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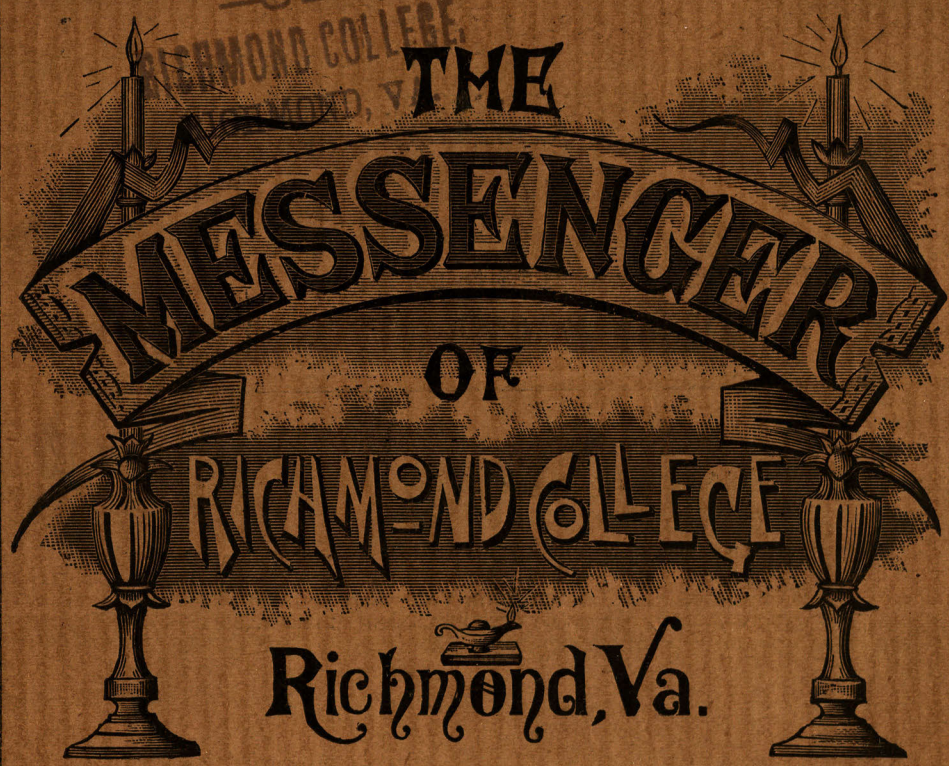
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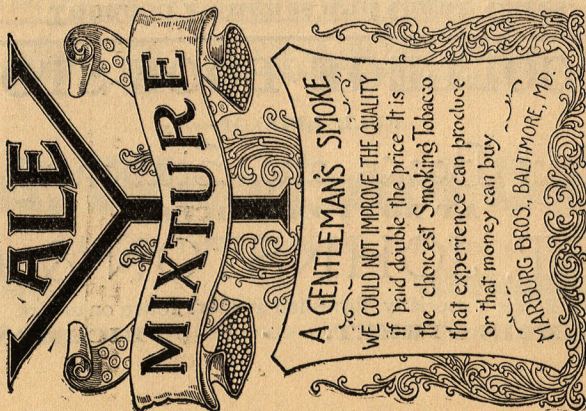
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## A CHASE WITH THE GOOSE CREEK PACK.

"Now, through the lapse where the fox is found,  
And over the stream at a mighty bound ;  
And over the highlands and over the low.  
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go—  
Away, as the hawk flies full at his prey,  
So flieth the hunter—away ! away !  
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,  
When the red fox dies and the day is done,  
Hark ! hark ! what sound on the wind is born ?  
'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn !  
The horn ! the horn !  
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn."

It was on a still, hazy afternoon in the month of October, 18—, that the writer, having been invited to participate in the annual opening hunt of the Goose Creek fox-hunters, left R., a city of some 25,000 inhabitants, and headed his



course for that valley, by nature one of the most picturesque in Southwest Virginia, and now becoming quite celebrated for the fast dogs it produces, and for the hospitality of its people.

The valley lies between the main range of the Blue Ridge on one side and one of its numerous arms on the other, and, on account of its mountainous situation, might be considered by some as unfit for such sport as fox-hunting, but, if there is any such, all I ask him to do is to go up and join the chase, and I am sure all prejudice will be dispelled. I arrived at my destination that evening about half-past 6 o'clock, and as I rode up to the gate the sweet chimes of the supper bell came stealing o'er the still autumn air, making my ears, and especially my appetite, tingle with its melodious music. Any one who has ridden thirty miles horseback will know how sweet and pleasant this sound was to me.

Virgil was my host—not that Virgil who sung of “arms and the hero, who first from Troy, by fate or exile, came”—but a plain man, born and reared in this nineteenth century. And as our appetites were being appeased with the delicious viands, he related hunt after hunt in which he had participated in days gone by, and filled my head so full of pedigrees and names of old and celebrated dogs, that I dreamed of nothing else the entire night. The next morning, just as Aurora with Phœbus' torch was dispelling the humid shades of night, forty-one hunters and sixty-five dogs were on their way to Clenrock Ridge—an arm of the Blue Ridge—which had been chosen as the most suitable place for the hunt, for here it was well-known that two old and tried grays were in the habit of taking their daily nap.

Immediately upon our arrival at the place designated, the dogs were cast off to the north, and in a few minutes the short, quick, savage hark of Trooper—a noble black and tan



of the Maupin strain—made it evident that game would soon be astir.

Twenty-five minutes after the trail was struck old Reynard, with sixty-three of the sixty-five dogs close at his heels, was describing graceful circles about the knob on which we were standing, and the deep melody of their voices made mountain answer mountain in maddening glee. He soon found it too warm for him in his present quarters, and, spurning the earth with his feet, he sought the deep hollows and almost inaccessible cliffs of Anderson's mountain, about eight miles distant, followed by the entire company at full tilt.

After trying every available means of escape—of which the fox, and especially the gray, possesses many—and finding them all in vain, he turned his course due north for the James river, on which was located his den. But alas! too late for poor Reynard, his days were numbered. We had all taken our position in a field between the mountain and the river, in order to get a sight of the fox, if possible, when he should cross, and, wonderful to relate, we were not disappointed. The approaching music warned us that the dogs were drawing close, and in a few minutes the fox emerged from the woods, his tongue out, and his bush trailing in the dust. As he started across the field, in a bee-line for his den, the pack broke cover, were bunched and running entirely by body scent. As they swept by us I thought it was one of the prettiest sights I had ever seen, yet I could not help feeling sorry for poor Reynard, for he had made a noble run, and I thought deserved to reach his den in safety. But the pack soon caught sight of him, and for a mile and a half it was a sight once seen never to be forgotten—namely, a sight chase, and poor Reynard was caught and forced to yield up his life blood within a half mile of his own home.

The music of the pack as it broke from the cover——.



But who can describe it? Who can describe the unique and forceful excitement of the music of the chase, the thrilling inspiration and intensity of the strike, trail, and run; the maddening and yet exquisite bewilderment of matchless music and fierce pursuit? When the race is on and the cry is full, the very stars seem to pause and listen, and all nature hushes to drink in the wild and wierd chorus of combatting and yet harmonious sounds. A note pierces the still air—other notes echo in response as strike and trail are announced by industrious and reliable leaders of the chase. Then a full cry as the game is up or a run is closed—fierce, melodious, wild, harmonious, sharp and sweet—covering the fields with a mantle of music, filling the valleys with matchless echoes, shaking forests with sounds they gladly reverberate, making hill answer hill in maddening glee. Such is the wondrous music of the chase. Why should not man love it? For what are hounds and fox except to minister to man's enjoyment? Why the instinct of persuit, the musical voice with which the hound is endowed? Why man's passion for both, a passion as old as history and as staunch as the stars? Kings and lords, the great and good in all ages, have followed and enjoyed the chase—the music of hounds following game; the manly sport of hunting with dogs. Many tastes, many sports, have had their decades and their centuries to die at last because unworthy to live, or because they were irrational and unenjoyable. Among the few sports that have survived time and change is the chase—a sport at once absorbing and elevating. It is heroically and philosophically an imperial enjoyment. It combines purpose, pursuit, and fuition. It is the one manly and immortal recreation that elevates while it satisfies, that stimulates efforts and sanctifies persistence; that fires and teaches the heroic, while it dignifies enjoyment.



**LAFAYETTE.**

Marquis de Lafayette was born on the 6th of September, 1757, in the province of Auvergne, situated in the central part of the southern division of France. He has been called the man of two worlds. A *Revolutionary Hero* of two great Republics. And as we shall note the instances of adversity and prosperity of his illustrious career, we shall view a character unparalleled in the annals of history. At the age of twelve he was entered at the college of Louis le Grand in Paris. He was passionately fond of study and became especially proficient in Latin and Greek. But high rank gained him the attention of royalty and the attractions of the gay French court drew him away from his intense application.

He became a page to the queen, and was enrolled as a member of the *Mousquetaires du Roi*, a body of soldiers whose particular duty it was to protect the person of the king, and which was composed solely of the descendants of the noblest families of France.

Lafayette was a soldier by profession, but he had chosen the sword to wield it for the right. A fire burned in his breast and he longed for the time when he could stand up and battle for the struggling millions. When he heard the tidings of the oppressive struggle in America, it struck the key-note to his fiery ardor, and he immediately formed in his breast a plan for their rescue.

With difficulty he persuaded the agent of the American Congress, Mr. Silas Dean, who was then in Paris, to give him a permit to engage personally, with the rank of Major-General, in the struggle for the Independence of the United States. And when it was told him that the affairs in America had become so deranged that they could not afford him a passage over, he replied in these noble words, "If you cannot furnish me with a vessel I will purchase one



and freight it at my own expense, to convey your dispatches and my person to the shores of America."

Lafayette was but eighteen years old and had just been married to the Countess Anastasie de Noailles, whom he tenderly loved. She brought to his own, a heart full of virtue, courage and conjugal affection. Her life is one of the brightest in the annals of female heroism. She also brought him a fortune but *she* was a richer treasure than it all.

His friends too having heard of his intentions violently denounced his project, and urged him to remain. He was reproached for his want of parental care and even taunted with the charge of faithlessness to her whom he had sworn to love. The king, having heard of it, ordered his arrest, but he escaped. Nothing daunted him; he resolutely endured all, that he might aid an oppressed people panting for freedom.

Lafayette set sail March 26, 1777. After a tedious voyage of almost two months the Victory came in sight of the American shores. A thrill of unspeakable emotion passed over the frame of the heroic stranger as he viewed this coast. This was the land towards which all the earnest yearnings of his soul had gone forth; over which hung his most radiant hopes and anticipations. What fortunes awaited him here? What reception would he meet? What were now the prospects of the glorious conflict, upon whose triumph he had staked his all? What would be his fate? Would he fall early in battle, or live to see the victorious issue of the struggle, and go back to France, himself covered with glory, and bearing in his heart the gratitude of a free people, for his timely aid in breaking their fetters?

When Lafayette, then only nineteen years of age, with the command of only what little English he had been able to pick up on his voyage, presented himself before the Continental Congress he was very coolly received.



Dean's contracts were so numerous, and for offices of such high rank, that it was impossible for Congress to ratify them without injustice to Americans who had by their services become entitled to promotion. When this had been explained to Lafayette, he immediately wrote to Congress this brief but *meaning* note :

“ After the sacrifices I have made, I have a right to exact two favors : One is, to serve at my own expense ; the other, to serve as a volunteer.”

These noble words revealed the character of the man, and assured them that he was a benefactor whose offers should not be lightly esteemed. Congress therefore accepted his services and bestowed upon him the rank of a Major-General in the army of the United States. But this was only honorary and he was not permitted to take command until he demonstrated his ability to occupy the honorable position.

On the 1st of August, Lafayette was presented to Washington. There was, in a sublime sense, a mutual recognition, and around those willing hearts was then woven that tie of friendship which afterwards become a bond that only death could sever. Having been invited by Washington to make his headquarters his home, Lafayette accepted with eagerness. He placed himself under the care and tuition of Washington, and owned himself his adopted son. With all the fire of youth and all the enthusiasm of his nature, he attached himself to the unrivalled chieftain.

Lafayette was wounded in his first battle while bravely trying to rally his troops. This wound, though not dangerous, caused him the most excruciating pain. It was some months before it healed, and during this time he panted for action. When he was again able to take active part, he so distinguished himself by his skill and bravery that Congress appointed him to the command of a division in the Continental Army. Soon after this Washington broke up



his encampment and Lafayette accompanied the army into winter quarters at Valley Forge. History tells us of the misery of that sad winter. Lafayette had his share of these trials and was himself uncomplaining. He sympathized with the soldiers and cheered the officers both by word and example. Brought up in the lap of luxury, he suddenly changed his whole manner of living, and his constitution bent itself to privations as well as to fatigue.

“Through the rigors of that awful winter, the fires of patriotism burned with steady flame; and amid the tempests that howled across the snow-clad plains of Valley Forge, the tree of liberty grew, nourished, it is true, with blood and tears.”

We will not undertake to follow him through all his bloody contests, nor record the many victorious charges which he made, nor the skillful retreats, which in themselves were victories; but only to say, that Lafayette by his wisdom in counsel and his courage on the field of action, won for himself an imperishable fame and the lasting love and gratitude of the American people.

In the year 1778, his own country became engaged in war, and Lafayette, urged both by duty and patriotism, determined to present himself before his sovereign to know how he might serve him and his country. Never was Lafayette more worthy to be called “the man of two worlds,” than when, on the 11th of February, 1779, he sailed from Massachusetts Bay for his beloved France, bearing upon his great heart the welfare and honor of a modern republic, and an ancient kingdom.

The gladness with which Lafayette was welcomed home was exceedingly flattering. He was not twenty-two years of age, but his splendid career had already given him a world-wide reputation. His fame had spread into every hamlet of the kingdom. Though he was now in his own native land, greatly honored and surrounded by those very



dear to him, he did not forget his struggling comrades in America.

Through his influence France sent indispensable aid to the American Colonies, and he himself was instructed to communicate in secret the message from the King to General Washington. This was a glad day for the Marquis, and he joyfully set out on his mission.

The day of his reception back to America was made one of public rejoicing. All the bells in the city rang their merry peals over the inhabitants flocking to the shore to receive their generous defender. Amid the roar of cannon, the enlivening strains of military music, and the loud shouts of the multitude, Lafayette stepped again upon American soil. He resumed his old place as Major-General, and throughout the rest of the war added unfading lustre to his already immortal name.

Some one has said the name of Lafayette was never tarnished by a single blunder. Right around this city, when the wily Cornwallis, with a very superior force, tried to capture the *boy*, as he called him, he managed his troops so well as to elude him entirely, though Cornwallis was so sure of capturing him that he had invited a company of ladies to meet at his house, assuring them they should be introduced to the Marquis de Lafayette. But not so; de Lafayette was destined to be one of the heroes to capture Cornwallis himself, with his whole army.

Lafayette, having accomplished his sublime mission upon a foreign soil, his greatest desire now was that France might be as free as America. He said: "He who loves liberty can only remain quiet after having established it in his own country."

The government of France having become so corrupted, the people were imposed upon until they would stand it no longer. Civil war seemed inevitable.

Lafayette was called to the command of the National



Guards, a body of troops composed of citizens for the purpose of protecting the people. The appellation of *the People's Friend* was given to him all over the kingdom, and while the masses exalted him to the rank of a demigod, the aristocracy admired his devotion to the mandate of duty. During the first period of this revolution it seems as if Lafayette had the destinies of France in his hands. But he found himself unable to control the excitement which sprang up. On account of his advocating a constitutional kingdom the extreme Republicans, and also the King and Queen, whom he had rescued from the murderous hands of a lawless populace, became his bitter enemies. During this dark period Lafayette was ever the minister of humanity and order among a frenzied people, who had come to regard order and humanity as phases of treason.

Again, when war was declared against Austria, the Marquis was called to the front. But his enemies, zealous and envious, hated him intensely. It seems that having once begun enemies sprang up everywhere. Though true to himself, true to his King, and true to his country, everybody seems to have turned against him and decried him as an enemy of liberty and a traitor. A price was set upon his head, and an assembly met and issued an edict allowing anybody who pleased to murder him. So he was forced to flee, and in a hostile and foreign land seek the safety which he could not find at home.

He and a few friends, who fled with him were taken prisoners by the Austrians while trying to pass their lines, and were sent to Olmutz.

As he entered his cell at Olmutz it was declared to him that he would never come out alive; that he would never see anything but what was inclosed within the four walls of his cell; that he would hold no communication with the outer world; that he would never be suffered to learn anything of the situation of his family, or even to know of each



other's existence. Austria meant that his existence should be strictly a living death. But Providence, whose mysterious and wise purposes send adversity and prosperity, had not determined that Lafayette should perish so.

Though for five long years he wore away his bitter life in this horrible dungeon, he whose name was written so deeply in the hearts of two nations was not forgotten. The news of his imprisonment spread wherever he was known—and where was he not known? America, England, and France entreated for his release, but not till the victorious Napoleon Bonaparte demanded the release of every foreign prisoner as a condition to peace did Austria succumb.

During an extremely severe winter he was reduced to almost the last extremity by a violent fever, and yet was deprived of proper attendance, of air, of suitable food, of decent clothes, and nothing but a little damp and mouldy straw for a bed, and chained to the wall so that he could hardly turn over, with no light penetrating his cell. His sufferings were worse than death. But more than this, he was made to believe that he was only reserved for a public execution, while at the same time he was not permitted to know whether his family were alive or had fallen under the revolutionary axe.

After his release Lafayette once more visited America, the land of the free. This caused universal joy. No citizen of a foreign country has ever had so many or such warm admirers in America, nor does any statesman in France appear to have ever possessed uninterruptedly for so many years so large a measure of popular influence and respect. He was one of the bravest; his life was one of constant personal peril, and yet he never shrank from any danger or responsibility if he saw the way open to spare life or suffering; to protect the defenceless; to sustain the law and preserve order.

W. E. GIBSON.



---

**COLLEGE DAYS.**

---

Standing amid the neat, picturesque cottages of to-day, the college seems a cumbrous thing. Indeed, it has a somber aspect to some, who, with us, have failed.

Like a huge, weather-beaten rock amid the rushing, laughing, and merry voices, it tells of "olden time." The first time we enter the campus we are struck with awe at the general appearance, but soon her face becomes as familiar as those of our friends. We can almost at times hear her groan and complain, when she thinks of some men who have come in contact; yea, who have been associated with her, at the course they have afterward taken. Over some she can clasp her hands and smile, for they have done well and brought honour to her name.

See us enter and matriculate for the first time. Our faces are aglow with zeal and determination and our energy is at a high potential. But oh! this is often cooled down too soon. We launch our ship upon the deep before we make the final leap graduation.

After we have spent several terms in the care of our old "alma mater," we find that, to our surprise, we have been passing along a path by rippling streams, and our college days like a dream have passed away.

Young men, we are nearing usefulness, let us carefully survey the past, ere we go on, with our ageless ways.

Let us pause and view with a critical eye the stretch of land through which we have come, over so many flower beds, and perhaps a few thorns, to where we now stand. While at college the sun poured her rays down upon our path, illuminating our path to success, though at times, a dark cloud, or sad news from loved ones, made the returning home, and happy expressions of sympathy from college boys seem doubly dear.

Now, unto your college days, "though little world of col-



lege life," with all the hard work, care, pleasant task, joys, the teachers, college bell, mess-hall, base-ball, tennis, and campus, fare-well.

Many thanks to teachers for valuable instruction, for kindly words, and for all influences they have had in bettering our lives. To our allotted places, at home, we must now turn.

We have a joyful tear for all those we have left at the hearth-stone of the old home place. At the last, the mere "play" becomes serious earnest, as the thought of parting strikes home, while the boys gather in circles before the main building to sing the parting song of fraternity, forming for the last time our hands with those that have done many a "turn" for us; how sad it is, when we once become acquainted that we so soon forget those with whom we labored. While at college it is Mr. "B," "C," or "D," but when they bid adieu to all the joys we have known so long, why is it that we bid a final farewell and almost tear the remembrance of them out of our heart never to think of them again?

The sleepy-heads turn in for the last repose, while the wide-awakes sit in their rooms, that they are to leave forever, and talk over the old days and the days that are to come, some perhaps will let their minds wander back to the distressing humors of their "ratage," or some perhaps of that one sad year when in the very silence of night the telegram came, "Son, come home, your mother is dying." Then the college mates gather around expressing their sympathy and saying, good-bye "dear old boy."

Now, as we enter upon life, never has there come so sudden, and realizing the sense of homelessness, of the lonely largeness of the world under the wide sky, such as one seldom feels, save under these circumstances. How pleasant to reach the familiar home, that has withstood the roaring wind through the pines, and the "lapping of the waves," that has slept under the stars, all in safety.



As we enter the gate of the home place, we ask ourselves the question, "Has it been one, two, or six years that we have been truants from our home?"

Is it possible? All things appear the same; the purple mountains boom up untouched by the finger of time; but look closer—there is gray hair in father's head, or perchance a wrinkle has stolen on mother's face, not caused by us? Oh, time, how did you steal on me? Am I the same man? Yes, the very leaves nod as old friends; surely I am the one who left here a mere boy several years ago.

Or is it, friends, a parable of Heaven,  
That Heaven the golden-visioned poets dream,  
Whereto returning, in the eternal round,  
Of birth and death, our petty life shall seem  
Scarcely the dreamy interval of a night;  
And, we, the home of ages reached again,  
Rest heart-content in well-remembered bliss."

—TREBOR.

---

### OUR REGRETS AND COMPLAINTS.

You swore you loved me all last June,  
And now December's come and green;  
The summer went with you—too soon  
The winter goes—alone.

Next spring the leaves will all be gone;  
But love like ours, once turned to pain,  
Can be no more what it has been,  
Though roses bloom again.

Return, return the unvalued wealth  
I gave! which scarcely profits you—  
The heart's lost youth—the soul's lost health—  
In vain!—false friend, adieu!

I keep one faded violet,  
Of all our love—you left no more;  
What I have lost I may forget,  
But you cannot restore.

—ANON.



## Editorials.

### EDUCATION.

The only difference between a man and a brute is that one thinks and reasons and the other does not. One is immortal, and the other temporary and earthly. The colt, if tied down to a stump all his life will be a very poor and worthless horse, and the mind of a man clouded in ignorance from childhood to old age, will amount to almost nothing at his death. It might as well be expected for a locomotive, however perfectly made, to run without steam.

Education is the motive power of intellect, it is, in fact, the motive power of the world, *for mind governs the world*. Of all governments now on the earth none, perhaps, are founded so practically on the basis of universal education as the United States. Here every man is expected to exercise the rights of SOVEREIGNTY, for by his simple independent ballot he creates sovereigns. If he is ignorant, his ballot will be ignorant, and if the ballot is the exponent of ignorance, the the government must of necessity be but representative of an ignorant mass of people. Our system of government presupposes that every elector is educated and knows what he wants in government, and that he exercises his right of judgment, in other words, it presumes that the "people are capable of government." This would be the most absurd presumption in the world if it were not based on universal education.

It is not enough that a man educate his own children, but he must see that all around him are educated, not only for the society which it creates, but in self defence. For an educated man to be doomed to live in a neighborhood of unthinking and uneducated people is like a philosopher being shipwrecked on a coast inhabited only by barbarians.



This is the justification in law for making a man pay for public education, even though he had no children of his own to send to the schools—it is just, and is for his benefit, whether he understands it or not. City, State and national government is founded on the theory of intelligent people, and it is all nonsense to talk of a pure and correct government created by an illiterate mass. Education should be a political idea; it enters into its entire structure, and it is itself the greatest incentive to educational thought in the world; it is the conservator of society. A kingdom is founded on the theory that the king and his advisors are thoroughly educated and the masses are ignorant, and that the king must think for his people; or at least that he is capable of doing it, and that in doing so, he can do no wrong. This is the abstract theory, yet the truth is that that kingdom is best established, and vests upon the surest foundation, where the subjects are thoroughly educated. Every man is a born thinker and the functive are only paralyzed when his material for thought is cut off, and this is effectually done when he has failed to learn to read, or when able to do so he does not read. Literature is the fuel for thought. When it is bad the fires burn badly, and the steam is uncertain in quantity and quality; it is liable to explosion; when the fuel is right and properly applied the steam is regular and good, and the grand engine of mysterious thought goes forward with a steady and increasing power.



## Locals.

*Examo, flunkere, busti, quitum.*

A sporty pair;  
"Wun Lung" and the fox.

Our Englishman, the dative gerundive of *do, dare, dedi, datum.*

A translation: "All of your *future* life *has been* a pleasure to you."

Mr. H. throwing dice: "I believe these dice are just alike."

A. N. V. Army of Northern Virginia. "Ain't No Venus."

Familiar faces: Horse-face, Dog-face, Face-Duke, Face-Bosher, Face-Watkins, Pig-face, Bull-face.

Latest news from Phil.: "Self-consciousness is consciousness of self." "Face D."

Two o'clock Sunday A. M.; Sounds of thunder, cannonading, earthquakes, etc. Just that third floor gang.

Mr. G. wants to know if so much knowledge is not a burden to a man. If such is the case, we advise Mr. G. to leave college immediately; he is in danger.

George Ox enters lecture hall with long reed in hand.

Mr. H. (trying to get funny): "Going fishing?"

George Ox; "Yes, and there are plenty of suckers right here."



Face D. astonishes the German class with the assertion that the philosopher's stone is none other than the Blarney stone.

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Mr. K.: Professor, I don't believe that a man can tell all the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Professor: "It depends largely upon the man."

---

Mr. A., in Physics class, glances at the new thermometer and observes that it registers 10;15, when he draws his watch and remarks that the thing is already twenty minutes slow.

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Ballyhack on the evening of the Corbett-Mitchell mill was wending his way to the bulletin boards when he noticed a brass band heading a funeral procession. He immediately suggested that they were celebrating Corbett's victory.

---

The following is noticed among the New Year's "wants" of *The Times*, (Richmond):

Wanted—The Richmond College foot-ball team to enter the field next season armed to the teeth with six-shooters and butcher knives so as to make some sort of showing upon the gridiron.

The sporting editor has evidently forgotten our record of '93.

---

Mr. R. is strolling down Broad with his best girl, when the bill distributor thrusts him one of his posters.

"What can that be?" asks the fair creature. "We shall see," says Mr. R. as they unfold the bill and glance at its contents, when they both suddenly become interested in some passing object. It was only an advertisement of the Plymouth Rock Pant Company with the favorite question printed in bold, black type across its face.



## COLLEGE FIENDS.

|                                      |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |                  |
|--------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------------------|
| Latin Fiend,                         | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Juny             |
| Calico Fiend,                        | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | "Sausage Gravy." |
| Boat Crew Fiend,                     | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Ballyhack.       |
| Fiend of "The Four Hundred,"         | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | "Big Doon."      |
| Mess-Hall Fiend,                     | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Bingo.           |
| Noise Fiend,                         | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | "Horse-face."    |
| Foxy Fiend,                          | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | "Wun Lung."      |
| Madam's Fiend,                       | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Redd.            |
| Fiend of Leisure,                    | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Edwards.         |
| "Phil" Fiend,                        | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Kalomel.         |
| Joke Fiend,                          | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Ye Local Editor. |
| Poetical Fiend,                      | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Ronnie.          |
| Math Fiend,                          | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Miss Aphelia.    |
| Greek Medal Fiend,                   | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Merkle.          |
| Never-too-much-to-be-sat-upon Fiend, | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Rat Moseley.     |

## FOXY.

Yes, a sure enough live fox, and a gallant old red—a veteran son of Albemarle. Such was the character of the varmint which so suddenly made its appearance upon the campus a few evenings since. It chanced that reynard had been captured some time before, and had been released on said afternoon in order to furnish sport to some of the society folk of Richmond, some of whom, it is safe to say, know a little more about real fox-hunting than an ordinary pig does about Sunday. The old red, however, sought more agreeable companions, and in consequence sought the abodes of the college celebrities, who were ready to receive him with open arms. Over the campus and back again he sped, followed by a host of admirers, until he was seized by one of the students.

When the hunters neared the college, it was learned that old reynard had taken refuge in the grounds, where he was caught by one of the students, Mr. Deane. Mr. Mathews was the first person to enter the campus, and at his sugges-



tion Mr. Dean very courteously and in a graceful little utterance presented the captive to Miss Langhorne.

The varmint was placed in an orange box and taken up to meet the other hunters, who were back with the hounds. The fox was liberated again, and then occurred an animated chase.

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### ASSEMBLY OF CULTURE.

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MANY PROMINENT PEOPLE HEAR DR. CURRY'S LECTURE ON THE "CONSTITUTION OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES."

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A distinguished audience assembled in the college chapel on Friday evening, February 9th, to hear the lecture of Dr. J. L. M. Curry, the president of the Board of Trustees of Richmond College, on "The Constitution of the Confederate States." It was one of the largest and most cultured audiences ever gathered in the college halls. The address was delivered before the College Historical Society and Law School and their invited guests, the Governor, the Senate, the House of Delegates, the Bar Association of Richmond, and the Virginia Historical Society. On the rostrum, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and ferns, there were, besides the speaker of the evening and the president of the College Historical Society, Governor O'Ferrall, Mayor Ellyson, Jackson Guy, president of the Bar Association, and Judge J. C. Lamb, of the Chancery Court.

Among the distinguished guests in the audience were Col. Archer Anderson, Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D.; Rev. J. C. Hiden, D. D.; Hon. H. R. Pollard, Rev. J. Calvin Stuart, Rev. James Smith, D. D.; Rev. James Nelson, Rev. Dr. Cooper, B. H. Nash, James Lyons, J. Alston Cabell, and many others.

Dr. Curry was introduced by Professor Boatwright, president of the Historical Society, who referred to Dr. Curry's



connection with the Confederate Congress, and his eminent qualifications to discuss the theme he had chosen.

Dr. Curry began by resenting the assumption so common in parts of America and Europe that the Southern States rebelled against the Union. He defined the word rebellion, and showed that neither by act nor utterance did the South rebel against the Federal Government. Burke said a statesman was a man who knew how to conserve and improve, and the speaker pointed out how admirably this was done in Montgomery in the spring of 1861. The changes, additions, and amendments made to the Federal Constitution before it was finally adopted were discussed from the standpoint of recent American and European history, and many opinions were quoted to show that some of these amendments were still worthy of consideration by the nation.

The deliverances of the Confederate Constitution on the question of slavery were clearly defined, and many erroneous views corrected. The speaker's earnest and convincing periods were frequently applauded, but nowhere more enthusiastically than where he alluded to the Confederate treatment of the tariff, and the equitable adjustment of revenues by the Southern Government.

In closing, Dr. Curry referred to pension legislation. He commended Cleveland for his determined stand, and rejoiced that the days of disunion were passed, and called on the young he was addressing to be true patriots and advance in every way the interests of our common country.

The large audience present paid close attention to this interesting address.

The Doctor was at his best, and seldom have we listened to a more soul-stirring address than the one on this occasion. We trust that the president of our board of trustees will be with us often.



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**OUR SOCIETIES.**

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The following gentlemen will constitute the Final Committee for commencement of 1894:

**PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY.**

H. W. PROVENCE (chairman), Florida.

N. J. ALLEN, Virginia.

JACOB SALLADE, Pennsylvania.

J. E. HIXSON, Tennessee.

G. H. COLE, Maryland.

L. R. WRIGHT, North Carolina.

**MU SIGMA RHO SOCIETY.**

R. W. HATCHER, Virginia.

C. M. GRAVES, Virginia.

F. A. JONES, Texas.

J. F. WOOD, Tennessee.

W. W. TRICE, Kentucky.

W. F. LONG, Pennsylvania.

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**UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES.**

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Richmond College is most probably due the honor of having arranged and carrying through the first series of university extension lectures ever conducted by any Southern institution. The reader will remember that the first attempt of Richmond College along this line was during the session '92-'93, when Prof. F. W. Boatwright so successfully gave a series of lectures on German Literature. The results so encouraged those interested that the Richmond Chapter of the Richmond College Alumni Association decided to arrange a more extensive course for this session, and were exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Professors Harris, Winston and Boatwright, whose subjects and dates are given below. The lectures are all



given on Tuesday evenings in the lecture room of Grace Street Baptist Church.

On Greek Poetry, Prof. H. H. Harris, January 16th, 23d, 30th; February 6th, 13th, 20th.

On French Literature, Prof. F. W. Boatwright, February 27th; March 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th; April 3d.

On Applied Electricity, Prof. C. H. Winston, April 10th, 17th, 24th; May 1st, 8th, 15th.

The subjects of the lectures which have been delivered by Professor Harris have been as follows: "The Beginnings of Greek Poetry," "The Homeric Question," "Transition from Epic to Lyric," "Genuine Lyric or Melic Poetry," and "Origin and Accessories of the Drama." The lecture on "The Great Dramatists," will conclude his course. The lectures have been attended by intelligent audiences, and have been of a high order.

We doubt if any other Southern College offers its students such an attractive series of lectures as are annually afforded the students of Richmond College.

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We are glad to announce that the course of Thomas Memorial Lectures will be delivered this year by Dr. H. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, the great critic and reader of Shakespeare. Dr. Furness is the author of the Variorum edition of Shakespeare, a noted authority, and a highly interesting lecturer. We may expect to hear something of high literary merit. The lectures will be held in the Thomas Memorial hall, and probably on the evenings of March 1st, 2d, 8th and 9th.

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On the evening of January 22d, the school of Physics tendered a very enjoyable entertainment to its friends. Through the kindness of the Eastman Company, the manufacturers ("you press the button, we do the rest"), the management of the entertainment had been supplied with a large



number of choice views of the Columbian Exposition which were shown upon canvas. An audience of about six hundred was present.

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### ATHLETICS.

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Examinations have laid a damper on the ardor of our athletes, and for a month past the play-ground has been deserted by those who were formerly accustomed to spend their spare moments on the grid-iron field or tennis court. But now that examinations are over, athletics will be pursued with renewed vigor as the spring advances, and the dull thud of the racquet will be heard in strange contrast with the wild shouts from the base-ball grounds. Athletics is a subject that in all the colleges (ours not excepted) is receiving increased attention, and the testimony of leading college men, published recently in the foremost magazines of the country, as to the immense value of athletics to the students, as furnishing much needed recreation and legitimate outlet for the superabundance of spirits possessed by the average young man, should set at rest the impotent railings of unqualified and self-appointed judges against what they are pleased to term the "*excesses* with which the undue development of athletics in our colleges is chargeable." Our own development in athletics within the last few years is commendable; and our foot-ball team of '93 is the first one ever organized at Richmond College that had the heart to tackle the University of Virginia, and the only Southern team that succeeded in scoring against the 'Varsity eleven, an honor that only Georgetown, State College of Pennsylvania, Annapolis and Johns-Hopkins have enjoyed with us this season; and Georgetown and Annapolis were, late in the season, shut out by the Virginia team, which was probably the strongest eleven ever organized in the South. This should encourage our foot-ball eleven men



beyond estimation, and lead them to prosecute this department of our athletics with unprecedented vigor. We have now reached that point in the development of the game where enthusiastic support on the part of the student body will place our foot-ball teams in the very front rank of Southern elevens.

The base-ball interests of the College have never until this year recovered from the blow received in 1890 by all the members of the famous nine of that year failing to return the next session. In consequence of this dirth, we put no team into the field in 1891; and in 1892, although defeating Randolph-Macon, suffered severely at the hands of Washington and Lee; in 1893 (last year) prospects were somewhat brighter, but we were unfortunate in arranging dates. This year we hope to gain, in a measure, our lost ground, and if anticipations are realized, the team of '94 will make an enviable record. Some detailed account of the prospects was given in the January MESSENGER, and the Base-Ball Committee is determined to perfect by diligent practice the skill of the players. A new diamond is being prepared, and dates have already been arranged with Lehigh, March 23d, and University of North Carolina, April 21st.

The matter of field-day will be considered at the next meeting of the Athletic Association.

Interest in boat-crew matters needs to be increased. For three years Richmond College has held the French cup and with it the championship of Virginia, and the indications are that with good training we can again win the prize. This done, and we have won the cup in four successive races, something unprecedented in the history of the Virginia Association of Amateur Oarsmen. The kind of enthusiasm especially needed just now is that which will resolve itself into something tangible—financial support. A new gig is almost a necessity, and money *must be raised*, though quite a snug sum will be required. It is most prob-



able that the student body will have to bear the greater part of the burden, if not all of it, which *should not be the case*, for the crew has never yet failed to do credit to the college as an institution. We must, however, accept the situation and do the best we can. Let the Boat-crew Committee take *immediate action*. A jollification is yet possible, and will be sure to realize a neat sum if rightly managed.

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### **GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY NOTES.**

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Since the last issue of the MESSENGER, two regular meetings of the Society have been held. At the first, Mr. M. W. Quillen presented a carefully prepared paper on Scott County. It brought out interesting and romantic incidents in the early history of the county, and these so enlivened the historical facts contained in it, as to keep the close attention of every one present. Mr. Quillen claimed much for the splendid water and climate of his county and dwelt on her scenic grandeur, the sublimest expression of which is found in the Natural Tunnel, which, in magnitude and picturesqueness, surpasses Natural Bridge.

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At the last meeting, three papers were read: The first, by Mr. C. E. Stuart on "Pulaski City," told how that town has developed from a depot and water-tank in 1882 to a city of 5,000 inhabitants. The foundations for its present prosperity are the plants of the Bertha Zinc Company, the Pulaski Iron County, and smaller ones.

Pulaski zinc took first prize at the World's Fair. Its furnaces have kept running during the financial depression. The public school building is the finest between Norfolk and Bristol. The renowned Maple Shade Inn is here also.

Mr. R. E. Loving read a paper on "Tobacco Raising in Fluvanna." To the uninitiated among us this paper revealed many facts about the growth of the pungent weed, of which



we were entirely ignorant. The most entertaining part of it was that which told about the expedients used by the wily farmer to prevent and get rid of the troublesome tobacco worm. As proof that Fluvanna land is adapted to fine tobacco raising, it is only necessary to mention that the first premium at the World's Fair was taken by tobacco raised in that county.

Mr. J. H. Franklin told of the "Manufacture of Clay Pipes," as carried on in his county, especially at the plant of the Akron Smoking Pipe Company, at Pamplin, Appomattox county. From the fact that this plant has a capacity of forty or fifty thousand pipes per day, you would suppose that the demand would soon be entirely supplied, were you not told that they sometimes receive orders for a million pipes at once..

It is wonderful that one little negro, with no other machine than "the simple twist of his wrist," can pick up and oil ten thousand "dodgers" a day. A "dodger" is a little lump of clay from which a single pipe is made. Mr. Franklin exhibited a number of pipes and stems.

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At these two meetings five new members were elected. It is worthy of note that this Society has not held a meeting this season, without the election of new members.

At the next meeting papers will be read on "Fredericksburg," by Mr. Sallade, and "Nansemond County," by Mr. Owens.

---

J. A. Marstella ('93) recently did the handsome thing when he chose as his "better half" Miss Lucy Dishman, of King George county, Va. From all accounts it must have been quite a romantic affair. The MESSENGER extends congratulations.



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

The new corps of officers have gotten the Association machinery well lubricated, and the outlook is encouraging. Very favorable reports are had from mission stations, especially the work at the Confederate Soldiers' Home. Brother Martin, who has charge of this work, is deeply interested in his mission, and reports a most favorable outlook.

Our delegates to the State Convention to be held in Roanoke, Va., February 14th to 18th, are just leaving for the meeting. Richmond College will be represented by J. E. Hixson, R. W. Hatcher, J. J. Hurt, and W. E. Gibson. We trust that the delegates will become fired with zeal, and will come back to greatly strengthen our lines.

We were much gratified recently at having with us F. S. Brockman, one of our college secretaries of the International Committee. The occasion of his visit was especially to look after the mission department of Association work. The college faculty very kindly suspended classes for an hour in order that the students might hear our brother. He presented the needs of the foreign field in a forcible manner, and no doubt gave to many a new direction to the current of our thoughts. An after meeting was held to which those especially interested in missions remained, and in which the question was brought more directly to the individuals. The Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement to be held in Detroit, Mich., February 28th to March 4th, was also presented, and the necessity of Richmond College having a representative there was emphasized. The students very heartily approved of the convention, and signified their intention of being represented, at the same time raising a neat sum to defray expenses of delegate. We were glad to have with us in this meeting our State Secretary, Mr. H. O. Williams.

Prof. Harris will possibly attend the Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement in Detroit, and J. H. Franklin has been chosen as delegate from the student body.



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**PERSONALS.**

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H. R. Bagby ('93) has a position in Baltimore.

J. H. Read, Jr., ('93), is teaching school in Page county.

J. A. Broaddus ('90) is in business at Luray, Va.

Whit C. Boyd ('93) has entered business in Richmond.

Russel Williams ('91) is in the banking business in Richmond.

Adolphus Blair, Jr., ('93) has entered business life in Capital City of the Old Dominion.

W. H. Ryland ('91) is taking law at Columbian University.

Norvel Walker ('89) and Thomas Sizer ('89) are in business in the Monumental City.

C. L. Laws ('89) is pastor of one of the Baltimore Baptist churches.

W. L. Wright ('89) has charge of churches in Appomattox county, Va.

H. H. Street ('90) is pastor of the Crewe, Va., Baptist church.

C. L. Eggleston ('85) is with *The World*, (N. Y.) We were glad to note his recent visit to his *Alma Mater*.

William Broaddus ('92) is one of the rising young bankers of Richmond.

Robt. G. Hiden ('91) and J. J. Irby ('89) are with *The Times*, (Richmond); Irby being telegraph editor of that paper.



W. L. Britt ('93) is pastor of one of the Baptist churches of Eastern Virginia.

---

C. M. Cooke ('93) can be found at his home (Louisburg) in the "Old North State."

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Robert W. Grizzard ('93) is preaching in the western portion of Virginia.

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Frank C. Jones ('93) is one of the lumber dealers of Bonham, Texas.

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J. G. King ('93) is one of the business men of Fredericksburg, Va.

---

L. B. Samuel's ('93) is holding forth at his home in Bardstown, Ky.

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J. S. Ryland ('93) is pastor of churches in Caroline county, Va.

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Walter Blair ('93) and Walter Cabell ('93) are among the Richmond College boys at the University of Virginia.

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Geddes Winston ('93) is with the Richmond branch of the Snow-Church Company. He occasionally honors us with a call.

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C. J. Edwards of Franklin, Va., after a *protracted* spell of *sickness* (?) has returned home. Practice up, old man; may be you will make the team when you come again.

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Merwin Branch ('91), H. T. Harris ('93), Fergusson ('92), E. Harrison ('93), A. Hurt ('90), J. F. Lynn ('93), C. Lynn ('93), W. M. Pilcher ('92), W. C. Parker ('92), and E. J. Moseley ('92), are all attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons, (Richmond.)



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## Exchanges.

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The unhappy scribe, whose lot it is to provide to the best of his ability for the success of this department of our MESSENGER, was gratified to find that the quality, as well as quantity, of exchanges on his table this month is better than usual. Perhaps I should not have said above *as well as quantity*, for several of our largest and usually most welcome visitors have not made their appearance this month. But we are privileged to mention *The Wabash*, *The Carolinian*, *The Oak Leaf*, *The Atlantis*, and *The Battalion*, as new arrivals, while most of our old friends have come to greet us again. The quality, as we just observed, is rather on a higher plane than it has been hitherto.

As some of our friends have observed, there has set in long ago a reaction concerning foot-ball. Of course, during the winter, when no games are played, the attendant excitement is lacking. But some, with arguments *pro* and *con*, keep the subject before us. Some say, and to some extent, at least, truthfully, that a student cannot be brilliant both as an athlete and as a scholar. But whether or not the temporary cessation of the 'brutal' 'rowdy' and 'immoral' sport has caused it, this exchange editor is very much pleased to note less matter about foot-ball and more in the line of essays.

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*The Battalion*, which comes from the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, contains a few words from 'Alumnus,' who expresses a desire that any who do not wish to study agriculture or mechanics will not attend that institution. It contains, also, one of a series of articles on Life in the United States Army. To most people of our country this article would be very instructive. 'Tis a sad fact that so few people know what a soldier's life is like.



We are very much pleased with *The Wabash*. "The Merchant of Venice" we especially enjoyed.

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The first record we have of tennis is found in the Bible in the following words: "Joseph served in Pharoah's court and Israel returned out of Egypt.—*Ex.*"

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The locals of *The Carolinian* are quite as amusing, and certainly more appreciable to the outside world, than the jokes (?) appearing in many college papers.

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The most unpleasant observation about *The Atlantis* is that it seems to contain absolutely nothing from the students who publish it. Next to this (though its clippings "Tennyson the Man" and "An Old Soldier" are very good reading) the arrangement is not so good as it might be.

---

The chief article in the *Hendrix Mirror* for January is "The Anglo-Saxon and His Migration." After giving a very fine sketch of the race from the beginning of its history, calling attention particularly to the migration of members of the race to Britain, thence to America, India, Australia, and Africa, the writer concludes with these words: "Where is not the Anglo-Saxon? Where shall we limit his influence or mark the boundary of his power? The march has been triumphant, and the people have been one. Arminius, who stayed the power of Rome, and engulfed her legions in defeat; Washington, re-establishing the freedom of his people, and Gladstone, the chief of statesmen, with the olive branch of peace, have led a common race to a common victory which shall not be complete

'Till the war drum throbs no longer,  
And the battle-flags are furled  
In the parliament of man,  
The Federation of the world.' "



In order to tell a genuine twenty-five-cent piece, the following should be noticed: The genuine twenty-five cents has thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen marginal feathers in each wing, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel lines in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrow heads, and thirteen letters in the words "quarter dollar."—*Ex.*

Unlucky quarter, if it be true! But we think our friend is mistaken. Find out in what respect.

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*The Dickinson Liberal* is, we think, growing better. "An Ocean Voyage" was read eagerly and accounted a very fine composition by all who, so far as we know, have seen it.

It contains also an article headed "Should Wages be Paid Convict Laborers." It was, of course, read with interest, as so much is being said nowadays about ways and means of punishment. But without venturing to express an opinion on this important matter, or even giving the writer's arguments, we will, in order to show his sentiment, quote his conclusion:

"We believe that convicts should be made to work, but that they should be paid the same wages for their labor that the same labor is commanding in the labor market of the world, and that the State, after deducting all necessary expenses, such as board, washing clothing, fuel and light, should remit the balance to the family of the convict. In case of his having no family, to be held in trust for him until his release, and in case of death to be devoted to some charitable object."

---

We are glad to report that H. C. Burnett, Jr., whose misfortune was reported in last issue of MESSENGER, is recovering as rapidly as could be expected. We are glad to see him driving around college, and trust that he will soon be with us again on two feet.



The following lines are said to have been written on the back of a five-hundred dollar Confederate note by Major Jones, editor of the Aberdeen, (Miss.) paper, and presented to Miss Rush, a young lady of Philadelphia.—*P. M. I. Journal.*

“Representing nothing on God’s earth, now,  
And naught in the waters below it,  
As the pledge of a nation that passed away,  
Keep it, dear friend and show it.  
Show it to those who will lend an ear  
To the tale that this trifle will tell  
Of Liberty born of a patriots dream,  
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore,  
And too much of a stranger to borrow.  
We issued to-day on a promise to pay,  
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.  
The days rolled on and weeks became years,  
But our coffers were empty still ;  
Gold was so scarce, the treasury quaked  
If a dollar dropped in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,  
Though our poverty well we discerned,  
And this note represents the pay  
That our suffering veterans earned.  
They knew it had hardly a value in gold,  
But as gold our soldiers received it.  
It gazed in our face with a promise to pay,  
And every true soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay  
Or of bills that were overdue,  
We knew if it brought our bread to-day  
’Twas the best our poor country could do.  
Keep it, it tells all our history o’er  
From the birth of the dream to its last,  
Modest and born of an angel’s hope,  
Like our hope of success it passed.”





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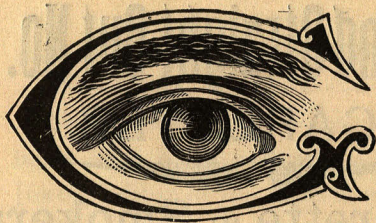
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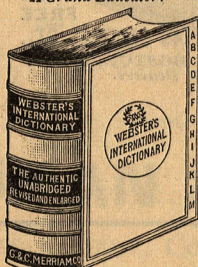
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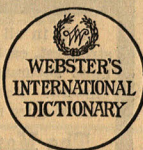
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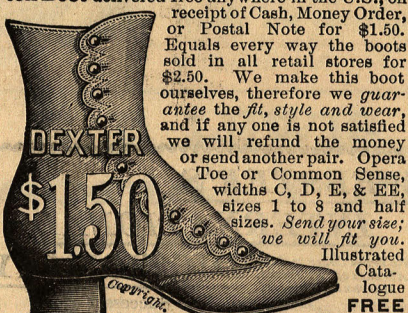




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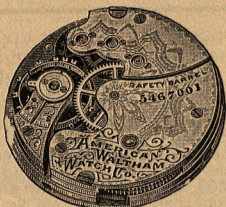
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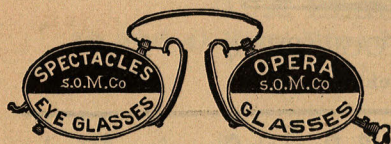
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