COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

JOLLIFICATION.

[Editors are inherently modest and retiring! The editors of the MESSENGER are especially so! And as several of us took an active part in the Jollification, we are more than glad to avail ourselves of the following excellent report which a friend has kindly written for us.—EDITORS.]

The annual jollification of the students of Richmond College came off on Friday evening, the 11th of June. As is usual on such festive occasions, the audience was immense. Virginia’s capital had gathered within the classic precincts of our Alma Mater an innumerable multitude of fair women and brave men—the young, the old, blooming Venuses, gay Adonises, and so forth, et cetera, ad infinitum.

The first item on the programme was a song, entitled “Three Buzzing Bumble Bees,” rendered by a chorus of students, led by Mr. Jas. H. Wright. Saving the weakness of the bass it was as good a chorus, as it has ever been our pleasure to hear.

Then came the “Welcome Address” from the president, Mr. Wm. J. E. Cox, the Wood’s Declamation Medallist for the year. Mr. Cox delivered a brief harangue, made up of ponderous polysyllables, in a hesitating, stammering, stuttering, altogether humorous way.

Next in order came a debate on the question, “Resolved, That the Horse is the Noblest Animal.” Mr. Baldwin A. Pendleton supported the affirmative. He opened by a felicitous allusion to the music, flowers, “beauteous specimens of angelic humanity,” and other attractive features of the occasion. He then defined the scope of the question: “Our question does not include man. Of course if the gentleman on the other side desires to be classed with hogs, pigs, swine, dogs, cats, bumble bees, blue-bottled flies, and hippopotamuses, he has his choice, but as for me, ‘Give me liberty or give me death!’ Man is not an animal. Man is an anthropological.”

The speaker went on to say that he had been at a loss whether to discuss the question objectively or subjectively, but as the Horse was the subject of debate he would treat his theme from a subjective point of view. He then dilated upon the benefits to be derived from the study of philology. We give a specimen of his original etymological investigations: “Subjective is from subjacio. Now, this word is thus
divided: *sub jack-io*; the primal root is *jack*. *Subjacio* is a Latin word and the Latin language was spoken by Romans. English and American sailors rejoice in the name of Jack. Hence Jack being the common name for sailors at the present day, and being the primal root of this word subjective, we thereby infer that the Romans were acquainted with the use of ships."

The speaker maintained that each letter composing the word *horse* originally had an independent significance, and he supported his theory by copious references to Messrs. Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, "the boy who stood on the burning deck," Mr. Anon, alias Anon Y. Mous, and many other worthies too numerous to mention. "*H*" stood, of course, for horses, and "*O*" for other animals; "*R*" stands for red. Red tells of soft whispers and tender words, as within the bower the youth and maiden sit; without, the sun sinking behind the western hills is clothing all nature in a robe of coruscating loveliness, while the little brook that runs purling by seems like a stream of molten gold; the light breeze passing over the rye field makes it like to the sea in beauty, while the rye with its murmuring sings a soft lullaby to the birds nestling in the tree tops, and one by one their notes are hushed. The perfumed breezes from the rose and honey-suckle touch the brows of the youth and maiden, her hand is clasped in his, and as she speaks the wished-for word his arm steals lovingly about her sylph-like form, her golden-crowned head gently sinks upon his manly breast, a changeful glow lights up her tender eyes of grey, while a soft color suffuses her face, telling of a morning of surpassing loveliness and joy, of a noon of glorious splendor, and an evening of which the morning was but an earnest. But I must return to my subject, and I hope that if I return to my subject, my subject will return to me, for

"Dust thou art, to dust returneth,
Was not spoken of the soul."

"*S*," according to the speaker, meant "solemncholy." Some time was spent by the speaker in the treatment of "*E*." This seems to have been the knottiest problem with which the debater had to cope. He gave a detailed account of his travels in England, France, Italy and Germany in search of some clue to the mysterious letter. "*E*" was finally found out to mean *excellentissime*. The peroration was a vivid and pathetic description of the dying moments of Shakespeare. Allusion was also incidentally made to Simmons's Liver Regulator.

Mr John H. Pearcy responded in the negative. We regret to say that we have been unable to secure a copy of this gentleman's speech, and so we are not prepared to favor our readers with any excerpts therefrom. His introduction was made up wholly of original verse, and just here it may be remarked that Mr. Pearcy's facility for rhyming is something remarkable. In short, we can safely predict for our youthful bard a not inglorious future.

At the conclusion of the debate the audience was entertained with a laughable farce, in which Mr. J. D. Perkins, violinist, Mr. R. L. Page, banjoist, and Mr. J. H. Wright, who "picked de bones." Without wishing to make invidious comparisons we must say that this performance was the "hit" of the occasion. Mr. Wright, in particular, was inim-
itable, and the effect of his bone-cracking was greatly heightened by his clumsy antics and his Ethiopic accoutrement.

Quite a sensation was produced by "The Pyramid of Beauty," a tableau in which some of our loveliest lads bore a part. Then we had music from the "Italian Band."

The next item of the programme was a drama. Mr. J. D. Perkins, as "Bullywinkle, the Beloved;" Mr. George Bryan, as "Puttyblow," and Mr. John E. Wiatt, as "Miss McSlasher." These gentlemen sustained their parts with a faithfulness that would have done credit to veteran comedians. Mr. Bryan's habiliments, an artist's skull-cap and a decidedly tattered, variegated dressing-gown, enabled him to cut a most ridiculous and mirth-provoking figure. The get up of Mr. Perkins was also apropos, consisting as it did of a cocked hat, enormous spectacles resting upon a blooming nasal promontory, coat, boots, umbrella, &c., to match. Mr. Wiatt personated a young lady very successfully, many of the audience taking him for a genuine, bona fide, rare and radiant maiden.

Mr. J. B. Timberlake was then introduced as follows by the President: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have now the honor and indescribable pleasure of introducing to you the orator of this occasion. He has gained a reputation which the rough hand of time can never efface from the pages of the history of our Mess Hall! He is a member of the lost tribe. He has crossed the prairies, hunted the wild beast, and upon one occasion, when in his daring pursuits, he was hemmed in one of the dark ravines of the Rocky Mountains, and his life being in peril from the attack of a ferocious wild beast, he, by the strength of his own arm, and the power of his own will, struck dead—a ground-squirrel!

"I hope that you will give the gentleman your undivided and indivisible attention, and I feel assured that you will be richly rewarded by such a feast of reason and flow of soul as he will be able to serve up for your edification." Mr. Timberlake's subject was "Kerosene Oil," though, strange to say, his remarks for the most part had reference to the indispensableness of woman to the welfare and happiness of the genus homo.

Then came the crowning of the Poet Laureate, Mr. Jno. H. Pearcy, of Pittsylvania County, Virginia, by Mr. G. C. Abbitt. The presentation speech was appropriate, but Mr. Abbitt did not go through with the crowning ceremonial, for as bad luck would have it, the crown of laurel, or, more exactly, of magnolia, fell to pieces. Mr. Pearcy, in receiving the crown, treated us to a selection from his voluminous poetical works.

Next on the programme came a brief valedictory from Mr. Bryan. He thanked the audience for the interest and respectful attention which they had manifested, quoted the time-honored couplet,—

A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

and discriminated sharply between the meum and the tuum in the matter of sweethearts. The exercises concluded with another song, and thus ended an entertainment long to be remembered by the good people of Richmond.
Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the fact that the High School was holding its commencement exercises at the same hour, quite a flattering audience assembled in the College chapel to greet the speakers of the occasion. The chapel, as is usual at such times, was decorated in the elaborate and handsome manner which always reflects credit on the students, and which never fails to call forth the praise of the audience.

The exercises were opened with an appropriate prayer by Rev. E. C. Taylor, of Wake Forrest College.

Mr. C. G. Davis, of Texas, then extended a cordial welcome to the audience in the following language:

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is not mine to soar aloft in rhetorical flight, to tell in poetic strains of a lover’s misfortunes, of a hero’s adventures in a foreign land, or to depict the rise and fall of those great nations whose vessels long ago ploughed the turbulent waves of the historic Mediterranean. It is mine, simply in behalf of Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho societies, to bid you welcome to our entertainment to night. And to bid a Richmond audience welcome is the most pleasant duty that could have been placed upon me, were I not conscious of my unfitness to perform the task. For to salute this large and brilliant assembly the eloquence of a Pitt, the poetry of a Dante is demanded. Endowed with neither, I content myself with saying that we are proud to see you all, and since you have so kindly assembled here and seem to take so much interest in our work, let me, in my imperfect way, recall a few days just flitted by.

In drawing aside the curtain of the past and venturing in, the first thing that strikes us, is the fact that the Richmond public have ever responded most heartily to the calls of this college. That element, viz.: those who go simply to see and to be seen, so prominent in some of her gatherings, has never been represented here. [Applause.] Though protracted and somewhat uninteresting, our exercises have at times been, you have ever listened and looked with kind attention. Permit us to regard this as a flattering tribute, and to rank it among the many tokens of encouragement received from you, and be assured that we deem it a noble thing to deserve and win the applause of Richmond’s wise and good, and the approving smiles of her fair and gentle daughters.

This is the third celebration in which the two societies have come before you with joined hands and hearts. If you could but see them at the beginning of the session I suspect that you would doubt our having joined hearts. When a new student happens to fall into hands of a Mu Sigma Rhonian he does not find out from him the merits of the Philologian society. And I think I can justly say as much for our generous rival. This we cannot censure. For it is the duty of each to put forth its own merits. And I admit that in October we seem to be quite distant from each other; but ere many weeks have glided by, when the two barks become well manned, though they may appear to be as distant as boats on the Ohio and Missouri, like them they are gradually drifting toward a common channel, and when they reach the
larger stream, which is to bear them out into the ocean of life, they are ready and willing to join hearts and hands. Mu Sigma Rhonians and Philologians are one.

The passengers of these two barks have had an unusual voyage this session. It is noted for the close application with which they have pursued their course. Many have realized the bright hopes that beckoned them on at their landing. Now, fellow students, while we linger awhile in this confluence, turn back for a few moments and retrace the sail just completed. Let one of your obscure companions suggest that you cull from the many lessons taught us by our beloved professors hope, comfort and wisdom to sustain us in starting out upon the uncertain voyage before us. And in following up the dim and distant path mark here and there where you have erred, and hereafter avoid the error. Note on memory's page the warm hospitality the Richmond people have extended to us. But let me charge you not to give yourselves up to the past. If you are in the least inclined to bask in the pleasant memories that cluster around these walls and at the houses of such generous people, let these very memories urge upon you that time is flying and that you are forced to enter at once upon that dim and stormy way, however dangerous it may appear.

Though our number is smaller this session than it has been for several years, it is only an ebb of the ever changing tide—a preparation for a rise in the future. Though during the session one of the brightest stars has fallen from that constellation of her supporters, causing a cloud of sombre darkness to shroud trustees, faculty, students and our whole land, others have been found to take up the responsibilities thus thrown upon them. We mourn for Dr. Jeter. We rejoice that such a worthy successor as Mr. James Thomas has been made president of the board of trustees. No, our Alma Mater is not declining. Even as the god of day first drives away darkness, and as he rises higher and higher upon his throne, causing everything to grow brighter and brighter, turning clouds into forms of wondrous beauty, so has Richmond College decided to gild that cloud that lately gathered over her, and to make its presence a shelter and a glory. No, she is not declining. I fancy that I can hear, even now, the sound of the hammer and the ring of the trowel on the "Jeter Memorial Hall." I look forward to no distant day when Richmond College will be one of the brightest jewels that decks the land of Virginia.

And for this she will be indebted in no small measure to the kind encouragement given by your presence at all of our public exercises. But you are anxious to hear the speakers with themes grander, with thoughts deeper, and with voices more sonorous.

Now, in conclusion, let me beg you to receive our welcome, whose every tone springs from our heart, and fain would win your own.

Mr. Davis then introduced Mr. A. Judson Reamy, orator from the Philologian Society, whose oration we give on

THE LORD OF CREATION.

Of the inhabitants of the earth, man is among the feeble ones. He cannot cope in strength of muscle, in fleetness of foot, in acuteness of
sense—perception, with hundreds of the lower animals. Brought face to face with the powers of nature, destined to struggle alone against the force of gravitation, the rending flash of lightning, the consuming heat of fire, or even against the viewless air when rushing in a tempest, he can but feel his weakness.

But he has latent powers and dormant energies which elevate him to the highest sphere, and claim our contemplation. These powers, when utilized, these energies, when evoked, entitle him to honor. These he possesses in addition to his animal qualities, and the more successfully he develops and uses them, the more worthy is he to be called a man. The proportion of men who value the powers of their higher nature is comparatively small, and when such an one is found, he should be the delight of the orator, as furnishing him with a theme grand enough to fire the mind, and sublime enough to arouse all the emotions of the soul. He should be the chief subject of the poet's voice. The attractive nature of his attributes will not dim the eye through continued beholding. To exhibit their worth, the assistance of all the muses may well be invoked. To adorn with proper praises, the poet's mind, like his eye, must be more than in a fine frenzy rolling. Him, the poet should glory in verses of crystalized beauty.

These distinguishing potentialities seem to be more abundantly given to some than to others, or perhaps they are fostered and developed more assiduously by the true man. Like silver, the more they are used the brighter they shine. Now while I desire to call attention to the great powers with which man is endowed, I would not have you believe that all these are to be used in an authoritative manner, as might be inferred from the subject announced. There are relations which he may sustain, and in which he plays the part less of a ruler than of subject. If he be a brother, he may show that unselfishness and congeniality which wins the affection of the household. The very presence of such an one converts sad countenances into smiling faces, and lifts sinking hearts into joyous contentment. His fidelity is as unchanging as the sun and as lasting as life.

If he be enchanted by his sister's friend, he may abridge his own plans and make occasional halts in his work. He becomes strangely heroic as he endures the rains and faces the storms for her sake. His purse looses its dearness, for its strings are loosed by the will of another. We even find him transfixed by one of cupid's darts. Then he stands, gazes, wonders, admires, until self sinks into nothingness, since he is overcome by the power of her sceptre. If he be a husband, he and she are one. Then all his motives, deeds and words, which pertain to the home circle, will be prompted by love, purity and devotion, the ultimate aim of which will be to promote peace, comfort, happiness, union and mutual blessedness for the present and the future. The comfort, ease, happiness of the better-half, her interest in every sense, will precede his own enjoyments. If he be a father, his children are his fortune; their education and training his happiest employment; the inculcation of virtuous principles and pure motives his chief concern, and this he does by precept and example. In view of the fact that his life is partially spent, and theirs whole and unbroken, he denies himself of some ease and pleasure to qualify them for life and its stern realities. Furthermore, there is a wider sphere for man, and a grander part for him to play, yet not as a lord.
It is to act his part well in the great human family of which he is a member. And to do this, he lays down the principle that, to the extent he alleviates the sorrows, supplies the pinching wants, consoles the broken hearts, corrects the ruinous practices of his fellow men, gives laws in obedience to which they may enjoy prosperity and happiness, so far does he act the part of a true man. Doing this, he lifts himself above the common herd in the exercise of his noblest attributes, and rises above all things mean and low.

But leaving these spheres where man nobly serves, we come to consider his power as ruler over other created objects. If we notice how man has ruled, we find that his power is exercised over all terrestrial things, and that everything is brightened and beautified by subjection to him. As the sun illuminates and gives order to all surrounding planets, so man lights up all surrounding things, even the dark and hidden mysteries, and gives them form as he pleases, makes them act according to his desire, and their powers become subservient to his will and conducive to his interest. He regards not the size, the strength, nor the ferocity of the wild beast. Even the king of the forest that felt no fear and knew no boundary, has had his kingdom taken away, his habitation restricted, and his wild nature marvelously changed. The strongest that roam the tropics has been made as gentle as a lamb and as useful as the right hand.

Man goes forth with his axe and the extensive forest falls to the ground. With the quickness of magic, commodious mansions stand where once the oak spread its umbrageous branches. Instead of the reed shaken by the wind, the golden grain waves in all its loveliness; instead of the howl of the wolf, is heard the plowman's song; instead of the fierce shriek of the hawk or the mournful hoot of the owl, the music of the reaper is borne on the evening breeze; instead of the tangled thicket with its hissing vipers, the inviting orchard laden with its delightful fruit is made vocal by the melodious sound of the mocking bird. Where once were swamps and mire with teeming inhabitants, which disturbed the midnight hours with their discordant croakings, the skilful gardener has stopped forever the mouths of his turbulent multitude, for he has drained the land, pulverized the soil, and planted the most delicious fruits. In these very places and at the selfsame hour of the stilly night, errant school-boys may be seen revelling in stolen strawberries, while the contented gardner is wrapped in balmy sleep. As to rivers, man regards not their natural channels nor their native sources. One portion he forces up to the summit of a commanding hill to supply the needs of a populous city. Another he compels to turn the ponderous wheels of a mighty mill. In vain were their deep beds excavated and boundaries given, for man, in his haughtiness, dares mark out another way and exercises his authority in expelling the stream from its time-worn course. Who would have thought that the majestic stream could be affected by so insignificant a being as man, yet it flows obediently another way. Long years ago there flowed another stream, the father of waters, through what was then an unknown waste. No steamer rode proudly on its bosom. No melodious carol floated over its wave from the gleeeful hearts of the excursion party. But man has struck down every interference, removed every barrier, and now walks upon the shores of this stream which for
thousands of years had continued its useless rolling. While we stand upon some commanding eminence which overlooks it, our souls are moved, not only by the new ideas of nature and nature's God, but also by the works of man. What magnificent cities adorn its shores. What fields of grain beautify its banks from source to mouth. What a countless number of hoarse sounding steamers and broad sheeted vessels ply upon the rolling of its wild wave with the speed of the wind. No more does this water flow in vain, for it carries with its tides an exhaustless store of merchandise, and an innumerable host of human beings are made rich and happy by its accommodating power. Man is not satisfied to rule where the light of day has its bound, but goes where the sun hath not power to shine, and with a torch of his own formation, lays hold upon treasures of the greatest worth which nature had concealed. Where unbroken silence ever reigned from time immemorial, nature hid her golden treasure and sealed it in a doorless mansion and trackless region, and guarded it under the depths of darkness. Man goes with his blade of steel and cuts in pieces the guard, and by ceaseless strokes, makes a path and forms a door. The great mansion which never before was entered, where yet daylight has not gone, is wonderfully illuminated; it is even inhabited. And hark, in this heretofore unknown region, sounds the rumbling of wheels and the tread of mighty steeds. Man is rolling out treasures from the bowels of the earth. Who has yoked the two antagonistic elements and now goes at lightning speed across the country, over rivers, under rivers, and through mountains at his will? Who has encircled the world with a wire and charged it with the electric fluid, which has been made a living oricle of thought? It is man. Nor is his dominion confined to this planet in utilizing its riches, in traversing its depths, in girdling its body and in analyzing its atmosphere. But he seizes upon a sunbeam and rides back to its burning source. In passing through the planetary world he is charmed by the method of their motion. He pauses to count the spheres and to learn something of their being. With an instrument of his own creation, and by skill and energy, he reaches out and draws other worlds nearer that he may compute their circumferences, ascertain the velocity of their movements, measure their mountains and tell the laws of their action. He has turned his eyes away from forests, mountains and gilded rifted clouds, and is living in the glorious spheres where planets and suns pursue their shining rounds, and sing forever the method of their motions, the story of their being, and the glorious perfections of their Creator. Oh, how man revels and triumphs in feasting on the knowledge gained of the far-off worlds by means of science. He tells their changes and variations, the influence and usefulness of their powers. He classes some wandering world or unstable comet in its headlong career, and predicts the day and the hour when in the coming ages it will unveil its bright face to the gazing eye of the astronomer. Another he follows until the thread of mathematics ends, thence he tracks it through infinity, thither on its visit to systems yet unknown, never to be seen again by man. He, while the awful rolling thunders threaten his destruction, throws his spear heavenward and pierces the furious storm-clouds, thereby extracting the fiery thunderbolts and sends them whithersoever he wills; then laughs at the harmlessness of their angry murmuring.
"With nature's self he seems an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty;
He lays his hand upon 'the ocean's mane,'
And plays familiar with his hoary locks.
Stands on the Alps, stands on the Appenines,
And with the thunder talks, as friend to friend;
And weaves his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed."

The discoveries of man are wonderful, his inventions are amazing, his products are miraculously strange, and the full extent of his power is not yet revealed. These capabilities of man, which I have spoken of, are all dependant on one fundamental power, for nothing that man has done or can do is worthy of consideration if it has not emanated from and received the stamp of mind. It matters not how well man may be developed in every other sense, if development could be without it, how great in every other power, lacking this, he is not a man. In the

"Thinking, reasonable, willing soul,
God placed the total excellence of man;
And meant him ever more to seek it there."

Without mind there would be no poet, no philosopher, no scientist, no statesman, no ship to plow the waters, no steamer to vex the deep, no mill to roar, no factory to hum, no city to charm, no towering steeple to pierce the cloud, no iron steed to fly over the earth. In a word, nothing that has beautified the world, and the greatest of created beings would cease. With this power man advances, his dominion, honor, and glory is amplified. Man is a fountain of pleasure to himself, for when in the midst of political confusions or social storms, he can withdraw and enjoy a calm which is typical of blessedness. Cut him off from society, or confine him on some uninhabited island, and he is not alone. He feasts upon the store of sweet recollections, and pictures and conceptions, which his mind has treasured away. He transports himself back to the beginning and promenades amid the odorous flowers and the golden walks of the primeval garden. He enters into communion with the spirits which first trod amid Eden's bowers. He holds converse with holy beings. He is not alone, for he takes refuge in the temple of thought which has been illuminated by the glow of pure ideas, and he listens to the voices of living generations. From this temple he looks out upon nature and reads the mind of Creator. He salutes with gratitude the indicators of creative thought in the universe of matter which surround him. He grasps the effects which have come to him from the unknown past, and have entwined themselves in present phenomena. And by analysis of these phenomena, he finds a cord by which he retraces his steps to the "morning twilight whose rosy rays wreathed the cradle of the world." He erects his attentive ear to the story of cosmic beginnings, before the mountains were formed or the foundations of the earth were laid.

As he lights up the earth's caverns and bursts through the adamantine walls which shut out the past, so in the twinkling of an eye, he flies to the other end of time and lifts the mysterious veil which hides the great future, and views the wave of onflowing events rolling across the
boundless space of eternity. Greatness has been ascribed to rivers, grandeur to mountains, glory to sun, moon and stars, but to man more greatness and glory than to them all, for he only, not they, can see, know, and admire their beauty.

"Wondrous creature!
How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculties!
In action how like an angel,
In apprehension, how like a god!"

Man only of earth's denizens can give his thoughts form and expression. He only can chisel an everliving ideal in lifeless marble. He only can vivify the canvas. He only can pour out his soul in a concord of sweet sounds. Is it not good to contemplate man who has ruled well? Whose dominion has extended over land and sea, a conquerer, whose territorial boundaries reach from the orient to the occident, and from pole to pole? How great his kingdom? But shall it cease? Yes, there are indications that this great empire will totter and fall. Earth and all that it contains is changeful, transitory, passing rapidly away. Yet the crash of systems and the wreck of worlds will be but the preparation of a greater kingdom for man. Because immortal, he only passes to a new existence. It is pleasant to take the last view of the man who has ruled both well and wisely, and has kept himself in subjection to a yet higher power. When the foundations of his empire are trembling beneath him, and the omens unmistakably declare dissolution, he passes unharmed to another kingdom. Follow him as he is nearing the city. The inviting gates are open wide; the inhabitants are standing upon the towers watching for him; the bells of welcome ring; notes of joy fill the place. He enters; the bells ring more loudly; the songsters sing more sweetly, for they chant the coronation hymns of man glorified. He has the crown and he shall shine as the stars forever and ever. Man! man! He reigns, reigns in glory!

Mr. J. Hennings Nelms, orator of the Mu Sigma Rho Society was then introduced, who delivered the following oration on

"'To Be or Not to Be':"

We are told that when Hercules was at that period of his life just verging on manhood, whilst sitting beneath a tree, two nymphs approached him. One, whose name was Pleasure, with bold countenance, told him she had seen that he was undecided as to what course he should pursue, and that she would kindly condescend to offer her advice, which she did, by telling him if he would accept her as his guide he would find no rugged hills to obstruct his progress to fame and happiness; that the gods should protect him, and nymphs and graces should attend him on his journey.

The other maiden, with modesty and graceful simplicity, then saluted him, saying: "'I see, O Hercules, that your mind is not fixed as to the nature of your life-work; and if you will allow me to be your guide and will follow me through the path of virtue, I will lead you to the goal which Pleasure promises, but our pathway will not be strewn with roses which have no thorns. Our way will not be smooth. Ah no!"
we will have angry streams to ford, high and rugged mountains to climb. Now, O Hercules, ask thy judgment which of these paths will more probably lead to the desired goal."

This simple story illustrates a condition of things which occurs in every man's life. There is a period in the history of every one when he is placed in just such a position as was Hercules. There is a moment when he must decide "to be or not to be," when he must decide whether he will be honored by the members of his household only, and that, because he is bound to them by nature's ties, or will he be respected and honored by the world for the deeds which he shall do.

No close reasoning is required to show that this is indeed a critical moment—a moment which must decide the fate of an individual, and which may decree the destiny of a nation.

The question generally presents itself at that period when the youth is entering the broad arena which is to test his manhood. Up to this time he has considered that he was to be as a matter of course; but now he is constrained to view the subject in a very different light. He now realizes that it depends upon his own decision and his own exertions.

It generally comes, too, when he is thrown on his own resources; when he is left to steer his own bark, or else to drift with the current. His position is not unlike that of the sailor at sea, alone and without a compass. While the sun shines he steers aright and knows that he is going toward the desired port; but when night's grim darkness envelops him, he loses his course and is exposed to wreck and ruin upon the hidden rocks. So with the youth. He is surely steering aright while he makes principle his polar star, but should he allow a fickle policy, like the ignis fatuus, to shape his course, he is soon stranded on a friendless shore.

The immortal poet has drawn no truer picture than that which brings Hamlet, while plunged into grief and burning for revenge, to ask,

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
  The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
  Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
  And by opposing, end them?"

In making this momentous decision, the advantages and disadvantages of each side should be carefully considered. On the one side there are snow-crowned mountains to scale and dark quagmires to cross, but an immortal name to be won; on the other, a flowery pathway and elysian fields through which to pass, but annihilation is the price. On the one side, honor as a merited reward; on the other, fear of dishonor as a just retribution.

But what are the actual consequences of the decision? What if the conclusion not to be is reached? Then a blank leaf will be the fittest history of that life.

"He must go down with bubbling groan,
  Unkneled, uncoffined, and unknown."

But suppose, after mature deliberation, there is a decision to be, let come what may. What follows? This depends upon a decision even more difficult to make than the former. How to be! What character in life's drama shall I take? What profession shall I choose that I
may be in reality, not in fancy only? Shall I engage in the ministry? Some people will call me "fogyish." Shall I be a lawyer, and devote my life to administering justice? Then there is at least a remote possibility of having my veracity doubted. Shall I be a Readjuster? I'm called an "office-seeker." Funder? Then I'm in the minority. Democrat or Republican? Orator or poet? What do the people favor? Alas! some grades of public opinion are adverse to any of these callings or professions.

He has decided to be; so far, so well. But if he now decides to be a Roman, simply because he is in Rome; if he decides not to express a maturely deliberated opinion because he fears it will not meet with public approval, it were better had he decided not to be at all.

But, having decided to be, if he then, with due respect for public opinion, resolve to be that for which nature has best suited him—to be a Roman only so long as Rome shall be right—to accomplish great and commendable deeds, not for the applause of the multitude, but that he may be of service to mankind; then will his life be one upon which he may reflect without causing the glow of shame to tinge his cheek. Then will his well-earned fame secure to him a proud and spotless escutcheon as long as his name and the record of his life shall last. He but scaled the Alps that Italy might be reached. He groped his way through Egyptian darkness that Aurora might the more delightfully greet his vision.

If he thinks for himself, and then expresses those thoughts because he believes them to be true, his decision to be will accomplish its legitimate end. "Onward and upward," in true nobility and in defiance of a vitiated public opinion. Now conquered, crushed beneath his feet, a pliant world will become his willing slave, and call its master great.

"Let any man once show the world that he feels Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels; Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone, But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone."

I have said that perhaps the destiny of a nation depends upon the decision of one youth "to be, or not to be." Nor does fiction point or history record a grander example of this, than the scene at the bridge which spanned the river Tiber, when Lars Parsena attacked Rome to avenge the house of Tarquin. The attack of the Tuscans was a surprise, and caught the Roman's unprepared. Assembled at the margin of the river, the Romans decided that the only way by which this city could be saved, was to hew down the bridge, and thus prevent the Tuscans from crossing. But long before this could be done, the enemy would be upon them. At this moment, when all seemed lost, the brave Horatius, the gate-keeper, with steady step and decisive manner, approached the consul and offered to stand in the narrow gate-way and keep back the Tuscans until the bridge could be hewn down. He went. And there, with a thousand blood-thirsty foes at his face, and the rushing waters and frightful rocks beneath his feet—he stood, and with a heroism which has never been excelled, defended that pass until the huge timbers of the old bridge creaked, and as the massive structure swayed and fell with a mighty crash, he sprang aside into the river with a glorious sense of victory. When the consul and the Roman
citizens were debating what to do, the question "to be, or not to be," suggested itself to Horatius. The sequel tells that he decided to be. To be what? Rome's deliverer. Thus, the marble city of the Caesar's was saved, and she advanced in science and culture until she became the mistress of the world.

He who decides to be, cannot expect to maintain that decision without an effort. Ah, no! There is stern opposition to be met on every hand. But let him determine to withstand that opposition; let him grapple with it as the gladiator grapples with the tiger in the amphitheatre, and nothing on earth can overpower.

If the resolution be weak, vacillating, indifferent, opposition will be victorious; but a determination which is true and earnest, will be strengthened by the contest. The strong wind that extinguishes the feeble taper, only serves to increase the intensity of the fervid and glowing flame.

But for the fear of this opposition to be encountered, the decision to be could and would easily be made by all; but what would there be in such a decision worthy of emulation? What nobility? What heroism? Burning with a noble and lofty desire to be great, yet durst not do that which would make him great! Ambitious to be a man, yet will not "dare do all that may become a man." One may decide to be, but with such sentiments it will be fruitless.

Let the determination be strong, steady, fixed; such as was Hamlet's, when seeing his father's ghost approach he burst from his friends, exclaiming:

"I'd speak to it though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace!"

When a man, by extreme effort, forms such a determination, he may say without arrogance or bravado, this is my conviction; this my determination, and to this will I attain; and no phantom which fear can paint can turn him from his purpose. He will not be one whit daunted by the gloomy spectres of the imagination, nor by the stern voice of real demons. Neither the haunting horrors of a night mare, the wild shriek of the maniac, nor the frowns and scorn of man can divert him from his course. The law which causes the rushing waters of Niagara to leap the precipice, varies as often as that which carries him to the accomplishment of his purpose. Not every one, however, who decides to be will accomplish such an end. There may be a burning desire for fame, and, at the same time, a greater love of ease and luxury. There may be curiosity of adventure, and yet such care for personal safety as will forbid the climbing of steep acclivities and descending into dark and dangerous caverns. There may be the will of a tyrant, and yet the indecision of a weakling. If so, then one of the two adverse impulses will counteract the effect of the other, and the man will continue to stand on neutral ground.

Many a youth, while reading the grand old speeches of Demosthenes, decides that he, too, will be an orator and hold the multitude spell-bound with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn!" that as they listen in rapt delight to his eloquent accents, they shall see as he sees, think as he thinks, and feel as he feels; and though he may not sit upon a throne, yet his will shall be the law of his country.
But when he learns that he must keep pebbles in his mouth and declaim by the sea, he wavers in his purpose with misgivings and irresolution, if not in positive despair.

While gazing upon the statue erected to the memory of Jefferson, many a man decides to be a statesman and to maintain the honor of his country, but when he learns that the rabble of that State—having a majority—repudiates its honor instead of working more earnestly to lift her to her former glory, his determination vanishes and he quickly succumbs to his conquerors.

While picturing to himself the glories he might achieve, the reward he might merit, the laurels he might win, his mind is swayed by the enchanting vision; but when he is brought to consider the untiring energy and unremitting diligence which must be exercised, the vision changes from beauty into horror.

He who decides to be without first considering the cost, may dazzle us for awhile like the blazing comet, but like the comet, will soon wheel away to "darkle in the trackless void," while he who counts the cost and then decides to be, like the stars,—like the eternal pleiades, shines on and on forever.

Such a man will not be governed entirely by the accidental occurrence of events. He will either make them subservient to his will or trample them beneath his feet in proud disdain. He to whom Virginia points with peculiar pride as the brightest jewel in her crown,—he at whose grave the genius of liberty keeps unceasing vigils,—standing beneath that apple tree at Appomattox, and seeing that events forestalled his accomplishing his primary object of conquering the enemy, and thus maintaining our rights, at least so far used those events as to show that we could be conquered and yet not slaves. He had decided to be the preserver of the South; but a higher and wiser power made him the exemplar of her purity and the model of every virtue. And now, while bereaved Virginia, with maternal fondness, scatters never-fading flowers on the sacred tomb of Robert Edmund Lee, and hallows it with affection's tear, she exclaims in the anguish of her bleeding heart,

"Farewell thou lost star of that bright constellation
Of heroes whose glory shall never depart;
Thy fame has no limit of kindred or nation—
Thy fame is enshrined in each patriot's heart."

Mr. McManaway, final President of the Philologian Society, then gracefully delivered the following:

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies:

I remember well the impression made on me when initiated an active member of one of your societies by the cabalistic words pronounced from the chair: "Sir, you are now entering upon a career, the ultimate and legitimate goal of which is honor and undying fame."

However vague and shadowy the conception then formed of the President's meaning, this much has since become apparent, he was right in saying that gentlemen were entering upon a career.
For many of us the opportunity here afforded for progress in this career will be, after to-night, no longer available. The course widens; the shadows and songs of the morning are dissipated and hushed; the glare, the heat, the sultry stillness of midday come; the contestants for the prize are multiplied; are more eager and less scrupulous; we are now to be jostled and hindered and impeded at every step; if we are to succeed we have need to attend to every condition of success.

A condition frequently overlooked is mentioned by Goethe, in his Autobiography, when he says: "All men of good disposition feel, with increasing cultivation, that they have a double part to play, a real one and an ideal one. And in this feeling is the ground of everything noble to be sought.

To those who have not this good disposition, who have not the capacity for sufficient culture to enable them to play more than a single part, or to play that well, this fundamental condition of nobility and excellence is denied. But I address those more favored.

As the possibility of a dual life is a foundation of noble endeavor, the harmonious union and development of the units of this duality are conditions of success in such endeavor. The one is not to be developed at the expense or to the exclusion of the development of the other; they are not to be regarded as distinct and separate, opposing and opposed; the ideal must find expression in the real; the real, to be perfect, must be an expression of the ideal.

In college there is a strong tendency to exclude the practical or real. Cut off from the responsibilities of life, but passive observers of its conflicts, students find it easy to forget the end in the means and to make them as pleasant as possible; and doing so, they frequently turn from philosophy to poetry, from history to novels, from duty to pleasure, from ambition to love.

The danger of this last has been greatly augmented for you, gentlemen, by the fact that you are students in Richmond College; as in Richmond are to be seen, and in their kindness known, those whom the Graces have adorned "fairer than words can tell;" "ladies, wonders of their kind," attracting the eye, charming the mind, satisfying the longings of a student's heart.

Out in the world the tendency is different. In every department of industry such is the competition, such the haste to get wealth and place, such the exertion needful to keep pace with the madding crowd, that men take no time to live an ideal life. Making policy the one principle of action, material growth the one end, things seen and temporal the only means, they dwarf their aesthetic natures, get out of sympathy and out of harmony with the unseen and eternal, thus determining for themselves an existence narrow in aim and circumscribed in accomplishment.

Idealism on the one hand and an intense practical realism on the other, not as-systems of philosophy, but as habits of thought and life, are both to be avoided as pernicious, destructive alike of efforts to improve self and to benefit mankind. He who exhausts himself in attending only to the so-called practical or real, only to the phenomenal, is as one standing on a rocky beach who thinks the waves are the ocean, knowing naught of the great currents and vasty depths below; while
he who lives only in the ideal world is as that 'gem of purest ray serene, which the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,' a gem, but useless to himself and the world.

But, if preference must be given to either tendency, let it be to the one to live an ideal life. True, the idealist may sometimes be miserable—must be, when his world is touched and jarred by the real—yet, when sufficient to himself and in himself, he is happy. And if his dreams are embodied he may make others happy. For there are a multitude in the land to-day, having neither the culture nor the disposition to create for themselves, who live—and who are blessed in living—a species of ideal life in the embodied ideals of those more richly endowed.

The history of human progress is the records of the triumphs of the ideal over the real. In the enfranchisement of human thought, in the suppression and restraint of human passion, in the elevation and perfection of human society, progress in every particular is the product of the transmutation of the ideal into the real. And those instrumental in these achievements, those living and deserving to live in the memories of men, have been those with the two elements of a noble life happily blessed, capable of grasping and appreciating what their contemporaries have felt and thought, who have embodied what these could only dream.

And now, hoping you may select from the noblest of these for models, and succeed in making yourselves the best you can be, I bid you God speed in your career.

And if there come a time when the real and the ideal are so merged, that our association here shall be as a dream when it is past, may the irregularities and unpleasantnesses be as shadows softened in the background, while the objects remembered are irradiated and beautified as with a halo of glory from above.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF RICHMOND COLLEGE, BY DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.—June 16th.

The most select and brilliant assembly that has ever graced the hall of our College chapel was present on Wednesday night to listen to the annual address to be delivered before the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian literary societies. And again we were forced to lament the fact that our hall is not more than half large enough to seat the vast crowd who assemble on the occasion of every final commencement.

To say that every chair was occupied, and, indeed, upon many double duty was imposed; that every position commanding a view of the platform large enough to support a pair of human feet was filled; that every space which once served as a window or door now presented a mass of eager, expectant faces; that the campus for some distance around the chapel swarmed with people anxious to catch a few stray words which might escape from within, conveys but a feeble idea of the immense mass of people present. Rapturous applause saluted the distinguished orator from Brooklyn, as he, preceded by two marshals, slowly pressed his way through the crowded aisle to the platform. The personnel of the speaker was not such as would be expected from a divine of his
notoriety. Plainly but neatly dressed, in appearance he is tall and spare, and does not strike the observer as a very clerical looking person. He has keen, sharp, restless eyes that seem to note all that is going on around him, with the happy faculty of not appearing to be paying especial attention. His face betokens the possession of a warm heart, of a cordial simplicity, which attract you to him and make you feel as if he had long been your friend, even before he has smiled upon you that rare, happy, pleasant smile which immediately puts you in a good humor with yourself and all your surroundings.

After prayer by Dr. H. A. Tupper, the president for the occasion, Rev. Dr. Hawthorne gracefully introduced the orator as one friendly to the South, who saw no kuklux, or unreconstructed rebels, who looked on the "bright side of things" and could smile. Mr. Talmage bowed and thanked the eager audience for the cordial reception accorded him, and said he was pleased to be able to visit Richmond again, and invited those before him to come to Brooklyn, to his house, but please "don't all come at once." He had changed his mind about college addresses. He used to think they ought to be profound, awfully profound. Indeed, he had several of these deep addresses which were fearfully profound. The objection he had to them was that his audience did not understand them, and he did not understand them himself. College students wanted sunshine. If he could lift them up under their burdens he was their friend. Said he, "when I see a group of young men about to start out in life I feel as if I wanted to give them a huzza." He told the young men to love God and do their level best. "My ideas of religion are different from some people's. Mine is sunshine. The difference between Heaven and earth is that sometimes the sunshine of earth gets clouded, but Heaven is everlasting sunshine. A long face is to me no evidence of consecration. The solemnest-looking man I ever knew was a minister who had never laughed for twenty years, and who borrowed from me twenty dollars, but out of a pure delicacy of feeling never referred to the subject again. He intended to speak just as he chose, not confining himself to stiff rule. But what he uttered he intended should be his own. He did not intend to soar in borrowed plumes and play the plagiarist like the preacher who was flourishing in stolen thunder, when one of his auditors, as he proceeded and recognized the source of his literary thefts, audibly spoke out, "that is Robert Hall," "that is Dr. Chalmers," "and that is John Wesley," when the irate orator petulantly plied his detective with "Hush, you old fool," and the latter retorted, "That is your own."

His address may be considered under the following heads. Said he I would advise all young men to avoid the following evils:

1. Multiplicity of occupation. "A jack of all trades is good at none," and many a man who would have succeeded well at one occupation, has failed because he dabbled in many. He would have them remember that it is better to be "a man of one idea"—to have one great idea, rather than five or six small ones.

"Stick to your calling," said he. The difference in one's success does not depend so much upon the fruitfulness of a profession as stick-to-it-iveness. Mr. Blackstone Large Practice, not content with his briefs and clients, would dabble in other things. Dr. Bone
Setter would not stick to his pills and calomel, but must mount the pulpit, or let the pulpit mount him. The preacher would not remain satisfied with the pastoral charge of his flock, but must needs go off lecturing to a distant city, when on the tombs of their professional hopes had to be written the epitaph—"Jack at all trades; good at none."

I counsel young men to avoid multiplicity of occupation. The general rule is—lawyers, stick to your brief; masons, stick to your trowel; carpenters, stick to your plane; ministers, stick to your pulpit; fireman, if you please, one locomotive at a time; navigator, one ship; professor, one department. The mighty men of all professions were men of one occupation. Thorwaldson at sculpture, Irving at literature, Paxton at brewing, Rothschild at banking, Forest at acting, Brunell at engineering, Ross at navigation, Punch at joking. Sometimes men are prepared for their occupation by sheer trouble. The ancient poets said a man got inspiration by sleeping on Mount Parnassus. That is not the way men get inspiration. It is not the man on the mountain but the mountain on the man, and the effort to throw it off that brings a man to the sphere for which he is intended. It does not make much difference what you do, so far as the mere item of success is concerned, if you would only do it. Brandreth can make a fortune at pills, Adams by expressage, Cooper by manufacturing glue, Van Nest by making harness, Jennin by selling hats, contractors by the manufacture of shoddy, and merchants by putting sand in sugar, and beet-juice in vinegar, and chickory in coffee, and lard in butter. A man was once nominated for President. One of his townsmen was asked, "How will he do?" "Well, he is a right big man in our town, but spread out all over the United States I am afraid he would be rather thin."

2. Avoid bad temper. Good-tempered people always succeed best. Growl, Spitfire & Bros. insult everybody. Their answers are surly, their duns are exasperating, and every body avoids them. They were like a man who killed his dog, and when, after the dog's death he kept on pounding him, was asked why he did it, replied, "I'll teach him that there is such a thing as future punishment." Merriman & Warmgrasp will beat these people two to one. They have more money, sell more goods, have the sweetest children and the prettiest wives. A gloomy spirit will kill anything that is not immortal. Let a man ring out in song. People who could sing and would not sing ought to be sent to "Sing-Sing."

3. Be not discouraged by bad treatment of others. His sketch of the Christian gentlemen who feel it their duty to start rumors at the bank board which ruins Mr. Well-to-do was simply inimical. People will slander others, and shake their heads ominously, and scandalize and misrepresent, and in this way do a great harm to honest, good men. Most scathingly he described those jackals and hyenas of society who were ever burrowing in the earth for unsavory matter. But those who "love God and do their level best" will be respected, helped and sustained.

4. He would have them avoid an excess of amusement. Amusements, good and innocent, indeed, harmless sports, he loved. Vividly he depicted base-ball, drafts and chess, the chase and the drive, when
the wheels glisten in the sunlight, the horse moves like a deer, the road is smooth, with no toll gates, and the thirst of the horse does not require too frequent stoppings at taverns. Blossoms in spring preceded apples in autumn. Fresh air should be inhaled. Music should be enjoyed. The world is full of music if we only had the acuteness of sense to hear it. Silence is only music asleep. A man who had not had fresh air for twenty years went out once and inhaled great draughts, when he fainted. Camphor, hartshorn, cologne, were all used in vain, when a mackerel was put under his nose; he revived, opened his eyes, sniffed the salt fish, saying: “Ah, that reminds me of home.” People who have no hilarity in childhood never turn out usefully. He would give as a proper rule that those amusements which enhance the duties and enjoyments of home are right, but that those which draw us away from home should be avoided.

“I offer home as a preventative, as an inspiration, as a restraint. Home! It is a charmed word. Through that one syllable thrill untold melody—the laughter of children, the sound of well-known footsteps, and the voices of undying affection. Home! I hear in that word the ripple of meadow brooks, in which knee-deep we waded, the lowing of cattle coming up from the pasture, the sharp hiss of the scythe amid thick grass, the creaking of the hay-rack, where we trampled down the load. Home! Upon that word there drops the sunshine of boyhood and the shadow of tender sorrows, and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories. Home! When I see that word in book or newspaper the word seems to rise and sparkle, and leap and thrill, and whisper and chant, and pray and weep. It glitters like a shield; it springs up like a fountain; it trills like a song; it twinkles like a star; it leaps like a flame; it glows like a sunset; it sings like an angel; and if some lexicographer, urged on by a spirit from beneath, should seek to cast forth that word from the language, the children would come forth and hide it under garlands of wild flowers, and the wealthy would come forth to cover it up with their diamonds and pearls, and kings would hide it under their crowns, and after Herod had hunted from Bethlehem to Egypt and utterly given up the search, some bright, warm day it would flash from among the gems, and breathe from among the flowers, and toss from among the coronets, and the world would read it bright and fair and beautiful and resonant as before: Home! Home! Home!” He warned the young men against making amusement their lifetime business. Many of the clergy of the last century lost their theology in a fox-chase; many a splendid business has had its brains kicked out by fast horses; many a man has smoked up his prospects in Havanas of the best brand. There are battles in life that cannot be fought with sportsmen’s guns. There are things to be caught that you cannot draw up with fishing tackle. Even Christopher North dropped a great deal of usefulness out of his “sporting jackets.”

5. He would warn them to avoid the formation of uncongenial matrimonial alliances. His sketch of the women who help and those who hinder, a man in his success in life, was as vivid and life-like as it was side-splitting. “I have known men, as the phrase goes, with their noses to the grindstone and their wives most vigorously turning the crank. If a man was unhappily married he could not help him.
He would have to do as the old woman did when in trouble. She quoted the 12th chapter and 13th verse of Nicodemus, which said, 'Grin and endure it.' A man once had had three wives. One was rich, the other pretty, the other quarrelsome. He said his experience in marriage had given him 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' Solomon said a good wife was from the Lord. We were to infer where the other kind come from. A wife should know the different implements of the kitchen, and not mistake a bread-tray for a cradle."

6. He would avoid over-caution and a reckless spirit of speculation, but on the other hand, he would have the young men of the land go forth to their work with a spirit of intelligent enthusiasm. The age is fast. Start with enthusiasm and enterprise. He illustrated this idea finely. He vividly satirized some things which he did not regard as real progress. The modern style of music, in some of its extravagant features, he inimitably described. The audience expressed its appreciation in wild shouts of mirth, laughing and applauding for a long time. On the other hand he sketched in glowing colors the real progress of the world. He then counselled courage. The world grows brighter everywhere. Close your eyes and place your finger anywhere upon the map. Open your eyes and see upon what spot your finger rested. It is Italy. "There the world grows brighter!" Italy has determinately begun to cast off Catholicism. Close your eyes again, place your finger upon the map, and then see upon what spot it rested. North America. Stop; it is needless to say anything concerning America. Go through the same process again and again, and no matter where your finger may rest "there the world grows better." Like the tides which flowed and then ebbed, some people thought the world was going back. Not so. The tide will come until there is glorious high tide. He eloquently insisted that this is a grand period for a young man to begin life, and made a telling appeal to the young men to go forth to their work. He appealed to his auditors to help some one save some one, and illustrated by the old engineer on the prairie rescuing the little child from the railroad track by reversing his engine, leaping on the cow-catcher, and snatching the fair-haired girl from imminent death. He closed one of the most racy, bright, enjoyable addresses ever delivered in Richmond with a poem, the refrain of which was "Trust in God and do the right." There was prolonged applause—indeed an encore—which the orator gracefully acknowledged by bowing.

The above sketch gives no idea of the humor, the pathos, the flashes of wit, and the telling hits with which the address abounded, and which excited the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, which gave vent in frequent and rapturous applause and prolonged cheers as the orator took his seat. He speaks plainly and uses homely phrases, but he has a way of making his sentences peculiarly pleasing and attractive; yet, at the same time, what he says impresses itself upon the mind of the listener.

Our account of the above address is necessarily very meagre, as we could not obtain the manuscript.
MEDALISTS.

At the close of Rev. Dr. Talmage's address Rev. Dr. Hawthorne presented the medals, as follows:

Philologian Medalists—Best debater, L. J. Huff; improvement in debate, N. B. Dial.

Mu Sigma Rho Medalists—Best debater, G. B. Moore; improvement in debate, S. A. Fishburn.


COMMENCEMENT PROPER—JUNE 17TH.

Every year the commencement exercises of Richmond College bring together a large and attentive audience. Nor was this year an exception, an immense crowd assembled in the College Chapel, many being unable to obtain seats.

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. T. Hume, of Portsmouth, after which the following programme was carried out under the direction of Prof. B. Puryear, Chairman of the Faculty:

Music. Announcement of distinctions and promotions in junior classes. Presentation of "Woods Medal" by Hon. A. M. Keiley.

Music. Delivery of certificates of promotion in intermediate classes, and of certificates of proficiency. Presentation of "Steele Medal" by Rev. H. McDonald, D. D.

Music. Delivery of diplomas. Presentation of "Frances Gwin Medal" by Rev. C. Minnigerode, D. D.

Music. Delivery of diplomas to Bachelors of Law and Bachelors 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.


SCHOOL OF GREEK.

Intermediate Class.—L. C. Catlett, Gloucester county; W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania county; Roland Johnston, Mexia (Texas); A. J. Reamy, Richmond county. Senior Class.—J. A. Powers, King William county.
SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

**Junior German Class.**—H. St. C. Beattie, Henrico county.

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH.

**Junior Class.**—A. B. Rudd, Chesterfield county; R. L. Traylor, Manchester. **Intermediate Class.**—N. B. Dial, Laurens county (S. C.); P. S. Grant, Richmond; F. M. Satterwhite, Goochland county; L. E. Spencer, Halifax county; R. O. Wortham, Caroline county.

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH.

**Junior Class.**—A... B. Rudd, Chesterfield county; R. L. Traylor, Manchester. **Intermediate Class.**—N. B. Dial, Laurens county (S. C.); P. S. Grant, Richmond; F. M. Satterwhite, Goochland county; L. E. Spencer, Halifax county; R. O. Wortham, Caroline county.

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS.

**Preparatory Class.**—E. T. Morris, Caroline county. **Junior Class.**—Section I.—G. C. Bundick, Accomac county; W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania county; J. F. Gordon, Roanoke county; Conway M. Knox, Richmond; P. W. Noland, Richmond; G. G. Valentine, Richmond. **Junior Class.**—Section II.—L. C. Bosher, Richmond; H. L. Davies, King and Queen county; P. S. Grant, Richmond; R. A. Hopkins, Richmond; R. O. Wortham, Caroline county.

SCHOOL OF PHYSICS.

**Junior Class.**—Wm. G. Hix, Prince Edward county; F. M. Satterwhite, Goochland county.

AWARDED CERTIFICATES OF DISTINCTION AT THE FINAL EXAMINATION.

SCHOOL OF LATIN.

**Preparatory Class.**—J. L. King, Halifax county; E. T. Morris, Caroline county; M. L. Wood, Pittsylvania county. **Junior Class.**—Section I.—Geo. C. Bundick, Accomac county. **Intermediate Class.**—Carter H. Jones, Richmond; H. L. Davies, King and Queen county; A. J. Reamy, Richmond county.

SCHOOL OF GREEK.

**Junior Class.**—Section I.—W. J. E. Cox, Richmond; William B. Haislip, Fluvanna county. **Junior Class.**—Section II.—Conway M. Knox, Richmond. **Intermediate Class.**—Carter Wade, Richmond. **Greek History.**—W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania county; J. A. Powers, King William county.

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH.


SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS.

**Preparatory Class.**—J. L. King, Halifax county; E. T. Morris, Caroline county. **Junior Class.**—Section II.—W. F. Mercer, Richmond.

SCHOOL OF PHYSICS.

**Junior Class.**—G. G. Valentine, Richmond.

AWARDED CERTIFICATES OF PROMOTION IN JUNIOR CLASSES.

SCHOOL OF LATIN.

**Junior Class.**—Section I.—Jos. F. Gordon, Roanoke county; Jno.
H. Pearcy, Pittsylvania county; Wirt Robinson, Richmond. **Junior Class**—Section II.—Lewis C. Bosher, Richmond; Clarence Cabell, Richmond; Arthur E. Cox, Richmond; Wm. B. Haislip, Fluvanna county; A. Bartow Rudd, Chesterfield county; Robert L. Traylor, Manchester.

SCHOOL OF GREEK.

**Junior Class**—Section I.—Geo. C. Bundick, Accomac county; J. Elvin Courtney, King and Queen county; Robt. L. Page, Albemarle county; John H. Pearcy, Pittsylvania county; A. Bartow Rudd, Chesterfield county; Robt. L. Traylor, Manchester. **Junior Class**—Section II.—Clarence Cabell, Richmond; Arthur E. Cox, Richmond; Henry L. Davies, King and Queen county; Reuben H. Garnett, King and Queen county; Geo. Wm. Hurt, Powhatan county; Baldwin A. Pendleton, Richmond; Frank Puryear, Richmond College.

SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

**Junior French Class.**—Jno. Henry Smith, Franklin county (Texas). **Junior German Class.**—Thomas J. Lawrence, Nansemond county; Lewis Puryear, Richmond College; Frank Puryear, Richmond College; John Henry Smith, Franklin county (Texas).

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH.

**Junior Class.**—Hugh St. C. Beattie, Henrico county; Charles W. Cofer, Isle of Wight county; Jos. F. Gordon, Roanoke county; John T. Kilby, Norfolk county; Conway M. Knox, Richmond; Edmund T. Morris, Caroline county; Wirt Robinson, Richmond; Benjamin B. Valentine, Richmond; Granville G. Valentine, Richmond; Matthew L. Wood, Pittsylvania county.

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS.

**Junior Class**—Section I.—John H. Pearcy, Pittsylvania county; Wirt Robinson, Richmond; A. Bartow Rudd, Chesterfield county; Robert L. Traylor, Manchester. **Junior Class**—Section II.—Arthur E. Cox, Richmond; Wm. J. E. Cox, Richmond; J. Elvin Courtney, King and Queen county; Robt. L. Page, Albemarle county; Baldwin A. Pendleton, Richmond.

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

WOOD'S 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. William J. E. Cox, of Richmond, Va.

Hon. A. M. Keiley, who had been selected to deliver this medal, presented it in his usual happy style, although as he remarked, he had only known thirty minutes before, that the duty would devolve upon him.

He said, "Oratory is effective speech. Speech is that by which man is most differentiated from the rest of God's creation. With speech the Greek moulded the democracy of Athens; with speech all Christendom was roused to rescue the tomb of our Saviour from the hand
of the infidel Turk; with speech Mirabeau upheld the tottering throne of France. Speech need not be lengthy. 'England expects every man to do his duty,' said Nelson at Trafalgar, and the fleets of France and Spain were swept from the earth.

"Jesus Christ spoke as never man spake. It is only recorded that he wrote once and then in the sand, so that the first breath of wind obliterated the sacred characters.

"We are told that the printing press and other modern inventions of modern times will do away with the vocation of the orator, while the fact is there never was more speaking than at the present time. There is a need for effective speech, a field for it."

He said, "Speech must be elevated speech, conscientious speech."

The speaker continued, "For speech to be effective, it is not always necessary that it should be accompanied by the graces of elocution and of gesture," and as an example of this, he referred to Dr. Jeter, who, although uncouth in appearance and awkward in gesture, was always listened to with the profoundest attention. He then alluded to the great work that Dr. Jeter had accomplished. We regret that we cannot give in full the eloquent tribute he paid to the memory of him whose recent death cast a shadow over the land.

Mr. Keiley, presenting the medal to Mr. Cox, said, "Remember Sir, that oratory is a means, and not an end, and only useful when accompanied by honorable motives and noble impulses."

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.

John Currie, Richmond; Samuel A. Fishburn, Mexia, (Texas); Robert L. Page, Albemarle county; Baldwin A. Pendleton, Richmond; Frank Puryear, Richmond College; William A. Vaughan, Rockingham county; Carter Wade, Richmond.

SCHOOL OF GREEK.

John Currie, Richmond; Carter H. Jones, Richmond; Thos. J. Lawrence, Nansemond county; Lysander W. Rose, Jr., Richmond; John E. Wiatt, Gloucester county.

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH.

William H. Ancell, Fluvanna county; Lewis C. Bosher, Richmond; George C. Bundick, Accomac county; Wm. J. E. Cox, Richmond; Henry L. Davies, King and Queen county; Joseph F. Gordon, Ro­anoke county; William B. Haislip, Fluvanna county; Geo. Wm. Hurt, Powhatan county; Thomas J. Lawrence, Nansemond county; James B. Seward, Surry county; James H. Wright, Richmond.

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS.

George C. Abbitt, Appomattox county; Reuben H. Garnet, King and Queen county; William G. Hix, Prince Edward county.
AWARDED CERTIFICATES OF PROFICIENCY.

FRENCH.

Thos. R. Campbell, Caroline county; Landon C. Catlett, Gloucester county; Levin Joynes, Richmond; James L. Lake, Fauquier county; John E. Wiatt, Gloucester county.

SURVEYING.

Charles W. Cofer, Isle of Wight county; John T. Kilby, Norfolk county; Frank Puryear, Richmond College; Joel T. Tucker, Prince Edward county.

JUNIOR PHYSICS.

W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania county; Samuel A. Fishburn, Mexia, (Texas); Levin Jones, Richmond; Baldwin A. Pendleton, Richmond; Joel T. Tucker, Prince Edward county.

READER’S MEDAL.

Professor Puryear then introduced Rev. H. McDonald, D. D., the gentleman who had been chosen to deliver the “Steele Medal.” The medal to the “best reader” had been awarded to Mr. Landon C. Catlett, of Gloucester county, but Mr. Catlett being unavoidably absent from the city, Mr. Wiatt, from the same county, received it for him. Dr. McDonald’s speech was chaste and elegant, and pervaded by a vein of genial humor. He made several happy hits, and the pleasure of the audience was demonstrated by the frequent applause with which they interrupted him.

The following gentlemen were then given their diplomas as

GRADUATES IN THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS:

SCHOOL OF LATIN.

George C. Abbitt, Appomattox county; Thos. R. Campbell, Caroline county; Reuben H. Garnett, King and Queen county; William G. Hix, Prince Edward county; Lewis H. Huff, Albemarle county; Harry A. Latané, King and Queen county; Augustus May, New Orleans, (La.;) Gordon B. Moore, Giles county; Lewis Puryear, Richmond College; Edward F. Settle, Culpeper county; Jno. Henry Smith, Franklin county, (Texas;) Geo. B. Taylor, Jr., Rome, (Italy;) John E. Wiatt, Gloucester county; Robert H. Winfree, Manchester.

SCHOOL OF GREEK.

George C. Abbitt, Appomattox county; John R. Fizer, Lynchburg; William G. Hix, Prince Edward county; Lewis J. Huff, Albemarle county; James L. Lake, Fauquier county; Gordon B. Moore, Giles county; Charles Puryear, Richmond College; Conway R. Sands, Richmond; Geo. B. Taylor, Jr., Rome, (Italy).

SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

Samuel A. Fishburn, Mexia, (Texas;) John J. Gunter, Accomac county; William G. Hix, Prince Edward county; Charles Puryear, Richmond College; J. Judson Taylor, Henry county.
SCHOOL OF ENGLISH.

George C. Abbitt, Appomattox county; Thomas R. Campbell, Caroline county; Landon C. Catlett, Gloucester county; J. Elvin Courtney, King and Queen county; Charles G. Davis, Pittsburg, (Texas;) Carter H. Jones, Richmond; Augustus May, New Orleans, (La.;) John A. Powers, King William county; A. Judson Reamy, Richmond county; Lysander W. Rose, Jr., Richmond; John Henry Smith, Franklin county (Texas;) J. Judson Taylor, Henry county; Robert H. Winfree, Manchester.

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS.

Landon C. Catlett, Gloucester county; John Currie, Richmond; John J. Gunter, Accomac county; Charles Puryear, Richmond College; Conway R. Sands, Richmond.

SCHOOL OF PHYSICS.

Edward F. Settle, Culpeper county.

SCHOOL OF CHEMISTRY.

Lewis C. Bosher, Richmond; Thomas R. Campbell, Caroline county; Arthur E. Cox, Richmond; John R. Fizer, Lynchburg; Reuben H. Garnett, King and Queen county; John J. Gunter, Accomac county; Harry A. Latané, King and Queen county; Thos. J. Lawrence, Nansemond county; Gordon B. Moore, Giles county; Conway R. Sands, Richmond; Edward F. Settle, Culpeper county; William A. Vaughan, Rockingham county; John E. Wiatt, Gloucester.

SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.


Next came the presentation of the

FRANCES GWIN MEDAL.

This medal awarded to the best student in Philosophy, had ben won this year by Mr. James M. McManaway, of Bedford county, Virginia, and was presented by Rev. C. Minnigerode, D. D. His speech was very able, and did full credit to the reputation he has attained as a clergyman of profound learning and extensive research. His reference to many of the German thinkers, who reasoning from insufficient data, repudiate inspired revelation, and question the existence of God, was peculiarly well timed. He appropriately alluded to the medal as founded by Rev. Dr. D. William Gwin, of Atlanta, Georgia, (a former graduate of the college), as a memorial to his sainted mother.

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

BACHELORS OF LAW.

M. Allen Chambers, Richmond; William G. Forbes, Richmond; William S. Holland, Isle of Wight county; Wyndham R. Meredith,
Commencement Week.

Richmond; J. Henning Nelms, Isle of Wight county; James D. Perkins, Grayson county; Elyson S. Robinson, Chesterfield county.

After these gentlemen had received their diplomas, Professor Davies of the Law School stepped forward, and in a speech that was brief, but polished and filled with good advice, alluded to the pleasant relations, which, during the past session, had existed between the members of the class and himself, and assured them that wherever they might be in after life, they would carry with them his kindest regards, and that he would always contemplate with peculiar interest their future career.

**BACHELOR OF ARTS.**

John Henry Smith, Franklin county, (Texas).

**MASTER OF ARTS.**

Joseph Judson Taylor, Henry county.

The chairman of the faculty, in delivering this diploma to Mr. Taylor, alluded in the highest terms to the integrity, ability and gentlemanly deportment of the recipient during his whole college course, and predicted for him a career of eminent usefulness and success.

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

The chairman of the faculty concluded the exercises of the evening with an appropriate address, which was marked by that graceful and elegant style which has so enhanced his reputation.

**ALUMNI ADDRESS.**

On Monday evening, June 14th, a flattering audience assembled to hear the Alumni addresss. Rev. J. B. Hawthorne opened the meeting with prayer. R. B. Lee, Esq., presided, and gracefully introduced to the audience Rev. J. E. L. Holmes, who had been chosen orator for the occasion.

After an introduction, in which the reasons for selecting the subject were given, there followed a half-comic, half-serious description of the labors and experiences preceding the possession of the sheepskin, the speaker reading as he said, beneath the surface of the sheepskin. Then the surface of the sheepskin was noticed; the fact that it was obtained, not merely received; the broad range of studies embraced, together with the circumstances attending its delivery. We should like to give, if our space allowed, the discussion of Ancient and Modern, European and American schools, and methods of study. We devote our space, however, to the last topic—what follows upon the possession of the sheepskin, or what comes after its possession, and the responsibility of educated men.

And now if it be asked what our sheepskin signifies, I answer, that its possessor is prepared for work. It is not of itself a passport to success. It does not mean the end of all things, but the beginning of more important things. The very existence of the society which meets to-night says as much. It means that the possessor has learned what Paley represents as the art of life, that of rightly “settling our habits;”
it represents the student as competent to use the tools which the college has placed in his hands. It finds him where Bunyan, in the beginning of the second stage of his divine allegory, placed his pilgrim—just within the enclosure, just inside the gate-way of the narrow road which he is to follow on, on to the goal. So far his conductor has led him. It means that he is prepared for special studies. When our colleges are richly endowed with fellowships, they may do much more than they can now do—not only, in a motherly way, watch over the mind as it unfolds, but, in a fatherly way, also provide the means and the scene of its fuller development. The possession of the sheepskin ought to signify the enjoyment of rare advantages. Original investigations, exhaustive researches, must continue to be as they have ever been, the work of one in a thousand, and the world will expect those who have had unusual opportunities to fit themselves for it, to do that work.

The eminent scientists, the famed linguists, must come from the number of those who have borne off college honors—the men who, standing on the shoulders of the past, are to make discoveries, to produce inventions which shall cause to pale even the marvellous inventions which have astonished this generation; men who shall labor still further to make science fruitful, to show that knowledge is power, and who, while gratifying their own tastes, shall be rightly esteemed the benefactors of mankind. And even for those who enter upon the practical duties of life, and who have neither the means nor the leisure to systematically prosecute their studies, the diploma ought to mean that all these, by reason of special training and more extended information, are to be the leaders of thought. In whatever calling or profession found, the sheepskin should signify superior excellence and signal proficiency. It was said of the great Bossuet, that when he would compose at his best, he would take down his Homer and read till he was fired with the grand conceptions; and borne along on the current of the smoothly flowing measures, which seem to have caught inspiration from the deep and from the Heavens, he would then write as Homer might have wished to write. And so, in whatever walk of life a man may be found, his college labors, his acquirements ought to furnish a great reservoir, from which he is constantly drawing, and which he is to be as constantly filling by new efforts.

We want, everywhere, men who shall have the quiet power and self-possession of those who have read much and labored hard in the field of letters, whose breadth of view and largeness of sympathy shall give elevation and dignity to any work, without in anywise detracting from the most extremely practical aspect of that work; men finished, symmetrically-round men, who, having fitted themselves for exalted positions, shall, by patient continuance in what has been well begun, prove to be ornaments in those positions. The young man whose collegiate life has not left with him a firm conviction that education is to be a life-long work, that it is a privilege, a duty, a duty apart from any selfish consideration or special enjoyment it may afford, a duty which he owes to his fellow-man, to his God, has failed to rightly understand his numerous advantages and to profit by his extraordinary opportunities.
Any young man dishonors his sheepskin and writes himself a failure who reckons his work done when he receives his diploma, and all improvement and development at an end when he leaves college. Moreover, the sheepskin commits the possessor to the cause of higher education. I say higher education, because there is more need that that should be looked after by individuals, and because the higher education is to determine what all education shall be. To the Alumnus more than to any other, may the laborious professor look for encouragement in a work that is often thankless and frequently performed in the face of many disadvantages, for assistance in stemming the current of ignorance and prejudice. It is probable that for years to come the support of the government will be more and more given to the common schools, and that the higher schools will need to be more carefully nourished and sustained by individual efforts. The cry now is to make men fit to be voters, fit to succeed in business, and our higher schools are in danger of being swallowed up by a reign of material interests and the cry for universal education. There ought not to be, there need not be, any conflict between the higher and lower education. True education enlarges the sympathies and makes men desirous of bringing all to the light, and the privileged few who know what education means, can never haughtily withdraw from the laboring, the aspiring many who are yet without the facilities for which they long. I remember well the impression made upon me while yet a boy by a so-called report on education, the prominent idea of which is still fresh in my mind, and associated with a voice that was gravity itself. The first sentence was somewhat in this view: The etherialized intellect, sublimated by the inspiring, illuminating power of its esoteric insight from the elevated eminence where it complacently reclines, enthroned in unapproachable grandeur, contemplates with unmixed contempt the exoteric multitude who outwardly grope in the rayless darkness of an uneducated night. Now, it took me years to recover from the effects of that report, but I did recover when I found that the man was not educated. But it is true that the progress of knowledge in general depends upon its progress at the top-most point; if there is movement below, it is because there is something real above. Scientists have noticed that the glaciers which lie in the Alpine valleys move; move very slowly, yet move; move perhaps, at the rate of a hundred yards a year; but move. And they move because of the superincumbent weight, which, beginning its pressure away up where the mountain peaks play with the clouds and smile in the face of the sun, forces the great mass on, on, till it falls in the fertile plains below, which it enriches and blesses. So in education the higher and lower stand connected; the higher the standard, signified by the sheepskin, the more thorough the work below; the greater the power there, the more rapid and general the progress of the whole mass.

Nor can the Alumnus free himself from the responsibility which comes to every educated man, to see that education be not perverted from its legitimate aim. With the limited view which many have of it, it is not an unmixed good. Woe to those who are for putting in the hands of the masses a weapon so keen and potent, without teaching them also the manner in which it should be used and the purpose for which it is designed. I notice that many European writers on educa-
tion are beginning to speak of Christian education with a sneer, as if in this day any other kind of education was to be desired. Whatever may be thought of the method by which religious instruction is to be given, whether directly, or whether all studies are to be conducted in an atmosphere of religious feeling and suggestion, this much would seem clear: if religion be left out, there is an omission of the highest educating agency, the consequences must ultimately be disastrous, and those who countenance such instruction must bear the responsibility. Self-interest, patriotism, the consummation of every good, require that the proper relation between the moral or religious, the intellectual and the material, be carefully preserved. It is in the intellectual, guided by the moral, as it utilizes the material, that there is safety and true success.

Professor Rawlinson, in his "Ancient Monarchies," tells of the Sythians, one of those tribes of uncouth savages which, from time to time, have issued out of the bosom of the frozen North, both in Europe and in Asia—brave, hungry, countless—and have swarmed into the fairer regions of the South, determinedly, irresistibly, to lay waste and devour, like locusts winging their flight into some green land. With this strange people there was a strange custom, the like of which has not been known in all history. Among their objects of idolatrous worship, the chief was the naked sword. A huge pile of brush-wood served as a temple, and on the top of this, instead of the image of some so-called god, there was placed erect, gleaming in the sunlight, cleaving the air, the naked, keen-edged sword. Around this they gathered their victims, the captives taken in war with the sword; their cries and groans served for the music of the worshippers, their blood was the libation offered to the strange god. It must have been a horrible sight, and yet the custom furnished a valuable suggestion, and the worship was far from being the grossest, most sensuous of the day. They worshipped the emblem of power. They were a warlike people, and all they knew of power, the only kind of power which they knew, was found in the sword. We know of something better. To-night we gather around our sheepskin, not to worship, but to exalt it. To us that is the emblem of power, of the highest power, of sanctified power, God-like power. Power that wars with ignorance and evil, man's direst enemies; power that represents all the man; power that brightens his eye and clears his vision; that nerves his arm and directs aight his mighty energies; that refines his nature, corrects his taste, and guides his affections; power which lifts him above the filthy pools in which men plunge to satisfy their lower appetites, above the smoke and dust by which selfish ambition and sordid gains obscure the nobler ends of life, above the mists and fogs which the conceit of knowledge and the cold chill of a godless philosophy have created, higher, higher still, till the light from heaven falls on his brow, till the world is all beneath his feet, and is all his because he is true to himself, because he is a man; till God himself says the work is done, that that which was lost is gained, that which was a wreck is re-created, till from above there is the cry, "Come up higher."

We learn that the career of Mr. Holmes while at college was one of unusual brilliancy. In the Philologian Society, of which he was a member, he carried off all the honors. He was elected final orator,
was awarded the debater's medal, and by a vote of the judges he received the writer's medal. Taking his degree in 1871 with great eclat, he left college regretted by all, and is now pastor of a prominent church in Danville, Va.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It was Burns who wrote—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel' as ither see us."

Now we know that any criticism which we might make on the joint celebration of the Literary Societies would be considered as partial, coming as it would from college students, therefore we give the following extract from the report which appeared in the Richmond Dispatch on the following day: "The salutatory address was delivered by Mr. C. G. Davis, of Texas, president of Mu Sigma Rho Society. In behalf of the two societies he welcomed the audience to the celebration, and alluded to the pleasure it afforded him. His address was delivered in a manner reflecting great credit upon himself and the society of which he is president. He was frequently applauded, and took his seat amidst a shower of applause. At the conclusion of Mr. Davis's address, the orator on the part of the Philologian Society—Mr. A. Judson Reamy, of Richmond county—was introduced. He had selected for his subject 'The Lord of Creation.' His treatment of it showed deep thought and a careful study of the subject, and was pleasing to the audience, who favored him with applause. His gesticulations were very graceful, and his oration interesting throughout. Mr. Reamy was followed by Mr. J. Henning Nelms, the orator selected on the part of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. His subject was 'To Be or Not To Be.' It was handled in a masterly manner, and the peroration particularly was considered to be a fine literary effort. During his whole discourse he never failed to have the attention of the audience closely fastened upon him: The valedictory address was delivered by Mr. J. M. McManaway, of Bedford, the president of the Philologian Society. It was highly appropriate to the occasion, rich, and well deserving of notice, and ended the programme."

"A word to the wise is sufficient." We have always endorsed this time-worn proverb, but our local editor has changed it to "two words to the wise are necessary." It will be remembered that in our last issue we alluded to how much the students would please the readers of the Messenger and benefit themselves if each one would write an article or two during the vacation; but now he must needs speak of it again. Well, we don't wish to quarrel with him; we have nothing
more to say, only in the words of somebody—what a convenient "body" that is to quote—"Fill up; pull out the bung and let her fly."

No poetry on the first page this month? No sir; not a line. The former corps of editors began the custom of devoting the first page of the Messenger to the Muse, and we hope that it will be always kept up.

Nothing more enhances the beauty of the journal than the presence there of an extract from one of our best authors, or a fugitive piece of peculiar excellence clipped from a newspaper or a magazine. But with this issue why do you want poetry on the first page? What, with jollification orations from prominent members of the Literary Societies, Dr. Talmage's magnificent address, &c., &c., there is no end of poetry. Everybody is full of poetry. Even while we are writing this the graduate is, perhaps, showing his diploma to

"Eyes that droop like summer flowers,"

and the medalist is putting his medal around the neck of ——, there now, we have gone too far.

LOCAL MENTION.

The medal offered by the Societies to the best writer in college has been awarded to Mr. L. J. Huff, of Albemarle county. Mr. Huff is thus doubly fortunate, as the Philologian Society voted him the Debater's medal. The committee who awarded the Writer's medal consisted of Professors Puryear, Winston, and Davies. Professors Winston and Davies decided upon the article entitled "The Practical Spirit," in our April number, and accordingly awarded the medal to its author, Mr. Huff. Professor Puryear cast his vote for the article in our May number, on "Gustavus Adolphus," which was written by Mr, J. D. Perkins, of Grayson county. To those who read both articles, the distinction in point of merit must have appeared very slight. We congratulate Mr. Perkins upon his near approach to the medal, and, without undue flattery, may ascribe to him the possession of a well-stored mind, a ready pen and a fertile imagination. We would be glad to have him with us again next year, but as this will probably not be the case, we extend to him our best wishes for his success in his chosen profession.

We would be glad if the students would employ part of their vacation in getting us up some real good articles for the Messenger. We want to get up a first-rate number for October, and in this age of booms why not have a Messenger boom?
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