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## The Messenger, Vol. 20, No. 3

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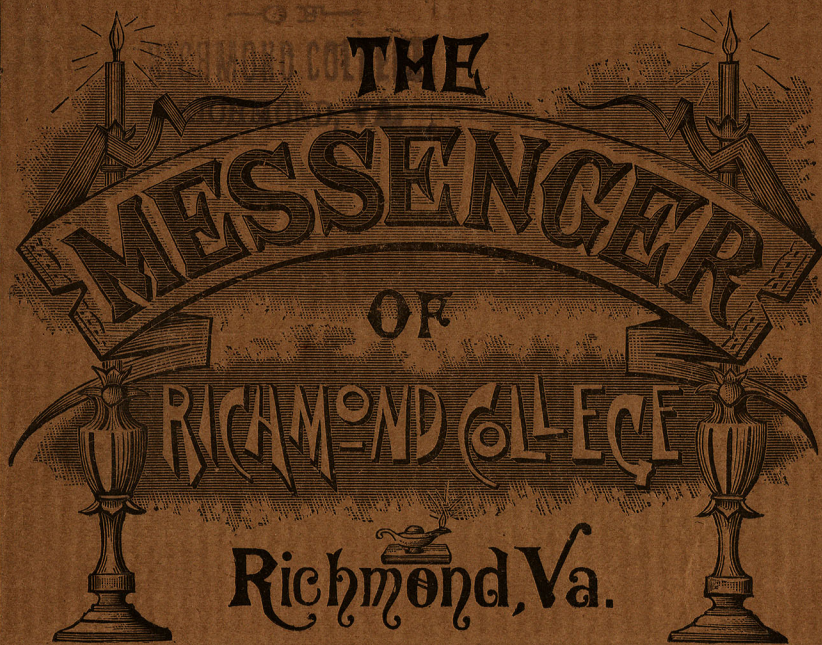
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# THE MESSENGER OF RICHMOND COLLEGE Richmond, Va.

*Published Monthly by the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Societies.*

VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 3.

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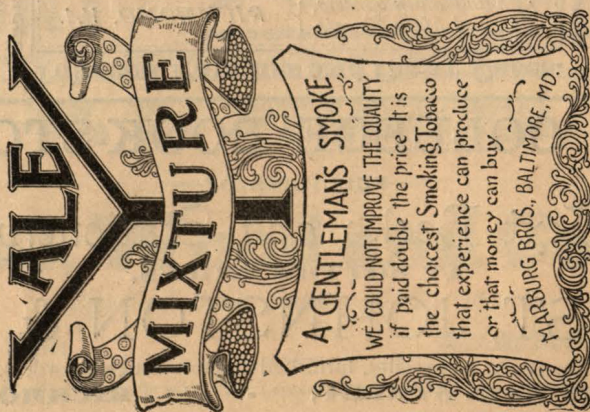
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# Richmond College Messenger.

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VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1893.

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## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith, one of the most distinguished ornaments of English literature, was born in the village of Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November, 1728. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a clergyman of the Established Church, held the living of Kilkenny—West, in the county of Westmeath. At the age of six, Oliver was placed under the care of the village schoolmaster, "Paddy" Byrne, when an attack of the small-pox interrupted his studies. On his recovery he went to several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. In his seventeenth year he entered Trinity College, Dublin. After remaining here four years he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Goldsmith was now in his twenty-first year, with all the world before him; and the question was as to how he was to employ such knowl-



edge as he had acquired. His relatives were anxious that he should enter the church ; but when he appeared before the bishop, he was rejected. A kind-hearted uncle then gave him £50, and sent him to Dublin to study law ; but Goldsmith being attracted to a gaming-house, lost every shilling. Another sum was raised, and he proceeded to Edinburgh to study medicine, where he remained eighteen months in attendance on lectures, but did not take a degree. He then proceeded to the continent, hovered about Leyden for some time, haunting the gaming-tables with but indifferent success ; and in February, 1755, in his twenty-seventh year, he left that celebrated university, for the purpose of travelling on foot through Europe. His wardrobe, furniture, and finances, at this time amounted to " a shirt on his back, a flute in his hand, and a guinea in his pocket." He " took the world for his pillow," and rambled on through Flanders, France, Switzerland, and Italy, supporting himself by his musical talents with which he entertained the peasantry, and by the gratuities given by the universities to wandering students. After taking his degree of Bachelor of Medicine at the University of Padua, the wanderer returned to England, landing at Dover in 1756, without money, friends, or object in life. He made his way to London ; and here starvation stared him in the face. By the assistance of Dr. Sleigh, a fellow-student, he set up as a physician among the poor. His fees however, were small, and very ill paid. He found it necessary, therefore, to have recourse to his pen. He took a garret in a miserable court, and here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack. His first work of note was an " Inquiry Into the Polite Learning in Europe," and was published in April, 1759. In January, 1760, Mr. Newberry commenced the *Public Ledger*, to which Goldsmith contributed the celebrated " Chinese Letters," afterwards republished under the title of " The Citizen of the World." He also wrote

a "Life of Beau Nash," and a "History of England," in a series of letters. On the 31st of May, 1761, he was introduced to Dr. Johnson, who, in his turn, introduced his new friend to the Literary Club. By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable garret, and had taken chambers in the Inns of the Court. In December, 1764, "The Traveller" appeared, and at once placed him in the front rank of English authors. The outline of this beautiful poem had been sketched by Goldsmith during his residence in Switzerland, and part of it had been addressed from that country to his brother Henry in Ireland. A soft musical sound pervades the whole composition, and it is full of graceful melody from one end to the other. What could be more rythmical than the following lines ?

"To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,  
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.  
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,  
How often have I led thy sportive choir,  
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !  
Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew ;  
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,  
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;  
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,  
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour."

Two years after the appearance of "The Traveller," Goldsmith published the "Vicar of Wakefield," which is a perfect picture of domestic life, and is still read with interest. It became immensely popular, and had a large sale, to which its merits justly entitled it. In rapid succession he produced his other works. The comedy of the "Good-Natured Man," in 1767 ; and the "Deserted Village," the sweetest of all his poems, in 1770. Its leading thought is based on an idea of Goldsmith's that the accumulation of wealth in a country is the source of all evils, including depopulation. This poem is clear bird-singing ; but there is a pa-



thetic note in it. It is, simple, natural, melodious, and in places full of pensive tenderness. Nowhere in the realm of poetry do we find a sweeter burst of song than in these lines of the "Deserted Village":

"Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church, that topt the neighboring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!"

In 1773, Goldsmith's comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" was produced at Convent Garden with great success. It brought the author five hundred pounds. His other works are a "Grecian History," 1774; "Retaliation," a poem, 1777, and a "History of Animated Nature," which he did not live to complete. Although now in receipt of large funds for his works, Goldsmith had not escaped from pecuniary embarrassment. His charities were only bounded by his purse and he frequented the gaming tables quite as often, and with as constant ill success, as of old. He owed more than two thousand pounds, and he saw no hope of being able to pay it. In March, 1774, he came up to London, ill in body and harassed in mind, and on the 25th of that month he took to his bed for the last time. He became rapidly worse, and died on the 11th of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year, more lamented than any literary man of his time. He was interred in the Temple burying ground, a few select friends following his corpse to the grave. Some two years later, a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey between that of the Duke of Argyle and Gay. The bust of Goldsmith is exhibited in a large medallion, embellished with literary ornaments, underneath which is a tablet of

white marble, with a latin inscription by Dr. Johnson, containing the famous line :

*“ Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.”*

Goldsmith was the most natural genius of his time. There is an indescribable charm in his writings, that wins the heart of every reader. His style was simple, graceful, and easy. His own character was not without serious blemishes. He was extravagant, loved fine living and rich clothes, and was vain and impulsive ; but he was mild and gentle in his manners, warm in his friendships, and active in his charity and benevolence. “ Let not his frailties be remembered,” said Johnson, “ he was a very great man.” In his wayward and troubled career he passed many trying hours, and had moments of sharp mental anxiety ; but he had the satisfaction of knowing, before he died, that his productions, as a novelist, dramatist, and poet, were appreciated by the great bulk of his countryman. Goldsmith did not leap, as did Byron after him, from obscurity into the lap of fame. He did not “ awake and find himself famous ;” but his rise was gradual. He was a plant of slow growth. He spent many weary years of drudgery and hack-writing before he came into prominence ; but when he “ struck for honest fame,” and gave the world “ The Traveller,” “ The Vicar of Wakefield,” and “ The Deserted Village,” the public were not slow to recognize his genius and to give him a high position among English men of letters.

We conclude this sketch of Goldsmith’s life and works with a criticism by Macaulay :

“ There have been many greater writers ; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humor rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness.”

W. F. D., JR.



**ALFRED THE GREAT.**

---

The youngest son of Aethelwolf, king of the West Saxons, was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849 A. D.

He was a bright, brave boy, full of the folk-lore of his own people, with a mind of rare power and sensitiveness—a docile, loving, reverent soul. In his boyhood he was enfeebled by disease ; and, about the time of reaching his majority, he was attacked by a malady, which afflicted him through life.

Even in his time of greatest activity he was seldom free from pain. It seems that these diseases came on him, in answer to his own prayer. Before all things, he was desirous to strengthen his mind in the keeping of God's commandments. Finding that the devil, who is jealous of good, was likely to become the master of his mind, he used often to rise at cock-crow, when the sparkling dew was fresh from heaven, and repairing to some church, or holy place, and there cast himself before God in fervent prayer that he might do nothing contrary to His holy will. Finding himself unable to conquer all evils that came to him, he began to pray, that God in his great mercy would strengthen his mind and will by some sickness, such as would be to him the means of subduing his body, but would not spare itself outwardly, or render him powerless, or contemptible in worldly duties, or less able to benefit his people.

After he had thus prayed it pleased God to answer his petition by afflicting him with a very painful disease, which continued until his twentieth year—during this year he married ; and during the wedding feast he left his frolic, went off into a quiet place and prayed to God to change the former affliction for another. This prayer also God granted, and this second disease lasted him through life.

As he advanced through infancy and youth, he did not deviate from the old saying, that “ an ugly baby makes a



pretty grown person." His form appeared more comely than those of his brothers; and in facial expression, conversation, and manners he was more graceful than his relatives. He was the darling of his people, the "household" joy and comfort of his mother.

Now let us turn to a few among the many services he rendered his country.

"Darling of the English"—

Time but adds to Alfred's praises. He is a star of the first magnitude among the galaxy of kings that have reigned in England. With one consent our historians agree in characterising him as the wisest, best, noblest and greatest king of them all. His disposition was gentle and amiable, and his bearing frank and affable towards all. He had a regard for, and was merciful and forgiving toward his bitterest enemies. The country was never governed by a fairer hand, impartial and sympathetic. I have never read of his equal. As a warrior, when not many years of age he was summoned to the assistance of his brother, Aethelred, against the Danes. A series of encounters took place, in which Alfred greatly distinguished himself, especially at Ashdown, where the Danes were routed with great slaughter, leaving several of their most famous leaders dead on the field.

Aethelred dying in the midst of the struggle, Alfred was without any objection elected king 871. He was defeated at Wilton.

Both parties were now becoming tired of war, immense loss had been suffered on both sides. A treaty of peace was concluded, and the Danes withdrew to London. On the cessation of hostilities Alfred was enabled to turn his attention to naval affairs. The sea was swarming with pirates, and their descents on the coast kept the country in a state of perpetual alarm. To cope with them, Alfred resolved to



meet them on their own element; and a naval victory, which he gained over seven Danish rovers in 875, is the first on record won by Englishmen.

Alfred brought the fleet into a state of great efficiency; it was Alfred indeed who laid the foundation of England's naval greatness so well displayed at the "Rendezvous" held at Norfolk in April, 1893.

After he had, to the best of his ability, placed the country in a state of defence, then he gave them laws. The laws prior to Alfred consisted in imposing all sorts of religious disabilities, the corn laws, the clique laws, etc. "On the contrary," said Alfred, "there must be a high ideal, there is order laid down from everlasting to everlasting, and the tendency to each faith in God, was the thing that was taking the tone and nerve out of our system." Alfred's sole aim as a law-maker was to recognize and declare these eternal laws of God; and as a ruler was to bring his own conduct, and that of his people, into accordance with them. With this view, "Alfred's Cade," or "Alfred's Doom," starts an almost literal transcript of the Decalogue. There are a few variations the first; the second commandment is omitted in the right place, and stands as tenth (in the words of the 23d verse of the 20th of Exodus), "Work not for thyself golden gods or silver." Again, in the fourth, the Saxon text runs: "In six days Christ wrought the heavens and earth and all shapen things that in them are, and rested on the seventh day; and for that the Lord hallowed it."

I shall now give you a few selections from the Mosaic Code, from the 21st and 22d chapters of Exodus, with their modification:



## EXODUS XXI.

1. Now these are the judgments which thou shalt set before them.

2. If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve : and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing.

## EXODUS XXII.

1. If a man shall steal an ox, or a sheep, and kill it, or sell it ; he shall restore five oxen for an ox, and four sheep for a sheep.

2. If a thief be found breaking up, and be smitten that he die, there shall no blood be shed for him.

3. If the sun be risen upon him, there shall be blood shed for him ; for he should make full restitution : if he have nothing, then he shall be sold for his theft.

## ALFRED'S DOOM.

11. These are dooms that thou shalt set them, if any one man buy a Christian bondsman, be he bondsman to him six years, the seventh be he free unbought.

## EXODUS XXII—I. V.

24. If any man steal another's ox and slay or sell him, give he two for it, and four sheep for one. If he have not what he may give be he himself sold for the fee.

25. If a thief break a man's house by night and be there slain, be he not guilty of manslaughter. If he doeth this after sunrise he is guilty of manslaughter, and himself shall die, unless he did it of necessity—and so on.

Alfred's devotion to learning, and his exertions in the cause of education are among the most to be admired phases of his reign.

While at Rome he received that great impulse to the culture of the South, where such deep ignorance reigned that hardly a man south of the Thames could understand the ritual of the church or translate a Latin epistle. One of the strongest and most cherished of his purposes was that this direful state of matters should be completely changed, and that every free-born English lad, who had the means should qualify himself to read English correctly. To this end, he rebuilt the monasteries which had been cast down in the late wars, and which had been the great centres of learning. Then Alfred invited men of some attainments from all quarters to his court, and by their assistance compiled a number of works for the diffusion of knowledge. They were not original, but free translation of Latin authors, and the fact that *Orasius* and *Belle* are two of the works he selected, shows his high values of an acquaintance with history and geography.



The royal minds of those persons he sent for, and the mind of the scholar co-operated to kindle in the fogs of our ancestral island even in the darkness of a gloomy age that torch of gentle radiance which "shineth in the darkness." Amid all the conflicts of that age the virtues of the grandest, noblest and most intellectual of the early English kings, were tried in the fire and found pure gold. It is a matter of surprise, but of stern reality, that amid the arduous duty of government and the disasters of war, this benign sovereign found time for those laudable pursuits in which he so greatly delighted and excelled. Nothing but the most methodical division of his time could have enabled him with the meager facilities at his command to make such great strides in literary attainments. Let us all pay due respect to Alfred The Great, by using our influence to make him more prominent in the front rank of great minds. "His genius was equalled by his beneficence, and his wisdom by his success."

R. W. REHCTAH.

---

### **SQUIRREL HUNTING IN THE VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS.**

---

"Uncle are there many squirrels around here?" I queried, as John and I halted before a primitive log hut in full view of the Peaks of Otter. The gray-headed negro addressed as "Uncle" had evidently seen better times, for his patched garments were neat and clean, and the cloth bandages around his right foot, which lay pillowed on a stool, were fresh and white. He explained later that his foot had been crushed by a tree which he had felled to get a 'coon. There was something in the old fellow's manner too which betokened gentle associations, for he pulled off his hat and laid it beside his chair before he made answer. "No suh, dere's not many squer'ls roun' yere. I did manage ter



shoot fo' er five las' week wid my ole muskit, but 'pears like dey's pow'ful skace dis fall. I yeres a mighty lot o' shootin' in dem woods over yonner too, but I doan' no wat dey's shootin' at." "What kind of a gun did you say you had?" I asked, as I gazed admiringly at the twin-barrels of the breech-loader I was so anxious to test. "Uh muskit suh, jes' an ole muskit, but I'se kilt many a squer'l wid it. Hits de bery same gun what my young marster had in de wah. Lor' suh, de squer'ls me and my young marster useter kill! We libbed in Car'line county den. Humph," and here the old man seemed to be talking to himself "de squer'ls wus wuf huntin' fur den, I'se brung home fo'ty many's de time."

I had hunted in Caroline county myself, and could testify that game was abundant there, but I had my doubts about the forty squirrels nevertheless. Besides I was in Bedford county and had no time to listen to "befo' de wah" reminiscences. So after getting all the information I could about the neighboring woods, we let the old negro resume his work on an old-fashioned cider-press, and struck across the fields towards a distant belt of oaks where somebody's corn-field had invaded the forest. The denizens of the woods had done their best to repel the invasion, and the numerous corncobs, fringed with shreds of shuck, that still hung from the nodding stalks betrayed the frequent visits of the game we sought. But the field was deserted on this occasion. It was too late in the day, for squirrels visit open fields only about sunrise and sunset. The big red squirrel, now a *rara avis* in Virginia woods, is never found in the fields after the sun has risen. I remember hearing my father in reciting some adventures of his youth, relate how he found six red squirrels pulling up corn just about daybreak. He and a negro lad had taken a pewter-barrel gun of their own manufacture and slipped off without leave, to try their new weapon. The squirrels scampered away on their approach



and my father fired, but instead of killing a squirrel, he brought down the negro, who screamingly protested that he was killed, and would be dead in a minute. My father was frightened almost as much as the darkey, and did not draw a full breath until he found that he had loaded his gun only with the ramrod, which had not penetrated the boy's clothing. He has never cared to hunt fox-squirrels from that day to this.

After examining the corn, we went into the skirt of woods and gently waited for something to turn up. I have always preferred to hunt without a dog except when the trees are bare, and even then I believe I get more squirrels on a "still hunt." There is more excitement and more exercise when you have a dog along, but you lose many squirrels and do not have the same opportunity to observe their habits. I would rather watch the development of curiosity in one squirrel from the the time he shows a single eye and ear over the top of a branch till he gathers courage to bark, than to shoot down a half dozen that had been treed by dogs. We had not waited five minutes when the quick bark of a bushy-tailed announced that our presence had been discovered. We hastened in the direction of the sound and saw two squirrels leaping through the tree-tops. We tried to turn them, but they continued their rapid flight and we both fired as we ran. Both squirrels dropped at the crack of the guns, but as soon as the one I had shot touched the ground he began to run. I gave chase, and we made things very lively for each other for about two minutes. Once I threw my hat on him and though he was safe, but was too much afraid of his teeth to seize him with my hand and he got away again. He had seemed at first unable to climb a tree, but to my great disappointment I now found that he was going up an ancient black-oak. My gun had been cast aside in the mad hurry of the chase, and before I could recover it he had disappeared in a hole. Neither coaxing



nor violence could dislodge him from his retreat, so I had to be satisfied with John's success, and hope for better fortune next time. I had made such a noise chasing my squirrel that we thought it best to move some distance away. We found some hickories and waited again. Hardly were we seated when I heard that peculiar, rasping sound which experience had made familiar to my ears. I crept off towards my left and soon caught sight of a fine grey squirrel sitting close to the trunk of a big hickory, with his tail curled over his back, and busily engaged in cracking the nut he held in his fore paws. He espied me at the same instant, and holding the nut in his teeth, he dropped his paws, hesitated a moment, and then sprang up the tree. But I was quick enough this time, and he soon lay sprawling in the leaves. I picked him up by the nut he held in his mouth, and when I took him out of the game-bag that evening it was still between his teeth. We hunted till sundown and bagged eleven squirrels. There was something distinct and interesting about the capture of each one but it would take too long to tell it.

The grey squirrel is the only species of genus *sciurus* that I ever met in Bedford county, but in hunting on the crest of the Alleghanies above the level of 4,000 feet, I have met a peculiar squirrel called by the natives, "mountain boomer." This animal has the general marks of the grey squirrel, but is not more than two thirds as large, and has a small, stout tail. Its movements are far more rapid than those of the nimblest grey squirrel I ever saw, and its bark or cry is very similar to the rattle of its neighbor, the rattle-snake, only shriller and more prolonged. They are tough and sinewy, and on this account not palatable. I am persuaded that this species must also belong to the genus *sciurus*, but have never seen them described or classified. The common ground-squirrel or chip-munk belongs to a different genus from the squirrels I have mentioned, and like his grey



kinsman is found all over Virginia. The best season to hunt squirrels is when the first frosts fade the green from the hickory leaves, or when the buds begin to swell in the spring. The best locality is where the negro pot-hunter has not gone with his "muskit."

FUSIL DE CHASE.

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### THERE IS NO DEATH.

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We clip from the *Courier-Journal* the following bit of literary history, which will doubtless be of interest to our readers:

That Bulwer wrote this beautiful poem was commonly supposed by English readers, until its authorship was claimed by a Mr. J. L. McCreery, of Washington, D. C. This is his account, as taken from a collection of poems by Nellie Leigh Cook:

"This poem has been the subject of considerable controversy. It was written late in the fall of 1862, and the next spring was sent to *Arthur's Home Magazine*, Philadelphia, appearing therein in the number of July, 1863. One E. Bulmer, of Illinois, copied it, signed his own name to it, and sent it (as his own) to the *Farmers' Advocate*, Chicago. The editor of some Wisconsin paper (whose name I have forgotten) clipped it from the *Farmers' Advocate* for his own columns; but supposing there was a misprint in the signature, changed the 'm' therein to 'w,' and the name of Bulwer became attached to the poem. An immense accession of popularity immediately followed. Copies of paper containing it credited to Bulwer have been sent me from nearly every State in the Union, and from England, Scotland and Ireland. It is to be found in orthodox spiritual hymn and song-books, in at least one school reader in wide use, and in a score of bound volumes of selections. It has been quoted from in speeches in the Legislatures of several States,



and several times in the Congress of the United States. On the last of Jan'y, 1880, I had the pleasure of sitting in the strangers' gallery of the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C., and hearing the Honorable M. Cofforth, member of Congress from Virginia, in his oration on the death of the Honorable Rush Clark, from Iowa, quote a portion of the poem, which thus become embalmed (credited to Bulwer as usual) in the Congressional Record. (See Forty-sixth Congress, second session, Part I, page 638.) Every reader can decide for himself whether this widespread popularity has its basis on the merits of the poem or in the celebrity of its supposed author.

“Whether this claim be correct or not, the poem is in no way unworthy the great English author himself. I give below the unabridged text of the poem as taken from Miss Cook's collection :

“There is no death ! The stars go down  
To rise upon some other shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown,  
They shine forevermore.

“There is no death ! The forest leaves  
Convert to life the viewless air ;  
The rocks disorganize to feed  
The hungry moss they bear.

“There is no death ! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

“There is no death ! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait, through wintry hours,  
The warm, sweet breath of May.

“There is no death ! The choicest gifts  
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth  
Are ever first to seek again  
The country of their birth.

“And all things that for growth or joy  
Are worthy of our love and care,  
Whose loss has left us desolate,  
And safely garnered there.



" Though life becomes a desert waste,  
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,  
Transplanted into Paradise,  
Adorn immortal bowers.

" The voice of bird-like melody  
That we have missed and mourned so long,  
Now mingles with the angel choir  
An everlasting song.

" There is no death ! Although we grieve  
When beautiful, familiar forms,  
That we have learned to love, are torn  
From our embracing arms.

" Although with bowed and breaking hearts,  
With sable garb and silent tread,  
We bear their senseless dust to rest,  
And say that they are 'dead.'

" They are not dead ! They have but passed  
Beyond the mists that blinds us here  
Into the new and larger life  
Of that serene sphere.

" They have but dropped their robe of clay  
To put their sunshine raiment on ;  
They have but wandered far away—  
They are not 'lost' nor 'gone.'

" Though divine-thralled and glorified  
They still are here and love us yet :  
The dear ones they have left behind  
They never can forget.

" And sometimes when our hearts grow faint,  
Amid temptations fierce and deep,  
Or when the widely raging waves  
Of grief or passion sweep.

" We feel upon our fevered brow  
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm,  
Their arms enfold us and our hearts  
Grow comforted and calm.

" And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread—  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life ! There are no dead !"

ORTON LOWE.



## Editorials.

THE following lines were penned last summer by a Richmond College student, who had been greatly in love throughout his whole college course, but who had always refrained from writing or speaking of his love, because he was afraid that he was not sufficiently matured to know his mind on this important subject, and also because he was urged by his parents to be careful in the matter. The poem is an attempt to verify the line :

“ Love is a bitter sweet, full of pain and bliss.”

I'll tell you why so young I try  
To write a simple poem ;  
The only reason I can give—  
My heart is overflowing.

Long years ago I met a maid ;  
We played “ I spy ” together.  
My heart has since the pen'ltly paid ;  
For I've become her lover.

They say that love's a bitter sweet,  
So full of bliss and pain ;  
And this I now appreciate,  
But still love on the same.

Too young to love they said I was  
(Though why, I scarce could see)  
And told me that in after years  
No longer she'd suit me.

But raged the passion in my breast,  
And stronger grew the flame ;  
After the first vacation's rest,  
I loved her still the same.

The second year to school I went,  
I corresponded with her ;  
Back and forth were letters sent  
Throughout the whole long year.



The third and fourth I did the same  
Though at no rapid rate ;  
Until at last to home I came  
After I did graduate.

In all these years did I not write  
Of love ; but only friendly,  
My parents' warning had its weight,  
And to obey is manly.

But meanwhile many fears I had  
That she'd become another's  
And often was my poor heart sad  
And filled with many bothers.

Now thinking I was old enough  
I could no longer stay,  
And though my future way seemed rough  
I made no more delay ;

But at the first opportunity  
Which now had come, it seemed  
I told her of her charms for me  
And how I her esteemed.

I told her how my love for her  
So wide and deep and strong  
Had swelled my heart for many a year,  
But yet untold so long.

And when I asked if 'twere returned,  
And if she'd be my wife  
And if she'd cheer my troubled mind  
Throughout my future life.

She simply hung her little head  
And placed her hand in mine :  
And then in sweetest tones she said :  
" I do not know my mind."

She said she loved a little bit,  
But was not willing then,  
Herself entirely to submit  
But said we'd talk it o'er again.

On the following day we took a stroll  
In the village cemetery ;  
Again my heart I did unfold  
And I was then quite merry :



For, sure, I thought, she loved me some  
And this filled me with pride,  
And hope that soon I'd take her home  
Where she would be my bride.

But though my heart on this was bent  
And though I pleaded hard,  
I could not gain her full consent  
And this my joy has marred.

She loves me some but not enough ;  
Suffers not our lips to meet,  
Ah ! true the poet said of love  
'Tis pain and bliss—a bitter sweet.

---

How eloquent is silence ! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment and awe may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate the apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your lady love's affection? The fair one confirms her lover's fondest hopes by a compliant and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion which you deem to be false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a fop? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Are you in the course of any negotiation, about to enter upon a discussion painful to your feelings, and to those who are concerned in it? The subject is almost invariably prefaced by an awkward silence. And first, what an invaluable portion of domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which by mutual aggravation has, perhaps, terminated in bloodshed, have been checked at its commencement by a judicious silence ! Those persons only who have experienced them are aware of the bene-



ficial effects of that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall never answer a word. Secondly, there are not wanting instances where reputation, fortune, the happiness, nay, the life of a fellow-creature, might be preserved by a charitable silence.

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DURING a recent visit to Alexandria, the editor met a gentleman who has in his possession a shaving table used by George Washington. The gentleman proposes to offer it at a very reasonable figure (\$1,000) to the trustees of Richmond College for the museum. We hope that the trustees will make no such investment. There is that about the shaving table of a hero which would break the heart of the student observer. Think how many times the Father of His Country shed his blood above that secret-bearing piece of furniture! Reflect how many times he used strong language as he dragged a dull razor across his majestic face! No, the public must not be permitted to weep as it gathers about this melancholy relic. Remove that shaving table! Lock it up! Keep it free from vulgar gaze! Let us not be reminded that he who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countryman" ever had to shave.

---

THE manufacturers of Yale Mixture have issued the following problem: Show how to arrange the figures 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, in an arithmetical sum which adds up the nearest to 82, without using signs which imply multiplication, division or subtraction. Samuel Lloyd offers \$50 in cash for the first correct answer, and one pound of Yale Mixture will be sent free to the first one hundred persons sending correct answers. No answers will be considered unless written on cards provided for the purpose, which can be had at the office of this paper, or will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp sent to Puzzle Contest, American Tobacco Company, No. 45 Broadway, New York. The problem is endorsed by Prof. Rogers, of Columbia College, and is positively no trick, catch or subterfuge.



## Locals.

Mr. S. says he has n plus 1 girls.

Do the "Light Weights" love pop?

The new college pins are "beauts."

Why don't Mr. P. pay that half dollar?

Mr. T. takes *The Ladies' Home Journal*. What next?

The foot-ball season is over, and tennis is king once more.

One of the rats has reached *sympathetic divisions* in math.

Mr. E. says that he is a man physically if not mentally.

The "T. G. R.'s" beg leave to say that they are again in the field.

"That classical and sanctified nose of Mr. W. D. D."—"Ur Shur."

Sensational rumors from the gallant old cottage Third Floor.

I. L. I. P. D.—Intercollegiate League of Independent Pop Drinkers.

Can any one tell Mr. K. what is the strength of the *Pu-gilist* party?

Rat W. G. M. (that modest young man) says that Mr. L. is *fresh*. Just think of it.

What we did for Randolph Macon was gorgeous. What V. M. I. did for us was an elegant sufficiency.

Prof: "Mr. W. '*Tibi est pulchritudo*' is not correct." In neither sense.

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"Face" W. says he has a head for art and beauty, but not for math.

---

Big C. (weight 240): I'm a *big* Third party man.

"Tiddle-de-winks Lip:" "I'm a Democrat. By Jacks!"

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Common version: "Mamma says I *musn't*."

K.'s version: "Mamma says I *can't*."

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Prof.: "A man is pretty near leaving this sphere if he doesn't enjoy a good love story."

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Critic in society: "The gentleman read so fast that his eyes could not keep pace with his tongue." ("Imp.")

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Talk about martyrs, but just have Mr. B. turn loose that voice on the second floor.

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With Cole, Coke and Wood on hand we need fear no fuel famine.

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"Dr." Allison was registered at the polls as being twenty-two years old. The joke of the year.

---

Mr. E. "I like eight hours sleep, eight hours eating and eight hours exercise." Come, E., when do you go to see Miss Melvina?

---

Mr. B.: "How many birds did you kill?"

Messrs. D. and T. (returning from a day's hunt): "Somewhere between two and three."

---

Prof: "Mr. D., can you tell me the difference between yourself and a dog."

Mr. D. unable to make a clear distinction.



Mr. P. (in society) : "Mr. President, some of us have brothers and some have fathers."

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One of the German class says he is reading the autobiography of Gœthe, written by Gœthe himself.

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Mr. B. (in society) : "Centuries ago when the ancients believed that the earth moved around the sun, just as John Jasper believe to-day \* \* \*."

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"George Ox" introducing himself to new student :

"Harris is my name, sir."

New student : "Certainly, sir ; that's all right."

---

Mr. T. : Professor, my text has an interrogation point just there.

Professor : Mine has a *question* mark.

---

Mr. F. (out calling) : "If we could only see ourselves as others see us."

Young lady : "I should think *you* would soon become disgusted."

---

Mr. W. : "I don't think I should like to play foot-ball with that team of deaf and *dumb mutes*."

Mr. S. : "And I wouldn't like to umpire the game ; they might 'cuss' me out."

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No one disputes Mr. S.'s right to the distinction of being *the* ladies man of the college, but he says he thought that "Huyler's" was the name of some flower. Fortune has favored you, old boy ; we have known to our sorrow.

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Mr. F. was walking to church on a dark Sunday night, when the young lady remarked : "Mr. F., all of the nights at my home are moon-light." Poor boy ; he didn't have enough of the sentimental in his make-up to fully appreciate the remark. It occurred to him since, but too late.



The summer ball team did the handsome thing when they presented the base-ball department with uniforms, gloves, bats and cash amounting to about \$175.

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A new gig is necessary if we are to row in the State regatta next June. Of course we must row. Prospects are good for having stalwart oarsmen, and a lack of finances must not impede us. We believe that the necessary amount can be raised without serious trouble.

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New Student (addressing Mr. F., who had been assisting him in getting straight at beginning of session) : " Old man, I'm very much obliged for your kindness."

Mr. F. : "Don't mention it, sir."

New Student : "Certainly not ; I won't say a word about it to anybody."

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Mr. C. R. Burnett has been elected manager of the base-ball team of '94. Manager Burnett is already in correspondence with a number of the most prominent college teams of the country, and the indications are that an attractive series of games will be arranged.

Base-ball prospects will be discussed more fully in our next issue.

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Found on bulletin board :

" LOST! LOST!! "

My " Old Lady," otherwise known as " Miss Ophelia." Last seen on Lee Circle looking very solemn and sour. She wears striped pants and prince-albert coat. Is five feet long and desperately in love. Supposed to have been kidnapped. Any information will be liberally paid for.

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The Bible lectures given on Monday evenings have been well attended. Until now the lectures have been delivered by Prof. Harris, and have been interesting as well as instruc-



tive. The next five will be by Prof. Thomas. It is hardly necessary to say that all should arrange to attend these lectures, as the Doctor always comes before his audiences with an abundance of rich thought.

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Mr. T. (in mess hall) : "Tom, pour me some of the aqueous fluid."

Monsieur de Tom returns with the "black wid" (mess hall slang for molasses).

Mr. T. : "I said aqueous fluid."

Monsieur de Tom returns with the "yellow wid."

After Mr. T. had explained the derivation of the word *aqueous* he received the needed refreshments.

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Prof. Hazen has begun a series of Saturday morning lectures on Physiology. These lectures are designed to give the students such knowledge of the body as is necessary to its proper care. One of our best developed young men has consented to pose as "the living model." Prof. Hazen recently made a very practical talk before the literary societies, in which he spoke especially of gymnastics and athletics in their relation to public speaking.

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[AIR: "AFTER THE BALL."]

After the ball is over  
The Randolph Macon line ;  
After the game is over,  
And Ashland's way behind ;  
After the touch-down's made ;  
After we've kicked a goal ,  
We go back to centre-field  
After the ball.

---

We have always thought that Mr. L. was something of a philosopher, and we are more fully persuaded of this since the recent debate between this gentleman and Mr. F. Mr. F. contended that it required less mental exertion to tell the truth than to tell a lie. Mr. L. took the negative



view and defended his position with the following syllogism.

“My old lady is so lazy that she always does what is easiest. She always lies rather than tell the truth.” Therefore, it is easier to tell a lie than to tell the truth.

---

[AIR: “TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY.”]

Played Randolph Macon in a game of ball ;  
Course we beat 'em like falling off a wall.  
Twelve to nothing was the standing of the score,  
Given us time we'd a made it more.

CHORUS:

Boomerang, Boomerang, Bumblebee,  
Sting 'em up, Foot-Ball, R. C. V.  
Boomerang, Boomerang, Bumblebee,  
Sting 'em up ; Foot-Ball, R. C. V.

We rushed their centre, we made their men  
Go up the field and back again.  
They played one-half, and that was enough  
To show their team that we were the stuff.

CHORUS:

Whoop-la-la-la, Whoop-la-lee,  
Whoop-la, Foot-Ball, R. C. V.  
Whoop-la-la la, Whoop-la-lee,  
Whoop-la, Foot-Ball, R. C. V.

Twelve to nothing was the standing of the score,  
When they refused to play any more.  
The referee they are said to blame,  
But they've gone home to learn the game.

CHORUS:

Boomerang, Boomerang, Bumblebee,  
Sting 'em up, Foot-Ball, R. C. V.  
Whoop-la-la-la, Whoop-la-lee,  
Whoop-la, Foot-Ball, R. C. V.

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*To our Esteemed Friends Occupants of Cottage Third floor:*

We, the law-abiding residents of the cottage, do most earnestly request, beg, entreat and ask, that after 2 o'clock A. M., you will make it your pleasure to refrain from in-

dulging in cattle stampedes, gymnastic exhibitions, bombardments of Fort Cosby by the French gun-boats, target practice, games of ten-pins, dress parades, choir practices, imitations of the war dance, accompanied by appropriate yells and every thing calculated to disturb us while wrapped in the arms of "Morpheus." In short, please refrain from anything after that hour more noisy than mock thunder or the music of a brass band. Assuring you, our beloved fellow-students, of the high esteem in which you are held, we trust that you will find it in your heart to somewhat change the programme of your early morning exercises.

With much affection,

FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR COTTAGERS.

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### **INTERCOLLEGIATE LEAGUE OF INDEPENDENT POP-DRINKERS.**

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COLLINS CHAPTER.

*Senior Mogul*, GEORGE OX.

*Junior Mogul*, YOUNG DOON.

*Cork Puller*, FACE DUKE.

*Toast Master*, THE JASPER.

*His Set-em-up*, THE LAST INITIATE.

*Bottle Washer*, J. E. BALLYHACK.

Badge: Miniature bottle.

Colors: Pea green and lemon.

Yell: S-s-s-s, Boom! Rah, Rah, Rah. Drinkers of Pop,  
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Favorite song: "The Bowery."

Favorite game: Push-pins.

Standing joke: "Ha! Ha! Ha! Just laughing at what Bobbie said."

Place and time of meeting: Madam's on first Monday after full moon at 9 P. M.



**JUSTICE OUTWITTED.**

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That tribunal before whom all violators of college laws are arraigned is never at rest so long as there is one at large whose daily conduct is personally offensive to the liberty-loving students. This official who dispenses justice in tangible chunks without regard to the offence of the accused or the testimony of witnesses, had rested three long months. For three months he had fasted, and in consequence he was only too ready to have summoned before him a certain T., whose conduct was reported as inconsistent with the customs of a refined community. There were witnesses prepared to state that the said T. to their own knowledge, refrained from contact with the aqueous fluid; that his foot gear consisted solely of shoes, and that he was guilty of violating other laws. Now, such offences are not to be tolerated in a college community. So thought old Judge Bushwhacker; so thought Attorney Send-'em-on; so thought they all. Accordingly Sheriff Ballyhack was furnished his papers with instructions to bring forth the accused, and he departed with a posse to discharge his duty. Now the said T. is reported as being fond of history, and it is possible that when Sheriff Ballyhack arrived at the abode of the said T., which is in the highlands of the province, that the said T. was living among the red men of the forest, and that the said T. imagined that his wigwam was about to be taken. At any rate he armed himself with that deadly weapon, a bed slat (just think of it), and as the representative of law and order entered the sanctum, the said T. dealt him a most terrific blow. At the sight of blood the forces were demoralized and retreated, while the said T. is reported to have used the fire-escape in outwitting the courts. Old Judge Bushwhacker roared, the attorney fussed, the clerk was disgusted, the spectators disappointed, and Sheriff Ballyhack was sent to the doctor.

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**ATHLETICS.**

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The foot-ball season is over, and the team of '93 is a thing of the past. With the disbanding of the team there has closed the most successful foot-ball season in the history of athletics at Richmond College, and our chief regret is that we did not meet all of the teams who had asked for games, and to whom dates were given. Of the eleven games arranged for, six were played, four were canceled, and one we were compelled to cancel ourselves. We feel warranted in saying that had these games been played we should probably have been able to present even a better score. As it is, the score stands: Victories, 4; Defeats, 2.

It has been very gratifying to the public-spirited student to notice the decided improvement in our game this season, the determination which kept the men in constant training for more than two months, and the general support which the team received at the hands of the student body.

Manager Burnett has done his work well, and deserves credit. We do not hesitate to say that no foot-ball season at Richmond College has ever been more satisfactorily managed, or with more credit to the institution. From a financial standpoint he has left the team out of debt and with a balance on hand, notwithstanding the fact that more money has been spent on the team than ever before, and not one cent was asked for from the Athletic Association, or the students, although the team was entitled to a certain proportion of the association's receipts.

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**Virginia Military Institute, 34: Richmond College, o.**

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On Friday afternoon, November 10th, the foot-ball team left by way of Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad for Lexington, where on the next day they met the V. M. I. team, on their parade grounds.

This was the first and only time this season, that our full



team had been able to play together in a match game, so, of course, when our boys left, they felt confident of giving their opponents a hard struggle, if not a defeat.

On arriving in Lexington the team were met by a committee from the V. M. I., and were taken to the barracks, where they were nicely entertained during their stay.

The game was called Saturday, November 11th, at 3:15 P. M. Richmond College won the toss and took the ball. V. M. I. took the west goal, so as to have the sun, which was very strong, behind them. When the teams lined up the V. M. I. yell could be heard from all sides. There was no one to yell for Richmond, but the spectators, who were about four hundred in number, could see, that the indications were that the struggle would be a hard one. When the referee called the game Harrison carried the ball to the centre of the field, and Captain Duke took the rest of his men back 15 yards for a double flying wedge. This was something new to the cadets, and it was also more effective than they expected it to be, for, when the referee cried down, the ball was 15 yards in their territory. Captain Duke played his line for short gains, and in less than four minutes he had the ball on V. M. I.'s 20 yards line. Here he gave the ball to Boshier to try for the first time a play around left end. He made a good gain, but when tackled lost the ball, and Captain Wise fell on it. Now the Cadets, who were becoming quite uneasy for their team's goal, sent forth a yell, that almost shook the mountains. Captain Wise giving his signs rapidly tried a play on the line with very little gain. He then tried left end with good gain. From this time he played his ends, and it was soon plain that the Cadet team's interference was too much for our boys. They gradually carried the ball to Richmond's 20-yard line, then sent May through between right guard and tackle for a touch-down. From this time both teams played hard, but the College team unaccountably "went to pieces," and did not play to-

gether, or with their usual snap. Fumbling was the order of the game with Richmond's backs, especially with Bosher, and four of V. M. I.'s touch-downs were made on Richmond's fumbles. Richmond lost the ball only twice on downs. During the first ten minutes of the game Captain Duke had his left hand broken, and Sallade had his hand injured, so that he had no use of it during the remainder of the game. In the beginning of the second half Turner had his shoulder injured quite seriously. These injuries seriously weakened the team, caused the players to lose confidence, and consequently added to our defeat.

The features of the game were Virginia Military Institute's interference, the playing of Coffeen, Poindexter, Biscoe and Wise, Richmond double flying wedge and Burnett's running. Coffeen was the only man injured on the V. M. I. team.

The score, as stated above was 34 to 0 in favor of V. M. I.

The teams lined up as follows.

VA. MILITARY INSTITUTE.				RICHMOND COLLEGE.			
Wise (captain.)	-	-	right end,	-	-	-	Turner
Mushell,	-	-	right tackle,	-	-	-	Sallade
Biscoe,	-	-	right guard,	-	-	-	Quillen
Smith,	-	-	centre,	-	-	-	Loyd
Poindexter	-	-	left guard,	-	-	-	Merkle
Banton,	-	-	left tackle,	-	-	-	W. D. Duke
	-	-	left end,	-	-	-	Lunsford
Coffeen,	-	-	left half-back,	-	-	-	Burnett
May,	-	-	right half-back,	-	-	-	Bosher
Holt,	-	-	quarter-back	-	-	-	Harrison
Twiggs,	-	-	full-back	F. W. Duke (captain)			
				(Pearson.)			

#### **Richmond College 24; Alleghany Institute 4.**

From Lexington the team went to Roanoke to play the eleven of Alleghany Institute on Monday November 13th. To say the least, our team was seriously crippled. To begin with, F. W. Duke and Harrison were compelled to



leave the team at Lexington, and besides, the rest of the team were suffering from the Saturday's game with V. M. I. It is perhaps due to our team to say that Alleghany's touch-down resulted from the fact that the referee failed to notice that the half-back ran outside with the ball. We clip the following from the *Roanoke Times* of November 14th:

THE COLLEGE BOYS COMPLETELY DOWNED THE INSTITUTE  
ELEVEN YESTERDAY.

The foot-ball game yesterday afternoon between the Alleghany Institute eleven and the Richmond College team was witnessed by a large crowd, including a goodly sprinkling of ladies. It was an ideal day as far as the audience was concerned, but was a little too warm for the players.

Richmond put up as fine a foot-ball game as one wants to see, their team work, interference, tackling and general all-round work being of an exceptionally high order. Bosher especially distinguished himself by his magnificent playing. He made the three best runs of the day, each time scoring a touch-down. He runs low and wards his opponents off beautifully, and is undoubtedly the star player of the Richmond College eleven. Duke also put up a strong game. He made the only touch-down his side got in the second-half after a hard run. The goal kicking of Burnett was another pretty piece of work, his kicks always being true.

The game started with the pigskin in possession of Alleghany Institute. After three downs Handy displayed good judgement by kicking the ball into touch, where Rawn fell on it. Alleghany could do nothing in the next four downs, it was Richmond's ball. Here Bosher took the ball and started around the Alleghany right end and made the star run of the day, running forty yards and scoring the first touch-down.

On the line-up the students of Alleghany Institute forced the ball by short rushes up the field to Richmond's thirty-



five yard line. Here the prettiest play of the game occurred. S. Handy took the ball and started for the right end, then passed the ball back to K. Handy, who cleared the left end and secured the first and only touch-down made by Alleghany. It was the prettiest double pass seen here this season. Rawn missed an easy goal on it. The Richmond boys secured two more touch-downs during the first half by their good team work and Bosher's brilliant running. Time was called for the first half with the ball in the middle of the field.

After a rest of ten minutes the teams lined up again with the ball in Richmond's possession. They gained seven yards on a flying wedge. The playing from this time on was very hard on both sides, Richmond finally securing their fourth touch-down on a long run by Duke, Burnett kicking goal for the fourth time, making the score 24 to 4.

After this the youngsters from the Institute took a decided brace, and played a much better defensive game than they had been putting up previously, but try as they might, they could not secure another touch-down. Time was called with the ball on the Institute's forty yard line.

For the Institute the playing of the two Handys was by far the best, although much credit is due Woodrum, Browning, Rawn and Lamb for their good all-round work. Outside of Bosher it is hard to tell who put up the best game for the Richmond boys. Each and every man played a good game—it is hard to tell who played the best. The teams lined up as follows:

## RICHMOND COLLEGE.

## INSTITUTE.

Turner,	- - - -	right end,	- - - -	Rawn
Qallade,	- - - -	right tackle,	- - - -	Watkins
Suillen,	- - - -	right guard,	- - - -	Browning
Loyd,	- - - -	center,	- - - -	Lamb
Merkle,	- - - -	left guard,	- - - -	Bloxtton
McNeil,	- - - -	left tackle,	- - - -	Barnett



---

Lunsford,	-	-	-	-	left end,	-	-	-	-	Ribble
Burnett,	-	-	-	-	quarter back,	-	-	-	-	Fackenthal
Bosher,	-	-	-	-	right half-back,	-	-	-	-	Woodrum
Pearson,	-	-	-	-	left half-back,	-	-	-	-	K. Handy
Duke,	-	-	-	-	full back,	-	-	-	-	S. Handy

---

Summary—Thirty minute halves ; touch-downs, Bosher, 3 ; Duke, 1 ; K. Handy, 1 ; goals, Burnett, 4. Umpire—Foard. Referee—Eagan.

---

### **Richmond College 12; Randolph-Macon 0.**

[ONLY ONE-HALF PLAYED.]

On Saturday, November 18th, we met and vanquished the team from Randolph-Macon. The game (or what there was of it) was played at Island Park (Richmond), in the presence of one of the best crowds we have had this season. Even before the week of the game there had been considerable wrangling on the part of the Randolph-Macon management (a feature not known in our arrangements with any other team this season) concerning players, umpire, referee and other matters. This culminated in a general disagreement when the hour for the game arrived. Randolph-Macon insisted that Mr. Nelson, of the University of Virginia, the gentleman whom they had chosen, should umpire both halves of the game. Richmond College insisted that Mr. C. R. Burnett, the gentleman whom our team had chosen, should referee one-half and umpire the other, and that Mr. Nelson be allowed the same privilege. Randolph-Macon would not agree to the latter terms, and refused to play unless Mr. Nelson should be allowed to umpire the entire game, they claiming that such an arrangement had been previously made, and our management claiming otherwise.

Randolph-Macon was on the point of leaving the field, when Richmond College waived her rights, rather than have the patrons of the game disappointed.

The teams lined up as follows :



## RICHMOND COLLEGE.

## RANDOLPH-MACON.

Loyd, - - - - -	centre	- - - - -	Reid
Quillen, - - - - -	right guard	- - - - -	Clayton
Hoover, - - - - -	left guard	- - - - -	Garnett
Sallade, - - - - -	right tackle	- - - - -	Best
Merkle, - - - - -	left tackle	- - - - -	Dice
G. Winston, - - - - -	right end	- - - - -	Blincoe
Turner, - - - - -	left end	- - - - -	Eustler
Bosher, - - - - -	right half	- - - - -	Fletcher
H. Burnett (Captain), -	left half	- - - - -	Newbill
E. Harrison, - - - - -	quarter back	- - - - -	Watts
W. Duke, - - - - -	full back	-	Howison (Captain)

Randolph-Macon won the toss, and chose the upper end of the field, the ball going to Richmond. Richmond starts off with a double flying wedge and gains several yards, to which five yards more are added for off-side play of R. M. Richmond finally looses ball on downs, and it goes to R. M., who soon looses it, and the pig-skin goes to Richmond again. Burnett is sent around right end for twenty-five yards. Bosher follows up with a run of twenty yards around left end, running out of bounds. In putting the ball into play Burnett made a long pass to W. Duke, who carried the ball over the line for a touch-down. Burnett kicked goal, making score 6 to 0 in favor of Richmond College.

On returning to centre field Randolph-Macon starts off with wedge. Loyd breaks the wedge, G. Winston tackles Newbill with the ball, and Turner captures the ball for Richmond. W. Duke is sent through both tackles for numerous games, finding easy openings. After several small gains Bosher makes a fifty-yard run around left end and into goal, but is called back by umpire for foul interference, and ball goes to R. M. R. M. carries ball some distance toward centre field, but looses it on downs. Bosher is sent around left end for thirty yards and makes touch-down. Burnett kicked goal, making score 12 to 0 in favor of Richmond.

Randolph-Macon starts off with wedge and makes steady



gains for several downs when Newbill finds an opening and makes a beautiful run of twenty-five yards, but is downed by W. Duke on Richmond's ten-yard line. Just here time is called with score standing 12 to 0 in favor of Richmond.

When time for second half arrived Randolph-Macon had left the field, claiming that full time had not been allowed them in the first half; in other words that the referee had called time too soon, though the referee's watch showed that the forty-five minutes of actual play had expired. To the spectators in general this seemed a slim excuse, especially as Richmond College had waived her rights in the start. In short, it was the opinion of some that had R. M. not been so near goal when time was called that there would have been no question as to the time. Could we have played the second half the probability is that we would have more than doubled the score, as we would have had the advantage of down hill. A most outrageous feature was the fact that the ball entrusted to the care of the R. M. men was not to be found, and it is reliably stated that a R. M. man was seen to cut the ball.

When Randolph-Macon refused to finish the game the Richmond College Light Weights were matched against the first team for the amusement of the spectators.

The Light Weights lined up as follows :

Franklin,	-	-	-	-	-	Centre.
Essex,	-	-	-	-	-	R. Guard.
Daughtrey.	-	-	-	-	-	L. Guard.
W. F. Long,	-	-	-	-	-	R. Tackle.
Lockett,	-	-	-	-	-	L. Tackle.
P. Winston,	-	-	-	-	-	R. End.
Lunsford,	-	-	-	-	-	L. End.
Harris,	-	-	-	-	-	Quarter Back.
McNeil,	-	-	-	-	-	R. Half.
Pearson,	-	-	-	-	-	L. Half.
R. Harrison,	-	-	-	-	-	Full Back.

The Light Weights played well, but were defeated 6 to 0.

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**GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.**

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At the next meeting of the society papers will be read by Messrs Johnson, Merkle and McDaniel on their respective counties, Isle of Wight, Norfolk and Nottoway.

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Judge Gunter, one of our honorary members, will at some early date deliver a lecture before the society. We look forward to this lecture with pleasant anticipation.

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At the last meeting of the society a paper was read by Mr. J. Aubrey Newbill on West Point, one of Virginias' most flourishing towns. This paper was very carefully prepared, and was both interesting and informing.

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The excellent lecture delivered before the society on last January by Mr. Poindexter on "Captain John Smith and His Critics" will soon be published. So those who were not so fortunate as to have been present on the occasion of its delivery will now have an opportunity to read it.

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Perhaps no State in the Union has a more interesting history and geography than Virginia. So the papers that will be read before the Geographical and Historical Society this session on her different counties and cities will necessarily be interesting, and profitable to those who feel an interest in the old Mother State.

---

After noting the success of our alumni we are pained to turn aside and record the death of one of the member, E. M. Whitlock, who died in November, 1893, at his home in Powhatan county, Virginia. For several years he was a student of Richmond College, and was a graduate in several schools when he left the college walls for active life. He had just begun his work as a minister in the Master's service when he was taken away. To his friends and loved ones we tender our sincere sympathy, and trust that He who rules all things may comfort and sustain them.



**YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.**

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Work at the Virginia State prison has been resumed. About twelve students have given us their aid, but we need more to carry on the work as successfully as we desire. Let all who wish to devote an hour of the Sabbath afternoon to the Masters service join us in this work.

---

The week of prayer beginning on December 12th, and ending December 19th was observed by the association. Services were held daily in the chapel at 6:15 P. M. Besides these meetings, room meetings were held in the college and cottage building. The average attendance embraced about three-fourths of all the resident students, and there seemed to be a deep interest manifested. This was noticeable especially among the christian students.

---

Many of our readers who have been engaged in the work at the penitentiary will be grieved to know of the death of Colonel Raleigh Colston, who departed this life on November 25th. For many years Colonel Colston was the superintendent of the penitentiary Sunday-school, and by his interest in the spiritual welfare of these fallen men, and his deep piety had endeared himself to all of his associates. It was indeed a touching occasion on the Sunday after his death when the convicts were gathered in the chapel which had been draped in memory of the beloved superintendent, and the hundreds of hardened men joined in singing,

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast."

He has left us, but in departing he leaves us an example of work among the lowly, which we may well emulate.

---

Before the next issue of the MESSENGER the election of officers will have been held. It may not be out of place to

call especial attention to this fact, so that the members may be prepared to place the management of the association in the hands of earnest consecrated men. We believe that a great deal depends on having as officers men whose influence is for good and who show that they are really interested in christian work.

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Classes for Bible study will soon be organized. It was hoped that the classes would have been at the work before this, but owing to pressure of work the organization has been delayed.

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### **PERSONAL.**

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W. M. Redwood ('91) is in business in Baltimore.

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J. R. Long ('91) is attending the University of Pa.

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C. M. Long ('91) is teaching in Churchland Academy.

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A. S. H. Bristow ('89) is practicing law in Roanoke, Va.

---

E. E. Reid ('92) is teaching in Mt. Lebanon College, La.

---

H. W. Redwood ('93) is in business in Baltimore.

---

F. T. Norvel ('90) is professor in Norfolk (Va.) Academy.

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J. H. Abbitt ('89) is resident physician for the Norfolk and Western Railroad at Crewe, Va.

---

W. C. James ('93) is superintendent of schools, Rockport, Texas.

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H. L. Norfleet ('93) is with the "*Evening News*," of Baltimore.

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I. C. Harrison ('90) is at the University of Virginia where he gets his M. D. this session.



C. W. Jones ('90) is taking a medical course in Baltimore.

C. W. Duke ('93) is attending the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

C. C. Crittenden ('93) is principal of Churchland Academy.

E. B. Hatcher ('86) is pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Norfolk, Va.

W. C. Robinson ('87) is president of Mt. Lebanon College, La.

S. S. Handy ('90) is professor in Alleghany Institute, Roanoke, Va.

W. L. Buchanan ('91) is attending the Union Theological Seminary.

T. C. Skinner ('93) is attending Crozer Theological Seminary.

D. H. Bucker ('91) is teaching in Nolley's school, Richmond.

W. J. Porter ('89) is physician on one of the trans-Atlantic passenger steamers.

W. Ralph Clements ('91) is taking a course at the Virginia Medical College.

E. Harrison, Jr. ('93), like many other R. C. boys, is studying medicine. He is at the College of Physicians and Surgeons (Richmond).

H. H. Harris, Jr. ('86) and T. A. Woodson ('89) are partners in one of the rising business houses of Lynchburg, Va., Adams, Doyle & Woodson.

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**ON THE CAMPUS.**

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We are glad to note the recovery of Mr. P. Woolfolk.

Prof. Gaines is boarding on the campus this session.

Miss Lucy Wyles is spending the winter on the Campus.

Miss Natalie Gregory is very much missed this session by us all.

Mrs. Timberlake and Mrs. W. G. Willing have recently visited Prof. Harris and family.

Miss Maud Pollard is attending the State Normal School, Farmville, Va.

Mrs. L. V. Turner, of Hollins Institute, spent a few days recently at Prof. Puryear's, to "Joe's" great delight.

Mr. and Mrs. James Harrison, of Danville, and their two children, visited Prof. Harrison in November.

Mrs. W. E. Homes, of Boydton was at Prof. Puryear's for a few days.

Miss Marion Ryland has returned from a visit to King William county.

Miss Mary Boatwright, of Bedford City, who has been visiting her brother, Prof. Boatwright, has returned home.

Miss Bessie Pollard attended the marriage of her cousin, Miss Lulie Pollard, of Baltimore, to Dr. H. M. Wharton.

Miss Daisy Winston has returned from Farmville where she spent several weeks with her uncle, Dr. Winston. From all accounts she had a most enjoyable visit.



Miss Janet Harris is on a visit to Hollins, Lynchburg, Roanoke and other points.

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Profs. Harris, Thomas, Pollard, Gaines and Boatwright attended the meetings of the General Association in Roanoke.

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Quite a number of old boys have called on us this session among them: C. M. Long, ('91); W. C. Foster, ('89); J. L. Bradshaw, ('93); J. R. Long, ('90); H. T. Allison, ('93); C. M. Cooke, ('93); Chas. Clement, ('93) and Wm. Pilcher, ('92).

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We regret that E. H. Athey and H. M. Cockerill were compelled to leave college on account of sickness. J. D. Hart, too, has been in bad health of late, and will probably not return to college this session.

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## Exchanges.

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MORE of our exchanges put in their appearance in November than in October. But while our table is almost full, we note with sorrow that some of our worthy contemporaries have not reached us this month. Our business manager will see to it that all who send us their papers get a copy of ours every month and we request that they do unto us likewise.

---

THE *Howard Magazine* contains and interesting and less instructive article "De Natura Rerum." The author seems to come, at last, to the conclusion that all classes in the country have a bad case of some disease or other, and that the medicine needed by all is a greater degree of obedience to the "Golden Rule."

---

The world of fools has such a store,  
That he who would not see an ass,  
Must bide at home and bolt the door,  
And break his looking glass.—*Ex.*

---

AMONG the new arrivals we notice *College Thought* whose first issue comes out this month. It is well arranged and altogether good, except that it has absolutely no contributions from students, which part of a college journal, should, it seems to us, be the chief.

---

WE NOTE with pleasure that several of our exchanges are publishing continued articles. One can hardly write anything exhaustive in space short enough to put in one issue of a paper. But students as well as other writers should be encouraged to write such treatises. If any among us can write serial stories (novelettes) encourage them.

---

THE *Carrier Dove*, just sent out on its first trip from Tuskaloosa Female College, is small, though of excellent character. Its messages, like those of war, are short and pointed. But we think it would be more interesting as well as valuable if its messages were longer. From its salutory, which is very appropriate, we quote these lines :

“Once more fair bird your pinions ply,  
In woman's cause to-day you fly,  
With beaming glance and heart aglow,  
What cause more sweet your wings could try,  
O, carrier dove?”

---

THE *Owl* this month contains much matter beyond that of most college magazines in instruction and showing research and exhaustive knowledge. Should not all of us strive as one of our exchanges says to set forth something which shall add to the worlds' store of knowledge? But on the other hand some of the literature of the past scantiest in



knowledge set forth or doctrine advocated has been more powerful in the moulding of the minds of readers than other literature abounding in sense and logic and principles. And why? Because it was more interesting to the reader. Now let all of us be as interesting as possible to the general reader. And if some come short of their ideal or even anything very good, why we must practice in order to become expert. So it is very desirable that many more students should write for the college paper. Many of our exchanges are very poor from lack of contributed articles and we believe it can be helped by this course. "Arctic Voyages of the Past and Present" in the November *Owl* shows considerable research, and is a valuable history as well as interesting reading.

---

"Life without love is extremely distressing,  
Yes, 'tis lonely, alas ! and joys seem but few ;  
Love is the key to aid sorrows decreasing,  
Then come to my heart, it beats only for you.

"I know that I love you, my heart is thine own,  
Oh, give me your smiles and a kiss ;  
I'm waiting for thee in the arbor alone,  
Then come and enjoy, love, one moment of bliss.

"Come let your dear head on my bosom recline,  
Oh, darling, believe what so oft I have said !  
That nothing can change a love such as mine,  
Then come to my heart, it is faithful till death.

"I'm longing and waiting, yes, waiting, my darling,  
With smiles and fond kisses so true ;  
Come rest in my arms—oh, believe me, sweet girl,  
Each throb of this heart, love, beats only for you !"

—*Exchange.*

---

TRINITY, (N. C.) is the first Southern college to adopt student management. A clipping will show the plan: "The charter which was granted by the General Assembly in 1891, and amended, 1893, provides for the government of students by two Councils. The members of the faculty and



all students over 21 years of age compose the Upper Council. The Lower Council is made up of all the minor students of the junior and senior classes. In legislation Congress is taken as a model. Either Council has the right of initiating any measure and when the bill has passed both Councils and has received the approval of the president of the college, it becomes a law. This prevents commission of offence by the obligation of the student to abide by his own laws and is a sure method of detection and punishment of offence. There is a custom among the students which prevents them from reporting one of their number to the faculty. To avoid this twelve men of the Council are appointed to investigate and report all offences."

Our contemporary seems to think that a student will feel so strong the obligation to abide by his own laws that he will not violate them. Would that it *were* true! But how many break their promises to observe certain rules affecting their habits and even voluntary actions. How far we wander from the beaten(?) path of "Practicing what we Preach." It seems to us that conformity of action to rule might better be obtained by instilling a feeling of trust in the superior wisdom of the Faculty than by giving to the student the power to make his own laws.

Again, will not the committee of twelve feel now, as well as before, a delicacy in reporting offences, or if they overcome this, will they not rouse the hatred of those whom they report, which will create factions and feuds to the hurt of the needful brotherly love and sympathy. But according to the *Archive* the results, so far, of the system are very gratifying. Let us hope that they may continue to be so, and hail with pleasure every improvement in college government.

#### **The Ability of the Negro to Get Knowledge.**

A young "nigger" down South, carrying an armful of books, was questioned thus :



"Going to school?" "Yes, sar, boss."

"D'you study all those books?" "No, sar, dey's my brudder's. I'se ignorance kind o' nigger long side o'him, boss. Yer jes oughter see dat nigger figgerin'. He done gone and cyphered through addition, partition, substraction, bomination, hallucination, justification, derivation, creation, amputation an' 'doption."

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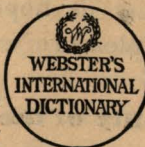
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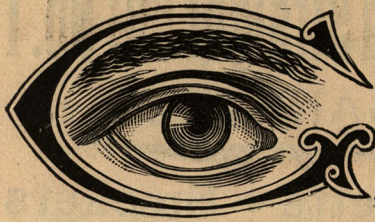
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




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
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