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## Monthly Musings, Vol. 3, No. 9

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# Monthly Musings

"MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE."—Shakespeare.

Richmond College.

VOL. III. }  
NO. 9. }

RICHMOND, VA., JUNE, 1878.

TERMS. { ONE YEAR.....60 cents.  
{ SINGLE COPY.....10 cents.

## The Muse.

### THE EVENING TIME.

Together we walked in the evening time,  
Above us the sky spread golden and clear,  
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,  
As if he held me of all most dear.  
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew, and grayer still,  
The rooks flitted home through the purple shade,  
The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high,  
As I walked with him in the woodland glade.  
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through fields of wheat;  
Narrow that path and rough the way,  
But he was near, and the birds sang true,  
And the stars came out in the twilight gray:  
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past,  
Softly of blessed days to be;  
Close to his arm and closer I prest,  
The corn-field path was Eden to me.  
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died;  
My hand in his enfolded lay;  
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,  
For narrower, narrower wound the way.  
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depths of my eyes and said,  
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;  
But together we'll walk through the fields of life,  
Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

GOOD WORDS.

### LAND LOCKED.

Black lie the hills, swiftly doth daylight flee,  
And, catching gleams of sunset's dying smile,  
Through the dark land for many a changing mile,  
The river runneth softly to the sea.

O, happy river, could I follow thee!  
O, yearning heart, that never can be still!  
O, wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,  
Longing for level line of solemn sea!

Have patience, here are flowers and songs of birds,  
Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and sight,  
All summer's glory thine from morn till night,  
And life too full of joy for uttered words.

Neither am I ungrateful. But I dream  
Deliciously, how twilight falls to-night  
Over the glimmering water, how the light  
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind sea-scented on my cheek,  
To catch the sound of dusky flapping sail,  
And dip of oars, and voices on the gale,  
Afar off, calling, softly, low and sweet.

O, earth, thy summer song of joy may soar  
Ringing to heaven in triumph! But I crave  
The sad, caressing murmur of the wave  
That breaks in tender music on the shore.

—ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

### A WORD TO THE DISAPPOINTED.

Messrs. Editors:

Please do not take this as addressed to you personally. *Me genoito!* Each of you, I trust, will receive on Commencement day a full supply of parchments, decorated with blue ribands and red seals. But there have been heretofore some who failed to obtain the Collegiate honors they sought, there will probably be some this session also. Allow me, without knowing at all who they are or wherein they have fallen short, to offer through your columns a word for their consideration.

My sympathies were excited in their behalf by a walk this morning through the old Panathenaic studium. Its shape is that of a horse shoe magnet. Along the parallel sides, and the curved end rose marble seats for 50,000 spectators. The athletes entered at the open end in view of all and there the victors waited to receive their crowns. Near the other end was a vaulted passage under the seats and a rude tunnel through the hill, made for the benefit of the vanquished, that they might speedily escape from the jeers and taunts with which they were assailed by an unfeeling mob. Through this many a noble youth, fit both by nature and by training for a better fate, has been obliged to slink away. Its rocky sides have echoed many a deep-drawn sigh of disappointment, many a fierce complaint of injustice or unfair treatment. But they have witnessed too the formation of high resolves to secure better development, to undergo more severe training, and to enter the arena again at the next annual exhibition, for of all people the Athenians were least elated by success and least dejected by reverses. To this trait, in a large measure, was due the pre-eminence which they attained and still hold.

It is to be regretted that so much of the old heathenish disposition to regard defeat as ignominious, is still indulged and carried into contests in which it has no shadow of applicability. The fleetest racer might slip on the smooth pavement, the next might stumble over him, a third or fourth runner not unfrequently received the wreath of wild parsley, but all had the benefit of the training through which they had gone, all had alike the strong brawn, the graceful movement, and the steady nerve which their gymnastic had cultivated. Were not these of more value than a bunch of withering herbs? How much more is this true

of the contest in which you have been engaged where the real prize is not a diploma but an education, the real aim not to be made a titled graduate, but to become, in the true full sense, a *man*. Prove that you have not missed this better part by bearing in a manly way your disappointment.

At sunset this afternoon it was my privilege to be standing on the old bema which crowns the Pnyx. Sunset in the pellucid air of Attica has charms that no words can describe, no painter even can depict. The Ægæan hills and the pass of Daphne glowed as burnished gold, the face of Parnes was covered with a sombre veil, Hymettus wore a robe of bright grey, a soft purple hue of indescribable beauty was floating over Salamis and Aegina, and the waters between them, while the Acropolis, grand, glorious, peculiar, rose more and more majestic in the waning light. But I was thinking less of these enchanting scenes, than of the men who walked amidst them two thousand years ago, and especially of one who was hissed and hooted from the very spot on which my feet were resting. He had come up not unprepared to discuss the questions proposed, but for some reason or other he failed, failed utterly, failed ignominiously. He retired with his books and his lamp to a cave, "marred the corners of his beard" that he might not be seduced into frequenting social circles, he trained his lungs to cope with the loud roar on the beach of Phalerum, he determined to succeed. And when next he appeared before the popular assembly, he carried all before him. Athens delighted to do him honor, the tyrant of Macedon, feared, while he admired, the thunders of his eloquence, and all the world has agreed to put first in the list of orators, the name of Demosthenes.

He teaches us that failure may be and should be a valuable lesson. It will so prove, if it leads to a correct estimate of difficulties a proper appreciation of one's weaknesses, and an earnest effort to surmount the one by amending the other. Allow me, therefore, to congratulate the graduates, wishing for them a steady continuance of those habits of work, to which their diplomas bear witness, and to congratulate as well all who have earnestly tried, wishing for them the full fruits of their honest efforts and a success hereafter, which may more than compensate for the present sense of loss. Like Tennyson:

"I hold it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp, in divers tones  
That men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Athens, May 17th, 1878.

H. H. H.



## Commencement Week.

## THE JOLLIFICATION.

The Commencement exercises of the College have a dignity and sobriety befitting the character of the institution, and the Society celebrations are nothing if not dignified, but the jollification is dedicated to mirth and fun. The talent and inventive genius of the students are called into requisition to prepare an attractive programme, and that they succeed is attested by the fact that the audiences have increased, from year to year, until at the recent jollification a larger audience assembled in the chapel than has ever been seen here since the Memorial celebration.

The exercises of the jollification were held in the chapel on Friday evening, June 14th. The audience began to assemble at an early hour, and long before the hour for the opening of the exercises the hall was filled. There was not even standing room in the aisles and in the rotunda for those who came after 8 o'clock, and many persons were compelled to return to the city being unable even to enter the door. Major Garber's coaches brought out a large number of persons, and they were a very great convenience to those who lived at a distance. The chapel was beautifully decorated with cedar and evergreens, while placards with mirth-provoking inscriptions were placed upon the walls.

The exercises of the evening were opened by the vice-president, Mr. Robertson, who introduced the Glee Club, which has for its motto "*Musici fiunt—non nascuntur.*" The manner in which the chorus made their appearance created much amusement. They were ground out of a machine made for the purpose, the crank being turned by the director, Mr. C. H. Chalkley.

After the chorus Mr. Ashton Starke, the president, made an address of welcome, which was replete with wit and humor. He was frequently interrupted by applause, and his hits at the faculty, students and audience were highly enjoyed.

A debate then followed on the question: "Resolved, That the Spider should be executed for killing the Fly." Affirmative: A. R. Long, Chester, Pa.; L. C. Catlett, Gloucester county. Negative: F. T. West, Louisa; W. T. Derieux, Essex. The question was decided by the audience in favor of the negative.

After a song by the chorus the president conferred honors on the following gentlemen: The Handsome Man, Tucker, looking-glass; the Swell, Bouldin, a bottle of hair oil; the Wit, Bidgood, mustard plaster; Mummy, Winfrey, a bottle of catch-up; Baby, Wilson, tin-plate; Fat Man, Hix, bandanna; Jas Bag, Baum, a horn; Our Pet, Settle, a ginger-cake, Twins, Martin and Brooks, a pair of socks.

The medalists received their honors with ghastly attempts at smiles, while the audience

greeted each luckless wight with rounds of applause.

The drama of "Blue Glass was then presented with the following cast: Dr. Stanley, Boyd; Jim, Cone; Bill, Curry; Hans Schneider, Haynes; Martello, Bouldin. The acting by the young gentlemen was very good. The introduction of a band of stringed instruments was a hit, and "My Grandfather's Clock" was well rendered by Curry.

The singing of the chorus was an attractive feature. By some it was considered the most enjoyable part of the programme. The debate was very good, the hits were relished by the audience, and all the speeches had been carefully prepared. There were, however, some quotations which were not the most reverent and some allusions were not the most delicate. In preparing a humorous speech there is a great temptation to use cheap wit, and the kind to which we refer is the cheapest of all and should be studiously avoided. A speech or an entertainment loses nothing by being refined, and young men cannot be too scrupulous in their choice of words and ideas. The presentation of the honors was an amusing part of the entertainment.

The speech of Mr. Starke to the honor men was full of humor and wit, and he brought down the house more than once. Much sympathy was felt for the medalists by some of the tender-hearted spectators, who did not know that while a Richmond College boy may take the grins now and then, yet a good case does him good, and prevents him from having an overweening self-confidence.

The drama (?) was well acted, and the compilers deserve credit. It was conspicuous for its absence of point, but the separate scenes were amusing enough to make up for the deficiency.

The exercises last until 10½ o'clock, when the audience slowly dispersed. It is a matter of regret that so many persons were unable to find seats and that some were compelled to return home. Those who stood in the aisles for two hours and a half were not enthusiastic about the entertainment the next day. They ought to have been good judges, for they had a fine opportunity to see everything. Their verdict was, that the performance was right good, but—seats were very scarce.

Judged by the size of the audience, the rounds of applause, and the enjoyment of the young ladies, the jollification was a success.

## THE ALUMNI.

On Monday evening, June 17th, a fine audience assembled in the First Baptist church to hear the address before the Alumni of the College by Rev. Dr. Henson, of Philadelphia. The orator, as is well known, was one of the two first graduates of the college. The report of his address, excepting a few introductory remarks, we copy entire from the *Dispatch*, all of whose reports of the Commencement exercises have been exceedingly full and excellent. Excepting then the introductory remarks the speech was about as follows:

I have been greatly exercised to find a heme, for a sermon would be out of season,

and an ambitious literary venture would be to perpetrate the folly of "carrying coals to Newcastle." I shall not expose the poverty of my resources, or tax your patience with any high-strung and pedantic discourse, but shall treat of an humbler theme, which I trust may, nevertheless, be not devoid of interest and profit. I shall speak to you of

## GUNNERY—

not in its lower range, but in that higher sense which we unwittingly convey when we somewhat facetiously say that education is designed to teach "the young how to shoot." And mindful am I that I stand within the walls of one of our great foundries, where guns are of very various calibre, some of which have made some noise in the world, and many have done no little execution. Accustomed long to homiletical methods, I shall treat of gunnery under several divisions.

I. And first of *gun metal*, by which I mean, of course, *the stuff a man is made of*. There are no doubt original and ineradicable differences. There is such a thing as native genius. There are natures that spontaneously clothe themselves with beauty and strength; natures so charged with fire that though weighed down by mountains will break out even through forced volcanic rents.

And, on the other hand, there are men who have no iron in their blood, no fibre in their muscle, no phosphorus in their brain, and no fire in their bones. You can make nothing of them, for *ex nihilo nihil fit*. These original differences must be taken into the account in estimating the work of colleges. The faculty ought not to be censured for failing to accomplish the impossible.

But, while all this is true, it is also true that very much depends on proper processes of preparation. To return to our analogy, two guns may be of equal weight and of the same material, but of very different value. Iron is iron, indeed, but it varies mightily in the tenacity of its fibre and the fineness of its temper from a Barlow knife to a Damascus blade—from a child's toy-pistol to one of Krupp's steel guns. Very wonderful is it how by the cunning processes of metallurgy such transformation can be wrought in the rough, black ore; yet far more wonderful are the transformations possible and actual in the metal that goes to make up a man. Under proper regimen the body that was frail in its frame and flaccid in its muscles takes on a type of rugged strength that even Ajax Silliman might have envied, and so the mind that had nothing to distinguish its possessor above the common herd, when properly heated in the furnace—and every class-room is a furnace—when deftly *drawn out*—and every examination is a *drawing-out*—when passed all glowing beneath the stroke of the ponderous trip-hammer—and every professor is such a trip-hammer—by-and-by comes forth with a strength of fibre and a beauty of finish of which you would never would have thought it capable. And this is the legitimate object of educational institutions—not instruction, not filling the mind with facts, not charging with ammunition, but preparing the metal and moulding the gun.

Some of us who have had long years in which to *cool* have still very vivid recollection



of the furnace-heat, for we did not fare so well as the three young Hebrews, but were very severely scorched, and to this day carry the small of fire upon all our garments.

Young gentlemen of the under-graduates be not in haste to leave the foundry before the finishing is fairly done.

All around us on life's battle-fields are disabled guns—the fragments of exploded guns, whose throats but once thundered and forever are still. You want the best weapons that the world can furnish. Let *festina lente* be your motto here, never mind though the furnace be heated seven times hotter than its wont. Learn how sublime a thing it is to suffer, and be strong—aye, to suffer that you may be strong. I understand your proud impatience, and how you sometimes sadly murmur:

"Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

But remember, young gentlemen, when tempted to abbreviate the art, that the shorter the art the sooner the funeral. See to it that the funeral is not unduly hurried up.

II. I have spoken hitherto of the *metal* and its castings, but I am not unmindful of the fact that guns are not manufactured to be exhibited as specimens of artistic skill, to be arrayed in shining rows and inspected on occasions of dress-parade, like the present, but for struggles the most momentous that ever shook the world. A gun is a thing to be *discharged*, and to be discharged it must first be *charged*. And this brings me to my second point—the vital point of *ammunition*—powder and ball—a power to project and a thing to be projected. God be thanked for *powder*. I am well aware that a famous English poet has credited the devil with the invention of powder. I believe in giving the devil his due; but Milton gives him even more. Powder is a grandly beneficent invention. Few things have done more to mitigate the savagery as well as shorten the duration of wars. Brutal passions do not now flame half so high as when foemen grappled hand to hand, their hot breath on each other's cheeks, their keen knives feeling for each other's hearts. For myself I prefer to die decently at the farthest possible range. God be thanked for powder. Powder now does the work of war, and in war is a prime necessity. Of what avail are myriads of shot and shell unless there be powder to drive them home? Even so in the human constitution there must be something corresponding to the powder in the gun. Here is a man of great weight of character, of great calibre—a great gun, if you please—and yet the weighty words and thoughts do drop so feebly from his mouth that they fall unheeded to the ground. Intellectually, no doubt, is a mighty fine thing, but mere intellectuality—cold, hard, heavy intellectuality—is as powerless as a pyramid of cannon-balls piled up in the yard of a government arsenal. There must be something back of the ball. So back of intellectuality there must be impulse of honest conviction and the expansive and explosive force of generous feeling. I know we have fallen upon a fastidious age, when the refinement of culture is the suppression of emotion, and when to call a man sensational is to damn him beyond redemption. And yet I make bold to declare

in this presence that the man who is incapable of experiencing a sensation in his own person, or of awakening a sensation in others, is only a contemptible fossil and not a living power.

Let us appreciate the worth of powder. The heart is meant to be a powder-mill—let the mill grind. Let the arsenal be stored, and be not afraid to use the store. You may be called an enthusiast or a fanatic; no matter for that, so you hit the mark. But let us ever remember that powder alone is not enough. Blank cartridges will serve the purposes of a Fourth-of-July celebration, but for the forefront of the battle in the forum and on the hustings, in the pulpit and the halls of legislation, where causes of great pith and moment hang in perilous suspense, then, then you want the rifle-shot of solid thought. The world's grandest battles are fought, not with lead and iron, certainly not with words alone, but *thoughts*, for thoughts are things, and fly farther and faster, and strike deeper and harder than any missiles that ever went hurtling through the air, demolishing not merely ships of iron and strongholds of stone, but systems of superstition hoary with age, and thrones of despotism entrenched in power, having this to distinguish them from shot and shell; that they are productive as well as destructive forces, and where they strike they spring, spring into the flower and the fruitage of the world's grandest civilization. He, then, who would fling his power in the longest lines must project himself in the solid shot of thought. No matter where the material come, just so they have the ring of the true metal. Men do not *create* iron, only dig it up and fuse and mould. So even the world's noblest sons of genius do not create the *materials* of thought. They only dig them out of mountain chains upheaved along the centuries, or gather them up on historic battle-fields, where the ground once trembled beneath the tread of Titans.

But of this be very careful. In material guns the balls may be ordered of a size to suit, but as no two human souls are of just the same calibre, he who undertakes to shoot the shot of other men will find the only victim is the man that fires the gun. Let him gather his materials wherever he will, but fling them into the furnace of his soul's thinking, fuse them with the fires of his own soul's feeling, and then mould them into forms adapted for his own soul's projecting.

III. But the finest gun that was ever mounted, and the choicest ammunition that was ever manufactured, will amount to nothing unless there be a proper *aim*.

This last point was developed to show that more men fail to hit the mark from want of steady aim than from want of native calibre; and concluded as follows:

Brethren of the alumni, I congratulate you on your record and the honor by you reflected on your illustrious *Alma Mater*. I have spoken of her as a grand old foundry; but to-night, with her gathered sons about her, she rises also as a fortress impregnable and beautiful, for each son is a *gun* ever ready at her summons to let drive with heaviest charge in the guns of her foes. Solidly may she ever stand. Long may the metal glow. Higher yet her ramparts rise. Wider yet her fame be spread, till the thunder of her guns shall be heard in every laud, and as the echo comes back to the

Old Dominion, Virginia Baptists shall proudly say: That is one of our guns that you hear. God bless the Baptists of Virginia who have reared this monument to Christian learning, and God bless *Alma Mater*.

Dr. Henson was loudly applauded and warmly congratulated at the conclusion of his address.

After the address the Alumni and the invited guests repaired to Ford's Hotel, where was a banquet prepared for them. We regret that, not having been there, we are unable to speak from direct knowledge as to how pleasant and successful it was, but we doubt not, judging from the well-known skill and energy of the committee of arrangements, that it was a fine affair.

JOINT CELEBRATION OF THE TWO SOCIETIES—  
FIRST NIGHT—JUNE 18TH—ADDRESSES OF  
MESSRS. BAYNE AND RIGGAN.

The heavy clouds and falling rain of to-day doubtless made many long faces and gloomy hearts among our friends in the city, but about dark it ceased raining, and there assembled in the college chapel "an audience representing the dignity, intelligence, beauty and refinement of Richmond."

After some fine music by Kessnich's band, the orators were escorted to the platform by the committeemen, and the regular exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. J. C. Long.

Mr. Paul Y. Tupper, of Richmond, president of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, delivered an appropriate salutatory, which, for happiness of conception and grace of delivery, was one of the very best we ever had the privilege of listening to. It was his duty and pleasure to introduce to the audience Mr. Howard R. Bayne, of the Philologian Society, as the first orator of the evening. This gentleman took the degree of Master of Arts several years ago, and is a Bachelor of Law of this session. He selected as his theme, "The Last of the Knights." The masterly manner in which he handled his subject did credit to himself and to the society he represented; we regret, however, he had to confine himself so closely to his manuscript. We are sorry that we have not space to publish the speeches of both the orators entire, but being unable to do this we will do what we can by way abstracts and extracts.

The first orator began by saying that

Strange contrasts are presented to him who searches in the different epochs of the Past for the elements of modern civilization. At one time he beholds the hooded and austere monk, at another the burnished armor of the warrior knight. In yet another age we see the patient philosopher making rude experiments, and then—such is the contrast—we find the restless, adventurous mariner. And then there passes before the beholder visions of the student, the statesman, the poet, the orator, and last—but not least—"the harp and the lute and the lyre of the wandering troubadour."

The student of history, exploring mines of "forgotten

[CONTINUED TO SIXTH PAGE.]



## [MONTHLY MUSINGS.]

RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA.

## EDITORS:

PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.....E. W. WINFREY.  
 MU SIGMA RHO SOCIETY.....A. R. LONG.

☞ Communications solicited from the students and friends of the College. No anonymous articles will be inserted.

☞ For Subscription and Advertising Rates, see eighth page.

VOL. III. JUNE, 1878. No. 9.

"Whiskey and the vicious and pernicious literature with which the country is now flooded are the great cause and prime incentive to crimes of all kinds, and the moral, mental and physical poison disseminated from these prolific sources of vice and corruption is permeating with its deadly infection all classes of society and sapping the very foundation of public and private virtue."

An extract from remarks made, some two months ago, by Judge L. R. WATTS, Norfolk, Va., in passing sentence upon BENJAMIN F. GODFREY, the murderer of Miss MOLLIE WININDGER. Having copied this extract, we fain would lay aside our pen, but for the hope that an additional word from us may help to give publicity to so important a truth.

Cataloguing the humane institutions of to-day would be a difficult work, to know all the philanthropists who now take part in these enterprises would be a still more arduous undertaking, while to ascertain all the efforts of good men and good women to elevate the standard of private and public morals, safely environ individual and universal character and preserve virtue would be a thing impossible.

This is an active age, one of work, one of movement, of stir and agitation. Said to be one of advancement. We chronicle invention after invention, and discovery after discovery, till the long list of successes covers many pages. But the important question before us is, "Why are there so many failures in the grandest undertakings? Why do they who attempt great things for humanity, whose aims are the worthiest and the noblest, so often and so signally fail? Why is it that so many of their mightiest efforts to elevate our race have proven unsuccessful? Why is there in every class of society so much corruption yet to be cast out? We do not believe that we would wholly fail of giving a correct answer should we say that many of these efforts have been misdirected, have been aimed more at results than causes. We do not propose to write an article on temperance especially; while this organ has never fully expressed our views on this subject or shown how thoroughly we are in sympathy with that despised class known by the badge of blue ribbon, we do not think is best to disturb the quiet of our sanctum just now with declamatory utterances against intemperance. And yet it seems that

the concurrent testimony coming from all quarters is in corroboration of the statement that intemperance is doing more than any other influence to demoralize and degrade our people, to paralyze our energies and put up an insuperable barrier to our legitimate progress; that "the physical and moral poison disseminated from this prolific source of vice" does more than any other to build our prison walls, erect our gibbets, people the vile sinks of iniquity and crime, and dot our green earth with graves over which no one dares erect a heaven-pointing shaft. But we would most emphatically indict as guilty of high crime those who flood our country with "the vicious and pernicious literature" of to-day; and we would direct philanthropists to this as one great cause of all our woe. There are published in our land and read in thousands of homes books, magazines and papers so saturated with deadly, Tartarean poison that their exhalations are fatal to the often unconscious, unsuspecting victim.

And with a greed incredible this corrupt and corrupting bait is devoured to the moral overthrow, the temporal and eternal ruin of millions. It panders to a corrupt taste, promises to satisfy the cravings of a vitiated and depraved appetite; true, it stimulates thought, but in the foulest channels, consequently impairs the intellect and undermines reason and judgment; it makes false impressions on the mind and heart; insidiously weakens the moral power of resistance to vice, and tears down the bulwarks that environ character. Oh! for a pure, high-toned LITERATURE, which shall not only interest, but instruct and elevate! With another quotation from the remarks of Judge WATTS we are forced to dismiss for the present the discussion of so vital a subject: "The day is not far distant when the people of this country will invoke the strong arm of the law, and demand that some restriction and safeguards be devised to restrain and restrict the unlimited sale and circulation of these great demoralizers. We speak not of laws begotten of prejudice and fanaticism, but equitable and wholesome laws, looking only to the preservation of society from the baleful influences of these insidious poisons."

USUALLY there is in farewells, got up for especial occasion, very little truthfulness of feeling, but with us, bound together by all the ties that bind friends of long standing together, it is different, and we think we may say a few words in farewell and not be thought writing merely to be writing. In parting at the close of this session, joy and pain possess us in about equal degree. We are naturally sad to think that some whom we hold dear are

about to pass out of our view forever, and that associations, which we, looking about us with uncertain eyes, imagine to be the sweetest life can afford, are now to be broken. But there are many comforting reflections which might cheer us on this occasion. We part wiser and stronger for our contact with each other. Many a one who came here rough and ignorant leaves with the pleasant consciousness of the fact that he has made much progress towards a more perfect manhood. And on the contrary, many a one, who came here thinking himself a cosmos complete, departs a "sadder and a wiser man." But it is not our purpose to speak of the benefits to a man of association with his fellow man. As to this, each one for himself, looking back over his career, can see wherein it has made him stronger and better.

But we hope for all that the pain they may feel at this event will be overbalanced by the joy they may derive from anticipations of a vacation unequalled in all that is pleasant. May you find the "girl you left behind you," still true and faithful and tender! But, alas, many on reading this, will reflect that the girl they are thinking about is not somewhere in a lovely country home anxiously awaiting their coming, but still nigh them, and oh, woe unspeakable! soon to be left behind. For these we wish that long and sweet letters may enliven the separation and that they will find City Girls equal in faithfulness to their country cousins, Orlando to the contrary, notwithstanding. But if any, pardon the supposition, should find their true loves unfaithful—why, may they take courage and go on still conquering and to conquer, which is man's most delightful pastime. But this is sufficient—fellow students *au revoir*.

THE College being in the corporate limits and paying city taxes should be entitled to the privileges of good walks and lights. But, though this is the case and though recognition of these privileges is called for by the fact that the streets about the college are much frequented both by day and night, the city authorities leave us alone in isolation and darkness. We are glad to be able to say that these evils must in no very long time be remedied. The westward growth of the city necessitates better walks and lights in the neighborhood. It is within the bounds of possibility that the authorities will realize the fact some time or other. They have already seen that it would be an improvement to extended Grace street, and it is being extended as fast as one mule cart can extend it. There is still a good deal of filling to be done—several thousand cubic yards, but better times are coming, and we live in hope—yes, still live in hope, though our hearts have grown sick with hope deferred.



## LETTER FROM PROF. HARRIS.

BEYROUT, April 13th, 1878.

If my opportunities had allowed I should have written to you several times in the last month. Was quite full of letters for you from Rome, but hadn't time to write. The last few days have been full of similar reminders, and though tired by a ride of twenty-five miles over Mt. Lebanon, I must tell you very briefly about some Roman remains in Coele Syria.

The Barada, anciently called Abana, rises in Anti Libanon, runs south awhile, then turns east and cuts through the mountains to the plain of Damascus. The gorge of ten miles or more is the finest combination of grandeur in the cliffs with beauty in the narrow valley, that I have ever seen. The most interesting spot is just above the village of Suk, which occupies the site of ancient Abila, capital of the tetrarchy of Abilene. The valley at Suk is nearly half a mile wide, the cliffs just above the town approach to within 100 yards of each other. On the top of the southern hill, 1000 feet or so above the roaring torrent, stands a tomb, said by the Mahomedans to contain the mortal remains of Abel and to mark the spot on which his brother slew him. It is evidently the burial place of some forgotten sheik, called Abel's, because it stands so near Abilene. But far more interesting is the northern cliff, in which are seen, fifty feet or more above the water, an aqueduct, that once fed the fountains of the of the tetrarch's palace, and thirty feet above this a road-way. The aqueduct is some two feet wide by four and a-half deep, and is cut out of the solid rock, the point of the cliff being tunnelled. The road-way is twelve feet wide, the sides of the cut are vertical and smooth at about thirty feet at the deepest point. Both road-way and aqueduct were carried "below the narrow chasm" on arches or columns. On the face of the road-cut are two inscriptions, which I copy, as follows:

PROSALVTE  
IMAVGANTO  
NINLETVERI  
MVOLVSIVS  
MAXIMVS T  
L ECXVIIIFQVI  
OPERIINSTLTVS

IMPCAESMAVRELANTDNINVS  
AVGARMENTACVSET  
IMPCAESLAVRELVERVSAVJAR  
MENIACVSVI AMPLVMINIS  
VIABRPVAM INTERCISO  
MONVTERESTITVERVNT PER  
LVLVERVM LEG PRPR PROVLNC  
SYRETAMICYM SVVM

| IMPEWOII SABLENORVM |

Each of them was surrounded by a sort of border. In the smaller the Digamma, in the fifth line, seems to put in just to fill it out to the length of the others—the sixth line I cannot

read at all. The rest I think you will find easy. The last line of the second inscription seems to have been an afterthought, added, possibly by the poor tax-payers.

At Baalbek our tents were pitched two nights and a day in the midst of ruins grander, as it seemed to me, than those of the Colosseum. They were the remains of a temple built about 200 A. D. The material is limestone, quarried near by, the style is Corinthian, quite pure in outline and proportions, but overlaid with the florid ornamentation of the Decadence period. It fronted due east and was approached by a flight of steps 180 feet wide and rising thirty feet above the plain. These led to vestibule thirty-seven feet by 180, and a chamber thirty-seven feet square at each end, and a row of columns along the front. The pedestals of these columns are in position still, and two of them bear inscriptions, of which presently. From the vestibule a triple gate-way, with a further rise of ten feet, led to a hexagonal court of 200 feet in diameter, and from this again a doorway fifty feet wide, led into a rectangular court 370 feet wide by 440 feet long. The walls around both courts, some thirty feet high, were most elaborately ornamented with chapels, pilasters, cornices, niches, statues and reliefs. The temple itself was raised ten feet above the level of the court. It was peri-style, having ten columns at each end, nineteen at each side. All the pedestals are still *in situ*, but only six of the columns, with their entablature, are standing, the others lie as they fell. It is impossible to realize how large they are without standing by one which is on the ground, seven and a-half is the diameter at the bottom, six and a-half at the top. Eight of us stood together on one of the pedestals, and left room enough for at least sixteen other grown men to occupy it with us. Each column consists of three stones, twenty-three, twenty and seventeen feet high respectively—the pedestal and the capital together would make at least fifteen feet, or in all seventy-five feet for the column. The entablature adds fifteen or twenty feet to the height.

The temple stood as already explained on an artificial plateau, raised some fifty feet above the level of the ground. The western wall of this plateau contains the greatest wonder at Baalbek, in the shape of "the largest stones ever used in architecture." These courses, counting from the bottom consist of stones ten to twelve feet long, by about four feet thick—on these are laid seven stones fourteen feet thick, fourteen feet wide, making together 220 feet long—an average of thirty feet to each stone. The next course consists of three stones, thirteen by fourteen feet, making a length of 190 feet eight inches—an average of nearly sixty-four feet. These immense blocks gave the temple its epithet *trilithon*—they are, however, not of Roman but of Phœnician cutting. The Tyrians or Sidonians began to build but never finished, they left in the quarry a stone nearly cut that measures 68x14x14 feet; the Romans, centuries later, built upon the foundations which their predecessors had laid.

The inscriptions on the front pedestals are almost identical. Each consists of three lines, the first in letters six or eight high and well spaced, the other two in letters of three

or four inches, closely crowded. I copy one of them as follows:

MOIIS HELIVPOL\*PROSALVTE  
DIVI ANTONINI PIIFELAVG ET IVLIAE  
AVPMATRISGDNCASTRSENATPATRIAE  
CAPITACOLVMNARVMDVOAEREAAVRO  
INLVMINATA SVA PECVNIA EXYOTO

## SOCIETY NOTES.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }  
May 10th, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by the Vice-President, Mr. Holland.

Usual declamation and reading. Monthly Oration by Mr. Nance.

After a spirited debate and usual business, the Society adjourned.  
A. STARKE, Critic pro tem.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }  
May 17th, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by the Vice-President. Usual declamation and reading.

After a lengthy and well supported debate the Society adjourned.  
L. C. CATLETT, Critic pro tem.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }  
May 31st, 1878. }

A select audience assembled to hear the annual contest for the Declaimer's medal. The President, Mr. Glover, with a few remarks, called the meeting to order. There were twelve contestants. The judges, Messrs. Sands, Drinkard and Meredith, awarded the Medal to Mr. T. W. T. Noland, of Loudoun county.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }  
June 6th, 1878. }

The annual contest for the Reader's Medal was held. There were eight contestants. The judges, Messrs. Reid, McDonald and Jackson, awarded the Medal to Mr. G. W. Cone, of Warren county.

PHILOLOGIAN HALL, }  
June 13th, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by the President.

Declamation and Reading passed over.

Monthly Oration by Mr. Morris.

The usual debate. The judges, before appointed to examine the "Classic Gem," awarded the Medal for the best Writer to Mr. F. P. Robertson, of Albemarle. The Best Debater's Medal was awarded by ballot to Mr. W. T. Derieux, of Essex county. The Improvement Medal was awarded Mr. L. W. Nance, of Charles City county.

After appropriate speeches by old members, the Society adjourned.  
L. C. CATLETT, Critic pro tem.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }  
May 3d, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by the President, Mr. Haynes. Usual opening exercises. Declamation. Reading. Monthly oration. Debate on the question Resolved, that novel reading is more beneficial than injurious. Many members participated. Question decided in favor of the affirmative. Business transactions. Closing exercises. Adjournment.

F. D. BOULDIN, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }  
May 10th, 1878. }

Society called to order by President Haynes.

Opening exercises. Reading. Declamation. Debate on the question, Resolved, that Hope is more beneficial to man than memory. Many members participating in the discussion. Decided in favor of the negative. Business transactions. Closing exercises. Adjournment.

F. D. BOULDIN, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }  
May 17th, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by President Haynes. Usual opening exercises. Reading. Declamation. Debate on the question, Resolved, that the banishment of Napoleon Bonaparte to the Island of St. Helena was justifiable. After a spirited discussion, the vote was taken and there was a tie. President refused to cast the deciding vote. Business transactions. Closing exercises. Adjournment.

F. D. BOULDIN, Critic.

MU SIGMA RHO HALL, }  
June 7th, 1878. }

The Society was called to order by the President, Mr. Haynes. The literary exercises were suspended and the Medalists were elected. Mr. James W. Boyd, of Botsford, was elected Debater Medalist, and Mr. Abbott was elected Improvement Medalist. Mr. Davis elected to deliver the Opening Oration next session. Business transactions. Closing exercises. Adjournment.

F. D. BOULDIN, Critic.



[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

lore," and comparing ancient chronicles and poetry, will find that modern refinement is not the product of modern energy only. He will find that the humanities owe much to chivalry. In spite of Cervantes depicting the chivalric extravaganzas of Don Quixote, it were an easy task to trace its refining influence on all the peoples of Europe. When the turbulent migratory period of Europe's history had passed, and when Vandal, Goth, and Hun had ceased to annoy and the gloom of the middle ages had gathered—

"It was in this dark hour of the life of man, when every good seemed to have disappeared from earth and every evil to have a comfortable and safe asylum, every demon a crown and impure spirit a throne, when death, pestilence and rapine ran riot through the world, when the strong were without restraint and the weak without help—it was in this dark hour that the pure and lofty principles of Justice, truth and patriotism, springing up in the breast of some noble spirit gave birth to chivalry. Wise and well appear the workings of Providence to mortal vision, when the distorting opacity of passion and prejudice has passed away and the enchantment of distance had added completeness to the view. Beautiful to us and appropriate, in the mellow sunshine of the past, are the colors of that dispensation which decreed knight-hood the exponent of humanity, when the weak were upheld, when the oppressed were relieved, and where the human kind, in need of something more than mere respite from tyranny, found the solace and hope which it craved, and which in those troublous times, like Icarus searching the earth through, it could find nowhere else.

From that time the world entered upon a new era. Henceforth the brutality of Achilles or the ferocity of Attila ceased to be the ideal of martial courage, but the gentler spirit of Hector, with his deference for women, and the moderation of Titus towards a vanquished enemy pervaded the new system, which, when the noontide of its glory had passed, reared and nurtured a Bayard and a Sidney. Henceforth the fierce, inflexible, un pitying warrior became the humane, the gentle, the courteous knight, and the ruthless chieftain, living now to some purpose, was transformed into an apostle of Mercy and a high priest of Honor. Henceforth the supercilious pride of birth gave way to polished manners, and they were deemed the most nobly born and gently bred who united with ancestral glory the delicacy of refined sympathy, the deference of self-control, and the complaisance of invincible courage. Henceforth woman, "that sweet enemy" to the cares of man, became the elevator of youth, the inspirer of vigorous manhood, and the comforter of old age. Now was she raised to a pedestal in the temple of man's imagination, higher than Roman architect or Grecian sculptor, in his loftiest conception, ever erected for her, and there, amid all the ruins and fallen gods of that wondrous fame, in all the simplicity and ideal beauty of an antique statue she stands to-day! Oh, woman, woman, woman! couldn't thou but cast the retrospective eye along the aisles of Time and behold the trophies of perfect loyalty that Knighthood hath laid at thy feet, methinks thou wouldst sigh much over the materialism of that age which should keep obloquy on the memory of so much good."

The orator then said that he would take advantage of the occasion and his position to engage his auditors in contemplation of two lives which knighthood in the waning hours bequeathed to posterity; and he proceeded to trace in a simple but attractive manner the life of Chevalier De Bayard, the good knight, without fear and without reproach. Then followed an interesting sketch of Sir Philip Sidney. These were the last of the knights. The orator then proceeded to speak of the benefit we derive from the contemplation of such lives as these. Here we may quote the orator's words:

"In his Wilhelm Meister Goethe has said it is a duty we owe to ourselves to look upon a beautiful picture, to hear some fine music, and read some good poetry each day, in order that we may preserve a true love of refinement in our souls. In this day, when the decay of manners, unavailing the decay of chivalry, in attracting public attention and comment, it will be its own exceeding great reward to us, if we will but pause now and then

in this absorbing struggle of life to consider the portraiture of these two knights."

Alike they were in their poverty and their generosity. And both alike were ready for all good works of exalted charity and patriotism.

"Yet their preparation was widely different. The broad and placid bosom of the Amazon bears no trace, in its silent flow, of the mountain torrent far away in the Cordilleras, now angrily dashing into suicidal spray against the everlasting rocks, now appeased and exhilarated, impetuously leaping over cliff and precipice far down to terrace and plateau. So Bayard's life, though spent in the rough usages of the camp, amid the perturbations and reverses of war, presented to the observer the mild demeanor, the equal poise, the thoughtful consideration for others that mark the men who 'along the cool sequestered vale of life keep the noiseless tenor of their way.' The day-spring of Sidney's life was passed amid the peaceful scenes and cool groves, suggestive of thought, of the academe and marvel it is that from the first he met with martial sternness, the excesses of a mercenary soldiery, led to victory with intrepid confidence, and died with that invincible fortitude that most become the hero of a hundred battles.

"And sternly contrasted were their dispositions. Bayard was a fair exponent of Gallic chivalry, abounding in versatility, now frothy with the most felicitous repartee, now awful in his earnestness. Sidney was the embodiment of English gravity, conjoined with the graceful carriage and facile expression of chivalrous politeness. The Chevalier sunny, cheerful, with his conversation interspersed with a spicy apposite humor, and even his most astute counsels of war on the very eve of battle, gracefully introduced by a pleasant personal reference or a harmless jest. Sir Philip of a sweetly engaging serious student-like manner and given to that nameless melancholy that is said to accompany so often a temperament of high poetic sensibility. Bayard, like Sallust at times, liked nothing better than a good company, while Sidney, resembling Scipio Africanus, was never less alone than when alone, and never less at leisure than when he seemed most unoccupied."

"It was their fate to fall in obscure engagements, while yet in the vigor of manhood, with their life's work, to them apparently, unaccomplished. Sidney at thirty-two, Bayard at forty-eight, entered the lists with death, and in the throes of that last vain struggle, fervently acknowledged their own insufficiency to attain the rewards of Heaven and crowned their devoted lives with an humble faith in that Nazarene, who, 2,000 years ago, preached the kingdom of God in the hills and valleys of Judea. "Heaven," exclaimed Richard Baxter, "will be all the better for having in it the pure spirit of John Hampden." And surely it will be none the worse, to our mortal ken, for the entrance within its portals of the last of the knights!"

These two lives, said the orator, are a precious legacy to virtuous minds. The young man, the old man, the warrior, the citizen, the statesman, may each find in these lives that which it will be both pleasant and profitable to contemplate. We, indeed, much aspiring and toiling, may not be a Bayard, but neither could Micheal Angelo be the sculptor who wrought in solid Parian the writhings of Laocoon and his sons in the folds of the serpents; and when appointed to replace the arm of the newly found statue, after patient effort the great sculptor despaired and hid his work in an obscure corner. But it adorns the statue to-day, and posterity has been kinder in its judgment of his work than he himself was. And so, said the orator:

"Perhaps when we have walked through this life, under the guidance of a lofty ambition, in the culture and practice of virtue, some one, after we are dead and gone, may find somewhere, sometime, somehow, an heroic example that we did unwittingly set. We may not be a Sidney, we may never, it is true, have an opportunity to do an immortal deed, but we can develop that humbler strength of some which will refuse to do an ignoble one."

In closing the orator said:

"Somehow thus were the last of the knights. Their perfection, indeed, can be worthily described by none

but a finished orator; I, a man of slender parts and little learning own myself all unequal to the task!"

After Mr. Bayne took his seat, which he did amid the applause of an appreciative audience, Mr. F. P. Robertson, president of the Philologist Society, gracefully introduced as the orator of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, Mr. G. W. Riggan. Mr. Riggan takes his A. M. this session, and goes next year to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, to prepare for his chosen profession. His theme was, "The Claims of the Beautiful." How he handled it, appears below. His delivery was good; it has been spoken of the city press as "easy, graceful and effective."

Mr Riggan introduced his oration with an elegant reference to the Beauty assembled before him, saying that it was not that phase of the beautiful, whose claims he proposed to present, "for," said he, "Virginia ladies are their own best advocates and their claims Virginia chivalry will ever respect." In his treatment of the subject he did not propose to give precise and accurate definitions nor did he intend to discuss wire drawn abstractions, but would present such views as might be of practical value. In justification of this course he pleaded the universally admitted fact that beauty cannot be adequately defined. The lover cannot explain wherein lies the charm of his beloved, when we admire a noble work of art, or listen with rapt attention to strains of beautiful music, or are thrilled by the heroic deeds of life we cannot fully describe or explore the hidden power which moves us. Since, then, there is in all beauty that which baffles description is it a reality? Is it not a mere figment of overwrought imaginations? Or at best does it provide for us only an innocent but unnecessary gratification? Has it no higher claims upon our devotions? Answers to these questions afford the subject matter of the discussion to-night. That they should be answered in the spirit of the age since it is disposed to deny the existence of the beautiful, demands. What the spirit of the age is, it may be well to discuss so far as it bears upon the subject in hand.

In the first place, this is an intensely practical age. Bacon himself could not have wished for a philosophy producing more practical results than does that of to-day. We have been borne by the current of thought to a point almost the antipodes of the Dark Ages. Every principle of science must be adapted to the interests of the hour. The question, "What is the use of it?" confronts long established principles as well as the newest theories.

"We bend every truth till it subserves practical ends, or adopt the far easier plan of rejecting those which will not thus be bent. From



the tonsorial artist who styles himself on his sign 'a practical barber' to the large and constantly increasing number of technical colleges which propose to fit one thoroughly for life's duties in a wondrously short time, and which decry classical education and thereby dwarf the minds of our youth, can be seen the homage which the merciless spirit of the age exacts from this generation."

This is also an age of Reasoning. This fact was recognized by Tom Paine, who, observing the tendencies of the age and wishing to minister to its prejudices, called his work the "Age of Reason." Truly, it is an interesting sight to behold the progress of the human mind, which in the lapse of centuries, rising up in strength and majesty, and casting aside its fetters, treading under foot its old masters Arrogance and Superstition, advanced and still advances on its career of glory and conquest. But may not the future historian have to record that in this age "the Arrogance of Learning was substituted for the Arrogance of Ignorance, that Liberty was changed to that Lawlessness which is disguised under the name of 'free thinking,' and that in time the 'freed slave became in turn the tyrant.'"

This spirit has infused itself into our systems and modified our habits of thought. By Reasoning we hope to solve all the problems of existence. Indeed, some philosophers might find here an argument that we are proceeding in a circle.

"Our our fathers at Babel, in the shadowy past, thought that all the ills of this life, could he escaped, that the heights of heaven could be reached by piling bricks one upon another; how like our modern philosophers who expect, by the skillful arrangement of syllogisms and by inductions, to rear an edifice which shall reach the the very throne of the Infinite himself! Their tongues were confused, and they had to leave in shame to exercise faith where knowledge could not avail. Is it wrong to hope that the day may be not far distant when a similar fate shall befall our presumption, before which that edifice shall, toppling, crush us in the ruins of our own magnificence."

The orator then spoke of irreverence as being a third characteristic of this age. He illustrated this by an incident which lately occurred in our Congressional halls. Two prominent Senators bandied passages from the Bible and vulgar jests, as the reporter says, in the midst of universal applause. We may here quote the orator's words in regard to a truly grievous fault of our age:

"One could wish no sadder fate to a nation than that it should lose all reverence for the past. There was a magic power in the names of Homer's heroes to rouse a Greek's best energies and prompt him to lofty deeds; but whence will come our inspiration for Heroism and Patriotism if we continue to ridicule and caricature our heroes for the amusement of our youth.

"These influences have nowhere left their

impress so marked as in the realm of the Beautiful. How else can we account for the fearful decline in the fine Arts? The clatter and crash of machinery have frightened away the Muses, and the selfish, calculating heart affords them no welcome shelter. Heroic deeds are growing fewer and men regard those that do come to light very much as they regard the circus rider's feats of agility, as a fine sort of moral acrobatics but unsafe, for the multitude to imitate. We would, in our contempt for the united testimony of the past, and in our eagerness for practical results, banish from man's nature those finer feelings which fit and prompt him to appreciate the Beautiful, as discordant elements which mar the otherwise peaceful reign of Selfishness.

"Into this contest Reason is summoned, and that god-like faculty, blind and wavering because of the introduction into an unnatural sphere, gives the final vote for the expulsion of the noble, the heroic, the Beautiful, and philosophers cry out into the ears of a dumb-founded world 'Long live Reason and Selfishness.'"

"After this hasty review of the times which was intended not only to account for our neglect of the Beautiful, but also to exhibit the evil results of that neglect, we come again, with undiminished interest, to the question, 'Is Beauty a distinguishable reality or can it be identified with Utility? Is there any motive power to prompt man to effort which cannot be found in the shrewd calculation of what is useful and agreeable? To these questions, coming from an unbiassed mind the answer is unmistakable. There are implanted in the breast of every man a love of what is beautiful and a desire to attain unto it. An old poet, from whose words we can catch inspiration, uttered the cry of all humanity, in all ages, when he said: 'Lead unto the Rock that is higher than I.'"

"Beauty is a real if reality can be tested by permanency, for everywhere it presents the same characteristics, and always excited similar feelings in reverential breasts. We predict immortality of some poets, believe we believe that, in spite of the peculiarities of their times, their works contain something of the Love, Faith and Heroism which are common to all ages. These virtues are far more lasting than the Selfishness which now threatens to rule all hearts and minds. Blind Utility adapts itself to its surroundings, chameleon-like, changing its hue with every passing hour but the Beautiful, whether in Nature, Art or Religion, conforms ever to the same immutable standard. Men despair of the future of our race, because, as they say, vice is hydra-headed and virtue is one. I admit that vice is a prolific monster, and that, in the very throes of extinction, it oftentimes begets its opposite extreme, which is equally a vice; but I find, in this shifting, varying evil, and in this immutable, eternal good, the surest prophecy of the extinction of the former and final triumph of the latter. The Gulf Stream starts on its way down in the Sunny South, in the land of the tropical fruits and verdure, and continues its course through the cold and stormy Atlantic, in spite of adverse currents. Its bosom is agi-

tated by contending winds, and its surface lashed by furious waves, but it retains its identity, and the verdant shores of the otherwise bleak and inhospitable Emerald Isle, bear witness to its fructifying and life-giving power. So all true Beauty has its origin in a fairer land and sunnier clime than ours, and never loses its divine lineaments in the seething crowd of base passions, but exerts its beneficent influence upon Nature, Art and Religion, changing rough outlines into graceful curves, investing stern and chilling creeds with the attractive and vivifying principles of Faith, Hope and Charity."

\* \* \* \* \*

The orator then proceeded to say that the happy results of this principle of beauty cannot be measured by any standard of Utility. The Goddess of Beauty, in her graceful proportions, stands revealed to every one whose eyes are not blinded, but woe to him who attempts by rule and line to measure those proportions, or to construct of base material her equal and rival. He will but produce such an image as will hide the true civinity. Let him only fall down in admiration and homage at the rapturous vision and her image will be impressed on his soul, and he may ever drink in the true glory of her presence.

The orator then, tracing the practical results of this love of the beautiful in the soul, spoke of the fact that in science those who are most in sympathy with the beautiful can most successfully interpret the mysterious hand writing of Nature; and in political science legislators have legislated profusely with regard to Labor and Capital, devising various methods whereby these two factions may be kept at peace.

"But if we are wise, we will tell that sunburnt, hard-worked man, in his cabin with his ragged children, of a nobility outside of brown stone fronts, and impress that old truth which all of us accept, but few actually believe, that the highest ends of Life can be achieved in his own humble sphere. If we are wise, we will tell that capitalist of humanity, of mercy, of charity. We will probe to the depths of corporations and give the lie to those who have slandered humanity, calling them 'soulless things.'"

Beauty is the boundary line between the finite and the infinite. She is a wise instructress adapting herself to the comprehension of all. In view of these facts the cultivation of the æsthetic parts of our nature become an imperative necessity. The orator closed his oration with a very beautiful address to his college-mates, exhorting them never to lose sight of the unobtrusive but important claims of their higher nature.

This oration was highly appreciated by the audience, and was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. Mr. Riggan is spoken of in one of the city papers as being a "genius in oratory." Both of these speeches were excellent in conception, and in composition polished and scholarly. The Societies have reason to congratulate themselves that their first celebration, after beginning again to hold joint celebrations, was, in every respect, a splendid success.

Mr. F. P. Robertson then made the Valedictory, in which he bade an earnest "farewell to his fellow students, the professors, the citizens, and the ladies."

After which Mr. Tupper announced the exercises of the evening closed.

Reports of the other Commencement exercises may be found in the extra sheet.



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## Joint Celebration,

JUNE 19th.

The chapel was again crowded by a brilliant audience. The weather was beautiful, and the crowd was perhaps larger, because of the inclement weather of the previous evening. The large audiences which have every night attended on the exercises give gratifying indications of the increasing popularity of the institution, and the students availing themselves of the interest manifested in the celebrations by the belles of Richmond, have taken occasion to pay their devoirs to the fair sex, and on every evening during commencement week they have been the glad escorts of the beautiful maidens whose presence had added much to the enjoyment of the happy time.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. T. S. Dunaway, of Fredericksburg. On the stand were Judge George L. Christian, Dr. T. S. Dunaway, Hon. Chas. U. Williams, John S. Wise, Esq., and the orator of the evening, Hon. A. M. Keiley.

Dr. Curry, the president of the meeting, made a few opening remarks in his usual happy vein. He referred to the favorable reports of the orations of the previous evening, which illness in his family had prevented him from hearing, then gracefully introduced the orator in complimentary terms.

Mr. Keiley said that the invitation to deliver the oration arrived somewhat late, leaving him little time for thought, and his theme was not one to attract general interest. He was some time back struck with an appeal made at Portsmouth by a minister of Petersburg and a Professor in this college, an appeal for higher culture, just such as this institution affords; he thought that it would be well to follow the line of thought suggested by this appeal, and discuss the "Ultimate Purpose." Mr. Keiley was happy in his illustrations; visiting the workshop of an artist, he said, we would find the workman standing at his bench, his eyes dim with dust and grime, his body bent with toil, fashioning and polishing a block of marble; around him lie the implements of his craft, mallet, chisel and compass, tools which have not changed through all the changes of time. Pinned to the wall is the tracery which he is to transfer; his evident and immediate aim, the present purpose of his toil is to transfer this tracery to the marble before him. When this is accomplished, he thinks his work done, and waits for another stone. But what is the true and final purpose? 'Tis found in some majestic edifice, where arches sublime and beautiful meet and marry above us, or towers and steeples lift themselves into the clouds. So the immediate purpose of training

is to prepare for other training and secure the present good of mental culture, but this is by no means all, nor is it the most important. The gymnast labors to perform some feat that he may by exercise acquire strength to perform greater feats, but his higher aim is to strengthen and develop his body that he may enjoy health and its attendant blessings. And this is the ultimate purpose of all mental training and exercise, to acquire moral and mental health and strength; this is pre-eminently the aim of those engaged in the work of promoting high culture. The moment a man enters college he changes his world, comes into contact with new influences, and this work of mental development begins. Heretofore he has seen, and even perhaps displayed skill in physical games, but here he finds that training, looking to different ends, is needed; all along he beholds himself surrounded with triumphs won, not by natural strength but by toil, discipline and self-sacrifice. And this, the first lesson learned is one of the most vital importance. A man must first learn that he is to labor faithfully, honestly and diligently if he would accomplish anything in life. The student finds himself in a new community, he holds converse with the ancients and with the sages of all posterity, he touches elbows with the philosophers of all ages, is the friend and brother of the students, and wise men too, of all time. And especially did Mr. Keiley emphasize the idea that this patient, honest, earnest toil leading to a thorough, symmetrical development is the one thing needful to the men of to-day. We have learned so much from science, have succeeded so well in scientific investigations, that there is danger of vainly supposing that all may be discovered. Men are worshipping atoms, finding their god by scientific search. Upon the student, then, is laid this special burden, the need of moral strength, the will, the courage and the power to rise up at the proper time and thwart the progress of error. The danger is, that science will develop only one side, only one part of man's complex nature and bring about a monstrous deformity. We should keep in mind then that the Ultimate purpose of our college training is to acquire this mental and moral strength sufficient to fit us for a faithful, successful discharge of life's duties.

The orator was frequently interrupted with applause, and at the close of his address was warmly applauded.

The medalists then marched in, and Dr. Curry introduced Capt. Jno. S. Wise, who, in a witty, felicitous manner presented the hard won badges of honor.

The exercises of the evening being pro-

nounced over, the audience slowly broke up, and soon all was quiet where mirth, music and oratory had just held sway.

"COMMENCEMENT PROPER"—JUNE 20TH.

Again the College chapel was "packed," there not being room enough to seat the audience. Those young gentlemen who have so faithfully and earnestly labored at their studies—some of them for five long, weary years, should, and we think they do, feel highly complimented that there should be such a "rush" of the citizens of Richmond to see them receive their honors. Were there no "Ultimate Purpose" no higher and nobler aim to stimulate the student, surely even the remembrance of this night would be sufficient reward for so much earnest effort. The unusually large list of those who have won honors this year appears in another place. The exercises were opened this evening with prayer by Rev. Dr. Read. The list of Distinctions and Promotions were then read by Prof. Puryear.

In presenting to Mr. F. P. Robertson the "Wood's Medal," awarded to the best Declaimer, W. E. Royall, Esq., of Richmond, made an appropriate and effective speech. He said that oratory is the art with which men have ever been moved—from the day when Demosthenes ruled Athens by his eloquence, or Cicero swayed the Romans, down to the time when our own Webster ruled the world. He reminded the recipient of this medal that it was awarded for excellence in that art with which one may rule the world, or which may be made a sword on which he who wields it must fall.

The certificates of promotion in the intermediate classes of proficiency were then delivered, the successful men being enthusiastically applauded by the audience as they marched forward.

Presenting to Mr. Starke the "Steel Medal," awarded to the best Reader, Rev. T. T. Eaton, of Petersburg, made a most excellent speech, the whole of which it would do well to copy, but our limited space forbids; we are glad to see that the *Dispatch* does give a full report. Would that all who heard Mr. Eaton would profit by his remarks upon the importance of good reading, and also by his advice as to what and how we should read.

The School diplomas were next delivered; the graduates being not only applauded by the audience, but laden with the most beautiful and tasty bouquets by their numerous fair friends, who, with them, rejoiced.

It was the happy lot of the Faculty to secure Prof. J. C. Long, D. D., to deliver the "Frances Gwin Medal," awarded to the most successful student in the School of Philosophy, Prof. Long made a speech "which," says the



*Dispatch*. "for ability, appropriateness and graceful diction is rarely excelled on a college platform."

Prof. Curry stated in this connection that this honor had not been lightly won, but that he had to give the matter much time and earnest work before he could decide whether at the close of the contest, Mr. Frank Anderson, Mr. Bartenstein, Mr. Riggan or Mr. Coleman was ahead, but that finally, and with full approval of his conscience, he decided that Mr. Coleman deserved the honors. We congratulate this young gentleman on his success.

In conferring the Law Diplomas, Mr. Davies made a short, pointed and earnest speech to the graduates in his school. The degree diplomas were then conferred.

We are glad that we are able to publish in full Dr. Puryear's address to the Masters of Arts. He spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN: By long and patient study, you have won the highest honor your Alma Mater can bestow on her children, the degree of Master of Arts. By the authority of the Board of Trustees, I deliver into your hands the Diploma which entitles you to all the rights and privileges every where appertaining to this degree.

I sincerely congratulate you on your achievement. I greet you as victors in an arduous and protracted contest. Animated by a lofty purpose, you have been content, "spurning delights to live laborious days." In reaching the goal or your honorable endeavors, you have displayed an energy and singleness of purpose, a capacity of concentration, a command and mastery over your wills, a superiority to the seductions of ease, of pleasure, of dissipation that coupled with your character and conduct unstained by reproach, give to us the pleasing assurance of your usefulness and success in coming life.

It is a vulgar error, as mischievous as it is utterly without the warrant of facts or philosophy, that collegiate distinction furnishes no criterion of success in the issues of practical life. If this proposition were true, it would be of all things the strangest and most unaccountable. To those having charge of the education of young men it would be a fatal discouragement. Macaulay has shown that the Senior Wranglers of Cambridge and Oxford, with scarcely an exception, have illustrated in the forum, in the field, in the pulpit, at the bar, and on the bench, in statesmanship and in diplomacy, in arts, in letters and science, the reputation they achieved on the quiet banks of the Cam and the Isis. What is true in England is equally true here and everywhere. If with the hot blood of youth plunging in tumultuous tides through your veins, you have learned to turn a deaf ear to the seductions of pleasure; if amidst constant temptations at a time when the temptation is strongest and the power of resistance weakest, you have kept yourselves true to a noble purpose, to a lofty ambition, there is scarcely a probability that in the calm equipoise of a full, well disciplined and well-furnished manhood, you will fail to exhibit the industry and application, the self-denial and self-restraint, that having won honors, thick and clustering for your youthful brows, are the surest guarantees of the fullest measure of success in the affairs of real life.

It frequently happens, I admit, that young men at college, faltering and floundering at Mathematics and Science, and finally abandoning severer studies altogether, may acquire among their fellows overshadowing reputations as writers, as speakers, as rhetoricians. But they build upon a narrow foundation, and the superstructure is weak, abnormal, unsightly. They reach their maximum development in a few years, cease to grow and soon sink into inefficiency and obscurity. During the brilliant but brief period of their culmination, they shame the quiet worker, who bravely conquers, as he encounters his difficulties, and who, laying his foundations broad and deep, with patient care erects a structure massive in its strength and beautiful in its symmetrical proportions. Be content to work quietly. "Learn to labor and to wait." In the future, distant more or less, you will reap the ma-

ture harvest, gather the ripened fruit of your honest toil. Be not dazzled nor discouraged by flashing meteors. Roman candles and sky rockets, bonfires and illuminations, may pale for a while the light of the constellations; but when the momentary glare of the pyrotechnic display has vanished into nothing, behold still brightly beaming in steady radiance Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades, the everlasting stars.

There is another fact connected with your graduation as Masters of Arts of Richmond College, to which, in justice to you, allusion should be made. We make no distinction among our graduates, because with us graduation in a school, is the highest honor of the school, and graduation in all the schools, or the Masters Degree, the highest honor of the Institution. We confer a diploma only when the candidate on reaching written examinations makes at least 80 per cent. All others are rejected. The number of American colleges whose standard is so high as eighty is very small; many confer degrees on attainments vastly lower and designate those whose standard averages seventy-five or eighty "Honor Graduates." We have none others. As the result of this high standard we confer but few degrees. Since 1866 Richmond College has conferred the Degree of Master of Arts on only sixteen students.

We dismiss you, gentlemen, from these halls, which have been so long and so dearly familiar to you, with the assurance, to you unnecessary, of our deep interest in your future career. You bear with you the honor of your Alma Mater. She commits it in pleasing confidence to your sacred keeping. The dying Greek turned his last thoughts to his native Argos; so in all the modes and mutations of your subsequent career, will you maintain your faith and fealty to Richmond College, recalling in all the coming years, with a love strengthened and mellowed by time and experience, the scenes amidst which the hopes of your youth first blushed into manhood.

And now, in the name of your late instructors, your friends the Faculty, of the College, invoking upon you the divine guidance, I bid you farewell.

Then followed a very interesting valedictory to the body of the students.

Thus closed what Prof. Puryear, in his address, called the incomparable, the model session of 1877-'78.

#### THE KAPPA ALPHA BANQUET—A FESTIVE RE-UNION OF BRETHERN.

Last evening the Eta chapter of the Kappa Alpha order of Richmond College held their annual union at the St. Claire Hotel. Besides the members of the chapter there were present representatives of the A, L, and Z chapters, and several other invited guests. The company assembled in the parlors of the hotel, and after an hour spent in pleasant social converse repaired to the spacious dining-room, where a sumptuous banquet was spread. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the taste displayed in the arrangements reflect great credit upon the proprietors of the hotel. Their well-known skill was fully displayed on this occasion. The committee of arrangements of the Eta chapter was composed of Messrs. H. C. Cabell, M. A. Turner, R. E. Glover and R. H. Pitt.

Mr. Ashton Starke, of Eta, presided with his inimitable wit, and under his skilful management the entertainment was a most enjoyable occasion. The following toasts were drunk after the welcome by Ashton Starke:

Our Brethren in Richmond: May they, in the future, as in the past, be ornaments to the Kappa Alpha Order. Responded to by S. B. Witt, Esq.

Zeta (Randolph Macon): May the fraternal ties that have existed between Eta and Zeta be doubly strengthened in the future. Thos. Carroll.

Lambda (University of Virginia): May Lambda, to which Eta has given some of her best men, long flourish, and be as faithful a representative of the Kappa Alpha order as the institution at which it is established is the true exponent of high learning. Responded to by Mr. Nicholson.

Kappa Alpha Order: As the knights of old successfully bore the Cross against the Crescent, enlisting under their banner those who honored the brave, worshipped the true, and loved the fair, so may the K. A. O., whose tenets are no less worthy of propagation, be as successful in extending its principles until its banner shall wave in every corner of the land. Happily responded to by Mr. Jo. L. Stern.

The members of Eta, who are just severing the ties that have more closed endeared us to each other: May their course in the great race of life be strewn with the garlands of success. Wherever they honor themselves and their land they do but reflect credit on Eta. We bid them God-speed. Mr. Sol. C.

Kappa Alpha Sweethearts: May their influence, restraining from wrong and prompting to the right, always purifying, always inspiring, grow stronger and stronger. R. H. Pitt.

M. M.—Our Married Men: United, we Stand; Divided, we Fall. Responded to by Mr. James Caskie.

The Press: Whose influence throughout the land is second to none; the foundation of progress; the herald of thought. Mr. C. O'B. Cowardin.

Beta Theta Fraternity: Mr. William Hudgins.

Choir-Practicing: Mr. J. M. Mercer.

A number of *extempore* toasts were then offered and happily responded to.

After the banquet a most pleasant time was spent with singing, instrument music, and dancing. Mr. Ashton Starke, by his inimitable songs and comic sketches, was the life of the evening.

The above is the report of Mr. C. O'B. Cowardin, of the *Daily Dispatch*, for the *Dispatch* of Saturday, June 22. Mr. Cowardin, though not one of the Brethren, contributed, by his wit and vivacity, as much perhaps to the enjoyableness of the evening as the most orthodox of the Faithful.

Those whose names cannot be found in the long list of those who have received honors at the several examination, are respectfully referred to the first page, to Prof. Harris' letter to the disappointed. May they be consoled, take heart, return, and do better.



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## OUR EXCHANGES.

Amongst our seventy-five exchanges, no one of them receive a more cordial reception than "Lasell Leaves," published by the young ladies of Lasell Female Seminary, Mass. The leading article of the April number, though we think it over drawn, certainly contains much that is true and worth the attention of educators.

We cannot but admire the enterprise of the "Christomathean," the organ of the literary society of Thiel College, Penn. We know of no college journal whose appearance and general character has so wonderfully improved during the past session. May its future be characterized by as much energy as its past has been.

The "Gray Jacket" seems to have stricken the name of the Musings from its exchange list. For some time that rival of the leading Reviews has evinced a general dislike for our paper, and now its visits seem to have come to an end. We can only say, "Parting is such sweet sorrow," etc.

The "Furman Collegian" should look a little more to it get up. The paper is very poor and the matter somewhat mixed. (See pages 125 and 131.) With this exception the Collegian is very creditably managed.

The "Revielle," of Pennsylvania, is one of our best friends, and with the exception of the "Locals," which are so everlastingly Local that we can't grasp their meaning—we think it extremely good.

The merits of the "Wabash" lift it to the top of our heap of exchanges, and it becomes our duty to notice it. It is safe to say that it is one of the ablest edited journals in all Collegedom. We had the pleasure of meeting, not long since, some of the "Wabash" students and if they and the "Wabash" are fit representatives of the College, we conclude it a good one. There is room for some improvement in the paper you use we think.

## LIST OF STUDENTS WHO HAVE OBTAINED HONORS

### AT THE SEVERAL EXAMINATIONS.

### DISTINGUISHED AT THE INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

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G. T. Snead.....Fluvanna co.,  
J. T. Tucker.....Buckingham co.,  
Joseph H. Wright.....Richmond,  
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A. S. Reamy.....Westmoreland co., Va.  
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Edward A. Benton.....Middleburg,  
William C. Benton.....Middleburg,  
Samuel A. Fishburn.....Texas.  
Thomas H. Garrett.....King Wm. co., Va.  
Edgar O. Hubbard.....Pittsylvania co.,

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L. Price Fleming.....Goochland Co.,  
Edgar O. Hubbard.....Pittsylvania Co.,  
John W. Martin.....Appomattox Co.,  
Frank Puryear.....Richmond College,  
Elisha W. Winfrey.....Buckingham Co.,  
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Little P. Brown.....Upperville,  
Julian M. Cabell.....Richmond,  
John Currie.....  
John B. Jenkins.....Norfolk,  
J. Henry Smith.....Texas.  
Thomas H. Topping.....Amelia Co., Va.

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W. Temple Strange.....Gordonsville,  
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T. J. Lawrence.....Nansemond Co  
L. Puryear.....Richmond,  
C. Puryear.....Richmond,  
J. H. Smith.....Franklin Co Texas  
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C. G. Davis.....Camp co Texas  
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J. A. Powers.....King William co  
L. W. Rose.....Richmond,  
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A. R. Long.....Pennsylvania  
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## PERSONALS.

Mr. J. Howard Gore, of '75-'6-'7, formerly Local Editor of this paper, is now at the "National School of Elocution and Oratory," of Philadelphia, and expects to be with us next session.

We congratulate the ex-editor of the Musings, Mr. M. A. Turner, on receiving the medal awarded by the Kappa Alpha Fraternity for the best essay. Another honor for Richmond College.

Our honored Professor of Chemistry, Prof. Puryear has received the title of L. L. D., from Georgetown College, Kentucky. We are extremely glad that "Civis" worth is recognized in our sister States as well as in the Old Dominion.

George Wm. Cone was the delegate from the Virginia Delta (Tau Deuteron), chapter at our College to the 30th annual convention of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, at Wooster, Ohio, May 22, 23, 24.

We were much pleased to see so many familiar faces of former students during Commencement. Among them we would mention: J. B. Washington, H. H. George, Hugh Goodwin, W. S. Page, C. H. Nash, Rev. J. T. Whiteley, W. D. Wilkinson, John Peake, J. W. Tucker.

H. C. Smith and J. T. E. Thernhill stopped over a few days, when on their way home from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Both were well and happy, though the parting had been sad.

## LOCALS.

ONE of our Professors says that young ladies at school have very little to do. "For," says he, "their text-books are expurgated editions, with all the ideas taken out of them."

"HELLO, BOB, how's your sweetheart?" asked a gentleman of a friend of ours in attendance on the Portsmouth meetings. "Oh, she's kicking," Bob replied. Then followed a delightful case of grins on the part of Robert, when he appreciates the force of his language.

THE inexperienced hands who have to mow the grass from the campus have a very hard time. Their progress in the work is so distressingly slow, that the grass, by the time they have got over the whole campus, is, on the part they first cut it from, as high as it ever was before. They don't seem to like to mow grass, but they just dote on whetting their scythes.

THE Anniversary Sermon for the Young Men's Missionary Society of the College was preached in the Second Baptist Church, to a large and attentive audience, on the night of Sunday, the 16th, by Rev. Dr. Dunaway, of Fredericksburg. The sermon was full of thought, good counsel and earnest exhortation; the benefits and blessings of the Gospel formed the theme of discourse. The Doctor emphasized the idea that the Gospel is pre-eminently the hope of the nations; that by its influence man is educated morally, elevated to just conceptions, and stimulated to noble deeds; that the principles set forth in the Gospel are the only safe and sure foundation to all benevolent institutions, the indispensable support of continued national prosperity.

We have called special attention to the sermon more than to the preacher, who is already well known as one of the most able men among Virginia Baptists.

ON Tuesday, June 11th, we had the pleasure of attending the closing Concert of the Richmond Female Institute. The programme consisted of both vocal and instrumental music. The young ladies, who took part in the exercises, acquitted themselves well, and showed the effects of a careful training under skillful hands. This occasion was one of pleasure to all present. As the young ladies, with their beautiful dresses of snowy white, and their bright, happy, smiling faces, marched into the room they were greeted with a round of hearty applause, and many were the souls of both old and young—especially the latter—which breathed a blessing upon them. Long life and happiness to the young ladies of the Richmond Female Institute!

AGAIN it becomes our pleasant duty to chronicle the marriage of one of our number. On the 8th of May last, Rev. A. G. McMANAWAY, '76-'7, was married to Miss MARIA J. ROBERTSON, at the residence of the bride's parents in Petersburg, Va. We,—because of the dignity of our position, of course,—were permitted to witness the performance of the sacred rites, in which Rev. J. M. McManaway, the groom's brother, officiated, and to enjoy the pleasant society of ladies and gentlemen assembled in honor of the occasion. All who were present will doubtless remember this as indeed a bright, happy day—everything passed off in a manner pleasing to all. The happy pair started immediately for the home of "Me's" parents in Bedford county, thence on to his field of labor at Blacksburg. And as he has left us now, we feel no hesitancy in saying that to know "Me" as we do, is to like him; while he was with us, no one, doubtless, stood higher in the estimation of students and faculty than he; and his numerous friends throughout the State will be pleased to know that his good fortune has secured for him such a helpmeet. Again we present to both our hearty congratulations.

THE CURVED PITCH is all the go. Numerous theories as to how it is done have been advanced, and also numerous speculations as to what is possible in the direction have been indulged in. One says he is sure that a ball may be made to curve out from the batter and in to the catcher. Another suggests that in time a catcher will be useless, as the ball will be made to curve around the batter and bound back to the pitcher. And Wm. T. H. is very much provoked with a certain "doubting Thomas," who won't believe it possible for a ball to be thrown so as to turn an acute angle in the air. Speaking of base ball calls to mind the match game played between the Randolph Macon and Richmond College boys in the base ball grounds at the head of Clay street, on May the 9th. This was the third game of the season and was played for the championship. Three or four innings were played and the score in favor of our fellows ten to four. The game was at this point interrupted by rain. About 2 o'clock, when our fellows were hungry and otherwise under the weather the game was begun over again. Of course the Randolph Macon boys were hungry also, but the last clause does not apply to them. After the usual number of innings the score stood in favor of the Randolph Macon club twenty-four to nineteen. The playing was not particularly good on either side.

## MISS ALCOTT'S NEW STORY,

## "UNDER THE LILACS"

THIS story rivals in interest Miss Alcott's first great success, "Little Women." The scene is laid in a fine old New England homestead and the neighboring country town, and the half-dozen jolly boys and girls who form the chief characters are described, and their thousand pranks and scrapes detailed—in the author's very best style. Two characters that will especially delight the readers are a runaway circus-boy and his wonderful trained dog "Sancho," who, for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," almost rivals the "Heathen Chinee." "Under the Lilacs" was begun in St. NICHOLAS, Scribner's illustrated magazine for girls and boys, for November, 1877, and will be completed in October, 1878. The publishers offer the 12 numbers, from November, 1877, to October, 1878, containing "Under the Lilacs," complete, besides three shorter serials, and short stories, poems, pictures, rymes, and jingles almost innumerable, for \$2.50, or they can be had of any book-seller at the same rate.

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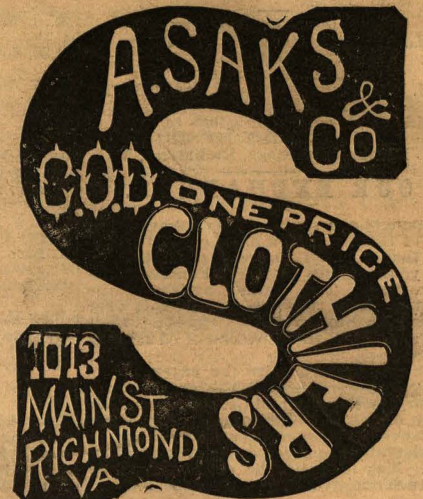
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