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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XIII.

JULY, 1888.

NO. 9.

EDITORS:

Mu Sigma Rho. { W. O. CARVER,
R. P. RIXEY,
H. T. LOUTHAN.

Philologist. { W. C. JAMES,
A. J. RAMSEY,
C. T. KINCANON.

Business Manager—W. A. BORUM.

Assistant Business Manager—C. B. TIPPETT.

Failure.

What is failure? to have all our plans thwarted
When we have done our best,
When we have tried and found that we are wanting,
Too weak to stand the test?
In one way 'tis, for we have failed in doing
That which we thought,
Yet good resulting, may be better than that
For which we wrought.
What if a man devotes his whole life's working
To one sole thing,
And gains success, for thus the world will deem it,
While bards his praises sing;
If living, hoping only for fulfilment
Of his one plan
To win a name, regarding not his duty
To God nor man.
E'en if he gains that which he had so hoped for,
Honor and fame,
While nations 'round, almost with adoration,
Pronounce his name.
Is his the life that should be imitated—
Self, self, its thought,
While duty towards all his fellow-beings
Is held as naught?
Were it not better to live as was intended
With men, a man
Living and acting; still are left some moments
For cherished plan?
Perhaps he may not live all world-renowned
For picture or for rhyme,
And no one hears his "distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."
Has his life failed? He is the nearest perfect
Who does his best,
Forgetting self, to aid his fellow-beings
By care oppressed.
And man will at some future time have credit
For what he strove,
And what to eyes of men may have seemed worthless,
The best may prove.

[From the Semi-Annual.

Contest for Improvement Medal in Debate.

[E. E. DUDLEY (of the Philologian Society), Medalist, negative.]

Question: "Resolved, That the savage has a right to possess the soil."

When the relentless trade-wind drove on the bosom of the restless sea the barge of Columbus, freighted with the destiny of a mighty nation, when the rising sun shed its beams upon a long line of coast, it revealed a land ordained by Providence to be the home of liberty; a land of Bibles, from which would go out influences which would elevate and regenerate the world. When Smith planted his colony at Jamestown; when the pilgrim fathers landed on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, they came not to rob the savage of his soil, but with warm hearts to receive them and with open Bibles to instruct them. They purchased the soil and attempted to receive the savage as a friend. The savage, on the other hand, with inherent treachery, received their overtures of friendship with the tomahawk and scalping knife. Every effort that could be made was made to civilize and Christianize the savage. Such noble-hearted men as John Elliot devoted their lives to the task of teaching the Indians, and in return for their benefactions the Indians plundered their homes and murdered their loved ones. The treachery of the Indian is proverbial; he will smoke with you the pipe of peace to-day and plunder your home to-night. Having purchased their land and made every advance towards friendship, yet finding all unavailing, our fathers resorted to the last and most potent argument of all—the sword.

And did they not have a right to defend their property and their homes from

the midnight attack of the most treacherous of all enemies? Some one may ask, why, after having overcome the Indian, should they drive him away to the West? Because, unlike other enemies, the Indian could not be subdued. What he could not accomplish by force he would accomplish by treachery. And who was safe while an enemy was near, prowling like a wild beast at midnight, spreading destruction and death in his course? The Indian has a home now, protected and defended by our Government, and he is rocked to rest in the cradle of luxury. After having enjoyed the benefactions of the most liberal government on earth, has he a right to demand the government itself? And having received every benefit that the white man could bestow, has he a right to turn upon his benefactor and demand his property and his home? If it was wrong for the white man to take this country, then it is right for barbarism to prevail; for how else could civilization rule this land? Some one may say that the Indians would have become civilized, but when, and how? We have every reason to believe that passing centuries had witnessed their savage sport and heard their songs to the "Great Spirit," and had they made any improvement? Had not the white man come into possession, the savage war-song would still awaken the woodland echoes and the flames of his altar fires would still ascend to the "Great Spirit."

If there is anything grand on the pages of history it is the spirit shown by the early settlers of America. Far from the realms of civilization, parched by the

summer's sun or chilled by the winter's blast, heedless of danger, the soldiers of Christ were true to their trust, upholding the blood-stained banner of the Cross, and oftentimes sealing the lessons which they taught with their blood. Schools have been established for the Indians and missionaries have been sent to teach them the truth, but they have failed; and if the combined efforts of millions have failed, what could a few missionaries, sent from a foreign land, have accomplished? The God of wisdom made this country for a higher purpose than that for which the Indian was using it. The smiling prairies, which God intended as the home of religion, were used by the savage as a hunting-ground over which to chase the bison and the deer. Her sacred groves were to the savage only the arena for riot and bloodshed. The highest aspiration that ever glowed in the bosom of the savage was to excel in the art of slaughtering. His greatest ornament was the scalp of an enemy. Inventive genius was alien to the savage mind. To shape a rude tomahawk and bow exhausted his skill, and to disguise himself as a hideous beast was to the savage the consummation of art.

Compare the America of to-day with that discovered by Columbus. Where the savage war-hoop once broke upon the stillness of the forest, now the air is vocal with the whistle of the engine and the ringing of the woodman's axe. Where the Indian once traced his way through the trackless forest, the steam-horse now rushes with a speed that bids defiance to the wind. The broad prairies which were once the home of wild beasts, now wave with a golden harvest. The smiling waters once stirred into ripples by the

canoe of the savage now foam beneath steamers freighted with the commerce of nations. The flowers that once bloomed unseen, are now twined among the locks of earth's fairest daughters. The inventive genius of the white man knows no bounds. Under its influence forests have been laid low, the wilderness has been converted into smiling gardens, the land has been marked off with railroads and dotted with beautiful cities. Telegraph lines connect city with city, town with town, making our nation one. Electricity sheds its glowing light over our cities, turning night into day. What has caused such a change? Would the Indian ever have accomplished this? Let the past answer. A still greater change than this has taken place in this country. Where the savage once chanted his war-song over his bleeding victim, now the sweet music of Sabbath chimes calls to the house of prayer. The America then unknown beyond the seas is to-day the centre of social, moral, political and intellectual power. She stands to-day, in her devotion to liberty, in her fidelity to truth, in her loyalty to God, as the great beacon-light of the world. The world looks to America for missionaries and teachers. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, bears to her the cry of heathen nations for help, and thousands snatched from heathen darkness are to-day singing her praises. Let us turn to the pages of sacred history and read a decision from which there is no appeal. The oriental sky o'er-canopied the land of Canaan, whose hills and valleys were clothed in luxury—"a land of milk and honey." In Egypt a down-trodden race toiled beneath a cruel oppressor; but had the Canaanites a right to possess the soil?

The God of heaven and earth said, No! The same voice that bade Israel seek the land of Canaan bade our fathers seek this land of ours. The same protecting power that brooded over Israel in the "pillar of fire," accompanied our fathers over the billowy main and protected them in their toils and dangers here. And gentlemen, looking over our land to-day with all of its improvements, let us thank God that the white man came. Let us thank him for a land of Bibles and Sabbaths, for a land where each day is filled with toil for the Master,

and whose evening zephyrs bear incense of devotion to his throne. And let us remember that grand as have been her achievements, still grander heights are to be reached, and in this each one of us has a part.

As—

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Progress of Thought.

[Graduating Address of J. G. DICKINSON.]

One of the highest glories of man's nature is that he is capable of progress; created one of the weakest and most helpless of beings, with scarcely any apparent powers, he is able to reach such heights as are unattainable by any other created being. One would hardly think that the infant which seems totally unconscious of the things about him is the highest type of God's creation, if he did not know what capacities the child possesses, and to what extent those powers and faculties which now lie dormant can be developed. But when the eye betokens the dawn of consciousness, and the wondering gaze tells us of the inquiring mind, then begins that marvelous unfolding of powers capable of development hitherto unknown. Then begins that age of ceaseless inquiry to find out whence, how, and why things are as they are; and as each discovery leads on to

new inquiries, and each success inspires to greater effort, it seems that there is no end to the chain of possibilities. In this, then, is seen man's superiority. Though created the weakest and most helpless of beings, he rises to be lord of creation. Comparative philologists tell us, in speaking of that age upon which history does not enter and upon which ethnology sheds dim light, that our forefathers attained only the scanty beginnings of knowledge, that they lived in dens and caves, and communicated with each other by imitating the sounds made by other animals and the noises made by the collision of matter. However this may be, we can easily infer, from taking a few steps backward, and reviewing the past, that their attainments were but meagre. We who inherit the infinite wealth of numberless generations, and profit by the experience of millions gone before, can-

not appreciate the disadvantages under which they labored who had no inheritance, whose only material was truth in its raw state, whose only instrument was a crude mind without the advantages of hereditary principles. How great must have been the progress from such a period to the time when history takes up the story and relates it to us in clearer and more interesting detail; when we find men dwelling in tents instead of holes in the ground and communicating with each other with a medium fairly accurate and harmonious instead of with the harsh jungling of discordant sounds. How great was the progress during such a period we know not, nor can we ever know.

But from the time when men began to record their deeds and thoughts for the benefit of posterity, progress has been almost inestimable in every department of knowledge. And as each man has given to posterity his scanty information, we have come into a rich inheritance from those that have gone before. The Egyptian, with whom we may say was the birthplace of Art and Letters, handed over to the Greek his unfinished task, who in turn, with his eye for the beautiful and his exquisite taste, perfected that which was unfinished and gave it to us for our admiration and profit. The Hebrew seems to have been entrusted with the important charge of preserving for erring and neglectful man the idea of one true God. The Roman, with his stern sense of justice, gave us law and jurisprudence. So there seems to have been steady progress from the beginning.

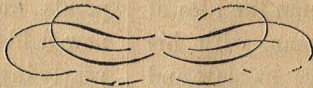
But this is pre-eminently the progressive age. Knowledge always bears com-

pound interest, and we having such a principal to start with, with so vast opportunities for its profitable investment, with so enormous incomes from its usury, may hope to reach heights which those before us never saw and fathom depths of which they never dreamed. For ages men had watched the lightning flash across the heavens and had seen it exert its force in the destruction of massive buildings, while they stood off in awe and wonder; but it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that one dared come into close contact with it and find it identical with electricity, nor were the important relations which it sustained to so many departments of physical science appreciated until within the present century, and it was only a few years ago that we began to learn its practical worth as an illuminative and motive power.

Such discoveries, with so marvellous results, not only act as incentives to the mind, but they also furnish the means for further investigation, for it takes only a few facts for the discovery of one principle, which when once discovered furnishes the means for deducing almost numberless subordinate truths. There are very few departments of knowledge that can be said to be complete. Aristotle could boast that he was the author and finisher of logic. With other sciences, however, each generation makes new discoveries, unfolds new truths, and points out to the succeeding generation new fields for investigation; and so by yearly increase of principal and yearly increase of power by the law of heredity, we may hope that the progress will ever be faster and faster. One of the strongest evidences of the rapidity of progress at the present, and one that promises

most remarkable results for the future, is the amount of concentration practiced by the mind. A man is no longer expected to know everything, but to know thoroughly what he professes to know. The astronomer does not attempt to study the whole sky at once, nor does the naturalist attempt to comprehend all nature, but each singling out some object, makes it his study for months and years. It is thus by giving attention to one object that it is brought into clear consciousness and its secrets unfolded. Our educational system is beginning to have the tendency to make men specialists. Our high-schools prepare for our colleges, where the mind is broadened and trained for our universities, where a special course is taken for which the individual is best adapted. This seems to be the tendency of our era. We realize that it is not possible for one man to know all that is knowable, but that after his college course, where he has been introduced to various departments of learning, he must choose some special branch to which he seems adapted, and put forth all of his best efforts in that one line if he would compete with men who are specialists. Not long ago a gentleman was elected professor in one of our largest universities not because he knew every-

thing, but because he chose a special science for his life-time investigation. What does this mean? Since concentration is the very beginning and secret of all successful investigations, does it not promise the most remarkable results in the future? Does it not mean that we are upon the dawn of a day whose light will reveal many, many secrets which the night with its darkness has been hiding? Viewing the remarkable progress of the past century, who can say with what strides thought, wisdom, and knowledge will advance in the century to come? But the question arises, Will we not soon come to the end, and know all that is to be known? "Truth," says one, "is bigger than our minds," and we may never hope to know it in its entirety; nay more: truth is infinite, but our minds are finite, and we may reach long, and find what seems to us greater truths, and yet it is as if we had taken the drop from the ocean and the pebble from the sea-shore; yea, even when we have broken away from those limits which bind us here, and enter into that realm where we shall see face to face and know as we are known, even there it will be our chief delight to study the character of Him who is the Truth and the Life.



Salutatory.

[Delivered by Mr. C. WIRT TRAINHAM, President Mu Sigma Rho Society.]

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is with unfeigned pleasure that I stand before you this evening, as the representative of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho literary societies, to welcome you to our joint final celebration.

As year after year has been numbered with the past, society presidents and orators have appeared upon this rostrum, and swayed vast audiences by the magnetism of their matchless eloquence,—men, many of whose names have been, and are to-day, the household words of this mighty nation,—men, whose eloquence has resounded not only through the classic shades of their Alma Mater, but has fired the heart and kindled the eye of vast multitudes from the roaring Niagara to Florida's sunny clime, and from the storm-beaten coasts of the Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific.

Coming as we do in the wake of such a line of illustrious predecessors, ours is a peculiarly embarrassing situation. And yet, my friends, as we look into the bright, happy faces of this splendid audience, our hearts are filled with inexpressible joy and pride; because we see written upon those faces the fact that Richmond College and her literary societies hold a warm place in the hearts and sympathies of Virginia's intelligence and Virginia's beauty.

Another year has passed; and, as we stand again upon the verge of a session's close, it seems peculiarly appropriate that we pause to spend one sad, sweet hour together, ere we say, "Good-bye."

Some, perhaps, would say that the duty

of a salutorian is at best an unpleasant one, it being a mere formal task. But, my friends, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" as to be able to stand before such an audience as this, and not be moved by the concord of sweet smiles that cover the upturned faces of these choicest "flowers of Eden"?

My friend and colleague, the president of the Philologian Society, will give you a graphic and interesting account of the session's mingled work and pleasure.

The orators of the evening have doubtless culled the fairest blossoms from Rhetoric's beautiful garden, and will, with all the gracefulness of smiling courtiers, present them to your enraptured view.

We rejoice to see our professors with us. Perhaps they may not gain much important information from the learned discourses of the evening; but, nevertheless, we are glad that the interest they have always shown in our behalf is again evidenced by their presence upon this occasion.

We are truly glad to welcome so many citizens of our city and Commonwealth, but what can I say that will express a tithe of the joy that is ours at beholding the radiant faces and graceful forms of so many of Virginia's fair daughters?

Young ladies, we would like to welcome you as some of you welcome certain of our number when they call at your houses; but the occasion does not permit. Let me assure you, however, that your presence is an essential requisite for such an occasion, and that your

smiles will add untold lustre to this celebration and give matchless inspiration to the orators of the evening.

Fellow-students, this probably is the last time we shall meet as members of the literary societies of Richmond College. The prelude of college days, for many of us, has been played; and now the world's grand orchestra is calling us out upon life's stage to fight its battles and to win its victories. Our association this year has indeed been pleasant, and I

trust that in after years the memories of our college days may be full of light and joy.

But, I weary your patience. An inviting feast is spread before your longing eyes, and you are justly anxious to satisfy the appetite that has been whetted and sharpened by this delay.

Therefore, upon this festive occasion, in the name of the two literary societies of Richmond College, I bid you, one and all, a most hearty "Welcome."



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

With this number we close the volume of this year.

During much of the year our editors have experienced great trouble in their efforts to secure contributions for our paper. Now, just a word to our fellow-students at the close of this year :

Many have during the year done absolutely nothing for the *Messenger*. If it has not been what you think it ought to have been, you have no right to complain. If our matter has not been so full of thought and sentiment as your refined taste demands, remember that you have given us nothing better, and ought therefore to keep silence.

Some have given pieces to the editors, but when the paper "came out," looked in vain at the page of contents for your subject. The waste-basket had long engulfed it and left you in your disappointment. To such let us say two things : do not be offended with the editors, do not be discouraged. The editors are compelled to sit in judgment upon your pieces. No man can so fully judge of the success or failure of his own efforts as another can judge of them. Be sure that if your contributions have failed to appear in our columns, both your reputation and that of our paper have been saved by the omission. Do not be discouraged, for we are satisfied you can do much better. We are anxious for you to try it. Put more thought and a little more time on your composition, and you

will produce something that will not only afford us pleasure in publishing it, but will reflect credit upon you as its author.

Now, of each student let us ask that your paper be not entirely forgotten during vacation. Sometimes, when you go out to rest beneath the refreshing shade of spreading oaks, take your tablet and pencil and a kindly feeling for the *Messenger*, and write us a contribution for the October number. We are exceedingly anxious to have the first number out *on time*, so that we may retire from the editorial staff without intruding upon the time of our successors. At the same time we are anxious to give our patrons such a paper as they will be proud of, and such as will be a worthy example for succeeding numbers.

To those whose college days are over, who walk with us no more the campus green, but go out to walk the streets and ways of life, let us say, accept the *Messenger's* hearty good will. May you find many a spot on earth more pleasant and equally as dear as this has been. May you also find many a place equally as useful, but let it be an objective rather than a subjective usefulness such as it has been here. Here you have been useful to yourself. Hereafter be chiefly useful to others. Thus you will, of course, not fail to be useful to yourself. And whatever your position or circumstances, never forget the *Messenger*, nor fail to let her know that you are thinking of her.



OUR LETTER BOX.

[Address all communications to LETTER-BOX, Richmond College.]

"*B. A. of 1873.*"—Since you left the walls of your old Alma Mater, changes have made the old campus and surroundings almost like a new "realm." Some of the professors whom you knew so well, have been called to other fields, or have been taken to their "long home." The little sapling that you helped to set out, is now a full-grown tree with wide-spreading branches, under the foliage of which the student now loves to sit, and and study, while gentle southern breezes fan his troubled brow.

The main college building has been greatly enlarged, and the former Mess Hall of ancient design has been replaced by one of great beauty and convenience. Just under the dining-hall is a well-equipped gymnasium, and attached to it is a system of tub- and shower-baths, which during this warm weather the boys enjoy greatly.

Improvements are constantly being made.

We are glad that your son will be with us in a few sessions.

"*Fire Insurance Co.*"—On Thursday night, June 7th, by the falling of a gas chandelier in the Library Hall, that part of the building was soon wrapt in flames. The alarm was given and firemen and engines were soon at the scene. Students were hurling volume after volume from the windows, and dumping the Museum relics and curiosities into boxes to be carried out; "Jim" was rushing out with the stuffed peacock and "Chris" had the mummy on his shoulder trying to

save it from cremation. Just then a terrible crash followed, and all seemed to be over. We started up and found that we had only had an alarming dream on account of taking in an over-dose of a mixture of Greek verbs and Mess Hall steak.

"*Vacation.*"—When this number of the *Messenger* reaches you, the college halls will be deserted, the campus will be taking a holiday, and the Mess Hall will have a season of rest. No longer will the boys have to arise at the tap of the morning bell or answer the call of the roll, but in the charming country with father and mother, brother and sister, or the sister of some one else's brother, they will rest under

The hawthorne bush, with seats beneath the shade,

For talking age and whispering lovers made!

"*Miss Cleopatra.*"—Mr. T. E. J. today received your letter in which you state that on account of the fatigue of your long journey, you had fallen into the embrace of "Morpheus." He says that he sympathizes with you in your weariness, but you must be careful not to fall into the embrace of *anyone* again.

"*Future Rat.*"—Our "contingent deposit" is a five-dollar note that we turn over to Prof. B. P. to keep for us until the close of the session. If you don't kick a foot-ball through a window or make a blot on Prof. P.'s book when you go to sign up, and then make a good "*flunk*," so you won't have a Diploma to

buy, you will get it all back, and then you go to "Pizzini's" and "set up" your best girl and she will remember you for a whole vacation.

—
"Dear Little Duck."—Mr. B., who is quite fond of Virgil, recently placed upon his wall the following selection: "VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER FEMINA."

(Book IV. 569.) Can you give us the translation?

—
B., we don't think you will have the least difficulty in borrowing a *fluted shirt* and a *laundried collar* from F., and as you wish to go to tell "Bessie" good-bye to-night, he will let you have his *tooth-pick shoes* also.



LOCALS.

Trala! Trala! Old Chum!

“Home, sweet home!
We’re going home to-morrow!”

My country, ’tis of thee,
Sweet old milk and cherry-pies.

Mr. H.: “What would Patrick Henry think, if he were to come now and sit down on the steps of old St. John’s church and see the electric cars go by?”

Mr. N.: “He would think that *Invention* had gotten the upper hand of *Liberty*.”

It is suggested that Mr. M. be appointed a “committee of three” to go on an exploring expedition in search of Scott’s “Lay of the *Lost Minstrels*.”

Mr. B. (while passing a vegetable garden near the college, saw one of the gardeners working turnips with a hand-plow): “Hello, there, boys, look at that man there cutting salad with a mower.”

“There is nothing short about a *semi-circle*.”

The latest hot weather novelty—
“Slouchy J” with his *toga* on.

Don’t fail to get an “*egg-shake*.”

Mr. G.’s “celluloid socks” are certainly convenient now.

Mr. D. (in a letter to his mother): “I am getting on splendidly here, especially in my *fencing* lessons.”

Father of Mr. D. (on hearing the letter read): “I certainly am glad to hear

of that. I’ll put him to digging *post-holes* just as soon as he gets howe.”

The following is a letter from “Tom” to his mother. He had on his ticket an extra class (i. e., “calico”):

“College, June 20, 1888.

Dear Mother:

I am sad at heart.

“My last winks have been wunked,”

And I find I have flunked.

The tears are in my eyes,

I hear nothing more but sighs,

And when I dry my eyes

I’m thinking floods will rise.

Of rough professors I am sick,

They seem to think I’m so thick;

Of consolation there is none,

Oh, whither shall I run!

I am so weak and pale,

I’m afraid my heart will fail;

But at this dreary place

Of me I’ll leave no trace;

I’ll seek my mountain home,

Where I’ll have plenty of room,

Where nature grand and gay,

Will chase my grief away.

Your devoted son,

THOMAS.

Mr. W. recently wrote two letters to his “two best” girls. He told each one that he loved her more than anyone else on this “oblate spheroid.” Into each letter he placed one of his photographs, but when going to send them off his thoughts were so centered on “the one” that he directed them both to *her*. He found out his mistake about a week afterwards, when he received from his “best one” a “chapter” carefully pre-

pared, cut, and spiced. We presume Mr. W. will feel some delicacy in meeting Miss ——— again.

Mr. E. was reading the advertisements of the amusements for the week when he came to the "Mikado."

"Look here, F.," said he, "what kind of a play is the *Mick-a-doo*?"

Can any one tell Mr. N. what is good for an *ulster* on his lip?

Mr. B. (in Jr. II. Latin): "I hope he won't call on me before the bell rings. Let me look at my *watch*."

Prof. H.: "Mr. B., you had better be *watching* this *Virgil*."

Prof. P.: "Mr. M., what did James II. and William of Orange do at the battle of the Boyne?"

Mr. M. (very seriously): "They fought."

DECLAIMER'S CONTEST.—The Woods medal was founded by Hiram Woods, Esq., of Baltimore, about twenty years ago, and is awarded for excellence in declamation.

On Tuesday evening, June 12th, the chapel contained an audience which is always gladly welcomed by the students. Prof. B. Puryear introduced in his happy and most pleasant style the declaimers of the evening.

Mr. B. Willis, of Orange county, declaimed "The Fireman"; Mr. P. H. Shuck, of Kentucky, "Virginus"; Mr. J. T. Noel, of Botetourt county, "Regulus to the Carthaginians"; Mr. E. Garrett, of Loudoun county, "Emmett's Vindication"; Mr. J. F. Savell, of Florida, "Regulus to the Romans"; Mr. C.

T. Kincanon, of Tennessee, "Spartacus to the Gladiators"; Mr. J. S. Irby, of Halifax county, "The Convict's Soliloquy"; Mr. W. O. Carver, of Tennessee, "Emmett's Vindication"; Mr. H. N. Quisenberry, of Spotsylvania county, "Asleep at the Switch"; Mr. R. A. Cutler, of Richmond, "Death of Hamilton"; Mr. R. L. Motley, of Pittsylvania, "The Minstrel's Curse."

The tragic way in which the selections were given called forth ringing applause from the audience. Mr. Irby received the greatest applause and also the earnest congratulations of the students for his excellence in presenting "The Convict's Soliloquy." The judges awarded the medal to Mr. C. T. Kincanon, of Tennessee, who declaimed that soul-stirring selection, "Spartacus to the Gladiators."

On Monday evening, June 11th, we attended the thirty-sixth commencement of the Richmond Female Institute, held in the theatre. Miss Sallie B. Hamner, principal, attended by Rev. H. A. Tupper, D. D., presided on this interesting occasion with as much grace and dignity as Queen Bess when she used to gently sway her golden sceptre over the loving subjects of the English realm.

On either side of their honored principal were the young ladies of the graduating class. It is thought that a number of the sterner sex brought up the background, but as the distant stars disappear before the morning sun, so the beauty of the foreground eclipsed the rest of the scene.

The full graduates are Misses Carrie Wesley Ellett and Lillie Belle Briggs, both of Virginia. The literary graduates are Miss Lizzie Cleveland Bomar, of

South Carolina, and Misses Fannie Pindexter Dickinson, Annie Landon Graham, Fannie Cary Jones, Katie Jeter Hatcher, Mary Graham Mathews, and Doreatha Elizabeth Perkinson, all of Virginia.

As charming strains of music reverberated through the magnificent building, one almost decided that the "vibrations" could be seen floating here and there, but as the members of the preparatory and intermediate classes marched gracefully before the footlights, a scene was presented over which the Muses would be honored to preside.

Rev. R. P. Kerr, D. D., in presenting the medals for music to Misses Willis and Cofer, said: "Young ladies, do not give up your music. Oil the wheels of life and wake melodies that will make all around you happy. I tell you, music is charmingly sweet, but I know of 'something' sweeter." Of course he does, and so do we.

Rev. Geo. B. Eager, D. D., of Danville, Va., delivered the oration of the occasion. We thought we would have the pleasure of hearing his address, but as it seemed to be intended only for the ears of the graduating class, and as we had no "opera-glass through which to hear," we caught only a sentence now and then. But, how could he have done otherwise than turn his entire attention to these fair creatures! He said, "Woman in her hemisphere is worth more than a thousand men. Just give women two milleniums ahead, as men have had, and they will pass far beyond man. The Past from the Present is distinguished by woman more than by anything else. Woman is the Aurora Borealis of wit,

eloquence, and wisdom. 'Onward, still onward,' let your motto be.

'There isn't a sigh,

There isn't a birth,

Nor anything of a feather's worth,

That hasn't a woman in it.'"

An afternoon stroll to Capitol Square is now one of much pleasure as well as interest. The Square, which contains eight acres, is on the brow of Shockoe Hill, which slopes gently on the south. Seats are numerous, and as we take one "beneath the shade of the trees," the tall elms with their wide-spreading branches, the carpet of green spread around, and the splashing fountains present a picture that is charming and refreshing to the soul. Not far off stands the celebrated Crawford monument, consisting of a bronze equestrian statue of Washington nearly twenty-five feet in height, on a pedestal of granite forty-two feet high, surrounded by heroic-size bronze figures of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, George Mason, Thomas Nelson, and Andrew Lewis—each a striking likeness.

As we look up at the noble Washington, with his right hand raised, while with his left he manages his spirited charger, and then at the patriotic and gallant figures standing around, we behold the finest monumental group in America. Almost east of this monument is a magnificent bronze statue of "Stonewall" Jackson, the gift of English admirers.

The Capitol stands in the centre of the Square, and presents quite an imposing appearance. The basement floor is occupied as offices by a number of State officials. On the second floor are the Senate hall and that of the House of

Delegates. Here also we find Houdon's famous marble statue of Washington, and in niches near by we see a marble statue of Henry Clay and a bust of Lafayette, of the same material.

Stepping into an elevator, we are soon borne up to the third floor. Here we find the Governor's office, a portrait gallery, and the State library. In the portrait gallery we see paintings of Governors Spotswood, Dunmore, and others who held the chief seat in Virginia during colonial times. Then at another view we look upon fine pictures of our noble and valiant warriors, Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnston. As we behold the representation of these patriotic and all-honored sons of the grand old Commonwealth of Virginia, and recall their brilliant engagements, heroic deeds, and great sacrifices in behalf of their native State, and then think of their exemplary lives, our very souls are stirred within us.

In the State library we see volumes by the thousand and relics of centuries. Paintings of Christopher Columbus, Americus Vespuccius, and Capt. John Smith, attract much attention. Old swords and carbines, colonial deeds and other writings of the times, busts and photographs of distinguished men, and bombs and battle-scarred flags, tell us of the scenes that our Virginia has passed through from the time of her birth at the little hamlet of Jamestown until the present age, in which she is rejoicing in the full strength of her "manhood."

From here we start for the observatory, and as we go up numerous flights of steps we see old pamphlets and manuscripts which contain the records of the legislatures of long years ago. But as

we reach the observatory, Richmond—the Seven-Hilled City—is spread out before us in all its beauty, grandeur, and historic interest. The churches, with their graceful spires pointing heavenward, the magnificent public buildings, the Tredegar Iron Works, business houses, fine residences, flour mills, and beautiful trees with their rich foliage, present a picture that artists have well admired and praised. Looking far to the southwest, we see the historic James, like a stream of gold winding its way on until it reaches the city and forms its southern boundary. Spanning the James are several bridges which connect Richmond to the pleasant little city of Manchester, "just across the river." We follow the stream until we catch a glimpse of old Libby Prison, and then gently glide down to "Rocketts," where we see steamers loading and unloading, and high-masted vessels with their sails flapping softly in the wind.

If we stay long enough, the stars will begin to appear near the eastern horizon, "the soft moon will rise up slowly," and soon the whole "heavens will declare the glory of God and the firmament will show his handiwork." One by one the little gas-lamps of the street begin to show their light, the blaze of the furnaces of the "Tredegar" looms up against the sky, the hour is told by the illuminated clock in yonder church tower, and as in an instant the whole system of electric lights blazes forth, the entire city continues its pleasures and business by the light of an artificial day.

Mr. R., a young gentleman with heavy mustache, went to the country a few days ago to preach, and on arriving at the

depot, he was met by a Mr. M., with whom he went home to spend the night. Mr. M. had a little boy that had often been reprov'd for not trying to learn. The poor little fellow, it seems, had been nick-named "*Dunce*," but this was a time for him to win back his once lost "*rep.*" Mr. M. and his guest, after tea, entered into a conversation about going to school. During this talk the "young American" was steadily gazing Mr. R. in the face, but did not dare to speak until they were through. Then the little fellow with utter surprise stepped up to Mr. R. and asked, "Do you go to school?" "Yes," was Mr. R.'s reply. "Well," said the little boy, "mamma and papa are always after me about being a *little dunce*, but if you are going to school now, you surely must be a *big dunce*."

We are not told what Mr. R.'s reply was, but whatever it might have been, we advise him not to tackle the "kid" again.

LOVE'S ARITHMETIC.

She was one and I was one,
Strolling o'er the heather ;
Yet before the year was done,
We were one together.

Love's a queer arithmetician;
In the rule of his addition
He lays down the proposition,
One and one make one.

She and I, alas, are two,
Since unwisely mated,
And having nothing else to do,
We were separated.

Now 'twould seem by this action,
Each was made a simple fraction ;
Yet 'tis held in Love's substraction,
One from one leaves two.

The annual sermon of the College Y. M. C. A. was preached at the Second Baptist church on Sunday evening, June 12th, by Rev. E. W. Winfree, of Partlows, Va. All who heard the sermon enjoyed it exceedingly.

Mr. H. F. Williams, president of the College Y. M. C. A., presented the following report of our work during the past session :

"We realize that our Association has not done all that we would like for it to have done, nor all that it might have done ; but this, alas, must be said of all human organizations, and alike of the individuals that compose them. Everything that man has touched is imperfect, and everything that he does is imperfectly done. But after all, our Association has done a great work—great in its amount, but especially great in its character. All work for the Master is sweet and noble, but especially so is that among the lowly and importunate, and too often forsaken. It is among this class that we have labored.

"We have one mission station at the State penitentiary. About seventeen of our members go over there on Sunday afternoons to teach Sunday school classes. About two hundred and fifty of the convicts attend this school. Before the fire, and the consequent transfer of prisoners to various public works, they had something like five hundred in this school. So that over half of the inmates there have attended the Sunday school during the session, which, strange as it may seem, is better than people outside of the penitentiary do. These convicts are very attentive indeed, and perfect order and quiet prevails in the school. Of course there are some wicksd men there, men

whose consciences have been seared by many indulgences in crime, whose hearts have been hardened by long contact with sin; but they are melted to tears by the tender, touching story of the Cross, of Jesus and his love; and he who called Lazarus from the confines of the tomb is able to raise again those who are dead in trespasses and in sin. There have been about twelve professions of conversion as a result of our labors there during the past session. We had one of these recently with us in our prayer meeting at the college. His heart was made glad by having in his pocket a pardon from the Governor for his crimes against the State, but he had a deeper joy arising from a consciousness within his bosom that he had a far more significant pardon—a pardon for the sins committed against his God.

We have another station at the almshouse. About twelve of our number go there every Sunday afternoon. On the first and third Sundays we hold a prayer meeting in a room accessible to many of the invalids who cannot get to the chapel. The other two Sundays are occupied by the Methodists. In the chapel we have preaching every Sunday. There have been about twelve conversions here also, some of whom were Catholics. It is a great pleasure for us to pray, and talk, and sing with these poor, afflicted people. They certainly appreciate our labors, and are almost as glad to see us as our mothers are when we go home. They say that our meetings afford them nearly all the pleasure they have. There are some noble Christian sufferers there. We have frequently seen them there lying at the point of death, and many have passed

away to the spirit land. They are like him of whom it was said,

On he moves to meet his better end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way,
All his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world is past.

In the male department of this institution it is believed there are men who seldom if ever hear a word on the subject of religion except what they hear from us. They are those whose diseases have been pronounced incurable, and who have been sent out of the hospital room to the rear of the building to die—many of them without a spark of happiness in this world or a ray of hope for the next. We go round among these and talk to them individually. We found that nearly all of these were without Bibles, and we took up a collection among ourselves and supplied them. Ah, see what destitution we have at our own doors. God has greatly blessed our labors at the almshouse as He has at the penitentiary, and in the great day when we meet our Lord we feel that He will say to us, "I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison and ye came unto me; inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Some of our members teach in the Reservoir Mission Sunday school, in the western suburbs of our city. This Sunday school is under the auspices of the Young Men's Missionary Society of Grace-Street church.

A number of others teach in various Sunday schools of the city. And then, during the first half of the session, we carried on the work at Beechenbrook

chapel, an important station in the north-western suburbs of the city, supplying the pulpit there on Sunday nights and furnishing a leader for the prayer meetings on Wednesday nights. Since that time they have had a regular pastor, and we have been disconnected with the work, except that one or two still go there to teach in the Sunday school. If time would permit, I might speak lengthily of the good work done among ourselves at the college, but realizing that charity does not begin at home, I have chosen in this brief time to speak rather of what we have done for others.

I will say, however, that we hold prayer meetings once a week and a consecration service on Sunday morning. We have also held two meetings during the session. As a result of this, in connection with the meetings at Grace-Street church, there have been two conversions among the students.

By the help of God we intend to do more next year. We want to enlarge our work and to make it even more effectual."

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.—The work of the session is done, and in its closing days we enjoyed a glorious feast of reason.

The exercises were opened on Sunday evening, June 17th, with the commencement sermon in the college chapel by Rev. J. W. Carter, D. D., of Parkersburg, W. Va. The chapel had been handsomely decorated with evergreens and potted plants, while beautiful pictures graced the walls. Nearly every seat of the spacious chapel was taken. Dr. Carter took his text from Psalms xxv. 14: "The secret of the Lord is

with them that fear him." The sermon was one of great power and originality, and abounded in gospel truths.

On Monday evening was held the celebration of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologist Literary Societies. Mr. C. Wirt Trainham, of Richmond (Mu Sig), in the delivery of the Salutatory, welcomed the honored sons and fair daughters of Richmond and the visitors from many parts of the Union.

Mr. W. C. James, of Texas, orator of the Philogs., was next introduced. In presenting his subject, "Prohibition," he stirred the audience by his reason, power, and eloquence.

"The young orator of the mountains of West Virginia"—Mr. H. W. Straley—now came to the front as the orator of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. His theme, "The Irish Element and Landlordism in America," was handled with ready tact and deep reason. The ovation that he received showed that eloquence and gracefulness of style is ever appreciated.

Mr. James T. Noell, of West Virginia, a Philog. of the Philogs., delivered the Valedictory in his wittiest, humorous, and most pleasing style. If our English were not so "*Pollardized*" and the platinum of our pencil so "*Pusverized*," we would mention some of the points which Mr. Noell "*criticised*."

After these exercises the lads and lassies enjoyed a most delightful "stroll" among the columns and alcoves of the "Jeter Memorial Hall."

On Tuesday evening the exercises were presided over by Rev. S. A. Goodwin, D. D., of Richmond, as the president of the Societies. He introduced Rev. Chas. A. Stakely, of Washington, D. C., who delivered the annual address before the

Societies. Mr. Stakely's subject was "Growth," which he discussed in such a way as to be interesting and of great value to all who heard. Mr. Stakely is a young man, but has gained the "palm" as an orator.

After his address, Rev. R. R. Acree, of Petersburg, Va., made the presentation speech to the medallists of the Societies. The Best Debater's medal in the Mu Sigma Rho was gained by Mr. H. W. Straley, of West Virginia; the Improvement medal of the same Society by Mr. J. H. Whitehead, of Pittsylvania county, Va. The Best Debater's medal in the Philologist was won by Mr. O. L. Martin, of Henry county, Va., and Improvement by Mr. E. E. Dudley, of Franklin county, Va.

On Wednesday evening came the reunion of the Alumni. The Hon. Judge Samuel Witt, of Richmond, presided in his usual pleasant, dignified manner. Mr. Witt introduced Judge Swann, of Botetourt, Va., who delivered the Alumni address. His theme was "The Teacher's Task." The Judge is a young man, but is said to be an "old bachelor." How he, with all of his wisdom, eloquence, and pleasantness, has managed to escape during these past few leap years is a mystery which cannot be unravelled!

Dr. Carter, whose sermon was so enjoyed on Sunday evening, also addressed the audience. We are sorry that all of our friends of the college did not hear this charming speaker. If you ever go to West Virginia drop in at Parkersburg and hear one of his sermons.

On Thursday evening, June 21st, the

commencement proper was held. Then the eloquent strains of music which we had been enjoying during the week seemed grander, more charming and inspiring, until our spirits on the wings of thought were wafted to the azure deep and on to celestial worlds where gems of beauty were spread out before us like "islands slumbering on the ocean."

The distinctions and promotions were read out, and then the graduating diplomas and the Greek and philosophy medals were awarded. The former medal was received by Mr. C. W. Trainham and the latter by Mr. F. W. Boatwright.

After this, the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts were conferred. The following were declared Master of Arts of Richmond College: Fred. W. Boatwright, of Virginia; A. Mitchell Carroll, of North Carolina; M. E. Parrish, of Virginia.

The following obtained Bachelor of Arts:

Malcolm Argyle Coles, Northumberland county, Va.; Jeter George Dickinson, Louisa county, Va.; Wm Henry Harrison, Henrico county, Va.; Henry Rodes Hundley, Accomac county, Va.; Jas. Daniel Martin, Pittsylvania county, Va.; William Philip Mathews, Manchester, Va.; James Turpin Noell, Jr., Bedford county, Va.; John Smith Sowers, Warrenton, Va.; James Edward Tompkins, Fredericksburg, Va.; Chas. Wirt Trainham, Richmond, Va.; Benjamin Powell Willis, Orange county, Va.

The college had one hundred and fifty students during the past session, fifteen

States of the Union and Mexico being represented.

Thus closed one of the most prosperous sessions that our college has ever known. Many will now go forth from

her walls into the busy scenes of life; but, come what may, they will ever rejoice that they have received a deep and solid foundation at "The School" at the capital of the "Old Dominion."



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