The session now at last is closed,
And we have reached its end;
Over its course we will attempt
For a short while to bend
Our gaze, and tell of all the joys
Which we have had—the college boys.

The session opened with a boom,
The number was full great
Of students; and, unlike the past,
Not many came in late.
The new ones furnished a full share,
And cries of "Rat" did rend the air.

But ah! with its relentless stroke,
Death struck our teacher down;
There's not a student but has felt
The loss of Dr. Brown,
Who, with his most gigantic mind,
In helping us was always kind.

Well, soon the merry Christmas time,
With all its pleasures came;
The joys of those who homeward went
I'll not attempt to name—
What happy days each one then spends
With father, mother, sweetheart, friends.

The "Intermediates" then came on,
When there's much work to do;
And ev'ry student does his best
In trying to "get through."
The exams o'er, some hied away
To Washington to spend a day.

From then, until the close of school,
Hard work is to be done
By those who hope to have success,
When they the race have run;
Lest who at Learning's fount have drunk
Will then be classed as those who "flunk."

Professors who have tried so hard
To teach us while we're here;
In naming them I will begin
With Harris and Puryear,
Winston, Smith and Harrison E.,
Hasseleff, Thomas, and Brown A. B.

But all those happy scenes are o'er,
And college life is past;
Before us is the busy world.
Oh! let us to the last,
In ev'rything we strive to do,
Be upright, noble, brave, and true.

H. F. Cox.
A Sunrise at Suez.

The Suez Hotel fronts nearly northeast, and has a long and spacious upper porch, from which you look out upon the northern end of the Gulf of Suez, or the northwestern arm of the Red Sea, which reaches around toward the west. Beyond this, stretching away toward the north, is the Suez canal, upon whose bosom you see vessels moving slowly, and at times apparently plowing their way through the desert sands, and then they find an entrance to the gulf at a point south of east from your standpoint. In the beautiful body of water before you lies the wreck of an old steamer. Here at the shore are a number of sailing-boats, whose Arab owners are beginning to make preparations for the day's toil, or its idleness—which, visitors will be likely to decide. Now and then a steam-yacht, or tug, or sail moves across the scene.

The land upon the eastern part of the opposite shore presents several strata of different colors as it stretches away to the distant horizon. Under the light of early morning that lying close to the water's edge is a dark brown—indeed, nearly black. Above, or rather beyond that, is a stratum of a dull purplish hue. Beyond that still, is another of lead color. And in the further distance, forming the horizon, are the mountains of Raha, in a drab-colored robe.

The gray dawn has broken, and in the heavens you have for a background the sky "wearing the blue," and in the foreground broken clouds "wearing the gray." The glow at a certain point of the horizon indicates the gate through which the god of day will come forth from his chamber. Above that place, long, delicate clouds move in orderly array to meet the coming king of day, and, blushing at the approach of "his majesty," they draw down from the heavens above a vail of silvery clouds. Along the silvery cords and feathery threads of this drapery also the golden light begins to flash, as if "the strong man" were blazing his path before him, through the heavens some distance south of the zenith.

The horizon glows more and more till it has a light like the sun itself. At last his beaming face appears assuming different shapes in the gradual rising. At first it is elongated horizontally, presenting a broad forehead above the mountains. Then, as the upper part touches the first line of cloud, it is lengthened upwards, making the forehead very high. As it rises behind these clouds, the face seems to look out between prison-bars. But soon these prison-bars are melted into golden runners for a sleigh, while the drapery of cloud, from above, is drawn down to form the graceful front like the curving of the swan's neck. There it stands waiting before the gate of the East for the "bridegroom coming forth from his chamber" as if he intended not to mount the circle of the heavens today, but rather to make the circuit of the horizon.

Above this gorgeous sight, there is a scene fantastic. See first, a slender cedar clad in white, from which northern blasts seem to blow snowy mists of incense toward that burning altar. Scattered toward the south and upward, are other parts of that drapery, as if the Great Artist meant to finish off in the rough
this part of the scene; yet those strokes
of the brush were done by a master-hand.

Looking through your glasses you see
the sun vibrating behind the gathered
folds of that cloud-veil, showing moment­
arily upon its circumference a rim of
deeper yellow, as if there were behind it
a round, uncarved shield of solid gold.
Truly he "rejoiceth as a strong man to
run his course," and that course shall be
through the heavens.

Yet here is a pathway, too, upon the
waters. Earth lifts up her smiling face
to welcome the ancient visitor and re­
ceives a benediction of light. The com­
mon-place business-waters are transform­
ed into a fairy scene. Here is a stream
of molten gold and silver flowing through
their midst. The surface of this path­
way, seen through your glasses, seems
one moment to be covered with hail
stones which all receive their portion of
light in due measure; at the next mo­
ment it receives ten million rain-drops,
shaped like apple-seeds, as if the tiny
globules were hastening to imprint their
morning kisses upon the face of the sea,
and at another moment still this pathway
is planted with splinters of light which
seem to turn this way and that in re­
sponse to the caprice of morning zephyrs.
Over and through all these the various
colors of the rainbow play in wildest
glee, making kaleidoscopic changes; while
the yellow or the purple holds the pre­
dominance, or the red or the blue as­
sumes the preeminence.

The distant mountains are now almost
lost to view in the translucent vapor
in which they are enveloped.

The city slumbers still, while "the
Father of lights," "from whom cometh
every good and perfect gift," sends down
another day’s bread, if not with the dew
of the night, as in ancient times, at least
in the sunbeams which are deposited in
the waving fields of wheat and barley.
Some few men are out betimes to gather
these blessings, as Israel gathered the
manna in the wilderness just across the
sea. And these, alas! are doubtless more
ungrateful than Israel was. Worse still,
they walk in a spiritual darkness as
dense as that which fell upon the camp
of Pharaoh from the pillar of cloud.
When will the "Sun of righteousness"
arise upon this benighted land? "How
long, O Lord, how long!" "Be pitiful,
O God, be pitiful!"

Sam'l C. Clopton.

Sir Walter Scott.

In the birth of Walter Scott, August
15th, 1771, a new star of surpassing
brilliancy and royal splendor entered the
bright galaxy of England’s literary ge­
nuses.

Sprung from parents who could boast
a great and an ancient ancestry, he had
the "blue blood" coursing through his
youthful body.

When about eighteen months old he
lost the use of his right leg, from which
he never entirely recovered; but, having
been sent to reside with his grandfather,
he was often taken to the fields, where he
soon became able to chase the flitting but­
terfly from flower to flower during the
balmy days of spring. Before the age of
four he manifested great interest in an-
cient ballads, and learned to repeat portions of them with accuracy.

On account of his continued ill-health, he was carried from place to place seeking benefit, until at the age of eight he returned to his father's home in Edinburgh. His mother, who was herself somewhat fond of literature, patiently read to young Walter of old heroes and their chivalric deeds, thus fostering his passionate fondness for such literature. Pope's translation of Homer was Scott's favorite during this period of his life.

In 1779 he entered the grammar or high school of Edinburgh, where, at times, he displayed brilliant flashes of genius, but chiefly distinguished himself by neglect of text-books. He spent a great portion of his time in reading his favorite legends of border warfare, and gained great popularity among the boys by telling his matchless tales around the winter's fireside. Upon leaving this school he entered the University of Edinburgh; but after a year and a half his health failed, and he was forced to retire to the country.

Having recovered his health he returned to the city, and after serving an apprenticeship of five years under his father, who was a writer of the Signet, he took a four years' course in law at the University. Acquiring a fondness for German and Italian, he also studied them with great zeal, and in 1794 his first poem—a translation of Bürger's "Lenore"—was published.

This first attempt was received with favor by his friends, as were various other translations made during this period. While travelling with a party of young men he met at an inn Miss Charlotte Carpenter, a lady of French descent, for whom he soon cherished a strong affection, and whom he made his happy bride, December 24, 1797.

In 1799 he was appointed sheriff, but continued without cessation his literary work. Two volumes of his first great work, "The Border Minstrelsy," appeared in 1802, and met with great success, obtaining a larger circulation than any long poem had obtained since the days of Dryden. Encouraged by his success, he set to work upon the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was published in 1805. "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and many others soon came forth from his fruitful pen.

Scott was already famous. The greatest men of the day spoke his praise, and with justice, for his poems show the magnetic touch of a master-hand. His rhythm is pleasant; his style clear and beautiful; his descriptions picturesque and grand. How one delights to soar among the rugged hills of Scotland upon the wings of Scott's swift-flying imagination, or to float upon the bosom of the placid mountain lakes, wafted by the gentle breezes of his thoughts, or to fall asleep in the sequestered vales, soothed by the smooth rhythm of his musical verses!

Although Scott was eminently successful as a poet, and ranked high among the great masters of poesy of his own country and of the world in general, his greatest success was attained in another, and, at that time, a new branch of literature. July 7, 1814, his first novel—"Waverly"—was given to the public without the author's name. Its sale was unprecedented. Prior to 1829, 11,000 copies were sold. All were eager to learn the author's name, and many ascribed its authorship to Scott as the only man in England
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

capable of producing such a book. Other novels appeared with great rapidity. In 1818 "Ivanhoe," generally agreed to be the best novel of this the greatest of novelists, appeared. At this time Scott was living at Abbotsford, upon the quiet banks of the Tweed, where visitors, almost without number, enjoyed his princely hospitality.

The publishing firm of the Ballantynes, of which Scott was a secret member, failed in 1825, leaving an indebtedness of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, for which he, as partner, was responsible.

Disdaining to make use of the bankrupt law, he nobly received the great burden, and set to work with his pen to do what no man had ever done—pay off such an enormous debt with his literary profits. Novel after novel appeared in more rapid succession than have the writings of any other, and among these, many works of history, biography, etc., until at his death over one hundred thousand pounds had been paid, and after his death the sale of his copyrights realized sufficient to pay off the whole indebtedness.

Under such a severe physical and mental strain his constitution gave way, and after six months of travel on the continent in the vain hope of recruiting his failing health, he returned to his native land, where he expired September 21, 1832.

His life was pure and his character spotless. Where is a better exemplification of a truly gentlemanly character than in one's earnest effort to liquidate his honest debts? He was universally beloved and admired. Hospitable almost to a fault, his lovely home at Abbotsford never lacked for guests. All who came to see the home of the greatest literary genius of the day were welcomed and entertained by its generous master. Had I the genius of Scott himself, or even of the immortal Shakespeare, I could not paint in colors sufficiently glowing the truly noble character of this typical English gentleman; but when I attempt a criticism of his productions, what can I say that will do justice to their true merits? His novels were, and still are, among the most popular ever produced. They are known and read in almost every household where the English language is spoken. His writings are remarkably free from all impurity and vulgarity. A true gentleman himself, his productions but reflect the character of the man who produced them. His appreciation of the beauties of nature was great, and he delighted to paint them in glowing word-pictures for the pleasure of his innumerable readers. His writings everywhere abound in beautiful pictures of scenes in his own beloved Scotland and elsewhere. He was especially fond of the wild, ragged mountains; the beautiful lakes and valleys that lie between their snowy peaks; and ruined castles, relics of the feudal ages. An almost thorough knowledge of the geography and history of his entire country is displayed in his writings. There are some inaccuracies, but the great rapidity with which most of his works were written readily accounts for these. His delineations of character are exceedingly fine. His characters are living personages, acting and speaking as befits the distinctive characteristics that he has ascribed to them. They, like the subjects of an absolute monarch, move with perfect obedience to his skilful hand.

No one denies that he was an excellent
poet and a surpassingly brilliant novelist. He truly deserves a place among the greatest literary geniuses of his own or any other country. His poems and novels will doubtless be read with delight and profit for centuries to come, and admiring thousands will sing the merits of his compositions.

MAHNIART.

True Nobility.

The incentives to ambition and inspiration are many, and of the noblest character, but no incentive should urge every true-born American to nobler deeds, no subject should be dearer to his heart, than the thought of True Nobility—true in every sense of the word, noble in every respect. To be noble is to be great, but to be a nobleman is not always to be a great man. When a man is noble, he has a heart that is kind, generous, and benevolent; but a nobleman may have his rank when he has sunk into the lowest state of crime and degradation, and when some evil deed may haunt his midnight slumbers. Nobility may be false or true. When a man works his way from the lowest rung of the ladder to the topmost, where the crown of success awaits him, then may you see what true nobility is. But when it comes by inheritance to an unworthy subject; when rank, title, distinction, and official position descend from father to son, even though the son be unworthy; when antiquity of family is the only plea, the nobility is false, and the word has been perverted from its original meaning. In all countries where the government is an aristocracy or a monarchy, this is true.

In all these cases the distinction is wrong, the nobility is false. Rank, influence, station, are forced upon the individual by the law of inheritance, without regard to his personal fitness or his intrinsic worth. The prince may be a thief, and yet he is the prince; the earl may be sunk to the lowest depths of moral degradation, or he may be intellectually an imbecile, and yet he is the earl, the lord of the manor. The king or queen is looked upon with admiring eyes by the whole world, yet he or she may have committed some great crime, or have been guilty of some terrible act.

But true nobility, as Webster says, is dignity of mind, greatness, grandeur— that element of the soul which comprehends bravery, generosity, magnanimity, and contempt of everything that dishonors character. The nearest approach to this idea of nobility we find in America. Here we have no royal road to be trodden only by the favored few, no antiquity of family to lift us into official position, no titles and ranks of descent, but titles and ranks of ascent. The way is open for us all. The prize is set before us. Hope whispers in our ears that it may be for us. Ambition urges us to try. We find many wise travellers going cheerily on "through fair weather or
foul, carrying their sunshine with them." We see many with "Excelsior" on their banners, and we may catch the spirit that animates them. We see Industry and Truth leading a joyous company, of which we may become a member. Far up the heights we see the names of those who have already won. The historian tells us of the obscure youth, his trials and his triumphs, from the workshop to the Senate chamber of the United States; from the kitchen or canalboat to the Presidency of the nation; from the plow to the editorial chair and the highest distinction as an author.

Hear it, think of it, you who are sitting in ignoble ease and peaceful sloth, "waiting for something to turn up." The world is not waiting for you. The laurel crown will not be placed upon your head unless deserved. If you would be a member of the nobility, you must be something and do something. I say worthy of the title; for, believe me, mere elevation above your fellow-men will not entitle you to rank with the true nobility.

Fraud, deception, intrigue, dishonesty, may bring you wealth, invest you with power, but

"Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

To be truly noble is to have all those graces that adorn a beautiful character, and then if success should crown our efforts, it will be worthily won, and if "chill perjury should repress our noble rage," if no distinction should await us, yet even in the humblest sphere it will be said of such a man, he is a noble man.

[The following touching poem, composed on the death of General Jackson's war-horse, was written by a well-known lady of this city.—Eds.]

"Old Sorrel."

Only a brute, somebody may say, As the warrior's steed lies dead; Only a brute, yet in battle array He the flower of chivalry led.

Only a brute, but our chieftain he bore Through blood to the cannon's mouth; And feared not the sound of the musket's roar When the war cry rung through the South.

Only a brute, but will never cease to give (Like Jackson our leader and pride) An interest in history, where he will live When deeds of true men will have died.

Only a brute, yet the soldiers wept When he laid him down and died; The veterans a tender watch-care kept Near the dear "Old Sorrel's" side.

The telephone is hardly a safe medium by which to convey news items to the printer. A western newspaper related the incident of one of its townpeople—giving her name—having eloped with an eighteen year old man. In the next issue of his paper the editor apologized for his blunder by stating that the item was received by telephone, and should have stated that the woman was thrown from an eight year old mare.—Ex.
This is an age when men study the present in the light of the past, and base their forecasts of the future on things that are. Then and now are kin, as mother and daughter. Ideas are the sons of forethoughts as well as the fathers of afterthoughts. The family relation exists between conceptions, and not the least interesting occupation of the present day is that of tracing the genealogy of an idea. Present scientific methods of investigation presuppose pedigree even in notions. This has come about through the inspiration of the historical spirit that today controls our search into all questions. Matters of abstract nature are treated just as those of concrete kind, and a knowledge of their line of ascent or descent adds vastly to our interest in them.

We have discovered that the law of reproduction is operative in the sphere of thought, as also the law of variation. While it is idolatry—which is unscientific—to bow to a theory as the god of all things, it is irreligious—which is equally unscientific—not to acknowledge that the Hand that causes all things works along some line of progress, the equation of which we may more or less accurately determine with reference to the axes of God’s purposes and man’s needs. Were we to refer the causing and continuing of all things to chance, we would be as superstitious as some of our scientific friends say we are. Were we to deny that all things come to be, and continue according to law, we would be as unbelieving as we sometimes say our scientific friends are. We may, we must, hold to some law of development. Every art that adorns life, every industry that seals our commission to subdue the earth, every science that glories in its finish or struggles with its incompleteness, every form of government that conserves order, everything has grown by law, and in its present state is due to the working of successive, and related forces. The flanges of law on the wheels of progress have kept all things in their movements on the well-ballasted tracks of orderly development.

Indeed, a last triumph is becoming more possible. The broad mind of some one will look out from some observatory of thought on the circle of all the sciences of every kind, and treating these great departments of organized, articulated facts, as themselves only phenomena, will follow the same processes of classification and induction by which these sciences were made, and out of them all, bring the master science of Method.

These considerations make it necessary that all who would thoroughly and philosophically study any subject must view it in the light of this spirit of modern investigation. The how, the why, and the how long are our points of triangulation by means of which we survey facts. The trinity of cause, manner, and time rules all inquiry into current questions.

In something of this spirit let us approach the subject for this occasion, and inquire into the matter of individual
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supremacy in the world—what has been, is now, and will be the proper basis for leadership in all walks of life where leadership is possible. Our discussion of it here must needs be popular, rather than abstruse.

I. Physical Basis.

In primitive society, leadership was based on physical vigor. The animal that was in a man was the ground of his power over other animals, and a big body was his only credential to authority over his fellows—stature, weight, and muscle were the essential elements of influence. In early days of our race our modern prize-fighters would have been the aristocrats. Elections to office were probably decided by the ballot-box of the fist, and no doubt many polls were taxed to stand the strain of a campaign for the chief-tainship. So far as ethnology furnishes us with information, we find that he who was most powerful physically was head over his associates. The conscious possession of strength was the parent of arrogant assumption of authority, and the same bodily vigor that usurped leadership forced its acknowledgment from others, and sustained its claims. The “bully” was the “boss”—might made right. Says Principal Dawson: “There is no good reason to regard the first man as having resembled a Greek Apollo, or Adonis—he was probably of sterner and more muscular mould,” and speaking of the earliest known human remains: “They are more probably representatives of that fearful and powerful race that filled the antediluvian world with violence, and which reappears in postdiluvian times as the Anakim, or traditional giants which constitute a feature in the early history of so many countries. Perhaps nothing is more curious in the revelations as to the most ancient cave men, than that they confirm the belief that there were giants in those days.” [Facts and Fancies of Modern Science, p. 169.]

Nature would lend herself to such a conception of the ground of leadership. Her first revelation of herself is that of her power. Wind, sun, earthquake, tide, and torrent could not have suggested any other thought to primitive man than that physical might was power, and he would feel himself most in harmony with his environment when he had most strength of body.

From our earliest classical literature we learn that this conception of leadership existed. Hercules was the hero of the Greek legends, and the ideal of human perfection. His feats were purely physical, and consisted of strangling serpents, slaying lions, destroying hydars, capturing boars, entrapping birds, catching horses, mastering bulls, killing dragons, stealing golden apples, and robbing hell of its triple-headed sentinel. The Homeric heroes were incarnations of this idea of bodily power. Mars, the war god, was the reputed father of Romulus and Remus, the founders of the world’s most belligerent empire. Their parentage became a prophecy of the characteristic of their progeny. And Teutonic deities also were beings of animal power. Since, in heathenism men make gods instead of God making man, we may justly consider the conceptions of mythological divinities as a revelation of human ideas of supremacy.

Nor is Scripture without intimations of this idea. (Gen. vi. 4.) Before the flood “The giants were in the earth in those days.” Israel feared the Canaanites,
in whose eyes they were as "grasshoppers." In the time of the Judges, Samson was the hero. When Israel would choose a king, Saul, who was "head and shoulders" above his fellows, was selecte-
d. Goliath was placed in command of the Philistines.

Probably the state of things which we see in the tribes of our North American Indians or Central Africa savages existed in earliest times.

The idea exists to-day. What means this lionizing of the prize-fighter, this worship of the athlete, this appeal to the fists, this arbitration of the duel, but the glorification of flesh and blood? "If I were to kick you," said a professor of anatomy to a medical student, "what set of muscles would I put into operation?"

"My biceps, sir," was the answer.

In this conception of leadership we see the genesis of all despotic forms of government. "The accretion of strength to the king, proceeded first from his mere personal influence." [What Hist. Teaches, p. 20.] "Conquest begat the king. The association of son with father in this kingship marked the hereditary character which distinguished it from the temporary office of an alderman," [Green the Eng. Ppl., Book I.,] and thus a dynasty was formed. By royal favor, for selfish purposes probably, some subjects became attached to the monarch, and so a privileged class was created, and aristocracy came into being. But this authority must be sustained as it was acquired, and war was the only means of perpetuating or destroying it, and war is physical force. Says Mr. Blackie: "The great social force which operates in giving prominence and predominance to the monarchy, is war." "All great nations in fact have been cradled in war, the Hebrews no less than the Greeks and Romans." [What History Teaches, p. 20.] The body is the type of monarchy. While every age has witnessed restrictions of royal power sometimes to such an extent as to make the ruler a mere figure-head, so that the President of the United States has to-day more power than the English sovereign, and while we see this very process of limitation going on before us in movements towards popular government, it is still true that the monarchy with its hereditary succession, its orders of nobility, and ranks and titles, perpetuates the idea and memory of physical leadership. The very form of the government is a monument to its source, and this we cannot forget, even though the coarseness of the conception be lost, and refinements of the idea be constantly made.

It is the alphabetic government for mankind. Says Tytler [Hist. Lib. I. cap. I., p. 20]: "We may therefore presume that a limited monarchy was the earliest form of government among the ancient nations. The Scriptures as well the profane historian bear evidence to this fact. A republic is an idea too refined and complex for a rude people to form." That the monarchy is weak one of its strongest advocates has recently admitted, and he states five difficulties which tend to its overthrow: 1. The motive for kingship, which is war, ceases; 2. The restrictions of individual liberty are against it; 3. Hereditary succession becomes distasteful; 4. The elective principle increases in power; 5. The arrogance of the ruler becomes offensive.

These and other considerations indicate that as other grounds of leadership come to light and power, this primitive form
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of government erected on the physical basis, patch and alter it as we may to suit the times, must commend itself less and less to mankind as a system. The world in its manhood will put away childish things. In those nations where body power is most venerated despotism flourishes. As the people become more enlightened, and the nations more cultured, the power of the sovereign is lessened, and the privileges of the subject are increased. When the world shall have outgrown the physical basis of leadership with which it began, then monarchy will cease to exist, or else become so modified as to lose its distinctive features.

II. Intellectual Basis.

The force of thought soon came to be felt in the world. The first man who invented a weapon or tool asserted the power of brains, and held materialized thought in his hand. The first man who used skill or craft to outwit his foe was an epoch-making man. He showed that mind was superior to muscle. He became aware of the fact that intellect could put under tribute things outside of himself as aids to his power. He made a treaty with nature by which her forces became his allies. He proved that man becomes mightier in the sacrifice of self-dependence than he is in the assertion of his independence of things about him. But no sooner had one man done this, than his example was followed, and thus the leadership in life ceased to be a question of merely physical nature. While the body continued to be the chief factor in supremacy, intellectual power became an important consideration. Thus it was made possible for the weaker to master the stronger. The strife between wits began, and he who had brain as well as brawn became leader in his sphere. The advantage of intelligence was felt, and thus the opportunity was made for culture to win in every walk of life. We cannot stop to trace the growth of power of this mental force. It can be done historically, and in every direction. It is dominant now in civilization. Even in such intensely material spheres as the mercantile or industrial, brain power excels. Men make more money with their brains than with their hands. Here, commercial culture is the real capital which produces colossal fortunes from small beginnings. Barring accidents and panics, failure in business is due to lack of mental ability. The enterprise is too large for the wits of the owner. He has stretched out his arms so far that his eyes cannot see his fingers.

But we have not time to discuss the leadership of the mind in this direction. It is evident to all that the manufacturer, the broker, the members of the firm, the lawyer, the physician, perhaps the preacher, all make more money than those who live by manual labor. We turn to the spheres of society and politics.

1. In Social Life: In the middle ages the knight who could sit most firmly in the saddle under the blow of his foe's lance, and make the fleet foot of his steed and his own avoirdupois unseat his antagonist in the tournament, was the "social lion." Well was the glove the emblem of the challenge, for the leadership of the hand was supreme. And what is our present homage to the military man— I had almost said the millinery man—but the perpetuation of the physical basis of leadership in which spur and steed have given away to sword and gun?
These are the generations of the physical idea: In the beginning were the fist and muscle, and these begot the lance and the spur, and these begot the button and the stripe. Why our women should bow so blushingly to buttons instead of brains, and smile so sweetly on stripes instead of sense, is a puzzle that may best be solved, perhaps, by thinking that the present craze for the antique has led them to sacrifice the modern idea of supremacy to the ancient. They are charmed with the military idea, love the lieutenant and dote on the cadet just as, and for the same reason that they love grandfather's clock and grandmother's spinning-wheel. Alas, that brainless buttons will sometimes fascinate those whom buttonless brains fail to impress.

After all that may be said, the brainiest soldier is the one who leads. Culture places him to the front. Let us here enter a protest in the name of the right of the intellect to rule, against the selection of men for office simply because they have been soldiers. Unless there be other qualifications, we are simply perpetuating the low physical basis of leadership.

But some will say that to-day financial and social standing are synonymous. True, that in all ages men have worshipped Mammon, and fawned upon his favorites. Even now to a careless observer it seems as if the deity of the dollar were the first article in the creed of society, that its omnipotence was never more manifest, and that God-forsaken means only gold-forsaken. But this is not true. Many of our wealthiest men are our most cultured. In their homes the picture gallery and the library are as essential as a dinner-table. Many are ripe scholars, and not a few are authors.

No class is in such sympathy with the ascendancy of culture as the rich. They must have the most skilful physicians to care for their bodies, the most talented lawyers to manage their affairs, and the most polished preachers to culture their souls, entertain them on Sundays, and preach their funeral sermons. As for their company, many a golden calf has stood at their front doors and with uncouth and illiterate bellow sought in vain for admittance. But the portals are thrown wide open at the slightest whisper of culture. Culture thrusts its hand into wealth's pocket and secures endowments for institutions of learning, defrays expenses of scientific experiment, research and exploration, and encourages art of all kinds. Were it not for the patronage of the wealthy, the intellectual and aesthetic departments of life could never have been so highly developed as they are. The golden smile of riches is given to thought, and the idea is becoming the idol of the dollar.

In this direction the cultured alumnus has a mission. The manners and tone and talk of "society could and would be very much improved were our college-bred men and women to use their influence in parlor and public." [The Young Man and Woman at Summer Watering-Place.] The speaker is not an apostle of the Boston idea, but there is something in it. The chief end of a college course should not be to learn to part the hair and watch-chain in the middle and the name on one side. B. A. does not mean "Best Attired," nor M. A. "Most Attentive." Still, we might often think so, as we note the place which our graduates sometimes fill in society.

No social force is so well fitted to wreck
the abominations of modern fashionable life, curb its extravagancies, cure its deformities, and destroy its idolatry of follies as the influence of the army of cultivated men and women which our schools of every grade contribute each year to society. Our educational institutions do not exert as great an influence upon life of all kinds to-day as their number and work would justly lead us to expect, because graduates do not faithfully discharge the obligation to the community under which their culture places them.

2. In Political Life: Here it would seem that the cultivated man must content himself with subjection instead of sovereignty. What with the corruption in our large cities, the misgovernment, the bribe-giving and -taking, the perversions of justice, the conspicuous ignorance of law makers of first principles of political economy, the bestowal of public trust as a reward for service to party or as a means to party power, with the law in the custody of its violators—with all these things before us, it appears as if politics were hopelessly given over to the devil, and that ignorance is at a premium and wisdom discounted. Where is the trouble?

I live in the worst-governed city in the world. It costs each of us ten cents a day to say that we live in New York. It is not worth that, to be sure, but then we must pay $36 a year for the privilege. And what have we there? The citizens imported via Castle Garden, some of whom have left their country for their country’s good, work hard all day at manual labor, or keeping saloons, and are not too tired in the evening to go to the primary elections and send men like themselves to the nominating convention which selects from its own ilk aldermanic candidates for—Sing Sing, and ignorant aliens with the brogue not yet worn from their tongues to manage American affairs. But Mr. Stockbroker, Dr. Cureall, Attorney-at-Law Win-your-Case, Rev. Dr. Moralizer, and Hon. Millionaire Merchant, who sit on soft chairs for six hours and ride in easy vehicles, are too weary when evening comes to go to the polls. Intellect is so lazy, and so divided between factions, that it leaves to organized foreign ignorance, transatlantic stupidity, and alienupidity, the control of the greatest city on our continent—Richmond excepted. Were culture to enter political life, and throttle demagogery, and Irish and Teutonic corner-groggery, affairs would be otherwise. So long as American brains are willing with themselves to macadamize the path to power for the heel of the illiterate immigrant, we have no one but ourselves to blame for the mortifying sight of one of our “City Fathers” in the State prison, and others, we hope, on the way.

History will show that wherever the intellect has willed it, there has been a pure judiciary, competent legislation, and fearless execution of the law. Men of culture lead if they will. Our Jefferson, the statesman whose genius was the parent in whole or in part of the three grandest documents of our country—the Declaration of Independence, the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States, and the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,—was the same cultivated scholarly gentleman who founded our noble university, his greatest monument. And he is one star only in the galaxy of our cultured patriots, whose escutcheons were thoughts, whose patents
to peerage were brains, and whose aristocracy was that of the intellect. Cavour's mind no less than Garibaldi's army unified Italy. Stein's masterly genius and Theodore Koerner's poem, as well as the Prussian army, recovered Germany after Jena's disaster. England's long list of educated statesman gives the lie to the statement that the doom of culture is political servitude. Need I refer to one whose name is too great for any title, whose brow is too broad for any crown, whose hand has grasped the helm of the ship of state oftener and more firmly than any other in the history of his country, whose power so fascinates the people that each act of repulsion is followed by one of adoration, to the poet, author, linguist and statesman, the greatest man of our century, William E. Gladstone? The truth is axiomatic, that in political life, culture leads whenever it wills to do so.

Men of culture will be forced from their retirement. There are questions of foreign relations, of immigration, of administrative reform, of revenue, of coinage, of tariff, of distribution of public land, of the relations between capital and labor, of assimilation, extermination or preservation of equilibrium between races which can be determined by intellect alone. A republic is prolific of such questions, and it must produce those who can and will answer them, else there the anarchist has found his home. In the economy of human history our republic is destined to solve these perplexities.

Because, the republic is the form of government which favors the establishment of leadership upon an intellectual basis. It is most plastic to the touch of education. We have seen that the genesis of monarchy was due to the physical idea. The "divine right" of kings is not a first truth, but an afterthought invented to bolster weak sovereignty. As the body is the type of the monarchy, so the mind is the type of the republic. It is the office of this form of government to teach men that they may govern themselves. It is essentially a protest of manhood against the imputation of weakness that is cast on the race by the very existence of imperialism. It is to show that there is a stage of national life far above that of the kingdom, where it is impossible for crowned imbecility or enthroned idiocy to rule. It is the arena for the triumph of brains, and in the same length of time no government on earth has ever shown the same degree of progress as has the American republic, because nowhere else has the educated citizen been so free from the restrictions of birthrights and the fetter of an untitled sire.

Says Mr. Blackie, who ardently loves monarchy, but who sees this truth: "Under favorable circumstances, there is no form of government, which, while it lasts, has such a virtue to give scope to a vigorous manhood as the pure democracy. Instead of choking and strangle, or at least depressing the free self-assertion of the individual, by which alone he feels the dignity of manhood, such a democracy gives a free career to talent and civic efficiency in the greatest number of individuals." And again: "It is manifest, therefore, that of all forms of government, democracy is that which imperatively requires the greatest amount of intelligence and moderation among the great masses of the people." And again: "If the numerical majority is composed of sober-minded, sensible, and intelligent persons, who will either
govern wisely, or choose persons who will do so, then democracy is justified by its deeds.” [What History Teaches, p. 30, p. 58, p. 57.]

The mind, with its confederation of faculties, its homogeneous powers, and coordinate capacities, its equality of parts is essentially a republic, and hence this form of government, corresponding as it does in constitution with the mind, is precisely the government that owes birth and progress to the assertion of the intellectual basis of supremacy, and will reach its perfection under the leadership of educated men. Mr. Abbot, in his Life of Napoleon [Vol. I., cap. 16], tells us that France’s first experiment at republicanism was a failure because there was not sufficient intelligence among the people to govern themselves. Not one in thirty of the people could read and write. Spain made an effort to follow the example of her neighbor, but soon learned that the true republic cannot stand upon a foundation undermined by ignorance and superstition.

Towards this form the enlightened nations of the earth are tending. Christianity emphasizes the dignity of the individual man. What means the clamor of Russian serfdom for suffrage? What means the vibration of France—to-day a republic—between monarchy and self-government, and its decision for the latter emphasized two weeks since by the expulsion of the princes? What means the securing of Home Rule for Ireland, which must eventuate in Home Rule for Scotland, England, and Wales? What is the significance of the growing power of the people in all countries but the movement of men towards a government of the people, for the people, and by the people,” in which intellect shall triumph over the privileges of class and prove its right to lead?

III. The Moral Basis: As the body first asserted itself, and then the mind, so there is an ethical nature within us which must find expression, and dominate the purely physical and merely intellectual. The nation is but the aggregate of the individuals in it, and the archetype of all organization is the individual. With the spread of morality among men, it must become emphasized as a condition of leadership. Sovereignty has not been left to mind alone. Conscience is not an exile from human affairs. Ethics is now a part of culture.

Nor are signs lacking of the increasing demand for the existence of the moral element in those who lead us. The idea is growing. If we enter—

1. The political life, we will see (a) in the Temperance Question an evidence. This is essentially moral. Its root is moral sentiment, its trunk moral suasion, and morality asserting itself at the polls, its flower and fruit the moral elevation of the community, State, and nation. Placed on the basis of mere civic economy, it fails to arouse interest. If put on the ground of pure moral reform, it is not properly a matter for political agitation. But issuing in both the material and moral well-being of the people, it becomes a subject for the polls. It needs for its support, triumph, and enforcement of a firm moral sentiment in the majority of the people. Without taking sides on the question here, the fact that it is an issue, that it cannot be put aside but has come to stay, indicates the entrance of the moral idea into political life.

In many States of our Union the
pupils in our public schools are taught scientifically the effects of alcohol on the body. States are taking the tax money of manufacturers and dealers in liquors and using it to teach the future mothers and voters the evil of the stuff. Legislatures are thus magically transforming the dollar of the dealer into convictions which will in the future prevent the dealer from making a dollar. The growth in the number of advocates of legal suppression of the liquor traffic is no surer indication of the firm hold of the temperance issue upon political life, than are the enormous sums of money contributed by liquor men to secure legal recognition and protection for their occupation.

b. In the scanning of the character of candidates for public office: While it is unpleasant to have the disgusting details of a candidate's private life dragged out to public view, it is a happy sign of the times. The "mud flinging" in which politicians indulge, their appeals for our suffrages against impure men, are confessions that personal purity is a qualification for public trust. However unworthy the motive of the demagogue in smirching his opponent's character, the effect of it on the popular mind is wholesome. A man is a man, just as he is, and in no calling of life can he divide himself, and say that so much of him is fitted for office, and so much of him has nothing to do with office, that with his legislative, judicial, or executive ability the people have to do, but with his private life they have nothing to do.

We have something to do with it, and are beginning to say so. The devil would be our best choice, according to this standard. He has had centuries of experience, is faithful in his work, and knows how to manage men. But even Satan would scorn some of the ways and maxims of our modern political solons. The people are on the side of purity. Defects in character no longer meet the blind eye, the deaf ear, or the dumb tongue. Commercial, social, and individual standards are unitedly applied to those who seek positions. The businessman demands honesty and capability, while society and the home thunder their requirements for personal purity into the ears of the candidate. What defeated Ingersoll in his aspirations for the governorship of Illinois, and prevents him from sitting in the United States Senate? What kept Sir Charles Dilke out of the British cabinet but a public moral sentiment to which even the Queen was obliged to bow?

One of our best and purest men voted in Congress alone against an unjust party measure. His constituency threatened not to return him. He frankly told them that he would like to go back, that it was painful to lose the confidence and support of so many friends, and added: "I would do anything to win your regard, but there is one man whose good opinion I must have above all, and without whose approval I can do nothing. That is the man with whom I get up every morning and go to bed every night, whose thoughts are my thoughts, whose prayers are my prayers. I cannot buy your confidence at the cost of his respect." Is it a wonder that James A. Garfield was a leader?

It is not to be regretted that this question was a feature in our last presidential campaign. It is a healthful sign when something else than mere intellectual ability and business capacity entered into
the thought of a great people as a necessary element of fitness for a great office.

2. In Military Science: The ideals of military science are irresistible weapons and impregnable defences. Could these be reached we would actually have the old problem of physics, an irresistible force met by an immovable body. Now let a dispute between nations arise. How will it be settled? Not by war, for the attainment of the military ideals makes war impossible. The point of its perfection is the time of its annihilation. The goal and ambition of military science is its own suicide. Disputes would then be settled by arbitration, and not carnage. The physical basis of adjustment gives away to the rational and moral. And so with the progress of the science of war, there has grown a sentiment against it, and in favor of arbitration. What means the confederation of European Powers which frowns upon the attempts of Russia and Greece to fight Turkey? What means the formation of peace leagues? What means it that America gains her independence by war, while Canada's whispers of seceding cause little comment in the mother country! How significant that we, whose grandparents wrested liberty from England, now see her about to offer liberties to Ireland! How significant, Geneva arbitration to which England agreed, though it cost her $15,000,000. It was a grand step, perhaps the grandest in the history of the world towards the settlement of international difficulties by right reason. Kant's project for a universal peace through arbitration has begun to take form. The motion toward the establishment of international courts of arbitration in the British Parliament in 1873 was followed by a similar movement in the Italian Parliament the same year. Holland fell into line in 1874, and Belgium in 1875, and Sweden about the same time, while Russia called the International Conference of Brussels in 1874. The world is moving toward the moral idea, slowly, but surely.

If it be true that "all great nations have been cradled in war," it is equally true that they have been cultured in peace, and that "peace on earth" will be preserved, not by fighting for it, but by the adjustment of differences according to rational and moral standards.

3. We have not time to enter social life and trace the growth in the demand for morality as an element of leadership, nor can we show how vastly higher is the prevalent idea of heroism than it was in centuries past. The sense of the brotherhood of man is increasing. Self-sacrifice is lauded, self-seeking condemned. Humanity's altar is never bare of offerings.

In all these directions we see that moral growth will require moral leaders. What will be the form of government which will express the supremacy of the moral basis, no one can tell. It need not displace monarchy or republicanism, it must leaven both. Rome's republic failed because the increase of wealth and culture without corresponding growth in morals, allowed the importation of foreign vices as well as arts and luxuries. France, after the Reign of Terror, legislated God and eternity out of existence when the National Assembly resolved that the people were a nation of atheists. A short time only convinced them that they could not thus exist, and "Robespierre proclaimed in the convention that belief in the existence of God was necessary to those principles of virtue and morality.
on which a republic is founded. And on the 7th day of May, 1794, the national representatives who had so lately at Notre Dame prostrated themselves before an impure actress as the Goddess of Reason, voted by acclamation that the French people acknowledge the existence of the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul."—[Students' France, ch. 27, § 6.]

The motto of the communist, "Ne Dieu, ne Roi," which had its origin in the Reign of Terror, thus had its atheistic part condemned, while the republican part remains. No government can long exist without moral firmness. Christianity, while increasing in power, will demand moral worth in leaders, will supply its own demands, and also preserve our institutions and liberties. The salt of the earth has not lost, and will not lose his savour. For the Christian the new government will be theocratic, its form a matter of small moment, for "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation."

We have thus covered the bases of leadership—body, brain, virtue; muscle, mind, morals; hand, head, heart. True, we have not followed so closely as we might have done the shadings of these into one another. These stages overlap, and will do for a long while to come, but progress towards the highest will be more marked. The optimist views the positive side of the progression, the pessimist the negative, and notes the opposition to growing greatness and goodness. But pessimism is only a tribute to progress, for as virtue and morals increase, the evil which resists them make greater displays of power. Purity, truth, righteousness, will be exalted yet more highly in State, and more firmly demanded in men, because religion is a factor in the world's progress which the political economist and sociologist cannot ignore.

We cannot mark these periods in leadership in any nation's history, or in the experience of the race. They melt into one another as starlight into moonlight, and moonlight into sunlight. But we can see the process going on wherever civilization is displacing barbarism and Christianity is leavening civilization. The ideal leader is not far away—we have only to combine these three bases and secure the highest morality and broadest culture in the strongest body and he appears. The "survival of the fittest" becomes something more than an empty fancy. It becomes an historical fact. [Our present minister to Spain.]

God speed the day when all individual and associated life, whether in domestic or social or civic sphere, shall reach this climax, and personal and national leadership shall be determined by virtue of imageship to Him whose are the kingdoms of this earth.

More than 5,300 students have attended the University of Berlin during the past winter, 123 of them being Americans.—Ex.

Why is O the noisiest of all vowels? Because you cannot make a horrid loud noise without it, whilst all of the others are inaudible.—Ex.

The education of Prince Albert Victor, of Wales, is to be completed on the plan drawn many years ago by the Prince Consort for the Prince of Wales.
When on a quiet and cloudless night we lift our gaze to the skies, we are struck with the variety of the heavenly bodies. "One star differeth from another star in glory." Some are suns, rolling along their orbits, and flooding the fields of space with their radiance; others are planets, inferior in size and humble in rank, wheeling along their modest way and keeping their eye fixed dependently upon the greater bodies around which they play. These, as we all know, are called satellites, and they seem to cut a sorry figure in the starry drama of the skies.

And so if we turn our eyes upward to the literary heavens, we behold a scene just as varied and peculiar. Some men are stars of the first magnitude, moving majestically in their orbits and flooding the world with their own lustre. Around these cluster inferior men who catch and reflect their light. These have been appropriately called the satellites of the literary firmament.

Perhaps the most distinguished example of a literary satellite is James Boswell, the worshipper and biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Indeed it would be safe to say that if Boswell had never known Johnson, the world would never have known Boswell. He shines with a purely reflected light. He is a sort of barnacle on that ship which bore Samuel Johnson over a stormy sea to the harbor of his destiny.

It is of this man, James Boswell, the satellite, that I am to speak. I need not recount the story of his life, for there is not much to say of him, except that he was the son of his father and entered life under conditions which could hardly have excited, even in the breast of his fond mother, the hope that he would ever distinguish himself. It is true that he was fairly well educated, and had the audacity to swing out his shingle in London as a feeble limb of the law. His income was hardly sufficient to pay for his shingle. The thankless public declined his services, and a threadbare and empty life seemed to await him. But there was a tide even in the small affairs of his life which bore him on to unexpected fortune. It chanced one day that this proper but thriftless young man met Dr. Samuel Johnson. At that time Johnson had touched the zenith of his literary power. After a harsh and racking life, he had conquered his enemies, and stood forth as the most peerless man in all the ranks of Britain's imperial sons. It is true that the scrofula had eaten the old man into a skeleton, and he was as cross as a wild boar of the swamps, and as gloomy as the shadows of Hades. He was by no means a picture of beauty to the stranger, but he was a man whom nature had endowed with transcendent genius—a scholar among scholars, a wit beneath whose flashes all other wit faded like stars in the daytime, and a poet whose harp trembled with the richest songs of the muses.

Perhaps the best thing that can be said of Boswell is that he appreciated Johnson. He marked him as a prince among
men, and was willing to call him master. There was born in him the ambition to link his destiny with Johnson and become his friend. He bid adieu to every other pursuit and broke from every other companion, that he might follow the fortunes of this snarly and ill-tempered old scholar. He hung about him as his shadow, followed him from the club-room to the study, and from the study to the chamber, and with book and pencil in hand dotted down every word as it fell from his lips. He beguiled the old philosopher into constant conversation, only that he might catch his brilliant sayings and garner them in his store-house. For years it was almost impossible for the old man to get out of sight of him, and when at last the silver chord was broken and the weary old giant sank down to the repose of the grave, Boswell's anguish was soothed by the reflection that he was to be the custodian of his fame. His hands were full of the best possible material for Johnson's biography, and the preparation of that book was the crowning work of his life.

No satellite ever revolved in sweeter submission around its sun than did Boswell hover around his hero, and even his worst critics have been constrained to admit that what he did was nobly done. It has long been a problem with literary men to define Boswell's place in the firmament of letters. Some, beneath the fascination of his book, have been ready to assign him a place among the great; others, recalling his sycophancy, have branded him with contempt. Some one on one occasion scornfully asked Goldsmith, "Who is that cur?" referring to Boswell—to which Goldsmith replied, "He is not a cur but a burr which some one threw at Sam Johnson, and he has been sticking to him ever since." Many of you will recall Lord Macaulay's waspish philippic against Boswell. He smites him as if he was a dog and gibets him as a lick-spittle.

It becomes not me to join battle with Boswell's critics, and yet I am constrained to say that the world has never done him justice. They have called him a satellite, and on that score ruled him out. I admit that he was a satellite, and justify him in his peculiar and much abused character. Why should we wage war on the satellite? There is a place in Nature for satellites, and why may they not have a place in letters? The earth upon which we live is a satellite, and when we attempt to put the torch to satellites we become the incendiary of our own homes. The fair moon which sheds such mellow radiance along our pathway is a satellite, and yet I am sure that the sentimental part of my audience would not permit me to speak disrespectfully of her lunar majesty. She is the patron of the evening stroll, of the whispered avowal of love, of happy hours on Gamble's Hill, and delightful lingerings at the front gate. Indeed, when I look upon this assemblage and note with what obsequious devotion some of my young friends are swinging around certain little heavenly bodies, I am sure they would not fall out with me if I were to pronounce them satellites of the most blissful and incurable order.

There is no disgrace in satellitism. If Boswell chose to play a secondary part for Johnson, was he guilty of intellectual or moral meanness in the act? I think not. He had skirmished with life on an independent line, and he had
come out in the vocative. He had sought to rise, and found that he could not make the journey. He had no boat of his own with which to cross the sea, and so he accepted the position of steerage passenger on another man's ship. He had no wings of his own with which to fly, so he jumped astride an eagle and rode up beyond the clouds. In his case the choice lay between being a satellite and nothing. As an original question, all of us would prefer to be stars of the first magnitude, but if shut out of that, we would be willing to compromise on the position of feeble but shining suns, but if that fails us, then what? Shall we shrink out of being, or shall we not take the servant's place and be a satellite? If we cannot be what we would, let no one despise us for being what we can. Boswell was signally lacking in originality. His was a feeble and unproductive nature, and could only give out what it could take in. They were not using first-class material when Boswell was brought into existence, and yet nature felt that it was worth while to make Boswell. I suppose that if Boswell could have arranged matters, he would have been even greater than Johnson. As it was, he was cut out of scant material and by a short pattern, and he had what many have not—the sense to know his inferiority. He did not lose his little wits and attempt to outshine Johnson. He simply moved around him, caught his splendors, and threw them back upon the world. His part was second class, but he played it in a first-class way.

Let us look a little more closely into the resemblance between a satellite and Boswell.

We know that the place of the satellite is that of inferiority. It was born to dance attendance upon nobler bodies, and its very life depends upon its servility. If it should strike for freedom and break its chains it would go out in chaotic wreck. I know that Boswell suffered grievous things at the hands of his master. He was kicked and sneered without a show of mercy. He was a foot-ball for the old tyrant's prejudices. That he sometimes smarted beneath the gibes and slings of the crabbed scholar we can easily believe, but would it not have been folly on his part to break with the old man and lose the honor of such fellowship? By forsaking Johnson he might have escaped mortification, but he would have been the greater loser. He was richly repaid for every wrong he suffered by daily contact with such a rich and noble mind. His relations with Johnson lifted him above the common crowd, and made him the companion of greatness. He was a servant, but genius was his master. Many of us might consent to play second fiddle, when "Old Sam" is touching the strings of the chief instrument. The next thing to being great, is friendship with greatness. Boswell had no genius of his own, but he walked arm in arm with a man who had a world of it, and that too until he became permeated and transformed by it.

Another thing about the satellite. It is an unproductive body. It has no inherent power. It is simply a medium. It borrows its radiance from outside sources. It is rescued from eternal obscurity only by swinging across the path of some real luminary. What would a satellite be without a sun? We may not be able to say what Boswell would have been without Johnson, and yet we know that it was his contact with John-
son which kindled him into a great and lofty purpose. From the day that he met Johnson his star of destiny began to twinkle above the horizon. Perhaps, if at first the eccentric old philosopher had suspected that this sycophantic young man would dare even to think of becoming his biographer, he would have scowled him from his presence, but he was too busy to detect his motive, and so Boswell worked on until he had woven himself into the very existence of his hero. He came to know Johnson better than Johnson knew himself. He committed him to memory, took his measure inside and out, carried him in his heart, wrote him down in his diary, and at the last became the real master of his master. He put Johnson into himself until he glowed with Johnson's effulgence. We have said that Boswell produced nothing; it would be more correct to say that he reproduccessed Johnson, in every lineament of his character, and in every word and act of his life. After the sun of Johnson had gone behind the hills, its radiance flooded the world—a mere reflection from Boswell the satellite.

Again. There is a touch of almost pathetic generosity in a satellite. It is a dependent creature and can never run an exhibition on its own hook. A universe of satellites would be a lamentable failure. But while a satellite is thus without resources of its own, it is one of the most obliging and magnanimous objects in the world. It has no lamps of its own, but so ready is it to furnish an illumination, that it will steal the lamps from the halls of its royal master and set them aglowing simply for the pleasure of seeing them shine. Take for example the moon,—young gentlemen, the smiling, beautiful moon. I do not wish to speak disparagingly of her lunar majesty, but I simply remind you of an astronomical fact, that she is an absolutely dead body. She could not furnish out of her own resources sufficient light even for the single serenade which some of these musical country students propose to give their suburban sweethearts on next Thursday night. She has no stock in any electric company, runs no gas-works of her own, and does not even possess an old-time set of candle moulds,—but she is a good moon all the same. She is a dead body, but her black carcass hangs up in the sky in order that it may scatter the rays of her central luminary. Month by month she drapes the earth in mellow radiance and makes our evenings the fairest and sweetest of all our existence. She lights the lamps in the little summer houses of the front yards and makes it as bright as day, and sometimes as bright as heaven, to those who are billing and cooing together beneath the jessamine and the roses.

There is something absolutely subduing in the self-forgetfulness of James Boswell. They who brand him as an ignoble cringer do him great wrong. He was not afraid of Johnson. He was no beggar at the rich man's gate, asking for bread. He loved Johnson and lived to honor him. He could have truly said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." He was the silent mirror which threw back the glory of Johnson's genius upon the earth. It is easy to sneer at him as a satellite, but there was in him a spirit of magnanimity and self-sacrifice which encircles his brow with a halo of glory. His life was an offering for the good of others.
But one more remark. The beauty of the satellite is in its borrowed light. If it should turn its back upon the sun and refuse to be a reflector, it would simply remain a black and hideous thing in space. But if it will stick to its business and do its part by the sun, then the sun will redeem and glorify it. Without Johnson, Boswell's life was a blank, but with him, it was a shining success. He did much for Johnson, but by that act unconsciously he did more for himself.

It is true that biography is not the highest type of literature, but the common sense of mankind has decreed that Boswell's life of Johnson is the highest type of biography. As a picture it will stand among the masterpieces of human art. Goldsmith may flout at him and Macaulay sneer, but as long as the English language lasts, Boswell's book will stand as the monument to his enthusiasm and fidelity. They have called him a barnacle, but he clings to a ship which can defy the storms of time and go voyaging on forever.

And now let me add that every satellite has its own appointed track. It has a way of its own. Its orbit may be small, and it may circle around the sun, but it is its own orbit. It follows no other path and collides with no other bodies. It has its work, quiet and unpretentious, and when it has done that it has done its duty. More than its duty, not even a dazzling sun could do.

This world is not kind to her feeble, faithful men. It forgets its brawny son of toil, smutted and scarred, standing faithfully in his place, winning bread and raiment for his house, serving God and his country, and then being translated to an eternal reward. We sing few songs in favor of the humble soldier who, without star or strap, pours out his blood on the fiery edge of battle. We look coldly on God's messenger of peace in rustic garb and with speech blunt and bold, who never saw the stained window, nor heard the peal of the rolling organ, nor tripped the carpeted stairway of a metropolitan pulpit, who yet holds up the cross in the dark places, alluring to brighter worlds and leading the way. Men's orbits may be small, but their faces may glow with celestial light and put sunshine wherever they go.

And now the ending word. We talk of satellites and think we show ourselves grand and great if we but scornfully say this man or that, is a satellite. Friend, remember that while the little satellite is dancing around the sun, the sun in his grander way is also moving around a centre. Even the sun is a satellite. Boswell swung around Johnson, and Johnson himself was a revolving figure in the firmament of English letters. He caught his light from others. Earth's greatest men move along a line which is the resultant of many attractive forces, and they fling out a light which is composed of the concurrent rays of all the ages. There is but one star, and that, the Star of Bethlehem—but one sun, and that, the Sun of Righteousness. Happy, happy are we, if we can find somewhere an orbit that circles around him, and move in that forever.
Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: "Two things," says Kant, "fill my soul with perpetually new and increasing admiration and reverence, the oftener and the longer I occupy my reflection upon them: the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me." Out of the former has arisen the science of Mathematics, for astronomy is the mother of mathematics. Out of the latter has sprung the science of ethics. These two sciences, which thus stirred the soul of the grandest philosopher that the world has ever known, are twin sisters. They bear striking resemblances and mutual marks of beauty in form and feature. If you will but tear off the gaudy robes that clad the science of mathematics and reduce it to its real form, it will require no shrewd mind to perceive that it is akin to ethics. There is, for example, my friends, a striking likeness between our idea of space and our idea of right. There is no human mind in which these ideas are not intuitively known, and no human reasoning that they do not pervade. They are necessary assumptions in all our thinking, and without them all this cosmical universe would be an unknowable void. To put it in technical language, they are universal, necessary, and the principles immediately derived from them are self-evident. For a moral law is equally as self-evident as a mathematical axiom. And not only are they analogous in their fundamental ideas and their first principles, but in their method of treating their subject-matter. They are both deductive sciences from self-evident principles. The mathematician, assuming the primary laws of quantity, evolves and formulates all the mathematical ideas that we have, filling space with infinite variety of geometrical conceptions and clothing the dry bones of an algebraic equation in the beautiful garb of mathematical figure. The moralist, on the other hand, assuming the first principles of right, brings out and appreciates the moral quality of the infinite number of acts that crowds the life of each intelligent being, putting into the acts of man a meaning worthy of him who is created in the image of God. I can fill space with an infinite variety of mathematical figures; I can fill abstract rightness with an infinite variety of moral acts. One can conceive in space of a series of figures of such a nature, that knowing one he can deduce the relations of the others. I can also conceive in human life a series of acts of such a nature, that knowing the moral quality of one, we can logically deduce that of the others. The relations that different species of triangles bear one to another are not entirely unlike those that different acts of obedience to a superior bear to each other. These two sciences, being thus analogous, require the same kind of talents to develop them; and hence, whenever a life has been consecrated to mathematical study, ethics has lost one priest. He who is a master in mathematics can be a master in ethics; and the moral philosopher Plato was not
guilty of bad taste or ignorance, when he placed over the portals of his academy, "Let no one enter here who is ignorant of geometry." For he who has not the talent for working his way into the spirit of mathematical reasoning, and is not capable of appreciating the beauties of mathematics, is hopelessly blinded to the spirit and methods of ethical science.

Then, too, not only are these two sciences alike in themselves, but they are equally old, and have walked hand in hand through many ages. Adam, my friends, was the first mathematician. He, too, was the first moralist. The first principles of both mathematics and ethics were born in Eden. A few days after the Creator decked the starry heavens above man, he put the moral law within him. The light of the sun is but a few days older than the light of moral reason.

Few things are known about the system of education in the past, since all evidence about them is dim and uncertain through rust and decay. Yet there is no possible room for doubt but that mathematics and morals were taught by the ancient priests of Egypt. And who is there that denies that the beauty and attractions of Grecian thought are due to the extensive study of ethics in that liberty-loving country! Pythagoras taught music, mathematics, and morals. Socrates has rendered his name a household word by his teaching in ethics. But while mutually old, the course of these sciences has been quite different. At first, ethics seems to have taken the lead, for no one can doubt but that the ancient Greek was better posted in ethics than in mathematics.

But when the day of Grecian renown drew to a close, and the sun of Athenian glory and liberty was already beneath the western horizon, and the civilized world lay helpless in the dark, iron grasp of Roman power, ethics vanished from sight like a beautiful landscape when it is being veiled by the darkness of the oncoming night. And ever since, throughout the dark night of mediæval times, mathematics has been the popular favorite. All through this period, and even down to the present day, there has been a tendency to neglect ethics and to idolize her sister, mathematics. Mathematics is studied in every school, but ethics in comparatively few. Nearly every man has mastered more or less of mathematics, while few are they that have even heard of an ethical text-book. Of the leading educational men of to-day, there are five who spend their lives in the development of mathematics to one who devotes his time and talent to the advancement of ethical study. In our college course we spend from three to five sessions in the study of mathematics, and some who seem especially fond of it cling on to it for seven or eight; while to the study of the science of duty we devote the exceedingly long time of three months. Although in practical life we meet ten originals in ethics to one in mathematics, yet in our college course we spend hours poring over mathematical originals; while in ethics we rest in blissful contentment if with learned air we are able to "give the author's treatment." And we do this, knowing that almost all the original problems that we must encounter in life are of an ethical nature.

We have, my friends, an occasion for solving an ethical problem every time an act presents itself to be acted out. Every variation in life is accompanied
with the solution of an ethical problem. Hence it is vastly more important that we should be able to walk alone in ethical reasoning than in mathematical reasoning. And, although we recognize this fact, yet the very atmosphere of our college life is saturated with mathematical ideas and problems, while an ethical original is an unheard-of and an unknown thing. Each week the student is required to write out in logical order the steps in the proof of some such problem as this: “Prove that the area of a triangle is equal to half the product of the base by the perpendicular,” or, “Show that two given right lines intersect in such and such a point.” But who ever heard in the school of ethics of any such problem as: “Prove that it is morally wrong for some boys to boycott the professors, when the others have gone on an excursion to Washington,” or, “Show the moral quality of ‘toe-pulling!’” And yet one of these admits of equally as logical a proof as the other, and can be made equally as evident to a reasoning mind. Pythagoras could not make it a bit more evident to his pupils that the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, than could Socrates make clear to Crito that he ought not by bribery to thwart the decree of the court of his country, by fleeing from its death sentence. Many are the men who, assuming the fundamental laws of quantity, can prove almost any problem in that science, but are so ignorant of ethics that they are unable to bring out and appreciate the moral quality of the most common-place acts of life. The truth is, my friends, that men upon the shortest acquaintance fall in love with mathematics, and are happy to spend their lives at her shrine, paying court to her and being absorbed in her charms, while her sister, equally beautiful and even more helpful and entertaining, is neglected save by comparatively few. There are only three reasons that occur to me at this time for this fact. The first is that mathematics, having more and wealthier minds devoted to her development, is on that account in a more entertaining and attractive shape than ethics. If the same time and talent had been spent in the development of ethics that has been devoted to the advancement of mathematics, she would to-day be equally as attractive and helpful a study, and would present a form even more beautiful and sublime. The second is due to the fact that many men who know little about religion and less about ethics, holding that the latter was a part of the former, have banished ethics to the theological schools and the pulpit for its development. As if ethics applied any more to the preacher than to the lawyer or the shoemaker! It is important that each should know moral law, and its study would equally benefit each. The ground for this opinion, or rather prejudice, is found in the fact that in ethical study we must reason upon our own errors and sins, which fact is wounding to our pride, and logically leads to repentance. But this, my friends, is not a sufficient reason for depriving the populace of a study which offers as much pleasure and benefit as does the science of ethics.

And the third reason is the different way in which these sciences are taught. In mathematics the student is expected to master the science; in ethics he is expected to cram the author. In mathe-
MORALS AND MATHEMATICS.

Mathematics we study the science of quantity, while in ethics we study the philosophy of the science of duty. In mathematics the question is put, Do you know so-and-so, and can you prove it? while in ethics it is asked, How do you know, by the exercise of what intellectual faculty? and so forth. In a word, the science of ethics is hardly ever taught; but it is used to illustrate intellectual philosophy. In the so-called study of ethics we do not study morals, but use morals to illustrate and explain the methods and faculties of knowing. It is easy to see, my friends, that this method of teaching might be reversed, and the student would lose nothing by it. There is a philosophy of mathematics as well as a philosophy of morals, and a science of morals as well as a science of mathematics; and one is equally as worthy of study as the other. Not that I would have mathematics studied less—however much this might relieve the Richmond College student—but I would have ethics studied more, especially the science of ethics.

Having compared these sciences in themselves, and having glanced at their record, let us for a moment look into the benefits that their study offers to the student. The only benefit that mathematics can offer to the student is an intellectual one. He who studies mathematics need not expect that any part of his nature except the intellect will be materially benefited. In this ethics shares, for she also presents herself as good exercise and training for the mind. Hand in hand they bring out and develop the reasoning faculty. They furnish the backbone of all intellectual training, and are the prime agents in college growth. Just as the soft and powerful sunlight falls upon the flower, as yet wrapt in the green externals of the bud, and silently and gently tears off these green externals, and opening the bud draws out the full-blown rose beautiful and fragrant; even so these sister sciences, throwing their silent influence around the mind of the green sophomore, imperceptibly, yet truly, develops him into full-blown manhood, to shed intellectual perfume and blessing upon all who come within his reach. Both sciences teach us to think logically, and practice the mind to run in connected channels of thought. Neither admits of anything except exactness, and both require absolute freedom from absurdity. And ethical reasoning is equally as effective an intellectual training as mathematical reasoning.

But ethics offers a moral benefit. I know that some hold that this is purely a theoretical science and in no way concerns practical morals. This I conceive to be a serious mistake. It is equally as practical a science as mathematics, and more practical than physics. You use the principles of mathematics in all measurements. They are used at the counter; they are used in the counting-room; they are used by the surveyor; they are used by the engineer. They seem to be in use in practical life everywhere, and yet they are not used oftener than are the principles of right.

If it is by the principles of mathematics that we determine quantity in exchange of property, it is by the principles of right that the person holds it undisturbed after purchase, and pays its full value in purchase. Statute law without being based upon the principles of right would be an empty, hollow shell. We would have no grip upon life or
property, were it not for the knowledge of the principles of the right. Ethics is the basis of lawful society, and the foundation upon which rest the structure of society; and if there is anything in which the mind should be educated, it is this science of right, upon a knowledge of which must rest all our hopes for prosperity and happiness.

A learned logician, in the introduction of his excellent Look on the Theory of Thought, has said, "A course in logic is about as needful to making men thinkers as a course in ethics is to make them virtuous, or a course in optics to make them see." This implies that there results from the study of ethics no practical moral benefit, which implies a misconception. Can it be that men will have their attention called and fixed day after day, in the years of youth when habit and character are being formed, to the principles of right and not heed the imperative demand of moral law? Is it any more probable that a man learned in the principles of quantity will go out into the world and allow himself to be deceived in measurement, than that a man who has learned the principles of true morality will allow himself to be deceived in that which underlies all intelligent action? Shall we in our ethical study find out that wrong-doing is always accompanied with suffering and compunction of conscience, and yet continue to follow evil? I know not how this may seem to others, but my own feelings and impulses tell me that it cannot be. But it seems to me that, inasmuch as the study of ethics calls the attention of the student to moral laws, and forces him to form a habit of thinking on them, it renders him more capable of knowing the right and makes it in every way more probable that he will heed its message. How was it that Socrates rose to be such a moral being? Was it not by his study of ethics? No, my friends, the learned logician to the contrary notwithstanding, an extensive study of ethics would greatly benefit the morals of society. American society is ethically rotten to the very core. Self-benefit, justly or unjustly, my own advancement, personal benefit, greatest good to the greatest number,—in a word, pleasure,—has taken the place of the sense of right in the popular mind. Nearly every noble act has offered as its motive that it will do good, and it is the rarest occurrence that you see a man do right because he recognizes the authority of moral law. Oh! what a pleading cry all this silence about right and duty sends up to Him into whose keeping and under whose care this science of the right is placed! What an eloquent protest it is against this continued neglect of ethical study! What a revelation of the destitution and inability of moral reasoning there is in the public mind! This age, when every man is popping up and demanding what he conceives to be his rights, when he is entirely mistaken and is incapable of reasoning out the moral quality of his demands, how eloquently it pleads for a greater knowledge of the right! Capital and labor are fighting over rights, when three-fourths of those on each side are incapable of seeing and appreciating the moral quality of the question at issue. This cry that goes up from the public mind to you leaders of education and instruction, does it not mean that the public mind of to-day is weaker than a baby in this great question of individual
right? We are weak in many, many places; but that ignorance of morality, that is such an epidemic at this time, is the cause of our greatest weakness.

We need help in many things, but we need it worse in relieving the public mind of this ignorance and weakness. Oh! you internal-improvement men! You statesmen who take such delight in river and harbor bills! Dare you spend millions upon millions in cleaning out the mud and filth that has accumulated in our rivers, and not one cent to clean out the ignorance that has accumulated in the public mind about this great question, in whose hand rests the only hope of our country?

Let ethics be studied. Let it be discussed upon every platform and at every fireside. Let her principles ring through valley and through dale until they are known to every mind. And especially let us see to it that the educated men—those who are prepared to be leaders in society—be well versed in the law of duty and right by an extensive study of the science of ethics. Then shall we hail a better day which we believe is already about to dawn. The scientific world is awakening to the importance of this study. The bright morning star of personal liberty is already high in the eastern sky. The gray dawn appears, and twilight already envelops us. The clouds around the mountain tops look white. The sun of ethical study is already upon the eastern horizon, and will soon appear bearing blessed truths of duty and right into every home and heart; and then Religion, which is the complement of Right, walking hand in hand with her, will rule over this land of the free and home of the brave.

[Speech of Mr. J. D. Martin, Final President of the Philologian Society, delivered at the Final Celebration, June 21, 1886.]

Valedictory.

Fellow-Students, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The drama of 1885-6 is closing. Soon the curtain will fall, to draw the line of demarkation between the events of the past nine months and those of future years. Soon these halls, accustomed to resound with merry laughter, will be silent. Soon the campus, on which we have so joyfully gathered, will be deserted, and the games in which we have delighted to engage will pass away to return with the refining dews of September. Soon we shall be scattered here and there all over this country, to engage in other things, and shall look back at the trials and pleasures, the failures and successes, and all the deeds of this eventful session, which will perhaps mark the destiny of many of us for "glory or despair," and number them among the things of bygone years. But before we let the curtain fall and launch out into the future to see what the world has in store for us, let us with a retrospective eye turn ourselves from anticipations and take one more lingering view at the events that, when recalled in future days, will bring joy and gladness to the hearts of some, sorrow and sadness to the hearts of others.

This indeed has been an eventful ses-
sion; so long as life shall be granted to the students of this session, the recollections of the events that transpired from June to September will ever linger around them, and they will ever thank God that they have been permitted to attend Richmond College and sit under the instruction of its learned faculty; for where in all this country can be found a more learned corps of teachers than ours? As Rome, built upon her seven hills, braved the trials, and withstood the foes, rose higher and higher in her glory and grandeur and became the mistress of the world, so Richmond College, at the beginning of this session, resting upon her seven mighty columns, was destined to become the leader of the educational world. But severe have been her trials during the past session, and bravely has she borne them, and yet stands forth in her beauty as an honor to our country and a light to the world. But she will not soon recover from the blow that has been dealt her. While all around was sunshine and prosperity a mighty storm arose and the clouds of affliction gathered thick and fast, and the angel of death came over; and on the 27th of November, 1885, one of the mighty columns fell, and severe was the shock. Utter the name of Dr. Brown, and you strike a tender chord in the affections of every Richmond College boy. Tenderly did we love him, eagerly did we listen to his words of wisdom, and seek to learn from him. When all was well, and joy and happiness crowded our pathway, in him we found one to rejoice with us; when beclouded with doubts and fears, and all was dark, and trouble overshadowed us, in him we found a sympathizing friend and helper, and when he was taken from us, language cannot express our grief. Both professors and students lingered around his last remains, as if to catch one more of his tender words of consolation; but alas! he was silent. Tenderly and lovingly have we laid him away beneath the silent shades of "Hollywood," to speak no more. He is gone; sadly do we miss him, but, thank God, "he has passed over the river and is resting under the shade of the trees"; no more shall we hear his loving voice, but he shall ever live, his memory will be perpetuated through coming ages, and future generations will look back to Dr. Brown for an example of nobility and manhood. Fellow-students, his example is before us, his words still linger in our ears, his noble Christian character, his earnestness, his perseverance, his faith, his life, his manhood, all call us on to follow in his footsteps, rising higher and higher in the scale of manhood, until it shall be said of us, as of him, that "the world has been benefited by our having lived in it."

While we delight to dwell long on the memory of so great a man as Dr. Brown, yet there are other things that claim our attention, and to these we must turn. Many have been the pleasures of the past session. Often have our hearts been made glad. Pleasure excursions in the midst of toil we have hailed with delight. Our bosoms have been made glad. Pleasure excursions in the midst of toil we have hailed with delight. Our bosoms have been made glad. Pleasure excursions in the midst of toil we have hailed with delight.
the dawn of light and sped us, as on the wings of the morning breezes, across the hills and along beside the broad waters of the Potomac, until at last we found ourselves standing in the streets of the grand old Capital of the United States, infatuated with the beauty and grandeur that surrounded us. And with equal delight have we enjoyed the pleasures around these dear old grounds. In the midst of so much labor, pleasant evenings have come to break the dull monotony of routine work. At all our public meetings our chapel has been filled with Richmond's fair daughters, upon whose beaming faces we have looked with delight, and taken fresh courage for the trials before us. Friends have come and gone, ignorant of the aid they have given us. Many of our friends have loaned us a helping hand, as they have passed around to look at the place or to visit the museum; and rest assured that we have taken cognizance of every visit, even though it was to see the mummy. We have delighted to steal away from our toils and spend an hour or two with our friends in the city. Often have we been encouraged by the kindness of our city friends to brave the trials of college life. And while, kind friends, you have visited the college, and we have visited your homes, ties that shall ever bind you to us have been forming in our bosoms which, though we may soon be forgotten by you, shall ever bind you to us, and which will follow us, wherever we go, to fill our pathway with joy and happiness.

Next we turn to the pleasures of the class-room. Often with trembling forms and throbbing hearts, when called on to recite, have we cried out, "unprepared to-day, Professor," and with joy you can imagine, received as our reward the enormous sum of zero.

Often have our ears been delighted with the very pleasant and familiar phrases, "cum occasionalle," "abative of general circumstance under which," and "dative of personal reference." Often have we been predicated by an "attributive participle," and sent off to dig for "Greek roots"; and no less often have we been placed upon the "asymptote to the hyperbola," and sent off to where it becomes identical with the tangent to the curve, and longed never to return again. We have roamed so long in the mysteries of psychology, logic, and ethics, until it absolutely seems to us that it is a "self-evident fact" that they are a "universal necessity." Often have we made possible the impossible, such as taking the angle made by the ground and a rope stretched from the top of the college tower to a place fifty feet from the bottom, and tell how far the sun is from the earth, or, by the law of gravitation, if you let the earth fall, whether it would fall into the Atlantic ocean or James river. Often have our ears been delighted and our oratorical ambitions heightend by the grand flights of eloquence into the atmosphere to bring down the constituents necessary to the growth of vegetation, and to the centre of the earth to bring up the soluble matter to enrich the soil. But why speak of a man's eloquence when it is a part of his nature, for we are acquainted with the Latin hexameter, "Naturam si jurea expellas, tamen usque recurrell"—"You may drive out nature with a pitchfork, but she will return again." Often have we toiled from nine o'clock in the morning until ten or twelve at night in the very pleasant
work of examinations, and to the delights of such, all my fellow-students will testify. But alas! these pleasures are all over; three long months must pass away before we can enjoy them again, and some of us, perhaps, never.

Soon we must say "farewell"—the saddest of all sad words,—but it must be said, "Fare thee well; and if forever, still forever, fare thee well." To the old societies where we have had so much pleasure, and whose celebration we enjoy to-night—to you we bid "farewell." And dear old "Mess Hall"—the dearest of all places around Richmond College,—where often we have striven to chew beefsteak in the gravy of which it was impossible to stick a fork, and wrestled with butter strong enough to stand alone, we bid thee "farewell"; but we hope not forever. And to the dear old college, within whose walls we have spent so many happy hours, to thee we say "farewell." And to you, beloved teachers, it is with sad hearts that we turn to say "farewell." With delight have we listened to your word of wisdom and instruction for the last nine months; sometimes we have been vexed at your decisions, because you have pitched us on our examinations; but now we can see that all was for the best, and still we love you, and as we turn from you to go to our homes we invoke the blessings of God upon you, that you may be successful in your work. To you, fellow-students, I must say "farewell." The time has come when we must be scattered abroad; some of us go forth with happy hearts, because success has attended our labors; others with downcast looks and sad hearts, because we have been unfortunate; but be not cast down, remember the Latin maxim, "in magnis et voluisse est est"—in great things it is sufficient to have tried. In the language of Longfellow, "Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

Fellow-students, as we go forth from these walls, some of us to return next fall, some never to return again, let us go with manly hearts and strong determinations to show to the world what Richmond College is, and what she is doing for humanity. So go forth, my fellow-students, and as you go, may joy and happiness be yours, and the blessings of the Master be upon you.

Fair daughters of Richmond and friends of the college, it is with mingled joy and sadness that we bid you "farewell." The interest that you have taken in us, and the interest we take in you (especially the daughters) make us loth to say "farewell." But wearied with the successive labors of nine long months, our faces glow with gladness at the idea of rest for a season; and then, too, in our far-away homes, there are loved ones with outstretched arms and warm hearts waiting to welcome us back once more. Oh! how we long to see those bound to us by kindred ties, and some bound by other ties that bind more closely than any kindred tie can bind.

But with joy or sadness, we must say "farewell." "Farewell," kind friends, we hope to meet you again; and in the language of Shakespeare, "If we do meet again, why we shall smile; if not, why then this parting was well made." Once more to one and all I say "farewell."
Sunday Night.

The first baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class was preached on Sunday night, June 20th, 1886, by Rev. H. H. Tucker, D. D., of Georgia. The weather was all that could be desired; and a large audience of Richmond's most cultured citizens graced the college chapel.

We clip the following from the "Dispatch," to which we are indebted for a good account of the commencement:

The closing exercises of Richmond College began Sunday night with the commencement sermon delivered in the college chapel by Dr. H. H. Tucker, of Atlanta. All the Baptist churches in the city suspended services for the occasion, and the large chapel was filled to its greatest capacity. The exercises opened with an anthem rendered by the choir of the Second Baptist church. Then followed an invocation by Dr. Hume, of Chapel Hill, N. C., reading of Scriptures by Rev. J. Wildman, and prayer by Dr. Cooper. After these preliminary exercises, which were interspersed with several hymns, Dr. Hatcher introduced the distinguished divine from Georgia, who announced as his theme "The Responsibility of the Educated Man." He read several passages of Scripture that bear upon the subject, and chose for his text Luke xii., 48—"For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." He began by asserting that the principle which is contained in the text—viz., that our responsibility is in proportion to what we have—is universally prevalent and universally acknowledged. No rational human being would deny its existence or its justice any sooner than he would deny the fact that fire burns. So clearly does the human mind perceive the existence of this principle that eternity cannot add to its conception, for it seems that the infinite mind of God himself has emptied itself into our minds of all its knowledge of this truth.

Responsibility, according to our conception of it, can exist only in the concrete, but not in the abstract. If it exists, still it must be in relation to something else. Now, as referred to an individual, it must relate to what he has or has not; and as we know from its very nature it cannot relate to what he has not, it must relate to what he has. Since, then, what we have is the standard of our responsibility and accountability to God, it is of great importance to inquire what this is, and to learn as best we can the standard by which our lives are to be declared faithful or unfaithful when arraigned before the bar of God. In some respects the natural endowments of all men are the same. All men are endowed with seeing, hearing, feeling, &c.; all men have the power to think; all have the possession of worldly goods, all have some power and influence over their fellow-men. So the divinity of God's gifts to men is rather in degree than in
kind. The text speaks not of all men who are thus generally endowed, but it specifies a certain class—it refers only to those to whom *much* is given; and I shall attempt to show that the educated man is included in this class. I appeal to you, graduates, to know how great an estimate you put on your education. What would you take as a fair price for your education? Could millions of dollars compensate you for the utter lack of education? I do not address a body of kings, but a body of men more powerful and kingly than kings. I do not address a body of noblemen, but a body of men made noble by mental culture. Education is valuable, because it gives man power over himself; it increases the possibility of self-development. The uneducated man may improve his mind to some extent, but in his effort he is opposed by so many difficulties, which in number and strength amount to almost impossibilities, that the extensive cultivation, expansion, and development of his mind is beyond his reach. Like one who cannot swim, or swim at all, he cannot stem the tide of unfavorable circumstances and surroundings, but sinks beneath the current and is doomed to obscurity; but the educated man is like a strong swimmer, whom all these circumstances and surroundings help rather than hinder, for they bear him upward and onward. The educated man has it in his power to end one day wiser than he began it, and if at the close of life he does not find himself infinitely wiser than when he graduated, it is because he wraps his talents in the napkin of his diploma and buries it in his bosom—a poor grave for so grand a thing.

It is because he does not avail himself of the increased facilities for self-culture that education puts within his reach, for there is no capital that increases with such wonderful rapidity and doubles itself so quickly as intellectual capital. Some men, it is true, do not avail themselves of this increased facility. There are some who are really wiser when they graduate than at any subsequent period of their lives. The fading parchment upon which their diploma is printed is but a representation of their mental deterioration, but they should read underneath these fading lines this solemn and important declaration, "Unto whom much is given, of him shall much be required." Education increases a man's capacity for moral development. The educated man is placed on a higher plane, from which he can more clearly discern the relation that he sustains to his fellow-man and to his God, and can therefore the more plainly understand his responsibility to both. His learning ought to make him humble and ought to promote in his nature generosity and charity towards men and reverence towards God. But education not only gives a man power over himself, but power over others.

The speaker then cited striking illustrations and examples to prove that it is the educated man that is respected and obeyed, and that the world really is and always has been in the hands of its educated men. They, said he, are the promoters of art and science. They fill the pulpits and control the literature; they make the laws and direct public sentiment. Surely, then, the educated man is included in the list of those to whom much is given, and therefore of the educated man a great deal will be required. Not only is what we have a standard of
our responsibility, but we will be rewarded according to the way we meet this responsibility; and what is still more solemn, we will be punished by the same standard; so therefore the principle set forth in the text puts us in a position wherein it is our privilege to win an infinitely bright crown of reward, or to sink ourselves to an infinite depth of damnation.

The sermon was one of great power, and fully met; and probably surpassed, the expectations which the extensive reputation of Dr. Tucker had excited. At the conclusion of the sermon Dr. Tucker addressed some wise and profitable words to the graduating class; after which an earnest prayer was offered by Dr. Pollard. Dr. Reid, formerly missionary to Africa, pronounced the benediction.

Dr. Tucker’s fine reading impressed us forcibly. The sermon was read so well that many people were not aware of the fact.

Monday Night.

On Monday night the joint final celebration of the societies took place at the college. A large audience was present, and seemed well pleased with the exercises. The speeches impressed us as being better than the average commencement orations. Mr. Hatcher handled his subject well, and showed that the satellite is no mean figure after all.

Mr. Dickinson’s address was well delivered and full of telling hits. He made a profound impression on the crowd, and closed amid great applause.

We are happy to be able to give his and Mr. Hatcher’s speeches in full. The meeting was gracefully presided over by Presidents Edwards and Martin.

The following programme was carried out:


Mr. Edwards has a fine voice and graceful delivery, and was applauded heartily by appreciative auditors.

Mr. E. B. Hatcher, of Richmond (son of Dr. W. E. Hatcher, and a Master of Arts of this session), has an easy, pleasant delivery, and from his first sentence caught and held the attention of the audience.

His defence of “satellites” was ingenious, witty, and popular, and frequently brought down the house in loud applause or uproarious laughter at his good hits. Indeed, his speech was a success on a line hard to pursue, and yet one which college orators would do well to cultivate if they would more frequently enliven their celebrations and catch the popular applause.

Mr. Hatcher and his friends have cause of hearty congratulations on his splendid success as a student, the admirable manner in which he represented his Society, and the bright prospects of future success and usefulness which spread out before him. His close was in fine taste, chaste, and eloquent, and he was greeted with long and loud applause as he took his seat.

Mr. Alfred J. Dickinson, of Louisa...
county, (son of the lamented Dr. C. R. Dickinson, and also a Master of Arts of this session), handled his subject with marked ability. His speech was carefully thought out, well written, and admirably delivered. It was free from the cheap rhetoric and staple clap-trap of the average college speech, and was illumined with some admirable sallies of wit and good hits, which frequently brought down the house in hearty applause.

Mr. Dickinson will follow in the footsteps of his able and greatly-beloved father, and as a preacher of the gospel we predict for him a successful and useful career which will shed additional lustre on this name, so well known for its gifted preachers.

Mr. Dickinson was loudly applauded as he took his seat, and he and his friends are to be cordially congratulated that he has crowned a splendid college career by a really admirable college speech.

Mr. Martin, in the course of a feeling valedictory, paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the lamented professor Dr. A. B. Brown. He had some good-natured hits at professors and fellow-students, which brought down the house, and spoke words of earnest, tender farewell.

The celebration was, as a whole, a splendid success.

Tuesday Night.

Despite the heavy rain (which, in addition to other discomforts, put many of the boys in for hacks instead of the more enjoyable promenade), there was a fine audience at the College chapel.

The marching in of Governor Lee and the orator of the evening, Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer, of Chicago, escorted by the marshals and committeemen, was greeted with applause, which was loudly repeated when Governor Lee came forward and called the assembly to order.

The following was the interesting programme:


After the applause with which he was greeted had subsided Governor Lee made a few introductory remarks, in which he mingled pleasant humor with sound advice. Governor Lee alluded to the story of old Diwenport, of Connecticut, who, on the “dark day,” moved that candles be brought in “that the House might proceed with its duty,” and to the advice of a soldier to his son, “Duty is the sublimest word in the English language,” and urged the young men in brief but earnest phrase to catch the spirit of these words and carry with them to the battle of life these noble sentiments. He paid a high tribute to Richmond College, and expressed his deep interest in all of our institutions of learning. He congratulated the societies in their fortunate selection of an orator, and gracefully introduced Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of Chicago.

Dr. Lorimer was received with loud applause, which was frequently repeated during the delivery of his splendid address, which he spoke without manu-
script or note in his earnest, graceful, and eloquent style.

Rev. Dr. Cooper presented the medals in an appropriate speech.

The whole celebration was a splendid success, and a fitting finale to a session of more than ordinary prosperity to these literary societies.

Governor Lee thanked Dr. Lorimer for his splendid address; said that they would always welcome him to Virginia, and that he "would now step down from the exalted position of president to be once more plain Governor."

**Wednesday Night.**

The chapel at Richmond College was crowded to-night with a brilliant audience to hear the address before the Society of Alumni by Rev. W. C. Bitting, of Mount Morris church, New York city. Mr. Bitting was raised in Richmond when his distinguished father (C. C. Bitting) was pastor of the Second Baptist church. He took the degree of Master of Arts at Richmond College; graduated at Crozer Theological Seminary; was a very successful pastor at Luray, and went two years ago to Mount Morris, New York city, where he is winning golden opinions as a preacher and pastor.

After prayer by Rev. Dr. J. C. Long, of Crozer Theological Seminary, Professor W. F. Fox, president of the Society, welcomed the audience, and made a very interesting statement of the advance made by the college in its material interests, its educational power, and its wide influence for good in the State, the South, and the world at large.

He then introduced as the poet of the alumni on the occasion Mr. George Bryan, of Richmond, who proceeded to deliver in "blank verse" a "poem," which convulsed the crowd with frequent bursts of laughter at his sallies of wit and admirable hits as he revived "memories of our college days."

He took his seat amid loud applause.

Mr. Fox then introduced Rev. W. C. Bitting, of New York. After the applause with which he was greeted had subsided, Mr. Bitting gracefully alluded to the pleasure he had in coming back to the dear old mother who nine years ago laid her hand upon him and sent him forth to do his work.

He said that he had never seen the day when he had ceased to be proud of the fact that he took his diploma at Richmond College.

He appropriately and naturally introduced as his subject "Individual Supremacy—Leadership."

**Thursday Night.**

The chapel was packed with one of the most brilliant audiences which even Richmond can afford.

At the appointed hour the Board of Trustees, the faculty, and the "degree men" marched to the strains of sweet music and amid loud applause.

Professor H. H. Harris (who during the past year has acted as chairman of the faculty with such great ability and so much to the satisfaction of the trustees, the students, and the friends of the college generally) presided on the occasion, and conducted the exercises with ease and skill.

The following was the programme:

Prayer by Rev. Dr. J. R. Garlick. Music. Announcement of Distinctions and of Promotions in Junior Classes. Presentation of "Woods" and "Steel" Med-


Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson presented the "Steel Medal" (founded by Dr. George B. Steel for proficiency in reading), and the "Woods Medal" (founded by Hiram Woods, of Baltimore,) in an appropriate and well-delivered speech. He spoke of the importance of both good speaking and good reading, and expressed his gratification that these honors had been so earnestly contested and so worthily won. He warmly congratulated the young men on their success and expressed his best wishes for their future success. He had taken pains to look into the matter, and was gratified to find that the medalists of this college in the past had generally won prizes in after life. He trusted that it would be so with the young men upon whom he now conferred these honors.

Just after the presentation of the certificates of distinction, Dr. Hatcher came forward and expressed the very great pleasure he had in performing a part not on the programme. In behalf of the classes in German, which were taught by Professor Hasseleff during the past year, he presented to the Professor a beautiful gold-headed cane in a brief and appropriate speech. He spoke in high terms of the ability and skill of Professor Hasseleff, and of the devotion of his students to him, and announced that the trustees had to-day elected him to teach modern languages in the college during the coming session. The announcement was greeted with loud applause by the students. Professor Hasseleff returned his thanks in a few earnest words.

In delivering the diplomas to the graduates in the School of English, Professor Harris requested that there should be no applause, as they thought of the great professor in this school (Dr. A. B. Brown), who had during the session fallen at the post of duty. He paid a brief and feeling tribute to the "Magnus Apollo" of the faculty, whose chair is forever vacant.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows, of Norfolk,
always welcomed by a Richmond audience, was peculiarly happy in presenting the "Tanner Medal" for Greek, and the "Gwin Medal" for Philosophy. He commended the example of Colonel Tanner and Dr. Gwin as founding in these medals monuments more lasting than marble, granite, or bronze. He made appropriate and graceful remarks to each recipient.

In delivering the diplomas Professor Harris took occasion to explain that they were not "in course" nor "of course," but had been attained only by hard work and the reaching of the high standard required.

The exercises were closed in a few remarks by Professor Harris, in which he took occasion to express the thanks of the faculty and all concerned to the students for their general good conduct and gentlemanly bearing. He spoke appropriate and eloquent words to the graduates, and appealed to them to take their appropriate part in working out the splendid future which lies before "the new South."

He claimed that Virginia has been and is to be the leader in the education of the South, and he urged that this college, in the metropolis of the State, should go to the front in this leadership. He alluded to the fact that many of these graduates were worthy sons of alumni, and urged them to be even better men than their fathers.

And thus has ended another "commencement" of a college whose beautiful grounds and buildings are an attraction to the city, and whose able faculty and high standards of scholarship should be the pride of our people, as they afford educational facilities of rarest value and excite the attention and admiration of strangers and visitors to the city.

Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

The Board had a protracted session, and had a very able discussion as to the merits of the several candidates for the chair of English in Richmond College. The discussion was very courteous, earnest, and able.

Upon the first ballot Rev. John Pollard, D. D., of Richmond, was elected to the professorship of English.

Dr. Pollard was educated at Columbian University, was for years a teacher, was pastor in Middlesex county, then in Baltimore, and for some years of Leigh-Street Baptist church, of this city.

Dr. Pollard has given special attention to the study of English, is a man of fine ability and wide culture. His name was not before the Board as a candidate for the position, and his cordial election was considered a high compliment to one so well known and so highly esteemed.

After taking some hours to consider the matter. Dr. Pollard appeared before the Board at its afternoon session and in a graceful and appropriate little speech accepted the position. He said that he had had no idea of this position until this morning, and, although he regretted that he had not a longer time to consider so important a proposition, yet he would accept the high honor, and pledged his best efforts to prove himself worthy of the confidence of the Board and to discharge the duties of this important trust.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on the following gentlemen: Rev. Edward Braislin, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. H. H. Wyer, of Warrenton, Va.; Rev. C. F. James, of Culpeper; and Rev. W. R. L. Smith, of Lynchburg.
Once more the duties of school life are over. The daily labor of the studious boy is changed for something more attractive. He does not now feel bound to get a list of lessons for the day, and go into the class-room and sit an hour listening to a dull professor, or subjected to the crucial test of sharper ones. He now can fold his arms in quiet, happy, listless ease, instead of looking every minute for the professor to pounce down upon him and see how little he knows about the lesson and everything else. Or he can wile away his hours on the shaded lawn and listen to the charming notes of siren singers, while a bright glow of warm passion is flowing from the depths of smiling eyes. No longer does he find himself entombed in dead and mouldering fossils of Greek and Latin, or trying to calculate some hyperbola or the like; but now the kindly zephyrs kiss his brow and whisper to his tired mind stories of a very different kind. Can you blame him if he deals a little in ideality and the sentimental? If he turns aside from his books and deals a little more with earth’s fair angels; seeking one to console his wounded heart? He has, perhaps, had little time during the last ten months to devote to such matters, for he found his energies concentrated on the acquisition of that sheepskin which he dimly discerned through the light of faith. Ah, many an anxious thought concerning that small article had dashed into his brain and disturbed his quiet; but now he can rest, for he holds his coveted prize in his own hands and gloats over it in his joy. Ah, say nothing of those who do not thus rejoice! It might not be good for you, or fair for them.

But ’tis enough. He has his crown not of olive but of sheepskin, and he goes away rejoicing. How thrills his heart with joy, for he is going home to rejoice in his good fortune. Yet a tinge of sorrow finds a place in all his joy, for is he not leaving his alma mater, where he has so often and so fully enjoyed her protection and training and support? Is he not leaving many kind friends who have entered much into his past life? Professors, who have been so kind and attentive, are now no more to serve him in the capacity of instructors. He must go out into the world himself, and become a self-dependent personality, to try his own fortunes in the vast sea of vicissitudes, and make for himself a name, or sink into cruel oblivion. He goes out. His heart is faint but hopeful. He looks upon the heaving billows of the vast empire of change, and sinks into a dreamy stupor while his memory and imagination play in wild unrestraint. Empires even come and go there. Glory and pleasure of the highest type fill his cup, and run over in happy profusion. He sees himself an honored millionaire surrounded with all the pleasures and comforts of life, or a leading senator swaying all America, while his glories cannot be contained; when lo, a rude thrust of evil fortune brings him face to face with the hard fate of most prosaic life. Yet he is not discouraged, but finds pleasure in the smiles of a kind and appreciative friend. In leaving college he has left, too, many intimate friends among his fellow-stu-
dents. They have been with him in many pleasures and many troubles, but perhaps he will never again see many of them. He feels this. But he soon finds others to fill their places.

And now that we are to go out into the world and try our fortune, we say goodbye to our friends of the quill with a feeling of mingled sadness and delicacy—delicacy, because we know not how it will be received by all; and sadness, because we have enjoyed our acquaintance with them, and are sad at the thought of not meeting them next year. This is our last visit, and we will refrain from any criticisms or compliments. We simply say that we have enjoyed our work, and have taken a deep interest in our exchanges. Good luck to all of you, and may you enjoy as much as we have, the labor imposed upon you. We shall miss you, we can truthfully say to each of our exchanges.

But we must lay down the quill for something else. And we do so with a hearty good wish for all.

VISITING.—The close of the session is here. Glad of rest, we lay aside our books, and after the pleasures and regrets of commencement, hie ourselves homeward to spend the summer amid familiar faces and scenes. As to how we shall employ the ensuing three months gives rise to many good resolutions. But the hot sun seems to evaporate their force, and we yield ourselves victims to inclination. Visiting relatives and friends, making pleasure trips, and forming new friendships, consume our time. The books to be studied are forgotten until it is time to return. Then we "pack up" and hie ourselves back to the college walls so long silent. Perhaps it is best not to tax the mind with severe studies under the summer's sun, when for nine months it has been kept under continued tension. A portion of the time could not be better spent than in reading some of the gems of literature.

But what about visiting? Clemens Alexandrinus said, "Homo solitarius, aut bestia aut Deus"—the recluse is either a beast or a god. That is, his nature is so low as to be beneath sympathy with the human soul, or else so superior as to be above sympathy with it. This does not forbid the necessity of retirement for self-examination and study. But when nine months have been spent in real solid work, it is very proper that much of the remaining three be spent in such light work as affords mental rest, and in visiting. Different persons have different purposes in visiting. But with all it is a result of the inherent disposition, more or less intense, to seek society, and with each to seek such society as to him affords most satisfaction. Among some, visiting is largely to see who can make the most "mashes," or show up on the record the greatest number of beaux; some, to avoid work, and have something of an excuse for their laziness; some, as slaves to society's custom, with no heart in the visit; while among others, it is the natural outflow of a feeling of respect or love, or both, seeking mutual benefit for both parties. When such is the case, it results in unmixed good. The development of powers and practical lessons learned thus are, in many respects, of far greater value than the theories of the schools. The refining and educational advantages of good society are indisputable. To chatter about nothing but rubbish, and see most sense in nonsense, is a
prostitution of the ends of society. This will be avoided by those who seek excellency in life.

Space admits of but a hint at the advantages derived from visiting and intercourse with our fellows. If reading makes a full man, talking makes a ready man. To talk acceptably and profitably to people, one must know their needs, their capacities, their prejudices, and their likes. Thus one comes to know how and what to say, and in business when to say, to be successful. Let us, then, fellow-students, in all the visiting of vacation, while recruiting health and resting, avoid boring and false ends in visiting, and make good these opportunities of acquiring and advancing practical lessons of life. In these matters each man's common sense must be his own sufficient guide.

The Fraternities represented at Richmond College this session are as follows:


**Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity—Phi Chapter.**—M. A. Coles, Northumberland county; W. W. Davis, Richmond, Va.; W. S. Morriss, Washington county; P. J. Peake, Norfolk county; C. E. Williams, Portsmouth, Va.—5.

We were made very sad some time ago to hear of the death of a former student—G. H. Alderson, of West Virginia. He entered college in September, 1882, and during the session endeared himself to both students and professors by his gentlemanly bearing. It was a gratifying sight to his many friends to see him buried beneath the baptismal wave and join one of our city churches. His deli-
cate constitution compelled him to rest among the mountains of his native State for a year. In 1881 he again entered college, full of hope for the future; but grim Death had already marked him as her own, and he was obliged to leave college before the close of the session. Last year he passed through Richmond on his way to Florida, hoping that the balmy climate of that sunny land might drive away the dread consumption. But alas! He was beyond human skill, and his wasted form soon sank an easy victim to the hand of death. He fell asleep in Jesus, with the assurance of soon being in that land where partings are unknown and where sickness never comes. Mr. Alderson was a member of the Philological Society, and of Beta Chapter, Phi Alpha Chi Fraternity. We were given a set of resolutions to be printed in the Messenger, but in the hurry of leaving college, they were unfortunately lost. Last summer, Cheatham; this spring, Alderson. Surely the students of Richmond College should take warning, and follow the example of these two noble young men. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family of our deceased comrade, and hope they will rest assured that George is "over the river and resting under the shade of the trees."

One of the most pleasant occasions of the past session was the breakfast given to the graduating class by Mr. E. B. Hatcher at his father's residence, June 23d. An hour or more was spent in enjoyable social converse, and then the party adjourned to the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast was spread. The occasion was graced by the presence of some "sweet girl graduates." The thanks and best wishes of the class are due Dr. and Mrs. Hatcher and their son for the entertainment.

After the breakfast the class went down to Campbell's photograph gallery and had their pictures taken. Mr. Campbell is one of the leading photographers of the State, and is a friend of the students. We hope that any one wishing to have pictures taken will patronize him. We can assure them satisfaction. We have not yet seen the pictures of the graduating class, but the negatives justify the assertion that Mr. Campbell's reputation as a first-class artist will be sustained.

We are very sorry not to be able to give Dr. Lorimer's most admirable speech in full. He will soon, by request, deliver the address in Richmond again; and so was reluctantly compelled to withhold his manuscript from publication in the Messenger. We hope to be able to publish the address, or a synopsis of it, in the October Messenger.

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