

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

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Volume 22  
Number 2 *The Messenger*, Vol. 22, No. 2

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Article 1

11-1895

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### Recommended Citation

(1895) "The Messenger, Vol. 22, No. 2," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 22 : No. 2 , Article 1.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol22/iss2/1>

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# Richmond College Messenger.

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VOL. XXII.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 2.

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## COLLEGE LIFE IN ITALY.

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A student once more—once more after the lapse of many years a matriculate of a college! Is it a wonder that such a thought should recall to the mind the scenes of my boyhood, that it should touch every fiber of my soul and strike every chord of my heart? It has been said, perhaps very wisely, that one of the greatest treasures of life is the poetry of the memory of a happy and light-hearted youth. Sweet, indeed, are such recollections. Years come and go, every one adding a new link to the ever-growing chain of our life, yet the memories of those days cluster around us—sad, holy memo-



ries they are, most of them, still always welcomed, always cherished—for in them we find a joy, we find a source of inspiration.

Is it not then natural that this return to college life should awaken in my mind the recollection of my first experience as a college student? How can I forget? It is many years ago, towards the end of October of '77, during the season when the autumn of my native land, along the picturesque and beautiful shores of Lake Maggisre, is sweet with mist and sunshine, with its balmy days and chilly nights, with its glory of coloring in wood and field, the last brilliant outgrowth of an amply fulfilled promise—when I entered for the first time the halls of the Helvetic Institute.

The college was a semi-military one. Vividly do I remember the morning when I was respectfully requested to put aside my civil clothes to don the college uniform: tight-fitting trousers, with red stripes at the sides, a dark blue coat, with a row of gold-plated buttons down the front, a standing collar, with the college initials embroidered in silver thread in the corners, a shining black leather belt, and a kepi, like an officer's cap, on my head. How stiff and uncomfortable did I feel in my new uniform! It is not unlikely that from that morning dates my strong aversion to all that savors of militancy. I really felt as if my freedom was to be unconditionally sacrificed to the will and caprice of every one connected with the college, and that instead of the latter I had been placed in a military prison.

The word is written, but the term is, after all, not wholly incorrect. Our colleges, with a few exceptions, are all huge, awe-inspiring structures, half convent and half barracks. Their gates are seldom opened, and then only at the command of the president or principal. Inside are broad court-yards, large and well-kept gardens, beautiful lawns, and sanded playgrounds, which very rarely echo to the cheering sound of youthful voices. Immense and bleak dormitories, dismal cor-



ridors, unattractive refectories, a few school-rooms with desks and benches, and you have a life-drawn picture of the Italian college. The manner of life in these institutions is strictly in accordance with certain governmental rules, and of the most rigid monotony. In this respect the contrast between the American and the Italian college is indeed very striking. The liberty and freedom enjoyed by the American college student is entirely unknown to our educational institutions. As soon as the pupil is matriculated a place in the dormitory and another in the refectory is assigned to him. In the dormitory, which is meagre in furniture and appointments, the student has a bed and a wardrobe to himself. Every dormitory contains as many as twenty-four beds, one of which is occupied by the tutor to whose charge the boys are committed. They are all awakened at a certain regular hour—usually five o'clock in summer, and half-past six in winter—when they proceed to wash and dress themselves in an adjoining toilet-room, under the direct surveillance of the tutor. By eight o'clock they repair to the school-rooms. At noon and at night they all assemble in the refectory or dining-hall, always under the tutor's eye. At an appointed hour they are all occupied in committing to memory, writing, or reading; at a certain hour they take an airing in the garden or yard; once a week they go out to walk in a procession along the street, at a certain hour they retire to bed, and the tutor turns off the gas in the dormitory. Day in and day out for ten long months is the same monotonous life. The student can never leave the buildings alone, or without permission; the most trifling transgression of the college regulations is severely punished and reported *ipso facto* to the parents. The only adults with whom the students have constant intercourse during their years of intermediate education, are the professors and the tutor in charge. The latter is a kind of omnipresent individuality—in the dormitory, in the toilet-room, in the dining-hall, on the play-ground, on the street, wherever the students happen to be there you will meet with the grim countenance of the tutor



in charge. We learn our lessons, write our exercises, read our books, take our walks, play our games, eat our meals, sleep our nights, always and ever under the same oversight.

The lot of an Italian college tutor is by no means a happy one. And now grown to manhood, as I look back upon those five long years of my college life, I feel the pangs of bitter remorse and shame at the way we used to treat our aged tutor. No cordial relations ever existed between us; we looked upon him with feeling of contempt; to us he was nothing—nothing more than a spy; in other words, an object of fear, of hatred, and ridicule; we thought of him as we would of a natural enemy, and acted accordingly. Poor old Maroncelli! We did not realize then that you were but a martyr to an irrational system of education. An unfortunate candidate for a professorship, a poor and neglected victim of educational bureaucracy, his position in the college was one of disgraceful dependence and humiliations. He spent with us the whole of twenty-four hours of the day, bored to death, doing the service of a slave. He was by turns teacher and servant to us—one moment superintending our toilet, the next correcting our exercises. His powers were very limited; he could not, for instance, issue orders to us, nor punish our offences; the only right reserved to him was the right of making a complaint against the transgressor to the professor and principal. He is by virtue of his office the college detective, the college spy, and hence every abuse, every ill-treatment which can be imagined by an unrelenting ingenuity is heaped by the students upon the poor, melancholy, friendless tutor.

This is the world in which I have spent five of the fairest years of my youth; this is the life of a college student previous to his admission to some of the several universities or professional schools of sunny Italy; a life whose monotony is only enlivened by a few weeks of vacation, spent at the close of the school year, in the home circle—in that sacred refuge to which the care-worn heart retreats to find rest from the toils of life.



To the American student the picture I have drawn will seem far from being cheerful and inspiring, yet to me intervening years have not dimmed the vivid coloring with which memory has adorned it, and in its recollection I find still some comfort along the dreary paths of my roaming and goalless existence.

LOUIS CASABONA.

*November, 1895.*

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THE SCHOOLMARM.

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Lives of schoolmarms oft remind us  
Little prattlers stand no chance  
To have their fun, not even to whisper,  
But the schoolmarm's irate glance

Straight upon them harsh is fastened,  
While her hand from by her side  
Grasps the dogwood, which is promptly  
On the backs of prattlers plied.

Then if dare a smarting prattler  
Seek relief in soothing tears,  
Angry schoolmarm, in a jiffy  
(Not regarding tender years),

Snatches down her hated ruler,  
And with painful strokes and hot  
She whacks and whacks, and whacks and whacks  
The trembling hand of weeping tot.

If poor tot his primer lesson  
Chanced to miss a time or two,  
Rageful schoolmarm made him shudder  
With a dreadful "I'll fix you."

Too well knew this luckless urchin  
'Twas no use for him to say,  
When at noon the rest were playing,  
"Teacher, please ma'am let me play?"



Schoolmarm's frown put him to silence—  
Made the heart of urchin sick.  
Sad he sat near hungry schoolmarm,  
While she munched her bread and chick.

When at last recess was over,  
Children came with cheeks aglow.  
Urchin vowed within his bosom,  
"This shall not be always so."

And, thank heaven (not the schoolmarm),  
Urchin's school days now are o'er.  
He has left the old log school-house,  
Where he wept so oft of yore.

But the impress of that school-house  
Sticks like bur to urchin's mind.  
Mem'ries, too, not wholly bitter,  
'Round those pine logs are entwined.

Yes, if schoolmarm did grow angry,  
And sometimes inclined to wound  
The hearts of her little pupils,  
Sunshine soon her face resumed.

That the schoolmarm loved her pupils,  
Every one must own who knows,  
How on icy morns she took us  
In her arms and warmed our toes.

By the fire our feet she toasted,  
And our fingers, numbed with cold,  
Held she near her lips and warmed them  
With her breath, ah ! times untold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the schoolmarm's step is feeble,  
As she treads life's downward way,  
Her locks, once tinged like blackbird's wing,  
Now are streaked with silver gray.



Blessings on that gray-haired woman ;  
'Twas our fault she was severe.  
When I think of all she suffered,  
Trickles down my cheek a tear.

N. J. ALLEN.

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THE LAST WORDS OF ISRAEL.

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The days of man are fleeting, and no check  
They make for rich or poor. To good as well  
As bad must be an end. That man is blest  
Who spends his days so that the thoughts of life  
Will bring to him good cheer at death. If we  
Could see, before we act the end of each  
New course we take, we'd exercise indeed  
Our utmost strength to shun those things that for  
Awhile appear to be so grand and good,  
But in a moment fade away and leave  
Us, with an aching heart, to shed our tears,  
To mourn o'er sins committed, to repent,  
And seek pardon from those our deeds have stung.

Few and evil have been my days, and now  
My strength is failing fast. This form  
So feeble, now begins to waste; and soon,  
Ah! soon the end will come. Oh! then from care  
And sorrow I shall fly away and be  
At rest! These limbs that have their service done,  
Do tremble now; their strength is gone. My hands  
And face are carved with age. These eyes are dim.  
The shadows fall and shut out the light of  
Day so soon. My raven locks as soft as down,  
That did please my mother so have turned  
To snowy whiteness thin and dry.

But these  
Are not the things that sting. They only say  
That life is short. But many sins do grieve  
Me now. These will live when I'm no more.  
If none but God and me should know that I



Have all these evils done, 'twould then be hard  
To bear. But God hath sworn to Abraham  
To Isaac and to me that these, my seed,  
Shall fill the earth with men: and wherever  
They go my sins will be a shame to me,  
A snare to them. This thought makes death so hard.  
Could I recall those evil deeds or wipe  
Them from the minds of men I'd do it.  
But alas! 'tis done, and I must turn  
My eyes from this dark scene and look to Him  
Who changed my life from Trixter unto Prince.  
For, ever weeping wipes no stain away,  
Nor do our constant groans efface a scar.  
And, ere this throbbing goes away, I must  
My children bless.

Come ye, ye sons of Jacob,  
And hear these words. Israel your father would  
Speak to you. Hear the blessing that I give.

Reuben, on thy head I fain would call  
The blessings due thee as first born of all  
My children here; but as the sea cannot  
Endure the wind nor stand uncased above  
Its plane, so thou, so bending in thy own  
Nature down, that evil passions lead thee  
To those deeds that sink thee lower than thy  
Grave; and no restraint of pride or love can  
Withhold thee from their grasp. The blessing  
That I would give thee must pass from thee  
To one who will excel.

Simeon and Levi,  
Brethren twain, in cruel wrath are one.  
Oh! my soul abhor the place that keeps  
Their secret foul. Mine honor loose thyself  
From them. For in their wrath they slew a man,  
And upon us brought their shame. And may  
My God upon such wrath his everlasting  
Curse bestow. Their lot in Jacob I will  
Divide: in Israel I will scatter them.



Mighty and strong as a lion's whelp; yea, as  
An old lion shall Judah be. His brethren  
Shall fear him, and from him shall not depart  
The governing of his people. From between  
His feet shall be a giver of the law,  
Until there come a mighty king. Lo! thou  
Art blest; for from thy loins shall come a Prince,  
And a Deliverer. And unto Him shall all  
The people come. He shall be strong. He shall  
Be mighty. He shall save his people from  
Their sins. In blood of grapes He'll wash His robes,  
And in his eyes may be seen the travail  
Of his soul. He shall be a fountain of life  
To all who come to him athirst. On wine  
And milk shall he ever feed them.  
And their souls in strength shall wax. Unto Him  
Their praises shall with rapture come for aye.

On the coasts of the deep, deep sea  
Zebulun shall make his abode. His wealth  
Unto all shall be known; and, from the east,  
And from the west; from far and from near  
The ships of men, laden with gems, shall come  
To seek in his place a rest. His wealth shall  
Continue to grow; his dominions shall spread  
Far and wide, even unto Zidon.  
The splendors of war and the rush of trade,  
To Issachar are worries and bores. But rest  
At home and the fruit of toil his soul  
With yearning craves. And as a beast that bears  
His load with patience and endurance quiet,  
So he submits with hands to toil and take  
For his labors a price.

With pride that well  
Becomes a Prince shall Dan his people judge.  
Though in open combat never will he  
Strive to overcome his foe. But  
As a reptile in the reeds that strikes



The horses' heels, and makes the rider backward fall  
So he will lie in wait until his foe  
In an unguarded hour passes, then he  
Will strike him to the ground with fatal blow.

By a troop, in the morning of life shall Gad  
Be overcome; but as the day shall wax old  
His strength shall increase, and at evening  
The victory he will win.

In plenty of bread shall Asher be blest, and  
With royal dainties rich and rare  
He shall enjoy the good fruits of his toil  
And wax fat in the abundance of wealth.

As a hind that's let loose from the clutches of captors,  
And feels that he is free once again; so timid  
And fearful, so watchful and careful, and  
Courteous to those he may meet on the way.  
So Naphtali is with words that are goodly,  
And ever endeavors to give no offence with his tongue.

And now upon thy head, my darling boy,  
The first born of my love, my joy and my pride,  
I call the richest blessings of my God.  
When thou wast lost to me, then didst  
Thou well prepare to nourish, in his old age,  
Thy father. Thou art a fruitful bough, for as  
A vine that is by a well nourished by  
The water thereof brings forth fruit that is rich,  
And makes glad the owner thereof. Even so art thou,  
For in the Lord thy God thou hast planted thee,  
And from his everlasting springs hast thou drunk,  
And art strong. The archers did try their best  
Thy life to take; but thou in the strength of God  
Did endure. Thy strength is in God, from whence  
Is the help of Israel. Thy ways have pleased God,  
And now thou hast no enemies to hurl,  
At thee, poisonous darts. But with power and grace



Thou art honored. Indeed thy brothers' sheaves  
 Do bow to thine; yea, more than that: the sun  
 And moon and stars do pay homage to thee.  
 And now I give blessings of earth, of heaven,  
 And of all things that in them are, to thee.  
 Of nothing shalt thou be in want. Cattle,  
 Lands, silver, gold, yea the richest blessings  
 Of all the earth; far excelling all that ever have  
 Been bestowed upon thy fathers' heads,  
 Upon thy head, Joseph, shall descend.

Benjamin shall be a warrior bold.  
 Before him shall nations quickly fly.  
 With fury he shall spoil opposing foes  
 And lead his men to glorious victory.  
 Now one more word while there is still  
 Some warmth within my frame to be found,  
 And only one thing I ask of you, my sons:  
 Do not leave me in this land, but take  
 Me to my father's tomb, and let me be  
 Buried there with the dust of Abraham  
 And Sarah, of Isaac and Rebekah,  
 And with the dust of my own wife Leah.  
 For, in years to come—ye shall return to—  
 Our own—our promised land of Canaan.  
 So there—let—my bones—be laid—to rest.  
 Near those who have—so long ago—departed.  
 Your father's blessing—rests with you.—Farewell.

The cold, chilling pain racks his weary frame.  
 One anxious, longing look—a struggle.  
 The form is still. His soul has taken its flight  
 To meet, in an unknown land, the spirits gone before.

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STRIVE, NOT DREAM ONLY.

"UNO."

*P. W. Keachem*

Some things God gives many times. Youth he gives but once, says Geikie. And since this is true, how valuable is this golden period of our lives. How enraptured we were when the



beauties of old mother Nature first challenged our admiration. How fondly we recall those precious hours spent with brother and sister roaming over the grassy fields around the home of our childhood. How our hearts swell with gratitude to those who first directed our wayward feet in wisdom's pleasant paths. Though we roam in the uttermost parts of the earth, the loving accents of a maternal voice still fall upon our ears, "prompting us to duty, and warning us from sin."

Since then we have solved many of life's perplexities. We now understand why father so often made such lasting impressions on both the mind and body. We now see face to face what we then saw through a glass darkly. We now stand upon a different plain, and sustain a new relationship. The splendid possibilities within the scope of the human intellect is a source of inspiration to us. Maturer years have come, fraught with many great blessings, yet we are wont to gaze wistfully at departing youth, regretting that he leaves to return no more. But, turning our eyes to the glorious future, fancy takes its flight in the far-off realms of imagination, making us to dwell in the domains of matrimonial bliss, where a fatherly smile plays becomingly upon our time-worn faces. Thus delighted, we forget that to enjoy these blessings in reality implies that we shall engage in those calisthenic exercises of the home in which the female hand uses so skillfully the broom-stick and the boot-jack.

In our calmer moments, the glory surrounding a well-spent life looms up before our aspiring souls, causing us to shrink from the thought of living in vain. We imagine ourselves as possessing characters that shall continue to shine in immortal splendor long after all things terrestrial shall have passed away. Yes, we like to think of a time when we shall have risen far above our present selves. It may be that some of us, while holding secret communion with our souls, have learned ere this that partial fate has not decreed that we shall go down to our graves "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." But whilst



that silent—but ever dutiful—monitor of man speaks thus encouragingly, it also bids us trust not to the idle dreams of fancy, because life is a great battle-field whereon only the brave are victorious. And since we must struggle each day for the acquirement of those things which shall make us men worthy the name, there are forces opposing our progress.

First is External Forces :

Those who have done most in the earth to bring about much-needed reformations have been opposed most bitterly. Many of them sealed their testimonies for truth at the stake, in the halls of martyrdom, or on the field of battle.

*Men love darkness rather than light*, hence they would persecute those who determine to show them the light. Those who resolve to be loyal to their convictions may expect a stormy time in this life. All honor to those who are never ashamed to let the world know that truth still has in them a loyal friend. In obedience to duty, they fix their eyes upon, and zealously defend, those eternal principles of justice and right that existed even when the morning stars sang together. Surely if there is anything on earth that kindles the wrath of heaven it is the conduct of a man who is disloyal to the truths that lie nearest his heart.

There is no need of being dismayed when slanderous tongues give utterance to the most unhallowed emotions. Such expressions are only lamentations of souls tortured by the conscious absence of something nobler than they have ever known.

“Right is right, as God is God,  
And right the day will win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.”

This opposition seems unjust, but it is nevertheless a necessity. As is said: “No man ever worked his way in a dead calm. Kites rise against, and not with, the wind.” Naturalists tell us that fish that swim up-stream have the best developed backbone.



He who has confidence in the final triumph of right need not lament that he sails on troubled waters. Even death itself should have no terrors for him who believes—"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Second—Internal Forces :

In numbering our enemies, seldom do we regard self as being the most hurtful. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." True, the vilest emotions ever lurk therein, tending to drive out its noblest impulses. Falsehood often rises up in its chambers, asserting its right to supremacy. In its darkest recesses the midnight assassin forms his plot. On its plains are fought battles greater than the world has ever seen. Yielding to its wicked suggestions has blighted hopes, blasted fortunes, ruined characters, dethroned kings, and swept whole nations from the face of the earth.

He who loves his fellow-men ; he who has a heart that beats in universal sympathy with mankind, is a benediction to the world.

The warrior and the statesman, the lawyer and the preacher, the king and the subject, the prince and the peasant, are alike slaves until they have conquered self. The distinctions of a Rothschilds, a Gould, or a Vanderbilt, may not cluster about the names of those who strive for the dominion of the heart, yet they may stand as kings and queens in the realm of virtue and true merit.

"For he who reigns within himself and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king ;  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes."

You remember the picture painted by Hawthorne, representing Cromwell after his great victory for England. It is the night following the day on which King Charles was executed. The booming cannon, having fulfilled its mission of death, keeps silent watch o'er some blood-stained field. The rattle of



musketry is heard no more. The sword is sheathed, and an unbroken stillness seems to pervade all England. Under these circumstances, the events of his own life, with those of the recent conflict, pass in one grand panorama before the mental vision of Cromwell. He sees, also, the lifeless form of his recent victim; and desiring to look once more upon his remains he lights his way to the chamber wherein the dead monarch lies. Removing the coffin-lid, he let the dim glare of his candle shine in upon his ghastly face. As he stands there, lost in thought, he questions himself thus: "Why have I, in whose veins no royal blood courses? Why have I, whose advantages in life have been few? Why have I, whose mistakes have been many? Why have I reached the throne of England while this royal-blooded king fills a dishonored coffin?" He answers himself as follows: "Notwithstanding my disadvantages and many mistakes, I mainly fought for the rights of my fellow-men, while this king, born in the lap of luxury, the victim of an evil education, knew no rights of his subjects which he felt bound to respect. Hence he has fallen, while I have risen."

F.

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#### EGYPTIAN AGRICULTURE.

Egyptian agriculture strikingly illustrates that natural law which compels adaptation between a people's employment and their situation. Egypt was pre-eminently suited for agriculture, and consequently the people there betook themselves to the cultivation of the soil. So successful did they become in this occupation that the famine-stricken in the East fled to Egypt for food, and that country was called the granary of the world.

Egypt's wonderful fertility is due exclusively to the Nile. That wonderful river, winding its way through the country, annually overflows its banks, and these regularly recurring inundations redeem from sterility a valley that otherwise would be as barren as the adjacent desert. It must not, however, be



supposed that these overflowings of the Nile brought only prosperity to the people. They were sometimes viewed with great uneasiness. Large sums of money were appropriated by government for the protection of the dykes, or dams, the breaking of which would have necessitated the destruction of much valuable property and many lives.

If, from these overflowings, the depth of water reached only eight or ten cubits, the people regarded the result as a famine; but Pliny says, "If the rise of the water exceeds sixteen cubits, a famine was the result, as when it only reached the height of ten."

The length of the inundation had great effect upon the cultivation of the ensuing crop. When the water remained long on the land, the plow was dispensed with, the land being tilled with hoes, or by dragging the moist mud with bushes, after the seed were sown. To insure the perfect covering of the grain, animals were driven over the fields for the purpose of treading it in, and this completed all the labor until the harvest time. "In no country," says Herodotus, "do they gather their seed with so little labor. They are not obliged to trace deep furrows with the plough, and break the clods, nor to partition out their fields into numerous forms, as other people do; but when the river of itself overflows the land, and the water retires again, they sow their fields, driving the pigs over them to tread in the seed; and this being done, every one patiently awaits the harvest."

Grain and cotton were the chief productions of this fertile valley. Stock-raising was also regarded as very important, and was engaged in extensively. It was supposed that the Egyptians gathered their knowledge of the heavenly bodies while attending herds in the night. Wheat and barley, their principal food-crops, received especial attention.

Little attention was given to the growth of plants except those used for food; and little to trees, excepting the palm, large groves of which are seen in every part of the country.



Much the larger proportion of Egyptian products were native. For though the Egyptian herbarium is limited to about 1,300, the native plants constitute the greater part of that number.

The Egyptians obeyed the fundamental principle in husbandry, that the produce on the same land should be varied. They realized that a repetition of the same crop for many years destroyed the very foundations of success.

Nearly all the crops of the Egyptians were harvested within three or five months after planting.

Threshing was done by driving cattle over the wheat, placed on a level floor, this being the origin of our many modern inventions for the same purpose.

The inundations gave to the peasantry much leisure time, which was spent in various amusements. Many of their festivals, even many of a sacred nature, were connected with agriculture.

W. L. PRINCE.

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## Editorial.

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### THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ROTUNDA.

Well may the editor of *The University of Virginia Magazine* say: "A great calamity has befallen us! I say befallen us, because it is beyond peradventure that every man, woman, and child in any way connected with the University of Virginia looks upon the destruction of the Rotunda not only as a public calamity, but also as a personal bereavement. The financial loss is great, but to those who have so long taught, and to those who either recently or in days gone by have sat as students within its grand walls, there is a greater loss, a loss not to be estimated in dollars and cents, but only by the grief of those who mourn the loss of a beloved and ever-faithful friend. It is not the destruction of a school-house we have suffered, but the annihilation of a monument to the glorious and vigorous past."



The inspired Word bids us "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." So we weep with the students and those connected with the University over their great and irreparable loss, and we also rejoice with them that their many friends throughout the State and elsewhere are coming to their aid with ready hands and liberal purses.

The blessings of God upon this institution !

Though the angry and merciless flames may devour its material part, yet can these, nor any other power beneath the heavens, destroy that spirit of liberty which was so characteristic of, and which emanated from, its immortal founder; that spirit of liberty which he left as a heritage to the people throughout the land, but particularly to those who should drink at this fountain of lore.

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#### A WORD TO THE STUDENTS IN REGARD TO THE MESSENGER.

We beg leave to remind the students of the College that two rewards are offered this session for excellence in writing to the writers for the MESSENGER. The regular *Writers' Medal* has been given by the literary societies for the past several years. This medal costs twenty-five dollars, and is very handsome. The second is a prize of twenty dollars, given by our generous alumnus, Mr. E. M. Long, for the best imaginative production.

The contestant for the regular *Writers' Medal* must contribute at least three articles to the MESSENGER during the session, one of which he will submit to the judges appointed by the literary societies.

No stipulated number of articles are required from the contestant for the twenty dollars given by Mr. Long.

Both of these rewards are well worthy of our most strenuous efforts. Let's go to work and make the contest a lively one.

If we keep the MESSENGER up to its present standard (which we hope to do) we must take an interest in it. In the words



of one of our contemporaries: "We beg to say that the students of the College have now the opportunity of having a magazine as good or as bad as they choose to make it."

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We would call the attention of the students to those who advertise in our magazine. These advertisers very largely pay for the publication, and it is but right that we should patronize them in preference to those who do not patronize us.

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### HOT WATER.

Perhaps none of the recent improvements around and about the College are more gratifying to the students than the new bath-tubs. There is, however, just one more request we would like to make in regard to our bathing department, and that is that we have hot water at least three days during the week. Say Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Under the present arrangement the students cannot bathe as often as they would like to; and, what is still worse, it is sometimes, indeed often, necessary to wait an hour or an hour and an half to get the use of a tub.

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### THE RICHMOND COLLEGE LAW-CLASS ASSOCIATION.

The junior and senior law classes of Richmond College have united themselves into an association which will be known as the "Richmond Law-Class Association."

The aim and purposes of the new association are the devising of means whereby its members may be afforded an opportunity of training on legal questions, and of developing their mental faculties in debate and forensic speaking.

One of the most important features of the association is the regular trial by jury of all offenders against the rules and by-laws of the association itself. Whenever a member is charged with some offence by the competent officer he is allowed by the constitution of the association a speedy and impartial trial,



and the privilege of selecting his own councils, while the attorney for the prosecution is appointed by the Chair. The members of the association, with the exception of those who may be summoned as witnesses in the case, constitute the jury, a majority of which convict or acquit. Legal and other questions are also discussed by the members in debates. The society meets, by courtesy of the Philologian Literary Society, in their hall every Saturday night at 8 o'clock.

The officers of the Law-Class Association for the present term are the following gentlemen: M. R. Peterson, president; C. E. Stern, vice-president; D. A. Ritchie, secretary; T. E. Seaton, treasurer; C. H. Keyser, sergeant-at-arms, and B. A. Lewis, censor.

The MESSENGER wishes the new association all the success it rightly deserves.

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## Collegiana.

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See! Right on, please.

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State fair. Style in gymnasium drill, short sleeves and low-neck.

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Mr. L——g (translating Lysius' oration on the sacred olive tree): "They have *dishonerated* me."

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Mr. (K—f—n): We are sorry indeed that you must go home and "dig potatoes."

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The delegation at Louisville Southern Baptist Theological Seminary from Richmond College this session is good. We understand there are twenty or more. Some of our best men left us this session to enter there. H. A. Willis, R. W. Hatcher, Jacob Hart, J. H. Franklin, G. H. Hambleton, we bid you God-speed.

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Richmond College has also a good delegation at Crozer Theological Seminary. This year there went from here, —



Flannagan, T. A. Athey, T. S. Dunaway ('94), M. A., J. R. Murdock ('95), M. A. Boys, you have our best wishes.

Mr. M—— last session in preaching his farewell sermon at his church took as his text, "Fear not, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

Mr. R. (just returning from Sen. Eng.): Say, old lady, I learned something strange in English to-day. I never knew before that *oxen*, way back in Anglo-Saxon times, used to be masculines, feminines, and neuters; but here it is in the book: Masculine, *oxa*; feminine, *tunge*; neuter, *eage*. Ain't it strange about this?

Prof. C.: "Mr. B., in what case is *anthropo*?"

Mr. B.: "In the *ista* subscript, sir."

We all remember that a certain tiny doggie, with an abbreviated terminus, recently won a cheap notoriety by alighting out of a tall window of the college.

Mr. N. was being questioned regarding the occurrence, and was asked if he knew whether doggie was physically disqualified by his foolish leap. The face of Mr. N. beamed with honesty as he replied: "I didn't see doggie come down, but heard him fall, and it sounded exactly like he was knocked senseless."

Mr. Go-off-now: One of our very appreciative young rats, after having perused with a critical eye the much-admired Chisel of the Woman's College, says: "I congratulate the girls on that."

Mr. J. A. G., old fellow, our hearts melted within us for sympathy as we recognized a *package of old letters* wandering back home to you.

An example in ratio and proportion: "If a string of sausage reaches to the bottom of a soap-barrel, how many potato peelings will it take to cover a school-house."



Mr. A—— says his dear's (deer's) eyes are fixed. Perhaps so, old fellow.

Mr. M——, a time-honored student here, was much chagrined the other day when spoken of as an "unsophisticated youth."

We were much gratified to have with us at our morning prayers, last Monday week, Rev. Mr. Jolly, pastor of Randolph-street Baptist church, and Rev. W. W. Hamilton, of Vinton.

Mr. C—k, old boy, we sympathize with you deeply. Don't give up, you will make *music* after awhile.

Jun Phil. (Prof. T.): "Are sensations momentary or permanent?"

Rat J.: "Momentary."

Prof. T.: "How about looking at the sun?"

Mr. H. (old student): "How about looking at the *daughter*?"

It was with unfeigned sorrow and regret that the sad news came to us that the University of Virginia had been *electrocuted*.

Prof. —— (to Mr. F——, who had been conjugating that familiar German verb, *Ich habe ge-kaupt, du hast ge-kaupt*, etc.): "Now, Mr. F——, give us the English of that verb."

Mr. F—— (promptly): "I have a cow, you have a cow, he has a cow."

Mr. E——: "I saw a man taken to the station-house this evening."

Rat K.: "What station? Station A?"

Prof. ——: "Where would be the natural place for a man to enter the capitol building, he intending to explore it in order to make a description of it?"

Class: "Door."



Mr. E. has lately agreed to oblige a lady friend by feeding her cat on the pestiferous college mice. Any student in need of mouse-snares, dead-falls for mice, or mouse-traps of any or all descriptions, will please call at Mr. E's room immediately.

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Mr. W.: "We had a fine quartette to-day."

Mr. J.: "You are mistaken, it was a duet."

Mr. W.: "I'm not mistaken. I *know* there were three of them singing."

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Its fun to see our croquet players out at their sport on the iciest afternoons, wearing big overcoats and gloves, and stamping to keep from freezing.

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Mr. M——n, stopping in the midst of his debate: "Gentlemen, wait a minute, please; I'll get it presently."

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We extend our sympathies to Mr. G——t, who recently received a *whole package* of letters neatly tied with a blue ribbon.

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If a confidential friend of Mr. H——t, get him to tell you of his trip to Hampton last summer.

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Prof. (in Jr. Phil.): "Mr. T——r, what can you say of the sense Hearing?"

Mr. T.: "To begin with, Professor, it is a *binocular* process."

Prof.: "Well, Mr. T., it is a *bi-something*, anyway, isn't it?"

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Mr. M——n, while reading a letter from his devoted, becomes unconscious of his surroundings, and indulges in laughter and pet phrases. Suddenly he wakes up and says: "Excuse me, boys, I thought I was in C—— county."



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

For the past month no phase of Association work has been neglected. The members seem to realize as never before that there is a great responsibility resting upon them, and almost all are doing something. This is encouraging, and will gladden the hearts of all who are interested in our spiritual welfare. But we cannot stop yet, for there is still much to be done.

We were well represented at the District Conference of the State Young Men's Christian Association which convened at Ashland, Va., October 11-13, inclusive. Our delegates were Messrs. Henry M. Fugate, J. T. Bowden, Jr., W. Ernest Gibson, J. W. Fizer, and Frederick Gochenaur. They reported a spiritual refreshing. Nothing helps a student so much when he has become cold and indifferent in God's cause as to attend such a meeting as the above. By coming in contact with so many consecrated young men a young man can't help but be benefited. We hope a larger number of our students than ever will take advantage of the coming opportunities for thus improving themselves.

Our Thursday evening prayer-meetings have been quite up to, if not above, the standard. The attendance is extraordinarily good. Dr. Carroll, our new professor of Greek, conducted one of the meetings not long since, and he greatly endeared himself to us by his excellent talk. He, like his predecessor, is a frequent attendant upon our religious services. Dr. Ryland was also present at the same meeting, and gave us some thoughtful suggestions. Our prayer-meeting last Thursday evening was a *missionary* one. The subject was, "Non-belief in Missions," and was ably discussed by Messrs. Poulsin, McEwen, and Stuart. We trust that the thoughts that were there presented will not be forgotten soon. Hereafter one of the Thursday evening prayer-meetings in each month will be given to missionary study.

Our consecration service on Sunday mornings do not begin as promptly as they should. We only have one-half of an hour,



so let's be there, and begin at the appointed time. "There's nothing like being up to the notch."

The Mission Band was reorganized under very favorable auspices. Mr. W. E. Gibson was chosen leader for the year. We now have thirty members on roll, nearly all of whom are taking an active part. The first work that we have planned is an eight weeks' study on India. The subject is a great one, and will doubtless prove beneficial to all.

A singular fact about our band is that we have had a volunteer as leader ever since its organization. Volunteers, having missions closer to their hearts than non-volunteers, seem to have the knack of keeping missionary interest alive. At least such has been our observation. Our library is open to all the students.

The Bible classes are doing fairly good work. The attendance is good, and the interest manifested is above par. We think that nearly two-thirds of the resident students are members of some one or other of the classes. We have every means whereby the study of the Bible can be made easy; so we ought to take advantage of the opportunities.

The organ is a great addition to our music this year. It seems to make the voices blend together in harmony more than before. Good music is an attraction which will draw as nothing else will.

We are indeed pleased to note that President Boatwright has made arrangement with Rev. E. Y. Mullins, Assistant Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, to deliver three lectures on missions in the College chapel during the next month. In a recent issue of the *Religious Herald*, President Boatwright had this to say: "The College is fortunate in being able to secure the devout and scholarly Associate Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board to deliver the introductory course of lectures on missions. I believe, with the *Herald*, that there is no man in all the land who can do it better."

The Reception Committee has been continued, and is, we hope, still doing some effective work.



The "week of prayer" is on us. We shall hold meetings every evening an hour before supper. During the week of prayer we not only pray for God's blessing upon the colleges of our own land, but for the colleges all over the world. O, that God would give us his Spirit this week, in order that we may worship him aright! We are looking forward with longing desires for a revival in our midst, and this is a good way to start it.

And now for work—good, solid, and honest work; work that will tell both now and hereafter; work that God will be pleased to look at and smile down upon.

W. B. DAUGHTRY.

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#### GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

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In the absence of President Boatwright, the Vice-President, Mr. R. E. Loving, presided at our last meeting.

A paper on Alleghany county, prepared by Mr. W. B. Loving, a corresponding member of the Society, was read by Mr. J. E. Johnson. The paper was well written, and contained much valuable information concerning the geography, history, and resources of that county.

The Executive Committee recommended that Virginia—its counties and cities—be the subject for general study during the session; and that the members from other States prepare papers giving the general history of their respective States.

The following gentlemen were elected active members of the Society: Messrs. R. D. Quisenberry, Glade Spring; V. L. Stonnell, Richmond county; J. E. Hicks, Tennessee; W. H. Dodd, Raleigh, N. C.; W. F. Johnson, Southampton county; and J. R. Owen, North Carolina.

The papers to be read at the next meeting are Outline Geography of Virginia, by R. E. Loving, and Outline History of Virginia, W. F. Rudd.

We hope that the work mapped out for the year may prove so interesting that many more of the new students will join



the Society in its efforts to broaden the students' general knowledge, and especially their knowledge of Virginia and the adjoining States.

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W. F. R.

On Tuesday evening, November 12th, the fifth annual address before the Geographical and Historical Society was delivered by Dr. Curry.

Prof. Boatwright, after urging upon the friends of education the long-felt need of a well-equipped chair of ancient and modern history in Richmond College, congratulated the Society upon their good fortune in having secured Dr. Curry to deliver their annual address upon the "Present Political Status of Italy."

Dr. Curry was greeted by continued applause, and in his introductory remarks gave special emphasis to the importance of an extended knowledge of history among professional men.

The speaker followed Italy in its "struggle for existence" in such a manner as to furnish to his hearers, who were in sympathy with the theme, the ground-work for a much more extended study of a subject so broad in its scope, and urged upon the young men of the Society that they become familiar with the lives of Italian statesmen.

And, too, he impressed upon the students in general, the fact that they, should the occasion demand it, like the German students in the uprising of 1848, rise up and "assert the rights of the masses against the classes."

In closing, Dr. Curry urged the student body of to-day to elevate and purify politics, and to rid them of all selfish and unholy principles.

The hearts of our members were made glad by the goodly representation of Richmond people, whom we welcomed into our halls, and we sincerely trust that, too, their ambition, as well as ours, was inspired by such an able address.

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#### GYMNASIUM NOTES.

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Owing to the increase of interest in gymnastics, it has been found necessary to apply for more apparatus, especially bells



and clubs. We are hoping soon to have some first-class apparatus in the shape of parallel and horizontal bars.

We are greatly gratified with the excellent attendance at the classes. An attempt is being made to secure a series of lectures on Hygiene, Anatomy, and Physiology, for the benefit of the students in general, but especially for the members of the gymnasium classes. The lectures will probably be given early next year by some well-informed speaker, probably by an alumnus of the College. Such a course of lectures will be of inestimable value to those who are taking great interest in gymnasium work, as well as to each student of the College.

A. E. OWENS.

#### COLLEGE BOYS IN NORFOLK.

Several of our students visited Norfolk last week, and attended the "Carnival of Trades," then in progress in that city. The carnival was held for the benefit of the First Baptist church, and was largely attended by friends from various parts of the State.

We left Richmond on Friday morning, and reached our destination about midday. After a warm greeting on the part of our friends, we were conducted to the spacious hall where the carnival was in progress. Decorations of flowers and evergreens graced the walls, and beautiful booths, whose value and beauty were enhanced by magnificent donations, were arranged throughout the large hall.

Some of us spent the afternoon in visiting Virginia Beach. We could not help but admire the wonders and beauties of nature as we watched the rolling billows, driven and tossed before the angry winds, rush upon the sandy beach with a mighty roar.

Returning to the carnival in the evening, we greatly enjoyed an address by Rev. Thomas Dixon. The hall was crowded with eager listeners, and the speaker, in his graceful and eloquent manner, entertained all by his address on the "Modern Woman."



The most interesting feature of the evening, however, was a reception given to the Richmond College students by the young ladies of the city and of Norfolk College and Ryland Institute. It is needless to say that it was a success. It is impossible to describe it. Anyway, it was then that we met the charming young ladies, and enjoyed so much the occasion, which we shall ever cherish and remember with delight; and when we shall have passed on out of college walls, and the rays of the setting sun are casting their shadows on the pathway of life, how pleasant it will be to recall such a scene of enjoyment, and think of our friends in the "City Beside the Sea."

To you, friends of Norfolk, we feel grateful for your past kindness, and we appreciate your kind attention.

And, fair ladies, as we think of you, emotion too deep for utterance stirs our hearts, and we can only say, we are grateful.

## Selections from Contemporaries.

### DEMORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

When grim death has seized us and sped us away  
 To the regions beyond mortal ken,  
 Could we but hear the kind words that men say,  
 Who would not live over again?  
 —*Jno. Weymouth—William and Mary College Monthly.*

Adown the street a maiden and  
 A youth together walk.  
 She bears a bag of wafers salt,  
 They gaily laugh and talk.

The youth grows bold, and slyly steals  
 A wafer, then takes two.  
 "Ah," cries the maid, "that surely is  
 No wafer you to do."

—*H. N. C., Obelin Review.*



### IT MIGHT CONCERN YOU.

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Straying into a club-room last winter, I chanced to see upon the wall a code of rules that, no doubt, will be very near and dear to many students in college. Not that they will apply to you, but then they can be tacked upon the wall, and some poor pedestrian may be reminded that civilization still exists :

1. Any one who helps to raise food to his mouth by inhaling will be turned out with the rest of the swine.
2. All who eat with their knives are warned that they are likely to cut their mouths.
3. Things will be passed that are over four feet from the one who wants them.
4. Help yourself first, it may be your only chance.

Instructions were appended as follows :

Use of Fork : To hold meats while being cut, and to place solids in the mouth.

Use of Knife : To prepare food in particles sizable for your mouth, you to select the size.

Use of Spoon : To raise liquids to the mouth. It is a rank injustice to take the spoon for a sucking machine.

These rules did some good at the club, because some of the boys were merely reminded of something that was sleeping. I once found a student with his feet at the side of his chair, his mouth on the level with his plate, and using his knife as a hoe, apparently digging potatoes. *He was also making a noise with his mouth that had never been translated from the language we had before evolution advanced in its work.* Everybody should learn proper table manners, and not go through the world advertising the fact that you have not passed the sub-fresh examination in mastication.—*Bethany Collegian.*



FALL.  

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Summer days once more are passing,  
Burdened with their joy and mirth;  
And the golden autumn banner  
Waves its colors o'er the earth.

'Tis the spring in all its beauty  
Of which poets love to sing;  
'Tis the blossoming and the fruit-time  
Which to all their pleasures bring.

But for me is fall most charming  
Of all seasons in the year;  
Not that summer days have vanished,  
Not that winter draweth near,

But because of all the changes  
Wrought in nature's wondrous world;  
Of her gorgeous autumn verdure,  
With its golden tints unfurled.

'Tis then that the flowers gently  
Nod their farewells to the sun;  
Droop their heads and fold their petals  
For their night has just begun.

Then the snow-flakes fall in silence  
'Till the covering of white  
Shields all nature, deep in slumber,  
Through the winter's chilly night.

There's a promise of a springtime  
Hidden neath the charm of fall;  
And the promise makes that season  
Seem most beautiful of all.

—Annie L. Austin, '95, in *The Sibyl*.



Not infrequently do we hear many excellent writers and profound thinkers criticised because of their inability to speak well extemporaneously. Why is it that hosts of public speakers from the pulpit and political platform are confined to the limits of their commercial note, and would not be able to complete their discourses without the friendly aid of good light and telescopic spectacles? Some attribute this trouble to lack of ideas, but this does not aptly apply, for little complaint against the nature of the written production is offered, yet all admit that a vast deal of the real power of a good article is lost when the article is simply read, without much attempt being made at expression or true oratorical utterance.

But wherein lies the fault? Manifestly it lies in the fact that the speaker has not yet become accustomed, by preparatory training, either to think quickly and consecutively, or to forcibly express his thoughts. There is a distinct tardiness in thinking as well as a lack of oratorical power, and the time to overcome both difficulties is in youth.—*Bates Student.*

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#### TWO NAMES.

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One wrote his name in letters deep and wide  
Upon the soft, smooth sand along the shore,  
But the harsh waves of the inrolling tide  
Passed over it, and it was seen no more.  
The other scaled a mountain's lofty crest  
And carved his name upon the rocky height ;  
The tides rolled in, the suns sank toward the west,  
But still those undimmed letters greet our sight.  
One with his sharpened chisel gouged his fame  
Upon the thought of men; in humbler part  
The other chose the gift to write his name  
In sorrow on the everlasting heart.  
As time rolls on and science sinks in night,  
Ah, which will live to greet the rising light?

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The general sentiment among America college students favors Cuban freedom.