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RICHMOND COLLEGE—NORTHEAST VIEW OF MAIN BUILDING.

Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XVII.

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No. 9.

EDITORS.

Mu Sigma Rho: { F. W. DUKE,
FRANCIS F. CAUSEY,
T. CLAGETT SKINNER.

Philologist: { H. W. PROVENCE,
M. J. HOOVER,
F. E. SCANLAND.

Business Manager—C. G. TRUMBO.

Assistant Business Manager—H. T. LOUTHAN.

NO CASTLES.

[In speaking of this country, Mr. John Ruskin says that he could not live in a land that has no castles.]

A land without a castle! How
Can honor live in such a land?
Or how can chivalry upstand
Where no ancestral pillars vow
Their hoary ancientness unto
The traveller? How can lineal pride
Be native found when doth abide
Within the land no castled view?
Oh, petty, mean, inconsequent!
Oh, worthless state! oh, barren shore
That boasts no ivy-mouldered wall!
Oh, base, oh, cheerless continent!
Oh, sad, where hangs not by the door,
Quaint, rusted arms 'neath dust-thick
pall.

* * * * *

I hold—Within each free-born's breast
A castle stands of pillared worth,
And bravest fortress on this earth
Is where free manhood is possest!
I hold, too—On this shore of ours,
The oak-breast mountains lift to God
The noblest castles 'bove the sod—
Where tyrants die, where freedom towers!

I hold, more—In this land, despised
Because, forsooth, no castles frown,
We need no dread walls where to hide
The fall of honor paralyzed,
The rotting faith of spear or crown,
The shame of knighthood thrust aside!

No castles? What are castles for?
To bar fair woman 'gainst her will?
Their dungeons vile with foes to fill?
To pack the pillage got in war?
No castles? Shivered falls the lance
Against our bastioned Liberty,
Within whose walls our myriads, free,
Defy the heroes of Romance!

No castles? Lo, Columbia's name
Floats peerless from a battlement
Built firm of warm, red hearts of right!
No castles? Lo, the lists of fame
Hold ne'er a name with honor blent
That tops our stronghold, mossless,
bright!

—Riccare Lane.

THE PRESENT SOCIALISTIC TENDENCY OF THE LABORING CLASSES.

[MEDAL ORATION DELIVERED BY FRANCIS F. CAUSEY AT THE JOINT ORATORICAL CONTEST.]

The present is an age of innovation. That former reverence and almost mystic sanctity that was wont to wrap in its sacred veil time-honored customs and inherited views is vanishing with the customs and the views themselves. The pulse of the nations is quickened. Their hopes, their lives, are changed with new conditions, new inventions, new philosophy. That peace and lethargy so delightful in the tranquility of by-gone days is now impossible amid the bustle and restless stir of an age that will no longer permit it. In the hurrying turmoil and vicissitudes of modern life, men have forsaken the beaten paths of their ancestors for the wilderness of newness, and may wander so far within its mazes as to lose the bearings of safety's fold and founder hopelessly, afar from that goal of betterment which they seek in vain.

Therefore, I have chosen for my theme not a subject which deals in the subtleized sentiment, but one so plain as to elicit the interest of the peasant of the fields, and still one so magnificent and far-reaching in its scope as to merit the cognizance and harkening of kings.

Once upon a time—that day was long ago—all mankind seemed sleeping. Nations lay prostrate at their monarchs' feet, and, dreaming, yearned to do their monarchs' bidding. But gradually, under the sunshine of civilization, men have wakened.

The pulse of the people has grown to beating higher and higher, until now, with a raging fever of unrest, they seem rushing headlong to a socialistic ruin.

I propose to discuss in this address what socialism is, the causes which led to its threatened promulgation, and, finally, how we may hope to escape its thralldrom.

Socialism, or communism, is an utopian scheme whose application is promised to remove the woes—social, moral, and physical—that mortals bear. It is argued, and with some show of sophistry, that a simple division of the loaves and fishes in a community will magically increase them, and basketfuls will still be left on bounteous tables. These promises are made especially to the laboring classes. Now, what affects manual labor not only affects the world of to-day, but affects posterity and succeeding ages. Labor's dignity is unquestioned. Its endurance and majesty are manifested from the Pyramids of Egypt to the Brooklyn bridge. But will not a hurried glance at the recent movements of labor reveal the fact that the seeds of communism, which have long languished almost unnoticed, are now springing up to yield abundant fruitage, being watered by impositions often real, but often imaginary or overestimated?

The attitude of the laboring classes for the past few years has been such

as to fill the minds of thoughtful, conservative men with feelings of the gravest apprehension. The fact is before us that that vicious sentiment which finds so fond a nurture in a land that revels in too wide a scope of fancied liberty steadily is sinking deeper—is spreading wider.

By communism we do not mean those milder and more beneficent forms of public accommodation which we freely grant for the public good—libraries and museums and parks—but we refer to that invidious and despotic sentiment that would rob the provident of his gains, abridge or abolish the distinction between the meum and the tuum, and distribute equal shares to the toiler and the sluggard. This sentiment was practically endorsed a few years ago by sixty-seven thousand men in New York city alone, who voted for Henry George. The ultimate claims of communism are for absolute equality—equality of position, equality of worldly goods. Can such a claim be justly made? It is a physical law that in order for life to express itself there must be a difference of condition. If the waters were all on the same plane there could be no rippling streams. If the atmosphere were of uniform density there would be no breezes to fan us. Music would have no charms if it continued in the monotonous strain of a single note. Even in heaven star differeth from star in glory. Inequalities of state are the sure stepping-stones over which nature herself in her grand march accomplishes her wonderful achievements. So it is with man.

The application of the principles of communism would so stifle personal ambition that men, like dumb driven cattle, would move along to an indifferent end. The weight of all would weigh upon the neck of each who sought a plane above his fellows, and the most herculean effort that could be made would sink exhausted at a vain-tried task. For progress there must be some individual reward, some higher state that serves as a beacon to guide men on to excellence and fame. There must also be some gradient down which the thoughtless may glide to make room for others whose industry and merit entitle them to a higher sphere. Since there are no spheres but one in communism—that sphere of absolute equality—what save the most abject depravity would forfeit individuality and hope for the paltry price of a pauper's share?

And yet these doctrines, with even increasing vehemence, are being dinged into our ears as if they were the essence of true philanthropy—as the unfailing spring of everlasting joy and felicity. But history has stamped with no uncertain seal the futility—the evil—of every movement that tends to distribute to the people without return. England, in sackcloth, repented the folly of the corn laws. Holland has trembled from socialistic shocks. The barren hillsides round modern Rome point back to those agrarian laws which, instead of benefiting the state, were the seeds of a bitter harvest of woes.

And still, despite the lessons of history, the laboring class throughout the

land becomes enamored of the doctrine by whose teaching their woes are to be dispelled, their income increased. The ranks of the votaries of this doctrine are annually receiving thousands of recruits from the discontented and impoverished of all classes. From press and rostrum they disseminate their incendiary ideas, advocating the complete reorganization of the state, the abolition of law. The very existence of such a revolutionary sentiment is a constant menace to the peace of society, which now lies trembling at its power. Who can say when this growing, feverish sentiment, which takes so ready root in minds darkly ignorant of the facts of political economy—who can say when, in its majesty, it will rise to subvert the feeble power of the law to its own direful schemes? Then to erect upon the downfall of real and fancied (governmental) woes that (imaginary) utopia which must inevitably prove, from the very nature of mankind, but a delusive varnishing, and eventuate in the chaos of a political pandemonium.

Now, this socialistic tendency does not mildly, with a spirit of toleration, present its demands, but madly clamors for its immediate application to soothe the sorrows that mortals feel. Oh! would that the poetic dreams of these enthusiasts could be true. Would, indeed, that mankind were endued with that guileless innocence which would fit it for participation in that unselfish disposition of nature's goods where all might draw from a common store—where treachery, treason—every vice—could be

banished with a universal smile, and on earth there could be a reenactment of the fabulous bliss of a golden age. But the very conception of such a state concedes to humanity a degree of virtuous simplicity totally inconsistent with the present civilization. For if such morality was present as to admit the possibility of the scheme, then far would it be from the minds of these enthusiasts to desire communism with ignorance on the one hand, or an effort for enlightened communism amidst rivers of blood. However well that system might have suited in former ages; however perfect may have been the bliss of that period when history was but a mass of dreamy myths, the application of this system to the conditions of the nineteenth century must utterly fail to promote the happiness of men.

Because these theories seem to us unreasonable and unjust we are prone to undervalue their menaces. Nor are we to suppose that all their advocates are either paupers or fools. There are among their advocates men—honest men—actuated by a philanthropic interest and a blinded zeal, counting among their number such figures as Lasalle, Karl Marx, Howells, William Morris, St. Simon, Louis Blanc, and others of equal reputation. Whether their theories are reasonable or not, they are persistently and effectively urged before a class already wild to snatch any doctrine that calls for change, and still more so when such change is promised to relieve their woes.

The very fact that the promised

change is so pleasing in their ears argues that there must be cause for dissatisfaction. Little reflection is necessary to perceive that such a gigantic movement must have an enormous cause. Such is the fact; for the discontents of labor sum up the situation. Of these discontents volumes might be written, and still the half be left unsaid. Labor is so varied, so manifold in its phases, that no system has ever yet been devised in which justice has been accorded unto all. More than this—far more, and humanity should blush to confess it—too often justice is wilfully withheld. Intolerable woes are cast to labor's lot, from which they believe there is no escape except in the confusion of a radical change in the social fabric.

Can the same relations between the classes suited to past ages satisfy the changed conditions of the present? Obviously not. We live under a régime of co-operation, which the ancients did not. If a portion of society fails to fulfill its part in this co-operation the rest of the community is now utterly unprovided for supplying the deficiency. In the olden time men, independently, hewed their own fuel from the forest. To-day a meeting of the coal barons in New York, in the midst of winter, throws thousands of men out of employment and leaves myriads of poor women and crying children exposed to the cruel blasts of the icy winds. Throughout society these Mafias of the rich are exercising their iniquitous control. Monopolies, corporations, and trusts

are formed whose mission seems to be but little else than to make a still more exacting discrimination against the laboring man.

Either labor has wrongs which should be righted, or the delusion of its fancied woes should be dispelled. But are these woes imaginary? Are there not grievances proclaimed by honest hearts seeking justice, and that alone?

There are some who begrudge them concessions. There is always present a short-sighted, penny-wise class, unmindful of all else save the aggrandizement of their own goods. Filled with avarice, they seem to know no higher duty than to father golden eaglets squeezed with tight affection in the hollow of their hands.

But higher still than what the profit of the day may be must reason turn. Men look on gold, and all the pomp and power that follow in its wake, with feelings of the keenest fascination. But to be honest, is the grinding refusal to the working-man his reasonable dues, causing him and those dependent upon him to live a shortened and miserable existence—is this any less than bartering blood for gain; and can labor be expected to tolerate such traffic? When thus we openly behold the naked truth, where, oh, where, is there a man so base as not to shudder at the thought of climbing up to affluence upon the rounds of human woe; or one so thoughtless as to suppose the toleration of such a system can abide?

Even the most casual observer, as he looks around him, realizes that

throughout all nature the trees, the birds, the flowers are fitted for especial conditions. Of no creature is this more true than of man. And we cannot wonder that the proud spirits of noble souls cry out with indignation when the prejudices and customs of antiquity try to stubbornly cling to the present age and debar men from the pleasure of those conditions for which God and nature have appointed them. The luxurious plant of the tropics droops and withers when exposed to the chilling blast of an inhospitable clime, just as a northern shrub is parched and dies in the warm air of the south. The honest laborer is too good to lead a life of misery and want. The sluggard, though a dives, is not fit to regulate the existence of his fellow-men. A society which tolerates such abnormal conditions as these cannot flourish, because it suffers its members to assume positions for which they are not suited. The true object of the state is thus perverted—its fruition is prevented—for you cannot gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.

Improvements in labor's condition are not to be expected from diminution of their toils. These no longer are excessive. Labor has rather been victimized by combinations of capital. To suppose that the increased use of machinery and other devices incident to higher civilization will at any time effectually supplant manual labor is a chimerical dream of fanatical enthusiasts which can never be realized and which true thrift will ever scorn. Whatever be the changes

of custom—however great may be the facilities of life—the vast mass of humanity will forever be subject to that divine decree: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread." Increased facilities for human support multiply comforts and place them in the reach of poorer classes; but if a universal civilization is ever to produce a universal indolence, then it were better for the nations of the earth to linger in the darkness of an interminable barbarity. Labor in harmony with all of nature's laws is permanent. Since this is true, the most favorable conditions for its endurance are to be sought. What these conditions are vary with varying circumstances, but the laboring classes have a right to claim that they be granted.

It is far from my purpose to decry the increase of capital, or say aught to discourage ambitious longings for independence, or even affluence. But the system which suffers a single lifetime to gather a hoard of \$100,000,000, and at the same time permits a more productive and laborious toiler to reap but the paltry pittance of a half support, is hard indeed. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," says the scripture. Then, let him receive it first, though a few dollars less go to swell the bursting coffers of the rich. Let a more equitable ratio of proceeds be meted unto him whose bone and sinew produce it, and if on this there is margin for increase of wealth, a man may become a Cræsus as to gold, and be as innocent of wrong towards his fellow-men as the virgin Luccia was of vice,

when she raised the testifying waters in a sieve.

It is a false idea to suppose that the poorer classes, under equitable conditions, do not feel as strong devotion for their country as do their richer brethren. Throughout history, where the burden of oppression has not been too great, we find among the workingmen repeated instances of patriotism as true as ever garnished the fame of glittering night. The experience of Americans proves that labor does not feel the duties and honor of citizenship to be an empty name. They feel the responsibility of their position; their efforts, their lives, are at the command of the state for its protection. Shall we be oblivious of the past, or of that period to which our hearts are bound in mingled pride and reverence and sadness? Who can forget those laborers of the South who endured suffering, starving, dying, that their country might be saved? or who forget or hesitate to drop a flower on any of the myriads of nameless graves that are filled with the ashes of heroes? These men are the co-sharers in that glory which will forever emblazon the memory of those who fell for that cause that was lost.

Not only is it the safeguard of society, but it is due to labor that their abuses be investigated and removed. If liberty is precious, then all classes should be free. We proclaim freedom! freedom! Then let us be free indeed. Oh! that that word may never become a mockery to those that give it utterance. Already in our land the progress has been great,

but with higher civilization, as we ascend step by step to higher planes of natural greatness, we have higher and grander ideals of human justice. We begin to feel that the end of individual and collective government is not the elevation of the few by the suppression of the many. We begin to feel a closer consanguinity; that the gradation between the highest and most lowly is not too great for them to still be brothers; and seeing thus the universal unity of man, exclaim like the poet, who,

“With filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And, smiling, say, ‘My Father made them
all.’”

Let there be freedom from riots, freedom from strikes, freedom from those heresies that drive the people mad.

The highest interest of our citizens demands that this government furnish no support for the advocacy of these communistic theories. For the first swells of that revolutionary dissatisfaction and visionary ignorance begotten by the tyranny of eastern despotism in Russia, and further fostered by the instability of Central Europe, have already passed over their original barriers and are beginning to dash upon the bulwarks of American liberty.

America, since its emancipation from thralldom to slavery, stands forth in her unique western supremacy as the pride of the world. And were her existence terminated to-day, it would be a comfort to future ages to know that the grandest monument of which all history could boast has

been erected by the agency of an unfettered freedom of thought and action. May we not have false ideas of freedom? Can it be that this freedom of which we so proudly boast is the avenue in the reign of peace which is to lead us to a reign of ruin? May not the very license of such a liberty be abused to our own destruction, and that superstructure of unparalleled perfection, which has cost us centuries to rear, totter and fall amidst the wreck of revolution?

But let us hope there is a higher destiny in store for us than this. There are causes now operating which may avert it; for, notwithstanding the inroads of false economic doctrines, there is still a great balance-wheel of moral conservatism which seeks to correct delusions, which pities woe. There is a spirit in this age which seeks the right—a spirit which, with invincible pertinacity, has been instilled deeper and deeper into society at each step in the steady march of civilization, and which is the offspring of a universal reverence for Christian ethics—a spirit given from above which, while tending to purge him of all defilement, tends to bind man into a universal brotherhood by the holy bond of love. It is our safeguard, our inspiration, to proceed with charity for both the rich and poor; with regard for the highest rights of each, and with a steadfast hope for final equity to all mankind. Not confiding, indeed, in some utopian vision to delude men by the promise of mythical platitudes which imperfect

humanity can never attain, but believing that having struck the golden mean of equity between labor and capital, we might hope, under the benignant sunshine of such a state, for days of anguish to be softened into days of joy. At the present moment a new era of deeper sympathy is dawning whence gleams of hope for a happier solution spring to cheer us on—only if this good feeling can be sufficiently increased before the bursting of the storm is upon us; only if its fury be withheld until the increased and more general education is a little more perfected. A little longer, oh! a little longer, and there will be such a barrier between the social status of the world and communism that the combined effort of all the communistic agitation of earth will be powerless to overcome the stronghold. Oh! that while the crisis is yet deferred, torrents of love may fall to fill the gaps between master and servant, rich and poor. Heaven grant that in the present wild rush for change we may veer past the cataclysm of communism, and with the guiding stars of duty, right, and fraternity to lead us on, may mount unto a richer prosperity, a higher glory, where there shall be a complete reconciliation, and the wage-earner and the wage-giver, perceiving their interwoven and indissoluble interests, may both march on in happy concord, each fulfilling his appointed mission to effect glorious achievements of happiness and plenitude, which otherwise must be unattained forever.

SHOULD THE RAILROADS OF THIS COUNTRY BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE GOVERNMENT?

[A SPEECH UPON THE NEGATIVE, BY H. T. LOUTHAN, OF CLARKE COUNTY, VA., SUCCESSFUL CONTESTANT FOR THE MU SIGMA RHO "BEST DEBATER'S" MEDAL, MAY 22, 1891.]

The American people of this generation are always prepared for any new and advantageous principle that may be brought before them. But is the question before us this evening a new one, or will the principle which it involves work for the advantage of our people? "Become the property of the government." This principle was not only thought upon, but was carried out by a government more than three thousand years ago. Is "Backward" to become the motto of America? The gentleman who advocates the affirmative of this question may not wish to admit it, but he is but upholding Henry George and Edward Bellamy in their communistic views, wild dreams, and theoretical changes.

The gentleman of the affirmative contends that if the postal system works so well in the hands of the government, why not place the railroads under its control? The postal system, from its very nature, is in the hands of the government the world over. The people of our republic would no more think of putting this system entirely into the hands of private individuals than they would of giving them control of the navy, the army, or the coinage of our currency.

According to the Constitution, the government is to establish post-offices and post-roads. This she does, but does she own the horses or stage-coaches which are used in partly

transporting her mails? We know that she does not. She realizes that it is for the best interest of our people that a part of this system, even, should be in the hands of private individuals. Our government is wide-awake, progressive, and has ever been abreast of the times. If she had thought that it was for the best interest of her citizens, long ago—in the days of Webster and Clay—she would not only have become the owner of the stage-coaches and horses, but also would have had a railway system of her own running throughout the length and breadth of this continent.

But, after all, what is the secret of the successful operation of the postal system? Is it not the railroads which are operated by private citizens? The gentleman of the affirmative asks if there could be found a private company that would transmit a letter for us to any part of our country for two cents? It has been through private companies that the government has been enabled to make this reduction, for we know that before railroads were extensively built the government charged for transmitting a letter, five, ten, fifteen, and even twenty-five cents.

We can now receive a letter from across the continent in six days, but before the railroad was built by private capital how often was the lone postman delayed by swollen streams,

storms among the mountains, or robbers on the plains! In 1812 a great battle was fought in the southern part of our nation between our forces and the English before they could be informed that a treaty of peace had been concluded. Was the postal service a perfect one then, when there was no railway system to carry our news? The spirits of two thousand Englishmen who fell at New Orleans, from their shallow graves answer, "No!" How many American mothers and sisters, with tears in their eyes and their very heart-strings torn asunder, gave the same reply when they remembered that their husbands and brothers were needlessly slain because the postal system was then incomplete? Place your message into the hands of the government and it will take six days to deliver it in California, but place it into the hands of a private company, and by its telegraph service, which is a part of the railway system, it will have your message half way around the world in just so many seconds. Which system, gentlemen, judges, is the most complete? If any change is to be made, should it not be the postal system into the hands of our people, and not the railroads into the hands of the government?

The gentleman of the affirmative cries "Monopoly, monopoly, monopoly!" But if the railroads should become the property of the government, from our people would go up the agonizing word, "Monarchy, monarchy, monarchy!" Why this outcry against our citizens, the ma-

jority of whom when they started in life had not a single dollar, but by energy, perseverance, and pluck, by hard blows, and with sweat rolling from their brows, they have risen to be men of affairs, and have with their means given us our railway system, which is more complete and useful than anything that has ever been devised by any monarch of the universe? I say, God bless such men, and may our country continue to give birth to such as long as the sun shall shine.

The gentleman cries "Monopoly!" and yet at the same time he is trying to monopolize the whole railway system by placing it under the supreme control of a central government. Where can there be found a greater monopoly than in the hands of a tyrannical government, which our government undoubtedly would become if the principle of the gentleman of the affirmative should be carried out?

Look at the feudal system of old England, or to-day at the Czar of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey, who not only, in one sense of the word, monopolize the business affairs of their countries, but also have a monopoly upon the very life and death of their down-trodden subjects. Shall we, the sons of our fathers who died that we might have liberty and progressive institutions, suffer our nation to become such?

Thomas Jefferson struck the keynote when he said, "That governs best which governs least." The American people realize that it is by this principle that their government

is preserved. They let their business interests remain in the hands of the citizens, and place only such restrictions upon them as may be for the welfare of all concerned.

Let us look at the objection of some who say that if the railroads are left in private hands that they will finally be consolidated into one great system. According to the report of 1889 the railroad property of the United States is valued in round numbers at ninety hundred millions of dollars. Let us say that Jay Gould is worth two hundred millions, and then it will take forty-five Goulds as rich as Cræsus to buy up the railroads of our republic. Gould will not unite with the Vanderbilts, nor will the Vanderbilts unite with Sanford. Therefore, if the monopolization of our railroads depends upon the united efforts of the great millionaires of our country, they will never be monopolized, for each millionaire desires to remain supreme monarch of his own coffers.

Again, according to the census of 1880 there were in the United States 1,017 different railroad companies. According to the report of 1889 there were 1,704. This gives us an increase of 687 companies in nine years. Gentlemen, does this indicate that our roads are being monopolized? The figures are down in black and white, and all the star dust of the gentleman of the affirmative cannot blot them out.

If the government were to assume control of the railroads it would, without doubt, become a law that no private corporation should build a

system of its own. Investment in railroads would be taken from our people entirely. But admitting that forty-five Goulds could and would form a combination and buy up the roads, the remaining progressive American capitalists on the following evening would fall to sleep as sweetly and unconcerned as a babe in its mother's arms. But behold them on the morrow. They would come together, and in every State new companies would be formed, and in a short while other railway systems as intricate as the threads of a web would be running parallel to and across the roads of the imagined combine. Exorbitant rates would thus be kept down, and other sections of our country which are now undeveloped would be brought to the front in the commercial and manufacturing worlds.

All the combines of the universe cannot stop the progressiveness of our people, save the combine of a tyrannical government; and if such a state of affairs should ever exist in our land, may the name America be forgotten, and the deeds of our forefathers be kept forever from the heart of so base a generation.

There are three reasons that we wish to give why the railroads should not become the property of the government. In the first place, why should we change a system which already works so well? In the second place, the prosperity of our nation depends upon its business interests remaining in the hands of our people. In the third place, if the principle of the gentleman of the

affirmative should be carried out it will tend to the destruction of our republic.

In the first place, then, why should we change a system which already works as well for the interest of the people as it could possibly do in the hands of the government? To uphold our views upon this point we will not take the words of a Gould or of one of the Vanderbilts, but will take the words of a monarchist, a man who, from his very nature, desires that the government should control the railway property.

This writer, who is no less a personage than the English Duke of Marlborough, is the gentleman whom we quote. In a study which he has recently made of our railway systems, he says: "In the first place, with all the abuses of financial management, the average rate per ton per mile in the United States for goods of every sort is under one farthing, while in our favored land [of England] it is over three farthings, with no greater speed in transit. We may take it as a rough statement of general average, that railway freights and fares for goods and passengers in the United States, notwithstanding that wages are more than 'double in America,' is only one-third of what it is in Great Britain." Marlborough then quotes a friend of his, in which he says: "I went to America this autumn with my son, and we travelled over more than twelve thousand miles of railway—all over the continent—and we never had a hitch or failed to make a connection throughout all the journey." It is given up

that the American railway system is more complete than that of any nation of the world. Germany is said to have her railroads under the control of the government, but her system makes but a feeble comparison with ours. England has her roads under strict legislation, but mark the words of Marlborough: "It is," says he, "not a flattering thing perhaps to our national pride, but if the truth is told, our English railways are toy systems and our rolling-stock are toy freight carriers compared to the trains that are run all over America."

The gentleman has referred to the cheap passenger rates in those countries where the railways are under the control of the government. He mentioned Austria, Germany, and India. The systems of those countries would not suit our American people, or, in other words, they would not tolerate such "accommodations" as those Eastern governments afford. Trying to balance our system with theirs is like pitting an elephant against a bumble-bee buzzing about the head of a clover, or comparing the dash-ing turn-out of Fitzhugh Lee to an ox-cart driven by an old negro along a country road.

Our freight and passenger fares, honored judges, are only one-third of that of Great Britain, and our railway system, which is under individual control, is admitted to be a giant when compared with hers.

Then, gentlemen, should our railroads, which are already at the top round of the ladder, not only in cheapness of traffic, in the best sense

of the word, but which are also most thorough in their workings—should they be placed in the hands of the government, which, if we follow out the analogy from Germany and England, will cause them to degenerate into mere toy systems?

One of the world's greatest economists has said that the best way to advance a nation to greatness is to let each man pursue his own interest in his own way, bringing both his vocation and capital into the freest competition with others. It has been by following out this principle that America—young as she is among the nations of the earth—has been enabled to take a front place in the manufacturing and commercial world. Our nation has grown great, and she has achieved this greatness by telling her people during the last one hundred years, as some one has well said, that America is but another name for "opportunity," and that when they are working for their wives and their children, and in order that they may have comfortable homes and pleasant surroundings, they are but advancing the prosperity of our republic. Is there one so far behind the spirit of the times as to deny this principle, or would he have our nation to grow great by wiping our people out of existence, and then importing the progressive South Sea cannibal or the giant intellect of the African Hottentot? These dusky citizens would never disturb the gentleman of the affirmative by building railroads. His ideal would then be realized, and, gentlemen, we cannot imagine what a progressive

and intelligent nation he would have.

One of the charges of the thirteen original colonies against the government of George III was that it had taken away their charters. Should, then, our people who have been granted charters to operate railway systems be denied this right which was obtained for us only after the shedding of much noble blood? Would a father who had obtained freedom from great oppression by wielding his sword in a long and bloody conflict desire to see his children brought under a tyrannical rule? To these questions 1776 and 1812 give emphatic answers.

If it would be legal, honored judges, and for the best interest of our people, that the railroads should become the property of the government, if the government is the only wise and successful manager of business affairs, why not place into its hands the steamboat lines, the coal mines, the iron furnaces, the flour mills, the merchandise establishments, the farms, and, in fact, every industry that is now in the hands of our citizens?

If it is right to deprive one class of our people of their vocation, it is right to say to all other classes that their business shall be taken from them and placed under the control of the government.

Let us bring this question home to ourselves. The gentleman of the affirmative has chosen the ministry for his life's work. Suppose the government should say to him: "My dear sir, we greatly admire the

earnestness of your work, but we believe that the time has come when the churches of this land should be under our control. We have, therefore, sent forth our representatives who will not only see after the spiritual interest of the people, but will also see that their hearts may be so won over to the present presidential family that it may be continued in power through many generations to come. You will please retire from the scene of action."

Again, suppose the government should say to one of our lawyer friends: "We praise you for the love which you have for your native State, and for your patriotism for the Republic, but we have decided that all the criminal as well as the chancery cases of the land should be in the hands of the government. We have appointed our men, who will take charge of all the cases in the country, and you will, therefore, have to leave the United States if you desire to continue the practice of law."

Gentlemen, I imagine that I can see my lawyer friend arising in his wrath and forming a whole army of himself, and my ministerial brother marching by his side as chaplain, to overthrow that tyrannical government. Let us remember that when one class of our citizens is deprived of its rights that we, too, are having our liberties taken from us.

I have said that the theory of individual property coming into the hands of the government was put into practice more than three thousand years ago. It was predicted that a great famine should come

upon the land of the Pharaohs. The young prince in charge of affairs thought no doubt that he was doing the best thing when he caused the people in their need to give up their property for corn.

Our noble government, when her people are overtaken by famine, great floods, or other natural calamities, goes to their assistance with a free and open treasury; but those people who were starving for bread were deprived first of their money, then of their cattle, then of their flocks, then of their land, and as a last resort were compelled to sell themselves to Pharaoh as servants. What a mighty fall for such a mighty people—a people that had held a first place among the kingdoms of the earth, whose palaces had glittered with gold and whose pyramids were but an emblem of their power.

As a result of that government's action these people have, from time immemorial, had foreign rulers, and they are to-day but as menials and a bone of contention among the European powers.

There is just another nail that we wish to drive home. If the railroads should become the property of the government, every railway employee would become an officeholder. Gentlemen, we know what a great power government patronage yields to-day. Shall we increase this power? According to the report of 1889 there are over 700,000 railroad employees in the United States. What a factor for centralization and for the overthrowing of State rights. These thousands of officeholders would be

in the hands of ambitious men at the head of the government. Let this principle be carried out, and in a short while the government would not only own the railroads, but would also have every other great business interest in its hands; for it would have both the money and its hired officials to carry out its oppressive measures.

Our people would be ground to the earth by tyrannical taxation, and before many decades should pass away all of their patriotism for such a government would be gone forever. Some foreign power would

come in and take control of our entire country, and then where would be our liberty which we love so well? Shall you, gentlemen, shall I, and shall our dear people be brought to slavery and be made to cringe beneath some galling yoke?

Gentlemen, honored judges, let the railroads and every other business interest remain in the hands of our people, and your children and children's children will rise up and call you blessed for upholding this principle, which is for the preservation of our homes and of our republics.

WOMAN IN ANCIENT MYTH AND LEGEND.

The subject of woman can never become commonplace or trite. "As long as the heart has passions," these passions will largely owe their origin to, catch their character and derive their direction from, seek their satisfaction and subjection in, the influence of the magic wand wielded by woman's hand. "As long as life has woes," these woes will have their chief cause and their greatest alleviation, their deepest clouds and their dispelling sunlight, in woman's subtle and mysterious power. Nor is it true, as we sometimes imagine, that only in these latter days have men learned the worth of woman; her enticing nature and bewitching ways; her powers for heavenly exaltation and for devilish degradation. Men have known through all the centuries "that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the

world," though they have not always practically recognized it. The nations upon whom the day-star of history earliest dawns had not accorded woman all the dignity she now commands, but they had intuitively known her power and loved her reverently, if not with all the openness due her lofty nature. In the echoes we catch from periods prior to history's dawn the most delicate notes, the sweetest strains, the most moving melodies, tell us of woman. The loftiest flights of imagination, the most beautiful paintings, the stateliest statuary, the most soul-absorbing poetry, the sweetest music, have never needed, in ancient or modern times, loftier theme than woman's love and hate. Thus it is that in those myths and legends out of which earth's early-born nations loved to derive their origin, which they wove

with such delicate skill, and which they have left to us as a richest legacy, woman plays so prominent a part. Around her their chief interest centres. Their most loved and revered gods are goddesses; their most interesting heroes prove heroines. In the stories of their ancestry the mothers are not forgotten. The Greek feared Zeus but loved Here, his bride. The Roman trembled before mighty Jove, but sang his sweetest songs to Juno. In the Egyptian theogony every triad contained its female power. In spite of the fact that Egyptian history assigns no place to woman, of Egypt's greatest deities one-third were goddesses. (Nut was the mother of all the gods, and represented the blue vault of heaven. War, as well as weaving, was presided over by a goddess. The realms of departed spirits were under the ruling of Hathor. Besides Osiris, the best known of Egyptian deities is Isis. Besides providing the wants of daily life, she held the reins of government and guided the nation to its glory, while she warded off every evil of envious gods. She forms the subject of their most attractive legend.)

We love the Persian Lallah Rookh most for the tender maid whom Moore presents. The Scandinavians assign to a goddess place among the original deities of their religion. For them the fates of present, past, and future were dispensed by three fair females. Frege was the propitious goddess of music, spring-tide, flowers, and love—the Scandinavian Venus. Idúna fed the other gods

with youth-preserving food. The beautiful Gerda so enraptured the god Frey that he surrendered for her his magic sword that spread devastation far and wide at its owner's will. The heathen nations that tempted our God's chosen Israel into idolatry had more groves to Astoreth than altars to Baal.

But as it is from Greece and Rome that we have most of myth and legendary lore, so here we turn to find the most numerous and elevated conceptions of the female influence on earth, and in their conceptions of heaven and hell.

Let us look in upon the council of the gods as, assembled in the palace of Jove, they sit in divine conclave. Next to Jove himself sits the powerful and influential but jealous Juno, queen of the gods, attended ever by Iris, lovely goddess of the myriad-hued rainbow. Mars is the god of war, but Minerva, goddess of wisdom, is no less powerful, and fights for the juster cause of defense, teaching her votaries to resist but never to inflict a war. She guards the city's every interest, while her analogue, Athene, is the tutelary goddess of the central seat of Grecian civilization.

Phœbus Apollo guides the arrow to its mark, but Diana is no less skillful with the bow, and Venus, with her wily urchin, directs the shafts of love that prick the human heart and open it to highest joys and keenest woes. Nor does she spare the gods when it is her will to disturb their peace with the magic dart. Mercury teaches arts and skill;

but Ceres in summer yields the husbandman his fruits, while in winter weeps for Proserpene, stolen away to be infernal Pluto's bride. Bacchus is the god of wine, but gentle Hebe serves the banquet tables of the gods. Neptune divides with Thetis the dominion of the seas. Chronos, "Old Father Time," is not without Ops, his constant wife.

The gates of cloud through which the celestials passed from heaven to earth and back again were kept by goddesses. Golden-haired Aurora opened the gates of day to admit the chariot of the sun, which must await her pleasure. Standing on the threshold of the morning she weeps as she looks upon the grave of her son. We see in the sparkling dew-drops her constant tears, flowing even yet for her son Memnon, who fell in the Trojan war. The muses directed song and preserved the power of memory. They gave poetry and drama, science and history. Woods and waters were peopled by nymphs and fairies. A woman interpreted the will of the gods in Delphic oracle; and we have not forgotten, under Christianity, to fashion angels in woman's form. The Graces lent their sweet influence, the Fates fashioned the fortunes of men, while the Furies, with serpent-wreathed locks, pursued the fleeing criminal, and Nemesis dispensed the righteous anger of the gods. Such were the common deities of the two great nations, to which Rome added Bona Dea, to guard the city; Pales, to protect the flocks; Pomona, fond of fruits; Flora, fraught with flowers; Victoria, for

conquests; Fortuna, for success; and Vesta, to keep the hour.

When man was made Minerva helped to steal the divine fire for his crowning gift. For woman each god of heaven contributed something toward her perfection, and gave her a parting gift before sending her down to comfort man. Her curiosity to learn what the gods had given her lost her all these save hope. But even if we censure her sin in losing the rest, still we owe to her what affords us most of comfort.

Among the most charming stories of those old days are the tales of love, requited and unrequited, of gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines. Even the winged winds are made to know the chorus of nymphs; zephyrs breathes love sighs on fair Flora, and fierce Boreas tries to play the lover with Orithyia. The laurel still bows its head in the breezes and tells of Diaphne's escape from Apollo's pursuing love. Venus, pricked by her own arrows, loves in vain the stubborn Adonis. Keats tells in sweet poetry of Diana's love of Endymion. Faithful Halcyone waits in vain for the return of Ceyx, until at last the sad waves bear back her husband's dead body, and now weary of life, the gods give her the wings and form of a bird, and metamorphose her husband's body for her mate. Even yet we love to think of "these halcyon days" that tell of the gods' gentle favor to the winged pair. "For seven placid days in winter time Halcyone broods over her nest," floating upon a calm sea. "Æolus guards the winds and for-

bids their disturbing the deep." Proud Pomona long resists the pleading and the planning of Vertumnus, until by strategy he finds the way to her heart and wins her for his bride. Sad Clytie, aspiring to the love of great Apollo, found herself forsaken, and sat nine days gazing only on the sun, until she found herself a sunflower, in which form she still proclaims:

"The heart that truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god when
he sets
The look that she turned when he rose."

Scylla surrendered her father's city for love of the enemy's leader, and received only scorn in return, and was sent to be the companion of Charybdis as a terror to the mariner. She was less fortunate than the Ethiopian maid who opened the gates of her city to the gallant young Mores and became his bride. But the story which we mortals love most is that of Psyche, fair symbol of the soul, loveliest of mortals, evoking the jealousy of Venus herself. As this world is not the home of the soul, so Psyche was destined to be no mortal's bride. Cupid, sent by Venus to mar the virgin's joy, by awkward work wounded himself with his arrow, and forthwith set himself to undo his wicked work, and craved for his bride her whom he had learned to love. Wafted by Zephyr she was carried to Cupid's palace, and long knew the sweet joy of his loving but invisible presence. Her pride called her scorning sisters to see her glory, and they sowed in her heart the

seeds of suspicion that soon ripened into a deed that lost her her love and left her to many weary wanderings and arduous labors—even a descent into Pluto's dark realms for Proserpene's beauty—to appease the enraged Venus and win back her loving Cupid. Curiosity led her into new troubles, until by Cupid's aid she gained the favor of the gods and became his immortal bride—now free from envy and pride, curiosity and vanity, temptation and woe.

"And such the sweet and solemn tale of her,
The pilgrim heart, to whom a dream was given
That led her through the world—Love's
Worshipper

To seek on earth for him whose home is
heaven: * * *

Until her pining soul and weeping eyes
Had learned to seek him only in the skies;
Till wings unto the weary heart were given
And she became Love's angel-bride in
heaven."

How true the picture of the human soul and its search for love in heaven. (How the presumptuous vanity of mortals entailed the vengeance of the gods is told in many a sad story where woman is the offender. Arachne dared vie with Athene in weaving, and, when defeated, was condemned to the eternal task of weaving webs as a dreadful spider. Niobe envied Latona's worship, and claimed the homage of men, only to reap reward in the speedy death of her husband and all three children upon whom she based her pride. Then she was changed to a rock on the rugged mountain, washed ever by a trickling stream that murmurs on the story, and makes "The Niobe of the Nations" one of Byron's most vivid pictures. Cassiopéia was that

"starred Ethiop queen" that strove to set her beauty's praise above that of the sea-nymphs, and was punished with the loss of her daughter, whom Perses saved and wedded.)

Among the legends of ancient days not one fails to assign a large place to women. She enters in the most unexpected ways and under the strangest circumstances.

Jason builds the Argo and set sail in search for the golden fleece. We find a keen delight in following the fate of his distinguished crew. But when Colchis is reached the interest divides, and we find ourselves quite as much concerned for Medéa as for Jason himself. It was she who taught him to yoke the fire-breathing oxen and to slay the offspring of the dragon's teeth. Her art stilled into slumber the monster that barred his way to his goal, and her hand guided him safely out of all the wiles of her scheming father. Her magic gave youth to the aged Arson and slew the usurping Pelias. Her power directed Jason in his government. All our interest centres in her as her ungrateful husband finally leaves her deserted for another, and she becomes a fated unfortunate, to commit deeds of darkest dye. Meleoger won undying fame in the Calydonian hunt when he slew the wild boar, "but an arrow from Atalanta * * for the first time tastes the monster's blood," and she receives from the gallant hero's hand the honors of the victory.

The daring Theseus wins our admiration awhile by his wonderful victories, but when he descends into the labyrinthian cave to fight the

fierce centaur, we gaze on fair Ariadne, who holds the guiding thread, and have henceforth more concern for her than for her perfidious lover, who requites her sacrificing love by leaving her alone on Naxos isle. Our interest lingers there with her while Theseus goes on his way almost forgotten. One of the finest pen-pictures in all literature is the Latin poet Catullus' tale of Ariadne's desertion in the marriage of Peleus and Thetys. Alcestis' love for Admætus leads her to die for him. "Antigone was as bright an example of filial and sisterly fidelity as was Alcestis of connubial devotion." Following her pitiable father, Œdipus, in his blind wanderings, she comforted his sorrows till death set him free. Now that a woman's deciding vote has sent the "the Seven against Thebes," Antigone seeks her home to bury her brother, killed in the conflict, and is herself buried alive for her devoted deed in defiance of the king's edict.

Among the legends it remains for us to trace woman's influence in that greatest of all ancient events—the Trojan war. Woman and goddess play here a surprising part—far greater than is generally recognized, because it is so secret and so subtle. The warriors appear on the field of conflict, while the real powers are veiled from open view, and only a closer search lets us into the real secret of the direction of the great siege, as pictured by the poetic minds of the ancient lyrists. It is part of the usual story, that for the decision of a contest among goddesses for beauty's palm, Venus awarded Paris

with the fair Helen's hand—Helen, once before the cause of conflict, and now her charming beauty the occasion of untold woe. But it is not generally told that after the strife is begun no less than fifteen times does woman or goddess enter the scene at a pivotal point to turn the tide of affairs, and sometimes to enter actively into battle.

It was the capture of Chryseis that brought upon the Greeks the plague of Apollo with which the Iliad begins. Another captive maid led to the "Wrath of Achilles," the burden of Homer's song. Achilles forgets himself in the charms of Polyxena and loses his life. Juno, enraged at her defeat in the contest for beauty's palm, contrives so to dazzle the "father of gods and men" with her charms as to make him forget the conflict while it goes against his will. False Helen again turns her heart and aids the Achaeans, disclosing to them the secret of Trojan resistance and helping them to steal a statue of Minerva from the streets of Troy, after which the scene draws rapidly to a close. In the sequels Æneas finds his fortune moulded largely by woman's influence; Ulysses, after many woes, finds in woman's favor means to return to slay the wicked tormenters of faithful Penelope, who for twenty long years waited and watched for her absent lord; Agamemnon returns home to find Clytemnestra untrue; in Andromache we follow a heroine of deepest interest for her own as well as for fallen Hector's sake. In the earlier days women learned the arts of war, and

proved their valor on many a fierce-fought field. The Valkysior wrought many of the greatest deeds of Scandinavian antiquity. Camilla's band was among the most valiant that barred Æneas' way on Italian soil; the Amazons drove the daring Hercules to precipitate flight, pushed their conquest into the very heart of Athens, and proved themselves worthy to cope with the Greeks in the conflicts before the walls of Troy.

It may be questioned whether Greek art did not copy most frequently the female form. Certain it is that in the remnants left us woman wins the day. The renowned Phidias made in colossal form his ideal of Athene along with that of "Father Zeus," and the goddess' statue received from the Athenians most of honor and admiration. Along with the Apollo Belvedere stands as its equal the Venus de Medeci, the statue that enchants the world. Another, the Venus of Melos, is among the most famous statues of mythology. La Biche, in more modern times, chose for the subject of his masterpiece the huntress Diana. The recumbent Ariadne is pronounced "one of the finest pieces of sculpture in Italy." Our own Valentine shall live in his Andromache.

Goddess and heroine have formed favorite subjects in literature since the days when the divine Sappho sung the praises of her sisterhood. In war and in song, in art and in sculpture, in literature and in the home, such in outline is Woman in Ancient Myth and Legend.

W. O. CARVER.

THE EVOLUTION OF VIRGINIA.

[FINAL ORATION DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT CELEBRATION, BY FRANCIS F. CAUSEY, OF VIRGINIA.]

A short while ago I was journeying in a distant part of this State. As I looked from the window of the railway carriage as we sped on over hill and valley I began to forget the present, and my mind wandered back to the past. I was soothed as I contemplated the glorious history of those very valleys and hills. The reverie was sweet. Sad enough, it was but a reverie. When I reached my journey's end the dream was over, and I grew more practically reflective. I realized the danger in these rapid railroad days of having false assurances of safety; that we should study the present while we rejoice at the past; that our only safety is in ever calling, "Watchman, what of the night?" and that we should never rest until we hear the reassuring answer coming from every sign of the times, "All is well"—"the morning cometh." We may, therefore, with profit turn our eyes for awhile to Virginia's history—note the successive stages of her development, compare them with the present, and trust that the inspiring light of experience may guide us to a higher destiny.

It would be difficult to give a separate account of the evolution of many of the States, but Virginia has a history of her own. She was colonized by a class of people different from those who settled in other States. She has performed a distinct part in the annals of this coun-

try. Without yielding to the optimistic indulgences which the subject invites, we still may turn to Virginia's history, study her development, and learn a simple lesson—a lesson of profound importance for us to-day.

Long ago, when those hardy adventurers set their feet on the halloved soil of Jamestown they confronted conditions entirely different from those that surround us now. From forest-crested hill to untilled valley the signs of hardihood marked their impress on the country. And we may fancy that even that majestic river seemed wilder as it rolled on by the wigwam and forest fastness than it does now, as it peacefully flows through smiling fields by happy homes. The Indian himself, by his rude life, cast an influence of adventure over the young Virginians and caused the current of their blood to course with a more rapid fervor. What fortune that that blood was not only strong enough to bear them up against the turbulence of their times, but was as good as any that ever flowed through Anglo-Saxon veins—the best that God has ever given to his children. It was amidst wars and triumphs the young colonists struggled on, until the perils which at one time seemed likely to overwhelm them were courageously passed in triumph and success. They now enjoyed a well-earned peace. The calm of the long period that followed was essen-

tial for storing up the energy which was needed for the next struggle in the evolution of Virginia to a higher sphere of political liberty. This rest was like the quiet sleep men take at evening when they lie down to prepare for the fresh toils of the morrow. And when the morrow came, true to their traditions, true to the impulses of freedom they had got from their wild, unconquered land, the mighty voice of Virginia's sons, rising above the tyranny which would stifle it, echoed and re-echoed from mountain to sea in that splendid utterance of "Give me liberty, or give me death." On, in that revolutionary war, our forefathers persevered with the same undaunted courage with which they had protected the infant colony. On, in that terrific struggle, with undiminished energy, even while weakened by misery and want, they plunged with heroic courage into the horrors of blood. And finally, with a Virginian at the head of victorious banners floating over Virginia's soil, the last traces of despotism were banished from a free and sovereign people.

War was at an end, but the soldiers who gallantly conducted that war to a successful issue found the land whose salvation they had secured still calling upon them for new and even more difficult kinds of service. Able statesmanship was next demanded to perpetuate the advantages of military victory. But whether in legislative halls or upon field of battle, who can say that the old-time Virginians were ever found wanting when duty called? Such

men as Monroe, Madison, Jefferson, and Washington were ready with their wise counsels to face the multitude of difficulties that imperilled us. At one stroke they put our government in the lead of all the nations of the earth by giving us a written constitution which Mr. Gladstone declares to be the greatest work ever struck off at one time by the mind of man.

With but few instances of warfare or dissension, another long period of peaceful rest fell to the lot of our people. They were being nationalized, and learned to love their country second only to their State. Their sympathies were large enough to reach beyond themselves, and with fraternal friendship joined hands with the citizens of other States, which had a common fate and which were tending to a common destiny.

New scenes, less stirring, but equally as impressive in the formation of the character of our people, spread above us. In this period the planters became the dominant class. Aided by the smile of nature, Virginia's richly-laden fields nourished their owners in the "lap of luxury." Looking over his broad acres, the old-time Virginia planter was like the baron of old—lord of all he surveyed. The life of the planter was like a pleasant dream. It was composed of an unbroken continuation of satisfied unconcern. From seed-time to harvest they lived on without anxiety or circumstance. The day brought forth its abundance, and at night they rested, soothed to sleep by the happy lullabies of their sing-

ing slaves. With reverence we look back on those pleasing scenes, whose pleasures can never be again. They are but visions now that float before one to remind us of those happy days of the long ago.

Happy days, for as a type of hospitable comfort, valorous refinement, and deep cultivation, the old-time Virginia gentleman stands out unique in the history of our country, and perhaps unique in the history of all the world. Would that every period had such a class of men to act as a balance-wheel against demoralizing rudeness on the one hand, and that restless excitement so prevalent to-day upon the other. Happy days were those; yet the influences of such days had their evil as well as their good effects. A long experience of plenty stifles ambition, and finally begets indolence. Ambition, though born of discontent, is the mainspring of progress. If Providence had granted contentment to mankind from the beginning, men would never have advanced above the rude imperfections of their primæval state. It is unrest—the constant longing for something higher—that brings crowning glories individually to men, collectively to nations. The leisure and deep cultivation and refinement of that period produced statesmen of the first order, who raised Virginia to the summit in the rank of States. But now, in the light of experience, we calmly admit that our system of life was a drawback to our own prosperity—an anchor which prevented us from rising on that wave of material progress

which about that time swept over the world.

Indeed, troubles at length did fall upon our people. Where once had been peace was agitation. Virginia was destined to be rent by the shock of war—such a war not only as she had never known before, but a struggle whose terrors have no parallel in history, which was to spill torrents of the best blood of her sons, and leave her cities and fields “laid waste and desolate.” If luxury had produced effeminacy and indolence, no people ever cast them aside more quickly than Virginians when the voice of their country called them to the perils of the field of battle. In that struggle not only the bravery of her men stood pre-eminent, but the sublime heroism of her women will live on in song and story to inspire the children of future generations. Weary and bleeding, at length our brave men succumbed to the forces that overwhelmed them. “Chill penury repressed their noble rage and froze the genial current of the soul.” Crushed to the earth for the first time, their proud hearts faltered and they bathed their grief in tears. Looking around them at the close of the struggle, nothing could be seen but barren devastation. In the place of cultivated fields and prosperous towns was an unbroken desolation. Nothing remained to the Virginians now—nothing but their manhood. Nowhere in all the records of history can we find an example of a people more suddenly and brutally thrust from luxury to want. The natural order of society was reversed; the

bottom was put on top. But, following the example of their great chieftain, with philosophical dignity they solemnly bowed to the decree of fate. They accepted the noble advice of that fully developed type of a Virginian to whom not only we and all Americans, but all humanity, points with inspiration and pride—General Robert Lee—when he said, "Defeat is better than success when nobly borne."

Great as was the ruin of war, our people had not yet felt the worst. True men will give up their blood and treasure before they will yield their rights. When their blood and treasure were so exhausted that they had no more to give, we cannot wonder at their despair when their rights were still trampled under foot. The foulest elements of the State, and even the scum of other States, were made the guardians of our best. Despairing of the revival of their government, and sickened by the humiliating condition to which the ignorance and oppression of reconstruction had brought them, our people turned their thoughts to other things. The change, however, was not an unmixed evil, for the great lesson was taught that honest labor—the common nurture of us all—is not too low for any man. The noblest of our citizens put their hands to the plow, plied their hammers in the workshops, or labored in the counting-house, and did not feel ashamed to eat their bread in the sweat of the face. Indeed, having once entered the field of active labor, and having once engaged in the fortunes

of commerce, there was danger of going to the other extreme. The native enthusiasm of our people will not let them do things by halves. Their energy has magically revived a ruined country, has transformed a wilderness to gardens which "blossom as the rose." But we should remember that all blossoms do not bear fruit, and the success of the present is yet to be seen by its effects on the future.

There are new conditions which the evolution of events have forced upon us. O that we may have the wisdom to turn from our pursuits and calmly meet those conditions and work out the problems of government. Questions of finance, of debt, of State policy, are to be settled for our honor.

A degraded class has been turned loose upon our State—a class of people with different impulses, different aspirations, ignorant, and incompetent to perform the duties of sovereigns. The experience of the past twenty-five years urges that intelligence and integrity to interest themselves, and lead these hosts of darkness into the light.

There is a popular idea that politics are despicable. If this be true, it is more of a reproach on those who permit them to be so than even upon those who actively lend aid to their corruption. Can Virginians realize the calls of their State upon them? To whom have they trusted their government? With some exceptions—thank heaven, there are some noble exceptions!—the political interests of our State are conducted by

a class who, if they do not bring reproach, at least do not afford us the glory which our statesmen gave us long ago. The efforts of our best men are needed in this day and hour. The time has come when this State can no longer stand upon her history alone. The only practical benefits of that history are the inspirations which it should give us for the present. If the old-time stock is still here, then, by the memory of the noble record of their forefathers, let them rally to reclaim the glory of their beloved State. The same blood flows through Virginians' veins to-day that made their ancestors proud of their lineage, and justified that pride when they brought Virginia to the front rank in the sisterhood of States. The boast of heraldry, the pride of ancestry, are just and proper when we can sustain those virtues for which our ancestors were honored; but when we so degenerate that our only claim to glory is on their account, we are a disgrace to their names, and though our veins be bursting with the proudest, richest blood that ever flowed, it is entitled to no more reverence than the waste water that flows in ditches. The ravages of war and reconstruction may account for the loss of a part of that prestige which at one time Virginia maintained with undisputed sway. But will the sad plight in which that desperate conflict and oppression left her satisfy us for the rank she holds to-day? Her afflictions have been greater than the rest, but it is time that she

aroused from her political, her spiritual, indifference. Shall her sons, who have risen supremely over every obstacle, be so subdued by one defeat as to never regain that political supremacy which should be theirs by inheritance? The same motives that have thrilled our fathers in the past ought to inspire us to-day. We have, with the exception of a small and rugged part, the same beautiful country that our State possessed in her palmiest days; the same fertile fields that wave to-day with their mantle of ripening harvests are ours; our flowers bloom as beautifully now as they did in the days of yore; our mountains are still bursting with the same treasures they have always held; the same blue sea bathes our borders (with her imperious majesty) and yields her rich stores with the same generous bounty. And better yet, the glory of Virginia's past is ours still. Thank God, no invading hosts can ever take these blessings from us! These are the elements to which the ties of patriotism cling, and these are the constituents of our native land which we should love with a love too deep for words. And here the sad question comes to us, have we the same patriotic devotion for Virginia our fathers had? Is there now the same zealous solicitude with which we regard Virginia's honor? If not, then we are not true to the claims of our native land. Let us wake up to the needs of the hour, if we can but break from the spell of fascination for other things. Oh! while we are yet not too far outstrip-

ped in the race for greatness, let the old energy, the old spirit which thrilled our fathers long ago, strain every nerve in applying the best efforts of our manhood to those natural advantages which God has given us to make this good land reach her former pre-eminence in the Union—not forgetting, however, that the highest success of the country does not consist in mere material prosperity, but that there is a spiritual development, an intellectual refinement, a higher civilization, a better, purer government, all of which are to be sought with a greater zeal than riches or power. Such acquisitions show the superiority of mind over matter, and such alone are the true tests of greatness.

Oh! that a revival of patriotism may be added to the revival of financial fortunes. A new and brilliant era of material prosperity seems to be dawning upon us. The future is radiant with hope. Let us rejoice to see the construction of railroads, the building of cities, the opening of mines, but, above all, let us long to see a keener solicitude for those deeper, if less obvious, interests of governmental welfare. The possession of boundless resources and great wealth add much to the greatness of the nation, but the most precious treasures the State can have are locked within the breasts of her sons. The foundation of all real prosperity is good government. Temporary success may overtake us even in our negligence, but if we suspend our vigilance over the chief interests of

the State we cast off from the sheet-anchor of our safety, and the ephemeral success of a period is likely to be overwhelmed in ruin.

But let us hope there is a better destiny in store for us than this, for if we but closely scan the times a loving interest detects a change. Do we not perceive that restless frown of indignation at the mere proposal of a humiliating force bill? Or do we not observe the blush of shame at the imputation of a falsified credit? As Mark Antony said over Cæsar's corpse: "Ah, now you weep, and I perceive you feel the dint of pity." The pang of pity awakens our love, and our love at last will save us. Despite the forebodings of indifference, we cannot believe that our star will go down in ignominy, or even be eclipsed by the greater splendor of another. The glory of the past will light our pathway safely on to a still brighter glory if we but open our eyes to avoid the dangers that beset us. The voices of the patriots echoing down the vista of history will urge us on if we but harken to their heeding; and, furthermore, the spirit born into our people is bound to reassert itself. Let that spirit which established the colonies in a new world, which thrilled us in 1776—the spirit which inspired us to leave all and cleave to our State even till she sank beneath us in 1865—let such a spirit re-animate us in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and conscious of the new duties and responsibilities that surround us, the Virginians of the future

will be ready and anxious to meet all the perplexities of government and become the champions of their country's needs and rights. And adding a patriotic devotion for the

old State to a magnificent abundance of material prosperity, Virginia will rise to even a higher grandeur in the future than she has yet attained in the glorious days of the past.

POVERTY IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY.

[ORATION DELIVERED BY FRANK WILLIAMS, VIRGINIA, FINAL ORATOR OF THE PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.]

In the brief time that I purpose to consume I can do no more than hint at the coexistence, cause, and cure of poverty amid plenty.

Plenty by no means precludes scarcity. As with the perishing mariner, who exclaimed, "Water, water, all around, but not a drop to drink!" so in hundreds of homes to-day the cry is: Plenty, plenty, all around, but poverty within!

This is an age of poverty and plenty. The times have created misery and millions, wide-spread want and phenomenal wealth. Few imagine how much destitution prevails under the very shadow of wealth—within the very scent of the perfume of luxury. All over our land there are those who are privileged by their possessions to roll and revel in luxury within the very sound of the sighs, groans, and heaves of others who are forced by their poverty to lie and languish in destitution and distress.

No country ever enjoyed such marvellous industrial triumphs. All the business world feels the stir of wondrous life. All the seas are

whitened by the sails freighted with the wealth of America's fields, forests, and factories. The stream of wealth with its gathering tide flows throughout our country. Each day that tide gains greater momentum, still each setting sun it leaves a higher mark. But the stream has failed to touch, refresh, and revive the cold, sterile soil of poverty.

When we look around and see the triumphs of industry—the towns that have sprung into existence as if by magic, our prosperous, extending commerce covering all the waters of the world—we are tempted to think that everything is blossoming and bursting into beauty and brilliancy. But, sir, the achievements of industry, the marvellous trade, the miracles of commerce, have not alleviated want, dispelled destitution; but they have simply been the means of piling millions upon millions and heaping misery upon want. The gulf between the rich and the poor is widening, deepening, darkening.

While our land is swept by no pestilence, blighted by no famine; while there is no sword and heavy

hoof of war to slay, trample, and mangle, yet many are compelled to tread the thorny path of poverty and to drink to the bitter dregs the cup of suffering and deprivation.

We talk about our fair fabric of freedom. The best freedom that many enjoy, on the one hand, is freedom from food, and on the other, is servitude to millions. It has been our rare claim and proud boast ever since our country was born in the throes of '76, that she was the home of the brave and the land of the free. Alas! it looks as if she will soon be the home of the rich and the land of the slave. The present industrial machine is turning out millionaires and paupers. Society is decaying in two planes—wealth is corrupting the upper strata, poverty is contaminating and demoralizing the lower strata by all the feculent vice and crime attendant upon destitution. As wealth accumulates and want increases, that decay becomes more cancerous. Already some tell us that society is dragging anchor. Let us hope for the best.

But certainly a tide has already set in towards the dreaded reef of the early socialism of France and the baron rule of Britain. "Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey, 'tis for you to judge how wide the limit stands between a happy and a prosperous land."

What is responsible for the impending crisis? The causes are many and varied. Some of them are internal, some are external, and some, I fear, from their very nature will be eternal. We can only notice a few.

Is it that nature has called into existence children for whom she has failed to provide? There is no nigardliness about nature. She has spread all the fields and forest with plenty; stored the earth with fountains of unmeasured wealth; filled the seas with sources of supply. She has made the great forces of the skies subservient to man's will, to assist him to gather and garner for his sustenance. Is it that the country's resources are exhausted? Industry is yet in its infancy. Is it that the demand for labor is not equal to the supply? Everywhere honest labor is sought at a premium. Is it that men prefer idleness to activity, want to comfort? Let the sores, scars, and irritation contracted by contact with toil and poverty answer. Nature is not at fault. The struggling, straining masses are not to blame.

Much of the cause is due to the fact that some men have turned into their reservoirs the streams that should have blessed the earth with plenty.

Competition has been reduced to such a perfect science, industry has become so complicated and intimate, that the few who have the genius to successfully manage have also the power to amass fortunes. The intricacy of business, together with modern inventions, have taken a few of the best business intellects and placed them in charge of almost the entire industrial machinery. These selected and favored few have interfered with the "eternal fitness of things"; they have intercepted the normal

flow of the life-supplying current. Modern invention and the complicity of business have united in making this pre-eminently an age of great combinations and monopolies. Small independent industries are rapidly becoming extant. With them is perishing not only the freedom of the working class, but the welfare of all the masses. It begins to look as though Ethiopian slavery to men who had souls and hearts as true and noble as any that ever beat or throbbed on earth is going to be succeeded by Caucasian slavery to money monarchs and corporated tyranny which possess neither soul or heart.

I do not declaim against all corporations. When its purpose is to promote the general welfare, there is no greater human agency for the uplifting, ennobling, and embellishing of the human race; but when its purpose is all self, there is no greater disturber to the enjoyment of life; no other evil of modern society more portentous and shocking; no monster, no tyrant, that so tramples upon the rights of others, dethrones truth, ignores justice, endangers and imperils the country, impoverishes and enslaves man, as the tyranny of combined, concentrated, centralized, conscienceless incorporated capital.

Drunkenness is largely responsible for the present condition of affairs. Oh! what tongue can paint the true story of the poverty, destitution, and distress that follows in the wake of intemperance? If I would do my subject justice I would have to take you to the inferno of the drunkard's,

there let you see the full, final, and fatal fruits of intemperance; there let you hear the sad story from poisoned, convulsed lips of men deep in ruin and degradation—of how property and prospects, home and heaven, were drunk away. Or I would have to take my language from the bleeding, torn, lacerated heart of a drunkard's wife, or the piteous cry of his little ones when they were chilling for clothes, craving for food. But I can only speak my honest conviction. Drunkenness corrupts, perverts, distorts, breeds poverty to the purse, peril to the life, perdition to the soul. It invades comfortable and happy homes and leaves misery reigning upon an impoverished throne.

Then our immigration laws are too loose. I rejoice that our Secretary of State is now giving them proper attention. It would have been better if the step that is now inevitable had been taken long ago. The worthless, ignorant, indolent element of immigration constitutes the larger part of the poor, the paupers, the debased that now burden and endanger our country. That element has been coming into our midst and living—living like dogs—with no ideal save to dwell in poverty and wallow in filth; with no purpose save to pull down what the life and blood of others have established, and to pillage and plunder what the industry of others has accumulated.

How can we expect the main stream to be pure when we have failed to cleanse the tributaries? How can we expect our country to

be free from threatening danger when we permit it to be undermined and honey-combed by thousands who hate our social system because it does not recognize debauchees and despise our institutions because they do not embody their utopian fancies? How can we expect all our homes to be homes of comfort, schools of industry, types of virtue when we permit many of them to be filled by men who neither regard the comforts of life nor the sanctity of virtue.

If my country ever decays and collapse—which may God forbid—this explanation will be written high and safe above the wreck and ruin, crush and chaos: Too much ignorant, insolent, poverty-pressed, debased, degraded, spurious immigration, impoverished and contaminated by the festering sewerage of decaying nations.

In general legislation we err; we go beyond the legitimate province of good government. We invade pockets, and call it protection; we crush whole classes, and call it fostering and developing industry; we legislate man into the throes of poverty, the thralldom of monopoly, the serfdom of man to man, and call it legislating for the general welfare. The government is legislating too much—assuming too much responsibility. Its legitimate and proper function is not to tell men when they are to purchase, what they are to pay; not to favor individuals, corporations, or industries, but to simply see to it that rights are secured, justice administered, and none or nothing favored.

The great problem of the age is where to draw the respective limits between individuality and community in government. When we come to thoroughly appreciate and understand what Jefferson meant when he said “that form of government is best which governs least”—what Adam Smith meant when he said that “the best way to advance a nation to greatness is to let man pursue his own interest in his own way, bringing both his interest and his capital into the freest competition with others”—then we will master and solve the great problem of a perfect government, and our country will girt her loins for a better, brighter, and grander race.

Our society suffers from the great law of the “survival of the fittest.” All permanent, developing society must be founded like ours—upon individualism. And wherever there is individualism some must be trampled upon, for it is impossible, in many instances, for self-interest and the welfare of others to be reconciled. Wherever conflicting interest cannot be harmonized the strong press in before the weak and take the food from their mouths.

I don't want to see our social system supplanted by another. I glory in individuality; I believe in personal accountability; but some check must be placed upon the tyrannizing power of the strong. We must throttle this avaricious, unscrupulous, perfidious lust for luxury and greed for gain that causes men to plunge into a foul fight, cheat, overreach, defraud, and supplant.

Edward Bellamy compares the struggle and contention of modern society to the Black Hole of Calcutta, with its press of maddening men tearing and trampling one another in their efforts to win a place at the breathing hole. Certainly these are men who view their fellow-man as their natural prey, and who look upon the loss of others as their just gain. And that our society offers a premium upon the sweating, grinding, vile, brutal, inhuman conduct of such men constitutes its essential evil.

From the nature of the cause it is obvious that much of the existing evil can be cured. The earth will never become a heaven of peace, a garden of plenty. Nowhere in the world's long and varied history of trials and triumphs is there to be found a page of quiet and justice, freedom from care and distress. The struggle for existence began with its gift. The reign of sorrow and suffering, want, and woe was inaugurated along with enjoyment. Humanity will always have to toil and weep. It is impossible that all want should ever yield to wealth. Many strange phenomena have happened in matrimony, but the marriage of plenty and poverty, peace and strife, is beyond human wooing and winning. But it is altogether possible and probable for there to be a more equal distribution of wealth and diffusion of burdens and benefits.

We may never expect human sympathy, the sharing of opportunities, and the bearing of burdens to reach such a high state of perfection that

all hearts and heads in happy unison will give joyful expression to the transcendent blessing of a common brotherhood, a universal love, but we may expect for the solidarity of the human race, which to us is only fine phrases will yet become ties more living, real, vital. The change will not be a revolution—a hasty upheaval in favor of reform. It will conform to the general law of nature—a slow, gradual, continuous, unbroken evolution for the betterment of mankind. The solution has not yet been discovered. Anarchy is nonsense; with it order would degenerate into chaos and confusion. Communism is wild in theory and impossible in practice. An equal distribution of wealth is an ideal dream. But why should we sit still and pronounce all reformers foolish and fanatical, the problem incapable of solution, all efforts towards its solution utopian, all theories vain and visionary? Let men theorize. There is a plan somewhere; let it be discovered. I know not where it is. But I do know that the problem of a perfect society which the Sphinx of civilization is putting to us must be met. And as with *Œdipus*, a failure to meet and solve this enigma means to be destroyed.

Edward Bellamy and Henry George may be enthusiasts unable to see the fallacy of their own theories. But some one is going to follow in the wake of these enthusiasts. As in all the world's great crises, some one will rise equal to the emergency. I know not by what name he shall be christened, whether American or British

soil shall be honored by his birth, whether he shall spring from a long line of noble ancestors or from humble parentage, but I do know that he is coming.

There must be a change, modification, reconstruction. The times demand it; truth and justice sanction it; the cry of oppressed humanity echoes throughout heaven in favor of it. God never intended that the limit between the rich and the poor should stand so wide. It is my con-

viction that human ingenuity and intellect, human philosophy and philanthropy, enriched by all their splendid triumphs, and beckoned on to unexplored fields by the insatiable thirst for new conquests and the awaiting plaudits of nations, will yet attain to so bright, consummate pinnacle of existence that they will devise some social system that will stand the test of time, truth, and justice.

VALEDICTORY.

[DELIVERED AT THE JOINT CELEBRATION OF THE MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES, BY HARRY L. WATSON, FINAL PRESIDENT OF THE MU SIGMA RHO SOCIETY.]

The past is a land against whose shores the waves of Lethe may sometimes flow, but they will recede like the tide of the mighty ocean, and leave memory as a lone and silent sentinel to keep her vigils over the beautiful long ago.

It has been truly said that of all the gifts with which a beneficent Providence has endowed man the gift of memory is the noblest. Without it life would be a barren waste, a dreary desert, with no fertile spot here and there to mark the rapid flight of years; with it the mind creates many a beautiful oasis, under whose spreading palms and by whose sparkling fountains the weary traveller loves to rest; and just as hope is that bright bow of promise that bids us look to the future, so memory is the golden chain that binds the present to the past.

To one who has nearly finished the voyage of life and is about to enter the haven of rest, to roam no more upon life's tempestuous deep, on casting his eye back across the dreary waste of waters over which he has already passed, there appears to his mental vision the dim outlines of an isle which, with other pictures, are indelibly traced upon the remembrance. This land, around which so many recollections of the past cluster, and the thoughts of which cause smiles of pleasure or frowns of pain to pass alternately across our features, is called the "Isle of Memory."

In the quiet of a summer's evening let us lift the curtain of the past and behold it in all its beauty and loveliness. The rosy tints of the setting sun fall over the hills where the verdant grasses wave. Here flowers brighter than those of Cey-

lon's isle shed their sweet fragrance on the vernal air. No sound is heard to disturb the reigning silence save the murmurs of the gentle zephyrs as they play through the branches of the silver palms, or the music of the sparkling waves as they dash their silvery spray against the pebbles of the beach. Here we live again in the dreams and over the scenes of by-gone days whose memory falls gently upon the heart, or perchance in hours of adversity weep bitter tears over broken idols and blasted hopes. Here we gaze upon childhood's early home when life ran quiet as the brook by which we sported—recall many fond recollections of buoyant youth and manhood's pride, as with ambitious resolve we stepped confidently into life's arena with brightest hopes of victory.

The battle o'er, we either mourn the sad misfortune of defeat, or in triumph rest upon our hard-won laurels. Thus in fancy treading again the path of life from infancy to old age, until the busy, active *present* breaks in upon our reveries, arouses us from these day dreams and tells us what we are.

The vast storehouse of memory is the source of some of the purest joys and pleasures of this life; and although imagination with far-reaching eye can span the rolling flood of years and revel amid the glorious splendors of the yet-to-come, still memory only can enrich the mind with its treasured stores, "seize the passing moment, fix it upon canvas, and hang the picture upon the inner chamber of the soul to look at when we will."

It seems to me that in reviewing the varied scenes of joy and sorrow with which every human life is checked, there are none which we will dwell upon with more real pleasure than those around which cluster the fond recollections of school and college days. And while it is unfortunately true that many a thoughtless act or neglected opportunity may prove fruitful sources of sincere regret, yet mingled with these sombre colors are seen the brighter hues of pleasant recollections, which, taken together, give life and beauty to every picture. And as some of us shall soon be called upon to turn our backs—perhaps forever—upon that too often unappreciated though never-to-be-forgotten period which constitutes the student's life, with what mingled feelings of joy and sadness do we contemplate the parting hour. With what bright anticipations have many of us looked forward to this occasion as the eve of a return to happy homes, to friends, and loved ones? Who has not experienced the joy of a home-coming? Who has not felt the thrill of those sacred emotions which almost overflow the heart, as with eager eyes we gaze from some distant hill-top into the dim distance to catch the first faint outlines of the dear old homestead?

"How sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;

How sweet to know another eye will mark

Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

But when the joy of that first meeting shall have been succeeded by the

X calmer one of peaceful quietude amid the scenes of earlier days, when we awake to a full realization of what lies before us, and sterner views of life shall meet our mental gaze, how prone will be our thoughts to wander backwards and dwell amid those things which have been, which are now, but which cannot be always. And when amid the clash and turmoil of life's great conflict we turn our eyes but for a moment from that bright and shining mark which ambition has set for us, there will be in all our earthly pilgrimage no spot more beautiful and more bright than this.

X Another collegiate year, with its hopes and its memories, its successes and its failures, its joys and its sorrows, has past and gone, and to-day stands as another mile-stone upon the way of life. And as we have assembled for the purpose of celebrating another anniversary in the history of these societies, I feel that we may congratulate ourselves and each other upon having brought thus to a successful close the work of another session. I feel that we may look back upon that which they have accomplished during the past session with an equal degree of pride and satisfaction as that which has characterized their history in years gone by. But I shall not dwell upon that history, which has already been briefly outlined by the gentleman who welcomed you here this evening. Mine is a different task.

To those of you who are about to sever your active relationship with this institution by graduation or

otherwise, it becomes my duty, in behalf of your respective societies, to express the feelings of deep regret with which they contemplate your departure, and the consequent loss of that earnest support and wise counsel to which in so large a measure they are indebted for their present condition of prosperity. Having faithfully labored during the past few years, not only in her behalf, but also along that pathway of knowledge which at times may have seemed rough and thorny, you have at last surmounted its rugged steep and stand to-day upon the broad plain of success, ready to receive the just rewards of diligence and perseverance. And as your *alma mater* bestows on you those testimonials of deserving merit, bidding you with warmest benedictions accept them as fit memorials of her high regard; your society authorizes me to add her congratulations and wish you Godspeed on the way of life. And as you bid adieu to her friendly halls, this spacious campus, with its pleasant walks and shady groves, and turn your faces homeward, may you carry with you as deep an interest in her future welfare as that which she shall always feel in yours. +

To those who will be called upon to take the places made vacant by these gentlemen, I will only say: There now devolve upon you those duties and responsibilities which necessity alone compels them to relinquish; may you prove as worthy of the trust as they have shown themselves to be, and continue to bear aloft that banner which they have

borne in triumph during the past. They bid me now commit it to your hands. Take it, guard it, cherish it. May it ever wave in the purest atmosphere of literary glory, and be fanned by the gentle breezes of eloquence and truth; but if the fates should ever decree its fall, may it be lowered by loving hands and sympathetic hearts, but may the hand of a traitor never soil its precious folds.

Fellow-students and classmates, a word to you. Hitherto we have been bearing each other company along a pleasant road, but at last we have reached the point where our paths diverge. Their end we cannot see. For some of us they may be easy; for others, hard and rough; for some they may be spanned by the bright rainbow of success; for others, darkened by the threatening clouds of adversity.

Now we clasp hands with that warm, long, tremulous, parting clasp which speaks more eloquently than lips. It may be we shall meet again, but not as schoolmates; yet in that meeting there shall remain the lasting friendships which here we have formed. Go, now, out into the world. May abundant success crown your every worthy effort, and may your paths in life be bright and glorious ones. But whether they be bright or whether they be darkened and overshadowed by sorrow and disappointment, may they all meet at the gates of heaven.

To the citizens of Richmond and friends of the College who have not only lent us your encouraging presence to-night, but also upon many

other similar and different occasions, we desire to express our sincere thanks for that kindly interest and deep solicitude which you have so often evinced in our behalf.

Nor would we be deemed less grateful to that *fair contingent* whose varied charms, modest worth, and womanly virtues have not only been the source of many a high resolve and lofty inspiration, but, alas! the not unfrequent though *innocent* cause of our hearts' undoing. We do not mean to chide you for the latter, but only to thank you for the former. And as in all the ages of the world it has been the image that has tuned the poet's lyre and lent the inspiration of heaven to his imagination, nerved the arm of chivalry to deeds of noble daring, animated the voice in the blaze of eloquence, or guided the brain in the august toils of stately council, so to-day 'tis at the feet of lovely woman that we lay the laurels which without her smile would never have been won. While we feel that we can boast but few of these, such as they are, take them; they are yours. We only ask in return that you cherish the gift and sometimes recall the giver.

Long may you continue to merit such loyalty, and with love as your sceptre, the heart your empire, may you reign supreme in the affections of your subjects until every heart shall be brought to recognize your sovereignty and bow a willing votary at its shrine.

Again thanking each and every one, not only for your welcome presence, but also for the kind atten-

tion and forbearing patience with which you have listened to this evening's exercises, and with the hope that you may have derived some pleasure as well as profit from our

united efforts to entertain you, in the name of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho societies we wish you all a kind good-night—good-bye.

HON. J. L. M. CURRY.

The distinguished man whose picture appears herewith is by birth a Georgian, but Alabama is the State in which he grew to manhood, and there he commenced the career that has given him his reputation.

When eighteen years of age he was graduated at the University of Georgia, and two years after he received his law diploma at Harvard. He was a youthful soldier in the Mexican war, but failing health compelled his separation from the service before the cessation of hostilities. He early developed a taste for political life, and in 1847, and again in 1853, and a third time in 1855, we find him a prominent and rising member of the Alabama Legislature. In 1856 he was a presidential elector. Elected to Congress without opposition, he took his seat as a member of the House of Representatives on the 7th of December, 1857. He needed no tutoring and served no probation before he stepped to the front rank in a body where Lamar, Stephens, Conkling, and Sherman were already displaying their great ability in leadership.

The writer of the present sketch, then a student at Columbian University, Washington, and availing

himself of every opportunity of attending upon the deliberations of Congress, remembers well the attention always accorded by the House to the new member from Alabama whenever he rose to speak. The demands made upon him to address popular audiences are also recalled, and some of his utterances as he stood before the people gathered in the churches or in the lecture hall of the Smithsonian Institution could even now be repeated.

He was re-elected to the House of Representatives in 1859. The Congress that assembled in December of that year was the most memorable in the history of our country. It soon became wild with excitement. In both the House and the Senate the two sections were arrayed against each other in the most uncompromising antagonism. Indeed, when Big Bethel and Manassas came we simply saw removed to other fields and referred to another arbitrament disputes that for months before had agitated most profoundly the people's representatives gathered in the halls of Federal legislation. Speaking again from personal observation, the writer can say that amid these exciting scenes the subject of this



HON. J. L. M. CURRY, LL. D.,
President Board of Trustees.

sketch never lost his judgment; passion never dominated him. In many others of both sections rage usurped the seat of reason; but he, while coinciding in view with the people that elected him, and always having the courage of his convictions, was never rash in utterance or in act. After the secession of Alabama and the establishment of the Confederate government, Mr. Curry was chosen a member of the Confederate Congress, in which body he rendered important and distinguished service until 1864, when, as lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, he joined the army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. The war divides the life of Mr. Curry into two periods, which in some prominent features are very unlike, and yet one was an excellent preparation for the other. After the cessation of hostilities he became more conspicuous in work distinctively religious, but the training for public speech given him by the bar and the hustings did not make the people at all less inclined to listen when he came to address them on the great themes of the gospel. After the war he gave his thoughts with much less diversion to the advancement of learning; but the deep reflection he had previously spent on the great problems of law and statesmanship did not in the least degree hinder his work when he began his career as an educator. The first high educational position he held was that of the presidency of Howard College, Alabama. In 1868 he was elected to the professorship of English and Philosophy in Richmond College.

During his connection with this institution he not only did the best work in the lecture-room, but by his eloquent addresses throughout Virginia he stimulated an interest in education, and thus helped very much both the patronage and the endowment of the College.

In 1881 Dr. Curry was made general agent of the Peabody educational fund. In 1885, President Cleveland made him Minister to Spain. At this juncture the Peabody trustees paid him the high compliment of refusing to accept his tendered resignation, and of making special arrangements for administering the fund during his mission abroad. When he returned from the court of Madrid he resumed the duties of general agent, and to them has recently been added the superintendency of the Slater fund for educational purposes in the South. These joint trusts committed to Dr. Curry certainly make him one of the most conspicuous figures appearing to-day in the educational activities of the American people. When Dr. Curry went to Spain he resigned the presidency of the Board of Trustees of Richmond College, but on his return to this country he was re-elected to that position, in which he evinces the liveliest concern for the highest success of the institution. Dr. Curry has occupied other posts of honor and influence. He was at one time president of the Baptist Convention of Alabama, and has served as president of the General Association of Virginia, and for ten years or more he presided over the Foreign Mission Board of the

Southern Baptist Convention. Institutions of learning have recognized his acquirements and services to the cause of education; and, as showing how he is regarded both at the South and at the North, it may be stated that Mercer University, Georgia, conferred on him the degree of LL. D., while Rochester University, New York, gave him the doctorate of Divinity. Dr. Curry has made valuable contributions to literature. His public life scarcely presents a period in which his pen has not been active. He has written much for religious and educational journals, and has published various treatises in pamphlet form. As an author of books Dr. Curry has given us "Constitutional Government in Spain," and "William Ewart Gladstone."

It would not be altogether fitting for this sketch to close without at

least a reference to a potent influence that has helped to shape Dr. Curry's life and to secure his success. His present wife was Miss Mary Wortham Thomas, a lady connected with a prominent and wealthy family of Richmond. The present writer need not speak her praise when he who knows her best says (in dedicating to her his "Constitutional Government in Spain"): "For whatever I may have accomplished during this nearly quarter of a century, for any success in my mission at Madrid, I am very largely indebted to her unwearied patience, to her wise and thoughtful helpfulness."

It is pleasant to reflect that, after all the service Dr. Curry has rendered, his natural and acquired force is unabated, and that many days may yet be added to a life that has become a mighty factor in promoting the highest good of men.

OUR ACADEMIES.

During the last few years no one department of education has had so much attention paid it in our State as our secondary schools. It is proper, therefore, in this commencement number of the MESSENGER that along with a display of the work done in our own college, something should be said with regard to these schools, for it is to these we look for full lecture-rooms and appreciative pupils, without which expensive apparatus and learned professors amount to nothing. As well export Harvard,

Johns Hopkins, or our own University to the heart of Africa and expect great results.

So much has already been said and written in regard to secondary schools that there is great danger of any further word on the subject being simply a rehash of what has been stated before. No startling or new facts have recently come to light, but a work so important can hardly be presented too often. Some truths must be continually dinned into our ears, else they fade from our memory

and fail to stir us to action. So, then, no deep and original research may be expected; but if the writer, as he pursues the well-beaten path, can here and there add an idea which may prove worthy of consideration he shall have accomplished his purpose. No attempt will be made to give an outline of the *ideal* academy, but we will confine ourselves to the work already being done by this class of schools and what is yet to be expected of them. If nothing else be accomplished by this article, it will serve to express the sympathy of the writer, who was once engaged in the work and has ever since been solicitous for its success. Let him who would know the measure of its responsibility but engage in it for awhile.

It is with pleasure that we have noticed the gradual springing up of schools of this grade all over our State, many of which are blessed with a suitable corps of faithful teachers. Yet, like every new impulse, there is danger of its amounting to a "fad," a "craze," and academies, institutes, or by whatever other name they are called, may spring up in many places where one would have to search very diligently to find a reason for their existence. Perhaps local pride or a prospective commercial boom might be all that would reward his search. However, in this matter, as in all others, the demand must regulate the supply, and the present phenomenal increase in academies is but the answer to a long-felt want.

In the secondary school is the hope

of our State. Here the foundation is laid on which in after years the superstructure is to be built, and the solidity and breadth of base is what determines the character of the super-imposed building. That is indeed a dangerous building with its gilded front and fretted dome, but ill-joined foundation. No college, no university, can afford to pursue its course serenely regardless of the lower schools, for on these is dependent its own effectiveness, its own success. That every college should have a number of affiliated academies, and every university a number of affiliated colleges, appears to me the true plan to keep our efforts in education from being too scattering. Instead of all pursuing a different course, each should have reference to the other, and all to the grand whole. There is a no more pernicious tendency than to run the academy into a college and the college into an university. How far this affiliation can be effected between a State university and denominational colleges should furnish serious thought to some of our leaders in educational matters. It seems that more unity is possible and that more is desirable. The dream of our State being united in one grand educational system may be a mere vagary of the writer's imagination, yet certainly some approach to this is possible. Freedom, the one great blessing of our country, may become a curse when pressed too far; likewise, too much independence in educational matters may prove a serious hindrance to the cause we are trying to promote. The leaven must work

downwards as well as upwards, and the university, through the colleges, must affect the lower schools so surely as it is affected by them.

In estimating the work of our schools—and particularly do I refer to our secondary schools—no calculation can be made in figures, giving in tabular statement ratio and percentage. Yet the results can be pointed out in their effects upon the rising generation and the growing efficiency of our higher schools of learning. To the primary and secondary schools we must look for our men and our women. What is it that gives Germany her leadership in thought to-day? Not her great universities. No; but the *gymnasias*, the lower schools, which make her universities possible. England's universities do not stamp the little island so indelibly as her Rugbys. According to statistics, collected with some degree of care, one pupil out of every twenty or thirty in the primary schools pass on to the high or secondary schools, and about one out of every two or three hundred continue to pass on to our colleges and universities. Granted that these figures are not strictly correct, nevertheless they show the great importance of our primary and secondary schools from a social and economic point of view. Many cannot—many do not wish to toil up the mountain of knowledge, but are content simply to fit themselves for a business career in life; so that truly in these schools is the making of a nation, and therefore above all others should they be most zealously and jealously guarded.

Here as nowhere else does poor teaching leave its slimy trail with such deadly effect. In no other period of life are impressions for good or evil made which are so lasting. The home is by far the best primary school—is, in fact, the primary school. For a few hours a day the child may attend some school and receive instruction in the rudiments, but in the home are planted and fostered those virtues of soul which must mark the fully-developed man or woman.

Among secondary schools the academy supplies the demand for Christian education. This especially is one of the missions of the academy, which should be a school that is in every sense a Christian home, a school in which the blooming spirit will be guided as thoughtfully and tenderly as the budding mind. Coming from the restraining influences of home, the youth, fired with ambition for future success and swayed by the consciousness of latent powers, must imperceptibly to himself still be guided to render the will subservient to a higher power, must be stimulated to a lofty and true scholarship. A distinguished teacher well says of a teacher's life in this class of schools that it must be both "priestly and pastoral, and he falls far short of the highest conception of his work who does not find constant opportunities to suggest the true aim of life, to strengthen the halting purpose, and direct his pupil's attention to the gracious person and holy life of the Savior." In this respect the academy has a work which cannot be done by the high school, nor any

school supported by the State, be that school ever so efficient in other respects, for while morality is duly recognized, the Bible, the great source of morality, is practically excluded. In this land of religious liberty this evil could not be remedied without, possibly, engendering another which might prove still greater. If this be true, so much the more need for Christian schools; but, whether true or not, the fact, however, remains that the spiritual nature is not cared for and trained in our public schools, nor do we expect that it should be. Their work is to deal with intellect, and the rest is left to home and home influence. That an academy shall be Christian, it is not necessary that the tenets of any particular denomination should be taught, nor even the dogmas of the Christian religion, but its atmosphere, its supervision and government, must be truly Christian. Yet in these schools the Bible should not be neglected, but it should be put into the regular work as one of the text-books. I have often heard the complaint of a distinguished professor of Hebrew in one of our largest universities that the ignorance of the Scriptures among those entering his classes was a most serious hindrance to his work. This was true of prospective preachers as well as others. The fault is due to our training. We have simply learned to read the Scriptures, not to search them; we simply skim them as we would a novel, and do not stop to study out the plan and purpose of the Author of our being and of the universe in which we live.

At present our academies are the result of private enterprise, or are the foster-children of some religious body, whose gifts and whose patronage help to sustain it. This latter class of schools are coming rapidly to the front, for by a certain amount of endowment and other advantages which it enjoys it is able to present its pupils superior advantages at a smaller cost than schools run as private enterprises. Besides, such schools have an element of stability which the other cannot have, and their usefulness should increase with age. Suitable buildings, libraries, and apparatus cannot be acquired in a single session, nor in two, but must come by degrees as experience suggests and increasing opportunities demand. As yet I can point to no school of this class that is amply endowed and suitably equipped, though many, with little help, and others without any, are doing work of which they may reasonably be proud. Owing to the exigencies of war all our schools have suffered, but none more than our secondary schools. Yet, when philanthropic Christian men at a distance have given liberally to the cause of education in our State, it has been to the colleges and universities, and the secondary schools have been left to take care of themselves. So far as I am aware, no considerable sum has been given by a single individual to this cause, but what has been done has been done by some religious body in the name of that denomination. By no means is it true that our colleges have had too much, nor should one

dollar be diverted from them; but it is also true that our academies have had far too little. Following the interest awakened in the North, we should, then, give our State academies truly worthy of the name, which will furnish the ground for a broad, deep, and liberal education. It is not more academies that we need, but the proper equipping of those we already have.

I have already indicated and developed to some extent the advantage of the Christian academy over the high school. I shall reinforce my remarks by a single quotation from the address of Principal Abercrombie, of Worcester, Mass., before the American Baptist Educational Society, May, 1891:

"The ardor for high schools which swept over our country a generation or so ago is cooling somewhat in the New England States, because the high school has been only partially successful. * * * * Where the high school is weak there the Christian academy is strong. The drift is toward the academy and its patriarchal plan of the religious family and its head, because in the academy the heart and conscience are trained, and the whole boy educated; not mind alone, not body alone; but mind, body, and soul."

However, we need not concern ourselves so much about the advantages of the academy over the high school, whether they be many or few, since for Virginia the academy is an absolute necessity. The number which already dot our State proves this at least, so far as the present is

concerned, and the indications are that the same conditions will hold for many years to come. On account of the existing embarrassment of our State a high school can exist only in a city, and even there the work is much hindered by lack of funds. Then what is to become of the vast country? Must the rural districts and smaller towns be left without any intermediate schools? Here the academy comes in and gives an answer in the negative. It is this need that has called forth this class of schools all over the State, and any measure looking to the better equipment and furnishing those we already have would be hailed with delight. In the city the high school may hope for a great degree of success, supplemented, as it is, by the home, but the country must ever look to the academy as furnishing a Christian home to the boy who is sent from the farm or village to secure an education. But to whom does the country look to furnish this home? A glorious opportunity is now afforded for some liberal man to immortalize himself and greatly bless his denomination and his State by a generous gift to our secondary schools. If any denomination wishes to progress it must strengthen the whole line, and leave no weak spot, especially one that would be so vital. No word of praise can be too great for those noble men who have gone into this work—and Richmond College boasts to have furnished many—but praise is not what they need so much as substantial encouragement. It is hardly right that aid should be

given others, but these left to struggle by themselves.

A few hundred dollars, well directed, would prove a wonderful incentive, a stimulus to this class of schools. A step forward has already been made in this direction, and under proper management it must result in much good. The Methodists can point with pride to their efforts at Bedford city, and the Baptists, too, are waking up to the importance of the work. The American Baptist Education Society has, by its gifts, encouraged schools of this character, though as yet no Virginia school has been a recipient of its bounty. The necessity of endowed schools is patent to every one. Education can no longer be furnished at actual cost—I mean such advantages as the age demands. Moreover, the class we wish to reach by these schools cannot pay extravagant prices for the privileges they court and should have. Poor teaching is dear at any price. Shall they, then, go without an education, or take an inferior article? There must be some provision made for this class which form the bone and sinew of our State—call them the masses, if you wish. Many of these cannot go higher than the secondary school before they feel called upon to enter the business arena of life—some from necessity, others from choice. The best of advantages (and none other should be offered) can be put within their reach only by means of generous endowment. What constitutes the prop-

er equipment of such a school I cannot stop to consider; but though this class of schools may be superior to those of many of our sister States, they are far from perfect, and many improvements must be made if Virginia is to keep abreast of the times and maintain her prestige in educational matters. With the return of prosperity and a quickened business zeal there should be a corresponding stimulus in the field of learning. It is not enough for us to have had a great past. The future must be even brighter, and the soil which once produced great statesmen must not lie fallow nor be allowed to grow up with noxious weed and ill-shaped shrub. Small honor, indeed, to be scions of a nobler stock, if we are to become merely reverent worshippers of our ancestors and not emulators of their example. I have often heard a prominent educator in this State remark, that if we are to produce men we must begin in our academies, for here the seed is sown which must grow in college, blossom in the university, and mature in after years into perfect or imperfect fruit. Let us, then, establish these Christain homes where our youth may store their minds with useful knowledge and a love for truth, where they may develop that strength of character, that method of thought, which will make them true men, superior to all vicissitudes of fortune, and successful in their chosen calling in life.

W. A. H.

ROBERT BURNS.

It is mine to tell in brief the story of one to whom all critics have agreed in assigning a first place among the "sons of song." Robert Burns is loved by everybody. Out of the fountains of his deep feeling flowed streams of saddest and of sweetest song—streams out of which every heart loves to dip a draught in sympathy, and to drink for its own comfort. It is no wonder that the world reveres and that the Scotch all but worship the memory of one whose name is "more than any other that of Scotland condensed in a personality." For among all the countries none are richer in legend and love, rarer in natural scenery of lake and mountain, coast and river, or more full of patriotism or love for ancestral greatness than the home of "Highland Mary," and no one ever lived who viewed these beauties with a more appreciative eye, drank them into a more sympathetic soul, or wove them with a more delicate skill into pictures that move every heart than did "Bobbie Burns."

Our poet's life draws from us many a sympathetic sigh while we read in rapturous delight the products of his genius and feel ourselves brought into close community with his spirit. For him, as for our own loved Poe, we cannot restrain the tear of sorrow for his unfortunate weakness, entailing so much of misery.

Born near Ayr, January 25, 1759, he filled with a varied but uniformly hard experience thirty-seven years

of life, and then died, as he was born, in the most abject poverty. His early life was surrounded by excellent religious example, and it was his anxious father's ardent hope to leave upon his boy a lasting impression for good. Robert failed to follow his early teachings, but never ceased to revere that father who, though unable to give his son education, social standing, or wealth, had tried to give him what was of far more worth—a hope of heaven. He gave expression to his reverence in the epitaph he wrote for his father's tomb:

"O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious reverence and attend!
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains;
 The tender father and the gen'rous friend.
 The pitying heart which felt for human woe;
 The dauntless heart that feared no human pride:
 The friend to man, to vice alone a foe;
 For e'en his failures leaned to virtue's side."

To the very meagre education his father was able to give him he himself afterward added little else than a small acquaintance with Latin, French, and Geometry. What was, however, of much more importance to a man of letters, he was a great reader, and became well acquainted with the literature of his own language, as well as that of his own peculiar dialect. This knowledge he gained under great difficulties, reading in spare moments in the midst of his work, and often denying himself needed sleep in order to prosecute his study. After moving

from farm to farm to secure a scanty living, his father finally died, leaving to Robert, now twenty-five years old, the care of the poor family.

In 1786, having received twenty pounds from the first published volume of his poems, he started to Jamaica, in the hope of securing a position of overseer; but, when in the act of starting, he received an invitation to visit Edinburgh, whither his recent fame had spread. The prospect of finding sale for the second edition of the poems constrained him to accept the invitation, and so he abandoned his Jamaica trip. A new edition of two thousand eight hundred copies was issued in 1788, and found rapid sale, many copies being sold in advance of the print. From this edition the poet realized some five hundred pounds.

While in Edinburgh, he met the first preachers and professors of the day, and was treated by them with great consideration. Among these was the distinguished philosopher, Dugald Stuart. Sir Walter Scott speaks with pride of having seen Burns during this stay at Edinburgh, though he was, as he says, at this time too young to be more than "sit silent, look, and listen." It was here, too, that Burns formed some of the most pleasant friendships of his life. He was a brilliant conversationalist, a manly, independent personage, seeming to recognize in these surroundings an eminently proper environment, holding himself the equal of any, without rendering himself at all offensive. At this time, perhaps, he appreciated as

much as any one else his real worth, though his own estimate of himself was not a tithe of that in which succeeding generations have learned to hold him. He had already forced upon others some recognition of his attainment of his boyish ambition "in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil, to become a wise man," and latter years have ascribed to him honor for far more than the attainment of his worthy wish:

"That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make;
Or sing some sang, at least,"

Even amid his brilliant surroundings in Edinburgh he was much pressed by poverty, going from banqueting with the *literati* to share a garret cot with an apprentice boy. Here, too, he learned indulgences and cultivated a more or less natural tendency for low association, which proved, if not his ruin, at least the source of a world of woe.

On receiving the proceeds from his second edition of poems he travelled through all Scotland and some of England, learning the nature of the people and the country, and enriching his soul for new songs. He gave some of his money to his needy mother and brother, "took a farm at Ellisland," near Dumfries, stocked it, and lost the rest of his money. Here he married—or, more properly, legally recognized one who had been his wife before his visit to Edinburgh, and who now brought with her certainly two children. How much he had loved another in early years is told in that exquisite ode, "To Mary in Heaven." About this time he

wrote, among other things, "Tam O'Shanter" and "Auld Lang Syne."

In 1789 he secured the office of exciseman in his district, at fifty pounds per year, and two years later was assigned a similar office at Dumfries at seventy pounds.

In 1792 he engaged to edit "Melodies of Scotland, with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte and Violin: the Poetry by Robert Burns." For this he received a shawl for his wife, a picture representing the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and five pounds. He grew indignant, and determined never more to write for pay. He had more independence than money, and often needed the financial aid his genius might have secured. During the last years of his life his political ideas exiled him from polite society. He became more morose and dissipated than ever, and grew prematurely old.

In April, 1796, he wrote: "I fear it will be some time before I tune my lyre again. By Babel's streams I have sat and wept. I have only known existence by the pressure of sickness, and counted time by the repercussions of pain. I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope. I look on the vernal bay and say with poor Ferguson:

"Say, wherefore has an ill-indulgent heaven
Life to the comfortless and wretched
given?"

This is the strain of all his letters to his father-in-law and his other friends during the closing months of his life. On the 12th of July, 1796, he wrote to a cousin craving the loan of ten pounds to save spending his

last days in prison. On the 21st of July, worn out with fever and a complication of diseases, and with anxiety for his wife and children, he died. Thus ended the life of one whom Carlyle calls "one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century," as well as a great poet. He left three sons, and a fourth was born a few days after his death. A subscription was raised to relieve the wants of the family. People soon began to appreciate Burns, and monuments began soon to be erected to his memory.

In his life we find an extreme case of the customary neglect with which a great man is treated by his contemporaries. In this respect Burns again reminds us of Edgar Allan Poe—allowed to suffer and almost to starve, and to find an untimely death among those of his own time, while too late the people see what he is and honor his memory when they would not properly respect his presence.

Burns' correspondence is of a high order, but his poetry is so surpassing that we hear little of his prose. One critic says Burns' popularity is largely due to his works "being an epitome of melodies, moods, and memories that had belonged for centuries to the national life." This is no reproach, for it was only Burns who could so epitomize what was most pleasing.

He commenced his poetry at the age of sixteen, his muse being stirred, as many a one before and since, by an affair of the heart, though others have found no such sequel to their sentimental beginning.

Burns has indeed "made every chord" in Scotland's "life to vibrate." "There is the vehemence of battle, the wail of woe, the march of veterans, 'red watshod,' the smiles of meeting, the tears of parting friends, the gurgle of brown burns, the roar of the wind through pines, the rustle of barley rigs, the thunder on the hill—all Scotland—in his verse. Let who will make her laws, Burns has made the songs which her emigrants recall 'by the long wash of Australian seas,' by which maidens are wooed, by which mothers lull their infants, which return through open casements into dying years—they are the links, the watchwords, the masonic symbols of our race." He wrote on all subjects. His sentiments compass the whole gamut of human emotion. His poems are sad and they are glad; they are deep and they are simple; they are national and they are individual; they are dedications and they are celebrations; they are bacchic and they are moral. At one time he writes lines to a mouse and to a louse; again he dedicates a song, and sings to Mary in heaven. He presents us now a "dirge," and now a "sonnet." He tells of despondency and of contentment. To-day he writes an epitaph, to-morrow sings a banquet song. But in all his moods he is pre-eminently the poet, and is never uninteresting. He writes on the most ludicrous subject, and finds occasion to say:

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us."

In the tale of "Tam O'Shanter" he utters those familiar words:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like snow-falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever."

"He is never shallow, ever plain, and the expression of his feelings is so terse that it is always memorable." He was a great lover of nature and studied it constantly, finding a depth of beauty and meaning in what would possess no charms for an ordinary man. It is no wonder that a man who would turn out of his way to avoid disturbing a bird in its song himself sang so sweetly. So simple-hearted and sympathetic was he that he wept when looking on even a picture depicting grief. His touching lines to a mouse, whose bed his plow had turned up, afford illustration of how his spirit was stirred by the simplest thing. Indeed for him—

"Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best,"

and serves to call an expression of admiration from him. He was like an Æolian harp, so delicately strung that it responded to every breeze. The gentle zephyr was transformed to some heart's twilight tale of love; the rising wind to the musical presentation of what were otherwise the dull monotony of life; and the raging storms into a solemn dirge that lost much of its sadness in its charming sweetness. You laugh with Burns and you weep with him. His sighs and his smiles were pictured in his poems, and so truly preserved that they awake in us their counterparts

as naturally as when we look into a human face and share its expressions.

Criticism varies as to what is his masterpiece, and the truth seems best said when we declare that he had not a masterpiece, but many masterpieces. Among so much that is good it is a difficult task to say what is best. That on which he won his first extended reputation was "The Twa Dogs." Cæsar and Luath, belonging, respectively, to a rich and a poor man, meet and discuss the comparative pleasures and woes of the rich and poor and the ills of the country, and then separate—

"Rejoiced that they were na men, but dogs."

"The Address to the De'il" is classed among his best, and displays a keen insight into the wily temptations of the Destroyer. "Halloween" is universally admired, and "lovers of rustic festivity" call it Burns' best. The "Cotter's Saturday Night" finds a hearty welcome and ready response in the peasant's heart, while it touches tender chords in every breast. "Tam O'Shanter" is cast in a rich mould, and vies for the prize—winning it in the estimation of many. "The Jolly Beggars" is certainly one of his best, and in genius is unexcelled. That the tales and songs of "A Band of Half-Drunken Vagabonds" are so refined as to become truly attractive, displays no ordinary skill. "Highland Mary" is a gem that sparkles with a lustre dimmed by no production of man.

"Auld Lang Syne" will still live on as long as old people and pessimists turn musingly to the "good old times of long ago." But the mere mention of all his great works would be to do what circumstances forbid—give a catalogue of his works. That so much difference of opinion prevails as to what is his masterpiece, only proves his greatness as a poet. Truly Burns is to the Scotch what Homer was to the Greeks, Virgil to the Romans, or Shakespere to the English, and for them, as indeed for all the world, Burns' poems well deserve the lines:

"Songs of our land, ye are with us forever;
The power and the splendor of thrones
pass away,
But yours is the might of some deep, roll-
ing river,
Still flowing in freshness through things
that decay.

The bard may go down to the place of his
slumbers,

The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the
grave,

But far in the future the power of his num-
bers

Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful
and brave;

It will waken an echo in souls deep and
lonely,

Like voices of reeds by the winter wind
fanned.

The page may be lost, and the pen long
forsaken,

And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave
heart and hand;

But ye are still left when all else have been
taken,

Like streams in the desert—sweet songs
of our land.

W. O. C.

ALUMNI ADDRESS.

BY PROF. H. H. HARRIS.

Mr. President and Brethren of the Alumni, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Our chosen orator would have adorned the occasion with that high thought and fervid eloquence with which he has been wont to guide the legislation of the magnificent Lone Star State and to uphold the ends of justice before her courts, but imperative business detains him, and the duty of standing in his place has been assigned to a poor substitute. The recent date of this assignment—only a few weeks ago, and these the busiest of the whole year—will be my apology for appearing without that elaborate preparation which under other circumstances it would be your right to demand and my pleasure to make. You will not expect this evening the discussion of a literary epoch, the solution of a social problem, the elucidation of political principles, or any such theme appropriate for an alumni oration, but a plain, practical talk on a subject that in the round of my daily work is constantly, more or less, present to my thoughts—a duty that we as alumni owe to *Alma Mater* and some of the ways in which we may discharge our obligation.

By charter from the sovereign Commonwealth of Virginia complete control and most ample powers are vested in the Trustees. They have delegated certain limited and dependant authority to the Faculty of in-

struction. A third estate—the Students who, from year to year, assemble in these halls—are not less potent in guiding by the unseen wand of public opinion the actual life of the College. Now, it is true that nearly half the trustees were once students, a similar proportion appears in the list of instructors, and all the undergraduates we hope in a few years to enroll with us as alumni. But it would be obviously inappropriate now and here to allude to the many and important duties specially devolving upon any one of the three bodies just mentioned. Let us look rather at what concerns us simply and solely as alumni, without reference to other connection any of us may chance to have with the College. Many present are not members of our organization, and will not, therefore, be specially addressed. I trust, however, that the topic will not be distasteful to ladies and gentlemen whose presence bears witness to their kindly interest.

The duty on which I propose to insist as comprehending many others is to feel and cultivate pride in our *Alma Mater*. I am not here to indulge in indiscriminating panegyric or to deny the existence of faults and defects. But the loving son must not look at wrinkles that time has wrought on his mother's brow, nor at any unseemly feature with which nature or accident has dis-

figured her. He gazes rather on the gentle eye, the patient lip, the general expression of maternal love chastened and sweetened by the vicissitudes of good and evil fortune. Trustees and Faculty and Students may criticize, if they will, that portion of the administration for which they are severally responsible, but we alumni, as dutiful sons, will for to-night look neither at our own nor at others' failings, but have an eye only to excellencies.

In ancient Jerusalem there were weak places in the walls, narrow lanes, and lowly habitations, but when the pious Psalmist wished to stir the patriotic pride of Israel, he invited his fellow-worshippers to "walk about Zion, tell the *towers* thereof, mark well her *bulwarks*, and consider her *palaces*." One main bulwark—one massive tower of strength in the College—had its solid foundations laid at 5 A. M. on the eighth of June, 1830, by a "numerous meeting of brethren held at the Second Baptist church, in the city of Richmond, for devising and proposing some plan for the improvement of young men who, in the judgment of their churches, are called of God to the work of the ministry." In all that they did and resolved one characteristic is notable—their avoidance of all pretense, their downright honesty. This was, in their estimation, a prime qualification for the vocation to which they looked. And they were singularly fortunate in selecting, two years later, a man to guide their enterprise and gradually enlarge its scope

from a seminary for the rising ministry to a college for general and liberal education.

A year ago he stood upon this platform and told in his own inimitable way of the difficulties with which he had to contend, and of what he was pleased to call his own blunders. He did not tell us of his invaluable services and of the successes he won. These the older men among us appreciate more and more as the years go by, and devoutly pray that he may be spared yet many days to bless the world with his ripened wisdom and softened graces. What was his most marked characteristic? Was it not simple-hearted candor, straightforward honesty? Thomas Carlyle pursued shams with merciless scorn; Robert Ryland was so high above all shams that he did not even know them. This made him print year after year in the Catalogue these memorable words: "The trustees propose to conduct the College classes only so far as their resources may justify, taking care to have the students thoroughly taught as far as they shall go. It is not their purpose to confer degrees till they shall have afforded facilities for education equal to those of other chartered institutions." What other college can point to such a plea as that for public esteem and general patronage?

The late P. T. Barnum is credited with having said that people like to be humbugged. The phenomenal success of scores of so-called colleges and universities, that offer the merest veneer of showy training instead of thorough education, would indicate

that Barnum's dictum is applicable to other things besides amusements. Be it our pride that the sterling character of Dr. Ryland and his co-laborers so deeply impressed itself upon the College in the formative period, was so thoroughly ingrained in the warp and woof of its courses of study, methods of instruction, and standards of graduation, that its honors have ever borne testimony to solid attainments, to a broad, strong basis for building a life of useful service.

An eminent scientist was asked the other day the meaning of Ph. D. "That depends," he replied, "on who confers it," and added, that for his own part he could only determine by examining a few specimens. Some college degrees mean that the recipient has spent four years with no serious dereliction in conduct and no appreciable loss of the learning he brought up from the preparatory school; some are tokens of gratitude, either for favors already received, or for favors expected. With us they tell of honest work, severely tested. The reputation of the college is the reputation of its graduates. Let us look, therefore, at some specimens.

By the suspension of exercises from 1861 to 1866, the alumni are divided into two distinct sets. The former are so few in number that we may take time to call the roll. The College was chartered in 1840, and began work as a college in 1843, but, for the reason already given, put the seal of graduation on no student till 1849. That year there were two—

P. S. Henson, the distinguished preacher and editor, now in Chicago, and Josiah Ryland, who, after some years as pedagogue, has become one of our leading merchants.

The class of 1850 consisted of three—J. W. Carter, R. C. Dunn, and William A. Durfey, put down as physician, teacher, and minister, but to me not personally known.

Of 1851, two promising ministers—W. S. Bland and G. W. Kee-see—have finished their work. The three survivors are M. B. Howell, attorney at law, and ex-mayor of Nashville, Tennessee; George B. Taylor, who lives on the Capitoline hill and preaches a pure gospel in Rome, Italy; and William D. Thomas, our professor of philosophy.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-two turned out A. R. Courtney, one of Richmond's leading lawyers; E. E. Dunnaway, last heard from as a farmer in Lancaster county; A. E. Dickinson, the ubiquitous editor of the *Religious Herald*; and Alexander Eubank, minister, and principal of Sunnyside Academy, Bedford.

The lone star of 1853, Z. Jeter George, too bright for earth, was soon transplanted to shine in a better and brighter world.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-four furnished seven graduates. W. R. McDonald, after very successful labors as a minister in Halifax county, has fallen asleep; L. J. Haley and Ro. Williamson have combined school-work with preaching; F. W. McMullan has been legislator and is now judge of Madison county; A. J. Burruss and J. O. Ferrell have

filled professorships in Tennessee and Kentucky; and William G. Woodfin, after filling with distinction chairs in Mercer and the University of Georgia, is now enjoying the elegant leisure of a country gentleman.

The class of 1855 consisted of P. W. Ferrell, prominent in the business circles of Danville; Thomas Hume, professor of English in the University of North Carolina; and William S. Ryland, President of Bethel College, Kentucky.

In 1856, five bachelors disported themselves in commencement at the First Baptist church. George W. Morris was too feeble in body for his sensitive soul, and soon succumbed to disease; Bernard Meredith, the handsomest and, in some respects, most promising of the lot, laid down his young life in the Confederate service; the survivors are all present—your speaker, William F. Fox, superintendent of city schools, and John C. Long, professor of Church History at Crozer Seminary, Penn.

The class of 1857 lost three—Edward Eppes, A. T. Goodwin, and John M. Gregory—during the war. The survivors are two lawyers—W. F. G. Garnett, of this city, and S. E. Morgan, of West Virginia; and two ministers—I. T. Wallace, of Richmond, and John W. McCown, of North Carolina.

In the list of 1858 are two brothers—Harvey and William E. Hatcher, now in Atlanta, Ga., and in this city, and needing only to be named; W. S. Penick, pastor at Shreveport, La.; S. H. Pulliam, prominent on 'Change; and J. W.

Ryland, pastor in Middlesex county. Joseph A. Turner finished all too soon a brilliant career as professor of English in Hollins Institute.

The first and the last of the list for 1859—W. H. Agnew and George B. Smith—fell during the war, leaving D. W. Gwin, now pastor in Norfolk; J. J. Harvey, professor in the University of West Virginia; H. E. Hatcher, pastor in Orange county; and J. A. Mundy, pastor in Greenville, S. C.

The class of 1860 soon lost three—J. W. Bird, D. A. Blair, and J. A. Cofer. The survivors are C. T. Allen, lawyer and editor in Kentucky; John R. Bagby, pastor in Powhatan county; R. E. Binford, professor of Mathematics, Kentucky; L. C. Bristow, late judge of Middlesex, now practicing law in Richmond; William S. Kent, and Lem. S. La Prade, who, when last heard from, were in their native counties, one preaching, the other teaching a school; and Charles B. Yarbrough, a pastor in Tennessee.

The class of 1861 had their studies interrupted by the tramp of armies, and four of the number—R. R. Bailey, G. M. Leftwich, R. S. Lindsey, and A. P. Woodfin—were soon reported dead; C. W. Farish and G. W. Prince are said to be prosperous farmers in Caroline and Sussex; A. B. Woodfin is an honored pastor at Hampton, Va.; John M. Pilcher is superintendent of colportage, Petersburg, and William H. Williams is editor of the *Central Baptist*, St. Louis, Mo. The two last named may claim the honor of being the first

who ever won the Master's degree by examination on the whole course required.

Such is the list of sixty-eight, reduced now to forty-nine. We find them scattered in a dozen States, and everywhere holding useful and honorable positions—truly a goodly fellowship, with which our younger brethren need not feel ashamed to be associated.

Besides these there were of course many who spent several years at College, and were largely benefited, but either were prevented by circumstances from completing the course, or went on to some other institution. Among these I recall three college presidents—the late Dr. W. C. Crane, of Baylor University, Texas, Dr. T. G. Jones, of this College, and Dr. Charles E. Taylor, of Wake Forest, North Carolina, six or eight professors, a larger number of teachers in lower schools, several engineers, many practitioners of law and of medicine, a score of doctors of divinity, and a host of good men and true in less prominent but not less important positions.

Since the reorganization in 1866 diplomas are given for graduation in separate schools as well as in rounded courses of study. Our constitution has been accordingly amended to admit school graduates into the Society of Alumni, and we have printed lists down to 1889. More recent graduates have not yet had time to make their mark in the world. The list contains: Masters of Arts, 59; Bachelors of Arts, 55; Bachelors of Law, 70—total of degree men, 184;

graduates in one or more schools, 343—aggregate, 527. Of the 59 Masters, seven have fallen by disease, probably superinduced in most cases by overwork. May I call the mournful roll? E. Carrington Cabell, Commonwealth's attorney for the city; Lewis T. Gwathmey, professor of Mathematics, Howard College, Alabama; Alex. M. Harris, professor in Waco University, Texas; Bartelot T. Davies, principal of Richmond Academy; George W. Riggan, professor of Hebrew, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; John J. and W. Fred. Gunter, attorneys at law, Accomac county.

What lesson shall we learn from the early fall of these most hopeful and most promising on our roll? Shall we learn to beware of overwork? Few of us need that lesson, and they who need it will learn only by experience. The strength of a timber is ascertained by straining it to the breaking point, but then—it is broken. Another and more important lesson comes to my mind. When Pickett's division charged up Cemetery Hill they lost but little; when, for want of support, they were forced to retire, the dead and wounded fell thick and fast. When the bravest and noblest advance to grapple with difficulties they suffer little; when left to struggle alone—still more when hindered and compelled, for want of support, to relinquish cherished plans—then it is that they suffer. "It is not work that kills, but worry." So, if I could put a voice into these silent lips, it would be to bid you, one and all,

cherish, cheer, support any yet left who show something of their aggressive zeal, their indomitable courage, their noble ambition. Splendid young men are too scarce to be sacrificed by cold neglect and timid conservatism.

The list of the living is too long to reproduce in detail. To show how widely they are scattered, let me mention that four are in New England, pastors in Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, and a professor in the University of Vermont; in New York city are half a dozen, including the cashier of a strong bank, a popular physician, a rising lawyer, and one of the most successful pastors; in New Jersey are at least two, in Pennsylvania three or four, in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Colorado, South Dakota (a professor in the State University), one or more each; in California two prominent lawyers, a leading physician, and several ministers; in Arizona an editor, in Mexico a business-man and two missionaries, in Texas ten or twelve, including a professor in the State College; in Arkansas and Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, Louisiana and Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Georgia, they are very numerous; in the Carolinas, Maryland, West Virginia, and Virginia are fully half the list; three are in the army (two of these have sent valuable donations to our museum from the Indian wars, one is at West Point), on the high seas are three, officers in the navy. To show how they stand at home, it may be men-

tioned that besides the multitude of valuable citizens in private walks our roll contains the name of his Honor the Mayor (who sits behind me), the Judge of our Hustings Court, ex-judges of the Chancery and Police courts, the City Attorney, the attorney for the Commonwealth (and two of his predecessors), clerks of two courts, the superintendent of water-works, the chairman of the Board of Health, the superintendent of schools, three of his principals and one associate, four newspaper men, six pastors of churches, five professors and adjunct professors in the State Medical College—all selected only because they are known to be worthy and well qualified. Of the 527 graduates since 1866, I have been able to follow about 375, of whom 7 are editors, 12 civil engineers, 17 professors in colleges and 44 in other schools, 25 (really many more) are farmers, 42 are in mercantile business, 33 are doctors of medicine (of whom 7 are professors in medical colleges), 85 are lawyers (10 of them having been clothed with judicial ermine), and 112 are faithful ministers of the gospel.

Another fact, once before mentioned on this platform, is worth repeating. Our graduates have gone on to other schools, of law, of medicine, of theology, to the University of Virginia, and to Johns Hopkins. Two or three, fifteen years ago, at the University of Virginia, in overweening confidence, neglected a study on which they had been graduated here, and paid the penalty. With this single exception, they have

been uniformly successful. From professional schools we have had, with one voice, tokens of approval. Then, again, they have appeared in competitive examinations before army and navy boards, civil service examiners, and what not, and with unvarying success, save only when two were competing for a single vacancy. People tell us sometimes that our examinations are too severe. Did you ever see a race-horse just after a four-mile heat. His head is down, his flanks are trembling, his chest heaves, his nostrils seem ready to burst. We pity the poor fellow, but he will soon recover. And wouldn't you like to own such an animal, and know that he had speed and bottom enough for any strain to which there might be occasion to subject him? So we pity the weary winners of college honors; we pity still more any who may be distanced in the slashing race, but there is consolation in the assurance that those who pass these severe tests have shown the bottom and the speed which, with ordinary prudence, will carry them successfully over the long course of business or of professional life.

These recollections have detained us too long. We pass to a third source of proper pride—the growth of the College. What changes have occurred since your speaker, a youth of sixteen, came out to these grounds, and suffered the nostalgia of his first prolonged absence from a country home. The place was then three-quarters of a mile outside the city limits, accessible only by way of the

railroad embankment through the scattering shanties of Screamersville (now west Broad street) or by the lonely Scuffletown road (now developed into Park avenue). Between us and the city lay the ruins of an old mansion and broad acres of cultivated fields. The city has now literally embraced us, giving us light and water, graded streets and paved sidewalks. For commencement we used to be compelled to go down town to one of the churches; now large audiences of the best people come out here, not only to these exercises, but to numerous lectures during the session. This closer contact with the throbbing life of the metropolis may sometimes interfere a little with the quiet that is most conducive to study, but it much more than compensates by bringing the students into elbow touch with city activity and stimulating every department by exposure to intelligent criticism.

And what a change there has been in the grounds and buildings. Of the structures that furnished shelter in 1854 to six professors and a hundred and sixty-one students, only one (the old Haxall mansion) is left. That furnished, in the basement, a dining-hall, chapel, two lecture-rooms, and a reading-room; on the first floor, a president's office and class-room, a society hall, and a library, 10x15 feet; on the upper floor, dormitories for two students and apartments for two bachelor professors, one of whom now occupies the whole. All the rest of the buildings of that day have given place to

better and more substantial structures. The grounds have been improved by purchase of additional land in front and the adaptation of the whole to the city grades.

To the course of instruction have been added the schools of Modern Languages, English, Physics, and Law, and the classes in Expression and in Physical Culture. The Library and Museum have been almost created in the last fifteen years. The endowment of the College has in proportion grown until we are ranked to-day among the strongest and the foremost of denominational colleges. Has the usefulness of the institution kept pace with its growth? The students of to-day have immensely greater advantages than did their fathers, but whether they will be better and stronger men will depend on how they appreciate and how well they use their enlarged opportunities.

Having thus referred to the honesty, the graduates, and the growth of the College, I pass to suggest some things that we alumni can do for our *Alma Mater*. First, in reference to filling its classes. Everybody will see at once that we ought to use our influence in this direction. There are in this city, and in other adjacent cities and towns, hundreds of bright boys pressing into business who, twenty-five or thirty years hence, will bitterly regret that in this formative period they thought more of getting money than of becoming men, more of property than of person. In many a country home are sturdy youths fired with high ambi-

tion, eager to make the most of themselves, but restrained for lack of ways and means. A timely word of advice, a kind offer of a little help, would be an apple of gold in a picture of silver. Thus much we surely ought to do, each in his own community. But there is a yet more excellent way. The College needs more students; it also needs better students.

Since the reorganization in 1866 there have been, as near as I can estimate down to 1889, about 1,750 matriculates. About half remained one session or less. The number who have been graduated in one school or more is, as we have seen, 527, or thirty per cent.; the number of degree men (excluding Bachelors of Law) is 114, being one-fifteenth, or six and one-half per cent. Why have so few gone away with evidence of any considerable benefit? Some have been compelled to leave by circumstances beyond their control; some have been unequal to the high standard; but more, as it seems to me, have failed to accomplish the purpose for which students ought to enter college, because they came unprepared, either in attainments or in their appreciation of what a college education is. This will more clearly appear by two comparisons. First, of the Law department with the Academic. Law students, as a rule, enter with some maturity of mind and with a fixed purpose. In the nine years of its existence, prior to its re-establishment a year ago, there were in the Law school 115 matriculates, of whom 70, or more than sixty per

cent., bore off diplomas. The second comparison shall be between two decades, 1870 to 1879, in which we had at first a regular preparatory department, then preparatory classes in several schools, and 1880-'89, during which the preparatory classes were discouraged and finally discontinued. In the former period the total enrollment of ten years, excluding law students and counting many two, three, or four times in successive years, was 1,484, of whom 24 received M. A., 8 B. A., and 141 a school diploma—total, 173, or eleven per cent. of enrollment. In the latter period the total enrollment (with same limitations as above) was 1,245, of whom 31 received M. A., 45 B. A., and 175 school diplomas—total, 251, or more than twenty per cent. of enrollment. In battle it is better to wound an enemy than to kill him outright, for the wounded man requires several of his comrades to help him off the field. So in college, one who is unappreciative or unprepared not only does not work himself, but requires the services of three or four others to help him idle away his time. Unprepared students produce disorganization along the whole line of college work.

This leads me to touch upon a topic on which I would gladly spend an hour. In the halcyon days to which my early memory loves to go back the State was dotted with excellent secondary schools. They were swallowed up in the cataclysm of civil war. About twenty years ago my attention was called to the pressing need of filling again this

gap in our system of education. An admirable paper on academies, by Prof. Green, of Brown University, was read before an educational meeting in Brooklyn, April, 1870. About the same time the United States Commissioner of Education published elaborate reports and reviews of European systems. The subject was taken up and ably discussed in the Educational Association of Virginia in July, 1870. I had the honor of presenting an address on it before a convention at Marion, Ala., in 1872, and reproducing and printing it, with alterations and additions, in this city in 1876. From that time to the present I have lost no opportunity of urging the importance of institutions to fill the gap between primary schools and colleges. In recent years the theme has been more forcibly presented by other speakers and writers, and has at last taken vigorous hold upon the public mind. There is now a deep and general interest in academies, and the popular movement needs wise guidance.

Two great though opposite dangers threaten on the right hand and on the left. On the campus without stands a locust, at the foot of which was planted a sprig of ivy. Behold the result. The ivy has climbed to the top, twined itself about trunk and branches, is everywhere green and flourishing, while the locust, cramped and shaded, is slowly dying. So there is danger that zeal for academies may choke and dwarf the colleges, to which they ought to be feeders and supporters. The opposite danger is for us more imminent,

namely, that instead of comparatively few schools, with good distance apart, and room to spread like shade-trees on a lawn, we may have a thicket of dwarfed shrubs, a multitude of weak and struggling academies. This tendency has been fostered by those wide-awake concerns, the land companies, or developers of nascent cities, who appreciate the influence of a good school on the price of adjacent lots, and insist on showy buildings without much regard to adaptation or to the endowment necessary in these days to equip and run a first-class school. Prof. Abercrombie, an Alabama man, now principal of Worcester Academy, Massachusetts, in a recent paper lays down as the least that an academy can live on, \$250,000 for endowment and as much more for buildings and apparatus. One might be willing to start with one-fifth of that sum, but let us earnestly insist that these academies shall have a firm basis of endowment as well as grounds and buildings.

It is matter of great and sincere rejoicing that so many of our younger alumni are giving themselves to academy work. I recall the names of Coleman and Redd near Norfolk, the Harrisons in Southampton, Newbill and Phillips at Chase City, James and Bristow and Long at Roanoke, Hazen at Bon Air, Loving at Glade Spring, Puryear in Fauquier, and Handy, Hardaway, Harrison, Hundley, Bundick, Folk, Paty, in other States. Many more there are whose names escape me at the moment. They will agree with me, that as the foundation is more important than the

superstructure, the principal of an academy occupies a more responsible position, and ought to have more both of honors and emoluments than a college professor. Half a dozen such schools judiciously located and well sustained would send us thirty or forty well-prepared students every year. City high schools and academies not directly connected with the College would yield as many more, and give us from 200 to 250 real students every session. The alumni then can help the College by helping on and guiding in their several communities the movement in favor of good academies.

Another thing we can do is to help the endowment. Individual members of the society have done much. The last considerable gift—\$25,000 for the law school—came in large part from two alumni. Many others have taken part in all the general efforts to raise money for the College, and have done well. But is it not time for the alumni to undertake something in their organized capacity, to unite and concentrate their efforts on some point that will tell upon the future of the institution? People ask sometimes if Richmond College is not abundantly rich; if it will ever cease to be one of the daughters of the horse-leech. The obvious answer is twofold—first, that it is offering education at less than actual cost. For every student during the closing session the cost of tuition was at least \$150. The charges for the same ranged from nothing up to \$80. The two uses of endowment are to make education better and

less costly to the recipient. The more we improve and extend such facilities the more endowment we need. A second answer is found in the fact that the College is growing, and a growing organism needs constantly increasing supplies. When it ceases to grow it begins to decline. May we never see the day when our College shall cease to need funds.

What are just now some of the pressing wants? Further improvements on these beautiful grounds, more and better lecture-rooms, a physical and chemical laboratory well equipped and worthy of the name, a larger and better gymnasium—most of all, increase of general endowment as a reserve force to be applied wherever the need may seem at any time to be most pressing. In reference to gymnasium, allow me to call attention to the wide difference between athletics and gymnastics. The athlete trains himself for the strain of a prize contest. He begins a strong man and develops one special part of his strength. The gymnast may be at first a weakling. He grades and selects his exercises with a view to overcoming natural defects and developing his body symmetrically and suitably for the habitation of a sound mind and a warm heart. The president of Bowdoin College, in a recent number of the *Forum*, gives some valuable statistics showing the connection of academic success with physical culture, and remarks that no college can afford to-day to offer its students no better facilities than the foremost of them had fifteen

years ago. The world is moving in this direction. We must move with it or be left behind.

Shall the alumni of Richmond College be content to receive only, or may we hope the day is not far distant when we can so organize and combine our scattered forces as to effect something worthy of the Society and worthy of the College?

In conclusion, and somewhat in summary of all I have said, the alumni should act the part of the chorus in an ancient drama. Just in front of the stage and in the centre of the semi-circular seats that rose tier on tier, and accommodated the whole population of the city and thousands of visitors, was the orchestra. Here the chorus gathered to sympathize with the actors on the stage, cheer them in despondency, advise them in perplexity, and at the same time to be interpreters to the great audience, point out the social, moral, and religious lessons of the drama, and give effect to its performance. Such I conceive to be the work of alumni, as intermediaries between the College and the great public. It is theirs to come often to commencement, renew their youth in treading the familiar paths, observe any improvements, hold up the feeble hands of instructors, whose sad fate it is to be least appreciated by those for whom they labor most faithfully, and thus having touched base and come in contact with educational ideas and movements, to turn homeward and be the guides of public opinion in their several communities on the great issues of training

body and mind and heart for time and for eternity, for God and for humanity. Thus living, we shall continue to be more and more wor-

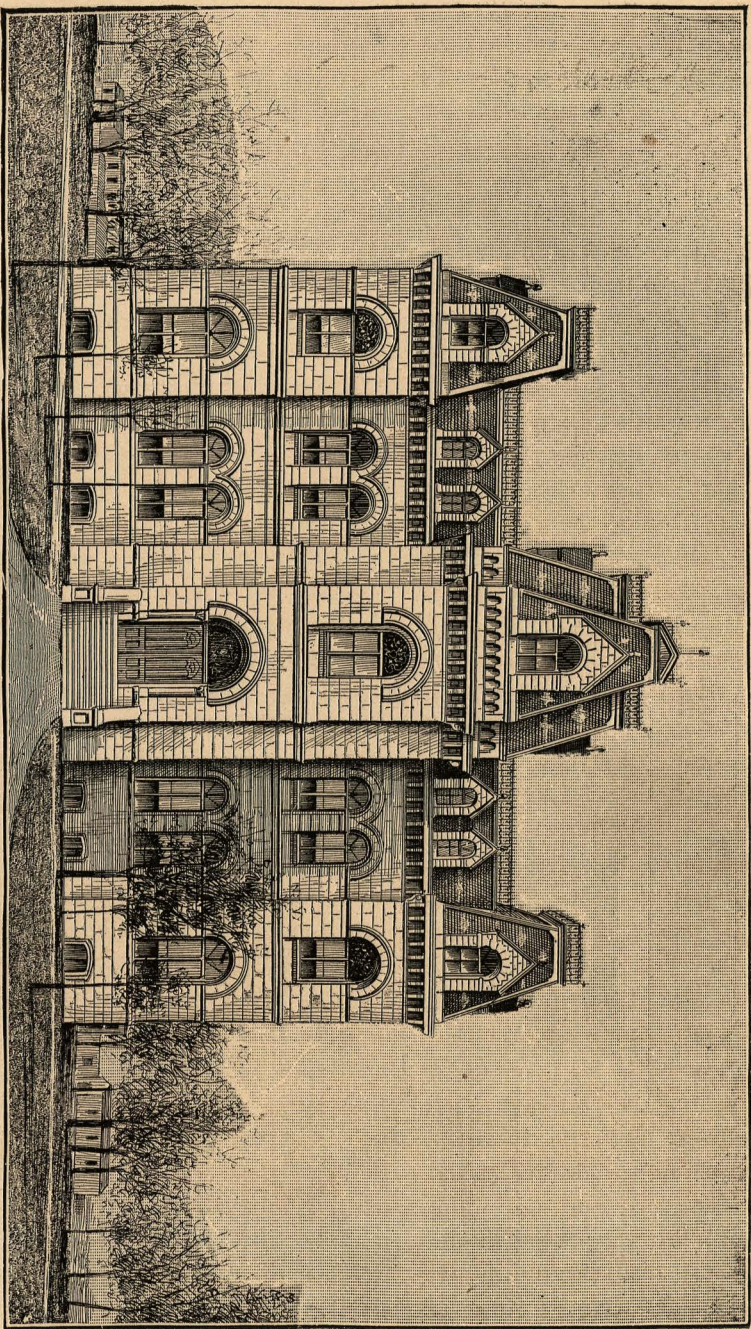
thily proud of our *Alma Mater*, and, what is of far more importance, she, like the Roman Cornelia, may proudly point to you as her jewels.

Editorial.

Another session has passed, and various are the impressions upon all of us. The successful students go home to receive the praise of the dear ones at home, and the unsuccessful to renew their vows of constant application and study for another year. The time of parting has been passed through, and we are separated. The petty troubles and quarrels we have had are forgotten, and when we meet those whose friendship we cared not for at college we feel that a tender tie has bound us and binds us still. We are one in the love for our *Alma Mater*. This abstract love for our *Alma Mater*—what is it? Isn't it the friendly and even brotherly feeling we have for our associates. This commencement many old students who have in the great world without added to the laurels won at College were seen with joy by their old comrades that still remain, and with an admiration and reverence by the younger students, who know them by the name left behind them. They reconcile the new faces to the familiar names heard around the winter fire while listening *erectis auribus* for the tolling of the bell which summons them to

the evening repast. Would that we could all look forward to returning every commencement, at least until our friends have all passed out into the world. What jolly reunions and renewed plights of life-long friendship! How many promises to correspond, and never fulfilled! This has been a year of good feeling at Richmond College. The inevitable quarrels and scimmages have passed to nobody's serious discomfort. That arch fiend, the genius of foot-ball, has passed us by with a few unsightly bruises, whose record remains to be filed in high Olympus, in the archives of the temple of Minerva, as unclassified but associated with the acquirement of higher education. The latter remarks to his pet, that when "His Owlship" has passed away, yea, even then shall foot-ball cease to exist.

We of Richmond College are to be congratulated upon the friendship and close relationship existing between professors and students. Although that has been heretofore worthy of remark, this session it has been closer. Our professors have with their families moved in among



LIBRARY AND MUSEUM BUILDING.

us, and Richmond College will have a short step to take to be a co-education school. The pleasant relations sustained between the girls and boys is a refutation of any objections that may be offered that our boys and girls cannot get along well together at school. We have had the ladies with us this session, and come out as successful, and, indeed, more so, than in former years.

This year has exemplified, as in fact every year will, that "to try" is one of the greatest causes of success. Look at the honored students and you will find not always the brightest man in a class takes the highest honor, but the man that has a good mind, and with that perseverance and energy. There are comparatively few who try for honors, and we want to see this number increased. It hurts no one to be beaten, and generally does him good. It shows him that he is not equal to some other people in a special line of work, and should spur him on to greater effort in that "man has accomplished much, man can accomplish more."

Richmond College has been invited to join the new Intercollegiate Association formed by Southern institutions for the promotion of athletic interests in the South. We have taken no action as yet, but you may expect to hear about it when you return. Our own Athletic Association has accomplished no little this last session. It was reorganized on a new basis, with distinct objects in view. It has appropriated portions

of its income to the various sports on the campus. The Faculty has helped more than ever before, and seem as much interested as the boys themselves. If we could bring into this association *all* the students, it could and would accomplish wonderful results.

THE SCHOOL OF ENGLISH.

This school is divided into three classes—the *junior*, in which grammar (historical and practical) is taught and the student drilled (by precepts and exercises) in the elementary principles of rhetoric; the *intermediate*, in which rhetoric, philosophically considered, is taught and its principles applied, both in construction and criticism (in this class the history of English literature and of the English people also becomes a subject of careful study); the *senior*, in which the student is made acquainted with the forms of the Anglo-Saxon and with the history of the English language as it passed from these forms to what it is to-day, with the relation of our tongues to other languages, and with the main principles underlying linguistic science. In the senior class the study of rhetoric and literature is continued; of the former by means of rhetorical analysis, and of the latter by means of papers prepared each week on some standard author or work, and read before the class for criticism. The object aimed at in the school of English is what (in want of a better designation) might be called English scholarship—*i. e.*, the mental strengthening and equipment that

come from a study of the English language and its literature, and the culture necessary for appreciating what has been written in our mother tongue. If a more specific statement be desired, it might be said that the objects of the school are: (1) to give a man a practical mastery of his own language in speaking and writing; (2) to give a man a knowledge of the history of the literature that has been enshrined in the English language and of the people among whom that literature has been mainly developed; (3) to cultivate a taste for the best and the most beautiful that has been written, and impart, as far as possible, that literary judgment by which every sentence, every figure, every paragraph, every production may be tested; (4) to make the English tongue the means of leading the student on to some creditable knowledge of comparative philology and of the science of language.

To the school of English all earnest students will receive a glad welcome, and the professor pledges his best endeavors to the task of helping such students to realize their highest aspirations.

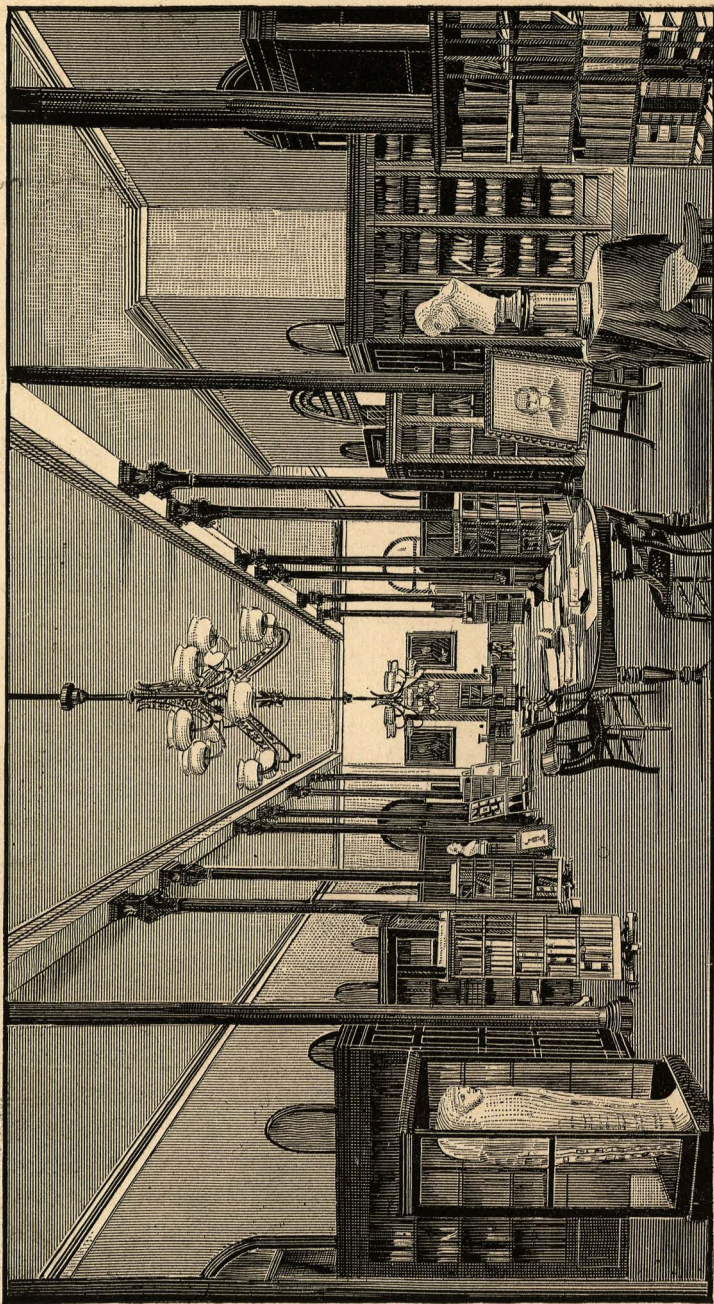
THE STUDY OF LATIN.

"Latin—a *dead* language. Why should it be studied in this pushing, practical age? Give the time to something useful," says the short-sighted utilitarian. Indeed, often unwise zeal for their chosen pursuit has betrayed into similar utterances distinguished scientists, whose high position and commanding influence

are largely attributable to logical accuracy, thorough analysis, and correct, graceful diction, secured by the study of the very tongues they now condemn. It is not surprising, then, that we often meet with self-made, successful men who oppose the classics. A gentleman who had achieved wealth and position by his own unaided efforts, sent his son to one of our colleges. At the end of the session he determined "to put him to business." A cultivated friend eloquently pleaded that the youth should be continued at school; that a thorough course of collegiate study would be invaluable to him, especially now that he had wealth and position, and would give him safeguards and resources for usefulness and enjoyment which would be independent of the vicissitudes of life. The old gentleman listened attentively, so much so that his friend was greatly encouraged at the marked effect of his advocacy of polite learning. He paused for a moment to watch the force of what had just been said. The old gentleman looked him steadily in the eye and earnestly said: "Well, it may be so, but I have lived a long time, and I never yet saw a man who was '*tetched*' with the languages that loved to labor."

Alas! for eloquence, alas! for logic, in the face of prejudice, in the face of ignorance!

The catalogue of Richmond College, however, fills us with pleasure and hope as to this matter. The course of study there laid down indicates thoroughness and progress, and the



INTERIOR OF LIBRARY HALL.

number of young men engaged in Greek and Latin shows that a large proportion of the students have some idea of their great value. A comparison with former catalogues shows that the proportion of such students has increased rather than diminished.

This is as it should be. Latin, Greek, and mathematics are the foundation-stones upon which the diligent, faithful student can build a structure strong, beautiful, and enduring for the benefit and delectation of all.

Every one who wishes to understand, appreciate, and use skillfully his native tongue must pay due regard to the Latin.

Both our speech and literature are critically connected with the speech and literature of Rome. These in the latter part of the seventeenth century and all through the eighteenth century exerted a controlling influence on the taste of Europe and America, both as to forms and content. The day, indeed, can never come when Vergil and Horace, Cæsar and Cicero, Livy and Tacitus (not to mention others), will not exercise some sway over the minds of men. And to pursue successfully any profitable investigation into language, literature, history, or even philosophy, without the aid of the Latin tongue and Latin authors, will always be futile. Even Latin inscriptions have, under the skillful handling of eminent scholars like Mommsen and Ritschl, been made to elucidate questions of history and language which are of great advantage to English philology. Again,

as a model of faultless correctness in the art of composition, no tongue can compare with the Latin; and this fact makes it invaluable for educational use. Among Roman classical authors you can hardly find a sentence which violates logical accuracy, and which is not susceptible of critical analysis. Indeed, the idioms of the tongue are in perfect conformity to laws easily ascertained. But why continue this argument? Let all who value their sons give them access to the advantages so abundantly offered by Richmond College. Then they will not only become familiar with the facts and the principles of this noble language, but will also be "tetched" with inspiration by its literature. They will learn to read at sight, and will be able to carry this knowledge of facts and forms into original philological investigation when occasion may demand.

THE LIBRARY.

Few colleges in the country have a more attractive Library department than ours. To a spacious and elegant hall, fitted up in the best style of modern appointment, flung open *opened* daily to professors and students who are made welcome and comfortable while they enjoy seclusion and recuperation amid its alcoves, there are added substantial stores of the best books, the latest magazines, and the most attractive "spread" of the dainties of literature.

This Library is, perhaps, the only college library in the South that is endowed. It is run on its own funds,

demanding of the trustees no special appropriations, asking the student not one cent of annual fees, making no drafts upon the public for any aid. The advantage of this arrangement is manifest. It cheapens education to the patrons of the College, and leaves in the pocket of the poor boy (so heavily taxed in special fees in some schools) his hard-earned dollars. On the other hand, so generous is the offer to our boys, so clearly are the free privileges of this great Library used for the daily help of the students, that they are won and impressed. The pride of the college in its Library advantages are heralded by its men, and many a laggard is induced to read and learn, as well as praise the means placed at his disposal.

The Library is gathering to itself many treasures. Busts of the far-famed orators and authors of all ages; portraits of the good and great; letters and rare autographs, grace and embellish the beautiful hall. The stranger loves to linger amid these attractions. Nor is he averse to the insignia of student triumphs that abound. Here are displayed the honors of "Field-day for Sports"—the flags and mottoes which prompt our athletes. Here is the record of the base-ball triumphs when Richmond College won the championship of the State. Over there is the splendid "cup," which tells that our College "crew" won in the great contest on the historic James, and holds the Virginia prize for the year. What if these prizes stand face to face with the splendid trophies of *literati*,

are they not worthy? Do they not show that the body as well as the mind is to have its place in the training schools for the youth of the day?

Richmond College loves to honor the men who win in hard earned contests where muscle tells, and rejoices to know that the winners of her highest literary prizes are often the laurel-crowned in the sports of the athletic association.

The revival of Library work in the college began in 1882, and the completion of the Jeter Memorial Hall greatly accelerated the movement. The last annual report of the committee, made in June, shows an accumulation within a few years of over *eleven thousand* volumes, with rapidly increasing numbers. During 1890-1891 more than one thousand books were added and catalogued.

We are permitted to cull a paragraph or two from the report of the standing committee to the trustees. It affords only a glimpse, but a fine one, of the cheering progress made.

"Twelve hundred and fifty volumes have been added to your catalogue since our report one year ago—making the total number of volumes eleven thousand and forty-seven (11,047). This increase was largely reached by the gift of the Heaton law library of 679 volumes, the gift of Mrs. Harriet Heaton Purcell, of Loudoun county. * * * The rich gift has been cared for with scrupulous pains, and we now have a Law Alcove of which we may be proud."

"We continue to exert ourselves to make the Library especially valuable

Ja. H. S.
Soc.

to our own men—professors and students. We buy the books they need—reference books and books and papers of special as well as general interest. The tables are supplied with forty monthly magazines, twenty weeklies, and a sufficient number of dailies. Suffice it to say, that sixty of the best publications of the country come to us regularly.”

“Selecting at random one hundred books read by our students, we find them classified as follows: Religious, 13; history, 11; scientific, 2; texts and translations, 4; biography, 7; fiction, 36; poetry and general literature, 20.”

“The endowment pays all expenses, and the Library fund is a blessing to the College. Rev. C. H. Ryland, D. D., our efficient librarian for nearly ten years, is still at his post, and his son, Garnett Ryland, makes him an assistant intelligent and energetic.”

[Signed] “GEORGE COOPER,
“Chairman.”

The picture of the interior of the Library shown in this number of the MESSENGER gives only an imperfect idea of the Hall, but reveals enough to prove that our Library has a beautiful home. We cordially invite the friends of the College to inspect it for themselves, and beg the young men who read these pages to take into account the Library advantages of Richmond College when they are deciding the question where they shall go next session.

The play-ground of the soul—the face.—*Prof. Hamberlin.*

OUR GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

There is no disputing the fact that the site occupied by Richmond College is most admirable. Our city is handsome, the West-End the most beautiful part of Richmond, and the College the most eligible location on fashionable Franklin and busy Broad streets. In the centre of the twelve-acre park stands one of the most imposing edifices of the country. The centre, surmounted by a tower one hundred and twenty feet high, stands just across Grace street, one mile and a half from the Capitol Square, with its splendid monument to Washington. The south wing fronts Franklin street, at whose most westerly limit, about two hundred and fifty yards from the College, stands the new and beautiful monument to Robert E. Lee. The north wing is on Broad street, an avenue of grand proportions, and ~~destined to be the~~ ^{one of the} great arteries of the city's commerce. Across the rear of the College park there is a terrace, on which are built the professors' residences, the students' cottage, and the dining-hall ^{and gymnasium}. The lawn is dotted with trees, but space remains for innumerable tennis and croquet courts, and an ample field for foot ^{base} and base-ball. During the session the broad campus is alive every afternoon with scores of players—men drawn from books for a whiff of fresh air—drawn sometimes by fair damsels, who not infrequently brighten and gladden the scene, and with whom games are greatly enjoyed.

Improvements are ^{constantly} going on with steady purpose to make the site of

Richmond College ~~a very~~ ^{even more} handsome and attractive ~~one~~. Last year the Trustees spent \$35,000 on the buildings and grounds. The entire premises are in beautiful order—the sewerage perfect, the water supply ample, the bathing privileges good. The health and comfort of students are matters of daily concern to the management.

OUR NEW SCHOOL—THE LAW.

The Law School is a success. Based upon the gift of \$25,000 from the family of the late T. C. Williams, Esq., it has substantial support financially. It will last and grow, and achieve a great name.

Most fortunate was the choice of Hon. Roger Gregory to be professor. He came with mature powers, student habits, and a rich accumulation of legal lore to his work. He pursues it *con amore*. This is one instance in which the man and the place have “met” with singular appositeness. Not only is Professor Gregory in love with his work, but his students are greatly in love with the Judge. They declare him a gifted teacher—wise and well equipped, mature and thorough, with the art of questioning developed to a remarkable degree.

We believe the Richmond College Law School will very soon more than meet every claim, and stand alongside of the best in the land. There are to be, next session, special courses of lectures, without additional expense to the students. The rates are very reasonable, and the class for

1891-'92 will no doubt be an excellent one.

Professor Gregory is summering on his splendid estate at “Lester Manor,” Virginia, but keeps his eye on his school.

Every young man wishing a thorough course in law should write to the Judge.

THE ENDOWMENT.

A good endowment is the safety and life of a great college. Richmond College has always pursued the wise policy of keeping out of debt. What it owns is absolutely free from any encumbrance—and it has a good deal. Prompted by the wise and safe business policy of the Trustees, men and women who love Christian education, and who keep an eye to safe investment, have put their money into the different departments of work. The last few years have witnessed the building up of the Library, the creation of nearly thirty endowed scholarships, the enlargement of several of the old Schools, and the addition of the Schools of Law and Expression. Then, the premises have been rendered so attractive and so handsome. Yes, Richmond College has been steadily growing and expanding.

But it is not going to stop growing. To stop is to go back. Let those who have money put some of it into this safe plant, and it will yield a thousand-fold for God and man. The endowment needs to be strengthened along every line. Build on it, and you will act wisely.

The vigilant Financial Secretary,

Rev. C. H. Ryland, D. D., is full of this work, and can tell you all about it. You can freely confide in him, and be sure of honorable dealing. Richmond College desires to keep growing. Give it the means.

PROFESSOR GAINES.

Last year a committee of the Trustees selected and appointed Prof. R. E. Gaines to the vacancy occasioned by the death of the gifted Smith, of the School of Mathematics.

The Trustees, at their recent meeting, elected Prof. Gaines for the ensuing year, believing he had done his work well and would continue to grow.

Professor Gaines is a quiet, industrious, cultivated gentleman, popular

and painstaking. We trust he will do a great work not only in the Math. School, but for the College on many lines.

THE NEW SOCIETY.

Much praise has overtaken the efforts of Prof. Boatwright to establish an Historical and Geographical Society in the College. It has proved a popular experiment, and may be considered a fixture. The Faculty, in their report, highly recommended the movement; the students like the new line of work; the Trustees are glad always to see evidences of growth and life among their corps of professors. The Society will have an opening address in early autumn from Mr. Brock, the secretary of the Virginia Historical Society.

Locals.

EDITOR: M. J. HOOVER.

Vacation!!

"Farewell, till we meet again."

Lady to street-car conductor:
"Please translate me to the Fifth-street car."

Prof. W.: "What do you mean by the latitude of Richmond?"

Mr. W.: "We mean that Richmond is so many degrees from Washington."

Mr. W.: "If I get the orator's medal I am going to have the pencil

with which I wrote my oration embalmed." As Mr. W. himself was "embalmed" the little pencil has since crumbled into dust.

The following is an extract from a diary kept by Mr. C. while visiting his home:

"*Thursday, May 14th.*—Eight A. M., took Miss L. to school; 11 A. M., put away some coal; 12 M., took Miss L. home to dinner; 1 P. M., took Miss L. back to school; 4 P. M., took Miss L. home from school; 7 P. M., ate supper; 8 P. M., went

to see Miss L.; 11:30 P. M., told Miss L. good-bye; 1 A. M., suffering from insomnia.

Friday, May 15th.—Ditto.”

Difference between real and ideal:

“John, did you make Intermediate Math.?” “Yes, indeed; I made at least ninety-five per cent.” (Ideal.)

Two weeks later. Class report. John’s name, followed by the mark forty-three per cent. (Real.)

Old Boots says that he wants a salutatory when he visits his girl, a valedictory when they part, and several good, big orations in the interval.

Mr. B., upon seeing a balloon a few nights ago, became very much frightened, and sought Prof. Winston for an explanation of the strange phenomenon.

Business Manager (July 4th): “L., have you any good water?”

Assistant Manager: “I have some old enough to be good. The janitor brought it up the morning after commencement.”

B. M.: “Well, that’s all right—just so its wet.”

MEDALISTS.

The medal contests this year were very close and exciting, and they all showed unusual improvement. There is a growing interest in the society work, and, judging the future by the past, we may safely predict that both societies will go on in their successful career, and furnish some of the most brilliant orators in this land.

We are very glad to see that the interest in oratory has increased to such an extent that the societies have added to their list of medals a “Joint Orator’s Medal.” We hope that this interest may continue to increase.

The “Best Debater’s Medal” in the Philologian Society was won by Mr. C. T. Taylor. He had some fine speakers to compete with, and deserves a great deal of credit for his success.

The “Best Debater’s Medal” in the Mu Sigma Rho Society was carried off by Mr. H. T. Louthan. Mr. Louthan’s appearance on the floor is quite attractive, and he is a good speaker.

The “Improvement Medals” were awarded to Mr. Thomas Gresham in the Philologian Society, and Mr. T. C. Skinner in the Mu Sigma Rho Society.

The “Writer’s Medal” was awarded to Mr. W. Owen Carver, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. Mr. Carver’s piece was entitled, “Mythology—Its Value.” It was a very fine production, and well worthy of its distinguished author.

The “Joint Orator’s Medal” was won by Mr. Francis F. Causey, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. Mr. Causey spoke on “The Communistic Tendency of the Laboring Classes.” This gentleman has been in several contests of this kind and has ever shown himself equal to the occasion.

“AS YOU LIKE IT.”

The business managers of the MESSENGER spent a week at the College after the closing exercises, in order

to arrange for this issue. All of the editors had left them save one, and he was so "lazy" that he was unable to tell whether he was writing for the Locals or College News and Notes.

The managers, however, were never more wide-awake in their lives, and although they had "to labor and to wait" for manuscript which had been promised them by one who had to go to the shades of the Peaks of Otter before he could collect his thoughts, they, nevertheless, not only "wrapped up their wrath," but let flow the "genial current of their soul."

The business manager every few hours would sing a Grecian dirge about the man off at the Peaks, but then he could eat the biggest dinners and call on his best girl more times inside of sixteen hours than any other man since the days of Methuselah.

The assistant manager didn't have any best girl to go to see, but he deserves great credit, indeed, for the incalculable aid he rendered at each dinner-hour. The managers say that while they love the mess-hall and the other boarding-houses none the less, yet they feel that "there is no place like the home" which they have had with Mrs. Luck during the past two sessions. And especially will they never forget the "post-graduate course" they took at her "bountiful board" the week after commencement. The assistant is soon to bid farewell to the MESSENGER and to his college home, but it is like parting from those he loves—

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of a cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

The "Tanner Medal," given to the most proficient graduate in the school of Greek, was awarded to Mr. C. M. Long, of Chester, Penn.

Mr. Garnett Ryland, of Richmond, won the "Steel Medal" for the best reader.

Mr. Harry L. Watson carried off the "Woods Medal," which is awarded to the best declaimer.

The "Hamberlin Class Medal," delivered for dramatic excellence, was awarded to Mr. Samuel J. Young, of Manchester.

We have been assisted this month by Mr. Provence, the literary editor.—Ed.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The closing exercises of the session of 1890-'91 were begun Sunday night, June 21st, in the College chapel. The annual sermon was delivered by Rev. M. B. Wharton, D. D., pastor of the Freemason church, of Norfolk, Va. The chapel was crowded, and, although the night was very warm, the sermon was highly enjoyed by all present.

Dr. Wharton read the thirteenth chapter of John, and Dr. Frost followed with prayer. Rev. George Cooper, D. D., introduced Dr. Wharton as one of the College's own sons.

He took for his text John xiii: 17: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." The sermon was

full of good thought and intensely practical. Dr. Wharton said that what the world needed was men of action, not men of knowledge. He made a few closing remarks to the class just going out into the world, and closed with that beautifully impressive poem, "A Hundred Years to Come."

The music was furnished by a quartette consisting of Messrs. Cunningham, Matthews, Lohman, and Galpin, gentlemen who are among Richmond's most noted musical artists.

On Monday night the societies had their final celebration, and again the chapel was well filled with Richmond's intelligent men and beautiful women.

Mr. C. T. Taylor, of the Philologistian Society, was salutorian, and his speech was finished and interesting, consisting of a brief outline of the work of the session.

Mr. Francis F. Causey, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, was the first orator of the evening. He took as his subject, "The Evolution of Virginia," and as, with his impressive style and clear diction, he portrayed the Old Virginia homes and hospitality, the the dread battles and carnage of war, and the marvellous progress which Virginia has made since rising from the ashes of destruction, his hearers were convinced that there is a power in oratory, and that Mr. Causey possessed a large share of this power.

Mr. Frank Williams, of the Philologistian Society, the second orator, delivered a fine oration, taking as his subject "Poverty in the Midst of

Plenty." He handled his subject with grace and ease, and showed that he was thoroughly acquainted with the political problems of the day. His prophetic assurance of the coming of a true reformer was made with glowing earnestness and beautiful language.

Mr. Harry L. Watson, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, delivered the valedictory in a graceful and easy manner, being frequently greeted with rapturous applause as his poetic imagination soared away to the realms of true eloquence, and his thoughts found expression in the most chosen language. He dwelt upon the joy of home-coming, and closed with a beautiful tribute to the fair sex.

On Tuesday evening Hon. John E. Massey, joint final president of the literary societies, delivered a very practical and highly entertaining address.

Judge F. R. Farrar, "Johnnie Reb," of Amelia, kept the audience in a continual state of merriment. The Judge's description of his old schoolmaster was tender and tearfully pathetic. Who can ever forget a Friday afternoon at an old-field school? Your Beta Kappa Phis ain't no whar! Them were the times we used to speak. I would orate to niggers, the stars, and the mill-pond to get up my fire for those important occasions; but when I "got there" drops of perspiration stood out on my brow like dew-drops on a big sunflower.

Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who was to have deliv-

ered the oration before the societies, was detained at his home by a very important law case. The students were highly pleased, however, and counted themselves fortunate in having with them two such well-known and distinguished men of letters.

The society medals were then delivered by Hon. H. R. Pollard, LL. D., of Richmond. The distinguished jurist said that the man who never trembled when he stood before an audience had "more brass than brains." Each medalist, as he heard these words and looked out upon the brilliant audience before him, "trembled" like an aspen leaf.

The gentlemen who received these medals have been mentioned under the head of "medalists."

Wednesday night, June 24th, the Society of the Alumni met, Rev. R. R. Acree, of Petersburg, presiding. The exercises were begun with a prayer by Rev. C. F. James, of Roanoke. Professor H. H. Harris, D. D., LL.D., then delivered the address before the Alumni. Professor Harris' subject was "The Duty of Alumni to their Alma Mater." He dwelt more particularly upon Richmond College, its *alumni*, its growth, and the need of students—not merely numbers, but young men able to appreciate and prepared to profit by collegiate instruction. He also made a strong plea for academies, which would fit the young who come to college for entering and taking a firm hold at the start. Professor Harris' address was greatly enjoyed for its practicability and enthusiasm by all present.

After Professor Harris' address the College quartette rendered two songs, and Professor L. R. Hamberlin, the poet of the evening, was introduced and delivered a poem of his own composition. He was called back by an *encore*, and, with Mr. H. L. Watson, gave an excellent rendition of the tent scene between Brutus and Cassius.

Thursday night was the commencement proper. The chapel was well filled with the friends of the students and the College as Professor Puryear rose to award the honors which had been won during the session. The printed programmes were not obtained in time, so the reading of the names of those who obtained honors in the lower classes was omitted. First the "Certificates of Promotion" were delivered to those in intermediate classes who had been successful on both examinations. Then the "Certificates of Proficiency" were delivered to those who had attained the first division in French, Junior Physics, German, and Surveying. Then the "Tanner," "Woods," and "Steel" medals were delivered by Mr. Robert L. Montague, of Richmond. Professor Puryear then delivered the school diplomas to the graduates in the several schools. Following this came the presentation of the "Tanner" medal by Rev. J. M. Frost, D. D., of Richmond. Mr. Harry S. Corey, of Richmond, was then called up to the rostrum. The chairman said: "Corey, you have helped me in days gone by, and I want you to help me to-night." The Professor then stated that Mr. Corey

during the four years that he had been at college had not been excused from a single lecture, nor had he been absent on account of sickness or otherwise. "A friend of mine," continued the Professor, "hearing of this, sent me ten dollars and told me to award this medal to Mr. Corey for such excellent punctuality."

After the medal was presented Professor Puryear awarded the degree diplomas to the following graduates:

BACHELOR OF LAW.

Benjamin Thomas Gunter, Jr., Accomac county, Va.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Jessie McGarity Burnett, Del Rio, Tenn.; Hardin Temple Burnley, Henrico county, Va.; Charles Massey Long, Chester, Penn.; Edwin Mason Pilcher, Petersburg, Va.; Walter Hugh Ryland, Middlesex county, Va.; William Johnson West, Richmond, Va.; and Herbert Fergusson Williams, Fairfax county, Va.

MASTER OF ARTS.

Walter McSymon Buchanan, Richmond, Va.; William Owen Carver, Hermitage, Tenn.; and John Granbury Winston, Richmond, Va.

We clip the following account of his closing address from the *Dispatch*:

"Gentlemen,—You stand before me to receive, in the presence of this large and appreciative audience, diplomas that entitle you to degrees.

"One of you receives the degree of Bachelor of Law, eight the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and three the degree of Master of Arts of Richmond College.

"My friends, I congratulate you most warmly on the distinction you have achieved. It is no inconsiderable achievement. It attests your capacity for protracted and continuous work, your ability to resist manifold temptations, and your intellectual power to grapple with and conquer the many really difficult problems that have confronted you all along the way. In the contests of life it is often the case that the circumstances of our environment furnish the stimulus of supreme endeavor. With you, however, it has not been so. No fluttering plumes, no flaunting banners, no martial music, no salvos of artillery, no thundering plaudits from assembled thousands hanging with breathless interest on the issue, have excited and nerved you to your duty.

"You have been content, spurning delights, to live laborious days. In the lonely vigils of the night you have turned the dull leaves and pondered the hard problems. While others were asleep, or gay and happy at the festive scene, you have held quiet communion with the great fathers of taste, with the great founders of philosophy, with the great luminaries of science. As the worm takes its color from the leaf on which it feeds, so you have acquired tint and tone from constant touch with the world's leaders of thought.

SEEK ONLY THE LOFTY.

"How can you seek, how possibly can you enjoy, debasing associations, when always is open to you the lofty companionship of kings and gen-

erals, of poets and orators, of philosophers, sages, and statesmen?

* * * * *

"What a powerful factor in the world is a single man of intellect clear and strong, who loves the truth and scorns to mutilate or disguise or suppress it; who loves justice and unswervingly supports it; who, unawed, uneducated, unterrified, stands firm and square upon his honest and well-matured convictions; who falls, if fall he must, with serene and calm composure, happier in the wreck of his hopes with the maintenance of self-respect than in the highest of earthly dignities reached at its expense. Such a man, one such man, infuses, to some extent, into a whole community his own brave and animating spirit, and lifts, it may be, a mighty nation from the low and narrow plane of sordid selfishness into the pure and bracing atmosphere of patriotism and truth. In the moral forces that govern the world such a life and such a character is vastly more potential than all the words that man can speak or write. Such a man is the breathing embodiment, the visible, tangible expression of what is grandest and most heroic in humanity.

HIS GRATITUDE EXPRESSED.

"I cannot close without making my grateful acknowledgments to you who stand before me, and not less to the general body of students, for the manly courtesy, the frank and open bearing, the chivalrous honor, the uncalculating truthfulness by which you have been characterized this session. The College has been

absolutely free from all riotous demonstrations and from the combinations to interrupt college order which are the bane and horror of college life.

"In the administration of the discipline of the College I am proud to say that I have not received from you a single discourtesy; that you have known how to bear the wounds of a friend, and that your cheerful acquiescence has vastly lightened my burdens and stripped from my official duty its most repulsive features.

"I invoke God's blessing upon you, and bid you farewell."

With this the session of 1890-'91 at Richmond College closed.

THE THOMAS MEMORIAL LECTURES.

Professor Clarke, of Boston, delivered three very interesting and instructive lectures in the College chapel during last month. These lectures are for the public as well as for the students, and quite a large assembly greeted the Professor each evening. The first was on "The Chemistry of the Earth's Crust." He said that nature did her grandest work silently and without much display, while volcanoes and earthquakes make great displays, but add little to the great chemical changes constantly at work.

The crust of the earth is quite thin compared with the whole sphere, but it is the only part that man knows anything about with certainty. This part which we know is about ten miles thick, extending from the highest mountains to the bottom of the ocean.

Of the mass contained in this ten miles about ninety-three per cent. is rock and seven per cent. ocean. The atmosphere is one of the three divisions of the earth's crust, but no account is taken of it in the above statement, as it forms so small a part.

There are scarcely seventy elements in the composition of the earth's crust. We are familiar with some, such as iron, copper, sulphur, and mercury, and to some extent silver and gold.

The Atlantic ocean contains gold enough to pay off our national debt, but in order to extract it the cost would be much larger. We can penetrate the earth's crust only to a very inconsiderable depth compared with the entire globe.

The deepest artesian well in the world is at Leipzig, Germany, and is 5,700 feet deep. There is one at Wheeling, W. Va., 4,100 feet deep, and the citizens are anxious to have it made deeper, so as to have the deepest well in the world.

Some of the elements that seem quite common, such as copper and lead, are few in comparison with many others.

The Professor showed aluminum, a metal that is extremely plentiful, but is so difficult to obtain in a pure state. If it should be extracted cheaply from its ores it would supplant many of the common metals. It is very tenacious, hard, and is about one-third as heavy as iron, and does not rust.

The lecturer referred briefly to the theories concerning the origin of the earth's crust, dwelling with emphasis

upon the nebular hypothesis. The interior of the earth is believed by some to be in a molten state, and by others a solid state, but the probable truth of the matter is, neither, but partly liquid and partly solid.

Prof. Clarke delivered his second lecture on the subject of "Mineral Veins and Mineral Waters." He began by referring to the Neptunian theory, which claimed that all things were formed by the action of water. He then spoke of the Plutonian theory, which looked upon fire as the great organizing force. All water contains some mineral matter and gases in solution—some waters more than others. The lecturer told some very interesting facts concerning the Dead Sea, which contains as much salt as it can hold in solution. The Great Salt Lake was mentioned as containing fifteen per cent. of solid matter.

The James river water contains about seven thousandths of one per cent. of minerals, and is, therefore, very pure. Water acts upon all minerals. If pure water is put into a glass bottle and closely stopped, in a few days some of the glass will have been dissolved.

The Mississippi has been better studied than any other river in this respect. It carries down, annually, millions of tons of solid matter, but the valley is so large that it would take six thousand years to reduce the level one foot. The saline springs were mentioned, and reference was made to the fact that Virginia is famous for mineral springs, the most noted being the sulphur springs.

Many substances are found in water. One of the most interesting is borax, which is found in Tuscany issuing from the earth in steam as boric acid, from which the borax is obtained. Recently borax has been discovered in California and Nevada which surpasses all sources discovered elsewhere.

Iron has often been discovered by water charged with iron in solution.

Clay in solution can be removed by dropping into the solution some dialyzed iron.

Many of the speculative ideas of ancient philosophers are being realized in modern times, and much light has been thrown upon former mysteries.

The last lecture was on the subject of coal and petroleum. The lecturer referred in the beginning of this lecture to the ancient theories about the origin of mineral matter—that is, the Plutonian and Neptunian theories. Life appeared after fire and water. He spoke of the luxuriant vegetation that clothed the earth, which, in turn, was covered by earth, and by slow burning formed the coal now used. The lecturer pointed out the traces of vegetable matter as is shown in the structure of the coal; for example the trunks of trees standing in upright positions, &c. He spoke of the great industries carried on by means of coal.

He then took up several gases, the light and heavy carburetted hydrogen, the former commonly known as fire-damp, which has been so fatal to miners. The principle of

the safety lamp was referred to with some explanation.

Gas was first used in making lights in London in 1812, and at Paris in 1815. The process of making commercial gas was fully discussed, and the various substances formed in the operation were spoken of. The rubbish that was formerly thrown away has, through the chemists, become very valuable, since from it every variety of colors may be obtained, thus furnishing coloring matter abundant and cheap.

These lectures were highly instructive and very much enjoyed by the large number who were able to hear them.

OUR VICTORY—THE COLLEGE CREW WINS THE CUP.

Mayo's Island never held so exuberant a crowd of College boys as on the afternoon of the Fourth of July, when the Richmond College boat crew crossed the line six boat lengths ahead of the Virginias.

The regatta was to have included several other crews from the State, but for various reasons these dropped out and left only the Virginia Boat Club, of Richmond, and the Richmond College crew to contest for the cup.

The Virginia crew had won deserved reputation by its repeated victories in the regattas for several years past. They had practiced constantly in their gig since the season opened, and were, naturally, confident of their ability to capture the cup once more. Our boys had been very se-

riously handicapped by the fact that their boat, promised by June 1st, arrived just four days before the race. Nobody doubted their pluck and strength and determination, but the little crowd of College boys remaining in the city who patriotically went down to the river to wave the "gar-net and cream," felt as though they were hoping against hope when they thought of the long experience and much-vaunted skill of their opponents.

The evening was beautiful and the water as smooth as could be desired, as the Virginias, in their scarlet shirts, embarked from their boat-house and rowed slowly to the point from which the course extended straight up the river for a mile and a half. They were soon followed by the navy-blue uniforms of the College crew, who pulled in the following order: Bow, D. H. Rucker (captain); No. 2, Charles Clement; No. 3, T. H. Athey; stroke, J. H. Read; coxswain, James C. Lamb. At the flash of the pistol the race began. The eight oars strike the water together, and the boats keep side by side for two hundred yards, the Virginias making forty-two strokes per minute and the College boys thirty-six, when the longer strokes and superior strength of the latter begin to tell, and they gradually pulled away from their competitors. After one unsuccessful spurt by the Virginias to regain their lost place, the gap steadily widens, to the utter astonishment of the thousands of spectators, the great majority of whom were in full sym-

pathy with the Virginias, and had come to see that club's easy victory.

As the boats neared the goal, and the boys in blue kept their ever-increasing lead, the enthusiasm of the students became uncontrollable. Again and again the College yell went up, with cheers for the crew collectively and individually, and the boys rushed for the wharf to welcome their victorious champions.

The happiest man in the crowd was our energetic trainer, Hon. James C. Lamb, as he received the congratulations of his friends on his great success. To him more than any other man is due the victory of the crew, and the College boys will never cease to be grateful for the time and labor he so freely expended in their behalf.

The mile and a half was made by the winning crew in nine minutes and eighteen seconds. This record would have been considerably lower if the oarsmen had not had to contend with both wind and tide.

The freshness of the College men as they came off the water was in marked contrast with the winded condition of the city crew, and showed plainly the good results of the severe training undergone during the winter and spring.

As soon as the crowd had yelled itself hoarse, and each of the stalwart oarsmen had been surrounded and embraced by their enthusiastic supporters, Mr. B. T. Crump, president of the Virginia Club, came forward, and in a neat little speech presented the crew with the challenge

cup of the Virginia Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and gave to each man a handsome gold medal. Mr. Lamb appropriately responded as he accepted the trophies in the name of the Richmond College crew.

The cup is of solid silver, about twenty-four inches high, and cost \$400. The inscriptions on the pedestal show that it has been won three times by the Rives Boat Crew, of the University of Virginia, twice by the Rappahannocks, of Fredericksburg, once by the Appomattox Boat Club, of Petersburg, twice by the Old Dominions, of Norfolk, and twice by the Virginia Boat Club, of Richmond. It will be placed on exhibition in the College library-hall, there to remain as long as strength and skill can keep it.

The new racing-boat was built expressly for the College club, at a cost of \$260, and is one of the most shapely and swift ever turned out by its makers.

The committee has not yet raised the full amount necessary to pay for it, and some of our prosperous *alumni* could show their appreciation of the good work done by our first College crew in no better way than by helping the boys to settle their indebtedness at once.

Doctor—"Dido et forte dux."

Tom (bright boy)—They must have been awful little ducks, or else she was awful hungry.

EGBERT BOLLING WINFREY.

Death has again darkened the pathway of the session of '90-'91. The 15th of May dawned dull and dreary. The sky was overcast with dark, heavy clouds, and a cold, chilling rain was falling. The sun seemed to be making a vain struggle for the mastery of that day.

In an upper room in the College there was a scene strikingly similar to that outside. A beloved fellow-student lay on a bed of sickness. For several days the fever had been gradually burning away his life, and this was the critical time—the turning point in his condition. How anxiously did the watchers at his bedside note every symptom!

As the day grew apace he became weaker and weaker, and at twenty-five minutes past twelve the soul of Egbert Bolling Winfrey winged its flight from this world of sin, sorrow, and suffering to that bright and beautiful mansion which had been prepared for him in the "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

His death was a great loss to the Philologian Society, of which he was a member, the college at which he was a student, and the ministry, which lost in him one of its most promising young preachers. We all deeply mourn his death, but while we feel that we have lost we know that he has gained.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the students and members of the Faculty, held in the College chapel on the evening of the 15th of May, the following resolutions were adopted, after touching speeches by Prof. H. H. Harris, Dr. C. H. Ryland, and a number of students :

WHEREAS it hath pleased Almighty God, our All-wise Father, to remove from us by death our loved friend and fellow-student, EGBERT BOLLING WINFREY :

1. *Resolved*, That while in this we recognize one of the mysterious manifestations of God's providence, we submit to the stroke, saying, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good."

2. That the students of Richmond College have lost a worthy and exemplary friend whose influence for good was powerful among us.

3. That the rising ministry has lost one of its most promising members; one who, though young, had already attained unto great usefulness.

4. That sharing ourselves the bereavement, we express our deepest sympathy for the grief-stricken mother and father, kindred, and friends, recommending them to Him who "careth for us."

5. That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the family and published in the COLLEGE MESSENGER and *Religious Herald*, and a copy furnished the Buckingham county paper.

C. T. TAYLOR,
T. S. DUNAWAY,
W. O. CARVER,
Committee.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

ANNUAL SERMON.

The annual sermon was preached before the Y. M. C. A. by Dr. W. V. Tudor, at the Broad-street Methodist church. He selected for his subject "The Representative Christian," a theme suggested by a part of Gal. i: 16. How well adapted was such a subject to young men, many of whom were soon to leave these halls of learning for the great arena of active life. The speaker well sustained the reputation he had so worthily obtained, drawing occasionally a beautiful illustration from his great storehouse of knowledge. It was a grand sermon. It abounded with wisdom and counsel. It made a profound impression upon those for whom it was delivered, and the memory of that pleasant and profitable evening shall ever be present, we trust, in the minds of those who were there on that occasion.

ANNUAL REPORT OF Y. M. C. A.

The following is the report of the Y. M. C. A., read by its president, G. F. Hambleton, on the occasion of its annual sermon. We are sorry we cannot give the entire report as read. We publish, however, the substance of it:

The ninth year in the history of our Association has just closed. The past has been a year of encouragement in many respects, and has given hopes of better work in future years.

In last November the Annual Col-

lege Conference of Virginia was held at Richmond College. The meeting proved a great benefit to the Association, by reason of the spiritual blessing it brought and the contact with men of God that it afforded. Soon after we had a precious revival season. The meetings, in which eleven professed faith in Christ, were conducted by Bro. E. T. Dadmun, assistant State secretary. Never, for many years before, was there such a change in the religious atmosphere at this institution. Those who had become cold and indifferent were revived and strengthened.

Though busy with their many daily duties, the students, seeing the danger of their unconverted friends, did much personal work. Their labors were greatly blessed and their hearts gladdened by seeing eleven of their comrades express their desire to enter the service of their Master.

It is the object of the Association "to promote aggressive Christian work, especially by and for students." We trust we are beginning to realize the importance of our work and the need of consecration to Christ.

The Sunday-school work at the State penitentiary is the most important work of which we have charge. This work was organized by the students of Richmond College, who for many years have continued it with pleasure to themselves and, we trust, with profit to the inmates. Encouraged by an occasional profes-

sion of faith and by the attention of the convicts, we believe that our work is not in vain, and that greater things may yet be done.

We hold services every Sunday at the city almshouse and at the Sheltering Arms—a hospital on Fourteenth street. At both these stations there is much interest manifested, and the students are glad when the Sabbath returns, that they may go to their accustomed places of labor.

We have preaching also at the Soldiers' Home every Sunday. We trust that these men who fought for their country may enlist in the army of the Lord and fight valiantly under the "blood-stained banner of the Cross."

One important feature of our work is Bible study. Those who labor for Christ must be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." So there were organized two classes, each under an efficient, earnest leader. They meet weekly and glean many practical lessons from their studies.

The Association has two regular meetings each week—a consecration meeting on Sunday morning and a prayer-meeting Thursday night. At these meetings many telling talks have been made. Great interest is shown in the Thursday night meetings.

A missionary meeting is held monthly, at which some field is discussed with regard to its geography, history, customs, and religious work, usually by one or two of the Faculty, or some one from the city who is connected with the missionary boards

and who is specially interested in the subject.

Besides the above we have a mission band, composed of those who expect to go to foreign fields when they complete their studies, and those interested in the subject of missions. Frequently the members of this band conduct services in the different churches in the city in the interest of missions.

The Association numbers sixty-eight, including associate members.

During the year our receipts for all purposes have been \$46.45; our contributions for missions \$10.97; for State work \$17.50.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." We hope to do more faithful work for him in return for his many blessings by giving our lives to his service, knowing that "the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together" when we tread the sands of the heavenly shore and join in that anthem of praise that shall resound over the hills and dales of the New Jerusalem.

TRAIN COMMITTEE.

In addition to the committee published last month the president has appointed the following, whose duty it shall be to meet the trains at the beginning of next session, to conduct new students to the College, and try to induce them to identify themselves with Christian work: E. E. Dudley, C. T. Taylor, J. E. Hixson, T. S. Dunaway, F. E. Scanland, T. C. Skinner, W. M. Jones, W. C. Blair, C. C. Crittenden, and H. W. Pettus.

Personals.

Dr. J. C. Long, LL. D., A. B., 1856, professor in Crozer Theological Seminary, attended commencement to see two of his sons carry off their honors.

Rev. John R. Bagby, A. B., '60, Ballsville, Va., was with us at the close of the session, attending the meeting of the Board of Trustees. Like Dr. Long, he shows his "faith" in Richmond College by sending her his son that he may be "nurtured" as was his father.

Judge Samuel B. Witt (B. L., '72) is now one of Richmond's most prominent jurists.

Dr. John M. Pilcher, of Petersburg, one of the number who took the degree of Master of Arts when it was first conferred by the College in 1861, was present at the closing exercises to see his son, E. M. Pilcher, take his Bachelor's degree.

Prof. John E. Wiatt (M. A., '83) has been in Europe for the past year collecting labor statistics for the government.

W. A. Harris (M. A., '86), by examination, has obtained a \$500 fellowship at Johns Hopkins.

Dr. Samuel W. Hobson ('89) is now resident physician at the City Almshouse.

C. A. Folk (B. A., '87), who has been teaching in Brownsville Female Seminary, Tennessee, came on to commencement, and will spend July with friends in Virginia.

H. W. Straley ('88), of Princeton, W. Va., after a five weeks' private course in law, passed his examination, and was admitted to the bar. He is assistant Commonwealth's attorney, and also an attorney for the Norfolk and Western railroad. Mr. Straley won the Best Debater's medal of the Mu Sigma Rho Society while here, and is known as the "young orator of the mountains of West Virginia."

E. C. James, who graduated in modern languages here in '89, is now in Europe taking a special course in French and German.

S. S. Handy (B. A., '90), who was principal last session of a high school on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, was with us for two weeks at the close of the session.

He came to see the old boys and the new, And, by the way, some one else—"you know who."

Edward B. Pollard (M. A., '86) has been preaching and attending the Divinity school at Yale.

Prof. Joseph B. Loving (B. A., '88) is one of the principals of Glade Spring Academy, Virginia. Mr. H. A. Dickinson, who was there last session, says "Prof. Joe" is a most excellent teacher.

C. H. Baker (B. A., '89) has been teaching at Knoxville, Tenn. Cecil has an active mind—"six feet four from mother earth"—and is a man who has been cut out for success.

Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson ('68) is now

mayor of Richmond and chairman of the State Democratic Committee. He has represented his city in the State Senate, is a journalist, still teaches a Sunday-school class, is a deacon in the Second Baptist church, and, altogether, is known as "a well-rounded man."

H. R. Hundley (B. A., '88), who has been principal of Batesburg Academy, S. C., for the past two sessions, will spend his vacation with his father, at Luray, Va.

Frank Puryear (M. A., '84) is co-principal of Cleveland Academy; Fauquier county, Va. Charles Puryear (M. A., '81) is professor of mathematics at the University of Texas. Like their honored father, Chairman B. Puryear, they well deserve the title of "higher educators" in our Southland.

H. Herbert Harris, Jr. ('88), is now a successful business man in Lynchburg, Va. Herbert is a prince of gentlemen, and we wish his cup of joy to be full and running over in

the step which it is whispered he is soon to take.

During the past session we had one married man, one widower, 174 bachelors, and at the close of the session Mr. T. L. Light, of Tennessee, more than topped the climax, as he took to himself a bride, and then

"Folded his tent like the Arab,
And as silently stole away."

Rev. C. W. Trainham (B. A., '88), Greek medalist of '87, was married to Miss Annie Saville, of Richmond, on the evening of May 27th, 1891. He has been the beloved pastor of four churches in Caroline county during the past year. May their path be one of pleasantness and their efforts be crowned with abundant success.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ryland request the pleasure of your company at their home in Middlesex, on the 24th of July, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Hours from 6 P. M. to 12.

Exchanges.

EDITOR: T. CLAGETT SKINNER.

As strangers demand our attention first, let me say that the MESSENGER acknowledges the receipt of *Wofford College Journal*, published in Spartanburg, S. C.

The *Journal* is a real prepossessing paper, wherein are to be found many choice articles of high literary attain-

ments. The well-written piece on Grecian mythology is a lofty and spicy article, and altogether the paper is a most excellent publication.

The *Wabash* is closing up a very successful year. The commencement number came out in a dark green color, rather attractive; but it is sad

to say that what the *Wabash* has gained in beauty it has lost in subject-matter. The February number was decidedly the best so far as literary work was concerned. The lovely frontispiece will not suffice for the lack of interesting matter.

CATO DE SENECTUTE.

"How is your son doing at college, Mrs. Malaprop?"

"Oh, I fear he is not as studious as he should be. He writes me that he is reading Katie de Schenectady. He says it's Latin, but I believe it's some society novel."

We clip the foregoing from the *Bethany Collegian* for the benefit of our Int. Latin students.

The *Review* comes out with a new cloak on, and a new theme for college papers within, *i. e.*, "Protective Tariff." Why not leave such topics as this for the newspapers, and fill up the college journals with literary work, &c.?

There will enter the class of '94, at Princeton, next fall, a gentleman fifty-three years of age. During the Civil war he was in his sophomore year, and then volunteered. He now intends to return and finish his course.

Student (to another, who was reading about Parnell and Gladstone): "John, where is Parnell? I know that Gladstone is a famous place in England, but for my life I do not know where Parnell is."—*William and Mary Monthly*.

The MESSENGER struck the note which found an echo in every college of the country when it published the

article entitled "Is a Sweetheart an Advantage to a College Student?" and the Ex. man seems to chuckle to himself as he clips and inserts a few of the various comments of other journals. In fact, this has been a taking subject ever since its first appearance—a kind of a long-felt need. To those interested we would say, read and be wise.

Better insert what somebody else says than to insert nothing. Ah?

Soon after the laying of the railroad through this country two of our citizens took a trip to Richmond. While on the way one of them expressed himself as feeling hungry, and was told by his friend that whenever he wanted anything to pull the string just above his head.

Soon he reached up and pulled at the bell-cord impatiently. The train stopped, and the conductor came rushing into the car with a look of terror upon his face, and asked in a loud voice, "What do you want?"

The old fellow, stretching himself back with great dignity, replied calmly, "Some fried chicken and rolls, sir."—*Collegiana*.

The creed of the plagiarist:

He writeth best who stealeth best

Ideas great and small;

For the great soul that wrote them first

From nature stole them all.—*Ex.*

"I am surprised, Mr. Meeker, to account for your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law." "Great Cæsar! Hasn't she been speaker of the house for the last fifteen years?"

St. Peter: "Halt." New spirit: "Can't I come in?" St. Peter: "I'd rather you wouldn't. You are just

out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the universe."—*New York Weekly*.

The *Guardian* is an excellent periodical; it strikes a good medium, and uses a variety. Its columns are devoted to religious education and literature. One cannot help but admire the bold stand which the *Guardian* takes "for the right against the wrong."

"Self-Culture," in the *Moor's Hill Collegian*, is well written and contains many good thoughts, which, if followed, would make mankind stronger and the world better.

The Exchange editor is lonely since the noisy boys have left, and he wants to get away, too. Last evening

they bade their lovers good-bye, and

Their last biz is buzz,
Their last kiss is kuzz,
Their last sigh is suzz.

Good-bye.

A boy can jump, and wrestle, and kick,
A wheel or an Anthon ride;
But any bright miss
Can do all this,
And unceasingly jabber besides.

A girl can talk—you bet she can talk;
She can talk ten-ninths of the day;
No boy—not Van Seller—
Can in gabbing excel her;
Because he ain't built that way.

Swift is the buzz of the house-fly's wings,
And swift the lightning's flame;
But not a duce of a show
Do they stand, we all know,
With these girls of such talkative fame.
—Ex.

College News and Notes.

EDITOR: T. CLAGETT SKINNER.

Another session of Richmond College has passed into history, and various are the feelings of the students. Parting at college brings out the man. It shows whether he is affectionate, or cold and lethargic. It shows how much he is thought of by his fellows, and also how much he thinks of them. So many conflicting emotions! To leave those we shall never, perhaps, see again, with whom we have spent so many happy hours, and of whom we shall always retain the tenderest remembrances, fills our hearts to overflowing. But, with all this, when our

back is turned upon our dear old campus we that always look at the brighter side of life see in fancy our beloved home and the loved ones within its sacred walls. We see our mother's proud and radiant smile when she welcomes her successful boy, and her tender, satisfied look as she embraces with tears of joy him whose failures outnumber his successes—the one proud because of her boy's success and attainments; the other satisfied, not because of her boy's failure, but because she sees the look of renewed determination stamped upon his brow where before

had been only confidence and carelessness. It is now time for some of us to take our place in the world, and to show what we are, and keep throughout life our standing at college; for this latter we shall surely do. Ye freshmen and rats, see to it that your standing at college is what it should be, and your future will be easy to foretell.

In looking backward over our year's work one thing strikes us very forcibly, and for those who will return and help another year to pass as well, we wish to add a few words of advice and encouragement to *try—try* for college honors. We are often content to say and think that we have not the time to engage in a certain contest; that our every-day studies are enough, and if we make these we shall be very well satisfied. The longer we live we are more and more impressed with the old hackneyed expression: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." It is not always the best man in a certain subject who gets a medal, for very often that man is content to sit by and see it slip from his grasp without so much as moving a muscle. Here, again, we see the tale of the hare and the tortoise. One instance in one of our sister colleges of Virginia may be worth recording. The medal most sought after in that institution was carried off by a man who was making his third trial for it. In our own college there was at least one medal won by one who has tried for it repeatedly.

We all owe much to the presence

of our professors and their families on the campus. They brighten all the surroundings and enliven every gathering. The students of Richmond College, more than of any other, feel that they have friends in their professors. The intercourse between them, while pleasant and friendly, is yet helpful and respectful. We recall with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness a remark of Prof. E. B. Smith, in speaking to the students, "for you are all my friends." The handsome portrait of him now in the library, presented to the trustees by his classes, bears testimony in a feeble way of the affection we all felt for him.

The Harvard College faculty has decided that, beginning with this summer, all courses in the summer school in geology, physics, engineering, and German shall count toward the student's degree.

An experiment of making plants grow by electric light has been successfully tried at Cornell.

On last Sunday night when an eminent divine announced as his text, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee," each of the students present thought the text peculiarly applicable to himself, and one with newly assumed clerical dignity exclaimed, passionately, "Amen!"

A student of Yale College made a remark to a crowd of factory girls that displeased them, whereupon one stout girl held him, while the rest kissed him until he yelled for help and was rescued by his fellows.

SALMON.

Johnnie sat at the table to eat,
He was eating salmon, for the salmon was
sweet ;

He had eaten dishes one, two, three,
But for more and more still calling was he.

"Johnnie, do eat some berries or pie ;
You'll make yourself sick on salmon, and
die."

This said mamma, so anxious, you know,
That Johnnie in health and beauty should
grow.

Then slyly and slowly the rascal said,
As he raised his fork and rolled his head,
With a knowing wink of his roguish eye,
"Give me some more ; *I want to die.*"

MATERNAL DUTIES.

Mother is pious and true—
"Old school" of the bluest blue ;
Jack goes another direction—
And is subject to frequent correction.

Neighbor mother had died,
And mother at home gently tried
To teach the children of death,
And the losses of sad little Seth.

Jack showed but little concern—
Has a five-year-old practical turn ;
Below par his answer sank him—
"*His grandma, she can spank him.*"

The *College Man* is a new venture.
It is issued by no single college, but
its board of editors consists of men
from the representative colleges of

the country. Any college having
more than three hundred students
may be represented on the board.
Mr. J. L. Keedy, of Yale, is the
managing editor, and twenty-eight
associate editors have thus far been
chosen.—*Ex.*

GOD IS NEAR.

When the laugh of rippling water,
When the bird songs reach my ear,
When the music of the zephyr
Mingles with the accents, clear,
Of the bells that welcome morning,
Then I know that God is near.

For a joy that passeth knowledge
Leaps and swells within my heart,
Till I find in nature's gladness
Almost heaven's counterpart.

When the brooks are wrapped in silence,
When the birds have ceased to sing,
When the winds that blow from cloudland
Downy drifts of snowflakes bring,
Then again I feel His presence
Holding, guiding everything.

For a peace comes like the snowflakes—
Comes and banishes all fear ;
Comes and nestles close about me,
And I know that God is near.—*Ex.*

"One of our young men went out to call,
Sporting a brand new prince ;
He placed his heel on a banana peel,
And he hasn't bananawhere since."

LIBRARY

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RICHMOND COLLEGE.

RICHMOND, VA.