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MESSENGER

OF

# RICHMOND COLLEGE

Richmond, Va.

E. M. PILCHER, - BUSINESS MANAGER. | CHAS. CLEMENT, ASSIST. BUSINESS MAN'G'R

VOL. XIX.

MAY, 1893.

No. 8.

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# Richmond College Messenger.

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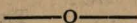
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## VIRGINIA IN LITERATURE.



Strike from the pages of history what Virginia has contributed, and the dial-hand that marks the progress of America will be turned back a score of years. Virginia is a nation, small though it may be when compared with the powers of the earth, but nevertheless a *nation*, and her people a "distinctive people." Her record is one that relentless time can never efface, or the weight of rolling centuries destroy. In her pure atmosphere great minds and hearts were nurtured, and from her soil sprang men whose characters were synonyms of fidelity, truth, honor, heroism.

Her literary achievements are not commensurate with her deeds of valor on the field, her eloquence upon the rostrum, and her statesman-

ship in legislative halls, yet she need not be ashamed of her contribution to literature. The early literature of an infant country is like the wild flower that blooms, and perishes where it first appears, and that indicates the strength of the soil rather than the state of cultivation. Such was the character of Virginia's early literature. At first it was like little intermittent fountains playing and sparkling in lonely spots, but later they burst forth in bold and continuous streams. The state-papers of Jefferson and Madison rank among the finest productions of their age—however, these were not purely literary.

William Wirt was the first of Virginia's distinguished authors. His conceptions were vigorous and



prolific. His sentiments were warm and noble, and his imagination was generally delicate and natural. His diversity of interests tended to superficiality in his writings. He was also guilty of a confusion of figures and a profusion of Latin phrases, especially in his "Life of Patrick Henry." In "The Wagoner" Wirt describes with wonderful beauty the scenes of his early days and portrays with remarkable power that contented and cheerful disposition so characteristic of a prosperous rural population. His "Spy" gave him the title of "father of polite literature in Virginia." We can say of him as Johnson said of Gray, "Had he always written thus he would have bade defiance to criticism."

Next comes that remarkable genius, Edgar Allen Poe. Although neither his birth nor his death occurred upon Virginia soil, yet his name will ever be entwined with her literature. His writings lack the congeniality and sympathy that so largely contributed to the success and popularity of Shakespeare. The characteristics of Poe are plain and clear. His imagination, his power of analysis, and his inventiveness stand out in bold relief. He loved to frequent the dreary scenes of earth, for says he:

"Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor."

For him dark, dreadful and hide-

ous objects have a peculiar charm, and here he finds material for his creative genius. Though we are disposed to shrink while we follow him, yet so wiered and fascinating is his style that, once within the enchanted grounds, we forget home, friends, and even our personal identity till the tale-teller is gone. Particularly is this true of "The Fall of the House of Usher," where we find these beautiful lines:

"And all with pearl and ruby glowing,  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing,  
flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king."

Perhaps no poet has so completely set the reading public wild with excitement as Poe. The croaking of his "Raven" has found a response in nearly every heart, and its refrain of "nevermore" with its strange fascinations, pulsate through every heart as is both "angel and demon fingers were sweeping the chords of an Æolian harp."

John Esten Cooke has a style peculiarly pleasing to all who love the "pomp, pride and circumstance of war." His "Surry of Eagle's Nest" is read and treasured wherever "The Lost Cause" has a sympathizing heart. It revives many reminiscences in the breasts of our brave warriors, and to all of us it endears the "conquered banner" and the "hands that grasped it and the



hearts that clasped it." His novels are replete with beautiful imagery and romance, but they lack fidelity to nature. This deficiency brought him into disfavor with those who prefer characters taken from real life. Cooke's history of Virginia and his biographies of Lee and Jackson reflect credit upon him, but he excelled in the realm of fancy and romance,

We claim an interest in Father Ryan. Though he spent much of his life in other states, yet upon Virginia's soil he was born and nurtured. The sweet songs of this poet priest stirred and thrilled Southern hearts, aroused and inspired her soldiers to Spartan valor, and although a terrible conflict was raging over the land he lifted the hearts of men in adoration to the Divine Ruler. When all was lost his sweet voice was a ministering angel to suffering souls, the evangel of consolation, assuaging sorrow, lightening care, brightening hope. What could be more beautiful than the following lines dedicated to the "Conquered Banner":

"For though conquered they adore it,  
Love the cold hands that bore it.

True 'tis gory,

Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live in song and story,  
Though 'ts folds are in the dust."

Who in modern literature has won such flattering success as our gifted and beautiful authoress, Amelia Rives Chanler? To her the realms of poetry and prose alike reveal

their abundant wealth. And her dash and vigor, as well as her fearlessness of expression entitle her to rank with the great writers of the age.

North and South the quaint dialect stories of Thomas Nelson Page have ever attracted attention and won applause. Wide the portals of all intellectual halls are flung for his reception, and as he recites or reads in his own inimitable style the story of "Meh Lady," "Marse Chan," or "Little Ephraim" his claims to literary distinction are fully established and his genius acknowledged.

Such, in brief, are Virginia's principal writers. While her literature is not of the highest order, yet under the circumstances it is very creditable. For in infancy she had not time to cultivate the highest arts of life. Sterner things demanded her attention. Foes without and foes within threatened her freedom. When the tocsin of war no longer summoned her sons to repel invading foes, encroaching want forced them to follow the plowshare. Then, too, Virginia's authors had to compete with a whole race of England's literary giants whose productions were read and admired wherever the English language was spoken. Hence there was little encouragement for the settlers in the American forests to exchange the sword and spade for the pen.

Again, we scarcely expect to find matured literature in an infant



country, for the highest culture is requisite to good authorship. Poets may be born, but education refines them and cultivation gives a roundness and fullness to their compositions that render them attractive to the cultivated and intellectual. "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

That which arrests the attention and pleases our fancy is the product of a mind improved and polished by diligent and careful study. With these conditions few indeed complied. Other vital questions prevented his entering the realm of dreams where the Muses invite their votaries. The pursuit of fortune has more charms for a young nation than the creation of fiction for posterity. This is the province of older nations. "Paradise Lost" was penned a thousand years after England became known to the civilized world. Roman language and literature were crystalized but a few years before the fall of the Western Empire. Goethe was not born till the Father Land was hoary with age.

Encouragement is an important factor in the struggle for success. There are several inducements why men should enter the field of literature and gather some of the gems that reward diligent search and constant application.

No condition is more favorable to intellectual development than freedom. Free institutions stimulate effort and encourage progress

Here every man is the architect of his own fortune. Here where the people are the dispensers of honors genius is recognized. In other lands individuality is often suppressed, but in our own Old Dominion honors are bestowed with an impartial hand.

Competition, also, should produce literature. England, France and Germany owe much of their success in science and art to rivalry. The superiority of the modern warship is due exclusively to the same cause. It was this spirit that adorned Athens in the age of Pericles. This explains why large cities are the centres of wealth, genius and talent. France can point with pride to Napoleon, England can boast of a Wellington, but the crowning glory of Virginia is that her sons sought honor in noble deeds, performed more for others than for herself. But in the field of literature she need not be discouraged. Her institutions were never better. Never before were there as many young men seeking knowledge at these fountain heads, from which flow perennial streams of ancient and modern lore to bless humanity and elevate mankind. And now that education has received a new impetus from the vigor and intellectual power of those who fill the chairs in her various schools, we may soon hope to see Virginia recognized, not only as the "mother of statesmen" but the "Patroness of Belles Lettres."



Inspired by the love of literature and by the pleasure of rambling among the scenes of the past, some of Virginia's sons are tuning their lyres to sing of the happy days that memory recalls. To them the scenes of the old plantation are dear. And the old Virginia hospitality which their sires dispensed with a lavish hand is still pictured in living hues upon memory's wall. Notes for song may be gathered among the wigwams of Virginia. The origin of the dwellers of the forest, perhaps, will ever be involved in mystery, but their manners and customs will furnish themes for the poet. Their fidelity to friendship, their love for war, and the eagerness with which they pursued the chase may yet become to the lover of the Muses what the Highland clans were to Scotland's gifted poets. Where can be found in history a more inspiring theme for song than Pocahontas, fair maiden of the forest? The hall of the House of Bourges is inseparably connected with Virginia's colonial history. In her bosom was cradled American liberty and in *ante bellum* days were

witnessed touching scenes of love and fidelity between master and slave. Already a sweet chord has been heard among the hills of New England. But "Hiawatha" is simply a flower plucked from the garden that Nature has planted. Then why not others stretch forth their hands and gather a few more of the fragrant lilies?

There need be no fear that material for song will ever be exhausted. For Virginia's history is full of fruitful sources for song and story. But should the poet grow weary of native scenes let him make melody in other lands. The Muses induced Milton to transfer his meditations from home to the Garden of Eden, where every rural sound known to earth murmured along the chords of his harp. Then if he prefers, let Virginia's bard visit other lands and twine a garland from their conservatories, but let him preserve his own individuality, or, as a gifted author has said:

"I've plucked me a garland from other  
men's posies,  
But mine is the string that binds them."

JUANITA.

### EPIC POETRY—THE GREAT MASTERPIECES.

—O—

Poetry is coeval with man. In the earliest times, when man, fresh from the hand of his Creator, awoke and viewed the world around him, poetry also awoke with him. As he beheld the beauties of nature, as

he reflected upon his associations and communed with God, "all his meditations were ecstasies, all his reveries were visions," all his utterances were poems. Nature seemed to him to speak in poetic language



and he felt that he was a child of nature. As he slept he had peaceful dreams, and when he awoke he chanted his dreams for the delight of his companions. He felt, and expressed his feelings in rhythmical language. He loved and was delighted and inspired by love's quickening charm. He trusted, he was happy, and he sang as he breathed.

That poetry was earlier in its development than prose can scarcely be a matter of surprise. Poetry is a product of the imagination, prose is an outgrowth of reason. So long as man is preeminently imaginative he is poetic, so soon as he becomes scientific he is prosaic. Hence it is that the advance of civilization is generally accompanied by a decline in poetic genius. As a rule poetry and science exist in inverse ratio. Improvement in science is necessarily gradual. Each generation stands, so to speak, upon the shoulders of the past and builds for the future. Every age enjoys the use of all previously acquired information and, augmenting that information by fresh acquisitions, transmits it to the future. This, however, is not true of the productions of imagination. As it is in childhood that the imaginative faculty is most active, so it is in the childhood of a people that poetical genius is most likely to develop. In the early stages of civilization the imagination is untrammelled by scientific rules and unrestrained by

accurate knowledge. So it is in such periods that imagination accomplishes its most wonderful achievements. It is claimed that language, the instrument of the poet, is best suited to his purposes when in its rudest form. And we know that the vocabulary of all half civilized nations is poetical, while that of all enlightened peoples is scientific. Primitive man perceives only the concrete, the cultivated one forms an idea of the abstract. The untutored mind sees only the particular, the well trained intellect is able to form concepts. As men learn to think they pass from the concrete to the abstract, but the concrete is essential to the productions of imagination. They become better philosophers but they are worse poets. As the reasoning faculty develops the imaginative faculty weakens. Science may teach a man to dissect but it can never teach him to portray. It is the business of the poet, however, to give a picture and not a theory. The poet, as such, is not concerned about the molecular constitution of matter; he looks out upon nature in her unity and is charmed and thrilled by her beauty. He communes with God and nature and is inspired as he sings. He cannot be scientific, he is imaginative. So we naturally look for the best poets in the less cultivated stages of civilization. Prose is intended primarily for instruction, hence with the growth of science it necessarily



came into use. Poetry, on the other hand, is intended primarily for entertainment, hence as men become more thoughtful they become less poetic. Whatever may be the advantages to be derived from the discoveries of science and the growth of knowledge, they are always accompanied by one inevitable loss. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon the vague and shadowy pictures of the poet, as the scrutinizing investigations of science remove the mystical veil by which his phantoms are obscured, the illusions they produced upon the mind are gradually removed and the magic spell they once caused is forever lost. The best poets then are numbered with the past and the most charming poems are connected with antiquity.

Although poetry is earlier in its rise and more rapid in its development than prose, yet not every kind of poetry finds its most congenial environment in the same conditions of society. Poetry divides itself into three general classes: lyric, epic and dramatic, and these three dominate the world of literature. The lyric is the song, the ode. In spirit it is subjective, dealing with the emotions and feelings of the poet. Its character is naive. The epic is objective, dealing with the remote in time and space. Its character is simplicity. The dramatic combines the lyric and the epic. Its character is truth. Or, as has been said, "the ode sings of

eternity, the epic solemnizes history, the dramatic paints life. The ode lives in the ideal, the epic in the grandiloquent, the drama in the real."

These three kinds of poetry may all be produced in the same age, and even by the same poet, but they have their rise and reach their greatest perfection under the influence of different conditions of civilization. That there have been conflicting views concerning the relative order of development of lyric and epic poetry is now quite well known.

Two schools of critics, styled respectively classic and romantic, have discussed this question quite exhaustively and at times somewhat warmly. The classicists contended that epic is the first kind of poetry composed by any nation, the romanticists claim that lyric was the poetry of the primitive times. Thoughtful reflection and a careful study of the peoples of primeval ages are apt to confirm the views of the romantic school.

In the earliest ages there were no kings, no empires, no armies, no battles. Men led nomadic lives, guarded their flocks, and dwelt in peace. They lived in the open air, they communed with nature, they were near to God. This pastoral and nomadic life which preceded civilization, was conducive to "solitary reflections and capricious reveries." There were no kingdoms, no cities: every man lived at his



ease. His thoughts were simple, his meditations were sweet, his language was musical. He sang, it was a hymn of praise; he chanted, it was an ode to nature; he dreamed, it was of eternity. This was the first poet—he was lyric. He tuned his lyre to accord with nature, with his soul, and with heaven. His religion was all his joy, his song was all his poetry.

But when the world became more crowded, men united into communities, appointed rulers and formulated laws. There were violations of rights, discords, invasions, wars. Poetry, which is a mirror that gives a true image of the times in which it is created, now changes its form. It represents not the idea but the thing. It reflects its new environment. It sings of "the ages, the peoples, the empires." It becomes objective—it is epic. The lyric thus precedes the epic. Genesis is before Kings, David before Isaiah, Orpheus before Homer, the Bible before the Iliad. Or, in the words of Victor Hugo, "society commences by chanting what it dreams, then recounts what it does and finally begins to paint what it thinks. The rising of the sun is a hymn, its mid-day is a glorious epic, its setting is a sombre drama where struggle day and night, life and death," (We are conscious that our rendering fails to do justice to the style of the great French author but we are not aware of any existing translation.)

Let us then pause for a while in the glorious mid-day, take a thoughtful glance at the scenes around us, and admire some of the magnificent productions of human genius as they, with imposing grandeur, present themselves to our view. Let us imagine that we are in a spacious gallery surrounded by the great master productions of the literary genius of all antiquity. Too vast is this collection of the works of art for us to attempt a complete review of them, or to discover all the excellencies of even a few. But here are some that are more beautiful than others, and have ever been the objects of universal admiration and praise. Here is the epic group. In its centre there hangs a painting of great antiquity. It is of lovely design, exquisite beauty, and bears the stamp of a master hand. It is simple, original in plan, and constitutes a world of beauty all its own. It occupies among the works of art an independent and unique position to which no other production has ever attained. It presents a scheme of human life and human character complete in all its parts. To study it is to study life itself.

It may not be well to enquire too minutely into its authorship, or we may fall into unpleasant controversy upon a question which can in no way affect our admiration of the beauties and excellencies of the picture. Whether such a man as Homer ever lived is a matter of lit-



the importance to us who do not feel called to spell "the inscriptions on mouldering monuments," but prefer to catch some of the spirit of ancient grandeur and beauty amid "the undoubted productions of the great." That the Iliad, as it appears before us, is "a thing of beauty" is a sufficient guarantee to its claim upon our admiration. Let us then study the great picture with a more critical eye. Let us admire its beauty of form, the purity of its Grecian features, and perhaps we may thus be able to form some idea of the great soul that gave it expression. It is a marvel of grace and symmetry. It is a perfect representation of Grecian life, customs, character, politics, morals and religion in the age which it celebrates. Its design is to portray the "wrath of Achilles," the consequences of which form but an incident in the Trojan war. See how artistically are represented the characters that figure in this great conflict. They seem to be the truthful reflection of the images that the artist's imagination had deeply impressed upon the camera of his own mind. We see there swift-footed Achilles and broad-ruling Agamemnon quarrelling before the walls of Troy. There are Menelaus and effeminate Paris engaged in bloody combat, while Agamemnon leads his Achæan hosts against the Trojan forces. There is coquettish Helen, fairest of Grecian women, hiding within the walls of Troy, forgetful of the fact

that it is for her that all this fearful warfare is waged. There lies Hector, of the glancing helmet, slain by the powerful hand of swift-footed Achilles. How life-like the scene appears! Every character is drawn in clear and perfect outline, each one exhibiting his own peculiar traits and no two bearing any marks of similarity. Every event is represented in its proper place, showing its relative importance, and all together exhibiting perfect unity and completeness.

The gods that dwelt upon Mount Olympus also appear upon the scene, watch with deepest interest the progress of the war, and at times even fight for their favorite heroes. There is Zeus, the supreme representative of deity, mindful of the piety of Hector, but not forgetful of the wrong done to Achilles, and so refusing divine interposition. There Poseidon, who has suffered wrong in Troy from Laomedon, Hera, the great national divinity of the Greeks, and Athene, the personal protectress of Achilles, of Odysseus and of Diomedes, are lending their favor to the Greeks, while Apollo, Aphrodite and Thetis take sides with the Trojans. It is a magnificent work of art, a greater than which the world has never seen, and is the expression of a soul that possessed every element of genius.

Near by this great production there is another painting which portrays the life and character of primeval times, and presents some



marks of beauty as great as those we find in the Grecian epic. It is the German Iliad, the famous Nibelungen Lied. It is by far the greatest work of German art, and is a perfect picture of the Middle Ages. Here we have a view of the Teutonic tribes just as they are emerging from the shadows of prehistoric night. Well may the German people dwell with loving interest upon the picture. Here are made visible all the features of ancient external civilization. Here we discover the superstitions by which the Teutonic fathers were mastered—superstitions from which the ignorant are not yet free.

Like the Iliad of the Greeks, its most prominent characters are heroes and heroines of gigantic stature and superhuman strength. The spirit of beneficent liberality, self-sacrificing love, abiding gratitude and superb fidelity are depicted upon the faces of the personages that embellish the scene. There is the noble Siegfried, in whom the opposite qualities of tenderness and courage, maidenly modesty and proud self-consciousness are perfectly harmonized. There is also beautiful Kriemhild, Siegfried's faithful spouse, a woman of matronly dignity, but in whose face still linger visible marks of maidenly bashfulness. Yonder again we see her in widow's weeds, brooding over the loss of her husband, and bearing in her bosom terrible revenge and undying hate towards his mur-

derer. There is grim Hagen, a strange combination of light and darkness, of unshrinking courage and vile treachery. There too is Ruediger, noblest of heroes. Hospitality, generosity, pity, bravery, fidelity unto death—in fact all the noble qualities in the heroic catalogue—are depicted upon his noble face. The Iliad is the window through which we are permitted to view Hellenic life and catch a glimpse of the soul that breathed the atmosphere of primeval Greece. The Nibelungen Lied is the camera that has photographed the heart and soul of the primitive Teutons in the time of their barbarian wanderings in the gloomy forests of prehistoric time.

Here we are greeted by another scene. Our thoughts are invited to the Imperial city of the classic days of old. It is a work of exquisite grace, and reveals a soul in which existed the rarest genius refined by high intellectual and moral culture. It celebrates the mighty nation that, arising from the ruins of Troy, became the conqueror and savior, not only of Greece, but of the whole ancient world. It is a reflection of the glorious Iliad—a reflection, however, which the brilliant light of a superior civilization rendered less distinct and beautiful. As the camera, upon which too great a quantity of sunlight is allowed to shine, gives an image in which the most delicate shadings are destroyed, while the general



outlines are preserved, so the *Æneid* is, in its form, a true picture of the *Iliad*, but in imagery and delicate shades of beauty it is much inferior to its great prototype. But the *Æneid* is more than a photograph, it is a painting upon which the gifted artist has impressed his own individuality. The *Iliad* is the product of superior genius in an uncultivated age; the *Æneid* is the work of an accomplished artist in a period of culture and civilization. The *Æneid* is a picture of national life under new conditions, and is an imitative representation of human actions, manners and character. The idea which underlies the whole scene is that of the great part performed by Rome in the history of the world—a part predetermined by divine decree and executed through the virtue of her sons. It possesses the charm of primitive simplicity combined with the spell of luxurious pomp and splendor. It has a dignity and beauty distinctively its own.

But we have before us another painting which bears the mark of Italian genius, and reveals a soul in which ruled the conviction that, like the Hebrew prophets, it was invested with a divine commission. The *Divine Comedy* marks the transition from classic to romantic, from ancient to modern art. It is a triumph of Christianity over classic art, and, aesthetically as well as morally, portrays a new era in human feelings and human beliefs. In

the epics of Homeric times all the scenes were laid in this world and the catastrophes were such as are beheld by men, but here the "scene is laid in the human soul, and the fifth act is in the other world." Three places, Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, lie before us in perfect representation, marking the journey of the human soul from error through repentance to atonement with God. How unlike Greek and Roman art is that which is pervaded by the refining, purifying influence of Christianity. There the gods are partisans, they fight for their favorites, are controlled by human passions, and at times exhibit the worst of morals. Here we have a new conception of Deity and of man's relation to him. He is one infinite, immutable, perfect Being whose love for man is impartial and abiding. In form, classic art was pervaded by a spirit of self-satisfaction. Christian art finds its highest conception of beauty in moral perfection. Paganism represents a few preeminent families, divine founders of dynasties, or ancestors of races. Christianity makes every pedigree end in Deity, and master and servant are the children of God. The type of classic work says Lowell, is the Greek Temple, perfect in unity and design, in harmony and subordination of its parts, but in aesthetic beauty and completeness it finds its end. Christian art is typified in the Gothic Cathedral, 'the visible symbol of an inward



faith, which soars forever upward and yearns toward heaven like a martyr flame suddenly turned to stone."

But here is a work of art upon which we, the sons of Englishmen, like to gaze and catch the inspiration which its sublime author has so beautifully impressed upon it. We love it because it is a grand masterpiece of artistic beauty; we love it because it is the conception of a Christian soul; but most of all we love it because it is the product of the genius of an English artist. *Paradise Lost* is one of the noblest monuments of human genius. Two magnificent scenes as widely different as darkness and light, are presented to our view. There Hell, the "lake of solid and liquid fire," furnishes a world of horror and suffering. There is Satan "a marvellous manifestation of the power of mind." We gaze upon the scene with an awe not unmixed with a feeling of mysterious pleasure. From Hell we gladly turn to *Paradise*, a region as lovely as Hell is terrible, and which is doubly beautiful

when we remember that it is a creation of the same mind that painted the infernal world. *Paradise* and its inhabitants are in perfect harmony and they furnish a scene of heavenly bliss that charms the imagination. Adam and Eve fresh from the hand of God, exhibit in their faces and forms the happiness and gentleness of the Creator. Their mutual love has all the sweetness of the dewy morn, for it is the love of innocent hearts that find in each other the dearest objects upon whom to lavish their fullness of affection. These are the scenes that the poet paints in exquisite beauty and grace. Truthfully has it been said that "*Paradise Lost* is the dream of a Puritan who has fallen asleep over the first pages of his Bible." Such are the scenes of beauty and grandeur that lie before us in this spacious gallery of poetic art. So delightful are the associations, that we feel not inclined to turn away from this pleasant environment.

"Still o'er these scenes our mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care!  
Time but th' impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear."

### A TOUR IN THE WEST.

Having read and heard so much about the wonders and beauties of our great West, I have often wished for an opportunity to visit this portion of our country, and behold for myself the places and objects of interest there to be seen. Last summer I determined to gratify this de-

sire. Having arranged to leave my business for six or eight weeks, I started from my home at Milford, Va, on the morning of August 3rd. I arrived in Louisville, Ky. on the morning of the 5th. Here I was met by a number of my friends who were to join me in my tour of the



West. We took rooms at the Louisville Hotel. In our selection of a hotel, we were fortunate, for our rooms here were nice and comfortable and the table unsurpassed in any city in this country. Moreover the service was excellent.

It had been arranged that our now large party should have a special train. This was made up of one Baggage coach and four Sleeping coaches. Thanks to Mr. Pullman for his invention, whereby the traveler may rest and sleep while on the road. At about eight o'clock we went aboard our cars, and at nine were on our way rejoicing. After swapping a few yarns, and smoking a cigar or two, we drew our curtains for the night, and invoked the god-dess Morpheus to be propitious.

The morning of the sixth of August dawned beautifully upon us just as we were approaching the city of St. Louis. There was not a cloud to be seen, and the air was fresh, sweet and bracing. At St. Louis a Dining Car was added to our train. As soon as we started from St. Louis we heard an announcement that was welcomed by all, "Breakfast is now ready in the Dining Car." Every one appeared to enjoy the morning meal, after which we returned to our cars to enjoy ourselves as best we could, Let us walk through the train and see what is to be seen,

We will start at the Baggage car and go to the rear car. The end of this car was piled up to the ceiling with the baggage of the tourists. In

the end of the car next to the train was an enormous tub which was filled with bottles of mineral-waters, wines, and beverages of all kinds. These bottles were surrounded with cracked ice, and when they were cooled sufficiently, they were sent back into the cars where their sparkling contents were thoroughly enjoyed by those of the party who thought they stood in need of such refreshments.. As fast as a bottle was taken out of the tub another was put in its place; in this way the tub was kept supplied. The supply aboard the car was sufficient to stock a small hotel. All partook of the cooling draughts, and there was not one in the party who indulged too freely. In the next car, known as the "Stag Car," were the bachelors of the party. In this car were to be seen seated at tables, in groups of four or more, jolly good fellows, enjoying a game of whist, euchre or something similar. College songs were sung by the junior members of this crowd, war stories were told by the elders, every one was out for a glorious trip and a lot of fun, and this is what they surely got. Passing on out of this car into the next, we beheld quite a different party from the one that we had just left. Here we found some of the prettiest young ladies that our land can boast of. These too were having lots of fun, and a joyous trip. for their sweet-hearts were with them, and what more could heart wish for on such an occasion? In the other cars that



made up our train we found just such a party as that described in this car. Thus the day passed quickly away. Six o'clock the afternoon of the sixth found us at Kansas City, where it was decided that we should remain until nine that night. We left our train intending to see the city. This we did, some in carriages, some in street cars, while some hired horses, and galloped about the streets and boulevards, to see the town in this way and to get exercise, which every healthy person needs.

Returning to our cars at about nine o'clock we were soon aboard, and in a short while the lights of Kansas City grew dim in the distance. The next morning found us on the Prairies, in the territory of the Jack-rabbit and the Prairie-dog, the former often running in front of our engine for a short distance, and then suddenly jumping to one side allowing us to leave him in the distance. The latter would stand erect upon his mound, the roof of his house, for a few moments and then suddenly out of sight he would go into the ground. Some of our party had their revolvers with them, and with these they made it at times exceedingly interesting, for the little Mound-builders, I do not think that any of the little fellows were hit by the bullets from these revolvers, but often did they plow the ground within an inch of the little fellows, knocking a cloud of dust over them. Then there was a rush

for the nearest hole, and into it the little villager darted. This day drawing to a close found us nearing the city of Denver. We left our cars at about half past seven o'clock. We went direct to the Hotel Albany, where we found comfortable rooms and good food. Here was to be our home until the thirteenth of the month, at which time we were to resume our journey westward. We made ourselves right at home, and saw all there was to be seen, and enjoyed life to the fullest extent. The 25th Triennial Conclave of the Masonic Fraternity was in session here from the eighth to the twelfth, inclusive. This of course added greatly to our pleasure. We enjoyed the magnificent displays that this Conclave occasioned, and many of us were royally entertained by our friends who were members of this honored Organization. I am sure that the illuminations of the city on this occasion have never been surpassed, in any city in the land.

All the principal streets of the city were brilliantly illuminated by thousands of arc and incandescent lights. At each corner, suspended across the streets were hundreds of incandescents, forming and showing in variegated colors, many designs, such as mounted Knights, large crosses, crowns, the emblems of the order, the Mystic Shrine, etc, etc. These lights alone cost the immense sum of thirty-five thousand dollars. All other decorations were in keeping with these. To describe them



would take more time than I have to give now, and besides this, I could not do them justice, even were I to try; to be fully appreciated they must be seen.

The festive days passed rapidly by, and all too soon the day set for our departure dawned upon us. Leaving Denver, we journeyed northward over the Union Pacific Rail Road on to Cheyenne, Wyo. From there to Pocatello and thence to Beaver Canon, Idaho. Here we left our railway carriages and boarded stage coaches. In this manner we were to travel one hundred miles to Yellowstone Park. Nothing happened during this stage coach journey worthy of special mention. We made only two halts, one for luncheon, the other for the night at the "Huts." Arriving in the Park in the evening of the second day, we endeavored to fit ourselves for a good day of sight-seeing on the morrow, by getting a good night's sleep. The morning of the 18th found us all in good health and eager to start on our exploring tour of the day. Which we soon did. The park embraces an area of 3,000 square miles, has an average elevation of about 8,000 feet above the sea level, and is enclosed by magnificent mountain ranges.

From Fire Hole Basin were seen pillars of cloud showing where the springs and geysers are. Geyser Meadows are two miles away. Here are several geysers which throw their torrents twenty-five feet or

more into the air. A little further on Fairy Creek Falls are the grandest hot springs in the world. The overflow of water comes from the great spring the equal of which no human eye ever saw. This aperture is 250 feet across, and is walled in by sides 30 feet high. The surface is in constant turmoil and the rising steam scalds the incautious.

Eight miles from Fire Hole basin are ten of the largest geysers ever discovered, besides which those of Iceland are trifling.

Half a mile further on, Old Faithful spouts every fifty-seven minutes, throwing a stream several feet in diameter to a height of 200 feet.

Next we see Gibbon Falls, where the water descends eighty feet, then Gibbon Canon with its sides 2,000 feet high, from which we emerge into Elk Park. In the defile is heard a boom, boom, boom, that never ceases and from an orifice in the rock comes steam in regular puffs and similar in sound to the exhaust of a powerful engine.

Next we see Yellowstone Lake. The attitude of this lake is 7,888 feet. It is about thirty miles long and about fourteen wide. It has numerous islands. Leaving the lake an easy trail leads to the upper falls of the Yellowstone. Here the rapids narrow to less than a hundred feet, and overhanging rocks press so closely together that a bridge could be easily thrown across. Here the water falls a distance of 390 feet, while the greatest



canon of the world stretches away below. But I have not time to tell you more about the beauties and wonders of nature to be seen here, I must hasten on as I have other places to tell of.

After spending four days in this wonderful park, we started on our way back to Beaver Canon. Arriving there without any accident or anything to mar the pleasure of our trip, we again took possession of our train and were soon on our way to Salt Lake City. We rode over the city and a number of us enjoyed the baths in Salt Lake. Leaving Salt Lake City *via* the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. Our next stop was at Colorado Springs. A beautiful resort this is too. We enjoyed our sojourn here no little. A great and grand treat was yet in store for us. This was the sight of Pike's Peak, the summit of which is reached by a cogwheel railway which lifts you almost perpendicularly up until you reach the top. One feels the change in the atmosphere very sensibly ; it makes some persons very sick and faint, but no one of us was at all annoyed in this manner. The view of the surrounding county that we had from this lofty mountain was grand be-

yond description. Many of us had never had the privilege of a view from even a low mountain ; to such of us, this our present privilege was worth worlds.

From this point we went to Denver again, spent another day there, and then started for home, a merry party of sight-seers.

We arrived again at our homes, safe and sound, all feeling that we had seen that which we set out to see, and voting unanimously, that we had never had so much pleasure on a trip in our lives as we had had on this tour. We said good-bye to each other and were soon with our own dear ones at home, where as royal a reception was given us as we had received anywhere else, and a warmer welcome than is to be found elsewhere in the world.

In conclusion let me say that should you ever visit any of the places that I have told you of, in part here, you will find that they must be seen in order to rightfully be appreciated, and I hope that it may be your good fortune to see this great country for yourself, and also that your visit to it may be as pleasant as was that of our party.

S. T. D., JR.

*Milford, Va.*



## BYRON.

It has been said that there is no life without its shadows. While this is true it is equally manifest that there are various degrees of shadow in the lives of different persons. Some lives are nearly all sunshine; or, if a cloud for a moment flits across their firmament, it only serves to intensify the prevailing brightness through contrast with the passing shadow. Then there are lives in which light and darkness succeed each other with kaleidoscopic rapidity. To this class belong the larger portion of mankind. We rejoice to-day, we sorrow to-morrow; we love, we hate, we joy, we weep in quick succession; and conflicting emotions chase one another like the clouds and sunshine of an April day. But there are others into whose lives the sunshine seldom comes; and when it does for a few brief moments, illumine them, only deepens the blackness that follows.

To this last class the subject of our sketch undoubtedly belongs. Sprung from a noble ancestry, yet having a profligate for a father and a tigress for a mother, we pity rather blame him for his ill stand and turbulent life.

George Gordon Byron was born in London, January 21, 1788. His mother was shortly thereafter deserted by her husband, and compelled to return to her native Scotland. It was there, in Aberdeen, that the poet's childhood was passed.

From his youth he revealed those qualities which distinguished him in after life. He was passionate, sultry and defiant, but, withal, wonderfully moved by kindness. His early education was sadly neglected by his indulgent mother, who allowed him to have his own way in almost everything. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Harrow, and there, under that able tutor, Dr. Joseph Drewry, he made considerable progress.

In 1805 we find him at Cambridge, where for nearly three years "he devoured all kinds of learning except the prescribed." His talents as a poet do not appear to have been precocious, as his first effort, "Hours of Idleness," published in 1807, does not show any marked degree of merit. The sentiment of this work, while thoroughly characteristic of Byron, is remarkably misanthropic for one so young.

"Weary of love, of life, devoured with spleen,  
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen."

This production was mercilessly lashed by the critics. So severe were they that the poet, after reading their criticisms, is said to have looked like a man about to send a challenge. Byron, however, was more than a match for all the reviewers of his day, as he abundantly proved in his first work of real merit, "English Bards and Scotch



Reviewers." This poem was received with such unbounded enthusiasm by the public that the first edition was exhausted in a month. The reasons for its success were two, (1) Its intrinsic merit. (2) It attacked vigorously the critics who heretofore, while deriding others, had themselves enjoyed immunity from all criticism.

The next two years of Byron's life were spent in traveling on the Continent and in the East, where he accumulated material for many of his subsequent works, and wrote the opening cantos of "Childe Harold. This fragment, published soon after the author's return to England, at once attained such immense popularity as to call forth from Byron the terse remark: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." The poem is a diary of travel and experience. The verses flow smoothly with here and there minor rhythmical faults. The prevailing tone is mildly satirical. It abounds in richness of description, boldness of thought and vividness of conception. We see the far distant past as if it were the present. What could be more vivid than the description of the Colosseum, where

"Murder breaths her bloody stream,"

or of the fallen city of Rome itself:

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless in her voiceless  
woe;

An empty urn within her withered hands,  
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

In 1813 the "Giaour" appeared,

which was the first of those metrical romances that for three years Byron produced with wonderful rapidity. the scenes of these are all laid in the east, and there is a great similarity of sentiment between them. "The Bride of Abydos, "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," "Parisina," together with the one already mentioned, constitute the series. Their chief merit consists in the wonderful command of words they exhibit and their exquisite melody. "Parisina" is perhaps the best. How delightfully rhythmical is its introduction:

"It is the hour when from the boughs

The nightengale's high note is heard,

It is the hour when lovers' vows

Seem sweet in every whispered word;

Aud gentle winds and waterr near,

Make music to the lonely ear.

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,

And in the sky the stars are met,

And on the wave is deeper blue,

And on the leaf a browner hue,

And in the heaven, that clear obscure,

So softly dark, and darkly pure,

Which follows the declining day,

As twilight melts beneath the moon away."

The plot of this poem, in which a father puts to death his beautiful but unfaithful wife and his own son for having loved each other not wisely but too well, is specially adapted for revealing Byron's power in depicting the horrible. With such a master hand is the scene drawn, we can almost hear "the convent bells" as they peal forth the death knell of Hugo, "mournfully and slow," yea, "heavily to the heart they go!" The "Hebrew Melodies," published about this time, prove Byron's re-



markable familiarity with the Old Testament. They are at times forcible, often pathetic, and most of them are highly musical. Where can we find a more charming combination of force and melody than in the poem beginning:

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee!"

In the midst of the production of these numerous works, which we would have thought amply sufficient to occupy Byron's whole time, he was leading the life of the gayest of the gay. He was the pet and idol of society. None of its gatherings were considered complete without his presence, none of its fetes that he was not urged to attend. When he wrote his poems is a mystery to ordinary mortals. He himself said of "Lara:" "I wrote it while undressing, after coming home from balls and masquerades, in the year of revelry, 1814."

At the close of this year of revelry, or rather just at the opening of the new year, he married Miss Milbank. Why a man like Byron should have ever married, or, worst of all, have married a woman whom he did not love, is hard to say. His tastes, his manner of life, his fitful moods, his ungovernable rage, his impatience of restraint, all conspired to render him anything but what a husband ought to be. A separa-

tion, and that a speedy one, was the inevitable result.

With this misfortune, the sunshine, which had for a little while illumined the life of the poet, vanished, and "the clouds returned after the rain." Society had grown weary of its erstwhile darling, his friends had deserted him, his fortune was gone. Then, as happiness had flown, sad and lonely, he left his native land never to return. Yet, under the stirring influences of Italy's historic clime, his poetic genius could not lie dormant, but impelled him to the composition of his greatest works; and his strenuous efforts to secure the freedom of "classic Greece" gave unmistakable evidence of his high nobility of soul.

Unfortunately, his private life, during this time, is far from what we should like to find it, so the kindest thing that we can do is to draw the curtain of silence over this portion of what was to him existence and not life. The warm and generous friendship which sprang up between him and that erratic genius Shelly was the one ray of sunshine that pierced the darkness and gloom. But even this solace was soon taken away by the death of his friend; and well might Byron write, with truth and bitterness:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,  
The fruits and flowers of life are gone,  
The worm, the canker and the grief  
Are mine alone."

Not long after penning these melancholy words, and while aiding



the Greeks in achieving their independence, he contracted a fever which his constitution, weakened by all manner of excesses, and all kinds of exposure, was not able to withstand. So on May 18, 1823, he passed quietly away. But if this portion of his private life was dark and dreary, his literary career was correspondingly bright and glorious. The concluding cantos of *Childe Harrold*, which are decidedly the best, the "Prisoner of Chilon, Manfred, Beppo, Cain, the Dream, and Don Juan" are among his many works that belong to this period.

In Cain we find a fitting picture of the chaos of Byron's own mind. He is wrestling with the mighty problems of a belief that his pride would not permit him to accept, nor his better nature to reject. We perceive his perplexities in such passages as these :

"Cain.—Then my father's God did well when he prohibited the fatal tree?"

Lucifer.—But had done better in not planting it.

Cain.—Are you happy?

Lucifer.—We are mighty.

Cain.—Are ye happy?

Lucifer.—No! art thou?"

Manfred is a wild expression of pictures in which vague phantoms, creations of the author's morbid imagination, are brought before us. It is a dramatic poem that centers all of its interest in the broodings of an intensely proud, self-willed heir, and his vain longings and strivings

after the unattainable. The wildness of his musings may be well seen from the following :

"My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the Furies—I have gnashed  
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then cursed myself until sunset—I have  
prayed

For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.  
I have appointed death, but in the war  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,  
And fatal things passed harmless—the cold  
hand

Of an all pitiless demon held me back,  
Back by a single hair which would not  
break.

In phantasy, imaginatiou, all  
The affluence of my soul, I plunged deep,  
But like an ebbing wave, it dashed me back  
Into the gulf of my unfathomed thought."

Yet, ever and anon, in the midst of such melancholy musings, occur passages of wondrous beauty and pathos.

"Oh, that I were  
The viewless spirit of a lonely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
With the blest tone which made me!

After Byron had become thoroughly imbued with the lax morality of the Southern nations of Europe, he wrote "*Don Juan*," which is a picture of the world as it appeared to him. To us it is a mirror in which every attribute of the poet's genius, every quality of his heterogeneous character is already revealed. Beauty of description, mellifluous verse, delicacy and sweetness of expression, deep pathos and warm feelings are here strongly commingled with biting satire and savage hatred. Yet they form but a fitting transcript of the life and



passions of its gifted author. The immorality which pervades the entire piece, and over which Byron has thrown the glamour of his genius, cannot be too strongly condemned. It is much to be regretted that the poet should have lent his abilities to such an ignoble end.

Let us, however, rejecting the glittering baubles of vice and folly, gather a few choice gems from this storehouse of poesy. How beautiful and tender are these verses.

“ ’Tis sweet to hear the watch dog’s honest bark  
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome, as we draw near home.  
 ’Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
 One coming and look brighter when we come.  
 ’Tis sweet to be awakened by the bark,  
 Or lulled by fallen waters, sweet the hum  
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
 The lisp of children and their earliest words.  
 But sweeter still than this, than these, than all  
 Is first and passionate love, it stands alone.”

What depth of feeling must have stirred the poet’s soul when he wrote :

“ The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all except their sun is set.”

How pathetic do the following lines become when read in the light of Byron’s own sad life :

“ Whom the god’s love die young, was said  
 of yore,  
 And many deaths do they escape by this.  
 The death of friends and that which slays  
 evermore.  
 The death of friendship, love, youth, all  
 that is,  
 Except mere breath ; and since the silent  
 shore  
 Await at last even those who longest miss  
 The old archer’s shafts, perhaps the early  
 grave  
 Which men meet over, may be meant to  
 save.”

Such in brief, is an account of the life and works of the greatest poet of our country. Though it cannot be denied that in his productions, weeds and flowers grow mingled, yet his marvellous genius must be admitted by all. Had not his early training been neglected, his life might have been very different, for he possessed many noble traits of character. Had his childhood days been blessed by the instructions of a pious mother, and his active mind been directed into proper channels by the example of a godly father, what a power for good his wonderful talents would have made him ! Alas ! that we can only say :

“ This should have been a noble creature ;  
 he  
 Hath all the energy which would have made  
 A goodly fame of glorious elements,  
 Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,  
 It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,  
 And mind and dust, and passions and pure  
 thoughts,  
 Mixed and contending without end or order,  
 All dormant and destructive.”



## POCAHONTAS; OR, FROM SAVAGERY TO CIVILIZATION.

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"No braver dames had Sparta,  
No braver matrons Rome."

It is through biography that each generation beholds character types of many celebrated predecessors. Every age has had illustrious characters, but not every one has afforded facility for seeing the waymarks of the past. Time was when female biography was very rare and found only in the portrayal of unusual character lineaments. Fortunately that day is in the past, and Rosseau's frequently quoted saying that "the glory of women lies in being unknown" does not have as general endorsement as it formerly did. They tell us that uninspired history though she continued to utter "her dark saying upon the harp," was wont to relapse into silence at the name of woman.

The publicity attending some lives serves to show rather than to conceal nobility of nature. Numerous examples verify this claim, as the lives of Josephine Bonaparte and Mary Antionette, the beautiful martyr. For our subject we shall not permit our admiring gaze to seek the empyrean canopy in which sparkle brightest types of enlightened womanhood.

In a sphere less pretentious but no less honorable is a gentle heroine whose very name is synonymous with heroism and much that constitutes true womanly grace.

Festooned with tokens of appre-

ciation and garlanded with eternal memorials, the name of Pocahontas comes from the long ago, refreshing as a gentle zephyr laden with rarest odors from aromatic realms.

The heritage of her memory should be a valued one. In retrospection the past, peopled with all its celebrities passes as a panorama before the mental vision.

The dawn of the seventeenth century witnessed no remarkable event on the great North American continent, the central part of which was destined to become slowly but surely a mighty stage of action upon which should figure an irresistible and progressive people. No precursor of the coming event had as yet made prophetic forecasts.

Daring adventurers upon the unknown deep had occasionally sighted the shores of America, but no Caucasian foot loitered amid the wild scenery of a strange land. No enlightened eye beheld the varying panorama of mountain and valley, and no cultured ear heard the gentle ripple of flowing streams. But cautious footsteps resounded through sylvan glades, discerning eyes beheld a peerless realm and trained ears listened to the chirp of feathered songsters. Amid all this grandeur of the new world lived the weird red man, happy in the possession of the heritage of his forefathers. Here for unnumbered



generations the red man of the forest had lived in quiet possession of his fatherlands—the crude though absolute monarch of all he surveyed.

Authentic history is powerless to say how long the Indian inhabited America before the tide of emigration from the old world began to pour into the new, the Mecca of modern civilization. America, America, what are thy records before thou becamest the birthplace of statesmen, the suppressor of monarchy and the advocate of God-sanctioned liberty?

Much of interest that the world would know and hand down to posterity has been lost in the transit of by-gone ages. The ascent of man from the degradation of serfdom, superstition and savagery to civilization, is a step necessarily slow but may culminate in the entire emancipation of fettered subjects. The career of Pocahontas strikingly illustrates the truth of this statement.

Near the close of the sixteenth century a child of nature, Matoaka by name, opened her eyes to human existence. She was reared in the realm of the great Indian chief, Powhatan, who was her father. No impressive ceremonies announced the birth of the Indian princess who in subsequent years was to link her name forever in the records of a continent. Being of savage descent she was fostered and reared according to the customs

of her fathers. She was innured to the privations of camp life and taught in the traditions of her ancestors. Like the rest of the forest children she gamboled in sportive recreation over woodlands wild and lone, and derived inspiration from the deep solitude of quiet. She learned of birds their sweetest carol and knew the haunts of the forests' wily denizens. Around the camp-fires of her father with assembled braves, she heard recounted many daring adventures and valorous achievements in which Indian prowess had shown its efficiency. Thus environed her youthful years passed one by one, and her sunny nature gathered brightness with the associations of time.

The light of civilization had not yet beamed on the dark pathway of savagery, but the dawn of a momentous change was at hand. "Earth's only paradise" was not to remain the exclusive retreat of the ignorant and superstitious. Across the seas, as if guided by destiny, white men steered their frail crafts. Now let the Indian guard well the heritage of his fathers, for the supplanter is at hand. History follows the fortunes of our ancestry upon the shores of America and relates the manner in which they came through many vicissitudes to ultimate power and prestige.

Early annals of this great country are dominated by two distinctive figures. They are Capt. John



Smith and the Indian ruler Powhatan. When Captain Smith grew tired of conflicts and victories in the Turkish wars, knight errant that he was, he sought adventures in the new world, whither venturesome spirits were beginning to turn. His object was fully realized for he was a prisoner before he reached the new land, and during his brief sojourn he was constantly exposed to the inhospitalities of a savage-infested country. Nothing but indomitable courage could have nerved him to endure the jealous contrivances of his associates. The illustrious name of John Smith might well be omitted in the treatment of this subject, were it not that his name and that of Pocahontas are nearly inseparable. It is impossible to think of the heroic maiden Pocahontas without thinking also of the gallant hero Smith. The names of the preserver and the preserved will ever recur simultaneously to memory and jointly share the admiration which unrivalled heroism deserves.

The mists of doubt seem to hover around the rescue of Smith by Pocahontas and to rob the most interesting occurrence of much of its rarest coloring. But they are deluded who doubt rather than credit the remarkable episode. Trusty historians are agreed as to the reality of the story in which there is more than a fabrication. We accept proofs of the plausible and enchanting story rather than heed

groundless objections to its reality, for in the latter case, pleasure of contemplating one of the most interesting episodes in modern history is lost.

Hail Indian maiden, the legacy of thy memory is a priceless gift to one of the world's grandest nations. Right worthy of rescue was he whom thou didst shield in thy fragile woman's clasp! Where even in the realm of fancy does one find a parallel of heroic service so efficiently rendered? Tender memorials will linger around the tomb of the dark-eyed maid of Saragossa, while her name will ever be one of the most chivalrous watchwords of Spain. The constancy and courage of her who sleeps beneath the hospia tree in Burmah will shed an eternal halo around a noble philanthropic life. And the worthy record of Pocahontas will abide, commanding admiration so long as men shall look to ancestral records and grow emulative.

Many poets have derived their rarest inspiration—from less charming subjects than Pocahontas. Many famous story-tellers have made abiding names in the simple recital of tamer stories than that of Smith's rescue from untimely death. Imagination itself has not loitered amid more enchanting associations than those attending the heroic delivery accomplished long years ago at Werowocomoco, where



"An angel knelt in woman's form  
And breathed a prayer for man."

Spots less historic than that, whereon the tender heroism of Pocahontas was shown, have been looked upon with veneration.

Classic antiquity in all its varied characters scarcely presents one who rivals the illustrious maiden. In any age and among any people the character of Pocahontas will impress its own purity and loveliness. Her memory is wreathed in more fadeless chaplets than that of the beautiful though wicked Cleopatra. Her deeds will greet the ears of future generations long after the efforts and accomplishments of the warrior-queen Boadicea, shall have found that repose which forgetfulness affords. Joan of Arc who emerged from obscure life in Domremy to prominence in national affairs, left mainly the record of a cruel fate. Her courageous spirit attracts our attention and alternately awakens admiration and regret. In reviewing the history of Pocahontas no unpleasant retrospect mars the symmetry of a character peculiarly charming. Oblivion cannot hide the tomb of one whose

"Generous hand vouchsafed its tireless aid  
To guard a nation's germ."

The worthiest of this proud nation owe her memory their perpetual regard. Poet and historian will in the distant future linger in speechless admiration around her honored grave and derive the in-

spiration which shall weave immortelles around her noble name. Emulous youths of coming time will search the record of a valorous ancestry and there discern the impressions made by a heroic, sacrificing and aspiring parentage. Story and song will tend to perpetuate the memory of many illustrious countrymen, while the name of Pocahontas undimmed by the lapse of time shall go down to posterity as a reminder of unrivalled heroism. No other story like that of the Indian maiden will enrapture so many juvenile hearers around nursery fires. Truly the past with all the luxuriant associations when recurring to the present, will ever bring in its crowded train memory of the humane child of the forest. Her example is a subject of engrossing interest.

History lifts the obscuring veil from the features of the past and shows our subject first as Matoaka, a child of the wild, wild woods. Next she appears as Pocahontas, the "instrument next to God in perpetuating the Virginia colony." By the latter name we delight most to know and respect her. It was when under the influence of Caucasian principles, and the brief eventful years of John Smith's sojourn in Virginia mark the transition of Pocahontas from savagery to civilization.

Finally she appears as Lady Rebecca, baptized and named after enlightened customs. Her union



with an Englishman in the bonds of sacred matrimony was a decisive step toward the suppression of dire hostilities between her own fiery people and the resolute colonists. Hymen never smiled more approvingly upon fitter union of hearts than that solemnized in the shadow of Jamestown church when the heroine of Werowocomoco became the cherished bride of her ardent wooer. In compliance with an innate disposition to anticipate, one could wish to have seen this heroine, the life consort of him whom she rescued from death. But other fortunes awaited her. The chain of human events is forged by a decree which none can interdict. Cherished hopes may sink forever in disappointment while the crushed aspirant rears a funeral pyre upon the ashes of a heart's fondest desire.

After her marriage Pocahontas left kindred and many cherished associations to mingle for a season with her husband's relatives in England. Nobility of character is ever self-impressive and in her example, was a passport into the aristocracy of England. She was presented at the Court of King James, where she received many tokens of

the high respect accorded her. Courtiers admired the unaffected grace of the royal maiden and vied with one another in winning her queenly recognition. "La Belle Sauvage," became a favorite name at court and knights and high ladies delighted to honor her. There is an impressive dignity and an unconscious ease of deportment which any where enable one to win and sustain esteem. This facility of demeanor belonged to Lady Rebecca, and with the inimitable grace of a goddess she wielded the sceptre which caused courtiers and dignitaries to pay their homage to a veritable princess.

High noble womanhood was impersonated in her short eventful life. She lived long enough to wield the influence of worthy examples among those of her age, and those of all futurity who respect true nobility of character have in her noble examples a mirror, which reflects the loveliest graces that render ideal womanhood a crowning benediction.

Her name will be panegyricized as often as thoughtful men seek to explore the mausoleum of earth in whose silent confines sleep the honored dead.

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### SHOULD THE NEGRO BE COLONIZED?

An article appeared in the March number of the MESSENGER entitled "Negro Colonization." The author, who signed his name "N. J.

A.," seems to be radically opposed to the adoption of such a measure. He takes the ground that it would be inhuman and unjust, and, more-



over, that only those whose minds have been "prejudiced" against the negro are trying to bring about such a result. This gentleman does not confine himself to a statement of facts, as any casual student of history may readily determine by reading the above-named article, for it is nothing less than the invective of a prejudiced mind, or the rantings of a practical crank.

All clear thinkers are fully cognizant of the fact that the negro problem is one of the darkest and most perplexing of our age, and that its proper solution is now exercising many of the most conservative minds both North and South. The most sanguine classes are now beginning to realize that some disposition of this question must be made, for the demands of the negro are confronting our Southland and threatening her institutions. Something must be done, some solution must be given, or our country will be socially and politically degraded. Already the clouds of discontent are gathering fast, already the muttering thunders of disruption may be heard in the distance, already the air is contaminated with the foul breath of impending storm.

Any man must indeed have a visionary mind who advocates the possibility of two races dwelling harmoniously together whose capacities and tastes are as different as those of the white man and negro. Under the laws of our Common-

wealth the negro has the same rights accorded him that are granted to the white man, and he is constantly clamoring for social equality with the white race. But this is a station that God has not fitted him to adorn. The claims of these two races are antagonistic. One or the other must be subordinated, or else social equality must prevail. I would like to ask the above-named gentleman if he would wish to see such a state of affairs in existence. From the tenor of his remarks we are forced to the conclusion that this is his darling project, or else he is greatly inconsistent, for in the trend of his argument he accorded the negro all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the white man, and in describing the abilities of the negro he soared upon the wings of his imagination until he placed him upon that eminence of intellectuality now enjoyed by the Caucasian. But this gentleman says further on in his discussion that what we want with the negro is his "horny-handed, firm muscled labor." I would like to ask this gentleman where he would get the authority to keep the negro chained down to this station of humble servitude, or wherein would be the justice of such treatment. If as this gentleman has tried to show that the negro is, or can become, qualified to occupy the highest stations in life, can we in the name of justice keep him from exercising his ability? Would it not be far more inhuman for us



to keep the negro in our midst in a condition of low and degraded servitude, debarring him from his just rights and privileges, than it would be to place him in a country to himself, where he would suffer no restraint and oppression by a superior race, and where he could enjoy a fuller exercise of his powers? We claim that in justice to the negro he ought to be colonized.

America was doubtless intended to be occupied by white men. Her climate suits his constitution, her resources invited his skill, her institutions of liberty invoke his genius, her government is compatible with his lofty conceptions. The negro has no right, no just claim upon America. The climate here does not suit his constitution; his abilities are not such as to enable him to cope successfully with white men. He is an alien, and should be sent back to his native land, where he might enjoy the resources God had given him as an inheritance.

"N. J. A." says that there is a feeling of "antagonism in many American breasts against Africa's ill-starred children that would dash them from among white men." This statement is without foundation, and there is nothing in history or tradition that would justify this gentleman in making such an accusation. The negro has found a true friend in the white man; he has been elevated and advanced in civilization by the efforts of the white race. Chris-

tianity was brought to him through the same channel. And when colonization is advocated for his race, it is not prompted by a feeling of antagonism against the negro, it is not a foul scheme concocted, whereby he may be cast upon some barren shore to await his doom, nor is it that he may again sink into a helpless state of barbarism, but that his condition may be bettered, that he may found for himself a nation, and govern his own institutions.

Moreover, the aboved-named gentleman opposes the colonization of the negro, because he thinks that they are "worthy" to live among us, and that their race is due some retribution for treatment received at the hands of white men in the past. This gentleman says that he will "unroll the scroll" that the injustice heaped upon this race may be exposed. It is a pity the gentleman did not study the contents of this "scroll" more accurately, for if he had perhaps he would have given us some of the facts it contained, but as it is his remarks show that he had only a one-sided view of his subject, and the indications are that this was gleaned from reading malignant writings of some pessimistic crank.

Mr. "A. J. A." complains that when the first of these unfortunate people were brought to America, they were "dumped upon her shores as human merchandise." I would like for this gentleman to inform us what else could have been done;



the negro then certainly was not prepared to enjoy the rights of citizenship, for he was a savage of the lowest type. He was not prepared to enjoy the freedom the country offered, for he could not have used it except for his destruction and ruin. Under these circumstances it was eminently right and just that he should have a master to manage and protect him until he should become qualified to do this for himself. But would it have been better for the negro to have been left in the wilds of Africa where he bore the chains of barbarism than for him for a few score of years to have endured servitude in a civilized and Christian country. The answer to this question is sufficiently patent when we compare the condition of the negro in Africa with that of those in America. The negro owes the white man a debt of gratitude for his civilization that he will never be able to pay.

Again the above-named gentleman claims that the white people are responsible for the ignorance and immorality of the negro. This is a fire-brand of the most malignant hatred which but few of the bitter enemies of the slave owner have dared to hurl at his character. When the African was landed upon our shores he was as steeped and died in immortality and as ignorant as it is possible for a human being to become. All that is necessary in order to clear the white man from such an infamous charge

is to compare the condition of the negro to-day, with his condition at the time of his emancipation. Again "N. J. A." arraigns our government for not affording any protection to his lovely sons of "Ham," other than that of being "haltered and led to the scaffold." We admit that the negro was not regarded as a worthy witness, his testimony could not be relied upon, therefore he was not admitted into court, which was both wise and just. But this did not exclude the negro from any redress where the laws of our Commonwealth had to be invoked. The court acted through the master for the slave. The master was responsible to the law for the action of his slave, and the slave was responsible to his master for his actions. Again says our defendant of the sons of Africa that the law of our land prohibited the negro from becoming educated. I am fully aware that no schools were provided for his accommodation. I would like for the gentleman to tell us how such a thing could have been possible at that time. Who was to feed, clothe and pay other necessary expenses of the "darky" while he was pursuing his educational course. Certainly his master was not able to do this, if he had been so inclined, for it was necessary for him to have the labor of his slave, not only to provide bread and meat for his own family, but also for his slaves and their families. I am sure the people of the North



were not magnanimous enough to provide a means for their education, for they soon shifted all responsibility they might have had by saddling the negro upon the people of the South. I am of the opinion that our friend "N. J. A." would not have acted differently under similar circumstances. I would suggest to this gentleman that if he really wishes to do something meritorious and prove that he has a true interest in the welfare of the colored race to go out and establish for them a school and collect together means for its support, for there are many of the negroes just as ignorant to-day and just as despicable as they were on the day of their emancipation. But this gentleman intimated that the negro could have been educated to some extent in an indirect way. This not only could have been done, but was done. Many slaves were taught to read the Bible, and were inspired with a reverence for the same. He also had his church, where the Gospel was preached to him by some white minister.

Again "N. J. A." says that the white man is responsible for that "stigma attached to the negro's name under that foul proviso which forbade legal marriage among slaves." This gentlemen seems to have some mistaken idea about the legality and sacredness of marriage. This certainly does not consist in the ceremony alone. I am aware that the ceremony is generally per-

formed by an ordained minister, but not always, some times magistrates and other officials perform the rites of marriage, which is recognized by law as sacred and binding. In like manner when the marriage ceremony was conducted by his master it was regarded as legal. The slaves considered themselves married, the law of our land recognized the legality of the rite, and who can say that in the sight of Heaven they were not married. Great preparations were made for the marriage feasts of slaves. The kitchen was generally elaborately decorated for the occasion. The bride and groom were tastefully dressed and their friends were invited from the neighboring plantations. A feast of good things was spread, the ceremony was impressive, and replete with good advice. How much more sacred and charming a seen like that must have been, than those presided over by the negro in the present day. So when "N. J. A." claims that every negro was a "bastard" at the surrender and that he was "made so by Christian laws" he makes a statement that he cannot substantiate, and is a base slander not only upon the laws of our land, but also against the negro's character,

This gentleman claims also that the negro is worthy to dwell among white men because he is a brave soldier, and to make good his point he says that "188,000 of them rallied under the American flag and



fought so unflinchingly that 37,748 were left dead on the battlefield." I do not know where this gentleman got his statistics nor do I know whether or not they give an account of the number slain. I do know however; that they are misleading, for it was no bravery on the part of these negroes that led them into the smoke and fire of battle, but because they had been crazed by strong drink. If "N. J. A." would take the trouble to inform himself a little more accurately as to the history of the late war, he would find out that some leaders of the Northern army are responsible in a very great measure for the slaughter of these "dark-skinned soldiers. The negroes would not go to the front until they had been made drunk. However, when they were maddened by alcohol they crowded to the front, firing into their own ranks, shooting into the air—any where that their guns chanced to be pointing. In this drunken condition they were pushed forward by their leaders, the black flag was hoisted, which was a sign that no quarters would be given prisoners. Then the slaughter began. The negroes were mowed down by the well-aimed fire from the southern ranks, until many thousand of the negroes were lying lifeless upon the field of action. Yet these negroes accomplished nothing in the way of military glory, for we have it from authentic report, that not half a score

of white men were slain. These are the beings that the gentleman holds out as typical fighters. But we need not go back to the days of civil strife in order to prove that the negro is a coward. I would incite this eulogizer of the sons of "Ham" to the riot that occurred in Danville, Virginia, where about fifty white men put to flight some five hundred or more of negroes. Everybody knows that the negro is a coward, and never before in all of my life have I heard bravery ascribed to his character. "N. J. A.," I think you should suggest a better reason why the negro is deserving of a home among white men, for it is very manifest that bravery is not one of his traits. But again, this gentleman claims that the negro is entitled to a home with us because he has accumulated much wealth, and is now paying "eighty and a half per cent. of the taxes which go into the treasury from the South. Such a statement is not only erroneous, but simply preposterous. I am actuated to believe that this statement was rather due to an oversight on the part of the writer than to ignorance. One of the strongest reasons we offer why the negro should be colonized is that he does not help to pay the expenses entailed in running our government. The amount of revenue derived from the taxation of the negro does not supply him with schools, but has to be supplemented by the tax paid by



the white man. But few negroes are subject to anything but a poll tax, and a large per cent. of this is never collected; we claim that the negro does not deserve a home in this country, because he does not help to support the government; we think that, in justice to the white man, the negro ought to be colonized, for there is no reason why the white man should be made to support and educate the negro; we think that this would also bring a blessing to the "dark skins," for they would then feel their responsibility, and would be stimulated to greater exertions.

"N. J. A." states also that at the time of the surrender there were "four millions of the poorest, most pitiable beings that ever breathed the breath of life." This was impossible, for the negro had been well fed and well clothed. He was fat, sleek and happy. This is more than we can say for him in his present state.

Again the gentleman claims that the negro was provoked to steal because he was fed upon "ash-cake and swine's flesh." I would like for the gentleman to reflect what must be the temptation of the negro now to steal since he does not even have "ash-cake and swine's flesh" to feed upon. The negro is worse off in many respects to-day than when he was a slave; some few have accumulated property, but the greater majority of them have been content to remain in idleness, and

live from hand to mouth. To prove the truth of this statement, we have but to look about us. The streets of our cities are crowded with negro loafers; negroes are in idleness all over the South; work and liberal wages are offered, but work they will not. "Straw" is provided but they refuse to make "bricks." If the negro were colonized he would of necessity have to work, for he would not then have rich storehouses of white men to pillage, but would have to work and accumulate storehouses of his own.

"N. J. A." also says that the negro would not suffer himself to be "herded" and driven from our midst like a lot of cattle. I do not think that any sensible man would advocate such a procedure. There are milder means to be employed; we might get the consent of the negroes to colonization. Many of the more intelligent negroes are already realizing that they would be better off in a country to themselves. Many negroes are now not only willing to be colonized, but are also ready to assist in the expense of the same. Who knows but what God is in this matter, and that this is the means that He has selected for Christianizing Africa? "N. J. A." objects to this on the ground that the negro would turn savage again.

In this the gentleman is inconsistent with what he said earlier in his article about the intellectuality of the negro, and if he believes half of what he said, he could have no



fear that the negro would ever turn savage again. I hope that when this gentleman writes another article on this subject he will be more careful to state only facts of history and less of that poisonous, malignant sentimentality that is the common property of the foul-mouthed politicians.

If the negro remains in our midst there is some danger of amalgamation. There are now but few genuine negroes in America—most of them are tinged with some white blood. There is a low stratum of white society, quite on a level with the negro in many respects, and the reason they do not intermarry is because it is prohibited by the laws of our country. If this restraint is ever removed, and intermarriage between the two races becomes common, within a few centuries the

negro blood could not be traced. As impossible as this may appear to some now it will, however, inevitably come to pass unless some counteracting influence is brought to bear.

Now, in the name of justice, I plead for the colonization of the negro, and in doing so I would not appeal to the credulity of my readers, but rather to their sound judgment in the consideration of a matter of such vital importance to our nation. I make my appeal in behalf of the negro, that he may have a chance to better his condition, and also in justice to the white man, that this thorn may be removed from his flesh, and that American institutions may not be corrupted by the usurpation of an inferior race.

C.

## LOCALS.

—O—

Critic in society:—"Mr. W. smiled too much."

Mr. O. says Marshal Ney went through the country "disguised as a *pheasant*."

Mr. R., of the Senior Latin class, wants to know who wrote "Terence."

Dr. A. to W.:—We are to have co-education next fall.

W.:—Glory! I must have a "dog student."

Mr. W., (reading to his room-mates a "curl" from his oration):—I tell you, boys, that's one of the finest things I ever read.

Mr. D. (at Moesta's):—Well, boys, what will you have to drink?

Mr. S.:—I'll take *shampoo*, please.

Who are going into the contest for the Woods medal? Only *eighteen* heard from yet. If the number continues to increase, classes will have to be suspended for several days to



enable the declaimers to deliver themselves.

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Since the visit of Professor Tyrrel, the distinguished Irish scholar, we have been wondering whether we ought not to change the time-honored pronunciation of our *cum occasione* to *come occasionally*. In fact, during Professor Tyrrel's stay here, we heard our jovial chairman anxiously inquire of one of his friends: "What's going to *become* of 'our koom'?" We prefer the old style, however, and hope "our koom" will not go for some time to come. Nevertheless, we would be glad if Professor Tyrrel would "come occasionally."

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The antiquated and somewhat rural game of croquet is gaining in favor on the campus, and when the weather is unseasonable for the manlier sports, the two or three croquet grounds are popular resorts. It seems odd that the young ladies of the campus do not indulge in this pleasant pastime, which combines the recommendations of outdoor air and gentle exercise. Probably, though, it is because they don't have the stimulus of the anticipation of indulging after the game in a repast made up of madam's pies and pop.

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The pleasant spring weather is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," but with it comes the footsteps of that monster dreaded by all college students, examination

time. There were several "irregulars in April, and very soon they will commence in earnest. Then, good bye to base ball, tennis, etc., until the emancipation of the commencement season shall again send the thrill of joy through our veins, when we shall meet old friends who return to their *alma mater* during her festive season, followed by a return to our homes and loved ones. But the pleasures of commencement and vacation cannot be enjoyed unless we do credit to ourselves in the aforesaid examinations; and if we do achieve success, surely the cup of our happiness will run over with more effusion than madam's best lemon pop.

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Speaking of lemon pop reminds us that one of the R. C. boys (we won't tell his name) while at Old Point during the great naval rendezvous, went with a friend to a refreshment stand to get something with which to slake his burning thirst. His friend called for a vanilla pop, and our hero, who belongs to the Junior German class, naturally ordered beer, and as the refreshment vender moved off to supply their wants, he called across the counter, in a voice that might have been heard on board the "Blake" or the "Santa Maria," if it had not been drowned in the boisterous waves; "Vanilla flavor in my beer, please."



We wish we had space in which to speak of the great International Naval Rendezvous at Hampton Roads. Such an assemblage of mighty war ships of nearly all the nations of the earth, calmly anchored in the same harbor at perfect peace with each other, in addition to its pleasing effect upon the eye and the mind, affords food for much contemplation and moralizing on the international relations of the future. Surely no other age prior to the nineteenth century ever witnessed such a sight as greeted those students who were fortunate enough to be able to attend the Rendezvous. It was a fitting prelude to the great lessons to be learned at the World's Columbian Exposition, which opened at Chicago on May 15; and we trust the opportunity will be accorded to and seized by many of the students of Richmond College of visiting the mighty western metropolis during vacation, and gathering priceless knowledge, that will be of inestimable value to them throughout their lives.

### The Boat Club.

The prospects for our boat crew, so far as its *personnel* is concerned, is indeed encouraging. Two of last year's crew, Read and Clement, are on hand and prepared to wield their strength and skill to sustain their well-earned reputation as oarsmen. The names of the applicants for the vacancies represent material of the best quality, and even if this does

not come up to our high standard, we have available Athey, Grove, and Rucker, of the crews of 1891 and 1892. The finances of the club are not in as good condition as we would wish, especially as a new boat is needed, but there is probability of means being devised for its relief. Our former crews have been excellent beyond all expectation, and if given proper support at the hands of the students, we believe this year's crew will eclipse all previous records. So let us give the efficient committee all the encouragement they require to direct the crew of 1893 to victory.

### Society Elections.

At the regular April election the following officers were chosen in the *Mu Sigma Rho*: Final President, E. M. Long; Term President, T. S. Dunnaway; Vice President, J. P. Essex; Censor, C. M. Graves; Recording Secretary, R. E. Lockett; Corresponding Secretary, J. M. Cardozo; Treasurer, G. W. Cox; Critic, C. A. Boyce; Chaplain, J. H. Franklin; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. W. Hatcher; Hall Manager, F. W. Osborn.

The following officers will serve the Philologian Society during the third term: Final President, D. H. Scott; Term President, J. D. Hart; Vice President, R. H. White; Censor, E. F. Calzado; Recording Secretary, J. E. Johnson; Corresponding Secretary, J. B. Childress; Treasurer, C. G. McDaniel; Critic,



R. W. Grizzard; Chaplain, C. E. Stuart; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. R. Flannagan; Hall Managers, H. A. Willis and A. W. Smith.

At the final celebration Hon. H. St. George Tucker, M. C., will serve the societies as joint orator, Judge J. C. Lamb has been elected final president, and Dr. J. C. Hidden will deliver the medals. Mr. C. W. Duke, having won the joint orator's medal, will, in accordance with a rule adopted last session, represent our societies in the State contest to occur at the University of Virginia, May 5th.

### **Joint Oratorical Contest.**

The third annual oratorical contest for the joint medal given by the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies took place Thursday evening, April 20th, in the College chapel. The audience was large and appreciative, and interest was stimulated by the variety of subjects treated, social political, literary and historical.

The presidents of the two societies, J. D. Hart, Philologian, and T. S. Dunaway, Mu Sigma Rho, presided.

The first speaker introduced was C. G. McDaniel, subject: "The Retrogression of Civilization is in the Past." It was this gentleman's first appearance before the Richmond public. He sustained the reputation he has already won in the society hall. This is Mac's second year at college. We expect to hear from him again.

The second speaker was C. W. Duke, subject: "A Eulogy on Milton, the Poet." Mr. Duke's reputation as an orator justified the audience in expecting a literary treat, and they were not disappointed. His speech showed careful preparation, both as to thought and as to diction, and was gracefully delivered.

Next came C. A. Boyce, subject: "The Triumph of Constitutional Liberty." He entertained the audience in his inimitable style, and clearly demonstrated two facts: first, that he is an orator, and second, that he is a democrat.

Next followed R. H. White, subject: "The Event of the Fifteenth Century." This was also Mr. White's first appearance before the public of Richmond. He gave a graphic description of the discovery of America, and grew eloquent as he eulogized "that peerless adventurer, Christopher Columbus."

The fifth and last orator of the evening was Frank Williams, subject: "Poverty in the Midst of plenty." In his usual clear and forcible style he exposed to view the depth and extent of poverty in our land. He showed himself a close student of the social and political conditions of the country, and added fresh laurels to his reputation as an aurator.

Messrs. McDaniel, White and Williams represented the Philologian Society, and Messrs. Duke and Boyce the Mu Sigma Rho.



The exercises were varied by some choice selections by the College Musical Club.

After a brief consultation the judges, Rev. Drs. J. C. Hiden and H. A. Tupper, and Messrs. J. B. Cary, M. C. Staples and H. R. Pollard, returned, and Dr. Hiden announced their decision in favor of Mr. C. W. Duke.

### G. and H. Notes.

The history of nations is largely the history of their wars, and as the civil war is one of the greatest features in our national history, the G. and H. Society, in its recent discussions of the great struggles between the States, has been discharging its proper functions as an historical society. Perhaps in another session the arts of peace will be more popular than those of war, and then we shall hear, no doubt, of discoveries, colonizations or commerce.

A public meeting of the society will be held toward the close of the session.

Professor Boatwright proposes to have an excursion towards the end of May, and we hope a large number will go and enjoy it.

### Thomas Memorial Lectures.

The sixth course of lectures under the James Thomas endowment, delivered April 3-6 in the beautiful hall bearing the name of the founder, deserve more than a passing notice. The lecturer this year was Professor

Robert Yelverton Tyrrel, the distinguished scholar from the University of Dublin, Ireland; and the subjects of the four lectures all related to Latin poets and poetry. We regret that limited space does not permit as much of them as we would like to see recorded in the MESSENGER.

In the first lecture, subject "Lucretius and Epicureanism," Prof. Tyrrel stated that, although Epicureanism, as a system, may be dead, the poetry with which Lucretius clothes its every argument is not dead or likely to die. The nearest approach, in our language, to Lucretius's style, is that exhibited by Tennyson's "Two Voices," where we find philosophy and poetry so beautifully and harmoniously blended. Lucretius was the "high priest of atheism and the apostle of irreligion," but he lived among a people whose religious beliefs were grotesque and absurd, and whose gods had become so numerous that there was hardly room enough left in the world for man.

Lucretius proposed to abolish the gods in the interest of humanity. Epicureanism delivered its votaries from fear of death. Lucretius discouraged love, and he was equally severe against ambition and superstition. His reason for presenting his matter-of-fact views in verse was to make harsh truths seem less bitter.

The subject of the second lecture was, "Catullus and the Augustan Age;" or more strictly speaking, it was a discourse on love as treated



by the bards of the Augustan period; for this seemed to be the trend of the speaker's remarks throughout the lecture; and in this respect the subject matter differed widely from that of the first lecture, which dealt so largely with the didactic in poetry. After briefly sketching the life of Catullus, who was a contemporary of Caesar, Cicero, and Lucretius, the speaker discussed at length the style and character of Catullus' poems as compared with the works of other poets. Catullus has been called "The Herald of the Augustan Age." After him came a series of brilliant writers among whom were Tibullus, Ovid, and Propertius.

The third lecture, on "Virgil," was probably the most enjoyable of the course. Virgil's works have had a great influence—probably greater than any other Latin writings—upon the literature of every age for centuries past, and Virgil ranks among Latin poets as Homer does among Greek. Prof. Tyrrel's comparison of these two immortal poets, taking as his ground the "Aeneid," and the "Iliad," was most interesting and instructive. The speaker then devoted his remarks to the twelve books of the "Aeneid," and read some of the choicest selections from them. He severely criticized the fifth book, and stated that, on account of its mediocre literary merit, some scholars maintain that it was not written by Virgil, but by some author of considerably less ability. One of the chief charms of Vir-

gil's poetry is that it revives in the minds of older readers fresh memories of the thoughts and feelings of the young, with a sweetness only equalled by the fragrance of violets.

The subject of the fourth and last lecture was "Quintus Horatius Flaccus," or as he is familiarly known among the learned and unlearned, "Horace." The lecturer said that only of recent years had Horace come to be appreciated and regarded as a model of style. In England it is now seems to be regarded as essential to a respectable education that a man shall know at least a modicum of Horace. But in his discussion of Horace's life and works, Professor Tyrrel clearly shows that he, at least, does not share the high opinion of Horace held by most scholars, although at times his criticism was highly complimentary. The lecturer pointed out the differences in the style of Horace's satires and epistles, and his odes. Professor Tyrrel's verdict in regard to the poet was that "he is Rome's greatest lyric poet," and the close of the lecture was eloquent, just, and touching.

The entire course was well received by cultivated audiences. The language of the distinguished lecturer was chaste, and at times ornate. He pronounces Latin according to the English method, which differs from the continental method taught at Richmond College.



### Athletics.

On account of delay in receiving medals, Field Day has been postponed by the committee from April 28 to May 5. The exercises promise to be of a very interesting order, particularly the tennis contest, the preliminary of which has been set for Tuesday, May 2.

Two of the three match games arranged with Randolph-Macon were played this month by the base ball team, and it gives us much regret to record two defeats, for which there seems to be no mitigation or consolation, unless we count last year's base ball score and this session's foot ball victory. While, in the absence of present successes, it is pleasant to contemplate bygone victories, it was much of a surprise and disappointment to the base ball team that the contests resulted as they did. But the team should not be censured, as they did the best that was possible under the circumstances, and Randolph-Macon has certainly a strong team.

The first game was played at Island Park on April 10th, and resulted in a score of 11 to 9 in favor of Randolph-Macon. It seemed significant that nine out of the eleven runs made by our opponents were scored in one (the second) inning, when our boys became very much "rattled," and so the team went up to Ashland on the 15th with strong hopes of victory. But, alas! The inability of our players to "find" the Randolph-Macon pitcher, com-

bined with the heavy batting of our opponents, caused an overwhelming defeat for our team—score, 16 to 6. To say that these results were discouraging to the team does not adequately express their feelings of disappointment and chagrin at their failure to sustain the reputation of the "Champions of 1890." But add to this the wholesale condemnation and "guying" received at the hands of a large number of their college mates, and the high spirits of some of the members of the team—who, by the way, are among the most loyal students at Richmond College when anything has to be said or done that concerns the welfare of their *alma mater*—have many times received severe shocks. Fellow-students, if you ever expect to make a success of athletics at Richmond College, it is absolutely necessary that you not only give the Athletic Association your financial support, but also that you quit your fault-finding and "guying" of the members of the athletic teams, and turn the current of the energies heretofore expended in tearing down the efforts of loyal students, into the channels of sympathy and encouragement.

The local editors may be criticized for thus "publishing to the world our disgrace," but the above-mentioned evil has been brought so forcibly to our attention since the Richmond College and Randolph-Macon games that this means has been adopted with the double pur-



pose of offering a partial explanation of the defeats recorded here, and of stimulating the student body to a just conception of their duty along this line, Considering the material available, the base ball team, to say the least, is a creditable one.

The foot ball players likely to return next session give grounds for the prediction that the team of 1892 will be superior to all its predecessors, and if it receives proper support and encouragement, will doubtless meet unprecedented success. This, of course, does not mean that we can expect or hope to win in every contest, as some of our critics seem to think we ought

to do, or quit the field, but we believe we will come off with *our share* of the honors.

In this connection we suggest that it would be advisable to elect, before the close of the session, a manager for next session's team. We believe that most of the defeats suffered by the foot ball team this year were caused by the fact that we met the strongest teams first, and a repetition of this experience can only be avoided by electing the manager some time in advance, so that he can have time to look into these points. The captain should also be chosen before the session's close.

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## EXCHANGES.

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### Editor's Easy Chair.

It is generally claimed the Exchange editor has the easy chair in college journalism. Whether this be the case or not he must admit that it is a position in which he becomes very much fascinated with the duties he has to perform. When he casts his eyes over such well gotten up magazines as *Berkleyan*, *University Mirror*, *Elon College Monthly*, *University Cynic*, and the *Monthly*, published by the Georgia University, and many others too numerous to mention, all of which are noted for articles of a high literary standard, seasoned with a fair proportion of interesting articles for those students

whose minds do not run in a literary channel, he is prone to wander from the path of duty, by dropping the editorial pen and passing the time in the enjoyment of reading.

Now and then he comes across such an article as "College Spirit" in the *Wake Forest Student*, and is filled with enthusiasm and feels his time could be better used by memorizing such an article that he might make a declamation on the kind of college spirit which should characterize the student.

It might be well said the glory of the college papers and magazines, which come to our exchange table differeth only as one star differeth



from another in glory. Not one of them seems to envy the beauty and attractiveness of the other; a feeling of brotherly love, and good will seems to characterize them. To us however the brightest star that seems to shine in this galaxy of College Journals is that brilliant star, which sends its rays to us from the Washington and Lee University. *The Southern Collegian*. It has a fine appearance and contains a rich supply of good articles. It is a magazine of which any College or University might well be proud.

From the peculiar characteristics which seem to prevail throughout all our Exchanges the MESSENGER draws this cheering conclusion, that it is but the inauguration of a period in College journalism, whose good experience will continue to improve the present and have a lasting effect upon those which are to follow.

But, alas, spring time tells many of us that we shall welcome you but a little longer, that others will soon have to take our places; yet as our sun declines, we can truly say our good wishes increase.

*The McMicken Review* contains an article on "The College Man's Position in the Community." It would do any student good to read it. The writer of it is no doubt a young "college boy statesman" if such a title can be given him—just budding out as it were into manhood, who has been reared and disciplined no doubt by some good college professor,

training him to become a man well fitted to serve his country.

In speaking of the position in which the college man should be, he first claims it is his duty to identify himself with the best interest of the community in which he lives. He should persuade those about him to take greater part in the affairs of government, to elevate the moral tone of politics. Politics, says he, in its least comprehensive sense, is an art, which concerns itself about the national housekeeping, about the immediate interest and workaday wants.

The *Messenger* concurs in everything the writer says. We recognize the fact that college graduates must devote themselves in a greater or less degree to the public weal. Although the very name of politics is odious to some, we believe it is as much in the power of the college man to purify it as any other class.

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Many men have wished for riches,  
While for power some hearts yearn,  
Beauty many a mind bewitches,  
With wisdom numbers turn.  
But I do not ask for great things,  
A little boon my soul would please;  
It is only that my trousers  
May not bag at the knees.

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Long live the *Occident*. We notice you are young in the good cause, but can congratulate you on your good showing. Your editorials are far above the average.

The "*Buff and Blue*" is among our new exchanges. It will always be welcomed.



The *College Rambler* has its usual choice selections. "Poverty the cause of our prosperity"—deserves special mention.

### The Girl I Used to Know.

"That old sweet-heart of mine," said he,  
 "Why, sweet-hearts don't grow old!  
 I kept one more than fifty years  
 Like newly minted gold.  
 'Tis true her hands had grown more thin,  
 Her teeth less pearly white;  
 But in her eyes I saw the same  
 Shy glance of heavenly light.  
 I thought sometimes her youthful step  
 Had grown a trifle slow;  
 But in her voice I recognized  
 The girl I used to know.

"And when she leaned upon my arm,  
 I thought I could divine  
 That she assumed those feeble steps  
 In keeping pace with mine;  
 For it was plain that I was old,  
 And had no boon to crave,  
 Except to stay awhile to plant  
 Some flowers on her grave.  
 I'll plant a rose with longest life,  
 One that shall always grow,  
 Above 'that old sweet-heart of mine,'  
 The girl I used to know.

"No pearl she wished could lie asleep  
 Where deep seas thundered low,  
 There was no mountain bloom could nod  
 Where glaciers shone below;  
 To win for her no path too steep  
 Nor hard for me to go—  
 And still I'm planting flowers for  
 The girl I used to know."

—Exchange.

### College News.

Chauncey Depew said to the students at Yale recently: "What made the class of '53 so famous is that half of its members went into journalism and praised the other half.—*Ex.*

Son: Pa, what does "A. B." after this professor's name mean?"

Father (old enthusiast); At bat, my son.

Washington and Lee University has graduated thirty-seven governors, eight United States senators and thirty-one college presidents.

At the University of Wisconsin a rank of 85 per cent. in daily or term work exempts a student from examinations.

The best endowed college in this country is Columbia, with \$9,000,000, Harvard comes next with \$8,000,000.

The pride of the Vassar girls is that none of their graduates have ever been divorced.

Student teaching Sunday school class: Moreover the dog licked the sores of Lazarus.

Fittle boy: What does moreover mean?"

Student: Moreover is the name of the dog.—*Ex.*

William Astor has promised \$1,000,000 to found a negro University in Oklahoma.

The University of Georgia has the oldest student in the United States. He is 65 years old, and is one of the boys.—*Ex.*

Cornwall gives free education to 212 students.



The late Ex-President Hayes was the first man to receive the degree of L. L. D. from Johns Hopkins University.

Professor to student: Mr. W., what made you late to class to-day?

Student: Professor, I did not hear the bell until ten minutes after it rang.

Let us always be loyal and true to our *alma mater*, in our hearts and in our words, and never by any means place a stumbling block in the way of her progress. Unity plus loyalty, plus activity to the fourth power, equals college spirits.—*Ex.*

Franklin College, Indiana, contains a new species of the genus footballist. The name of the individual is Vincent Carter, a member of the college team. During the past season he came out of a game with a sprained ankle and has recently filed suit against the athletic

association for \$10,000 damages.—*Ex.*

Vincent has a good name, but we do not admire his nerve—if such it can be called.

#### A DECISION,

It was a case of Love's appeal—

A case of greatest measure—

A Heart declared that Cupid had  
Bereft her of her treasure!

Young Cupid had subpoenaed Love,  
And Love did testify

That Cupid elsewhere had been,  
And proved an alibi.

But old Judge Time then shook his  
head—

His shrewdness never tires—

"But Love and Cupid are," he said,  
"A noted twain of liars."

—Williams Weekly.

In the sanctum.—Stranger: I wish to submit for publication a few verses I just dashed off.

Editor: What's the subject?"

Stranger. "My Heart's Passionate Pants."

Editor: My friend, this is not a second-hand clothing store. Take your heart's garments elsewhere.



**MATRICULATES OF 1892-'93.**

—o—

- Acree, Russell, Danville, Va.; Latin, German, English, Mathematics.  
Addison, W. Meade, Richmond; German, English, Math, Chemistry.  
Allen, Noel J., Buckingham county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math, Phys.  
Allison, H. T., Fauquier county, Va.; Latin, German.  
Armstrong, Douglas, Richmond; English, Mathematics, Chemistry.  
Bagby, R. Hugh, Mancheste, Va.; Latin, English, Chem, Philosophy.  
Bates, John W., Richmond; Latin, Math, Phys, Chem.  
Binford, Jesse H., Henrico county, Va.; Latin, English, Math.  
Blair, Adolphus, Jr., Richmond; French, German, English, Chem, Phil.  
Blair, Wm. C., Fall Creek, Va.; Latin, Greek, Chemistry.  
Blair, Walter D., Richmond; Latin, Greek, French, German, Math.  
Bosher, Judson S., Richmond; Latin, Math, Chem, Phys.  
Bosher, Percy S., Richmond; Latin, French, English, Math.  
Bosher, Robert S., Jr., Richmond; Latin, French, Math.  
Bowden, R. H., Smithfield, Va.; Greek, English, Phil.  
Bowe, N. Stuart, Richmond; Latin, German, Math, Phil.  
Bowe, R. Bruce, Richmond; Latin, French, Math, Phys.  
Boyce, Clinton A., Richmond; Law.  
Boyd, W. C., Richmond, Va.; Latin, Math, Phys.  
Bradshaw, J. Leslie, Burkeville, Va.; French, English, Math, Phys.  
Britt, Walter L., Bertie county, N. C.; Greek, French, Math, Phil.  
Burnette, Henry C., Jr., Richmond; English, Math, Phil.  
Cabell, Walter C., Richmond; French, German, Math, Phys, Chem.  
Calzado, Eusebio F., Saltillo, Mex.; French, English, Math.  
Campbell, Harry L., Richmond; Latin, German, Math.  
Cardegas, Jose M., Saltillo, Mex.; French, English, Math.  
Cardozo, B. Pollard, Richmond; French, Math, Phys.  
Cardozo, J. Mosby, Richmond; Latin, French, German, Math.  
Cardozo, Lewis A., Richmond; Latin, French, German, Math, Phys.  
Chenoweth, Rea, London, Ohio; Latin, English, Math.  
Childress, Jno. B., Pittsylvania co., Va.; Latin, Greek, Fr, Math, Phys.  
Clapp, Hugh B., Corryton, Tenn.; Greek, Math.  
Clement, Chas., Camybell county, Va.; English, Chem, Phil.



- Cocke, M. Estes, Hollins, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Cole, George H., Baltimore, Md.; English, Math.  
Cooke, Charles M., Jr., Louisburg, N. C.; French, Math, Phys, Chem.  
Copenhaver, O. W., Smythe county, Va.; English, Math, Phys.  
Cosby, James T., Caroline county, Va.; Math, Chem, Law.  
Cox, George W., Gloucester C. H., Va.; Latin, Greek, English, Math.  
Craig, J. Douglas, Richmond; Law.  
Crews, John A., Danville, Va.; Latin, German, English, Math.  
Crittenden, C. C., Burkeville, Va.; Greek, French, Math, Phys, Phil.  
Davis, Eugene C., Portsmouth, Va.; Latin, English, Math.  
Dean, Augustus F., Scott county, Va.; Latin, French, German, Chem.  
DeVault, Samuel P., Boone's Creek, Tenn.; Latin, Greek, Fr, Math.  
Dinneen, John H., Richmond; Law.  
Duke, Claude W., Nansemond county, Va.; Latin, French, Ger, Phys.  
Duke, Wm. D., Richmond; Latin, German, Math, Chem, Phil.  
Duling, Wm. B., King and Queen county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Dunaway, Thomas S., Fauquier co., Va.; Fr, Eng, Math, Phys, Phil.  
Dunaway, Wayland F., Fauquier co., Va., Grk, Ger, Math, Phys, Phil.  
Essex, J. Paul, La Grange, Mo.; Greek, English, Math.  
Fairkauk, G. L., Richmond; English, Math, Chem.  
Flanagan, Wm. R., King and Queen county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Flegenheimer, Henry, Richmond; Law.  
Fletcher, George L., Warrenton, Va.; Latin, Math, Phys.  
Florence, R. R., Richmond; Law.  
Fowlkes, Minitree, Richmond; Law.  
Fox, Albert P, Richmond; Latin, French, German, Math, Chem.  
Franklin, James H, Appomattox co., Va.; Latin, Greek, Math, Phil.  
Freeman, Hamner G, Lynchburg, Va.; Law.  
Garnett, M. B., Mathews C. H., Va.; Latin, German, Math, Chem.  
Goldback, Meyer G., Richmond; German, English, Math.  
Graves, Charles M., Southampton county, Va.; Greek, French, English.  
Gwathmey, William, King William co., Va.; Latin, German, Math, Chem.  
Haden, H. E., Fluvana, Va.; Law.  
Haley, James T, Pittsylvania county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Hall, Archer J, Culpeper county, Va.; English, Math.



- Hambleton, George F., Louisa county, Va.; Greek, English, Math, Chem  
Harris, George T., Richmond; Latin, Greek, German, Math.  
Harris, Henry T., Buckingham county, Va.; Latin, English, Chem, Phil  
Harrison, Charles T., Glade Spring, Va.; Math, Phys, Chem.  
Harrison, Edmund, Jr., Richmond; Latin, Creek, Math, Phil.  
Harrison, Roger W., Richmond; Latin, Greek, English, Math.  
Hart, Jacob D., Bristol, Tenn.; Latin, Greek, Phil.  
Hatcher, Robert W., Montgomery co., Va.; Greek, French, Eng, Chem.  
Hayes, William L., Petersburg, Va.; Latin, French, English, Phil.  
Higgason, E. T., Hanover county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math, Chem.  
Hill, Erank T., Albemarle county, Va.; Latin, French, English, Math.  
Hinds, William, Richmond; Latin, English, Math.  
Hixson, James E., Bledsoe county, Tenn.; Latin French, German, Eng.  
Hobbs, Charles K., Portsmouth, Va.; English, Math, Chem.  
Hoen, Walter S., Richmond; German, English, Chem.  
Hoover, Milton J., Bath county, Va.; Latin, German, Math, Phil.  
Jacob, B. A., Jr., Richmond; Latin, English, Math.  
James, William C., Austin, Tex.; French, German, Math, Phys.  
Johnson, John E., Isle of Wight county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math, Phys  
Jones, Fred A., Bonham, Tex.; Latin, Greek, Math, Phys.  
Jones, Frank C., Bocham, Tex.; Latin, Greek, English, Phil.  
Jones, William H., Richmond; English, Math, Phil.  
King, James G., Fredericksburg, Var; Latin, German, English, Math.  
Lawrence, James F., Richmond; Law.  
Leary, A. McIntyre, Minden, La.; Latin, German, Math, Chem.  
Lemon, Charles W., Alleghany co., Va.; French, English, Math, Chem  
Lewis, Samuel H., Richmond; Latin, English, Math.  
Ligon, Leslie N., Appomattox county, Va.; English, Math.  
Lipscomb, Thomas W., King and Queen co., Va; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Lockett, Robert E., Crewe, Va.; Latin, English, Math.  
Long, Ernest M., Richmond; English, Law.  
Long, Wm. F., Chester, Pa.; Greek, French, Math, Phil.  
Louthan, Alex. D., Madison county, Va.; Greek, Phil:  
Loving, Robert E., Fluvanna county, Va.; Latin, French, German, Eng  
Loyd, John E., Bedford county, Va.; English, Math, Chem.



- Lyne, Wm. H., Jr., Richmond; Latin, French, German, Chem.
- Lynn, James F., Richmond; German, Math, Phys.
- Lynn, William R., Richmond; English, Math, Chem.
- Marsh, Robert T., Lancaster county, Va.; Latin, Greek, English.
- Marstella, John A., Martinsburg, W. Va.; Latin, Greek, Phys, Phil.
- Martin, Melvin A., Chesterfield county, Va.; English, Math.
- Maurice, A. B., New York City; Latin, French, English.
- McClanahan, R. K., Brandy Station, Va.; Latin, Phys, Chem.
- McDaniel, C. G., Richmond; Latin, Greek, French, Math, Chem
- McGowan, Wm. A., Richmond; Latin, English, Phys.
- McRae, Paul, Cumberland county, Va.; English, Phys, Phil.
- Mercer, J. Herbert, Richmond; Latin, English, Math.
- Mercer, Warren H., Richmond; Law.
- Merkle, George G., Churchland, Va.; Latin, Greek, German, Math.
- Morris, Walter H., Jr., Richmond; English, Math, Chem.
- Mosby, N. Thomas, Richmond; Law.
- Moses, Charles R., Montgomery county, Va.; Latin, English, Math.
- Murdock, J. R., King and Queen co., Va.; Latin, Greek, English, Phil
- Neathery, R. W., Houston, Va.; Latin, Greek, English, Math.
- Nelson, Edward R., Louisa county, Va.; Latin Greek, English, Math.
- Newbill, J. Aubrey, West Point, Va.; Latin, English, Math.
- Newsome, Arthur T., Hartford co., N. C.; Latin, Greek, French, Math.
- Norfleet, Herbert L., Southampton co., Va.; Lat, Ger, Eng, Math, Phil
- Osborn, Erank W., Lawrenceville, Va.; English, Law.
- Parker, Chartes J., Richmond; Latin, German, Chem.
- Pilcher, Edwin M., Petersburg, Va.; Law.
- Pleasant, John A., Richmond; Law.
- Powers, Edgar T., Richmond; French, English, Math, Phys.
- Provence, Herbert W., Richmond; German, English, Phys. Phil.
- Quillen, M. W., Scott county; Latin, Greek, Math.
- Ragland, Butler W., Richmond; Latin, Greek, German, Math.
- Ragland, George, Richmond; Latin, Greek, Math.
- Ragland, John F., J., Richmond; Latin, Greek, Math.
- Rawley, James K., Barton Heights, Va.; Latin, German, English, Math
- Read, John H., Jr., Luray, Va.; German, English, Phil.



- Redwood, Harry W., Asheville, N. C., French, English, Math, Phys.  
Riddell, Ira C., Goochland county, Va.; Latin, French, German, Math,  
Robins Claiborne, Richmond; Latin, German, English, Math, Chem.  
Robinson, Charles W., Greenville county, Va.; Latin, English.  
Rood, Robert B., Richmond; Law.  
Ryland, Charles P., Mecklenburg county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Ryland, John S., Lunenburg C. H., Va.; Greek, English, Phil.  
Sallade, Jacob, Fredericksburg, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Samuels, Leslie B., Bardstown, Ky.; Latin, Greek, English, Phil.  
Sands, Alex. H., Richmond; Latin, Math, Phys.  
Scanlan, Fayette E., Fairfax county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Phil.  
Schoen, Charles C., Richmond; Latin, German, English.  
Scott, David H., Richmond; Latin, Math, Phil.  
Seaton, Thomas E., Richmond; Law,  
Seward, Wm. W., Surry C. H., Va.; Latin, English, Phys.  
Sisk, Wm. W., Culpeper C. H., Va.; English, Math, Phys.  
Skinner, T. C., Fauquier county, Va.; Latin, Greek, English.  
Smith, Albert W., Orange county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math, Phys.  
Smith, Stephen L., Fauquier co, Va.; Latin, German, English, Math.  
Stuart, Charles E., Pulaski City, Va., Latin, Greek, Math, Phys.  
Stuart, Charles L., Richmond; Latin, Greek, English, Math.  
Sullivan, John A., Richmond; Latin, English, Math.  
Tayloe, Henry V., Mecklenburg county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Temple, Thos., Templeton, Va.; Latin, English, Math.  
Thayer, Wm. E., Charleston, S. C.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Thornhill, Aubrey J., Manchester, Va.; Latin, English, Math.  
Trainum, Wm. H., Orange county, Va.; Latin, English, Math.  
Trice, Wm. W., Hopkinsville, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Tucker, Wm. C., Richmond; Latin, French, German, Math.  
Turner, Jos. A., Hollins, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.  
Twichell, Henry C., Richmond; Latin, Greek, English, Math.  
Vellines, Ro. E., Manchester; Latin, English, Math.  
Waite, Charles M., Culpeper, Va.; Law.  
Walthall, D. K., Richmond; Greek, Math, Phys, Chem.  
Watkins, Wm. B., Richmond; Latin, German, Math.



- Webb, R. Bruce, Roanoke, Va.; English, Math.
- Wellford, Thos. S., Richmond; Latin, French, Math, Phys.
- White, Gilbert C., Richmond; French, Math.
- White, Richard H., Hampton, Va.; Latin, Greek, German, Chem.
- Williams, Frank, Jr., Fairfax county, Va.; English, Phys, Chem, Phil.
- Willingham, R. J., Memphis, Tenn.; Latin, Greek, Math.
- Willis, Herbert A., Culpeper county, Va.; Latin, Greek, Math.
- Winston, Geddis H., Richmond; Latin, German, English, Math.
- Winston, Harry B., Richmond; English, Math, Phys, Chem.
- Winston, Peter, Richmond; Math, Phys, Chem.
- Wolfe, Lindsay C., Giles county, Va.; Law.
- Wood, John F., Bristol, Tenn., Latin, German, English, Math.
- Wright, Lindsay R., Clarksville, Va.; Latin, Greek, English.





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