

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 4
Number 9 *The Messenger, Vol. 4, No. 9*

Article 1

6-1879

The Messenger, Vol. 4, No. 9

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(1879) "The Messenger, Vol. 4, No. 9," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 4 : No. 9 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol4/iss9/1>

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Vol. IV.

—1879.—

No. 9.

JUNE.

Richmond College

MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

EDITORS :

MU SIGMA RHO :

M. A. TURNER,

J. JUDSON TAYLOR,

PHILOLOGIAN :

L. C. CATLETT,

R. E. GLOVER.

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RICHMOND, VA.:
BAUGHMAN BROTHERS' STEAM POWER PRESSES.
1879.

Richmond College,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE Institution embraces eight independent Academic Schools and a School of Law, under the following

FACULTY:

EDMUND HARRISON, A. M., Professor of Latin.

H. H. HARRIS, M. A., Professor of Greek.

RODES MASSIE, M. A., Professor of Modern Languages.

J. L. M. CURRY, D. D., LL. D., Professor of English and Acting Professor of Philosophy.

E. B. SMITH, M. A., Professor of Mathematics.

C. H. WINSTON, M. A., Professor of Physics.

B. PURYEAR, LL. D., Professor of Chemistry.

SAM'L D. DAVIES, Professor of Law.

Expenses per session of nine months, embracing entrance and tuition fees, fuel, lights and washing, \$122. Good board in messing clubs costs \$10 per month; at the College boarding houses, \$13. About \$90 will be needed on matriculation; \$35 the 1st February, and the remainder at intervals through the session.

Tuition in Law School \$80 per session; one-half payable on matriculation, the balance on the 4th February.

The expenses of a day student per session are \$87.50.

In virtue of our system of independent schools, easily capable of adjustment to the preparation, capacity and attainments of students, matriculation during the progress of the session is not attended with any serious disadvantage, particularly if the student be well prepared. Suitable reductions made.

The College Buildings, situated in the most beautiful and healthful portion of the city, just within the corporate limits, with eighteen acres of land attached, are ample for the accommodation of at least two hundred and fifty students.

The Institution offers to the student every facility necessary to his comfort, convenience, and success, and is thoroughly equipped in all respects for dispensing liberal education on terms unusually moderate.

For Catalogues, giving full information in regard to all the departments of the College, address

B. PURYEAR, LL. D.,

Chairman of the Faculty.

Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. IV.

RICHMOND, VA., JUNE, 1879.

NO. 9.

EDITORS:—*Mu Sigma Rho*—M. A. TURNER, J. J. TAYLOR; *Philologist*—L. C. CATLETT, R. E. GLOVER.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION:—*Mu Sigma Rho*—H. C. CABELL, J. J. GUNTER, S. A. FISHBURNE; *Philologist*—C. A. G. THOMAS, E. W. WINFREY, A. J. REAMY.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

JOLLIFICATION, JUNE 12. 1879

The annual jollification was held in the College chapel on the last Friday night in the session. It was an appropriate winding up of the session's work, and no pains were spared to make it a success. The jollification committee, under the active and efficient direction of their chairman, Mr. L. C. Catlett, were unwearied in their efforts to arrange an amusing programme and to have it successfully carried out. The chapel was appropriately decorated with cedar and evergreens, and the stage was a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. Mr. Chas. E. Wortham, Jr., was stage carpenter-in-chief, and on the night of the exhibition was the very capable stage-manager. To him much of the success of the whole programme is due. His ingenuity was thoroughly tested, and his readiness and reliability were beyond all praise. He and Mr. Catlett were the master-spirits, and without them the Jollification would have been abandoned. [Mr. C. happens to be one of the editors of this paper, but honor to whom honor is due, and we take pleasure in according to him his full share of the praise for the successful performance of a very difficult work:—*Reporter*.] The chapel doors were not opened until 7 o'clock, but long before that hour the audience began to gather on the campus; some visited the museum and the various objects of interest in the college building, while others inspected (and admired) the recent improvements to the campus and the adjacent streets. (*Note*.—The admiration would have been greater had the improvements been more artistic.) When the doors were thrown open there was quite a rush, and the front seats were soon filled, with the exception of those reserved for the chorus and invited guests. The crowd continued steadily to increase until the chapel was literally packed. The aisles and windows were soon occupied, and the vestibule scarcely afforded standing room for those who arrived after 7:30. Doctors of divinity, of laws, and of medicine, merchants, farmers, old students, teachers and professors, with their wives, daughters, sweet-hearts, sisters, cousins and aunts; little boys who came to make a noise and little girls who wanted to join them, but were afraid to; young ladies and old ladies, all classes and conditions of men, composed the audience which was gathered together from all the hills of the city to witness the "famous jollification of the college boys." The good

people of Richmond will walk farther, and stand on their feet longer, and put up with more inconveniences than any other people under the sun, provided they are repaid by a laughable entertainment or a humorous speech.

It is a matter of great concern that there is no hall at the college large enough to hold the audiences that assemble to witness the college exercises. After walking from the city to the college, our friends ought not to be compelled to stand all the evening, and yet there were ladies who did not find seats from the beginning to the end of the performance, and there were scores who left, not being able to find even standing room.

The exercises of the evening were opened a few minutes past 8 o'clock by Mr. J. A. Powers, the president, who announced as the first feature of the programme, a song by a chorus of students. "Music in the Air" was very well rendered, and was enjoyed by the lovers of music present. The singing by the students is always an important feature of the Jollification, and it is, perhaps, more enjoyed than any other part of the performance. The chorus was well trained by the leader, Mr. Jas. H. Wright, and they performed their evolutions in good style. Next on the programme was "A Faculty Meeting." The curtain rose and revealed the chairman's office, furnished with the well-known lounge, tobacco boxes, &c., which had been kindly lent by the owner. The professors were well represented by the youthful actors, and were readily recognized by those who know them. Charley Herndon, as Professor Puryear, was true to the life; W. H. Ryals as Prof. Harrison, A. Staples as Prof. Harris, E. W. Winfrey as Prof. Curry, W. T. Hudgins as Prof. Massie, L. C. Catlett as Prof. Winston, J. B. Jenkins as Prof. Smith, Tim. Rives as Prof. Davies, and J. E. Courtney as Chris., the college servant, did their parts well, and the audience warmly applauded the different hits which were made.

It is a difficult thing to caricature without giving offense, since all caricatures are necessarily based on personal peculiarities, and it was feared by some that the boys were treading on dangerous ground in attempting to take off their professors. The result showed that such fears were groundless, for the play, if it may be dignified by that name, was conceived in the best spirit and contained nothing that could hurt the feelings of any one, and the professors themselves considered it a capital take off.

The "Harmonic Singing Club," led by Mr. Settle, appeared on the stage after the fall of the curtain, and sang one of their "beautiful songs." Being young singers, they could not face the audience but turned their backs upon it, and sang most discordantly and unharmoniously. Their marching equalled their singing, and their attempts to keep time were very ludicrous.

The debate on the question, "Resolved that WE killed a bear," was next in order, and was opened by Mr. W. S. Holland for the affirmative. He narrated the circumstances of the killing of the bear by a good woman, whose husband had taken refuge in a hay loft and drawn the ladder up after him, while she was left below to defend herself as best she could. After the bear was killed, the husband descended the ladder and boasted to the neighbors that WE killed the bear. Mr.

Holland ingeniously argued that a man and his wife are one and cannot be separated. The twain have become one flesh, and no man has a right to put them assunder. The act of one is the act of both, and it was in accordance with the fitness of things that the husband should announce that *WE* killed a bear.

Mr. A. G. Loving responded in the negative. He had before him a huge volume which he called his "brief notes," and he promised that his speech should be as brief as his notes. He recited a poem describing the combat between Betsey and the bear, and his points were fortified by quotations from poets, whose hair would have stood on end had they heard such jargon attributed to them. The speech was full of local hits, which always bring down the house; and some parts of it abounded in the strangest jumbling of sesquipedalian words most ingeniously strung together, which took away one's breath and gave him not a shadow of an idea. The audience were not called upon to decide whether *we* killed the bear or not, but they were evidently relieved to know that the bear was dead, and it didn't matter much who killed him.

Another song by the chorus was followed by the amusing drama of "Box and Cox." Mr. J. C. Gentry as Box, Mr. L. C. Catlett as Cox, and Mr. C. E. Thomas as Mrs. Bouncer. This was by far the most amusing feature of the programme, and literally brought down the house. The acting was excellent. Cox and Box were well rendered, while Mrs. Bouncer was "as large as life and twice as natural." The committee on the drama labored under difficulties. A drama was selected and the caste arranged, when the drama was mislaid and couldn't be found. Another drama had to be hunted up and rehearsed, and the committee entertained the liveliest fears of a failure. The actors deserve great credit for making a brilliant success in the face of so many obstacles. The fact is, when these Richmond College boys make up their minds to do a thing, they generally do it. Diplomas, promotions, and distinctions may go by the board, but the Jollification must be a success. We would suggest that if all the students would do their duty instead of putting the whole labor on two or three men, the Jollification would be a greater success, and no one would have to sacrifice his graduation or promotion. In this case, as in every other, a few men did all the work, and the students, as a whole, receive all the credit. *WE* killed a bear with a vengeance, and if "*we*" don't do our part when we ought to, we will kill the Jollification and everything else in which "*we*" now take so much pride.

The chorus sang another song, and then Mr. Wright declaimed a "hard-shell" sermon. He said that he protested against that part of the programme, but had consented to deliver the sermon at the urgent request of the committee. The audience seemed to be highly amused.

When Mr. Wright concluded, the "chairman" was loudly called for, and Mr. Herndon came forward and made a few remarks. It is unfortunate that he had no speech prepared, for he had the opportunity of making one of the best hits of the evening.

The audience slowly dispersed, and in a short time silence reigned where all had been mirth and laughter.

JOINT CELEBRATION OF THE PHILOLOGIAN AND MU SIGMA RHO SOCIETIES—*June 17th.*

The weather, which had been remarkably cool for the past few days, was particularly favorable for celebration night. The barometer noted its usual level. The chapel had been decorated very prettily, and with the assistance of Morton, Richmond's favorite florist, the rostrum was handsomely set off with hanging baskets, vases of rare flowers, delicate and graceful green-house plants, the elegant busts of Demosthenes and Cicero from the Mu Sigma Rho hall, and last, but by no means least, the good looking representative orators, and final presidents from both the societies, aided in making quite a handsome picture. Every one remarked as to the good looks of the quartette, and some of the young ladies said that nothing could be seen of the arrows thrown by the skilful archers but the barbs and points, for they went through and through their hearts. An audience comfortably seated greeted the speakers of the occasion. Kessnich's band made lively music, and all "went merry as a marriage bell."

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Dunaway, of Fredericksburg, Va.

Mr. Hudgins, of Texas, final president from the Philologian society, then cordially welcomed the audience in the following language:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In opening these exercises, it becomes my pleasant duty, in the first place, to extend to you, on the part of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Societies, a hearty welcome to these halls this evening. You have kindly assembled here to listen to the farewell orations of the representatives of the two societies, and it has devolved upon me to make a few introductory remarks.

My previous observations upon commencement celebrations have resulted in the conclusion that the salutatorian and valedictorian are mere supernumeraries, whose sole duty it is to give utterance, in words of learned length and thundering sound, to the simple sentiments, how'-d'ye-do and fare-thee-well. The former, which it has fallen to my lot to lengthen out is comparatively prosaic; it admits of neither flights of rhetoric nor display of pathos. Poets have omitted it from their vocabularies, and coroner's juries have never found the object of their search in it. And yet it affords me far more pleasure to *salute* the people of Richmond in a few homely phrases than it would to bid them *farewell* with all the eloquence of a Byron.

Last session the societies adopted, for the first time, the policy of holding a joint celebration, thus inflicting upon you only *one* night of listening to our young and inexperienced speakers, whilst the second was devoted to an oration from a gentleman of national reputation and universal attractions. The plan so thoroughly met the views both of the public and the societies that we have resolved to continue it. But there are many who favor the total abolishment of college orations. These objectors harp upon the monotony and insipidity of "sophomoric trash"—so called. Now we do not claim for our orators the

profundity of a Webster, the elegance of a Macaulay, or the ready wit of a Randolph; but we *do* hold that these celebrations afford the most effective training for the attainment of the qualities of these illustrious men. The contest for the orator's position is usually long and arduous. Many a man who entered college but an uncouth country lad has been so developed by the training thus afforded that his voice, in after years, was heard from Orient to Occident, advancing the cause of true philanthropy and driving back to the foul dens of their origin the evil tendencies which constantly break forth upon us like armed enemies from a thousand entrenchments.

The cultivation of oratory is especially essential to the maintenance of our republican institutions. He who can sway and control popular assemblies by the sound of his voice will ever occupy with us offices of high trust and vital importance; and in the rearing of men who will exercise this power for good and holy purposes lies the real palladium to which you must look for safety from the assaults of internal discord and foreign duplicity. Where will you look for such men, if not to your institutions of learning?

The morning glory, closed by the shades of night, receives a ray of sunshine which warms it inwardly and unclasps the perfect flower replete with fragrance. You inhale its fragrance and admire its exquisite beauty, but you recognize not the quiet sunbeam which brought it to life. So the college orator receives, from his training here, an impetus which sends him forward towards the goal of usefulness and honor. If he prove an ornament and a pride to his country, you admire his talents and enjoy the benefits resulting from their exercise; but you should bear in mind that the spouting of "sophomoric trash" was the first essential. But apart from personal advantages to the orators, we have other and still higher purposes in these celebrations. It will be considered, I am sure, a pardonable pride, when I say we feel that these occasions afford you a certain amount of entertainment, which may repay in some small degree the magnificent hospitality we have never failed to meet with in your Richmond homes. Be assured that your never-failing kindness and sympathy will not be forgotten. Our numbers are collected here from widely scattered regions, and years hence will fondly relate the story of their association with you not only throughout this country, but even amidst the sunny vales of Italy and the gossamer-draped hills of China.

There is another matter to which I cannot refrain from briefly alluding. There is a certain class of deluded mortals who have had the temerity to bring forward the astounding proposition that the valedictorian, after leaving his college walls, is never heard of again. This strange idea seems to have gained, in some mysterious way, considerable credence of late—so much so, that it was brought up as a subject for debate in one of the societies. The proposition was negatived—by a large majority. It was there decided that the promulgators of this heresy were individuals acting solely on the sour-grape principle. A long list of illustrious names was produced, all of which were claimed to have been eminent in connection with commencement exercises. The list contained the names of many brilliant contemporary statesmen, and then followed a chronological order backwards, culminating,

as well as I recollect, in the name of Adam—who was a *commencement orator* when he sued for Eve.

But seriously, whilst modesty forbids my vindicating here the prophecy of these college honors, I cannot but notice the too prevalent opinion that college training and culture are useless in the practical duties which are to follow. Amongst business men this opinion prevails extensively. It is founded, I suspect, on the idea that college training means the cramming of so many Greek roots or abstract metaphysical theories. It is hardly necessary to say that this is by no means the case. The theory of the severe mental labor undergone at college is, that these exercises constitute a mere gymnasium upon which the mental muscle is developed and expanded, so as to be fitted to grapple successfully with those grievous problems which meet us at every turn of life. To pass through college successfully, a man is obliged to acquire permanent habits of untiring industry and systematic thought. *Order*, which the poet, as well as the philosopher and astronomer, tells us, is "God's first law," must here be uniformly obeyed. It seems strange that the business man, whose household words are *industry* and *order*, should most of all object to college training. Mr. Goschen, late a distinguished member of Gladstone's cabinet, and a brilliant Cambridge graduate, said recently that, whilst delicacy prevented him from alluding to Cambridge men, he would say that eight of Oxford's first-class men were then in Her Majesty's cabinet. Far better would it be for us if more first-class men were admitted to the cabinet of our model government.

One word to our Alumni and I am done.

However these occasions may seem to others, to you, I know, they possess an especial charm. You have temporarily thrown aside the burdens and cares of active life to witness a scene in which *we* figure where *you* once did. Some of you are still revelling in the flush of youth and the spring-time of passions; others begin to show the effects of hard struggling with the ocean-tide of life, and bear with an inexpressible charm the majesty of mature and perfect manhood; others, still, are wearing the deep marks of time's recording style, and tread these floors, which once sustained the rapid footfalls of your youth, with a slow and tottering gait. All of your bosoms swell with a common pride and beat responsive to common emotions. Even now the flood-gates of your memories open wide to admit the torrent of by-gone scenes and by-gone times. Let no corroding care disturb the harmony of your joyous recollections. Be *with* us to night, be *of* us; to-morrow *recalls* you to those sterner duties on which *we* are about for the first time to enter. To-night bids us commune together at the shrine of a common parent—our dear old Richmond College. Years to come, when scattered through distant regions and various climes, *we* will fondly assemble here as you do now,

And as a hare, whom hound and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
We'll hither turn and seek a moment's rest
Close pillowed on our Alma Mater's breast.

Mr. Hudgins was frequently applauded, and deservedly, for a good salutatory is a difficult task to perform. He acquitted himself hand-

somely, and all of us feel a just pride in this representative which the Lone Star State has given to our dear old *alma mater*. He has reflected credit on himself, on his state, and on his friends. This session he takes his Master's Degree. His career, since he has been here, has been particularly brilliant, and no one will regret to say to him "fare-well" more than the author of these few humbly written lines. Will has made friends, and though they be separated by many a long and weary mile, kind memories will ever present themselves at the sound of the name. We bid him "God speed," and a successful career in after life.

Mr. Hudgins then introduced Mr. A. R. Helfin, of Fredericksburg, Va., orator from the Mu Sigma Rho Society, whose oration we give on

THE PERILS OF STATE DISHONOR.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

From the short space of time allotted, and the well-nigh boundless field of discussion opened up to us by the subject presented, it is indeed to be hoped that an exhaustive consideration of this topic will not be expected from me to-night.

The Perils of State Dishonor! Startling sentence! Exhaustless subject! Tremendous theme! I am unable to conjecture why a question of such gigantic proportions should have forced itself upon the restricted comprehension of my own information! My only regret is, that it is not to be treated by a mightier mind and more eloquent tongue than mine.

In what manner may states dishonor themselves, and what are the perils of such dishonor? Among other ways, dishonor may be brought upon states by social, political, and moral degradation. Social degradation, properly considered, affects the great masses of the people, and exhibits itself in the debasement and perversion of the social relations, and the fracture of friendly and domestic ties. Political degradation means *legislative* and *executive dishonor*, and is confined to the law-making and gubernatorial powers of a state. Moral degradation affects both the masses and the rulers, and means the disregard and prostitution of the great laws of morality and decency, by the non-observance of which humanity degrades itself and civilization ceases to exist.

Before entering upon the discussion of these divisions in the consecutive order named, it is necessary to withdraw for a moment from our surroundings, and suffer our minds to wander backward to the time when the bright sun of authentic history finally broke the clouds of primeval darkness, geological obscurity, and traditional uncertainty, and revealed, in unmistakable light, the foot-prints of the ages to the world of to-day.

As the centuries thus, in august procession, glide along, it is fully exemplified that "born, lived, and died," sums up the great epitome of the *world*—manners, customs, civilizations, and nations, as well as "*man*."

Civilizations have loomed up, brightened, and sunk into decay; nations have arisen, flourished, fallen, and disappeared, while races, peoples, and tribes have lived, multiplied, and become extinct.

In all these tremendous revolutions the finger of God can be dis-

tinctly seen, tracing the ominous handwriting upon the wall. While men were reveling in debauchery, licentiousness, and mirth, forgetful of God and the things that make for their temporal, spiritual and eternal well-being, and the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth, the "Angel of Death has spread his wings on the blast," and at the bidding of Omnipotence destruction and terror have taken the halls where luxury, frivolity, and wickedness once reigned in authority supreme.

Jesus, while riding down the leafy slope of the Mount of Olives towards the glittering city of Jerusalem, looked through his falling tears at the burnished roof of Herod's temple as it flashed in the light of the eastern sun, and said: "They shall not leave in thee one stone upon another." Dreadful prophecy, but speedily and effectually fulfilled.

While governments, confident in the strength and stability of their institutions, have dishonored themselves by enacting unjust and pernicious laws, tending to encourage the demoralization and oppression of subjects, and the vices of kings, the sword of *justice*, long concealed by *mercy's* prayers, has flashed from its scabbard, and in obedience to the all-disposing mandates of God, corrupt legislation has met its deserved reward. Nations have extinguished nations, as Rome was swallowed by the world which she had conquered.

A visitation of the wrath and vengeance of Almighty God then is, beyond comparison, the greatest peril to which states may subject themselves by dishonor. It is a calamity common to all the three stages of dishonor mentioned above; for God despises social, political, and moral dishonor alike, and will not always look upon either of them with impunity. The day of retribution may be long postponed. Through the forbearance of God, the hand of vengeance may be long withheld, but in the eternal fitness of things it will fall at last, and woe to the people on whom it descends.

While, as I take it, no one will dispute that all the misfortunes and calamities that befall states on account of dishonor are traceable either directly or indirectly to the workings of the will and pleasure of God, yet, in some instances, there are perils in which the hand of Omnipotence is not so distinctly seen, as when justice thus summarily descends.

Such is the case when, by social degradation, the laws which should govern men in society are trampled upon, and the ties which bind them together in sympathetic relations to each other are severed.

From individuals and families this disruptive influence extends to factions and to parties; from factions and parties it extends to states and confederations, and thus it goes on in ever-widening circles, until countries and nations, and the world perhaps, are embraced in its destroying and disorganizing folds.

Should such be the case with us, the freedom of our political institutions upon which we, as Americans, have prided ourselves for generations past, will be destroyed, and men will be deprived of the blessed rights of personal liberty, personal security, personal property and freedom of conscience. Then will the crisis which the great New England statesman dreaded, and from which he prayed to be deliver

be forced inevitably upon us, when our eyes "shall be turned for the last time to view the sun in the heavens," we shall see him "shining upon states dissevered, discordant and beligerent." Then shall chaos succeed to order; discord usurp the place of harmony; peace give way to strife; prosperity be given in exchange for adversity; abundance for want; independence for subjection, and happiness for distress.

Then, as I have before observed, state dishonor may be effected through the agency of political degradation. And this, to our shame be it said, is the most prolific and dangerous source of such dishonor that has ever arisen within the annals of historic time. In the great majority of instances, the appalling disasters that have befallen the interests of countries have originated, developed and consummated in dishonorable schemes of governmental policy. All over our broad land, from the East to the West, from the North to the South, and throughout the world, the groanings of the people can be heard as they writhe under the overweening pressure of the times.

Commerce is fettered, manufacturing is stagnant, and agriculture is paralysed.

Now, why is this? Why do panics come, and why do labor insurrections and communism prevail? Why are the heart-pulsations of the business world so indistinctly heard, and why do they threaten at times to stand still?

Gentlemen may ascribe it to whatever source they will, but I approach the door of our *legislative assemblies*, and *there* I lay the charge. By the passage of bankrupt, insolvent, homestead exemption and poor-man's laws, they have enabled and encouraged the debtor to shirk the payment of his honest debts, and defraud the creditor of his dues. Thus it is that labor through necessity is unemployed, and capital through choice lies dormant.

Then there is no better manner in which to accomplish the creation of parties, and the consequent generation of party-strife, than by the enactment of unjust, oppressive and dishonorable laws, or the agitation of political questions of a similar nature and character.

No matter how low a nation may have sunk in the scale of social, political or moral degradation, there is always a party—usually a strong one—opposed on principles of public policy, morality, justice and right, to all dishonorable action on the part of its government. This party arrays itself against the party that upholds the governmental policy, and thus sectional hate in all its bitterness is engendered, and party-warfare is begun.

Then the demagogue takes the field, and by his hypocritical, self-interested vociferation, contributes his part to the further unsettlement of affairs. Without dissimulation, I publicly and frankly say to-night, that a state or country is seldom afflicted with a greater clog to its prosperous advancement, or a more dangerous curse to its political harmony, than the prevalence of the professional politician—the loud-mouthed, unscrupulous, deceitful demagogue.

It is *party-interest* and *party-loyalty* that prompts the abuse of the veto power, and arrays the legislative and executive departments in opposition to each other.

The same interest corrupts the judiciary and afflicts the people with unjust decisions and the oppressive administration of the laws. The same interest raises the passions of contending parties and brings on riots, bloodshed and disorder.

How important it is, then, that these perils should be averted by placing pure and honorable men at the head of affairs; men whose legislation and decisions will not be fraught with the evils I have mentioned; men who will neither degrade the institutions of government, nor pervert the principles of law, in order to serve the interests of a party; who "know the *right* and dare the *right* pursue."

If our dear old state and beloved country have not now such men at the helm, O, may the Hercules speedily arise, who shall turn in the cleansing waters upon the filth and scum of the Augean stables.

We have now arrived at our third division, moral degradation, and we hope here to be allowed to say, that while in the beginning of these remarks, our subject was divided into three departments, yet this was done merely for convenience sake, and we are now free to acknowledge this last division as the common parent of all the rest. We go further, and say that we believe no stream of state dishonor ever corrupted a government or submerged a people, that was not traceable to *moral degradation*, as its fountain-head.

How overwhelmingly important it is, then, that the superstructure of every government be erected upon a purely moral foundation.

When the government is moral, the people as a mass are moral; and when the government is degraded, the people are degraded, for it is a noticeable fact that no people ever rise above the moral status of the government under which they live.

Show me a people without *morality*, and I will show you a people devoid of all the graces that adorn national and individual character, that enhance human happiness, and beautify human life.

And a people without these characteristics is a people that will not, and should not, be suffered to exist.

A state without morality is a state without pure virtue and true religion; and where religion and virtue are not found, integrity, glory, and *honor* can never come.

Honor, did I say? Yes, *honor*! And men are to be found in this, our day, who are disposed to look with *scorn* upon this most precious ingredient in the composition of a state, and are even willing to promulgate their impious doctrine to the masses.

He who sneers at *honor*, as a vain and profitless thing, is one in whose bosom there burns not a spark of patriotic devotion; whose designs are selfish; whose thoughts are base, and who deserves not the confidence and respect of upright citizens and honorable men. His nature

"Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

What hideous sound is this that arises from all parts of our otherwise peaceful State, and strikes upon the startled ear with all the alarming harshness of a fire-bell at night? It is the wicked, heartless, inhuman

cry of *repudiation*, which, issuing from the polluted lips of the ruthless demagogue, is caught up and swelled in volume by the misinstructed masses, until its discordant notes are heard reverberating from the mountain's peak to the ocean's shore.

Repudiation! Repudiate what? Why, repudiate Virginia's sacred obligations, and barter her priceless honor for gold! Oh, men and women of Virginia! Oh! fellow-students of Richmond College, you who, in all the pride and strength of a young and vigorous manhood, are just crossing the threshold of life's broad arena, can we sit in superb indifference, and basely refuse an attempt to ward off this murderous blow that threatens to descend upon the dearest interests of our poor and infirm old mother.

Are we willing that the name which was once the synonym of chivalry and honor should, at this late day, go down to posterity as a hissing and a by-word among men. Surely not! Forbid it! Forbid it, Almighty God! To paraphrase the words of the illustrious Henry, "I know not what course others may pursue, but as for me, give me *honor* or give me death." Oh! that the sentiment of the heroic Jackson were stamped in indelible characters upon the inmost recesses of our every soul—"What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death!" Then would we all go forth from these walls to-night determined to rally around the imperilled banner of Virginia's honor, and never rest satisfied until it is rescued through the power and assistance of Him who liveth and reigneth forever.

But aside from the loss of honor of our State, there are other perils attendant upon the disregard of sanctity of obligation, and they are perils which no reflecting mind can treat as unimportant.

It is certainly palpable to every thinking man that the repudiation of the public debt will act as the entering wedge, to be immediately followed by the repudiation of private and individual obligations.

Now what Virginia needs, in order that her resources may be developed, and that she may be materially advanced, is the advent of capital and profitable immigration. She wants her large and uncultivated plantations divided and subdivided into smaller areas, and thus have her productive abilities and taxable values increased. She wants her immense water-power utilized, and her almost unrivalled mineral deposits developed.

Now what man of honesty, industry, intelligence and wealth will be rash enough to cast his lot with people whose code of morals is so basely corrupt that repudiation is the rule, and honesty the exception? Then, again, a repudiating state is a state without credit, and when this is the case, no matter how much pecuniary wealth she may be able to command, she is in a condition critical and alarming, to say the least of it; for her wealth may be lost as easily as it was gained, and in such event credit being denied her, where shall she look for help when the hour of her distress cometh? Her only avenue of escape—and she may fail in this—is through a system of taxation tenfold, perhaps, more onerous than the veriest repudiator ever conceived of. Individual citizens of a repudiating state will begin to suffer from lack of confidence between man and man, just as soon as, and even before, the base act is perpetrated.

Ah! gentlemen, in view of the fact that "honesty is ever the best policy," it is to me a truth too plain to be discussed, that the only way in which a state should free herself from debt is by fairly and honorably meeting and discharging her just obligations.

If Virginia refuses to do this, I look forward to nothing but "moral death" and eternal damnation—the end already predicted by one of her honored and trusted sons. If, on the other hand, her every promise should be fulfilled, I foretell for her a brilliant and unshadowed future, reflecting with renewed lustre the resplendent glories of the past. Then shall prosperity's sun arise and pour through the clouds of adversity a flood of golden light, that shall tinge with plenty the waste places in all her broad domain. The desert and the solitary place shall rejoice, and the wilderness shall blossom as the rose.

Clear of debt and free from dishonor, she shall again appear as the "brightest star in the constellation of states." Then proudly shaking the dust of humility from her robes of spotless purity, she shall move forward, with queenly grace, to the council-board of the nation, which is but her lawful seat.

We must say, in behalf of Mr. Heflin, that, after he began to write his speech, he was taken sick with bilious fever, and did not complete it until the very morning preceding the night on which he delivered it.

Mr. Hudgins next introduced Mr. L. J. Huff, of Albemarle county, Va., as the orator from the Philologian Society, who delivered the following oration on

OTTO PRINCE BISMARCK.

There are some men who, physically confined to a narrow sphere, by native worth pass all local boundaries; space may weaken, but cannot destroy their influence; difference of language is no longer a barrier to thought. They become, in the true sense of the word, citizens of the world. In this class may be ranked the Chancellor of the North-German Confederation, Prince Bismarck.

It is difficult to derive unalloyed satisfaction from the study of character, especially a great character. For in the tangled yarn of human life, laughter and tears, actions high and low, are in such proximity that they continually react upon each other. One whom at first we think to be the incarnation of some noble attribute, is found on closer inspection to be endowed with passions like to other men; one whose dust may some day "patch a wall to keep out the winter's flaw."

Besides, great characters are paradoxical. The rules of investigation, by which we analyze the motives and disposition of our neighbors, are not sufficient in their case. But, perhaps, in Bismarck we may find some leading motive, which, like the bee that gathers its materials indiscriminately from the fragrant rose or noisome pool, will overrule all other sources of action and bring them into subservience.

If so, paradoxes must be given no weight when they antagonize this leading motive, under whose guidance, from a seeming entanglement, come order and harmony.

Bismarck was born at Schönhausen, in the province of Brandenburg, on the first of April, 1815. His parents were of that rank which cor-

responds to the gentry in England, a circumstance in itself favorable; for that station in life, which brings a man into the closest sympathy with his fellows, neither too far above nor too much below the *central heart*, is the most conducive to moral and intellectual development. Bismarck had all those advantages which are demanded in preparation for greatness. His mother, a cultivated and ambitious woman, early instilled into his mind political maxims and incentives to a public career. The scenery around his home was of that beautiful kind which unconsciously impresses itself upon the soul. Over him was the same sky under which Schiller and Goethe sung. He lived in the land of Spielhagen and Auerbach; a land where philosophers are leaders of European thought; a land rich in unnumbered traditions and associations; the land of the great serious, poetic German. He had opportunities in the gymnasium and university to discipline his mind thoroughly; but, apparently, these advantages were not appreciated. A proficiency was the sum of his labor both at the gymnasium and university. At the latter he was more noted for his number of duels than anything else. His last term was spent at the university of Berlin, where, pretending to study law, he attended the lectures of the celebrated Savigny only twice. The time for his examination drew near, and it seemed madness for him to endeavor to pass, but owing to his wonderful memory he did so. His college life now over, the great world lay before him. This is the time when all the principles and maxims which have been gathered through the laborious days are to be tried as by fire; when one must indeed wrestle with hard problems, and, wrestling, feel their hot breath on his cheek; when one realizes most forcibly that he is but a drop in the mighty river of human existence, which is drifting on and on, we know not whither nor for what. It is the time when the great decision is to be made; whether one will be the slave of artificial life and artificial customs, or whether he will recognize the doctrine that it is a suicidal act to sacrifice one's own thoughts and individuality to the will of the great fickle multitude. How Bismarck decided will be shown in the sequel. He was now called on to sound the depths and shoals of every-day life. The realities of every-day life is a trite expression, easily and quickly spoken, but it means a great deal. In it are the thousand little monotones and realities which make up the measure of a common existence. These monotones and realities, if not rounded off with a slight halo of idealism, and not linked with what one hopes to do to-morrow, would make this world unendurable, and the most common-place man could say with Hamlet, "This goodly frame, earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you; this brave, o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapor."

Bismarck found his estates in a somewhat embarrassed condition, but by careful and judicious management soon restored them to their former productiveness. Now freed from business cares, he sought to alleviate the monotony of life by wild fits of dissipation, which were carried to such an extent that he was called by the neighbors, "Mad Bismarck." But from such minds it is impossible to banish thought.

In his lucid intervals we find him deeply engaged in the study of history, religion, and politics. He studied especially the works of Spinoza, the father of Rationalism, but from his present views of religion he seems to have been little affected. He speaks of the "vagaries of modern paganism." Science does not deter him from his belief. He knows well enough that sewing-machines and telegraphs, the discovery of a few strange fossils, the learned disquisitions of Emanuel Kant and Hegel, have nothing to do with immortality.

While for the good of society it is necessary for every man to have such views of religion, it is especially necessary for a statesman, who must have stern ideas of duty and individual responsibility. Bismarck's dissolute habits may have deserved the epithet of "mad," but they who gave it could little fathom the undercurrent of his thought. At this stormy period of his life, his greatest consolation was found in communing with nature. In a letter to his sister, he speaks of it as "God's glorious nature." This is one of the causes of that vitality of thought and fluency of animal spirits, which has kept his mind fresh and pliant. A love and appreciation of nature is a far more important factor in building up the inner life than the world dreams. It is so wonderful in all its ways, that we are not surprised at the solemn Norseman placing a storm-king in every mountain, and making the elves and fairies dance in each secluded dell, or the imaginative Greeks peopling their fountains with nymphs, their clear rivers, blue seas and running slopes, with gods innumerable.

Some in their great desire to put away earthly things go to an extreme. They find their model in the good sick boy in the Sunday-school book, who has the blind closed that the sunlight may not disturb his reflections; who discourses learnedly to his brothers and sisters on Providence and predestination, and then to add impressiveness to the lecture, dies promptly.

Nothing is to be compared to the rapture which thrills man's breast when, in the full glow of health and vigor, he feels himself one with the great mother—Nature. From the atmosphere of musty books we imbibe thought, and come in contact with the life of man. But our being becomes two-fold when we drink in the life of nature, which is the thought of God diffused throughout all creation.

These two great lives, the life of man and the life of nature, spring from the same source; and the man who is so absorbed in the doctrines of some mystic creed, or so hemmed in by his own pigmy interests and pursuits as to turn his back upon the splendor of living nature, merely vegetates through existence and loses the very poetry of life.

Bismarck at the age of thirty, as knight deputy in the circle of Jericho, attended the first united diet called together by the memorable constitution of King William IV. At this time the two opposing factions were the *conservative* and *liberal* parties. The conservative upholding the king and the old monarchical system; the liberal pretending to represent the people. Bismarck at once joined the conservatives and became a staunch defender of the royal prerogative, so much so that he was accused by the liberals of adopting dark and mediæval ideas of government. The king, recognizing a valuable ally, at once received him into royal favor, making easy his ascent to power and

position. After filling several minor offices, he was appointed ambassador to Russia, then ambassador to France, and on the 8th of October, 1862, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Soon after his appointment he did one act which will ever be a blot upon his character. When Polish history is spoken of, a chord is touched in the heart of every American, for linked with the founders of this republic are the names of those heroic Poles, Pulaski and others, who, when freedom was banished from their own land, by uniting our cause proved that they loved it not from a selfish motive, but from principle.

In 1863, in Warsaw, a band of oppressed Poles made a final stand against the tyranny of Russian numbers. As before, it was without avail. A few more fell in the vain attempt to plant their altars in the shadow of feudal towers; a few more martyrs were added to that unnumbered host whose bones sleep in a world's sepulchre. Once more aroused, oppression triumphed; once more Samartia fell, "unwept, without a crime." Who does not pity them, who feels how divine a thing it is to enjoy free thought and free government, to whom a lost cause is no mere historical fact, but a sad experience? Their misfortunes, gallant men, bring out in repulsive relief the policy of Bismarck, who signed with Russia a secret convention, in which it was stipulated that on the application of either of the governments, troops should be hurried across the frontier and pursue the insurgents from territory to territory. Thus making Prussia a policeman to hand over Polish fugitives to the tender mercy of Russian justice.

This is a fact in the life of Bismarck which few of his biographers have endeavored to palliate. It is of so serious a nature that it casts an ominous conjecture over his whole character, and raises the question whether in the full scope of his design he does not make principle subservient to policy.

His action in this case afforded him the satisfaction of knowing that he was the best hated man, not only in Prussia, but in all Europe. This, however, did not make him falter, but only gave him new zeal in the prosecution of his life-long aim, the consolidation of Germany. The chief obstacle was a state holding the most prominent place among the German powers. Before he could succeed, Austria must be humbled. It would be tedious to mention the various steps employed by this master of statecraft in bringing about a rupture.

Bismarck's way, like John Adams', is "onward, right onward." Under the supervision of Von Roon, the Prussian army changed from a weak and unstable condition to one of the most powerful bodies in Christendom. It was composed of men who fought not with the fire of the French, but in that cool and determined way which is finally victorious, whether in a conflict of mind or matter. France agreed to be a passive spectator. Italy entered into an alliance with Prussia. Now in the desired condition, war was declared. The Austrian forces under a commander whose abilities had been overrated, went forth expecting to see a reed shaken by the wind, but were met by well-trained Prussian forces, and in a few battles lost their boasted supremacy.

The war over and Austria silenced, the business of forming a constitution for renovated Germany was begun on the 14th of February, 1867. The king in person opened the first German Parliament. After

much discussion, a union composed of twenty-one states was formed, styled the North German Confederation. Its legislative representatives was vested in two bodies; the first, called the Federal Council, chosen by the several governments; the second, the Diet elected by universal suffrage in each state. The executive power was vested in the King of Prussia, who is styled Lord President. The federal council is presided over by a chancellor, appointed by the king. He, of course, appointed Bismarck. Such are the prominent features of this confederation.

Bismarck was now in the full tide of prosperity, yet hatred towards him rankled in the hearts of some of his countrymen. He saw that if a war with France should occur, in which Prussia was the winning party, that not only would all hatred toward himself be removed, but that union, which he had just established, would be perfected.

How France fell, is well known to all. In noting this event, one character claims our attention. But, ah! what shall we say of him? Out-witted in the game of statecraft, he played with Bismarck. His extensive experience should have made him wiser. That steadiness of purpose which he exhibited amid the modes and mutations of his checkered career, should have come to his aid when urged to declare war. But the end of Napoleon III's weary and barren greatness had come, and from the "full meridian and the noontide of his glory, he hastened to his setting," the last royal exponent of the grandeur of a fallen dynasty. Time does not permit us to go into the details of Bismarck's life since the Franco-Prussian war.

At present, the conflict between the two social factions which is to-day agitating all Germany, requires his more immediate attention. On one side is a crowned nobility, grown old in pride and power; on the other the people, crowned only with their suffering. The people claim that there is too unequal a division of power and distinction. A reasonable claim, for the discord engendered by such a division shows it to be unnatural. The people demand that the nobility shall bear a portion of their burdens. In this they are right; for two-thirds of the human race were not created for the ease and convenience of the other third. Labor is the primeval and unalterable law of God and nature. Labor is the tax which Eternal Wisdom has levied on mortality, a contingent which all must meet. The man who is carried on the shoulders of his fellow man, meets his reward in domestic pain and sorrow and in the evils attendant upon idleness.

There is another party which claims that it, in itself, is the voice of the people. In their cry for equal rights and an equal division of property, they forget that men are not inert matter, but endowed with diverse life; that if you make them equal to-day, to-morrow the scales will not stand in equipoise. They can level, but can they equalize? No two leaves of the forest are alike. They would take the strong pillar of society and place it up by the airy pinnacle. Nature has never designed that all human conditions should be on a common level. If so, life would be flat, stale and unprofitable; society would stand like a "painted ship upon a painted ocean," without sense or motion. It is height swelling into height in the social and intellectual scale, which forbids sloth to the idle, lures on the ambitious, and incites all men to

action. The communistic party ranged with those whom they unjustly claim as brethren, raise the great social problem. A problem which meets the statesman on the very threshold of his political career, haunts and waylays him all through life, and pursues him to his grave unsolved.

"It is that Serbonian bog,
Betwixt Dalmatia and Mt. Cassius old,
Where armies whole have sunk."

With this problem Bismarck is now contending. A supporter of the royal prerogative, a man of iron and blood, he adopts no vacillating policy. He restricts the peers and keeps the people in terror of the bayonet. These measures are consistent with the character and views of a supporter of the royal prerogative. From one standpoint they deserve the sternest censure. Calm observers think that Germany is on the eve of a revolution, which even Bismarck cannot avert. Others have sown the wind and he must reap the whirlwind. Threatening the people with armed power can but drive the revolution inward. The German people have suffered too long and too deeply to allow a thousand years of ignorance, a thousand years of superstition and blind submission to a power pretending to have a divine right as its basis, to pass away like a tale that is told. For awhile the exterior may be calm—is calm. But all at once this calm exterior ushers in one of those grand natural outbursts, which, gathering strength through long lapses of peaceful periods, at last breaks in violence and moves in the matchless majesty of the storm; a time when the dull and quiet streets are with "dreadful forces thronged, and fiery arms;" when hoary customs and ancient laws fade away like "the baseless fabric of a vision, and leave not a wrack behind."

However this may be, Bismarck's impress upon the world will ever be the same. The intellectual cast of the whole man, his massive self-dependence, his breadth of design and vigor of execution, his cool and determined way, his deep knowledge of human nature, his wonderful combination of candor and secretiveness, all fill us with admiration.

Aside from his brilliant and successful career, something in the man's self attracts our attention. It is well illustrated by that statue representing a contest between Hercules and a dragon. Hercules is in the prime of life; the artist's ideal of physical manhood. In the struggle, his sinewy arms are strained to their utmost tension, as hewn in the pale marble; his chest seems expanding convulsively, on his *face* there is a calm and tranquil expression, which tells, more than the swelling muscle, of dauntless courage and immense power. So with Bismarck. On his countenance is no theatrical frown. He does not deal in stage thunder, nor does he clothe himself in mystery; but beneath the plain exterior, we see the great statesman.

Taking his character all for all, we find how well proportioned are all his faculties, and how favorably his greatness compares with that of other men. Here is one who, borne on some wave of fortune, is stranded on an eminence, for which he was never designed, and after a few vain efforts to retain his position falls worthless to the ground. Here is another, whose mad ambition overleaping itself, carries him to the de-

sired goal, but to leave him standing like a withered tree upon a blasted heath, with all his nobler and purer instincts lying dead at his feet. But this man, though at an age when the windows of the mind are darkened, full of his original vigor, shows no signs of weakness, no signs of decay. Still is he the great conductor of German affairs; still keeps his name up where the "stars are lit round Fame's imperial seat." Every system and sub-system in the vast and complex machinery of consolidated Germany, every tremor in the oscillating beam of the balance of European politics, every grand movement which agitates nations and circles a continent, is pervaded with a single spirit, the spirit of Otto Prince Bismarck.

Mr. Huff was frequently applauded by the audience, and he may well be proud of the reception that was given him. Indeed, all who take a particular interest in him may feel highly gratified at the manner in which he handled his subject, for it was far above the average college commencement oration. No one likes to listen to the lines dashed off in a few days by the supposed young gentleman of genius, but rather the carefully worded, gracefully rounded periods, that please the ear, while at the same time they carry wholesome truths, and sensible, common-sense propositions. Mr. Huff's evinced that thought and careful preparation.

Mr. J. Judson Taylor, of Henry county, then closed the exercises with the following graceful and well-timed valedictory:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—On former occasions like this, it has been our sincere desire and earnest effort to offer something interesting in recognition of your attendance. May we accept the fact of your presence here this evening as proof that our desires and efforts hitherto have not been wholly in vain? At any rate, be assured that the flattering tribute of your respectful attention and the repeated expression of your interest in our success, are duly appreciated by the societies I have the honor to represent. And had I the ability, gladly would I go forth upon the broad fields of thought and gather the ripest fruits of eloquence, and when I had twined about them the finest wreaths of poetry, at your feet I'd lay them, an offering all too small. But not lofty diction, merely, nor classic and high-sounding phrases, though woven into splendid periods, can reveal the quiver of intense delight of which the human heart is capable, of which some of us have felt a thrill this evening. And though probably we who, having little time for sociabilities, have had the powers of our minds concentrated during the past months upon the abstruse and almost incomprehensible intricacies of science, or the deep and underlying principles by which the branches of the linguistic tree may be traced to a common stock, may enjoy this relax more and drink deeper from the stream of pleasure than you, yet may I not hope that you, too, though accustomed to better things, have touched the sparkling stream and felt its wondrous power? If, however, this hope has arisen out of selfishness and the too partial eye with which I have witnessed the proceedings of the evening, allow me to suggest that the season upon which we are entering is only commencement. When I was a very small child at

my home among the blue hills, I was amazed to hear this word applied to the *closing* exercises of the session. But my venerated father explained that, however it may have gotten its application, it is exceedingly appropriate, if we consider the fact that the youth who has finished a college course has but *laid* the *foundation* upon which he is to erect the structure of his life; a structure which is to be symmetrical, towering, grand, a joy to the *present* and an encouragement to the *future*, or disproportioned, and stooping, and incomplete, a hissing to all that behold, according as the *builder* is earnest and progressive, or vacillating and indolent. Since then we have had the advantages offered in this grand old institution; have put ourselves under the instructions of the noble gentlemen composing the Faculty, and whose praises worthier lips than mine continually speak, since in your city, we have heard the eloquence of the finest advocates, the decisions of the ablest jurists, the sermons of the best preachers, and have seen the prettiest girls, will it be considered arrogance and presumption if I say we dare cherish the hope that, though we fail at present, in after years, by defending the country you love and serving the God you adore, we repay the interest you have manifested to-night, and through all the session, by attending our exercises, and extending to us the advantages of your institutions, the hospitality of your homes?

While we seek by these celebrations to furnish to all present pleasures, sinless and pure—such as shall not sting as they pass, and gone shall leave no stain on the soul—we aim chiefly to enkindle greater interest in our societies, in our college and in college education, to show the world that our Alma Mater is proud of the reputation she bears and deserves to have it extended, and by the intellectual and ennobling character of our exercises to touch and move the high, the spiritual, the immortal in our natures and stimulate to braver hopes, nobler purposes, loftier aspirations in the great battle of life. To do this we have not lacked the will. But feeling our inability, we have chosen, to fill up the measure of our desires, one whose fame has spread over the entire land; one the excursiveness of whose intellect and the extent of whose learning are equalled only by the depth of his piety and the sincerity of his purposes, and at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening Dr. Broaddus will, in our behalf, address the public in this hall.

Gentlemen of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Societies: Before we part, let me allude to the satisfaction I am sure we all feel to night. Some one has said, "It must be pleasant at the close of life to look back on the years past and feel that we have not lived in vain;" to stand on the border and, casting a glance o'er the pathway trod, note some evidences of success. So, to-night, at another anniversary, another stage passed, we look back over the session and feel something of the same pleasure. For, as societies, we have been passably successful; some might say this has been the most successful session, but while we do not claim to be better than our predecessors, we are not worse than they. The fierce grapplings of mind with mind, which I have witnessed in my own society, and of which I have heard in the others, lead me to believe that in the life contest, to which I have referred, you do not mean to be laggards. The universal law of nature seems to be *no resting*. How restless are the winds! The clouds rest not; the rivers

flow forever onward; the ocean, with ceaseless swell, its billows upheaves. There is development as the foul, uncomely worm, unfolds itself into a delicate, fragile butterfly.

We see it in a more important, if not more interesting, sense when we contemplate with the geologist the changes through which this earth has passed, as it has been transformed by the power of Him whose fiat brought light out of darkness; from a shapeless void into a verdant beautiful world; we behold it as we tread the pathway of science and note the dogmas that have been renounced, the theories that have exploded; we read it in the history of those nations which, from piracy and vagabondism, have developed into the greatest thinkers of the ages—all teaching us that *we, too, shall change*.

We sometimes sigh when we reflect that we are surrounded by continual change; that everywhere is written, "passing away;" but the principle underlying this fact is a blessed boon. The *molten* bronze is shaped into the effigy which shall transmit for the admiration and delight of coming generations the form and features of our great ones, and shall not we be the craftsmen who, by the powers of strong will, shall grasp plastic circumstance and mould her into lives symmetrical and beautiful? And though we may sometimes long for the times gone by, though when the name of some friend of earlier days falls upon our ears like an echo of the past, we sometimes say:

"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight,
Make me a boy again just for to-night,"

yet are we not in sympathy with the principle of change?

"The future is man's immemorial hymn,
In vain runs the present awasting;
To a golden goal, in the distance dim,
In life or in death he is hasting."

And to-night, while I would not have you lose sight of the past, freighted with hallowed memories, nor the present, filled with purest joys, but have you bear them on in your hearts till their very sorrows have softened as discord softens in distant music, I bid you go, remembering that the field *for doing good* is everywhere ripe unto harvest and promises reward to all that labor.

Thus ended what was a most delightful joint celebration. After the delivery of each speech, Kessnich's band enlivened the occasion with strains of music, that floated on sound waves through the airy chapel.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES BY REV. DR. JOHN

A. BROADUS.—*June 18th.*

The announcement that Dr. John A. Broadus would deliver the address before the literary societies brought together a large crowd. At an early hour, the people began to arrive, and it was not long before the chapel was well filled.

Dr. Boyce, of Louisville, Ky., opened the exercises with prayer; and after a few moments, during which the band discoursed sweet music, and lent inspiration to the occasion, Gov. F. W. M. Holliday,

who presided for the evening, came forward and in the following speech gracefully acknowledged the compliment paid him, and introduced the orator of the evening.

Governor Holliday said :

Young Gentlemen.—I am honored by your invitation to preside this evening, and it gives me pleasure, too. It is not hard to throw the memory back over intervening years to the time when the future looked just as it looks to you. It would be wrong, and far from true, for me to tell you that the bright visions you now have are to be realized in the events that await you.

Do not misunderstand me. I would not have you infer that disappointment is ever to be your lot, and the end a failure. By no means. But it will do you no harm to know that the realization of hope is not always a blessing. Life does not grow strong, vigorous, and beautiful in the midst of perpetual sunshine. It had better at times be shaken by storm and beat by rain and hail.

Remember, that we are in the midst of Law, about us by night as well as by day, governing soul as well as body. We cannot escape it, though "we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea." Obedience alone ensures victory—not blind, but intelligent obedience, recognizing the restraining bonds of obligation, and blooming out at last from the profound of our being into an abiding conviction of duty—the pole-star of all noble lives. And yet not the mere mechanism of duty, but that enthusiasm which takes us along the line of duty, and beyond, and prompts to the doing of heroic deeds, in high and unselfish endeavor, even to the leading of a "forlorn hope."

Thus, hereafter, your pursuits, whatever their character, will be but incidents in life's growth. Temporary want of success will not dishearten—it will only nerve to greater effort, with strength increased by the struggle. And, my young friends, the time will come when, in looking back, you will admit that the best-spent days were not those when prosperity shed around you its shining charms ; but rather those when adversity covered you with darkness that could almost be felt.

And this, too, believe me, is happiest for you. Uniform prosperity is apt to result in unrest, languor, apathy, death. Adversity tends to arouse those energies which are allied with the noblest elements of man's nature, and which in the battle of life conquer a peace, whose richest prizes are the joys which spring from the high aims and efforts of an earnest, manly heart.

Pardon me these few words. I could not help speak them now and here—some of the incidents are so suggestive. It has been many years—how many I will not stop to number—since the gentleman who will presently address you, and I, met upon the platform on a similar occasion at our State University. He then presided ; I was the speaker, and we were both young like yourselves, and full of the same emotions which I doubt not now animate you. Our callings have been different, our homes far apart, and we have grown gray since then. Our country has gone through the throes of a great and terrible civil war, and hence strange and varied vicissitudes of fortune have fallen upon us both. Of myself I need not speak ; that is of no interest. Of him it does me good to say that his life has been a triumph, because he from

the start looked upon it as profoundly real; and whilst he walked his onward, upward way, he did his daily work, whether great or small, in all humility, opening the windows of his soul that its chambers might be filled with celestial light.

Now, young gentlemen, Dr. Broadus will talk to you about Demosthenes—a great and earnest character. Such a theme from such a source is worthy of and must have your thoughtful attention.

Dr. Broadus, too, was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and had to remain standing for some time before he could proceed to deliver his address.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. J. A. BROADUS.

Dr. Broadus announced as his theme “Demosthenes”—not for the purposes of a mere eulogium already ten thousand times repeated, but for a practical design, proposing to treat the subject, not in a scientific or historical, but in a popular manner.

There is danger, he said, that Demosthenes should be underrated by many and overrated by some. Many persons among us, whether they accept or question the estimate which has been set upon him by all the centuries, are likely, when they attempt a judgment, to fall short of justly appreciating his eloquence. They often have to read him with a somewhat imperfect knowledge of the unrivalled language in which he spoke. He would not shrink from the use of translations (he remembered that our English Bible was a translation); but he would by all means have the original also read. He thought that a yet greater difficulty arises from want of familiarity with his times, for, like every great orator, Demosthenes was a child of his own times.

He recalled no considerable, special work on Demosthenes in English, though such works exist in French and abound in German; but the noble, general works on the History of Greece by Grote, Curtius, &c., together with the translations in the Bohn Library, would prepare one to enjoy and appreciate the great orator.

On the other hand, he said, some men make profound study of Demosthenes, his language and his times, and do not acquire equally thorough acquaintance with more recent orators. But, he insisted, one may have a very great admiration for the political, legal, and religious orators of England, Ireland, and America, and yet believe that the broadest and calmest judgment will approve the verdict of the ages, and pronounce Demosthenes “the foremost orator of all the world.”

He proposed to inquire, How came he to be such, and what were the chief elements of his power?

I. He would consider the unrivalled advantages Demosthenes enjoyed for achieving the highest eloquence—

1. In his hearers. The peculiar institutions of Athens gave eloquence the highest possible power. And the character of the Athenian people made them stimulating auditors—so excitable, impressible, easily moved, that a single speech might cause war or peace for all that part of the world, and so exacting as to oratorical art as to reject the most wholesome counsel, and the most impassioned, patriotic appeals if not so expressed and delivered as to satisfy their fastidious taste.

Besides, he was often sent on embassies to Corinth, Thebes, Philippi, &c., compelling a careful adaptation to changing auditory.

2. In his teachers and fellow-students. Though the orphan boy was grievously robbed by his guardians, he was not without means of commanding instruction. A leading lawyer even went to live in the lad's house and teach him law and composition. In philosophy he heard Plato, and diligently read his inspiring dissertations. In more elementary studies he could command admirable instruction, as teaching had long been practiced in Athens as an art, gifted men coming thither to find pupils from every Greek colony, and gifted youth to find instruction. They were far inferior to us in apparatus, and we should rejoice in our advantages, and beware lest we abuse them, and descend to the mere mechanical in education.

Besides the very best teachers, Demosthenes had the stimulation of many gifted fellow-students, among whom was Aristotle, who was about the same age, who came to Athens at the age of seventeen, remained twenty years, studied under Plato, and afterwards taught. Plato "took all knowledge for his province," and his young student had the advantage of his enthusiasm for the acquisition of knowledge, his tendency to analyze and rationally criticise everything, and his subtle and powerful logic.

The speaker here drew a vivid picture of young Demosthenes walking home at evening from the groves on the Cephissus with young Aristotle, discussing a conversational lecture they had just heard from Plato, while from the trees that crown the little hill of Colonus, on their left hand, come the thrilling notes of the nightingale, recalling instantly to them both some exquisite lines of Sophocles. He said that young students seldom realize what an impression they are receiving from each other, and illustrated by a happy allusion to his college intimacy with Governor Holliday.

Alluding to the fact that the social atmosphere of Athens was full of education inspiration, he drew a happy parallel with the social atmosphere of Richmond.

3. In the literature he inherited. The glorious Greek literature was now reaching its completeness, and scarcely any of its really great names were wanting to the early studies of Demosthenes save his own name and that of his fellow-student. He pictured a gifted youth reading, with facile enjoyment, in his own tongue, Homer, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Heroditus, Thucydides, and Plato, and said that it makes one's mouth water to think of it. And yet, he said, we may, though with less perfect enjoyment, read these, and we have besides Chaucer, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, &c. But in addition to literature, Demosthenes had all the highest inspirations of art.

4. In the inspiring examples of oratory among his predecessors and contemporaries. It was the Greeks who first made oratory an art, and this had been fully done before Demosthenes. A century before his time there had been famous teachers in Athens, one of whom taught rhetorical argument, even boasting that he could teach them how to make the worse appear the better cause. Another taught how to distinguish synonyms. A third developed an artistic prose, with high-

wrought poetical expressions and elaborate prose rhythm, which we would now call "curling."

In the same age Pericles had set the example of carefully composing in advance his political speeches, and though he left no speeches on record, left an imperishable fame as a great popular orator. Of the leading orators, some of whose speeches remain to us, before the times of Demosthenes, we find one who was a contemporary of Pericles, and a great criminal lawyer, whose speeches are unadorned, but dignified and vigorous in thought and in expression, and another who shows little rhetorical training but much mother wit, abounding in anecdote and other homely illustrations.

In the generation immediately preceding Demosthenes lived Lysias, the great master of the plain style—a model of perfect clearness and elegant simplicity, surpassing even his contemporary Xenophon, of the same generation; but living till Demosthenes reached middle age was Isocrates, who carried the ornate style of oratorical composition to almost absolute perfection, fully developing the capacities of Attic Greek for periodic structure of sentences and prose rhythm, and training his pupils (of whom Demosthenes was one) not to forensic, nor a deliberative but, to a charming literary rhetoric, like that of Edward Everett and James P. Holcombe.

The speaker brought out very vividly the point that, while oratory had reached so high a state of perfection, and there were such noble models at Athens, yet Demosthenes at one time or another developed the highest characteristics of them all.

5. A great crisis in the history of Athens and of Greece, which Demosthenes saw and the people often did not, while many unwise or mercenary orators derided.

II. Passing next to consider the chief elements of the mighty and marvellous power of Demosthenes, the speaker made it to consist of—

1. His capacity, wisdom, and knowledge. These traits were fully illustrated by aptly-selected specimens of his speeches.

2. In his elevated character and aims. He was a true patriot, seeking to lead his people into the path of light.

3. His mastery of the externals of oratory. He gave a vivid description of the difficulties the great orator had at first to contend with, and how by patient effort he overcame them.

The speaker then proceeded to draw from his subject important practical lessons.

1. Demosthenes combined four great conditions of the highest success in any elevated form of human exertion—genius, common sense, moral principle, labor. He ably and vividly showed that while there may be a degree of success where one or more of these qualities is wanting, yet all are necessary to true greatness. He believed in genius, in special genius; but he ably argued to prove that common sense is a companion and handmaid of genius, and by no means antagonistic to her, and that this common sense may be and should be cultivated.

He earnestly and eloquently insisted that moral principle is absolutely essential to all truly admirable character, to all really successful life, and that nothing can be accomplished worth the doing without earnest labor.

2. Beyond Cicero and others of those times, Demosthenes was a patriot. He was, emphatically, a patriot orator. His patriotism had an intensity born of perfect sympathy with his own Greek State, sharing all of its proud memories, all of its peculiar sentiments, all of its local attachments, and at the same time it had a Pan-Hellenic breadth and comprehensiveness. Perhaps the highest patriotism requires such a combination of forces, special sympathy with one's own state, giving it intensity, while general sympathy with race or country gives it breadth. At any rate, the speaker thought, such is the patriotism appropriate for us. As a native Virginian, who had lived long in another state, he felt the keenest love for his dear old mother, and would exhort our young men to cultivate devotion to Virginia, to cherish the memory of her patriots of '76 and '61. He believed in being patriotic as southerners, and repudiated the catch phrase, "No North, no South, no East, no West."

But at the same time we should be patriotic as Americans, and as our "forest-born Demosthenes" was eloquent in the time of the new nation's birth, so he would have the coming orators grow eloquent as they seek to preserve the Union on the principles of '76. He spoke eloquently of the patriotic duties of educated men.

The above abstract gives a very faint idea of this splendid address, such as has never been equalled in the chapel hall. For us, with our feeble pen to attempt to give in language the clear sentiment, deep with thought such as an orator only can utter, would be presumptuous in the extreme. The address sparkled with gems, and abounded with good things which frequently brought down the house. His allusions to Hon. William Wirt Henry (who sat just before him) and Governor Holliday as his fellow-students were happy, and his tribute to Virginia was touchingly eloquent, while many passages thrilled the vast assembly. What a pleasure it would be, if one could only cling to the hope that after, long, laborious study, he might at least be such a master of speech as the Rev. Dr. J. A. Broadus.

Efforts will be made to have the address in full for the first issue next session.

For the above abstract, we are indebted to Dr. J. William Jones, who made the report for the *Dispatch* of this city.

After Dr. Broadus' oration, the medals were presented by Judge Geo. L. Christian. He said that he felt very little like speaking after such an effort. It reminded him very much of a young attorney making a motion on a forfeited forthcoming bond, after an eloquent address to the court by the celebrated William Wirt.

Judge Christian made an admirable speech, in which he gave to the young recipients of the honors so worthily won some sound, practical advice. We regret we could not get a manuscript copy of his speech. The Judge has made many friends among the students, of the law-class especially, by his courtesy in admitting them to the Poindexter trial, when it was before his court.

The medalists were as follows: Philologian society—best debater, E. E. Holland, Nansemond Co., Va.; best writer, W. F. Hudgins, Marshall, Texas; improvement in debate, W. B. Haislip, Fluvanna

Co., Va. Mu Sigma Rho Society—best debater, A. P. Staples, Patrick Co., Va.; best writer, M. B. Curry, Richmond, Va.; improvement in debate, G. C. Bundick, Accomac Co., Va.

COMMENCEMENT PROPER—*June 19th.*

Long before the appointed time, the chapel and the entrances thereto were packed, and many turned away, unable to get within hearing or seeing distance.

The old college is more and more appreciated every year of its existence. The Richmond people evidently recognize in their midst an institution which stands in the foremost rank of colleges, and brings to their very doors advantages which should be highly prized and liberally patronized.

In the faculty, every one sees scholarship, ability, and that which goes to make up the successful and interesting professor and lecturer—gentlemanliness. Students at college should act like gentlemen, and should be treated as gentlemen. That Richmond college is an honor to the city, to the state, and to educational interests generally is putting praise in very modest language. Every student that passes from within its pale to the outer world entertains the highest regard for those who compose the faculty. We would think the man who felt otherwise as one devoid of the finer sensibilities, and the more delicate feelings of human nature. We would only wish for our co-workers in student life the good fortune of being under the guidance, and in the companionship of such men as constitute the faculty of Richmond college.

The exercises of the evening were opened with a most appropriate prayer by Rev. Dr. J. A. Broadus, of Kentucky; after which the following programme was carried out under the direction of Professor B. Puryear, chairman of the faculty:

Music. Announcement of distinctions and promotions in junior classes. Presentation of "Woods Medal" by Samuel B. Witt, Esq. Music. Delivery of certificates of promotion in intermediate classes, and of certificates of proficiency. Presentation of "Steel Medal" by Rev. Thomas Hume. Music. Delivery of school diplomas. Presentation of "Frances Gwin Medal" by Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D. Music. Delivery of Diplomas to Bachelors of Law and Bachelors of Arts. Music. Delivery of Diplomas to Masters of Arts.

STUDENTS WHO HAVE OBTAINED HONORS.

The following is a list of students who have obtained honors at the several examinations:

AWARDED CERTIFICATES OF DISTINCTION AT THE INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

School of Latin.

Junior Class—Section I.: G. William Hurt, Powhatan county, Va.; C. M. Knox, Richmond, Va.; W. F. Mercer, Richmond, Va.

Intermediate Class: G. C. Abbitt, Appomattox county, Va.; R. H. Latane, King and Queen county, Va.; W. G. Stanard, Richmond, Va.

Senior Class: C. T. Herndon, Fauquier county, Va.; W. G. Hix, Prince Edward county, Va.; E. E. Holland, Nansemond county, Va.; G. B. Taylor, Jr., Rome, Italy.

School of Greek.

Junior Class—Section I: W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania county, Va.; M. D. Hoge, Jr., Richmond, Va.; G. William Hurt, Powhatan county, Va.; C. M. Knox, Richmond, Va.; W. H. Ryals, Fluvanna county, Va.; T. W. Taliaferro, Richmond, Va.; W. A. Vaughan, Rockingham county, Va.; J. H. Wright, Richmond, Va.

Junior Class—Section II: C. H. Jones, Richmond, Va.; C. D. Ogg, Rockbridge county, Va.; R. H. Winfree, Manchester, Va.

Senior Class: W. G. Hix, Prince Edward county, Va.

School of Modern Languages.

Junior French Class: L. C. Catlett, Gloucester county, Va.

Junior German Class: W. Christian, Richmond, Va.; J. J. Taylor, Henry county, Va.

School of English.

Junior Class: G. D. Dey, Norfolk, Va.; R. A. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.; G. William Hurt, Powhatan county, Va.; B. A. Pendleton, Richmond, Va.; J. P. Taylor, Richmond, Va.

Intermediate Class: J. R. Fizer, Lynchburg, Va.; J. H. Wright, Richmond, Va.

Senior Class: J. J. Clopton, Richmond, Va.; J. S. Kirtley, Petersburg, Ky.; A. Judson Reamy, Richmond county, Va.

School of Mathematics.

Junior Class—Section I: C. Cabell, Richmond, Va.; R. A. Hopkins, Richmond, Va.; L. E. Spencer, Halifax county, Va.

Junior Class—Section II: W. S. Holland, Isle of Wight county, Va.; J. E. Peake, Portsmouth, Va.

Intermediate Class: J. M. Cabell, Richmond, Va.

School of Physics.

Junior Class: C. E. Jones, Richmond, Va.

School of Chemistry.

A. G. Loving, Albemarle county, Va.

AWARDED CERTIFICATES OF DISTINCTION AT THE FINAL EXAMINATION.

School of Latin.

Junior Class—Section I: W. B. Haislip, Fluvanna county, Va.; J. B. Seward, Surry county, Va.

Intermediate Class: H. P. McCormick, Loudoun county, Va.; J. E. Wiatt, Gloucester county, Va.; H. H. Winfree, Manchester, Va.

School of Greek.

Junior Class—Section II. : H. P. McCormick, Loudoun county, Va. ; E. W. Winfree, Buckingham county, Va.

School of Modern Languages.

Junior French Class: C. G. Davis, Texas ; J. J. Gunter, Accomac county, Va. ; H. P. McCormick, Loudoun county, Va.

School of English.

Junior Class: P. S. Grant, Richmond, Va. ; G. W. A. Netherland, Richmond, Va.

School of Mathematics.

Junior Class—Section I. : F. Ballauf, Richmond, Va. ; P. S. Grant, Richmond, Va. ; W. F. Mercer, Richmond, Va.

Junior Class—Section II. : S. A. Fishburn, Texas.

AWARDED CERTIFICATES OF PROMOTION IN JUNIOR CLASSES.

School of Latin.

Section I. : C. W. Brooks, Fauquier county, Va. ; A. E. Cox, Richmond, Va. ; C. Cabell, Richmond, Va. ; W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania county, Va. ; S. A. Fishburn, Mexia, Texas ; W. S. Holland, Isle of Wight county, Va. ; L. E. Spencer, Halifax county, Va. ; T. W. Taliaferro, Richmond, Va. ; W. A. Vaughan, Rockingham county, Va. ; R. Washington, Caroline county, Va. ; R. O. Wortham, Hanover county, Va.

Section II. : J. Currie, Richmond, Va. ; H. L. Davies, King and Queen county, Va. ; C. H. Jones, Richmond, Va. ; C. D. Ogg, Rockbridge county, Va. ; R. L. Page, Albemarle county, Va. ; B. A. Pendleton, Richmond, Va. ; F. Puryear, Richmond, Va. ; L. W. Rose, Jr., Richmond, Va. ; W. H. Ryals, Fluvanna county, Va. ; J. P. Taylor, Richmond, Va. ; J. O. White, Albemarle county, Va.

School of Greek.

Section I. : F. Ballauf, Richmond ; A. E. Cox, Richmond ; R. H. Garnett, King and Queen county ; B. A. Pendleton, Richmond ; F. Puryear, Richmond.

Section II. : L. Chalkley, Richmond ; J. Currie, Richmond ; W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania county ; R. Johnston, Mexia, Texas ; T. J. Lawrence, Nansemond county ; J. M. McManaway, Bedford county ; L. W. Rose, Jr., Richmond ; E. F. Settle, Culpeper county ; J. F. Wiatt, Gloucester county.

School of Modern Languages.

French : J. M. Garnett, King and Queen county ; W. G. Hix, Prince Edward county ; J. P. Taylor, Richmond ; J. J. Taylor, Henry county.

German : S. A. Fishburn, Texas ; J. M. Garnett, King and Queen county ; J. B. Jenkins, Norfolk.

School of English.

W. H. Ancell, Jr., Fluvanna county; G. C. Bundick, Accomac county; W. J. E. Cox, Richmond; S. V. Fiery, Martinsburg, W. Va.; W. B. Haislip, Fluvanna county; C. D. Ogg, Rockbridge county; J. H. Percy, Pittsylvania county; J. B. Seward, Surry county; G. E. Thomas, Martinsburg, W. Va.; R. Washington, Caroline county; C. E. Wortham, Jr., Richmond; R. O. Wortham, Hanover county.

School of Mathematics.

Section I.: C. Campbell, Jr., Richmond; A. E. Cox, Richmond; W. J. E. Cox, Richmond; S. V. Fiery, Martinsburg, W. Va., R. O. Wortham, Hanover county; R. Washington, Caroline county; J. H. Wright, Richmond.

Section II.: C. W. Brooks, Fauquier county; L. Chalkley, Richmond, Va.; C. G. Davis, Camp county, Texas; J. R. Fizer, Lyncenburg, Va.; R. Johnston, Mexia, Texas; F. Puryear, Richmond, Va.; G. B. Taylor, Jr., Rome, Italy; R. H. Garnett, King and Queen county, Va.; C. D. Ogg, Rockbridge county, Va.

At this period in the exercises, the chairman of the faculty announced the delivery of the

WOODS' MEDAL.

This medal is given through the liberality of Mr. Hiram Woods, of Baltimore, Md., and is awarded by three competent judges to him who makes the best declamation at the general contest which is held near the close of the session. The successful competitor this year was Mr. J. W. Fleet, of King and Queen county, Va.

Mr. S. B. Witt, one of the leading young attorneys of the Richmond bar, an alumnus of Richmond college, and also during his college career the recipient himself of the Woods' Medal, was selected to present to Mr. Fleet his lately won honor. No better person could have been gotten.

In a speech, which was just long enough to put every one in fine humor, and which was grace itself, he spoke of the pleasure it affords one to know that he can touch the heart of his fellow-men by the sound of his voice. He spoke of declamation as one of the essentials in the composition of a graceful speaker, and surely the audience must have felt, if they knew it, that he wore very worthily the honor he had won in that very field. A better speech on such an occasion could not have been made. In closing his remarks, Mr. Witt gave some very good and practical counsel to the recipient of the honor.

The whole assemblage seemed to enjoy the presentation.

Mr. Witt seemed, unlike most speakers, to hit upon a happy vein of thought and a comfortable length of time in delivering his remarks.

The chairman then proceeded with the delivery of promotions. A promotion means that he who receives it has passed both the intermediate and final examinations.

CERTIFICATES OF PROMOTION IN INTERMEDIATE CLASSES.

School of Latin.

L. P. Brown, Upperville, Va.; T. R. Campbell, Caroline, Va.; L.

Chalkley, Richmond, Va.; R. H. Garnett, King and Queen, Va.; L. J. Huff, Albemarle, Va.; R. Johnston, Texas; H. A. Latane, King and Queen, Va.; A. G. Loving, Albemarle, Va.; A. May, New Orleans, La.; G. B. Moore, Giles, Va.; E. W. Winfrey, Buckingham, Va.

School of Greek.

G. C. Abbitt, Appomattox, Va.; J. R. Fizer, Lynchburg, Va.; L. J. Huff, Albemarle, Va.; J. L. Lake, Fauquier, Va.; A. G. Loving, Albemarle, Va.; C. Puryear, Richmond, Va.; L. Puryear, Richmond, Virginia.

School of English.

C. W. Brooks, Fauquier county, Va.; C. Campbell, Jr., Richmond, Va.; T. R. Campbell, Caroline county, Va.; J. E. Courtney, King and Queen county, Va.; W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania county, Va.; R. H. Garnett, King and Queen county, Va.; W. S. Holland, Isle of Wight county, Va.; L. J. Huff, Albemarle, county, Va.; J. B. Jenkins, Norfolk, Va.; H. A. Latane, King and Queen county, Va.; W. F. Mercer, Richmond, Va.; B. A. Pendleton, Richmond, Va.; W. A. Vaughan, Rockingham county, Va.

School of Mathematics.

L. P. Brown, Upperville; J. Currie, Richmond; J. J. Gunter, Accomac county; J. B. Jenkins, Norfolk; R. H. Latane, King and Queen county; C. Puryear, Richmond; C. R. Sands, Richmond; J. H. Smith, Texas.

AWARDED CERTIFICATES OF PROFICIENCY.

French.

W. F. Bagby, King and Queen county; C. E. Jones, Richmond; R. H. Latane, King and Queen county; T. J. Lawrence, Nansemond county; R. L. Page, Albemarle county; R. Washington, Caroline county; W. Washington, Jr., Caroline county.

Surveying.

L. P. Brown, Upperville; J. W. Fleet, King and Queen county; R. H. Garnett, King and Queen county; R. H. Latane, King and Queen county; E. F. Settle, Culpeper county.

Junior Physics.

J. W. Fleet, King and Queen county; J. M. Garnett, King and Queen county; E. E. Holland, Nansemond county; A. May, New Orleans, La.; E. F. Settle, Culpeper county; W. G. Stanard, Richmond; J. E. Wiatt, Gloucester county.

Professor Puryear then introduced the gentleman who had been chosen to deliver the "Steel Medal."

The medal to the "best reader," the gift of Dr. George B. Steel, of Richmond, was then awarded to Mr. H. P. McCormick, of Loudoun county, Va., in an excellent address by Rev. T. Hume, of Portsmouth, in which he said:

There is no need that I should tell you what the Steel Medal is. It was a happy thought, wisely and gracefully put into act by a generous

nature. It gives to Richmond College a peculiar distinction, that of awarding the only prize for an important accomplishment. It supplies a much need stimulus, if we may judge from the serious lack of interest and attainment in this most graceful, impressive, and useful art. How often the fine thought, the stately rythm, all the *vis viva*, the life that glows and beats in a great classic is maimed or weakened because the appointed expounder has never studied and practiced the best utterance of it. Gross injustice is done the Word of God, that Word which, in every sense, is meant to be spirit and life; and gross injustice done to the multitude of its susceptible hearers by the spiritless, lifeless, senseless, colorless, style in which its fresh narrative, its noble biography, its sublime poetry are droned out from the sacred desk. It is a most useful art; for it is eminently a social one. Our eyes glisten under the mellow light of the lovely interior, painted by the poet, of the domestic affections, especially of the scene in which "the day is done." And one reads from the treasured volume—

The poem of his choice;

and one lends to the rhyme of the poet

The music of his voice.

What a boon to the worn spirit to find its favorite author interpreted in the melodious notes of a sympathetic voice, and rise on its vibratory tones into "thoughts that wander through eternity." The speaker gave a charming picture of the Macauley family reading under the evening lamp, and of the delightful and profitable re-unions provided by neighboring reading clubs. It is sometimes said that the art of reading is rather a feminine accomplishment. With a pleasant allusion to the fascination of a woman's voice, to the magnetic charm of Fanny Kemble's reading, he urged that neither gallantry nor justice required us to give place here to the ladies, and congratulated Mr. McCormick on the superior skill and grace which had merited this distinction in this art; for, said he, it is an art, not a natural gift. After analyzing the elements that go to make it up, he conferred the medal as an incentive to the pursuit of all the arts and graces that constitute the complete man.

The following gentlemen were then given their diplomas as

GRADUATES IN THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS:

School of Latin: Edwin H. Benton, Loudoun county, Va.; Walter Christian, Richmond, Va.; James T. Dickinson, Richmond, Va.; Henry H. George, Jr., Caroline county, Va.; John J. Gunter, Accomac Courthouse, Va.; James L. Lake, Fauquier county, Va.; Thomas J. Lawrence, Nansemond county, Va.; Charles Puryear, Richmond, Virginia.

School of Greek: Edwin H. Benton, Loudoun county, Va.; Walter Christian, Richmond, Va.; John J. Gunter, Accomac county, Va.; Edward E. Holland, Nansemond county, Va.; John B. Jenkins, Norfolk, Va.; I. Morton Mercer, Richmond, Va.; John Henry Smith, Franklin county, Texas.

School of Modern Languages: James A. Brown, Montgomery county, Va.; M. Allan Chambers, Richmond, Va.; Henry H. George, Jr.,

Caroline county, Va.; Rolfe E. Glover, Richmond, Va.; William T. Hudgins, Marshall, Texas.

School of English: Henry C. Cabell, Jr., Richmond, Va.; M. Allan Chambers, Richmond, Va.; Henry H. George, Jr., Caroline county, Va.; Edward E. Holland, Nansemond county, Va.; William S. Holland, Isle of Wight county, Va.; James M. McManaway, Bedford county, Va.; Gordon B. Moore, Giles county, Va.; George B. Taylor, Jr., Rome, Italy.

School of Mathematics: William T. Hudgins, Texas; I. Morton Mercer, Richmond, Va.; J. Judson Taylor, Henry county, Va.

School of Physics: James A. Brown, Montgomery county, Va.; Landon C. Catlett, Gloucester county, Va.; William T. Hudgins, Texas; I. Morton Mercer, Richmond, Va.; J. Judson Taylor, Henry county, Va.

School of Chemistry: William F. Bagby, King and Queen county, Va.; Edwin H. Benton, Loudoun county, Va.; James E. Courtney, King and Queen county, Va.; T. Ellis Drewry, Griffin, Ga.; Henry H. George, Jr., Caroline county, Va.; Charles E. Jones, Richmond, Va.; Levin Joynes, Richmond, Va.; Robert H. Latane, King and Queen county, Va.; Augustus May, New Orleans, La.; John E. Peake, Portsmouth, Va.; A. Judson Reamy, Richmond, Co., Va.; John Henry Smith, Texas; Charles L. Steel, Richmond, Va.; C. A. G. Thomas, Portsmouth, Va.; Elisha W. Winfrey, Buckingham county, Va.

School of Philosophy: James A. Brown, Montgomery county, Va.; Henry C. Cabell, Jr., Richmond, Va.; M. Allan Chambers, Richmond, Va.; Walter Christian, Richmond, Va.; Rolfe E. Glover, Richmond, Va.; William T. Hudgins, Marshall, Texas; I. Morton Mercer, Richmond; Gordon B. Moore, Giles county; Frank P. Robertson, Albemarle county; Abram P. Staples, Patrick Courthouse; A. Judson Reamy, Richmond county, Va.

Next came the presentation of the

"FRANCES GWIN MEDAL."

This medal, awarded to the best student in Philosophy, had been won this year by Mr. Rolfe E. Glover of Richmond, and was presented by Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge in his happiest style. He asked, What a pleasant thing if life could ever be as bright as the scene of to-night?

The music, the lights, the flowers, the honors, the beauty—all conspired to make the occasion one of brightness, joy, and gladness. But he reminded the young friends that such scenes as these must pass away, and the stern realities of the battle of life be encountered.

He spoke eloquently of the **power** of the young men who are now going forth from our colleges to bless the land. He congratulated Mr. Glover on winning a prize in the special School of Philosophy. He spoke ably and eloquently of the value of this study. He also congratulated him that he had in a fair contest won the medal from such worthy competitors, as he had been informed that the class was one of more than ordinary ability.

He repudiated the idea that those who win college honors are not likely to succeed in after life, and insisted that the same native talent

and patient industry which win prizes at college will also win the richest prizes of the world. He said that he had only to look around on the platform on which he stood for bright illustrations of the statement that the "honor-men" of college are the men who win the honors of after life. He did not fear that this medal would be considered the termination of the career of one who had just entered the school of philosophy.

He appropriately alluded to the medal as founded by Rev. Dr. D. William Gwin, of Atlanta, Ga., (a former graduate of the college,) as a memorial to his sainted mother.

He would, then, send forth this medalist with the congratulations of this brilliant audience, the approbation of the faculty, the applause of his fellow-students, and the smiles of somebody else's sister, who was doubtless saying, "The medal is nothing to the man who wears it."

Dr. Hoge was frequently and loudly applauded during the delivery of his very admirable address.

The following degree-graduates then came forward to receive their diplomas:

Bachelors of Law.

John F. Anderson, Richmond; Frank E. Anderson, Richmond; Edward M. Baum, Princess Anne county; J. Clay Gentry, Gordonsville; Samuel D. Jones, Campbell county; Littleton T. W. Marye, Richmond; Timothy Rives, Prince George county; John W. Snyder, Richmond; Abram P. Staples, Patrick Courthouse; Mortimer A. Turner, Richmond.

When these diplomas, conferring the degree of Bachelor of Law, were delivered, Prof. Davies of the law school stepped forward from among the distinguished gentlemen who occupied seats upon the platform, and stated that he had a few words to say to his class before parting, and that he did not intend to make a speech; but he did, and a very choice little gem it was. He said that the greatest harmony had prevailed between himself and those composing the class throughout the entire session. It had given him pleasure to occupy the position he had, and now that those who had been under his instruction were to act in another field, he would assure them that they carried with them his kindest regards, and they might rest satisfied that their success would be his success, and in their welfare he would always feel a deep interest. He closed his remarks with some sound, practical advice, and kind wishes for their future career.

His kindly words were much appreciated by the members of the law class.

Prof. Davies has made a lasting friend in each one of his class. As a teacher, they think he has no superior of his age; and he bids fair, with more experience, to outstrip those who occupy high positions in the land. His reputation before the Supreme Court is one guarantee of what we have said.

The degree-men in the academic department were as follows:

Bachelors of Arts.

Henry C. Cabell, Jr., Richmond; Frank P. Robertson, Albemarle county.

Masters of Arts.

James A. Brown, Montgomery county; Rolfe E. Glover, Richmond
William T. Hudgins, Marshall, Texas; I. Morton Mercer, Richmond

As the students received their honors, they were greeted with loud applause, and many of them received beautiful bouquets or baskets of flowers from fair friends.

PROFESSOR B. PURYEAR,

Chairman of the Faculty, made the concluding address to the graduates and the students in general, in which he gave them some sound counsel, clothed in the clear, massive style of which the distinguished Professor is master.

ALUMNI ADDRESS.

On the night of Monday, June 16th, an intelligent audience assembled to hear an address from one of the old alumni.

The Rev. Dr. William E. Hatcher, president of the Society of Alumni, introduced as the orator of the evening, Hon. Morton B. Howell, of Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Howell begun with a graceful allusion to the feelings of an alumnus of twenty-eight years ago revisiting the scenes of his youth and noting the changes which have taken place in the course of time. He then proceeded to make an address, which showed great historical research, was written in clear, vigorous style, showed high literary finish, and proved the orator a man of decided ability and high attainments.

He ably traced the progress of education and civilization from the earliest days, and drew apt illustrations from the wide fields of literature, history, and science. He made an eloquent plea for classic learning, but at the same time would not neglect scientific research. He earnestly insisted that while venerating the past we should press forward in the path of scientific attainments, and eloquently expressed the hope that Richmond College might keep abreast of the progress of the times. He concluded as follows:

There is a picture, simple in its outlines, but grand in its suggestiveness, which represents a laden boat crossing a broad stream. In the stern sits the venerable patriarch, with the aged companion of his life, looking with dreamy and sad eyes upon the receding shore. In the middle is the mature father of a family, filled with care for those dependent on him, listening to their artless prattle and supplying their desires. In the bow, far forward stands the stalwart youth, with foot advanced, and lifted hand shading his eyes from the sun's rays, gazing with eager and absorbed interest towards the land upon which he is soon to tread. Fit type is he of what will be the educated man of the closing years of the nineteenth century. No more devoting the best years of his growing life to the exclusive study of dead languages, and the unravelling of intricacies in extinct theories which have served their purpose and been laid away; energized by the perfect freedom of thought achieved through the conquest of the world by the teachings of Christ and perpetuated by the dissemination of His revelation, he will see the hand of God in the growth of a blade of grass as in the upheavals of the earthquake; he will feel that a knowledge of nature

and its laws is but another name for the comprehension of a God infinite in power and unmistakable design, towards which comprehension he shall forever approach and yet never shall come near; that the physical, mental, and moral advancement of our race are bound together by invisible and indissoluble cords, and that he who shall soften that primeval curse which condemned man to eat bread in the sweat of his face, shall have conferred a greater blessing than has come from all the philosophy of antiquity. Let the beauties and glories of the poets and orators and statemen and moralists of the dead past be preserved and venerated, as we would the pictures of our ancestors and the princeless heirlooms descended to us from them, to be looked upon and admired in moments of leisure and relaxation, but not to make the contemplation of them the business of our lives.

Thus, gentlemen, disjointedly, discursively, and digressively, I have given utterance to "the thoughts that arise in me." They are accompanied by an honest and sincere desire that our college may secure and maintain a position abreast of the foremost in meeting all the demands of present and advancing culture.

And when she calls the roll of her children and bids them gather beneath the folds of her peaceful banner, and join in her onward march as she sweeps grandly to her high destiny, may no son of hers refuse the call. Scattered though they be across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, whether in the remotest West, where the weary sun sinks nightly to his ocean-bed, or in the golden East, where the gates of morning unbar their shining folds to let in the day-god's flashing beams, everywhere, let their grateful hearts respond to her appeal with such mighty voice, as when

"Jura answers from her misty shroud,

Back to the joyous Alps that calls to her aloud."

The orator was loudly applauded and warmly congratulated at the conclusion of his speech.

Mr. Howell graduated at Richmond College twenty-eight years ago, and was afterwards a successful student at the University of Virginia. He is now a leading lawyer at the Nashville bar. His old college friends cordially greeted him.

Instead of the annual banquet, the alumni had a reunion at the mansion of Prof. Harris, and immediately after the above address, all repaired thither with their wives, both present and prospective, and spent an hour or more in partaking of refreshments and in pleasant converse. The reunion was voted a success, especially since it was free from the abominable custom of speech-making.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this issue of the MESSENGER ends the session of '78-9. This journal, published by the literary societies, has been a success; and it gives the present corps of editors great pleasure to say that the next volume will be begun under very prosperous circumstances. One thing, though, we must beg of the students who return next session. More of them must take a copy of the MESSENGER. During the last session

only sixty-seven copies were distributed among them, and very often two copies were taken by one person.

'Tis passing strange that such a want of interest in a college enterprise should pervade a body of one hundred and fifty or sixty students. If one does not desire a copy himself, let him send it to his sweetheart, or his friends at home. They will appreciate it. Take to heart the interest of the college, the interest of the societies, and yourself satisfaction will be much greater when you have done your duty towards subscribing to the Richmond College MESSENGER.

EXCHANGES.

The following we clip from the *Acta Columbiana*:

"Our Southern exchanges are extremely valuable as affording superb examples of what a college paper ought not to be. Their most noticeable peculiarity is an absence from their columns of anything collegiate. They never discuss university topics in a university style—that happy yet indescribable compound of recklessness and good sense that is so attractive to the readers of our best college journals. They shun all humor as a delusion and a snare; they deal with crude speculation on political affairs; and are filled with solemn grinds and mysterious mutterings, *apropos* of nothing whatever. With what gusto do they chronicle the visit of some local statesman, and how they burst forth into adjectives in describing his hot harangue that fired the Southern heart! The names of 'judges,' 'colonels' and 'majors' are sprinkled over their pages with a profusion that rivals the most extravagant chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. On the whole, looking over the papers that represent their intellectual condition, we feel bound to conclude that these so-called 'colleges,' with no requirements for admission, with the curriculum of a New York grammar-school, and with a class of students whose highest literary relish is a stump speech, deserve to be considered only as forcing pits for the premature development of infinitesimal politicians.

"As to the papers of these 'colleges,' they are almost beneath criticism. In them, scraps of threadbare Latin, evidently cribbed from copy-books and spellers, a ludicrous straining after high-sounding words, and a wearisome iteration of such phrases as 'Southern rights,' 'Southern honor,' and 'Southern chivalry,' combine to render Southern literature a synonym for Southern trash."

Alas, said we to ourselves, here is a man who knows all about what our "Southern Exchanges" should be! He reminds us very much of the cocoa-nut-headed member of Parliament, who is incessantly annoying the commons with the motly progeny of his cranium of conceit, forever threatening to arraign and impeach the ministry—and would you believe it, this commoner has not a single follower. From him we learn that "recklessness and good sense" constitute a "university style." 'Tis a very fortunate thing that the various institutions of higher learning have saved themselves the ignominy which would result from consulting the views of the exchange editor of the *Acta* as to a "university style." In the paragraph clipped from the *Acta*, we see a considerable amount of recklessness, but not an iota of good sense.

We would hardly call a man of local reputation a statesman. Our ideas of a *statesman* are higher than that, and yet we must learn from

the editor of the *Acta*, for he is a *learned* man. He seems to be, indeed, omniscient; for he tells us about "hot harangues," &c. That is something that we who live in the South know nothing about.

The colonels and majors, &c., have no doubt gained their titles fairly, and as to their profusion reminding him of the "most extravagant chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit*," we must bid him read what he might call an "extravagant chapter of reality," and inform himself that in the U. S. Senate there are nineteen ex-Confederate generals, and only four generals of the Federal army. Of course there is a great number of colonels who are prominently known, since those who took part in the field are most active in working for the general welfare of the government. And with regard to these colonels, &c., a man, prominent as a Republican candidate for President, stakes his reputation that the best men in Congress are from the South.

The Solomon goes on to discuss the results that flow from our intellectual condition. From what a high standpoint does he look! Is it intellect that has put him there? A pigmy on a pyramid! What does he know about the "curriculum of Southern colleges," when he has never looked into a catalogue, or been south of the Potomac or the Ohio? The best method is to bring matters to a square test. "Southern literature, a synonym for Southern trash!" Proclaim it to the world! At one fell swoop America's *learned* critic pronounces the doom of Southern literature. The fiat has gone forth. Let Southern genius cast aside its pen, for we have a "second Daniel come to judgment." We wonder what he will say about *American* literature.

Now finally, and in all candor, we must say that the above extract from the *Acta* is the sickliest, and most heartily disgusting attempt to criticise what is entirely out of the pale of college journalism, things that the editor knows nothing of, and which are as high above such baseless slurs as Parnassus above the plains of Greece.

We are confident when we state it, that no such petty thoughts have ever appeared in any other of our Northern or Western exchanges. We think them capable of being engaged in a better work.

We doubt very much if the editor who penned the paragraph can write a decent essay—a squib is his supreme delight. However, we think we could put our finger on one who might successfully swindle his neighbor with a box of wooden nutmegs, or a hogshhead of imitation hams.

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