

**William and Mary College.**

The authorities of William and Mary have been forced to cause the sale of Shadwell, on which they had a deed of trust. Reluctant as they were, they were forced to this by a creditor who had loaned them large sums to rebuild the college after its wanton destruction by the Federal army. It is a fact not generally known that by its successive misfortunes the endowment has been sadly diminished, and its final closing can only be averted by the generosity of the people of Virginia. At their last meeting the Board of Visitors determined to keep it open, and meanwhile to depute an agent to solicit subscriptions to re-endow it. That agent is now canvassing the North. On his success depends the future fate of the college which is linked so intimately with all the past pride and glory and culture of Virginia. It is needless to relate her past history. So old that the very date of her foundation is doubtful (the most probable date is 1660), her history prior to the Revolution is the history of Virginia.— Nearly every student in her precincts joined the Colonial army, and at Yorktown, almost under the shadow of her walls, heard the boom of the cannon which announced the final victory. Though seriously impoverished by losses in that war, her capacity for usefulness was undiminished. At the outbreak of the late war two-thirds of the students then in attendance joined the Southern army, and her halls remained closed until the fires of vandalism lit them up with their lurid glare. Despite numerous losses and difficulties, at the close of the war she again opened her doors, and with unexampled generosity dispensed free scholarships to multitudes of the impoverished youth of the South. Though (as is proved by the stand always taken by her alumni at the University) her standard is at least equal to that of the many colleges which are now trying to become sectarian universities; no envy of our great University enters her nature, and in the debates which preceded the late University bill the influence of the authorities of William and Mary was freely and zealously and generously cast in its behalf. We have too much faith in the conservatism and reverence for the past so characteristic of Virginians to think that they would allow this venerable institution to sink into the dust, and in the name of those of her alumni who have made Virginia great, in behalf of that college which gave to law a Marshall and a Madison, to statesmanship a Jefferson and a Monroe; of that college which has educated nearly every great man that Virginia prior to the war could boast, we appeal to her alumni and her admirers, to all Virginians who are imbued with the spirit of gratitude, to all lovers of education and of letters, to aid in securing her against her threatened fate. Her future history will then be no less glorious than her past. But the final destruction of this last remaining landmark which bears testimony to the past greatness of Virginia would be an indelible blot upon the escutcheon of the Commonwealth.

*Written for the Charlottesville Chronicle  
by Robt M. Hughes. See Judge Hughes, Apr 1877.*

As our Paris contemporary observes, this is certainly a very bright and maternal letter from an artist who is well on towards her three-score years.

### Be an Editor.

A young man writes from one of the rural villages of Tennessee:

"I have been teaching school ever since I quit school, about a year ago, but I do not like it. It is time I had chosen a profession, and I think I would rather be an editor than anything else, for I like ease and comfort and plenty of money, and *do not* like to work. To be an editor, to sit in an elegant sanctum, with nothing to do but write when I felt like it, to have plenty of money and go where and when I pleased free of cost, and lead the editor's quiet life of ease, without care of trouble of any sort, is the height of my ambition. My friends think I ought to study law or medicine, or keep on teaching; but to be a lawyer or a doctor requires too much study, and too much brains to start with, and teaching is too hard work. Under these circumstances would you not advise me to become an editor?"

We certainly would; your ideas of the life of an editor, and of his surroundings and freedom from care and toil, are singularly accurate. An editor is the happiest being on earth. He has little or nothing to do, and his pay is all that heart could wish. His sanctum, with its Persian rugs and Turkey carpets, its costly rose-wood furniture, its magnificent mirrors, its beautiful pictures, its complete library of splendidly bound books, its buffet stocked with the finest of wines, liquors and cigars, which cost him but a puff or two, its silver bell to summon an attendant whenever a julep or cocktail is wanted, and, in short, with its everything that human ingenuity can devise for his comfort and pleasure, is a perfect little paradise, where he sits or lounges and reigns a young lord, with the world of fashion and pleasure at his feet. And then anybody can be an editor—no study, no preparation, no brains, nothing but a little money to start with, and once started the money pours in upon you in a steady stream, and the chief labor of your life is to spend it. As for the labor of editing a newspaper, that is mere moonshine. A mere glance at the columns of a newspaper is enough to convince you that it requires no labor to edit it and less brains. It is certainly a glorious life, that of an editor, a life of luxurious ease and of elegant leisure—a life for the gods, filled, like that of the young lover in his first sweet dream of requited love, with flutes and rose-leaves and moonbeams,

"While not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across his peaceful breast;"

and that all men are not editors is one of the strangest things beneath the stars. True, there must be doctors and lawyers and merchants and shoemakers and peanut dealers and the like, and all these callings must be filled by somebody, but there are thousands of men who are not smart enough to fill them, and why they don't become editors and lead the life of opulent princes is a thing that staggers us. But after all, it may be that it is a mere matter of taste. It may be repugnant to some natures to be clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, and of course it would never do for such a nature to become an editor; the life of ease and elegance and luxury, and exemption from all care and toil and debts and duns, would soon become a bore to him, and he would spend his nights in dreaming of plows and pitchforks and reaping machines, and squander his days in devising some plan for swapping places with a blacksmith's apprentice or a street car driver. Yes, we would advise our young Tennessee friend to become an editor by all means. Let him rent twenty acres of good ground, if he has none

This Deed made this day of December 1878  
between "The President and Masters or Professors  
of the College of William and Mary in Virginia"  
parties of the first part and William S. Peachy  
of the City of Williamsburg State of Virginia party  
of the second part - Witnesseth -

That the said parties of the first part do grant  
unto the party of the second part, with general  
warranty - all that tract of land in the  
County of Albemarle called "Shadwell" and  
containing about eight hundred & thirty six (836)  
acres conveyed to said party of the first part by W. W. Mum  
Fruiting by Deed dated September 10<sup>th</sup> 1878 duly recorded in Albemarle County  
In Trust - To secure unto William W. Vest  
of the City of Williamsburg all the balance of  
indebtedness due him by the parties of the  
first part at the date herof, amounting to about  
Twelve Thousand Five Hundred (\$12,500<sup>00</sup>) Dollars -  
principal and interest, evidenced by  
bonds of said College now in his possession

Handwritten text on aged, yellowed paper. The text is written in a cursive script and appears to be a list or account. The words are difficult to decipher due to the handwriting and the age of the document, but some legible words include "received", "paid", "amount", and "balance".

Handwritten notes in the left margin, including the word "Cotton" written vertically.

Handwritten numbers and symbols in the left margin, including "2860" and "8".

Handwritten numbers and symbols in the left margin, including "23" and "22".

Faint handwritten text in the center of the page, possibly describing a process or material.

Wm 283

Miss Mary Colver

To

Peabody Trustees for  
Vick.

JNO. S. WISE.

HENRY W. HOBSON.

WISE & HOBSON,

Attorneys at Law,

RICHMOND, VA.,

June 24<sup>th</sup> 1879

Col. Benj. S. Sewell

Presd<sup>t</sup>. W<sup>m</sup> & Mary College -

Dear Col.

I am more than grateful at the action of the Faculty in allowing me extra compensation of \$200.00 for services relative to sale of Shadwell - I did not as you know demand it, nor will I refuse it - I owe the College money as security of Mr. Mayo & if the Authorities think my services worthy of compensation I am proud to credit such allowance on the interest I owe. One of the most distressing things I ever experienced has been my agency in even temporarily embarrassing the College by the this loan to Mayo - God knows my desire has even been to aid her & lift her up in her distress - It seems as if this has been a rebuke to the conceit that I could serve her - Be it so - I accept it with all humility & trust it may be a lesson for the future not lost or forgotten - You know

The nature & extent of the services I have rendered, not only in selling but in trying to sell Shadwell when the prospect of doing so seemed absolutely desperate. I therefore gratefully accept the extra allowance, not as a charity or kindness but as a reasonable compensation. One which if I were able to refuse I would gladly waive in favor of an Institution which I love & cherish as one of the few old things left to us.

I know how large a factor you were in this act & so knowing I thank you particularly.

Yrs Truly  
Geo S. Wise

I expect to pay up the arrears of interest on the Mayo debt within the current year.