Prelude.

They tell me that the songster old
Oft tuned his lyre for sordid gold;
That, kneeling at a monarch's feet,
He hymned the melody so sweet;
We deem the half-forgotten lyre
Was touched with Orpheus' heavenly fire.
But not alone the golden ring
Did tempt the bard of old to sing.
'Twas often to a lady fair,
Whose dove-like eyes and golden hair
Had won his love, and to his heart
Had visions brought he'd fain impart.
'Twas oft for her his harp he rung,
And songs of love and valor sung;
And if he was a father good
And bore the cross and wore the hood,
Perchance his tender, mournful song
Had crept the vaulted roof along
Of some old cloister, and had found
A bridegroom in its arches round,
Twining itself with soft caress
About their stern unloveliness,
And shielding with its form so bright

Their grimness from the old monk's sight.
No minstrelsy, of olden time,
Well skilled in melody and rhyme;
No knight, beneath fair lady's bower,
Waiting her smile—a priceless dower;
No monk, content in lonely cell,
Knowing and known not. Even as well
Not live at all, as live apart
From the great, throbbing, pulsing heart
Of God's humanity. We know
No better, truer thing below
Than earnest labor. So I sing
That honest, true, and goodly thing.

Song.

One day God rested—only one—
And he said to the man: "At the rising sun
Shall thou, and the woman I gave thee, go
Where the stream thro' the garden doth calmly flow,
And there for thy hands thou wilt find a task."

The man went forth, nor stayed to ask
The reason for labor in place so sweet,
Where the Earth said, "Take of my fruits and eat."
And though Eden is gone with its fruits and flowers,
With its laughing streams and its restful bowers,
A man sits down, tho' no wheat springs up,
Though no wine of life mantles high in the cup,
And he says: "The will that brought me here
Was not my own; so of life's good cheer
A portion is mine." Does he toil? Oh, no!
And he who soareth forgets the tale
That the fairest flowers blow in the vale;
That the calmest river, the deepest stream,
Is not that which bounds through a mountain seam.
The man who deems no deed too small
For his good right hand, whatever call
He may hear, however weak a thing,
Not so weak but that he may answer bring—
This man is a copy of God's own self,
He reeks as naught the useless pelf
Which most deem good. He knows the earth
As a place where mighty deeds have birth,
And the men about him as brothers all,
Whether they stand or whether they fall.
It is meet that he aid them, if he can,
Such a one as this is, in truth, a man;
He stands with his face toward truth and right,
And no evil thing is fair in his sight;
He toils, unwearied, though oft in vain,
Though the morning's hope thro' the day doth wane,
Till, at nightfall, the strength of the morn is gone,
Though the deed begun at dawn's not done.
All men can work when successes shower down.
Yet this is not work. 'Tis he who stands
Striving 'gainst fate and with empty hands,
Tolling that men may better be,
Though the fruit of his labor none may see;
'Tis he who worketh truly well,
And the work of his efforts—who can tell?

POSTLUDE.
The song is done. The singer is contented,
If in one heart the message is at rest;
If only one soul sendeth back the echo—
"Of all good things, true labor is the best."
"Karl."

CHAUCER.

The decisive blow struck at the battle of Hastings, and the powerful hand with which the Saxons were afterwards held in subjection, caused for more than a century the literature of the English to be utterly inert. The tongue of Alfred seemed destined to an untimely end. But the vitality of the native language remained unimpaired throughout its severe trial, and evidences were soon forthcoming of an awakening to a new and more vigorous life. Layamon's Brut and the Owl and the Nightingale, as specimens of literature distinctly English, gave promise of that rich national literature that was soon to follow. As yet, however, England had produced no literary genius of pre-eminent rank.

At this time there was born in London one who was to put an indelible impress upon the young and growing literature—one of whom England was to be so justly proud—whose genius was to shed the brilliant light of day upon the dark night which then enveloped the dormant literature. The exact date of the birth of Goeffrey Chaucer is a
matter of uncertainty, but the probability is that he was born in the year 1340.

His life was one of wide and varied experience. In his earlier years he several times served as a soldier. His common sense and his capacity for business caused him to be sent to foreign countries on matters of importance to the crown, and thus he came to travel quite extensively, spending some time both in France and Italy. As a courtier holding office under the king he was from his early manhood busily engaged in public matters, though in his last days he lived as much as possible in quiet and retirement. After leading a busy, studious life, which was from time to time brightened and enlivened by the pleasures he found in social intercourse, he died on the 25th of October, 1400.

The writings of Chaucer are, with two or three exceptions, poetic. His earlier writings are nearly all translations from the French and Italian. In these works, while changing names, he generally follows the original closely, exhibiting peculiar excellence in transferring the ideas of the story and the idioms of the foreign tongue into clear and expressive English. He very often, however, made great changes in his works of this kind, both in omitting portions of the original and in inserting parts of his own composition. Notwithstanding that much of his material is borrowed, Chaucer put the stamp of his own strong individuality upon all his productions. By infusing, now his genial humor, now his tender pathos, and by adorning his materials with the grace and symmetry of his style, he shaped them into one well-rounded and beautiful unity.

The later writings of Chaucer are characterized by greater individuality, and exhibit the marks of a better developed and more mature mind, than is shown in his earlier productions. They are, too, original in their subject-matter and in the developing and perfecting of their plots. It is through these writings of his later days that Chaucer has perpetuated his great and enviable reputation, and won for himself so exalted a position among the foremost poets of England.

The "Romant of the Rose," a translation from the French, is a fine example of Chaucer's correct ear for harmonious metre. The "Cuckou and the Nightingale" shows forth his fondness for nature and his love for the songs of birds. The House of Fame, a story told in the form of a vision, excels in richness of fancy and brilliant description, and gives convincing proof of Chaucer's humor and learning. In the Legende of Goode Women he exhibits his deferential regard and high esteem for woman.

The work, however, which has done most to make the name of Chaucer famous, and which would, of itself, have given him a lasting reputation, is his Canterbury Tales. The poet represents these tales as told by a number of pilgrims on their way to Canterbury to visit the shrine of Thomas à Becket. The pilgrims
include men of a great variety of rank and social position, and in their stories we find an admirable picture of the manners, customs, and sentiments of the times. Each tale, too, is told in a manner peculiarly suited to the character of the narrator. Sparkling wit, tender pathos, genial humor, life-like character-painting, and a spirit truly English characterize these stories.

Chaucer's very voluminous productions were written in the East Midland dialect, which, in consequence, took at once, and permanently, a rank above that of the other dialects of England. His works, which were widely circulated, greatly influenced the spoken language, and became the standard of authority for subsequent authors. Chaucer thus did much towards shaping and rendering permanent the language of his countrymen, for from the East Midland dialect has sprung the English of to-day.

He lies buried in Westminster Abbey, and though his bones have longsince crumbled into dust, the writings of Chaucer still live to show forth the noble spirit and mighty genius of the Father of English Poetry.

C. M. L.

EDMUND SPENSER.

The most brilliant epoch in the existence of English literature is unquestionably the sixteenth century. It is true that prior to this time an occasional ray of literary light had penetrated the pall of comparative ignorance and illuminated the prevailing darkness, but during and after the sixteenth century all the world was illuminated by the dazzling brilliance of such inextinguishable lights as Spenser, Shakespeare, Waller, Johnson, Bacon, Hobbes, and many others.

Many circumstances had prepared the way for this great change, among which the following are the most conspicuous: the cautious peace policy of Queen Elizabeth, her wise love of economy, and that keen insight into human character which enabled her to select such able counsellors, all conspired to make England's prosperity unprecedented. New discoveries far away over distant seas and many and marvellous inventions served to widen the knowledge of man. A compromise of religious differences and dissensions had been effected, and the rapid development of language made it more suitable for the expression of thought. But the most potent factor in the formation of English literature was foreign influence.

The works of Ariosto, Tasso, Du Bellay, and Ronsard inspired England's sons with the desire of eclipsing these great geniuses, and of those who in this attempt at least
immortalized their names we are called upon to consider Edmund Spenser.

He was born in London in the year 1553. The social position of his parents is involved in uncertainty, but most probably he was of lowly birth. At any rate, his finances were exceedingly limited, and his struggle for an education was a hard one. But through the generosity of one Robert Nowell, a citizen of London, and by his own self-sacrificing efforts, Spenser obtained a first-class education.

He entered Cambridge University in the year 1569. Here he filled the position of sizar of Pembroke Hall. After seven years of diligent study Spenser received the degree of M. A. in 1576. While at Cambridge he became intimately acquainted with Gabriel Harvey, a prominent educator connected with the university, and it was through his influence that Spenser came to know Sir Philip Sidney, for whom he seems to have formed a devoted attachment. It was through Sidney's influence that Spenser was brought before the notice of the court, and thus placed in the way of preferment.

Spenser's political career may be said to have begun in 1580, when he was appointed secretary to Arthur Grey, lord deputy to Ireland. And it was in connection with the Irish policy that Spenser composed his "View of the State of Ireland," in which he modestly suggested a plan of pacification, which, however, seems to have been unfavorably received in England. But it was in the arena of poetry and not politics that Edmund Spenser was to make his début; and so at the early age of sixteen he commenced to pen the sentiments of his prolific mind. His first poetic volume, however, was the "Shepherd's Calendar," issued in 1579. This pastoral work was dedicated by the author to his friend Sir P. Sidney. It contains twelve poems, all of which vividly portray the individuality of the author, but seem to be somewhat devoid of interest and comprehension, and it is only after the most careful study and concentration that they appear as "a fresh and vivid spring to the delightful summer of the 'Faery Queen.'"

Exactly when Spenser commenced the "Faery Queen" is not known, but it seems that even while performing his duties in Ireland he was also engaged in the composition of this his greatest work. In 1586, having received for his public services a grant of 3,000 acres in Ireland, known as Kilcolman, he repaired thither for the completion of the "Faery Queen." And it was at this place that in 1589 he received a visit from Sir Walter Raleigh. At this time Spenser had completed only three books of his work; but Raleigh was so favorably impressed with their merit that he persuaded Spenser to accompany him to London and present them to Elizabeth. The Queen was charmed with their excellence, and united with all in pronouncing the author "first of living poets." These three books were published in 1590, and in the following year Spenser returned to
Kilcolman Castle. However, while in London, he arranged for the publication of his "Daphnai<la," a pastoral elegy, and his "Complaints," which is a collection of poems written at different times. After remaining in Ireland four years, during which time he married a woman named Elizabeth (Boyle ?), and completed the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of "Faery Queen," he returned to London in 1595, and in the following year the second three books of "Faery Queen" were published; also some of his minor productions. The grandest achievement of Spenser's life, however, was his production of the "Faery Queen"—the measure as well as the plot of which is the author's own conception. Here for the first time appears the immortal Spenserian stanza. The allegory governs the structure of the poem and greatly enhances its value. In undertaking the "Faery Queen" Spenser intended to write twelve books, representing twelve moral virtues, and as the personification of these virtues he chose twelve individuals. But that he ever completed twelve books is uncertain; at any rate, only six were ever published. The genius of Spenser, as it appears in the "Faery Queen," transcends that of all the Elizabethan poets save Shakespeare. But that his end came when it did is claimed to be the perpetuation of his name, for his poetical fancy seemed to be waning; and it is thought that had he lived to complete "Faery Queen," it would long since have perished. In 1598 Spenser seems to have re-entered politics, and was appointed sheriff of Cork. But, alas! he who had so justly won the love and esteem of his fellow-countrymen was destined now soon to perish amid scenes of confusion and poverty. Being forced from his burning house in Ireland, he and his wife sought refuge in England. But within three months after his return, he, the music of whose soul had swelled the hearts of all, succumbed to the martial strains of death, and on the 16th of January, 1599, E. Spenser breathed his last. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey next to those of Chaucer, and the world will never cease to revere his memory. W. H. R.

THE SUICIDE.

In a small but thriving New England village a babe first saw the light of day. He passed through the pleasures and vicissitudes of his younger life successfully, and entered college. For three years he studied hard and burnt the midnight oil, after which he graduated, leaving behind him a record of which the best might be proud. He was manly, honest, and talented. No one could help but love him. In the spring of life he wooed and won the hand and heart of one of earth's fairest daugh-
Majesty was in all her movements, heaven in her countenance. They went to live in a village where quiet reigned supreme. White cottages and a neat church bespoke happiness; fine old elms with overhanging foliage shed their kindly shade over the well-kept streets; a babbling brook invited listless ones to listen to its music. But, alas! there, too, was the grog-shop. In an hour big with evil he entered, and for the first time succumbed to the relentless tempter. Habit forged chains about him—chains too strong for growing weakness to unfetter. His step once firm now faltered. He soon sank—sank, not as the glorious sun lays his head to rest upon the bosom of the golden-tipped clouds of the west, but as a young eagle soaring towards high heaven sinks when the wounding lead of a cruel enemy pierces its warm and downy breast. He fell; but not unwarned by the strong appeal of affectionate friends. The light once seen upon the cheek of love was now extinguished by grief pouring upon it from a lacerated heart.

Still more hardened he became. Two little blue-eyed, dimpled-cheeked boys which God had given him had no one now to whom they could look for sustenance and protection. He heeded not the wails of worse than widowhood. Once when mad with rum he stole his brother’s life. Cowardly at the dread deed, he fled his native land till a strange sky shed her light upon him. Then, a forlorn mortal, he wandered dejected and melancholy. Soon after he plunged the steel into his own heart, and died. Yea, with presumptuous aim he forced hell’s gates, and ere anticipation had filled the breast of Hades’ ruler he reached his home. At the hour of death no sister’s hand pressed his; no wife’s tear fell on his damp brow; no kiss from loving children bedewed the dying father’s clammy cheek. No stone was reared, not even a grave had he; but his body rotted in a marshy bog and festered under the sun of a strange land. His spouse, once the idol of his heart, raves on a bed of iron and curses Heaven. His aged father weeps. His mother cannot weep—her heart too deeply feels the wound.

Since he had lived three and twenty times the trees had blossomed, and three and twenty times had the fields been sown and reaped. Thrice had the rose bloomed in all her loveliness since he took the vows of wedlock. Now the ship is wrecked. As it has been to some, so to others it may be.
We speak of *gossip* in a careless sort of way, as if it bore no relation to our pleasure and happiness; as if it had little influence on the manner in which we conduct ourselves; as if that powerful despot, public opinion, were not intimately related to, and in many instances originated from, gossip. This view of the case is entirely erroneous. The practice of gossip is one of the most important considerations that claim our attention. Let us notice it.

It has been said that whiskey, women, and wealth work more evil than any other three agencies. Whether true or not, that a large proportion of the trouble, evil, and even crime can be traced back to these we are forced to acknowledge. The first of these seems almost invincible, and rushes on as a sparkling stream of deception, on whose surface man's bark glides rapidly along, and is swept over raging falls to absolute destruction, both for the present and for the hereafter. Gladly would we see every drop of whiskey in the world become material for a great bonfire, and willingly would we join in the celebration over the final annihilation of this modern Sphinx.

To deal similarly with wealth would be equally as difficult, though its accumulation might be largely hindered by submitting the management of affairs to the clamoring Socialist. The laborer who favored “a division” was only advocating a principle to cripple prosperity. There could be no such thing as a permanent division of wealth. One division would call for another, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The so-called woman-hater might wish to terminate the fair sex, thus converting the world into a purgatory. We often see men anxious to overthrow everything that proves unprofitable to individual interests. A ready illustration may be seen in the case of the early New England abolitionists.

Now, gossip is a great evil among us that might be remedied, if not terminated. If it were possible to ascertain by accurate calculation what per cent. of all the evil in the world results from gossip, we should be astonished at the figures. But this is out of the question, and we must form an idea by comparing the whole with that which falls within our immediate observation. How many misunderstandings, hard feelings, quarrels, duels, and even inhuman crimes, arise from this unfortunate tendency. Frequently bright little acquaintances are broken up, warm friendships severed forever, and even relatives separated by a broad chasm—all on account of some unruly tongue. Many an innocent girl, many an honorable man, is subjected to the sneers and insults of that numberless class always ready to spread some rumor resting upon no authority whatever save the wild speculations of some unprincipled, scandalizing gossip.
The love of sensation acts as a powerful influence in promoting this habit. There are some (I might say many) who would do almost anything to create a sensation. To appear conspicuous seems to be a marked characteristic of this age. Many would subject their reputations (such as they are), and even lives, to extreme danger simply to be the subject of some sensation. There is a broad distinction between reputation and notoriety. To gain the former, ability in something worthy of consideration is requisite; whereas one may obtain the latter by eloping with his neighbor's wife, or assassinating the head of the nation. To illustrate this love of sensation that stimulates the habit of gossip, it is said that in one of our cities a man is made a society hero as soon as his name is connected with some sensational scandal. What can be the depraved nature of peoples' taste if they are willing and ready to respect and honor (or rather to show that they do) the name of one unworthy of any true woman's admiration.

For one to narrate a story exactly as presented to him—giving all the details, annexing no personal views and explanations, but simply duplicating the story and leaving the impression as originally intended—is by no means an easy undertaking. It requires remarkable memory, accuracy of expression, and freedom from selfishness. We are almost invariably inclined to rearrange some portion of the story so as to suit our own ideas of what should be the case; to omit something that fails to please our fancy, and to insert what personal motives may suggest. To transfer a piece of news, requiring say half a column in the newspapers, through six or seven average persons, and conclude with anything like the original, seems next to an impossibility. In nine cases out of ten a rumor presented to you fourth-class is untrue. One of our humorists tells us that it is better not to know so much than to know so many things that are not true. This can find no more fitting application than here. Many persons with commendable motives have not the ability to deliver accurately a message of considerable length. If it is difficult for one of principle to reproduce a piece of news exactly as delivered to him, how appalling must be the situation when a careless gossip makes such an attempt! The twisted nature of reports in general may find illustration in the following story:

An Englishman, deeply in love with a young lady who lived some distance from his country seat, went one day to see his enchantress, and took with him his valet, Pompey, who also was in love. Pompey, having a vague idea of how he should best declare himself, determined to overhear his master's declaration, and, when an opportunity presented itself, to imitate to the best of his ability. The Englishman and his lady-love were seated on the veranda, and Pompey, having concealed himself underneath, was soon listening to the following declaration: "Diana, O my darling! you set my very soul on fire with your dove's eyes and
your alabaster neck. You are irresistibly fascinating. I adore you, my perfect Cupid!" Pompey having, as he thought, caught this, decided to repeat it to his lady-love. Donning his apparel the next night, he started out upon his romantic undertaking. Finally he summed up his courage and proceeded: "Susanna," said he, "O my darling! you set my soul on fire with your dog's eyes and your yeller-plaster neck. You are irrepressibly abominating, and I abhor you, my perfect glue-pot!"

Try and imagine this passing through the hands of two or three others such as our unfortunate Pompey, and our conception can hardly picture the confusion. We see equally appropriate illustrations very often, though of a somewhat different character.

It has been said, and is generally admitted, that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop." This is as truthful a statement as could well be made. Let us add, the love of sensation is his raw material, gossiping tongues his tools and machinery, and quarrels, misunderstandings, &c., his manufactured commodities.

That we no longer have inspired prophets is quite natural. What need have we for them? There are so many among us who can always tell what is going to happen next month or next year; who will soon be married; who is to be our next governor or president; when the world will come to an end, &c., &c., 'tis easily seen how we can do without the prophets as presented in the Bible. Nineteenth-century Ezekiel's are quite common among us. Jeremiahs with all the advantages of modern science, &c., are characteristics of our age. The venerable Isaiah has passed completely out of date, and we feel deeply indebted to his successors, who not only know everything that can be known, but many things that involve impossibilities and contradiction.

This tendency to repeat what is told us confidentially (the most abused word in the English language) should find no sympathy or patience among well-bred, honorable people; and if by this incomplete article some tongue is shortened by several inches, we shall feel well paid for any time it may have required.

"OLD C."

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MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF FRANK C. JOHNSON.

(DELIVERED IN THE HALL OF THE MU SIGMA RHQ SOCIETY, JANUARY 23, 1891, BY W. B. LOVING.)

One of the most touchingly beautiful features of ancient Grecian literature was that form of poetry known as the dirge—the expression of grief and sadness usually occasioned by the untimely death of some attractive, promising youth. The idea of the dirge is said to have originated in the Orient, in the general lamentation at the death of summer, the
glorious season of fruitage and harvest. A beautiful summer life has recently ended in our midst, but its rich fruits remain, and will remain to strengthen and bless other lives.

Our thoughts turn to two interesting dates. One was the 19th of April, 1867. Nature had just awoke from the long sleep of winter refreshed and beauteous, and the world was bright and glad. The glory of the virgin spring rested around a home of comfort and refinement in the fair town of Culpeper, Va. Through the curtained window of a cozy chamber a sociable sunbeam found entrance that day, and smiled a bright welcome to the infant child who was soon to be known to the world as Frank Cookman Johnson.

Twenty-three years have passed. Brightly dawned the last day of November, 1890. It was the Sabbath. A weary world rested from the week's busy bustle and wearing work. All day long the sun shone brightly from out a cloudless sky, while a great, grand wave of worship, adoration, and praise rolled up from the heart of a grateful world to the throne of Him whose "tender mercies are over all his works." But in the city of Lynchburg, Va., even on that bright day, in one sweet home there was sadness and gloom, because a loved member of the household band lay helpless in the iron grasp of the heartless monster, death. As the last swelling volume of praise went up to heaven that night the soul of the pale, patient sufferer soared away, past the stars, and on and on, passed through the gates of pearl, and to the radiant host of the redeemed and glorified "in that city where cometh no night" was added the gentle, lovely spirit of Frank Cookman Johnson.

Between the two dates of which I have thus briefly referred was a life which, though exceedingly brief and imperfect in its duration, measured by human standards, was yet, in many respects, a marvel of symmetry and completeness. Born of gentle, pious parents, reared amid the refining influences of a happy, Christian home, his surroundings from earliest childhood were highly favorable to the development of that splendid character that won the admiration of all who saw him and the love of all who knew him. Calm and serene, unmarked by any striking events or strong conflicts, was the bright, brief period of his childhood and early youth. But there came a time, such as must come in the history of every man whose life is worth anything to the world—a time of heart-battles and soul-struggles, a time of intense conflict between duty and self. The contest was quickly over; duty triumphed. The sacrifice involved in the decision was far from trifling. With his splendid abilities, his pleasing and popular manners and address, his extraordinary business skill and tact, supplemented by no little actual experience in connection with his father (a prominent and successful businessman), it is easy for us to see how in a few years he might have acquired ample means, with all the advantages that wealth brings, of social
rank and influence, of political power, of ease and comfort.

But the world's Redeemer wanted him; the Savior of men had a mission for him; the King of Kings called him to higher service and nobler rank than riches can afford or the devotees of fashion ever find. He heard and heeded the call. With sublime heroism, with unwavering courage and unyielding faith, he firmly stood with his face toward duty and his back to the world. And that heroic purpose, that noble resolution, directed and controlled every step of his subsequent career.

"With heart aglow, and morning in his eye," he cheerfully advanced to his life-work of uplifting fallen humanity and blessing the world, heartily accepting that beautiful sentiment of Tennyson—

"How'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

His life may be fitly compared to that celestial city where he has soon found a home—sweet, abiding trust in God, like a jasper wall, fencing in the soul; noble deeds, like polished flagstones, forming pavements of pure gold; the indwelling grace of the Spirit Divine shedding its precious light—fairer than the moon, brighter than the sun—while over all beamed the ineffable glory emanating from the presence of Him whose throne is in the midst of the city.

I have thus outlined the most prominent feature and the crowning glory of Frank Johnson's life and character. One of the world's great men has well said: "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him; it creatively determines all the rest." While this is true of men in general, it was pre-eminently true of Frank Johnson. Not that this was all. The qualities and characteristics that make men attractive and influential were his in an extraordinary degree: prepossessing in appearance; unquestionably endowed with superior intellectual power; kind and courteous in all his intercourse with his fellow-men; remarkably gifted with the ability to gain and to hold the confidence and affections of those with whom he came in contact. These advantages are not to be despised; these qualities must not be overlooked; but infinitely and incomparably above all things else, he possessed and cultivated those Christian graces that made him an ornament and a pillar of strength in the grand temple of pure and holy influence, and for which he deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance.

And he will be remembered. We give his name to the world without a stain upon it, to be sacredly cherished and faithfully preserved. Let pure and pious lips tell to aspiring souls, generation after generation, the story of his beautiful life and early death, and from that sweet story young hearts, in their earliest strivings after the sublime and noble and true, will gather inspiration and courage and hope; and thus in the highest, truest sense he will live for ever. True, oft times the world's
memory is treacherous, and worthy names are forgotten; but even though the name of Frank Johnson should be lost, his influence will live.

It is related of Emerson that when he was quite old his memory was much impaired; and while he readily recognized the faces and forms and voices of his intimate friends, he frequently failed to remember their names. Not long before he died he attended the funeral of his much-loved and life-long friend—the poet Longfellow. As he turned away from the new-made grave, he remarked: "That was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I cannot now recall his name."

In the far-distant ages of the future, when the world shall have grown hoary and old, the fair name of our friend may be lost amid the immense number of names that will clamor for recognition and fame; but his influence will linger still, like the silent force that bids the rosebud unfold its matchless beauties, and as imperceptible. His place is secure—"Among those immortal dead who live again In minds made better by their presence: live In pulses stirred to generosity, In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn For miserable aims that end with self, In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars, And with their mild persistence urge man's search To vaster issues."

I cannot now dwell on the various circumstances that made up the splendid record of his life. When quite young, in obedience to conscientious convictions of duty, he determined to devote his life to the work of the gospel ministry—the grandest work ever entrusted to mortal man. In order to prepare himself for extensive usefulness, he entered Richmond College, in September, 1887, at the age of twenty years. Here his record was unsurpassed. In class-work, in athletics, in Y. M. C. A. work, in literary society—in all that was noble and worthy—he was ever among the foremost. In the Mu Sigma Rho Society no man had more influence, and upon few has this grand old society more cheerfully or more worthily bestowed her honors. His name appears on the shining roll of her presidents, and, as final president, he was salutatorian on the occasion of the final celebration of the literary societies in June, 1890. It is no flattery to say that no student in this institution ever enjoyed a larger share of the confidence and esteem of professors and students, and few, if any, have ever been blessed with more brilliant prospects of honorable distinction and merited success in after-life. Alas, that his valedictory to the world should have been spoken so soon after his salutatory!

We miss him,—the strong, trusted friend, the safe counsellor of the weakest of his fellow-students; we miss the light of his genial smile, the benediction of his inspiring example, the strength and beauty and glory of his pure young manhood.

And yet there was beauty even in his death. Not like the oak, majestic forest king, that has stood stern and stately for centuries defy-
ing the fury of hostile storms, and at length, aged and gnarled and broken, it yields to overpowering forces and awakens all the forest with its resounding downfall; but like the modest garden plant that lives its summer-life, making the world around it sweeter and more attractive, and then, its mission ended, upon it falls the chilling breath of the early frost, and breathing out its fragrant life, silently it sinks to rest upon the bosom of the earth from which it sprang. Such was our friend. When death’s dark messenger, with icy breath, whispered in his ear the summons of departure he quietly yielded up his life to Him who gave it; and now he rests “in the bosom of his Father and God,” because his work is done. Brief was the period allotted for that work. He used it wisely and well. He lived scarcely long enough to witness the fading of the morning sunshine from the cloud of life ere he was suddenly awakened to “the agony of the knowledge that the fabric of it was as fragile as a dream, and the endurance of it as transient as the dew.” But he had begun to realize that in that mysterious cloud called life there dwelt a fire more potent than the lightning, and a grace more precious than the rain.

I would gladly linger at the altar of his fair memory, heaping upon it the best offerings of affection that I am able to bring; but the passing moments forbid. Shall we say he was perfect? Certainly not. He had faults; certainly he had. He knew it. But it is not too much to say that his faults were less numerous and less prominent than those of most young men, and they were grandly overshadowed by his many shining virtues. He was so gentle and tender, yet so firm and true—the embodiment alike of beauty and strength. We think of what Dickens said of Little Nell just after she died: “A whisper went about among them that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed.”

And he was so young! Before the awful mystery of his early removal from the stage of human endeavor we stand in awe-stricken yet submissive silence. It was the plan of Infinite Wisdom. What it means we do not know; but we do know that he has not lived in vain. Nay, he is not dead. “To live in hearts we leave behind us is not to die.”

Friend, companion, brother, need we say farewell to thee when every tender emotion, every generous impulse, every act of kindness will recall thy life of consecration and the abiding power of the sweet influence that thou hast left behind—a glory and a fame that might well be coveted by the brightest angel whose snow-white pinions gleam in the golden light of the glory-land.

The name of Frank Johnson, wreathed and radiant, will shine in immortal splendor long after the names of nation-conquering heroes and proud potentates shall have gone down and been forever lost in the dark depths of that sea that never
gives up its dead. Far into the night of the world's woe, far into the darkness of sinning, struggling, dying humanity, will beam the blessed light of the uplifting, saving influences radiating from his noble life; and wherever there are young hearts battling with selfishness and sin, wherever there are young men who need the inspiration of his glorious example, wherever in all the earth there are burdens to be lifted and shadows to be dispelled, there the story of his devoted life and triumphant death will impart light and strength and comfort.

"When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every form from which he lets the panting spirit free a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves some good is born, some nobler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven."

IS A SWEETHEART AN ADVANTAGE TO A COLLEGE STUDENT?

"Useless each without the other."

—Hiawatha.

One looking at this question for the first time may consider that it is of non-importance whether it is decided one way or the other. It should, however, be weighed carefully, for, as our scientists say, it involves a principle as ancient as the "rock-ribbed mountains," and as our poets love to sing, it will continue to move the hearts of men "as long as the stars shall shine and the silvery moon shall continue to wax and wane."

The first thing to be noticed is the college student's relation to the world. When a young man enters an institution of learning, is he crossing the threshold of a monastery? When he takes up the languages and sciences that he may understand man better, shall he close and bolt the door of his mind that he may have no real experience with this "masterpiece" of God's hand? The tenderest feelings of the heart unite with the profoundest reasonings of the intellect, and answer, "No!" When the young Macedonian led his Greeks against the combined forces of the Persian monarch, what was the secret of his success? The question is answered when we remember that Darius had spent his life in semi-seclusion, while Alexander had touched his elbows with his subjects, and was, in the true sense of the word, "a man among men." Let a student while at college refrain from touching elbows with one whom poetry is pleased to call a sweet-
heart, and then when he shall have entered fully into the battle of life he will have to withstand its conflicts alone.

It is as natural for the heart of man to be drawn to the heart of woman as it is for the bee to gather honey from the opening flower. What has been implanted into our being by nature is for our advantage, and should not be fought against. One may say that according to this we should not strive against sin. But does his reasoning hold good? Sin was acquired, but when the breath of life was breathed into the first piece of clay, at that very moment the heart began to beat with affection. Another may say, "Why not defer getting a sweetheart until after you have finished your college course?" My friend, procrastination is a thief of love no less than of time.

We know a bachelor who was once a student at this institution. While here he had no "darling Mary," and to-day when he visits a fair one in whom he feels an interest, and to whom he desires to say some sweet word, he knows not how. When she walks in, he looks at her sidewise, and then begins to whistle and sing. That is all. And it will be all of him, too, for he has entirely given up the idea of ever moving along the road of life in double harness.

A large number of Americans have made their fortunes by handling railroad stock. They put their money into bonds to-day, and look to the future for results. The student enters into a temporary partnership with some gentle maiden; they invest in bonds of affection, and before his college days have ended said bonds are drawing such an interest that the parties involved will part with them under no consideration. Is there no advantage in this? The railroad king may lose on an investment to-day, but it will make him stronger for to-morrow. The student may have the silver chords of his heart snapped by his so-considered darling turning away, but before two suns shall pass he will have each old string in place, and ere the changing of the moon will be tuning them to accompany the golden words of another. The student should begin now to widen the door of his existence so that "in the sweet bye and bye" another life— the ideal of true loveliness and worth—may enter in, and the two become one. A stronghold of love will not surrender to the besieger in a single day.

A philosopher says: "A bachelor is one who has foregone his privilege of making some woman miserable." We agree with him fully, for if there is one thing that a wide-awake maiden does dislike to do, it is to spend an hour with a bachelor. If being in his presence for so short a while makes her "miserable," what would be the result if he were to suggest a life-partnership? Why is there no hope for the bachelor? It is for this simple reason: During the plastic period of his life he so strongly barred the door of his heart that the hand of love is now unable to move even a single bolt.
A principle that no one disputes is that a student's college days are to his actions in after years as are the moulds of the casting-room to the iron which is poured therein. Should a student like the American Indian take no thought of the advantage of to-day, which will become a greater advantage on the morrow? Or should he, like the Spartans of old, be training himself now so that when the proper time shall come he may be enabled to win a prize far surpassing in fairness the marbles of Angelo, and eclipsing in beauty the canvasses of Raphael?

We know a student who, for the sake of argument on this question, has tried to "make the worse appear the better reason." Yet we know of no one that has ever walked beneath the shades of this institution who has received a greater advantage from having a sweetheart than he. It has been but a short time since he stepped across the way to see the one he loves. As he looked upon her lily brow, her ruby lips, and cherry-crimsoned cheeks, he fell upon his knees before her and whispered softly:

"Listen to my pleading,
Speak, dark eyes of blue,
Lift your dusky lashes,
Let the love light through;
Be no promise spoken;
Breathe no useless sighs;
If you love me, darling,
Tell me with your eyes."

She told him. And if ever again he stands up and says that to bear such a relation to one of Virginia's fair daughters is not an advantage, he should be exiled to an iceberg of the far north, where roses cannot bloom and where gentle voices are never heard.

Another student has given us his own experience. He said: "It was on a beautiful evening toward the close of summer. With her hand in mine we wandered along the sea-shore. We watched the waves as they washed over the shells and sand, and saw the sea-weed as it was borne away on the breakers. We thought of the ever-changing waters, and as I looked into her eyes—so soft and brown—we spoke of our mutual love, which should be changed by neither time nor tide. Twilight came on. We walked leisurely to her picturesque home in the suburbs of that city by the sea. There in an arbor overgrown with the woodbine, clematis, and the running rose, we sat down and talked of the happy days to come. The heavens were spangled with stars, and the 'Queen of Night' was approaching her zenith, but I thought only of her who sat by my side. As I spoke of having to return to school on the following morning, her head fell gently upon my shoulder, and almost unconsciously my lips met hers."

Several months had passed, when one day I received a note from her, saying that she could no longer be mine. Could the mountains have fallen on me, or could a wish have returned my body to the dust, I would have been happy. From that moment I resolved never again to have a sweetheart while at college."

Poor fellow! We can deeply sympathize with him, for we have been
along the same way. But because we have failed to win an emerald, should we give up when we have an opportunity to obtain a cut and polished diamond? The violet of the mountain side unites its voice with that of the lily of the valley, and answers, "A thousand times, No!"

One may say that if a student has a sweetheart it will cause him to be unsuccessful in his studies. Had we not just as well say that he should have no brother or sister, father or mother? What student does not know the advantage of encouraging words from loved ones at home? They cause him to put forth his most earnest efforts, and to work toward results which can only be reached in the far future. Does it not follow, then, that the encouraging words of "the one" for whom we are to leave father and mother will prove a still greater advantage to the student? That soldier fights best who draws his sword in defense of his home and fireside. That student studies best who knows that his course is being watched with hopefulness by the one he loves.

"We have but one lamp by which our feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience." There was, many years ago, a student at William and Mary College who was a great favorite with the young ladies who lived and visited at Williamsburg. He did not neglect his studies, but he had his full share of their company. In a letter to a friend he tells him how much he enjoyed dancing with "Belinda" in the "Apollo" at the old Raleigh Tavern. This student who had a sweetheart while at college afterwards became the author of the Declaration of Independence, the founder of one of the best universities of the republic, governor of Virginia, and president of the United States.

At the university just referred to, thirty years ago, there was a student who was accustomed to say, "Hi, ho, hum! I never see a pretty girl but I love her some." This student who loved "the girls" so, soon afterwards became a follower of Jackson and Lee. To-day he is well known as an author, and no one is more forcible with tongue and pen than is he—our own John William Jones, now of Atlanta, Ga. One of our most philosophical professors could tell us of the great advantage he derived from having a sweetheart while working for his degree, if he were not away even now on his second bridal tour.

One had as well say that the fleet-footed antelope and wild gazelle could cross the plains of Africa without panting for the water-brooks, as to say that the student could pass through his college course without deriving an advantage from "the sweetest" of all influences.

Finally, we do not believe that the author of the beautiful lines given below could ever have penned them unless some gentle hand had aided in moulding his life during his days at school. Follow him in his words:

"I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness. Else
why is it that the glorious aspirations which weep like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off and leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties and forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread before us like islands slumbering on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us here like shadows shall stay in our presence forever.

OLD VIRGINIA.

EXAMINATIONS.

Is the present system of examinations at Richmond College just and fair? Is it the hard, honest student that passes always? Is it the brightest and most worthy that takes off the highest honors? These are questions that all thoughtful students are pondering now, at this time, when the entire college is in the midst of the intermediate examinations. Many a brain, tired, wearied, and driven almost to distraction, has come to the same conclusion that the editor long ago reached, that one of the worst, cruelest, and most depraving of customs ever perpetrated upon college students is the present unjust and unfair system of examinations.

The great work of Richmond College, and of all colleges of this class, is simply training—nothing more nor nothing less—training the mind to regular habits of study, to close application and attention, and to the power of concentration. It cannot make the young men learned and scholarly, but it can prepare them to become scholars. Hence everything—examinations, medals, and all—should be conducted so as to encourage honest, studious habits. Do these examinations have this effect? Far from it. Every observant student knows well enough that, however well he may apply himself during the session, unless he "crams" and stuffs himself with ten thousand things that are without nourishment, and many things that are indigestible and absolutely in-
jurious, he will almost for a certainty ingloriously fail on examination-day; and that he may pass through the session, taking his ease and living at his pleasure, but just before examinations go through the same cramming and stuffing process and pass the examination without any trouble.

It is good to train the memory, but other intellectual functions are more important. Memory does not make a great scholar; it is only the receptacle of things given from the outside; but unless the mind has the acuteness and subtileness and power to digest and assimilate those things and make them of its own flesh, then they are useless and burdensome. It is nice to look into a library and see there the shelves full of books, all so nicely arranged and convenient. We enjoy seeing a man with his memory stored with many things, but that memory is only the book shelves, and perfectly useless unless we can take down the books stored away there and appropriate to ourselves the truths therein taught.

Would that those who control the fortune of Richmond College could read again that old fable of the robin and the peacock, and perhaps they would better understand the situation of a student stuffed with other men's learning; or, if it would not be too bad, we might almost wish them to have an incurable case of the dyspepsia, that they might have some pity on the students here just now.

May we repeat, Is this the end of college life at Richmond, the passing of examinations? It ought not to be; but this is the actual end toward which the faculty and trustees are directing the students' minds to-day. If they would encourage the honest and constant student; if they would encourage studious habits and close application, and discourage this stuffing process, they must reform and revolutionize the present system of examinations.

GLADSTONE'S AMBITION.

It seems to be a general truth that among the masses reason follows feeling and sympathy. First men sympathize, and then go to work to reason out a foundation for their sympathy. Thus it is why almost unanimously the English-speaking people have sided with Mr. Gladstone in his demand for the retirement of Parnell from the leadership of the Irish party. The people have so long been accustomed to look upon Mr. Gladstone as the greatest of modern statesmen that they have almost forgotten that he is a man subject to human passions. Has he not a fault, not a blemish? Mr. Gladstone is ambitious. He knows that if it shall come about through his instrumentality that Ireland's bonds are broken and her people set at liberty his name shall be held in reverent esteem for all time and by all men. But as the goal was about to be reached he sees another man passing him with giant strides to grasp the prize. It was then that seeing a stain on Parnell's private cloak he cried out for shame that Ireland should receive her liberty at the hand of a man who had committed a private sin, and appealed to English sympathy to remove him.
from the race. Mr. Gladstone is a great man, but he is ambitious, and rather than see the honor pass into another man's hand, he has thrown poor down-trodden Ireland back on the rack for another long, dreary period.

Mr. Parnell may have committed a sin; tempted, he may have fallen; but he was a great statesman and a mighty patriot, who knew what was best for his country, and was honestly working for that end. He knew better than any other man what his country needed, and but for the jealousy of a few men would soon have made it a proud and powerful country. No, it was Gladstone, and not Parnell, who sacrificed Ireland's cause to personal ambition.

THE PROPOSED MAGAZINE.

We are glad to see that the people of the South are beginning to discuss earnestly the practicability and advisability of establishing a new literary magazine peculiarly Southern. Nothing could be a greater blessing to this section of the country nor to the whole literary world. The great energy of the people to a considerable extent is being turned toward the field of literature. With only a little encouragement our people might create one of the finest literatures that has ever enriched any language. They are poets by their very nature—hot-blooded, passionate, and imaginative—and add to this the inspiration to be gathered from external nature, and what more could be required to inspire men and women to pour forth songs sweeter than have ever been heard before?

As it is now, our literary men have a great restraint placed over them. They are compelled to cover up and smother their sectional and Southern peculiarities, and to pamper to Northern tastes and opinions, in order to get a hearing at all. Notwithstanding, a very large per cent. of the contributors even to Northern magazines are Southerners. Yet a greater part of it will be counted to the genius and glory of the North. Is this right? Will the patriotism of our people allow this long to remain so?

NATURE'S SOLUTION OF THE RACE PROBLEM.

Does the negro threaten the peace and tranquility of our country? Is constitutional government endangered by his presence? Does his black visage cast a shadow over the prospects and future happiness of our land? It seems that very many of our most eminent statesmen put the darkest interpretation on every phase of these questions, and in their wild excitement and fright, amounting almost to frenzy, they are doing more to make it a dark and dangerous problem than the country will be able to solve in a day. By continually working at the thorn in the countries side they are making a deeper and more painful sore than much doctoring will be able to heal in a long time to come.

Our country to-day stands in no more danger from the negro than it does from the Indian. But those
men who call themselves statesmen who, in the halls of legislation, are constantly pricking and meddling with this question, are pushing our fair fabric of freedom to the tottering point. If these men would only hands-off for a period, nature would soon provide her own remedies; in fact, notwithstanding we have so many quack statesmen, this healing process is naturally proceeding.

The negro is eminently fitted for agricultural labors, especially in the cotton fields of the South. But it is a noticeable fact that when it comes to the more delicate and severe labors required in factories and shops, he cannot compete either in skill or efficiency with the white laborer. Hence he must give way here. And as new industries are developed in the South white labor will constantly immigrate to supply the demand, and the negro, by the very force of circumstances, will be compelled to move.

As the whites immigrate into the South the negro must emigrate and scatter himself over the world. To be sure, this will not all happen in a day, but by degrees, and in just that degree that the South is permitted to develop her resources. There is not the slightest room for doubt but that the ratio of the two races is and will constantly grow greater and greater, and as the ratio increases the danger of the negro as a political and social factor decreases. It is a principle in nature that the weaker must give way to the stronger, the unfit to the suitable. Everything tends to get where it is most suited. The fittest always survive.

A HINT TO ASPIRING AUTHORS.

There is not, perhaps, in the English language a finer production of its kind than Poe's "How to Write a Blackwood Article." But many young authors—writing for college papers, especially—knowing of Poe's superior abilities as a critic and author, but forgetting that the point and pith of the article is hidden in satire, have followed literally the advice therein given, and have produced some things assuredly as wonderful and astonishing as "In a Predicament." And it seems that the "tone" "heterogeneous" is the favorite "tone." They delight in variety; they never use the same word twice; they delight in high-sounding words that indicate a well-thumbed dictionary. If in the course of a description of a weeping maiden it becomes necessary to use the word "tear," they do not say "tear," but "glistening brine." If they wish to speak of a place of pleasure they describe it as a "stream whence effervesce pleasures ineffable." The patriotic Englishman, upon beholding for the last time his native shores, is made to exclaim, "Vale." Poor fellow! The last bit of patriotic feeling, all the sadness and depression that weighted him down, was driven from him forever by simply stuffing into his throat one little, innocent Latin word. If the aspiring author will take a hint he will save the literary editor much trouble.

ADVICE.

In making up decisions on matters of importance two extremes are fre-
quently noticeable. First, we see young people forming rapid judgments in important questions without availing themselves of the advice of their associates. They seem to care nothing for the counsel of their elders or superiors, feeling that they themselves are thoroughly competent to decide upon questions with which they have little acquaintance. This exhibits a marked degree of self-sufficiency. Secondly, to depend entirely on the decisions of others, without exercising any individual opinions, is quite common among us. To have little or no personal opinion about matters that concern us, depending entirely on the counsel of others, is almost as great a fault as to reject the opinions of everyone and hold in contempt all counsel from any source whatever. To be thoroughly self-sufficient is one fault, and to have no appreciation of one's own qualifications is an equally unfortunate one. There is a happy medium between the two. When in difficulty as to what action should be taken, it is advisable to utilize counsel from all sources, according to its weight as compared with personal opinion. In writing, for example, when in doubt as to whether certain things should be published, why hesitate to avail one's self of valuable criticisms from others? If the question seems specially difficult to decide, to submit the manuscript to the critical eye of your lady-love proves of decided advantage in many cases. Her advice will frequently be impartial and beneficial. To this, perhaps, may be attributed, to no little degree, the remarkable success with which our Local Department has met during the last few months; all because the editor, it is said, seemed to recognize the fact that the advice of others should by no means be despised.

MORAL:
When balanced 'tween alternatives, should one refuse to take Advice from some kind friend, he often makes a sad mistake.
Consider first the motive, then th' advice from every source;
And should your girl suggest a point—accept it? why, of course!

Locals.

EDITOR: HARDIN T. BURNLEY.

C. C. C. C. C. C. C.
Ah there, my moustache!

Mr. L., the gentleman from the Dismal Swamp.

Mr. D. says he is reading Cromwell's Latin poets.

The question of the day: "Well, did you make it?"
Mr. L. is writing a novel, called "The Mystery of Jug Tavern; or, Who Stole the Ham?" We predict for it a rapid sale.

Mr. B., when asked who was the author of the "Fairie Queen," replied, "Herbert Spencer."

Mr. M.: "Were you at the unavailing of the Lee monument?"

Mr. H. is not addicted to the use of slang, but when any one excites his admiration he exclaims, "Taurine youth with a vitreous optic."

Mr. P. wants to know where macaroni grows.

Mr. J.: "What's the matter with my beard?"

Mr. W.: "Oh! nothing at all. It is out of sight."

Mr. B. is said to like Junior German better than he does the rest of his classes.

Mr. R.: "When you get a degree, do you get a medal, too?"

Mr. B.: "How did you happen to be ready for breakfast this morning, Mr. L.?"

Mr. L.: "I mistook the bells."

"It's a wonder one haruspex doesn't laugh when he meets another." Mr. N. says they both laugh.

A Law-class decision (Judge G. presiding): "Gaines Pur year: Harry's son Thomas, Harry's Boatwright Pollard, Wins ton of berlin—Ham.

Mr. D. has been learning a great deal of Greek literature lately. In a recent conversation he casually remarked that Simonides wrote the tenth Pythian ode.

Mr. H., in Physics, being asked to give a problem in momentum, said, "If a ball falls one hundred feet, how far will it fall?"

By request of the Editorial editor we publish the following:

Some would rather kiss a girl
On lips, or cheeks, or even eye,
While others in less worthy taste
Would rather kiss them on the sly.

Mr. N. stayed out so late the other night that he went to sleep at the breakfast table the next morning while passing a dish to the person next to him.

Mr. G.: "It takes twenty-seven to make a quorum in the Society, so before all of us new fellows joined they didn't have a quorum."

Mr. C., of the Law class, said he knew that by statute law a man couldn't marry his widow's sister, but by common law he could.

Mr. D., in Sen. Latin, translated jumenta "oxen."

Prof. H. (interrupting): "Beasts of burden."

Mr. D.: "That's what the fable said."

We are told that Mr. D., recently calling on a young lady, was informed that she was out. "Well," said he, "it doesn't make any difference. Tell her I called."
ON THE CAMPUS.

O students hard! I am no bard
To sing of birds and flowers,
But all and each I’d like to teach
How best to spend off hours.

Don’t think you’re neat and walk the street
To show your clothes in style;
Don’t have a fit if (lacking wit)
Admirers at you smile.

Take some fair maid beneath the shade,
And on your knees before her,
Tell how distressed your throbbing breast—
Declare that you adore her.

Pour forth desire with love-lit fire,
Oh, could you but possess her!
Be careful, too; in all you do
Look out for a professor.

We’ll say no more, but keep near shore,
For fear our theme will swamp us,
But have a girl with teeth like pearl,
And “have one on the campus.”

—HARD STUDENT.

Mr. J., seeing a notice of a meeting
of the Mission Band, said, “I wonder
if they will have any music.”

The following account of the de-
bate between the Randolph and Mu
Sigma Rho societies appeared in the
Richmond Dispach of January 17th:

In spite of the rain quite a large
audience gathered in the hall of the
Young Men’s Christian Association
last night to hear the competitive
debate between the Mu Sigma Rho
Literary Society of Richmond Col-
lege and the Randolph Literary So-
ciety of the Young Men’s Christian
Association.

The former were represented by
Messrs. Hardin T. Burnley and W.
Owen Carver, the latter by C. H.
Urner and Louis Rich. The ques-
tion was: “Resolved, That man is
the architect of his fortune.”

Mr. Burnley made a carefully-pre-
pared speech, which was delivered
to the accompaniment of frequent
applause. He was followed by Mr.
Urner, who delivered an erudite and
effective address. Mr. Carver, fol-
lowing in a rapid and sarcastic flow
of language, made his opponent feel
the weight of some heavy blows.
The last speaker, Mr. Rich, in bright
and original style captivated the au-
dience and impressed the judges.

Messrs. Carver and Urner then
had seven minutes each in which to
reply to each other, and this done
the question was submitted for de-
cision. The judges, Major Robert
Stiles, General Peyton Wise, and Mr.
S. L. Kelly, after remaining in the
jury-room about five or ten minutes,
arrived at a decision, and announced
that the Randolphs had won the
question.

This is the fourth debate between
the Randolphs and the two societies
of the college, and the score stands
three to one in favor of the former.

C. M. Wallace, Jr., president of
the Randolphs, made the address of
welcome, and Benjamin Gunter, pre-
sident of the Mu Sigma Rho, the val-
edictory.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows preached
to a large audience in the chapel
Sunday night, January 25th. The
sermon was simple and beautiful,
and will not soon be forgotten.

We extend our sincere congratulations to our honored professor, Dr.
Thomas, upon his recent marriage.
May you live long and happily.

During the Christmas holidays
Prof. Harris was presented with a
handsome pair of eye-glasses by his
Sunday-school class as a token of
their high appreciation of his ability
as a teacher and worth as a friend.
TO MY LOVE.

I know a maid exceeding fair,
With cunning ways and beauty rare;
Well versed in woman's wary wiles
From puckered lips to crimson smiles.

Dark as midnight are the tresses,
Curled in many wayward meshes
Around her brow, so snowy white,
Contrasting darkness with the light.

From out her merry twinkling eyes,
That shame the starlings of the skies,
There gleams a fascinating light
That fills my soul with strange delight.

Her ruby lips, like redning berries,
Aye, two ripe and luscious cherries,
That, when she smiles, from out beneath
There peep two rows of pearly teeth.

Her smiles and blushes oft contend,
And with each other interblend;
While roses red give to the snow
In dimpled cheeks a crimson glow.

Not the tunes by Orpheus played,
Nor the notes by angels made
On harps of gold with silver strings
Are half so sweet as when she sings.

But rest thy muse, and her apart—
What matters it, O throbbing heart,
How wondrous sweet and fair she be
If she's not sweet and fair for thee?

Each of the literary societies held
its regular election of officers on the
first meeting night in January, with
the following result:

Mu Sigma Rho: President, Benj.
T. Gunter, Jr.; Vice-President, N.
Heaton, Jr.; Censor, Jno. E. Etchis-
on, Jr.; Recording Secretary, J. M.
T. Childrey; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Pettus; Treasurer, Har-
din T. Burnley; Critic, E. C. Laird;
Sergeant-at-Arms, E. M. Pilcher;
Chaplain, T. C. Skinner; Hall Man-
ger, T. S. Dunaway, Jr.; Final Orator, F. F. Causey.

Philologian: President, D. H.
Rucker; Vice-President, J. M. Bur-
nett; Censor, C. S. Dickinson; Re-
cording Secretary, W. L. Britt; Cor-
responding Secretary, H. W. Prov-
ince; Critic, Garnett Ryland; Treas-
urer, G. F. Cook; Sergeant-at-Arms,
E. M. Whitlock; Chaplain, H. T.
Allison; Hall Managers, C. T. Tay-
lor and L. N. Hash; Final Orator,
Frank Williams.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society held
a memorial meeting in honor of
Frank C. Johnson in its hall Friday
night, January 23d. The Philolo-
gian Society was present by special
invitation, besides a number of the
city pastors and professors, with their
families.

Mr. B. T. Gunter, Jr., president
of the society, presided, and Rev. Mr.
S. C. Clopton opened the meeting
with prayer. Appropriate resolu-
tions of respect were then read by
Mr. R. T. Gregory, Jr., chairman of
the committee appointed to prepare
them, after which Mr. W. B. Loving
delivered an ornate and elegant ad-
dress on the life and character of the
deceased, which was as tender as it
was truthful, and was in every re-
spect a worthy tribute to his mem-
ory.

After touching remarks by Messrs.
Carver, Taylor, Boggess, and Prof.
Pollard, the meeting was closed with
prayer by Prof. Harris.

Prof. Harris has, during the past
month, delivered two most interest-
ing and instructive lectures on the
lyric poetry of the Greeks. They
were open to the public, and the large audiences each night testify to the lecturer's attractiveness and popularity.

We clip the following extracts from the excellent reports in the Richmond Times:

"A year ago we had the pleasure of looking at some of the great epics ascribed to Homer. This species of verse reached its meridian as early as 850 B.C. and then rapidly declined, to be succeeded about 700 B.C. by new and more varied forms. The transition from epic to lyric was not merely in outward form, but still more in substance and in adaptation to new surroundings. The forms of government were changing in nearly all of the Grecian states from regal, first to aristocratic and then to democratic. Achilles and Hector were no longer the model men; the fate of Priam and the wanderings of Ulysses could not interest the proud nobles at their banquets, still less the assemblies of people rioting in new-found freedom. The times were also intensely active. Commerce and colonization, with constant wars at home and abroad, left little leisure for the contemplation of a glorious past. All energies were absorbed in social questions pressing for immediate solution.

"This, then, was the youth of Greek-speaking people. In childhood they had loved the stately monastery of epic; in manhood they would come to appreciate the drama. Between these must come the period of surging passion, of intense self-consciousness. Lyric poetry is intensely personal, an outpouring of the present emotions, as may be seen in our popular songs and in the masterpieces of such poets as Robert Burns and Father Ryan. There is no great breadth of thought, but immense depth of feeling."

The lecturer then proceeded to discuss the two kinds of verse which were the most important steps in the transition from epic, the poetry for recitation, to melic, the poetry for song.

**ELEGiac VERSE—PERSONAL.**

"This species of verse shows but a slight departure, and that only in alternate verses, from the epic model. It was used first, perhaps, at funerals, then as a vehicle for all sorts of emotions in politics, in war, in banquets, in proverbs."

After mentioning as the principal authors of this species of verse Collinus of Ephesus, Tyrtaeus of Athens, Solon, Theognis of Megara, and Simonides of Ceos, the Professor went into the discussion of

**IAMBIC POETRY—CHORAL.**

"The other kind is in several respects antipodal to elegiac. Its rhythm is most familiar, being that of the great body of English poetry. It was especially adapted to satire, but used for many other purposes.

"Archilochus, its reputed inventor, was born on Paxos, a mountain of purest marble, went in early manhood to hunt for gold amid the Black Hills of Thrace, knew all the vicissitudes of frontier life and conflict with savages, loved with intensest passion the girl he left behind him, returned poor, was rejected by her father, had all his passion turned to gall, and poured it out in bitterest invective. His later years were equally turbulent, and he fell in battle, bemoaned as one of the brightest wits ever known and ranked by the Greeks as second only to Homer. Simonides of Amorgos was a respectable merchant of narrow views and morose temper. Two of his works survive—a piece of advice to his son, and a low-flung satire on woman."

The lecture closed with brief ref-
ference to the Fables of Æsop and the fashion of impromptu toasts at feasts, both of these being commonly in iambic verse.

The second lecture was upon melic poetry, a brief outline of which follows:

Melic, or song poetry, may be roughly divided into personal (suited in form and sentiment for a solo), and choral (suited for a group of voices, accompanied among the Greeks by dancing or graceful movements in harmony with the thoughts expressed). The former sang of the passion inspired by politics, by love, and by wine, attained its highest development at Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos, and from its dialect is called Æolic; the latter flourished among the more staid and religious Dorian peoples, and from them takes its name.

THE ÆOLIC SCHOOL.

This species of poetry, born of the times, is best explained by sketching the lives of its principal writers.

1. Alcaeus lived in troublous times, the last of the seventh and beginning of the sixth century B. C. The oligarchy to which he was heartily attached was twice overthrown by tyrants, who in turn fell by assassination; and then the noble Pittacus, one of the Seven Wise Men, was chosen dictator, and laid the foundations of democracy. The poet was banished and took service under Pharaoh Hophra, a brother at the same time enlisting under Nebuchadnezzar. The two may have met in some of the wars between their sovereigns waged in Palestine, and resulting in the sack of Jerusalem. Or perchance Alcaeus met the aged Jeremiah in his retreat at Tahpanhes, and his brother may have seen Daniel promoted to be chief of the Magi, or possibly heard the harp of young Ezekiel "by the rivers of Babylon."

Such at least were the times in which they lived. In attempting to secure recall by exciting revolution, Alcaeus was made a prisoner, but released by Pittacus, and seems to have spent his last days quietly in his native town, though out of sympathy with its progress. Of his ten books of songs—political, convivial, and amatory—only a few fragments survive. They seem to have been composed for a limited audience on festive occasions, and have furnished models and ideas to Horace, Catullus, Byron, and other like poets.

2. There was a younger contemporary of Alcaeus whom he describes in an extant fragment as "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho." Her character was early assailed, but without sufficient reason. Her manners were those of the Levant, and did not indicate what similar behavior might have done at Athens; her sentiments were passionate, but not ungoverned; the story of her Leucadian leap is unquestionably a myth, based perhaps on some poem presenting such a fate of unrequited love. She seems to have been a brunette, of small stature and rare beauty, the honored head of a coterie or school of young ladies studying poetry.

Of the nine books she composed only two short poems and a few other fragments survive. They are notable for intense depth of feeling and exquisite grace of diction. As a sample, take the ode translated by Catullus, and from him by Lord Byron: "Equal to Jove that youth must be," &c.

Sappho's history was made to point a moral in favor of higher and better education for women.

3. Anacreon, born at Teos, lived mainly at the splendid courts of Polycrates, of Samos, and the sons of Pisistratus, at Athens, and well suited such surroundings. His verses
lack naturalness, spontaneity, feeling, and make amends only by mechanical polish. This character invited imitation, and the dialect of the "Odes" translated by Moore show that they are spurious, though perhaps very much in the style of the genuine. Several of these were quoted in illustration of the theme.

The Doric School.

Of this there are several varieties, such as the simple chorus used at Sparta in worship of Apollo; the dithyramb, at Corinth, in honor of Dionyeus; the epinicion, in celebration of victories at the great games.

After mentioning the earlier authors, the Professor said:

The principal writers of Doric or choral lyric were two:

1. Simonides of Ceos, who lived during and after the Persian wars, and surpassed all others in versatility, being cosmopolitan in tastes and habits, equally at home with the tyrants of Thessaly or the democrats of Athens, ready for feast or funeral, for elegy, satire, religious or epinicion ode, doing quite well in every kind of verse, but of course superlatively excellent in none. His predecessors had received presents; he wrote for stipulated pay, and praised in proportion to the amount. Several anecdotes were told as showing the estimation in which he was held, and selections presented from his epitaphs and his odes.

2. Pindar of Boeotia, stands alone among his countrymen, but, like Epaminondas, towers high above all his contemporaries. He owes his eminence partly to native genius and hard work, partly to circumstances, among which were the introduction of orgastic sun-worship, the growth of natural feeling during the Persian war, and the rise of tragedy, for he was contemporary with Æschylus. He was a welcome visitor at the court of Hiero, of Syracuse, but lacked the arts of a popular courtier. His fame rests mainly on odes, many of which are preserved complete, in which he celebrated the praises of victors at the Olympian or Pythian games. The successful champion was received at home with a feast and his praises sung by a comus, or band of revellers, whence comes our word encomium. His style is sententious, adorned with mythic lore, laden with imagery, and rushing, as Horace says, "like a swollen torrent."

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

At the regular business meeting of the College Young Men's Christian Association, January 10th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

C. T. Taylor, president; George F. Hambleton, vice-president; J. M. Burnett, recording secretary; R. E. Chambers, corresponding secretary; C. S. Dickinson, treasurer.

The following committees were appointed by the president:


Religious Meetings—E. T. Gregory, Prof. H. H. Harris, and F. E. Scandland.

Bible Study—Prof. F. W. Boatwright, W. L. Britt, and C. M. Long.

College Neighborhood Work—Penitentiary, W. L. Hayes; Almshouse, R. W. Grizzard; Soldiers' Home, W. H. Provence; Sheltering Arms, R. T. Marsh.


With the above officers and committeemen we can but predict good work done by our association during the ensuing term.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

Some members of the association are looking forward for a blessing in attending the State Convention at Lynchburg. We can but think that they will receive it when we hear of the prominent Christian workers who will be there. Hon. J. T. Ellyson is to make the principal address. Mr. W. E. Colley, Rev. C. P. Williamson, Capt. L. L. Marks, Messrs. B. F. Johnson, William W. Smith, W. H. Morris, and many other prominent workers will be there.

THE WORK IN VIRGINIA.

The Christian young men of Virginia seem to be alive. Mr. H. O. Williams, State Secretary, said in the Dispatch that there are sixty-four associations in the State to-day. Seventeen of these are in colleges and high schools, and six are at railroad points, and one at Fortress Monroe. This is the only association in the United States army. At seventeen points in the State general secretaries are employed, and give their entire time to the work of the Association. Buildings are owned by the associations at Richmond, Norfolk, Lynchburg, Staunton, and Luray, and in early spring Petersburg and Roanoke will erect association homes. The entire membership in the State is about 6,000—an average of 100 to every association. Richmond has of this number about 850. The value of buildings, building lots, and other association property in the State is $193,600.

Personals.

J. R. Bagby ('89) is a prospective M. D. of the University of Maryland.

E. D. Booker ('89) is banking at Pembina, North Dakota.

S. M. Hearon ('90) is in the hardware business at his home in Paris, Texas.

T. M. Sizer ('89) was at the College on the occasion of Prof. Harris' lecture on Greek Lyric Poetry a few evenings since. He is now in the lumber business in Baltimore.

J. B. Stringfellow ('90) is in a bank at Culpeper C. H., Va.

M. W. Thomas ('90) was in Richmond several weeks last month on
PERSONALS.

business. "Ye Local Editor" was "az phunny az phormerly."

John S. Harrison ('91) has left College to assist his brother in a school at Franklin, Va.

N. R. Walker ('90) is in the drug business in Baltimore, Md.

Murray M. McGuire ('90) is one of the leading athletes at the University of Virginia.

Señor M. Toscano-Garza ('80) will be graduated from the Louisville Seminary in May. He will then return to Mexico to preach the gospel among his own people.

C. C. Yarbrough ('90), the young politician and editor of Tennessee, is now studying medicine at the University of Virginia.

J. W. P. Harris ('89) has taken charge of some churches in Augusta county, Va.

William Smith, Jr., ('89) has bought a farm in Pittsylvania county, and is seeking his fortune in agriculture.

We are told by a friend that E. W. Greaner, of '90, was getting smaller every day and was just gradually drying up. We have hopes for him, for he will soon leave the seminary, and then he will go to see his girl real often.

N. H. Harris, ('90), who is now farming in South Carolina, made us a short visit not long since.

The following boys of '90 made us a short visit during the Christmas holidays: W. H. Harrison, I. C. Harrison, Frank Novell, and C. E. Sanders.

H. S. Gold ('85) is studying medicine at the University of Virginia. Success to him.

A. J. Hurt ('90), who is in business in Richmond, expects to attend Crozer Theological Seminary next session.

W. C. James ('89), of Texas, will return next session to take his B. A.

J. E. Hutchinson ('90) is attending Crozer Seminary. We can always "count on" our West Virginia boys.

F. J. King ('90) is in the lumber business at his home in Hampton, Va. It takes even college men to keep account of the large amount of lumber that is now being used in the booming towns of Virginia.
Exchanges.

EDITOR: W. H. RYLAND.

But few of our exchanges seem to have recovered from their Christmas fun and festivity; at any rate, they have as yet failed to enliven our sanctum with their customary brawls. Meanwhile employment and pleasure (?) has come from another source. Examinations! the most leprous of all college diseases. Guess you are there, too, brother ex-man; so let's unite our sympathies and hopes and bear the flag to victory!

The *Wake Forest Student* celebrates Christmas with a brand-new yellow dress on. We are not much pleased with the change. The contents of the cover, though, are as creditable as ever. "Gilbert Stone, The Millionaire," a poem by the learned president of that institution, is powerful, passionate, and pathetic. The *Student* is to be congratulated in securing such a contribution.

The *Focus*, of Kentucky University, for January is among the few New Year magazines that have reached us. And it is decidedly the most interesting copy we have ever received. "Autobiographies" is a novel feature in college journalism, though quite interesting and amusing. About a dozen of the former students of that university wrote their autobiographies, and they were published under this head.

Well! the *Virginia University Magazine* for November reached our table about the first of January. What amazing punctuality this large institution on the "outskirts" of Charlottesville displays! One of its first salutations is to the *Messenger*—a surprising condescension! As to the depth of some of the articles that have appeared in the *Messenger*, we will only state that the *Magazine* is not our only exchange, or care would be taken that only such articles as are capable of its comprehension be accepted.

*College Topics*, of the same institution, has also arrived, though the quality of the paper on which it is printed is such that after transportation through the mails it is almost too dilapidated to be read.

However, we have been able to make out the words, though not the worth, of another article concerning our college. In this the author, with unmeasured presumption, says that "if Richmond College can have a good literary society we can have a much better one if we want it." Perhaps so. Then you by that statement acknowledge that you do not want it, and we are not surprised that you don't, since all your energy is required to organize a base-ball team that can assert the enormous immensity of your devoted *Alma Mater*.

*The Review*, of Shurtleff College, Illinois, is a neat little paper, and not altogether unmeritorious, bu
two hundred and fifty students ought to publish a much larger and better paper. The following complimentary notice of the Messenger appears in the December number of the Review, for which we are much obliged:

"With pleasure we renew our acquaintance with the Richmond College Messenger. It ranks well with the best of Southern journals, and they are excelled by few."

Judging from the Niagara Index of January 1st, we are forced to the conclusion that it is extremely harsh and severe in its criticism on other college papers. The exchange department contains six editorials, making two and a third columns. The two columns are a protracted evolution of bitter invectives, while the third of a column contains two complimentary articles, one of which looks as if it were only a "trade." "Every man to his liking," but we will venture to say that if the Index would temper its criticisms with a little kindness its popularity would be much increased.

We announce with much pleasure the arrival of the Furman University Journal. The paper does not contain a great deal of matter, but its articles are original, clear, and concise. Especially are we favorably impressed with the literary department, which fills more than half of the number of pages contained in the paper. The author of "Love a Passing Fancy" shows clearly that such is not the fact; on the other hand, in a most ornate and pleasing manner he testifies, as if from experience, to Cupid's "living reality." We hope to receive the Journal regularly hereafter, and will see that the Messenger is sent to them.

We feel grateful to Furman University for having sent to us one who so acceptably fills the chair of Mathematics, recently made vacant by the lamented death of our honored Prof. Smith. And we are sure the Journal will be pleased to hear of the rapidly increasing popularity of Prof. R. E. Gaines.

By far the greater part of the December Student Life is occupied in manifestations of the most unbounded delight at having won a football game. Surely such victories must be rare, but even if they are you should not devote quite so much space to the expression of your feelings. You have not detected this fault in the Messenger, we hope.
College News and Notes.

EDITOR: W. H. RYLAND.

The Methodists propose to erect a National University in Washington city. The site has already been selected, and it is intended to raise $2,000,000 endowment.

Ten thousand four hundred and ninety-nine persons have received degrees from the University of Michigan in the fifty years of its existence.

Dr. Koch's lymph is to undergo a complete scientific examination at the University of Pennsylvania.

Columbia, Dartmouth, and Williams have dispensed with commencement orations.—Illini.

It is estimated that $100,000,000 have been given by private individuals to educational institutions in this country since the foundation of the republic.

American colleges derive two-fifths of their income from students, the English universities only one-tenth.

Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia have made arrangements for holding entrance examinations in Paris during the present year.—Ex.

The University of Cambridge has conferred a degree on Mr. Henry M. Stanley.

Allegheny College has a young ladies' base-ball club.

Cornell University has discontinued its chair of journalism.—Ex.

The championship of Canada in association foot-ball has been won by Toronto University.

A youthful sub is corrected by one of his fair classmates for spelling parlor with a "u"; but he replies, with all the ardor of a true sub: "But I like the parlor better with you in it."

Summer Girl (roguishly): "Why do you want to kiss me?"

College Youth (frankly): "Oh, just to get acquainted.—Munsey's Weekly.

The new Chicago University will open October 1, 1892.

The University of Michigan is building an $80,000 hospital.

The bi-centennial of William and Mary College will be celebrated in 1893.

The $100,000 lately bequeathed to Wesleyan will be placed to the library fund.

The Cornell authorities are considering the advisability of building a student hospital during the coming year.

At the University of Cambridge resolutions have been signed by 1300 members protesting against any movement toward the admission of women to membership and degrees in the University.—Ex.

Before slates were in use people multiplied on the face of the earth.—Wall Street News.
Out of 38,054 alumni from 85 colleges and universities since 1825, 9 per cent. became physicians, 10 per cent. lawyers, and 21 per cent. ministers.

Prof.: "What is the eye?"
Prep.: "An organ of sight, sir?"
Prof.: "Can you name me another organ of sight?"
Prep.: "Yes, sir."
Prep.: "What is it?"
Prep.: "The other eye."

AT EVENING.
The sun had kissed the western wave
And bade the world good-night,
While in the sky the little clouds
Hung blushing at the sight.
The little waves came laughing in
From out on the rolling sea,
And paused a moment on the sands
And kissed them merrily.
The evening breezes gently played
About the boulders bare
And kissed their loneliness away
And lingered fondly there.
A youth and maiden walked the while—
I tell no wondrous deed:
When twilight's shadows kissed the shore,
He followed Nature's lead.

—Williams Weekly.

Ah, hark! I hear the postman's ring,
My heart beats hard and fast!
Did he a dainty missive bring?
—Red and Blue.

A student of Missouri University having been informed that asbestos was indestructible by fire wanted to be buried in a sheet of it.

Proud Father: "Taken high degrees in your scientific course? Proud of you, my boy. By the way, can you prove that heat expands and cold contracts?"

College Graduate: Certainly. Don't the days grow longer in warm weather and shorter in winter?—Coup d'Etat.

Professor in Psychology: "What knowledge do we gain in dealing with the concept?" Student (distracted): "It tells me of her charms."
"They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues." Prof. Polyglot: "All but two—my wife's and her mother's.

It is said that college journalism originated at Dartmouth, in 1800, Daniel Webster being editor of the paper.

IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.
Little dreaming they soon would meet,
She smiled upon him in the street
From her cosy window seat.
Maid one.

ACT II.
At the hop to the music's beat,
Moved in time their hearts and feet.
Later they found a cool retreat.
Maid won.

ACT III.
Pealed the organ loud and sweet—
Bride and groom and their elite—
All their happiness complete.
Made one.

—Chronicle-Argonaut.
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