engaged in business in the city with his father, and is doing well, we hope.

Harvey Thorpe is practicing law in Tennessee, and we hear he did excellent service for Cleveland in the last presidential election and gained quite a reputation, at which we are not at all surprised. May success ever attend thee, Harvey.

W. C. Mercer is attending the Medical College of Richmond, and, after graduating there, will take Dentistry in the school of Baltimore.

M. McFaddin is now a student of the Leipsic University, Germany. Sprichen Sir Deutch, Mac?

A. G. Miller and G. W. Kinsey are both taking calico in Rappahannock county.

F. F. Fowler, where is he? Ask of the winds.

Lewis Huff paid us a visit a few days ago, and will soon start for Leipsic Germany, to engage in philosophical researches.

A. M. Harris, a former student of R. C., was married just before Christmas, and left with his bride for Texas.

T. H. Edwards was compelled to leave college on account of ill-health. We are glad to hear his health is improving.

J. M. Whitfield paid us a visit during Christmas. He is looking well and likes the University of Virginia very much.

G. E. Hatcher would have returned this session but for sickness. We look for you next session, and perhaps other eyes would be glad to get a glimpse of George once again.



## EXCHANGES.

Among our exchanges, some bore us exceedingly in reading, but others afford us great pleasure as well as information. Among the latter pre-eminently stands "The Album." We were particularly struck by the criticisms on the tragedy of Othello, The Moor of Venice. Not many school-girls of this our modern age are there, who can bear the sight of a copy of Shakespeare, much more to read it carefully; but in this piece we perceive not only careful study of Othello, but a true appreciation of the genius who composed it. So surprised are we at knowing the author to be a school-girl, that we are constrained to say she belongs not to this modern age, that her existence was delayed at least a generation, and she stands alone, a monument of the olden times.

With pleasure we receive into our "Sanctum" the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. This paper had almost become a stranger to us, not because it was forgotten by any means, but on account of its long non-appearance; but this was explained within its columns and we hail with delight its advent, and would cry to its worthy editors, "Long live the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*." We read with pleasure the gems of thought contained in its pages, but there was one piece, entitled "Female Power," we dared not read, for fear it was somewhat on the style of an infinite number of pieces written by our own poor fellows. Indeed, so many pieces have come to us written on the subject "Woman" that the mere name acts like an emetic, and we could not trust ourselves to read this excellent piece, no doubt upon the same subject, somewhat.

The *Bethany Collegian* is a very excellent paper, and we enjoy very much the Literary department, especially the piece entitled "Home." We recognize in its perusal that none but a German mind could have composed it. The weird and strange effect produced in reading the "Legend of the Lake" is worthy of the power of a Schiller.

The pieces written on Socrates and Galileo, contained in the *Star Crescent*, are very interesting and instructive, but according to our mode of thinking, the editors made somewhat of a mistake in putting the cart before the



horse—that is, they have placed their Exchanges, Locals, &c., first, and put the literary matter last. It seems to us the reverse would be a more natural arrangement.

If the wood of the college, whence we receive a few “*Chips*” once in a while, is of the same quality, the students of the college of Decorah, Iowa, undoubtedly have blazing fires, for the *College Chips*, though a small paper, is well worthy of any college.

The piece headed “A Summer’s Dream,” contained in *The Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly*, strikes us very forcibly. If the incidents related are true we have no remarks to make; but we are inclined to believe it to be the imagination of a lover who had given himself up to reverie and weaved within his poetic brain this fanciful episode, and himself the hero of the story. Nevertheless it shows an exalted case of the lover’s imagination rather above the poor fellows who inhabit our walls.

The *College Record* is a very worthy paper, and we earnestly request the editors to state in their paper where it is published—that is, where Wheaton College is—and they will please excuse our ignorance, for our knowledge is not very extensive on any subject; therefore it must necessarily be limited as to where the principal seats of knowledge are located.

Excellent advice is given in the *Peddie Institute Chronicle* in the piece entitled “The Art of Cooking.” If more of our young ladies of the present day would study this art, and fewer the art of being pretty and all such tom-foolery, they would make better wives for the lager-headed youths who go strutting around “*diked up*” in a dude suit of clothes, with no more gumption in their noddles than in an empty molasses jug.

The editurs of “The Jurnal of Amerikaw Orthocpy” will plect uss verry much iff thay will sen uss no moore ov thar jurnals, fur wee donn’t want inny sich *tonie speling*, eufonic wurdz, and fitnes of words en our vokabylerry of Richmun Kollige.

For want of space and time a good many of our exchanges have been left out which will appear in our next.

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