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VERSES BY L. R. HAMBERLIN.

I.

TENNYSON.

Thy face I never knew; but, looking on
The poet's page before me, so meseems
I peer into the healthful summer dawn
That glorified thy soul of manful dreams;

Where, to the cadence of the rhythmic air,
Thy spirit moved upon the hills of fame,
Chanting a flight no other voice could share—
So full of earth, and yet so free of blame.

O Minstrel, 'round our hearts love weaves thy song,
Its music warping one-wise, soothing-twined,
Its thought-threads woofing through the music strong—
A mesh to lift and gladden human kind.
II.

AS IT HAS COME TO PASS.

In days of yore, when mankind wore
The right of full control,
And womankind was close confined
A slave in hand and soul,
The "lord" of all creation
Did oft abuse his station,
And oftener abused her—
His closest law-relation:
For him a club, for her a tub,
Did symbol life's vocation.

But agencies of centuries
Have wrought a wondrous change,
And she has found her pleasure's bound
May have a wider range;
And so, no longer staying,
Her hand in Freedom's laying,
She runs a race with man's apace,
To every limit straying:
And, like her "hub," she boasts a club,
Her equal rights displaying.

1893.

III.

A-TASK IN LOVE'S BELL-TOWER.

I.

O gentle "gyves of rhyme,"
That hold me prisoner here
A-jingling bells of chime
To please my lady's ear,—
I love the yellow bands
That, many a captive hour,
Detain my toiling hands
A-task in Love's bell-tower.

O gentle "gyves of rhyme,"
That hold me prisoner here
A-jingling bells of chime
To please my lady's ear,—
A willing slave am I,
And laboring, laugh to know
She listens while I ply
With hurrying hands or slow.
2.

Oh, I'd be free, if but a day,
From all the old accustomed way—
The house, the book, the trade-hot street,
The silky, manner-clad deceit,
For one long day to have my say;
To follow, as a bird in May,
Uncurbèd will where'er it stray,
To lose me from the world complete,
Oh, I'd be free!

But then, as day grew dimly grey,
And hush would herald night's display
Of stars—to turn to thee, O Sweet,
With wingèd, sure, and eager feet,
And on thy heart my head to lay,
Oh, I'd be free!

3.

Had I to sing the royalest thing
That blooms in the fresh wide world,
I'd hail the rose that odorful blows
With morning's boon on it pearled.

Had I to proclaim the regalest name
That mates with the royal rose,
I'd herald woman, in everything human,
Enfleshing a flame-in-repose.

And then I'd bring this rose I sing
To her that the rose would adorn,
And the rose and she in the world would be
The bonniest twins ever born.

1894.

VICTOR HUGO AND THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT.

One of the most remarkable literary characters, in many respects, that has appeared during this century is Victor Hugo. Indeed there can scarcely be found anywhere a man whose opinions (especially his literary opinions) underwent such a wonderful change as his. In his early youth he had "very strong monarchical and legitimist convic-
tions." His character and his thought were largely influenced by the Roman Catholic religion, and this also animated him in all his early literary work. And when we study his nature and his opinions in his youth, we are hardly prepared, by what we learn there, to expect such a revolution as took place before the close of his life. His later works were thoroughly and intensely democratic, and he was strongly opposed to the clergy and their methods. "Whereas he had in his youth execrated the Revolution, and blessed kings and priests, he came afterwards to speak of the Revolution in terms of rapture, and to regard kings and priests as the twin pests that afflict mankind."

It is true that his mother had not been at all strict in his education. She was no slave to superstition. On the other hand, she was extremely freethinking. She did not compel her children to accept religion whether they wanted it or not. She allowed them to read indiscriminately what they chose. It would not be thought wise at present, and with our modern ideas, to give our children access to such writings as those of Rousseau and Voltaire. But young Victor was not restricted in his reading.

Even while yet a boy Victor Hugo, like the great Napoleon, began to manifest his inborn tendency to be a leader. He could never be content to occupy a subordinate position. Among his schoolmates he was a leading spirit, and was at the head of a party over which he exercised complete and despotic control. Unlike many a youth of literary and poetic tendencies, he was not at all loath to come into contact with his fellow-students, however rough that contact might be. But at the same time he cultivated his literary talent, and early gained a reputation as a poet. This was the work in which he most delighted, and he seized every opportunity to engage in it. Here, too, he exhibited his great ambition to excel. It was no small thing for a young man at the beginning of his literary career to say, "I will
be Chateaubriand or nothing," for Chateaubriand was the "idol of young France" at that time. But his native force of character and intellect, his unswerving purpose, and his undaunted determination brought Victor Hugo that success which he so richly deserved.

As was mentioned above, the most remarkable change was that in his literary opinions. Victor Hugo entered the literary world at a time when the fight between the classic and the romantic schools of poetry had just begun. Perhaps it may be well to give here a general view of the condition of the literary world at that time. In order to appreciate and understand the romantic movement, it is important that one should know what were the faults of the older literature. Mr. Saintsbury sums them up as follows: "They were, in the first place, an extremely impoverished vocabulary, no recourse being had to the older tongue for picturesque archaisms, and little welcome being given to new phrases, however appropriate and distinct. In the second place, the adoption, especially in poetry, of an exceedingly conventional method of speech, describing everything where possible by an elaborate periphrasis, and avoiding direct and simple terms. Thirdly, in all forms of literature, but especially in poetry and drama, the acceptance, for almost every kind of work, of cut and dried patterns, to which it was bound to conform. Each piece was expected to resemble something else, and originality was regarded as a mark of bad taste and insufficient culture. Fourthly, the submission to a very limited and very arbitrary system of versification, adapted only to the production of tragic Alexandrines, and limiting even that form of verse to one monotonous model. Lastly, the limitation of the subject to be treated to a very few classes and kinds."

Much fault had been found with the works produced during this period, but it was some years before anyone went into a deep and thorough investigation of the causes
of this inferiority in the literature. By degrees, however, this widespread dissatisfaction caused men to seek a remedy, and thus the romantic movement began. The supreme law of the classic school was, “The idea shall be beautiful and the expressions shall be polished; literature is a mirror of good society.” The principles which the romantic school proclaimed were, “The idea shall be true and the expression natural; literature is a mirror of nature.” Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Madame de Stael, and others helped on the move by their works. But up to the year 1826 no very great advance was made.

Victor Hugo had been in his first literary criticism decidedly classic, although he says, “We have never understood the distinction which people seek to establish between the classic style and the romantic style.” But the idea of following this with the statement that “The plays of Shakespeare and Schiller only differ from the plays of Corneille and Racine in that they are more faulty. This is the reason why, in the former, recourse must be had to greater scenic pomp. French tragedy despises such accessories because it goes straight to the heart, and the heart hates whatever disturbs its interest.” Strange language was this from the man who was afterwards the author of the “préface de Cromwell!” Strange sentiments to be expressed by him who became the victorious leader of the romantic movement!

Hugo hesitated some time before openly declaring himself an adherent of the romantic school, but when he did declare it, “the trumpet gave no uncertain sound.” There was no more halting, but a bold statement of his convictions. Racine was admitted to be a “divine poet,” but not a dramatist. Shakespeare, on the other hand, was praised as the “highest poetic altitude of modern times.” The “Préface de Cromwell” fell like a thunderbolt into the camp of the amazed classicists. Such a violation of all accepted prin-
ciples and such a disregard for existing standards aroused a perfect storm of opposition against the enthusiastic romanticists, but the vantage ground they had gained was not to be surrendered. The struggle continued with increasing fierceness until Victo Hugo brought out his "Hernani." This was the first great romantic drama of French literature. Never was a play presented under greater difficulties. It met with opposition on all sides. The actors were hostile and stubborn; the press ridiculed it; the paid applauders turned mutinous, and there was everything to discourage the poet. But he was undaunted; he was determined to succeed; and so at last the play appeared before the public. "Then, indeed," says Madame Hugo, "did the real struggle begin. Each performance became an indescribable tumult. The boxes sneered and tittered; the stalls whistled; it became a fashionable pastime to go and laugh at 'Hernani.' Every one protested after his own manner and according to his individual nature. Some, as not being able to bear to look at such a piece, turned their backs to the performers; others declared aloud that they could stand it no longer, and went out in the middle of the acts, and banged the doors of their boxes as they went." For forty-five nights the contest went on, and finally the play was withdrawn. But success had come. "Thus was fought and won the great battle, or rather campaign, of 'Hernani.' Romantic drama had made good its position on the French stage." UN HOMME.

POETIC GENIUS.

Genius is variously defined. There is a prevalent idea that genius is that decided preference for any study or pursuit which enables one to give the unwearied attention necessary to procure success. If this idea were granted, any one with ordinary powers could, by tenacity of purpose, de-
cided preference, and unwearied exertion, claim the crown of genius. Such a view would confer upon all earnest students this exalted title. There is a confusion of the terms, genius and talent. “Talent differs from genius as voluntary differs from involuntary.” Genius lives in the realm of the imaginative, and reaches its ends by a kind of intuition. Talent is rather that training of the mind which gives one control over the faculties. Genius is original, and, like a diamond, gathers light from nature and emits its varied rays in a manner peculiarly its own. Talent may be acquired; it attains its purpose by prolonged and untiring effort, but, at its best, is imitative, is wingless, clings to earth, and can never soar beyond. Genius, by divine right, defies gravitation, cleaves the air, and wings its way beyond the practical into the realm of the ideal. Talent may strive and labor, yet it can never acquire such power; it may bank the clouds, but it takes the sun of genius to guild them with a rainbow edging. “Genius,” says Lowell, “claims kin­ dred with the very workings of nature herself, so that a sunset shall seem like a quotation from Dante or Milton; and if Shakespeare be read in the very presence of the sea itself, his verses shall but seem nobler for the sublime criticism of the ocean.” Talent is usually short-lived, and passes away with the fashion of the day. Genius is long-lived, and by its own power continues sun-like in its orbit, and glows with one perpetual light. Genius is the peculiar power that constitutes a poet; it is that quality without which imagination is cold and knowledge is inert; it is the energy that collects and combines, amplifies and animates.

Poetic genius confers perpetuity upon whatever it touches, however small. The genius of Burns has given the “field mouse” an endless fame; Coleridge has immortalized “the ass”; Wordsworth, “a kitten”; Byron, “many ladies”; Bulwer Lytton, “the bones of Raphael”; Tennyson, “a goose”; Thomas Moore, “a pretty rose tree.” Thus ob-
jects, ordinarily classed trite and commonplace, when touched by the magic pen of these men of rich and rare genius, become transformed, as it were, into things of beauty and joy forever. True poetry never dies; it lives by its own inherent vitality. In the poet lives the tone of "eternal melodies." His sympathies reach out over universal nature, and in her dreariest provinces find beauty and harmony. The chords of his soul need only be touched, and they respond like "an Æolian Harp upon whose strings the wind as it passes, is changed into articulate melody."

Poets rear their own monuments in more exquisite and enduring beauty than Grecian art, and their works defy the corroding touch of time. Although we cannot pay such a tribute to poetic genius as its own productions, still we rightly crown poets when alive with honors, and when dead we should erect enduring marble to their memories.

Poets are artists of language. What the beautifying atmosphere is to nature, poetry is to the dull scenes of life. But for the atmosphere, the magnificence of sunrise, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun," could never exist; the rainbow would waste "its triumphal arch," and the evening sun would shoot in sudden, sullen flight below the western horizon; the curtains of night would be quickly drawn, and deep darkness would mantle the earth. As it is, we are not ushered, without a moment's forethought, into ebon night, but the air holds in its fingers the threads of light and lets them glide away by degrees so that the shadows of evening slowly fall, the flowers have time to close their eyelids, and every creature find its hiding place. Poets, by their matchless power, paint pictures of life with the "hues of health," and arch a rainbow of peace and cheer over the troubled waters of the soul. They steal from nature, by the subtle magic of their pen, endless varieties of form and color, and transcribe the imagery of their own
mind upon that of the readers with such delicate pencilings as defy imitation. The poet is the voice of nature, and every impulse makes him sing. This impulse comes from without or within. Ask not why the song; he sings because he must.

True poets like Homer and Shakespeare give to language stability, and arouse, like Cowper and Watts, lofty sentiments in the soul. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship; what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit; what were our consolations on this side of the grave, and what were our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where none but the poet’s winged imagination dare soar?

The word poet, in its derivative sense, means a maker or creator. He creates forms peculiar to his own mind, as Milton did when he saw the fiery lake, the debates of his Pandemonium and the exquisite scenes of his Paradise. Like Poe they arrest the vanishing apparitions, which haunt the inner chambers of the soul, and vesting them in language and fame, send them forth, bearing sweet news of joy to those of kindred mind since they have “no portal of expression from the spirit caverns which they inhabit, into the universe of things.” This particular power of boding forth the forms of things “unknown,” and giving name and place to “airly nothing,” is beautifully described by the myriad-minded Shakespeare, for a poet alone can reveal a poet:

"The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth,
The forms of things unknown, the poets’ pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

They rank the “rarest of gifted men.” Our great poets can all be easily counted upon our fingers. Every age can
boast of its orators, lawyers, and statesmen, but their writings do not live like the poets' since they lack conformity to immortal art. The orations of Cicero are read by every school child and live because of the inherent kinship with eternal art, whereas the learning of the greatest of the Romans has passed away amid the debris of the ruined nation. Thus art out-lives learning, and thus it is, while the "grand old masters, the bards sublime," are mute and voiceless forever, still from the banks of the Bonnie Doon, from Stratford-on-Avon, and from the many hallowed spots of earth, immortalized by these children of the art eternal, come to us "echoes" of those great minds that have contributed their song and story to our literature, and the bugle song of all time will be the matchless touch of genius upon the golden lyre of poesy. Such is original genius when it conforms to poetic art and is consecrated to lofty sentiments.

We do not infrequently hear that poetic genius and insanity are analogous. Seneca says, "Genius is not without a mixture of madness." Lamartine speaks of genius as a disease of the mind; another says that extreme mind is akin to extreme genius; and Dryden's familiar lines—

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin petitions do their bounds divide."

Or Shakespeare's—

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact."

In studying the lives and destiny of many men of poetic genius, the above seem somewhat safely stated, especially so when we consider that the poet isolates himself from the concerns of earth, lives in an ideal world, populates it with creatures of his own imagination, and invests those creatures with the most exaggerated sentiments. This continual dreamy state of the poet's mind produces "unhealthy introspection"
and thus engenders morbid tendencies. The eccentricities of many men of genius denote a lack of mental poise. There is no assignable reason for this unless it be neglect in youthful training. In many cases they are known to be quite desultory, studying without system or purpose, and the natural consequence is hyperchondria and disappointment. The oft-repeated quotation seems here to be verified that “huddled knowledge, like corn neglected in a well-stored granary, perishes in its masses.” Thus, we often see the child of genius, like a rudderless boat, fall a victim to the shifting tides of his own mind till stranded upon the shoal of disappointment. The paroxysms of rage that at times, would seize Pope, Byron, Johnson, Carlyle, Swift, Poe and others, is a proof that genius and madness sleep in the same chamber, and that genius cannot be disturbed without awakening madness.

Poetic genius, though nature’s rarest gift, is not exempt from labor. Goethe says: “The longer I live in the world, the more I am certain that the difference between the great and insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed and then victory.” No man, however gifted, will ever gain literary fame unless he has diligence. Genius, without industry, will never arise above mediocrity. The poetic genius is born, not Minerva-like, full-grown, but as any other child, subject to all the laws of growth. He differs only in his greater capabilities, which, if they are to have the stamp of success, must be attended with industry.

Shakespeare says—

“The fire i’ the flint
Shows not, ’till it be struck; Our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.”

Knowledge and the use of words are obtained by diligent study. Those who read the most, study the most, and
digest the most are the most successful. No man, however richly endowed, can become towering without labor. The genii, Shakespeare, Virgil, Milton, Pope, Byron, Cicero, and Johnson were never free from such a necessity. What impelled these men in their untiring pursuits? Was it a mere love for the work or an unquenchable thirst for fame? Few men have arisen to eminence without it. Byron had it in a marked degree.

"The fires in the cavern of Aetna concealed,
    Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;
At length in a volume terrific revealed,
    No torrents can quench it, no bounds can repress."

"Oh thus the desire in my bosom for fame
    Bids live but to hope for poet's praise
Could I soar with Phoenix on the pinions of fame
    With her I could wish to expire in the blaze."

Had this great genius given his gifts in extolling religion and virtue, instead of adorning vice with the "beauties of poetry," he might have sung a different song than

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

Can poetry and philosophy combine in the poetic genius, or are the poetic and philosophic casts of mind so utterly distinct as to be antagonistic? You seldom, if at all, see deep, cogent thought unite in the same passage with airy fantasy. Philosophy disrobes the subject of all romantic charm, and presents naked, unvarnished fact. One is so thoroughly exact as to exclude all play of imagination, the other so thoroughly poetic as to shut out the restraints of cold reason. The philosopher's supreme search is after truth, and to obtain that end he avoids all the delusive promptings of fancy. He introspects. He never goes beyond the pale of self. His creations conform to the abso-
lute and the known. He endeavors to reduce his subtle thinking to syllogistic form. But the poet's ardor is never chilled by the coldness of introspective logic.

"The viewless arrows of his thoughts are headed  
And wingd with flame."

His mind can never endure the rigor of mathematical precision. He lives in the realm of fancy where "the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not soar." He moralizes upon the issues of life. His enthusiastic fancy electrifies unadorned truth till every dark and shadowy nook of our brain scintillates with his poetic fire. He evades exactness, and the magic wave of his wand crystalizes into prismatic hues the philosophy of life. Milton, in his vision of the eternal world, is wrought up into such passion that he forgets the restraints of sober reason and at once becomes gorgeous in the rich tracery of his thoughts and sublime in the "pageantry of his bliss and woe." The poetic mind is inclined to the concrete and abhors abstractions as nature does a vacuum.

There are several distinct qualities in the poetic genius. One poet excels in the robust, the rugged, and delights in the tornadoes of passion, the ocean's angry splash, and the belching volcano. The other delights in the gentler emotions of the soul, tenderness, pity and tears, and dotes upon the quiet landscapes and the undisturbed scenes of rural life.

We are acquainted with only one poet who can be said to have possessed all the combined qualities of poetic genius. Shakespeare stands without a peer. He is the prince of poets, supreme sovereign of the human heart. He is so compact that it is hard to say wherein his particular power lies. We hear of the limitations of Pope, Johnson, Byron, Browning and others, but very seldom, unless from caviling critics, do we hear of the deficiencies of Shakespeare. He is at times godlike in his conceptions, grand in his comprehensions and
sublimely beautiful in the power of his execution. He is full-orbed in all of his faculties and compasses the entire range of human thought and feeling. In strength he is not too strong, in tenderness not too tender. His pen, like the moon, is mistress over the tides of human passion. He floods and empties the soul at will. On one page he makes us cringe with horror, on the next he awes to silence, and on the third we feel bold and self-reliant. He reasons, convicts, and changes the will at his pleasure. He is a king, and his empire is the mind. His deliniations of character embrace "the sum total of human society" in this age as well as his own. "He exhausts worlds and images new." He navigates every tributary of the human soul. He opens the book of human nature so that the motive of every action may be read. Immortal artist, concerning whose transcendent creative power there is but one opinion! A poetic genius to whose greatness we assign no bound; a star of such surpassing brilliancy that we only stop and wonder—growing brighter and brighter the more we gaze, and so original as to defy imitation! Who but Shakespeare could thus embalm such thought—

"Filial Ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth, should tear this hand
For lifting food to it."

Such pithy and sententious sayings abound in his plays. Could Shakespeare have cast a prophetic eye down the vistas of the ages; could he have seen what honors awaited him, and how his writings would be the wonder and delight of nations; how rising universities and most learned men would study, comment, and praise his works; how his star would shine the brightest in the realm of genius; had he been conscious of all these future plaudits—would he have been so careless in the preservation of his manuscript? He did not even seem to revise his plays and give them finished touches. Was it because he was unsatisfied with his own
sublime productions, or was it because of his indifference to all worldly praise, and that Hamlet’s soliloquy is but an index to the poet’s own life?—

* * * * “By a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—’tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

But that the dread of something after death,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Makes us rather bear those ills we have

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Than fly to others that we know not of.”

Or the words Shakespeare puts in Macbeth’s mouth—

“Out, out, brief candle!
Life is but a walking shadow; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

P. H.

SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

The world never tires of hearing great events recounted and the praises of great men sung. If from a new standpoint the exploits of Alexander or Napoleon are related, even cultured men seize and read “as if to satisfy a lasting thirst.”

He that can make circumstances and men bend to true purposes in the success of great causes is justly deserving of that confidence which places him at the helm of enterprises, or even governments, in his life, and of the admiration of thousands when the sword is sheathed and the pen
laid aside forever. We, however, like one gazing on some splendid work of art, are mightily impressed by the scene before us, but do not know what hours of thought and hours of seclusion from the merry world have at last yielded their fruitage in some grand achievement.

Indeed, there are men who act grandly on the stage of human life, receive the applause of the multitude and touch life at the points where fame offers her rarest garlands, and yet make all things bend to personal interests. They reach the goal because they have tact among their shining qualities, but we would not be counted among that number. We would give the palm to the one that has a purpose; the one that thinks and acts, not because he is personally concerned, or because he is at the crank and the machine must be kept in motion, but because the vital interests of humanity are at stake and eternity is ahead. It would be difficult for the calm observer or the impartial *post-mortem* biographer to draw the line between those mighty men who have been impelled by the love of glory and those urged on by the call of duty, but the latter are plainly in the minority.

Linguists point to that idiom of the Roman language consistent with the composition of the Roman mind by which purpose and result are similarly expressed. Historians point to the conquest of a world by Romans who conceived plans only to fulfill them. No doubt thousands of lives have been wrecked, and that, too, when those lives might have been priceless to the world, because no all-controlling purpose has seated itself in them. The greatest spirits of all time have been animated by a supreme purpose. Of course there is a tendency for men of one idea to be narrow-minded on subjects out of their line, and we admire those who can do many things well, and crowd their lives with successful work of various kinds, but the latter succeed no doubt because they leave the little things for others to do while they undertake the more important, and
that, too, one by one. The happy faculty of mastering one duty or one subject while it is in hand is not given to many. A great statesman said that men miscalled him a genius. The secret of his success, he said, lay in his habit of allowing a matter to dominate him until it was dispensed with. Whatever of great moment engaged his attention was allowed to absorb his thoughts, consume his time, and employ his highest faculties. Shakespeare has solved the problem of King Henry's easy conquest of France; has found why his ships sail so smoothly over the deep, and everything seems to play into his hands when he makes him say—

"For we have now no thought in us but France,  
Save those to God, that run before our business."

Perhaps Hannibal and Napoleon accomplished their most hazardous undertakings because the fire of young manhood made them venture to do what older men would never have dared to do, but we must admire each for his wonderful devotion to the cause allotted him by fate as best suited to his powers and tastes.

It is not within the reach of every man to be great, nor should an ambition tending in that direction be cultivated, but we may catch the spirit of the world's noblest sons and build our characters out of those elements which have formed theirs, and thus be of greatest benefit to ourselves and our fellows.

TENTANS.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND SATAN.

Wherever there has been an era of deep, national religious feeling, there has been produced a great poem in which the Prince of Evil is a leading character. It was when Italy was full of strife over the great problems of religion that Dante wrote his *Divine Comedy*. It was not long after the heart of the German people had been stirred.
to its depths by the Reformation that Goethe penned his immortal *Faust*. It was just at the close of the terrible religious wars by which England was shaken to its very centre that Milton gave to the world that "noblest monument of human genius," *Paradise Lost*. In each case the tide of national feeling had run high. In each poem is an expression of the deepest feelings of the author's times. The historical importance of *Paradise Lost* lies in the fact that it is the "Epic of Puritanism." "Its scheme is the problem with which the Puritan wrestled in hours of gloom and darkness; the problem of the world-wide struggle of evil against good." The greatness of *Faust* consists in its "faithful reflection of the sensuality and scepticism which were characteristic of the author's times." It was an age which confessed its lack of faith, and the prevalence of the spirit of doubt—that spirit which would gladly have drowned its troublesome restlessness in pleasure, but only found itself more and more disquieted.

"Some such conception as that of Satan has been the most usual solution of the problem of evil." He who undertakes to study the world's religious beliefs meets with a hundred uncouth phantoms from savage superstitions, and also with the higher conceptions of more enlightened faiths. Numerous are the representations of Satan that appear in the Christian world. He is found in poetry, in the creeds of different sects, and in the philosophical speculations of every age and race. The peculiar form and coloring given him by the individual mind depend upon its natural bent and its degree of development. To the ignorant peasant or the newly converted heathen he is the rudest of figures. In the mind of the Celt, baptized but haunted by shades from his forsaken creeds, Druidic superstitions are blended with the black spirit of his new faith. The converted Polynesian establishes among his new ideas some bloody phantom from his religious traditions. Our own
race combines an Oriental idea with the malignant sprites and giants of the Teutonic mythology. The Evil Spirit flits from century to century; now haunts the cell of the frightened monk; now fights with the bold reformer; now swoops upon the city in the thunder-storm, and is driven away by the peal of cathedral bells.

In the course of time he is taken up by master minds, and in their greatest works Milton and Goethe have represented the Prince of Evil. Each has represented him in a different way. Each has given us his idea of a great accursed being, who is incessantly working in human affairs, and whose function is the production of evil. And, notwithstanding the fact that each poet draws largely upon the Bible for the elements of his conception, and each adopts to some extent the Scriptural account of the Evil One, their ideas are very different. Milton undertakes the task of describing Satan at the epoch of creation, when he was not yet the devil of our universe, but determined by free act of will to become such, and, with his dignity of archangel, renounced all connection with the larger realms of space and deliberately narrowed the sphere of his activity to our finite world. Goethe applies himself to the task of representing the Spirit of Evil 6,000 years later, when he was no longer gifted with his original powers, no longer invested with his pristine dignity, but, in crowded cities and individual hearts, carried on his work of producing evil.

It is of importance to notice that Milton as a poet follows the Homeric method rather than the Shakespearean. He devotes the whole strength of his genius not to the object of being original and making profound remarks about everything he meets, but to that of carrying on a stately and sublime narrative. In consequence of this a knowledge of Satan must be obtained not by noting his special sayings, but by following out his history. Goethe, on the other hand, works more on the Shakespearean plan, and hence Mephis-
Mephistopheles reveals himself in his characteristic speeches. We must know Satan by following his progress; Mephistopheles, by noting his remarks.

During Satan’s career as an archangel there had grown up in his mind a fondness for action, a disregard for worship and contemplation, and an absorbing passion for power, all of which had an influence in causing him to rebel. He had come to feel that it would be a glorious thing to be a leader, and this feeling had much to do with his voluntary sacrifice of his position. And such was his nature that even if he had foreseen that the result of his act would be the ruin of his happiness, and that he would entail upon himself everlasting misery, no such vision could ever have prevented him from rebelling. Dwelling with his angels in some dark, howling region, where he might be their supreme ruler, would have been preferable to the “puny sovereignty of an archangel in that world of emerald and gold.” And in this spirit lies the key to his whole career. Nothing serves better than this to illustrate the nobility and dignity of this being whom Milton has chosen to represent the Prince of Evil. “Like a conquered and vanquished Cromwell, he remains admired and obeyed by those whom he has drawn into the abyss.” He continues master because he deserves it. He is firmer, more enterprising, more scheming than the rest, and it is always he that gives deep counsel, develops unlooked-for resources, and performs courageous deeds. It was he that invented the terrible implements of warfare with which the fight was carried on; he that in hell roused his dejected troops and planned the ruin of man; he that passed the guarded gates and the endless chaos, and, amid so many dangers and across so many obstacles, made man revolt against God. Though defeated, he prevailed, since he won from the monarch on high a third of his angels and almost all the posterity of Adam. Though wounded, he triumphed, for the thunder
that smote his head left his heart invincible. Though fee­ble in force, he remained great in nobility, since he pre­ferred suffering independence to happy servility, and wel­comed his defeat and his torments as a glory, a liberty, a joy.

Hell, that world of suffering and horror, is made grand and awful by the solid and liquid fire from which it is formed. But the flames that burn in Satan's own soul are fiercer than those of hell. The revenge, the exasperated pride, the consuming wrath and ambition, with which, unconquered by the thunders of heaven, he still grasps after empire—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than hell. And the intensity of the infernal fires reveals the intenser passions of Satan. He is made more sublime by his surroundings. Human nature is such that we cannot help admiring the lofty-spirit, the all-enduring, all-defying pride of Satan, "assuming so majestically hell's burning throne and coveting the diadem which scorches his thunder-blasted brow." Mind is here triumphant over the most terrible powers of nature. Unutterable agony is subdued by energy of soul. Spiritual might is made visible by the racking pains which it overpowers.

Milton has often been severely criticised for giving to Satan the least semblance of heroism. And the critics have asked, Does the study of Satan's character inspire us with the unmingled detestation deserved by the great adversary of man and God? But Mr. Bascom has given an excellent defense of Milton's treatment. Satan is not to Milton personified sin; he is a real historical character. And neither philosophy nor religion, and still less poetry, requires that the touch of evil should instantly change his whole constitution to weakness and corruption. There are no such complete overthrows, such violent transitions in the spiritual world. Sin is an insidious mischief which does a slow, subtle, deadly work. It should find access to an archangel
only under the guise of a noble, independent impulse, and, once seated in the heart, turn it steadily to adamantine pride and hardness. And there should be only such phosphorescent flashes of dying virtue as belong to a great but ruined soul. In order not to mistake sin we must trace the slow, sure way in which it unknits the virtuous nature, loosens the passions, and, abolishing one divine law after another, turns all things into misrule and anarchy.

We shall have a better conception of Mephistopheles if we think of him as Milton’s Satan after 6,000 years of labor in his chosen sphere have rendered him smaller, meaner, more ignoble, but a thousand times sharper and cleverer than he was. If we view him in this light, we may learn a great deal about him from the prologue in Heaven. For here we have him out of his element and contrasted with his equals. After each of the others has in his own way sung the praises of God, and while all heaven is still resounding with the grand and thrilling melody, the voice of Mephistopheles breaks in: “Da du, O Herr, dich einmal wieder nahst.”* How discordant! How horribly out of tune is the tone, the voice, the very metre! And so shameless is he that he would continue indefinitely, if not finally interrupted by the Lord. In this speech Mephistopheles reveals his nature. Here we find an expression of his impudence, volubility and cleverness, his sneering disposition, his want of heart and of earnestness, and his complete, irrevocable devilishness. And is this the fallen archangel in Paradise Lost? Is this the being who battled against the Almighty, who conceived the gigantic scheme of assaulting the universe at its weakest point, and who undertook to impregnate with the venom of his spirit the newly created race? Yes, but after he has spent 6,000 years dabbling devilishly in human nature and abjuring all interest in the grander things of life; after he has been deprived of his sublimer satanic traits and

* Since thou, O Lord, approachest (us) once more.
reduced to one unvarying aspect of shrewd and scoffing malevolence.

"Mephistopheles is the spirit of evil in modern society." Goethe has not conceived him like a hideous monster. He is no ridiculous devil of the Middle Ages, no horned enchanter, but rather the Evil Being *par excellence*. In his speeches is displayed the bitterest pleasantry that contempt can inspire and, at the same time, an audacious gayety that amuses. There is an infernal irony in each of his discourses. He mocks at genius itself as the most ridiculous of all absurdities when it leads men to take a serious interest in any existing thing. There is in Mephistopheles "a potency of sorcery, a delirium of wickedness, a distraction of thought, which makes us shudder, laugh and cry in a breath. We tremble because he is pitiless; we laugh because he humbles the satisfaction of self-love; we weep because human nature, thus contemplated from the depths of hell, inspires a painful compassion."

The greatness of Mephistopheles consists in the fact that he knows everything, not only the bad, but also the good, the noble and the true. With what subtle skill does he disclose to Faust the secrets of life and present before his mind a panoramic view of all the sources of earthly and spiritual enjoyment; only to scoff at all, only to show at last that the whole monstrous sum is *nothing*, that it cannot satisfy the yearning, passionate soul! This is his special characteristic. He is the "spirit that always denies." He is what a man becomes when deprived of every noble aspiration. He delights to injure and glories in sin and ruin. He arouses in Faust all the baser human passions and makes him a seducer and a murderer. He is full of jesting and mockery. He revels in all that is senseless and degrading. He is a true devil, without one mitigating feature, one compunction, one feeling, good or bad. During all his career, from the time when he appears in the
presence of the Lord until the closing scene when he makes a final effort to snatch away the only hope of the ruined girl and her miserable destroyer, there is nothing to relieve the completeness of his heartless, devilish nature. With what mocking unbelief does he, in the very presence of divinity, chuckle over his own changeless, emotionless estimate of human things! What an inconceivable mixture of cold-blooded impudence and mockery! What a cold, self-possessed, sarcastic being! In everything what a consummate devil! He is at once powerful, victorious and paltry; the grotesque slave and the remorseless master.

Satan is a fallen archangel; Mephistopheles, a very devil, hideous and mean. Satan has a noble figure; Mephistopheles is a man without a noble thought. Satan has the intensest feelings; Mephistopheles is incapable of feeling, and regards all sensibility as foolishness or affectation. Satan gives utterance to noble sentiments; all the sayings of Mephistopheles are pervaded by his devilish spirit. Satan is sometimes lashed by his conscience; Mephistopheles has no conscience. Satan has an indomitable will and an unfaltering purpose; Mephistopheles is fickle as the wind. Satan is at times harassed by anxiety; Mephistopheles is careless and unconcerned. Satan is great in his motives and his wonderful power of mind. Mephistopheles, in his intimate and extensive knowledge of the world. Satan has some sublime conceptions; Mephistopheles never has one. Satan must be admired for his grandeur and pitied for his fall; Mephistopheles is only to be despised for his meanness and hated for his vileness. There have been many representations of the Prince of Evil, but the darkest, subtlest most terrible of all is Goethe's mocking spectre, Mephistopheles.
THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS.

Beginning in the last days of March, and continuing into the first days of May, blue-bonnets, primroses, dandelions, and rain-lilies take successive possession of the University of Texas campus; and, scattered amongst these flowers, and remaining after they have gone, are scraggy verbenas and gawky “nigger-heads.” It seems a veritable procession of flowers; the respective rears and vans of the several companies lagging and hurrying, consequently mingling, so that the march is made in unbroken column, whose varicolored uniforms present a very pleasing spectacle.

While these volunteers are passing in review, one is tempted, as each division comes into sight, to hail it with shouts that would echo his thoughts.

Countless delightful-odored blue-bonnets first have the field—the great mass of God’s best people, with now and then a nearly-white, taller one, or cluster of such—the most influential figures in the world.

Oh, hail, ye healthy hosts of humankind
That win your wage with muscle-mated mind!
Your steady column’s tramp from day to day
Makes helpful music to the weary by the way!

Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp!
With banners blue—
The royal-purple hue!
Cheer—cheer—cheer—cheer—cheer!
With sweet-souled lives
Your army onward strives!

Then, in pink array and lesser numbers, appear the satin-petaled, delicate-veined and graceful-swaying primroses—the dressers and loungers of society, and here and there among them a group of white ones—the Greek-robed posers among our women.

Ah, dainty-dressed and debonair,
And languorously-moving,
What faint-pink Windsor ties you wear,
Your faint-pink cheeks approving!
And lo; among you, daintier,
Come white-robed Grecian graces,
With flowing sleeves—Delsartean, sir—
And powdered hair and faces!

Following these, in striking contrast, come the taller, stronger-stemmed dandelions, with yellow, stiffer flowers, altogether hardier in appearance, whose unlikeness to the primroses reminds one of the physical culture fad so much affected of late.

Sturdy-styled and able athletes,
Muscled Mars, and lithe Apollo,
Swinging on—the admiration
Of the slim-limbed hordes that follow!

Tanned, and tall, and brawny fellows,
Strong to strike, robust for rowing—
Lone development of muscle,
Slighting mind, is bruteward growing!

It rains, late in April, and next morning the rain-lilies are out in the beauty of pink buds and white blossoms; but you must not pluck and smell them, for their odor is disappointing; they make one think of some people—pleasing in outward show, but malodored at the core.

And here, like a mushroom upgrown in the night,
Their whence and their whither we know not,
A bright-front battalion steps up into sight—
The creatures that reap what they sow not.

The eye notes them fair, but their souls are as foul
As sewers that drain the great city?
Pass on, men and women, with innocent cowl—
Fair face and foul heart is a pity!

These are all of the "regulars"—these four brigades. But every army has its camp-followers. So, scattered and distant-airied, as if disgusted with each other, yet keeping in the trail of the general march, are the tall, gawky, "nigger-heads" and the scraggy, squat verbenas—the people who, it seems to me, have missed life's choicest happi-
ness—a mate and a home; and now, disgruntled and disagreeable, keep just enough among their fellows to worry and be worried—out of humor, out of fashion (and ought to be out of the world).

I smile and I sigh,
As, awkwardly by,
A sober-faced array,
With hats out of date,
And hearts in like state,
Pass lonesomely my way.

They ne' er seem to mingle,
But tramp on a single—
A bachelor, a maid!
God pity these creatures
With sorrowful features,
That plod so grum and staid!

Thus do the flowers pass,
Wading the rippling grass—
Children of just a day,
Wantoning life away:
Blue-bonnets, millions and strong!
Primroses, dainty and fine!
Brave dandelions, that throng!
Rain-lilies, tailing the line!
Last, and the lonesomest, lo,
"Nigger-heads," gangling, appear;
Dismal Verbenas, that grow
Stunted and lacking in cheer,—
Stragglers and tramps!—one might know
They have no happiness here!

Oh, but the Bonnets, the Blue-bonnets,
Marching along in the van!
They are the type of the Woman,
They are the type of the Man!
On go these wholesome millions,
Stayed not by fad or by clan,
Holding with, heartening their fellows,—
God's—then the worthiest—plan!
Ah, but the Bonnets, the Blue-bonnets,
Striding along in the van!

L. R. Hamberlin.
THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH PROSE.

Recognizing the fact that our subject is one of great breadth of scope, we shall not attempt to go into its more minute details, but shall dwell rather upon its salient features, giving especial attention to the landmarks in the history of prose and to the writers chiefly influential in bringing it to its present state of polish and perfection.

In the development of a nation's literature poetry naturally precedes prose. When a race is young and struggling for existence, men have not the leisure necessary for calm reflection and profound meditation upon the scenes about them, but are attracted rather by that which appeals to the feelings. They yield themselves up to the seductive charms of imagination, and pay to her that ready homage which afterwards, when the nation has grown older and maturer years have brought men a deeper insight into human affairs, is given to the superior claims of reason. Thus lyrics, epics, and the drama antedate history, philosophy, and works of fiction. Homer and Pindar are before Thucydides, Virgil and Harace before Tacitus, Corneille and Molière before George Sand.

This priority of poetry to prose is nowhere more clearly seen than in the English literature. Chaucer is before Carlyle, Shakespeare before Swift, Milton before Macauley.

And as poetry is in its origin earlier than prose, so in its development is it much more in reaching perfection and grace of form. In the English language some of our greatest poets flourished in the heyday of their glory before a prose
Poetry and prose exist in inverse ratio. In the literature of the Elizabethan Age there was comparatively little prose, while, on the other hand, there was a brilliant outburst of poetry. In Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and Spenser poetry flourished to the almost complete exclusion of prose. In the age of Queen Anne, on the contrary, there were no great poets to sing their tuneful songs of love, or of war, or of the beauties of nature; but it was the great cluster of prose writers, such as Swift and Addison, that was the pride and glory of the literature of the good queen's reign.

English prose properly begins with Alfred; and to him is due the honor of being the originator of this branch of literature in his own country. The vast and rich prose literature of the English-speaking people of to-day had its beginning with Alfred, and more especially with the Chronicle of his reign, which was the first attempt of the nation to write history in their native tongue.

After Alfred, four centuries passed over merry England before the composition of Sir John Mandeville's book of Travels, and Wycliffe's translation of the Bible, which were the earliest works of prose able to take for themselves a worthy place in our literature. The style of these authors, who were the most eminent prose-writers of the fourteenth century, was, as might be expected, straightforward, unadorned, rugged, homely; but, at the same time, clear, terse, earnest, energetic. The following lines from Mandeville are an example of the prose of this period:

"In our time it may be spoken more truly then of old that Vertue is gone, the Church is under foote, the Clergy is in errour, the Devil raigneth, and Simonie beareth the sway."

To Wycliffe, a devout, benevolent man, overflowing with ardent zeal, is due the establishment of a sacred dialect,
which has continued to be the language of devotion down to the present day.

The work that Mandeville had begun in the fourteenth century as the first writer of real English prose, that had been continued by Wycliffe in his translation of the Bible, was now carried on in the fifteenth century by the writings of Pecock, Malory, Fortescue, and Caxton. Few improvements in style and vocabulary, however, had been effected, and the prose of the period was almost as rough and rugged as before. The English language was still regarded by many as being unstable and unsuited to be a vehicle for the conveyance of great thoughts; and, notwithstanding the example of Chaucer—who, with clear foresight, recognized its worth and composed in it his noblest productions—many of the great writers prior to the sixteenth century were afraid to entrust to it their works, but composed them in Latin or French, since they thought that in these languages they would prove more enduring. Moreover, they were ambitious of a wider reading public than England at that time afforded. Bacon was partial to the Latin, and More wrote his "Utopia" in that tongue. But the introduction by Caxton of printing into England, Tyndale's "Translation of the New Testament," and the influence of Chaucer finally secured the supremacy of the English tongue, which henceforth remained triumphant.

The most striking landmark in the history of English literature is Tyndall's "Translation of the New Testament." It has since the time of its appearance (1525) formed the basis of all later versions. It is a model of pure, simple, idiomatic English, and it has been truly said that there is no book which has had so great an influence on the style of English literature and the standard of English prose.

With the sixteenth century our prose literature enters upon a new era. The Reformation, the Renaissance, the
discovery of America, invention, and travel, all contributed to give a new impulse to literature. This century witnessed in England the beginning of Philology, Criticism, Fanciful Fiction, and the Essay. More, Hooker, Francis Bacon, and Sydney adorned the age with stately works of prose. In the writings of these authors there is an advance on the style of all their predecessors. This was slight, however, and prose still remained, though to a less degree, unwieldy and involved. The progress of prose up to this time had been gradual. No writer had yet been able to couch his thoughts in brief and brilliant, short and sparkling sentences. But larger fields of thought, and a greater variety of subjects had their effect; and, notwithstanding its many faults of style, prose gradually grew into increased excellence, and, under the influence of such writers as Chillingworth the controversialist and Hobbes, the philosopher, began to assume a simpler, less intricate form. Bunyan—

"Ingenuous dreamer in whose well-told tale,
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail,"

would have been an impossibility before this new era, but now, in his picturesque, poetical, simple style, he gives the world the noblest example of allegory ever composed in prose. The Essay, too, which had been begun by Francis Bacon, now became light and sprightly under the master hand of Cowley, while the other branches of prose were developed to a state of comparative excellence. The principal writers influential in bringing about such a result were Jeremy Taylor, Sir William Temple, Cowley, and Bunyan.

This, then, is the progress of prose from Alfred to Queen Anne; from the ninth to the eighteenth century. Nine hundred years had the English authors been striving after a clear, short, plain prose style, every age bringing with it an advance upon its predecessor either in the adding of some excellence or in the removing of some fault. A perfected prose had not yet been attained; but the light was
breaking, the dawn was at hand, the time was come, and the eighteenth century witnessed the triumph of prose over all inhibiting influences.

The prose literature of the first half of the eighteenth century collects itself around four illustrious names—Defoe, Swift, Steele, and Addison—and under their influence it became for the first time absolutely simple and clear. Of these writers Defoe was the most prolific, being the reputed author of two hundred and fifty distinct publications. He started the first genuine English newspaper, and, single-handed, carried it on twice a week for eight years. As a writer of fiction he forms the transition from the poetic romance of Sydney to the finished novel of Richardson and Fielding. Defoe is not a master of carefully elaborated prose, for he was desirous of producing large and broad effects, and took but little pains with his literary workmanship. And though his style is strong and his vocabulary copious, yet his sentences are long and often clumsy.

Swift, though not so voluminous as Defoe, has exercised a far greater influence upon English prose, and holds a higher position in our literature. His style is strong and simple, and noted for its purity. He uses the plainest words and the homeliest English, but his wit is keen and his satire biting. He adhered so strictly to his own definition of a good style—"proper words in proper places"—and the grammatical structure of his sentences was so accurate, that Johnson might well say of him: "Whoever depends on his (Swift's) authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connections, or abruptness in his transitions."

The periodical Essay was created by Steele and Addison. It was at first published three times a week, then daily. Steele began it in the "Tatler," 1709, and it treated of lite-
rature, morality, and familiar life. Addison soon joined him, first in the "Tatler," afterwards in the "Spectator," 1711. Together they popularized literature so that culture spread among the middle classes, and even found a home in many of the villages and hamlets throughout the realm. Hitherto it had been confined almost wholly to the higher classes, and had scarcely exceeded the territorial bounds of London.

While Swift is without doubt the most vigorous and grammatical prose-writer anterior to Johnson, Addison is easily his superior when it comes to elegance, grace, and ease. In this respect his prose style is unrivalled. He is a satirist, but, unlike Swift, his wit is never bitter. He is a critic, but he is never unreasonably severe. His prose is always of the highest order. "Whoever wishes," says an eminent English writer, "to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Thus we see that the writers of the age of Queen Anne worked a wonderful change for the better in the development of English prose. Their powerful influence was felt on every hand. Swift and Addison, since they had perfected a good prose style, and had thus made the method of writing easier, became models for all later prose writers prior to Johnson.

The prose literature of the last half of the eighteenth century can scarcely be said to excel in elegance or force that of the first half. Up to this time its development had been internal rather than external. That is, it had been striving after a good, clear, simple style; a finished, perfected form of composition. Having secured this, its growth became henceforth an extension to new fields, or an expansion of fields already entered upon. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" and Boswell's "Life of Johnson" elevated biography into a higher place in literature. It became, from this time on, one of the most interesting and impor-
tant branches of prose. Richardson and Fielding created the modern novel. Novelists at once sprang up in quick succession. Smollet's "Roderic Random," Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and Miss Burney's "Evilina," followed each other at short intervals, giving additional charm to the field of fiction. The realm of history, too, was adorned by the works of distinguished authors. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon ensured their immortality by the publication of works that will never die. In this age political economy, upon the appearance of Adam Smith's world-famed "Wealth of Nations," leaped into the dignified position of a science; while political philosophy received a new impulse at the hands of Edmund Burke, the most eloquent writer of his time.

Since Johnson's time there have been but few changes in the style of English prose. Little improvement has been made except in paragraphing. This element of style has in more recent years been made an especial subject of scientific treatment by the rhetoricians, particularly by Professor Bain, of the University of Aberdeen. Macaulay, above all other writers, is most skilled in the grouping of sentences; and the nicety and accuracy which he has herein exhibited have contributed largely to his deserved popularity. In other respects the style of composition has remained essentially the same.

We live in an age of prose. Of novelists, historians, biographers, philosophers, and essayists, there is no lack. But this cannot be said of the poets. Never, perhaps, in the history of English literature has there been such a dearth of poetry as at the present time. Longfellow, Bryant, Browning, and Tennyson have passed away, leaving us no great representatives to take their places. The fire of the Anglo-Saxon's poetic genius burns low. Prose has usurped the realm of poetry, and is everywhere supreme. The glory of English literature in the past has
been in its poetry. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton have added more lustre to our literature than have any four, or six, or ten, prose-writers the English-speaking people have produced. But, in later times, our literature has been enriched almost exclusively by prose. It may be that poetry has suffered but a temporary eclipse, and that poets will burst forth afresh in glorious song. Yet we do not believe that this will ever happen, to the same degree, as in the past. We believe that poetry is on the wane and that prose is on the rise; that future ages will witness the birth of fewer poets, but of more prose-writers, of undying fame.

RELLUF.

POLITICAL COURTESY.

Antagonism of principles by no means involves a lack of that cardinal virtue—civility. Many are the instances where, upon hard-fought battle-fields, the conqueror has taken the sword of the conquered with a grace and delicacy of manner which robbed the humiliation of much of its bitterness. In party politics an entirely opposite principle appears to prevail. The very suspicion of opposition is sufficient to rob opponents of all delicacy and consideration for one another. As there is a courtliness which is even sweeter than mere politeness, so there is a sort of civil barbarism, which is as bad as Billingsgate. Of the latter, party politics is full. It overflows with the lack of politeness which is insulting, while it always falls short of absolute insult; which is outrageous, while it scarcely assumes the proportions of an absolute outrage. For one party to browbeat and abuse another, does not tend to the ultimate success of either. It is a game at which both can play, and the only advantage gained is the questionable one which displays a vulgarity that redounds to the credit of neither. "Armed neutrality" is all very well. Dignified courtesy is also very good. It
evidences self-respect, self-conviction of the worth of one's cause, and a serene courage which, while it dares the other side to its utmost, at the same time defies it. Men in the heat of political controversy are guilty of a thousand rudenesses inadmissible in any gentlemanly debate. They are high-toned acquaintances on every other topic, but, if political opponents, they at once drop to the low level of bruisers and pugilists. It is a struggle to see which can get the best blow, and they do not hesitate to strike "below the belt" if opportunity offers. Urbanity is an excellent butter with which to spread one's political bread, and it makes a sour slice palatable. "A few mouthfuls of empty wind" are not going to blow anything or anybody to perdition, and damning one's opponent from Dan to Beersheba is not going to establish success. The proverb declares that "vinegar never catches flies," and the men whose sensibilities have been outraged in trying to talk him over to the opposing side, is almost to a dead certainty going to vote against it. Once, in troublesome times, a French physician invented a knife which cut off the heads of delinquents with such skill that they were dead before they knew what hurt them. So should reform strike off the head of opposition with such keenness and polish that it could even experience a pleasurable thrill in undergoing decapitation. The cause is right; let us make it seem so by every right and courteous means. If true men and real merit are on our side, let us prove the one—the other will prove itself. In all political controversy, toleration of honorable difference, and manly courtesy should be a strong plank in the platform. The most vulgar voter recognizes and appreciates such qualities, as well as the most diplomatic courtier among us all. A friendly enmity among political opponents must and should exist, but an insolent and scurrilous hostility is uncalled for, and fatal to the cause it would promote.

It is true that men are prone to ascribe some moral
quality to opinions on almost any subject, and hence vituperation as a controversial weapon owes whatever strength it has to the moral side of human nature. But it is a weapon that those who are the least elevated in the moral scale are the most given to use; and only in the last extremity; only when palpable turpitude challenges the language of condign reproach, will the scrupulous and high-toned touch it. Then it should fall as the lightning stroke, incisive and final, blighting and cursing.

C. W. D.

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OUR MUMMY.

Oh, Princess do you ever dream
Of long ago in Pharaoh's land,
Beside Osiris' rolling stream,
Amid the burning southern sand.

Or of some marble balcony,
Where once you stood by the balustrade,
And heard the rising melody
Of your true lover's serenade.

Three thousand years have gone, and more,
On the silent, fleeting wings of time;
Across the Sacred Lake they bore
You, laid you 'neath the summer clime.

Some men were searching once for gold
Among the ancient monuments;
Their labor was repaid three-fold,
But knowledge was their opulence.

They found you in a sombre cave,
And sent you to these classic halls,
Away forever from your grave,
Away, away from Amun's calls.

But rest in peace; your gods are dear,
Save Ra alone, who holds the skies;
Before the dawn of Thought they fled,
Before the giant Wisdom's rise.

Anon.
Through oppression and tyranny, through ignorance and vice, mankind is advancing to a condition where equality of right and privilege shall prevail. Every wave that ruffles the ocean of time raises humanity on its crest and sinks in its trough the ambition of individuals.

But this advancement is slow and gradual. Ignorance and vice have at all times rendered men weak, feeble, and child-like in their natures; they have been subject to the powerful wills of strong men, who restrained their passions, guided their stumbling footsteps, and warded off the greedy cruelty of their fellow-men. They have been preyed upon, as well, by these strong men, who have used them as a means for their own elevation; who have retarded the progress and advancement of mankind, and over the prostrate form of human liberty have raised the selfish and ambitious standard of despotism.

Of such men was Rienzi, the last of the ancient Romans; the last shoot that grew from the decayed trunk of that once mighty tree, that had sent out its roots to the soil of the farthest land and thrown into shade every city and nation throughout the known world. In his earliest youth he was touched, when he perceived to what a depth his people had fallen. From the dazzling page of Rome's history he had read of the matchless eloquence of a Cicero, of the mighty prowess of a Caesar; he had read how her sails had whitened every sea, how her arms had subjugated every land; but, better than all, he had learned the noble and sterling virtues of her citizens. And now, on every hand, he perceived sloth and vice, woe and misery.

There are men who stand alone in their greatness, towering above their fellows like the pyramids that raise their lofty heights above the sanded level of the desert. Again,
there are men great in their individual achievements, who are but the representatives of a class.

Not of these was Rienzi. Alone, in the ruins of the eternal city, he brooded over her departed glory. By the force of his eloquence he roused the drowsy population, and when the time was ripe and the word was given, he crystalized the rabble into an organized army; he put down the barons, and on their ruins he reared his throne, styling himself Tribune of the People.

"O, Rienz!
How thou did'st shake the slumbering soul of Rome
With the brave sound of freedom, till she rose,
And from her giant limbs the shackles dropped;
Burst by one mighty throe."

This one man, in three weeks, raised a nation of slaves to a position of dignity. He caused the name of Tribune to be a terror to kings and princes. In three weeks this one man breathed the breath of life into a nation dead and decayed; he opened the choked arteries of her being, and through them commerce poured her vital streams; he silenced her enemies and made her name feared and respected. What wonder that the golden dreams of ambition filled his mind! What wonder that the shades of Cæsar and Alexander sent wild visions through his dizzy brain! He had tasted power, and, like a wild beast that has tasted blood, his thirst was insatiable. But when he let the people feel the steeled grasp of his power, they rose in their might, swept on in their rage, and overthrew their former idol. With his life he paid the penalty of his ambition. He died, and at his death Rome sank again into the mould of her decay; again her people donned the rags and tatters of vice and degradation, the shackles of servitude. Such was the career of Rienzi, an individual man, and in that career we see all the elements of the triumph of individuality over the masses. Like other individual men, he rose because the people were fettered in ignorance.
Individual men, though they sometimes indicate advances in the world of thought and progress, are often the historical landmarks of barbarism. The story is as old as time, of marble temples and gorgeous palaces built by the woes and lamentations of slaves, toiling to swell a despot’s pride; of philosophers and sages pondering the heavens, and the people groping in the darkness of ignorance and servitude; of Caesars and Alexanders grasping world-wide empires, and the people rearing thrones for them on their bended necks; of bard-sung knights with plumes and silken banners flashing in the sunlight and the people battling in hovels with filth, pest and disease; of warrior chieftains plucking the laurels of victory from the men who died facing the raging hell of battle. Such has been the story, such the degradation of the masses and the elevation of the few. Through all time men have bowed to the dust before the individual, and the dust has obscured their vision of the selfishness and hypocrisy of their idols. But to-day there is a reaction. The masses of the people are awakening to the great truth that the world was not made for a few individuals; they are beginning to assert that the strength and power of every government rests with them. Do you ask for proofs? The proofs of the statement are on every hand. Toiling, suffering labor is everywhere organizing and preparing to demand its rights. If these demands are not met and satisfied, soon you will hear the challenging note of its bugle, the tramp of its marching legions, and be brought face to face with its bayonet and cannon. Already we have seen socialism, communism, nihilism and anarchism—the extreme and dangerous outcroppings of this universal spirit. Remove their causes, or some day they will raise in every land the standard of war and revolution.

But the world is giving heed to these rightful demands. On every hand there is thought and toil and care for the welfare of the greatest number. For this science seeks out
the veiled truths of nature; philosophy struggles with the problems of social science, and learning offers her truths to the lowest and humblest. The thrones of monarchs are crumbling, and the nobility of toil is gaining world-wide respect. Men are learning that they will rise above the bondage of despotism and tyranny, only as they burst the shackles fastened upon them by their own lusts and passions. They have learned a lesson from the people of England and America, who wrested their political rights from kings and princes, from nobles and priests, who trampled in the dust that ancient sophism of the divine right of kings, and over it have floated the banner of human liberty, and who were enabled to accomplish this because their masses were intelligent and moral. Without intelligence to guide and morality to establish right relations between men, the masses are incapable of government, and will ever fall prey to the ambitions of intellectual giants. Remove the despot and you do not throw off the despotism. Stay the individual tyrant, but know this—that individuality will assert itself in every land and under every sun; will fill every throne and grasp at every sceptre. Stab a Julius Cæsar, and from out the shadow of his tomb there steps an Augustus to seize and tighten the reins of absolute sway. Wage a war against autocracy, strike off the head of every royalist, slay and kill until the sunny plains of France are drenched in blood, yet a Napoleon establishes an empire with the armies of a republic. War and murder, powder and dynamite, are not the levers that raise the masses; but every school-house that spreads intelligence, every church that teaches morality, is a barrier against despotism, a check on the selfish ambitions of individual men. Political freedom is not a flower that blossoms instantaneously from the hot-bed of revolution; but it develops to maturity by the careful nursing of a high-minded people. So, if the masses would rise above the dominance of an individual few, they must first throw off the
bondage of their passions and cultivate their virtues. Rulers and leaders there must always be; but it is the right—nay, the duty of the people to see to it that their leaders are men who have the welfare of humanity at heart, and are not prompted by grasping ambition.

There is to-day, as there ever has been in the past, a constant friction between the weak and the strong, between powerful individuals and the masses. Often men rise above the masses, and no sooner have they attained power than they block the way against their own class. Forgetting the circumstances that have enabled them to rise, they boldly assert their superiority, their right to rule and govern the world. The strong few have ever glorified in their strength. They have grasped every opportunity and have used every possible art and artifice to hold the many in subjection, and to seize for themselves the fruits and sweets of earth. Against them the common herd has arrayed itself, and those average men must win, for with them is the right. The victory will not be an easy one, for talent and genius are the grandest gifts of a great Creator; they give even to selfish tyrants the courage and aggressiveness of their mighty intellects; they have nerved many a Macbeth to cry—

"Blow wind! Come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

Against the Caesars and Napoleons, against the Reinzis and Macbeths, the rank and file must stand shoulder to shoulder for ordinary justice to the average man. There is a divine right of genius, but there is also a divine right of the average man to say, I, too,

"Am owner of the sphere,  
Of the stars and the solar year,  
Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

Argo.
At this anniversary season, it is very fitting that an Historical Society should make a pilgrimage to the spot where our history began; that we should wish to see with our own eyes, and tread with our feet, the soil trod by that band of Englishmen, who, in this month of May 287 years ago, landed here and laid the foundation of American history. This memorial tribute is due to the men whose sturdy courage nerved their hearts to dare and persevere in a perilous enterprise, the hazards of which are too much unknown or forgotten; eclipsed, as they are, by the later splendor of a success has culminated in American civilization. American civilization, I say—and not only Virginia civilization, for the success of the colony founded here, by showing the practicability of such an enterprise, opened the way for all other English settlements. And the hand of the first of all Virginians, whose name is indissolubly associated with Jamestown, not only surveyed these shores and the waters of yonder bay, but also actually mapped the coast and plotted the way for the New England settlements; for it was the hand of Captain John Smith that made the first map of New England as well as of Virginia. That such claim is no exaggeration of the deeds and merits of those first settlers here could be readily shown, but that theme is too large for the limits of this occasion. In the brief time allowed this morning it is difficult to select any one theme from among the crowding memories suggested by our surroundings. Here is the cradle spot of our Commonwealth. Here was laid the foundation of a polity whose representatives figure in direct line from John Smith through Bacon, Henry and Washington, down to our own Lee. That polity was first
expressed by the earliest representative body in this country, which, only twelve years after the founding of the colony, met perhaps in the building whose crumbling tower yonder is the only material relic of those early days. Within twenty miles of this spot, beyond the York, was the scene of the most romantic adventure in American annals, when the pity—or was it more than pity?—of that Indian maid saved the life of our earliest hero, and wrought a deliverance so marvellous that some foolish people relegate the story to the domain of fiction, telling us that it is an invention of Smith's fancy. Within the walls of yonder church Pocahontas was married to the Englishman, John Rolfe. Here was the scene of Smith's exploits, developing a wisdom, courage, and fertility of resources that made possible and ensured the permanence of the colony. Here, some half century later, figured Nathaniel Bacon, the first American who enjoys the distinction of being dubbed rebel; here he confronted and drove away a useless governor who refused to perform some of the few duties for which freemen need a governor.

But we cannot now enlarge or go into the details of these subjects. I propose rather, and invite your attention to some brief memorial of the times and scenes of settlement here; to recall the manly courage and virtues which quailed not before the stupendous difficulties in the way of men attempting the first conquest of this new country.

Our American Virgil, when he comes to write the Æneid of this land, will have a theme not less worthy than that of the Roman poet whose lines record the troublesome founding of his nation. Yea, more troublesome was this labor. For it was the conquest of a virgin country, clad in its primeval forest, and inhabited by a savage who was in many respects not unworthy of his birthright—a savage so valorous in defence of that birthright, and so skillful in the arts of warfare, that he retarded for more than one hundred years
the advance of Englishmen from this spot to the Shenandoah Valley.

In the early morning of the 26th day of April, 1607, the lookout from the deck of the English fleet bearing the colonists to these shores first descried the Virginia land. On the same day the fleet entered the capes, and the first landing was made inside the mouth of Chesapeake bay. Here at last was rest and refreshment after the tedious monotony of their four months' trip across the Atlantic. Here was the fair prospect of success, as, bravely sailing into the bay and discovering new scenes of wondrous beauty, while rounding each point and headland, their eager eyes looked for a suitable spot on which to make landing. The waters of the Chesapeake and of this river roll to-day the same as when their bosom bore that fleet carrying our forefathers. But the aspect of everything else—of the woods and meadows that delighted their eyes—is so altered by the change of near three centuries that, could one of them revisit these shores to-day, his gaze would not recognize the scene before him, as he sought in vain for the wild and mighty grandeur of the original forest. To restore the aspect of that scene we must blot out these farms and meadows, and imagination must reconstruct such scenery as is found on the aboriginal banks of South American rivers. One of the colonists has left a record telling of the mighty, illimitable forest; of the great trees heavy with foliage and interlaced with vines and growth so dense as to impede progress into their mysterious depths; of a land shadowed with myriad vegetation, decked with flowering plants, and alive with bird and beast and game of every description.

And who were the men who then sailed among these scenes of virgin nature, seeking suitable spot whereon to plant English genius and enterprise, and assert their right to share the riches of a then new world? In the first place, they were not a band of officers and soldiers sent by the
English Government on a military expedition. It was not a government expedition at all, but a band of volunteers sent by a chartered company on a commercial enterprise. As such they did not expect and were not prepared for war, unless in self-defence. In removing from their country they did not, of course, cease to be English subjects, and, as such, were entitled to the protection of their government.

But they were coming a vast distance from home, relatively many times further than the like remove now, and they were encroaching, as charged by their old Spanish enemy, on territory within the nominal domain of his Catholic Majesty, whose summary mode of dealing with intruders on lands claimed by him had been illustrated not many years before by the bloody extirpation of a French colony in Florida. Nowadays English colonists feel themselves safe in any remote quarter of the globe; for there will almost certainly be an English man-of-war within a few hundred miles, at most, ready and quick to protect them from interference by an alien power. But at that day of the early seventeenth century there was no vast British navy patrolling the waters of all seas, nor British army posts saluting the rising sun at every hour of his daily progress, making the Englishmen abroad almost as confident as if walking the streets of London.

These men knew that no speedy relief and rescue could reach them if attacked by overpowering numbers. In such case they could only dread the fate of their countrymen at Roanoke some twenty years before, whose tragedy was and is yet a dark mystery. These colonists apprehended fight, if it was expected at all, not with Indians, but with Spaniards; and one of the orders given them was to establish a post and leave a ship at the mouth of the river to watch for the approach of that expected enemy.

The expedition was, then, not one of soldiers, though of course the military element was not lacking, but of volun-
teers engaged in a colonial and commercial enterprise, which was backed by large capital and influential interests at home. In its composition it was about such a band of men as would now be collected for an enterprise of unknown adventure and peril. In it there were men of all sorts, from the gentlemen captains down through all grades. Most of them were, naturally, rough men, such as needed for the rough work before them; care being taken, with practical English sense, to secure men of study courage and qualities to stand the severe tests that might be imposed on them. To their credit be it said that generally they measured up to more than the average of human endurance, when called on to face trials that had not been foreseen, and hence not provided for.

The beginning of the voyage had been unpropitious and almost disastrous. Baffled by storms, at the end of six weeks they were not out of sight of England, when they had expected to be near to or on the American coast. Sailing under sealed orders, their designated officers were not known during the voyage. Hence there had been wanting the proper control to enforce discipline. Under such circumstances dissensions had arisen which seem to reflect on the good sense of men embarked in an enterprise, whose success must largely depend on the harmonious conduct of those engaged in it. Such dissension, however, seems the usual fate of men thus thrown together and cut off from the rest of the world, unless under the severe control of military discipline.

The records of those early days are but brief and scanty, but from them we can learn of the impression made by the scene opening before their eyes, and the fair hopes raised by the promise of a land that seemed to invite settlement and cultivation. Upon these shores the colonists probably expected to find a population gentle and semi-civilized—such as the Spaniards had encountered in more southern
regions—among whom they could peaceably settle and establish commercial relations. But, on going ashore, that first day of arrival within the capes, they had scarce put foot on land when they found that they had to deal with the Virginia Indian, contesting his native soil, who made a savage attack on the landing party, and was only driven off by the artillery of the ships.

This attack was but the first skirmish of that contest against intruders on their soil maintained by the Indians for more than two centuries, with a vigor and ability to which justice has not yet been done. The savage Indian as yet undebauched by vices of civilization is to us but little more than a tradition, and that, too, a tradition of his history and character as depicted by his enemy. Of his qualities and virtues we must judge mainly by estimating the force and endurance of his resistance to English and American valor, against which he maintained successful opposition for a longer time than recorded of any other savage population. The original native who met these colonists here was a warrior very different from and superior to the Indiains of later generations, as known in modern days. One of our historians, who lived early enough to report the experience of the first years of the colony, tells us that under Powhatan there were thirty kings, and that their government was better than that of many places counted civil. Such an enemy, brave and determined in defence of his birthright, was the obstacle that met the colonists at the very threshold of the country, and it was an obstacle that defeated at once the peaceful commercial objects of their mission. This bold attack, and their after experience, showed conclusively that the first and most peremptory of all questions before the colonists, was one not commercial, but warlike; being no less than the military problem of effecting a lodgment in the country in the face of a hostile population, of whose strength they were ignorant, but of whose determined
character the first experience had given decisive example. This unlooked-for development, demanding the head and hand of a soldier, nullified at the outset the objects of a commercial expedition, as defined in the orders for planting and conduct of the colony, and even made doubtful the feasibility of any settlement at all. It must have been with anxious forebodings troubling their minds, that the voyagers spent two weeks in making their way from the mouth of the river to this spot, carefully exploring the country, and with eager eyes scanning the river banks to find place for landing and settlement. They dared not choose the best place, but must take that most available for defence. On the way they rejected another site more desirable than this; and they did so for the military reason that it was not so defensible against attack. The situation thus developed at the outset was unlooked for, if not the very opposite to that contemplated by the orders and instructions for their settlement. Fortunately these orders are preserved to us, and from them we can learn the contrast between what was expected and what was realized. On opening them, as required to do after making land, there were found provisions for a president and councillors, and an admirable set of commercial instructions, if such object had been only feasible or possible. They were ordered to settle on high ground, as far up a river as they could go, for reasons both sanitary and military. They were ordered to guard against approach of the Spaniard in their rear. Instead of the Spaniard by water in their rear—who never came—they found themselves confronted by the Indian on land, on whose serious opposition they had not counted, but who proved a persistent enemy, bold and daring in open fight, cunning and skilled in deceitful wiles, which are but another name for many of the arts of warfare. Faced by such an enemy, the colonists yet found in their orders special injunction for a peace policy toward the natives, as essential to the ob-
jects of their expedition. Instead of a peace policy, these warlike natives forced on them an armed defence of their very lives and existence, requiring the service of every man for military duty, and making their settlement but a fortified camp.

Instead of locating on the wholesome heights of Richmond, they stopped on these lowgrounds of Jamestown, on the verge of an almost tropical forest, surrounded by marsh and swamp reeking with malaria; and they stopped here because the peninsula, as it then was, afforded means of protection against Indians.

Instead of advancing into the country, to discover a route to the South Sea and Pacific, which was ordered as one of the principal objects of their expedition, they were shut up on this island, on the fringe of a continent of whose interior beyond the bounds of their camp they were more ignorant than we are to-day of the wilds of Central Africa. From their precarious foothold here they could only peer into the boundless forest, wondering what might be concealed in its mysterious depths. Almost the only instruction they could and did obey was to search the neighboring banks for minerals, and they sent back a cargo of glittering earth, supposed to be heavy with gold or silver, but which proved on assay to be worthless dirt.

Such are some of the facts showing the difficulties and dangers of the situation confronting the colonists as they carefully explored the country and made their settlement here. The conditions of the situation, and the prospect before them, might well have daunted the stoutest heart of their company, and might have acquitted them of any charge of recreancy, had they abandoned the enterprise and returned home with the ships, as some of their countrymen, a few years before, had given up a settlement in North Carolina. As if to aggravate these external perils, there was another, and more formidable, because created by their
very orders, and made worse by unfortunate dissensions among themselves. These orders prescribed a President and Council, who were little more than a local board for management of the colony, with but little of the political functions now implied in such offices. Instead of such divided, civil control, the needs of the situation demanded the military rule of the soldier to defend and provide for a camp pitched among the hostile population of an unknown country.

In every enterprise of peace or war, in every crisis of human affairs, there will be developed a hero, whose preeminent qualities make him the natural leader of his fellows; to whose clear head and brave heart men instinctively look for guidance and control. Such a hero was here; for whoever thinks of Jamestown without being at once reminded of Capt. John Smith? Of him, everybody now knows; while probably very few of this company assembled here to-day could name any of his companions. And yet, when the colonists landed here, John Smith was actually under arrest, on some foolish charges—the outgrowth or perhaps the cause of the unfortunate dissensions during the voyage. John Smith under arrest! and denied even his rightful place as member of the Council; the man of all others who should have been then and there invested with absolute supreme command. It looks like the irony of fate, that his fame now is that he proved to be the savior and very life of the colony. This development of the future was not and of course could not be anticipated by his companions, but it was their grievous misfortune that at the outset they thus deprived themselves of the advice and control of the wisest head and bravest heart of all their company, brave and true men as they were.

Our imagination to-day tries to picture the busy scenes and incidents of that debarkation and landing; the warping of the ships to the shore with cannon trained on the woods to repel any second attack, such as had disputed the landing
two weeks ago in the Bay; the cautious movement of the scouting party sent in advance to explore the wood and beat up any lurking Indians who might be hid among the bushes of the water side; followed by the quick launching of the boats, crowded with armed men, and the eager, energetic pull for the shore. We may fancy the quick orders of the officers, as with the stern energy of Englishmen in critical moments, they hurried the movements of their men, pressing on to seize a defensible foothold on land, and make it secure before the savage attack could rush on them from the depths of the forest.

The pictures sometimes drawn of boats advancing to the shore in holiday parade, their oars keeping time to strains of gala music, are, I fear, rather delusive; as also that other picture of Captain Wingfield leisurely planting the banner of his country in the soil of this new realm, surrounded by his men drawn up in the bravery of holiday attire, while good parson Hunt recites the religious service appropriate to the occasion. With the piety of that age, and with the devotion of God-fearing men, they had doubtless had prayers that morning, from which they were probably dismissed with an exhortation to quit themselves like Englishmen, if called on to brave the expected perils of battle. But fortunately there was no battle that day, the Indians having not yet collected their forces for the attack, which two weeks later burst on the settlement with a fury that cost the colonists the life of one man and the wounding of seventeen others. It would seem that this attack, like the previous one, was repelled only by the cannon of the ship, whose chain shot, thundering and crashing through the forest, struck consternation to the hearts of the savages.

Meanwhile, the landing having been effected and the camp established, Newport and Smith, with some twenty others, made that first trip up the river, exploring as far as the present site of Richmond, where they planted a cross, per-
haps on Mayo's island, but more probably on another island lower down, which has since disappeared. To my mind that was the most romantic and picturesque trip ever made on American waters. We can never travel on this river without thinking of and trying to recreate its original aspect as seen by these hardy adventurers. White men had certainly been within Chesapeake Bay and the mouths of its rivers before the arrival of these voyagers, but almost certainly none had ever ventured to penetrate so far within the country as this band, who were stopped only by the barrier of the falls. What must have been their feelings of admiring wonder, as the turning of every bend disclosed a new vista of the virginal beauty of nature, ever various with its changing panorama of forest and water. While entranced with the wonderful beauty of the scene, their minds were kept alert, as with eager eyes, they scanned the banks, expecting a foe behind every tree, or lurking for them beyond every bend of the stream. When they did encounter Indians it was with the doubtful apprehension of peace or war, accompanied with the most cunning diplomacy on both sides, and an occasional exchange of hostages. With puzzled care, taxing all their ingenuity, they endeavored to interchange ideas with and extract information from the sons of the forest, who were simple or bold enough to venture into converse with them; while with diligent scrutiny they explored every spot that seemed to promise the best location for permanent settlement. We know that excited discussion for and against a site near Richmond caused almost a quarrel among some of the leaders. On the details of this trip we have not time to linger, nor, in contrast to its romantic incidents, can we more than mention the trials and misery of that first summer, during which out of 105 colonists left here, over one-half were dead in less than five months, while the survivors were reduced almost to extremity, the victims of swamp fever and bad provisions; their
physical ailments, aggravated by apprehension of the ever hostile Indian, and by the gloomy prospect before them that made doubtful their survival until the return of the ships with relief from England.

In the brief time that could be allotted to-day to any such sketch, I have endeavored to direct your attention to the most salient of the many difficulties and perils confronting the colonists. This primal and most formidable difficulty was realized when the first experience of a commercial expedition found a situation purely military, for which they were not adequately provided. This military feature of the problem before them continued to be a disturbing element in the country for the next two centuries, the ignoring or neglect of which caused the loss of countless treasure and numberless lives. The occupation of the country, if white men were to live here, involved the subjugation or removal of the natives as the first condition of success for any of the objects of the colony. Some of these objects were vain and delusive; for there could be no commerce with savage Indians, and we know now that no gold or silver is found in Tidewater Virginia; and that the Pacific Ocean is 3,000 miles overland from Jamestown, and its shore was not reached for two centuries.

How these first obstacles and perils were overcome, what courage and endurance were opposed to trials, the memory of which is too much forgotten in the after days of victory and success; all this, and much more, we owe to the brave men who first settled on this spot; for whose memorial our pilgrimage is made to-day.

But time is wanting to further recall the memory of men and deeds that have made this spot sacred to all lovers of their country. Their inspiration whispers in every breath stirring the woods around us, and murmurs in every wavelet that dimples the surface of yonder river; and it is an inspi-
ration noble and ennobling; for all the best and truest of American civilization, that has stood and will stand the test of time, had beginning here at Jamestown.


KATHARINE LAUDERDALE.

[By F. Marion Crawford.]

If Mr. Crawford's reputation as a novelist rested solely on his latest work, it would have quite a weak foundation. It does seem a shame that a man who has written such books as the "Saracinesca" series should, for the mere love of the money to be gained, injure his reputation by dashing off a novel of two volumes in a few weeks.

So far as mere style goes, Katharine Lauderdale is quite up to the best of Mr. Crawford's books; but this statement exhausts the praise that can be bestowed upon the work. The author leads the reader through two volumes, nearly one thousand pages, in order to tell a story, the whole of which might have been told in a hundred pages—and, very probably, the book would have been much more popular. The principal characters are two members of one of the leading families in New York society. The hero is a young man of twenty-five, one of whose virtues is, that he is a hard drinker; another, that he has proved a failure at everything that he has tried, and consequently lives on his mother's income. He is, moreover, weak enough to agree to a secret marriage with the woman he loves, the reasons for which are comparatively insignificant. The author makes him, on one day, go through a series of adventures that could hardly happen to any gentleman with a sane mind.

The action of the book covers four or five days, at the end of which time the story is dropped, with everything just as it was at the beginning, except that the hero and heroine are
secretly married (the marriage being known only to the clergyman and a rich uncle), and are placed in a very complicated situation. The story is left very far from completion, and the reader feels very indignant that his time has been used to so little purpose. The author seems to have been experimenting to find out how much he could write about what a few people did and thought in the course of a few days, and we hope that he is satisfied and will not inflict another such experiment on the reading public.

The editor of *Town Topics* takes Mr. Crawford to task as follows: "Should a distinguished and popular novelist say to himself, 'Oh my soul! I have not yet written my novel for this month, and only five days remain in which to work,' and should he then ransack his portfolio and pigeon-holes for all sorts of odds and ends for dovetailing purposes, and, with these in hand, sit down with a typewriter and forthwith reel off a story and have it done and turned in to the publishers at the end of five days, then I should say to this distinguished and popular novelist that he had displayed on this occasion more enterprise than conscience, and when his novel came out I should expect it to be some such sort of story as Mr. F. Marion Crawford's latest, Katharine Lauderdale. * * * * More volumes are promised on the same subject. Let us hope that they will have something to tell, and will tell it so that the reader may not need to sorrow for his wasted and violated time."

Henry C. Burnett, Jr.

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**L. R. HAMBERLIN, 1882-'84 AND 1890-'92.**

Of the younger alumni of Richmond College there are none more distinguished, and certainly none more loyal to their alma mater than L. R. Hamberlin, whose portrait we present with this issue. This promising young poet was born at Clinton, Mississippi, on the 25th day of February,
1861. He received his academic education at Mississippi College and at Richmond College, being a B. A. of the latter institution. He attended Hamill's School of Eluc­
tion, Chicago, in 1887, and Curry's School of Expression, Boston, 1890–91. He was Principal of Norvilla Collegiate Institute (La.) 1881–82; Brownsville Male Academy (Tenn.) 1884–85; was Professor of Latin and Greek, 1885–87, and of English and Elocution, 1887–90, of Thatcher Institute (La.); was also Professor of Math­ematics and Elocution at Nelson Female Seminary (La.), and Instructor in Elocution at Mansfield Female College (La.) From 1890 to 1892 Mr. Hamberlin was Instructor in Expression at Richmond College. He afterward held the same position at the University of North Carolina. He is now Instructor in English and Expression at the University of Texas. As a Public Reader, Mr. Hamberlin has delighted many audiences during the past four years. His published works are, *Lyrics*, which appeared in 1880; *Fatua*—a drama—staged in 1881, 1889 and 1890; *Seven Songs*, 1887; *Alumni Lills*, 1892; *A Batch of Rhymes*, 1893. In recognition of his genius Mr. Hamberlin has received many honors, of which we mention the following:

Poet for the Mississippi Convention of Knights Tem­plar, 1881; Poet of the 47th National Convention of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, 1887; Alumni Poet, Richmond College, 1889, 1890, 1891; Medal Reader and Declaimer at Missis­sippi and Richmond Colleges; Magazine Editor at both colleges, and Mu Sigma Rho Society Valedictorian at Richmond College; one of the Board of Directors of the National Association of Elocutionists, which met for the first time in New York, 1892; on the programs of every session of that body—1892, in New York City; 1893, in Chicago; and 1894, Philadelphia; has addressed and lect­ured before several colleges and universities.
Since the close of the season of '93, no subject has been more thoroughly discussed than foot-ball. This discussion has not been confined to college journals, but the game has been made the subject of leading editorials in the largest dailies, and The Forum, North American Review, and other leading periodicals have contained articles, pro and con, from presidents and professors of the largest universities.

Foot-ball has by its opponents, been compared to pugilism—a comparison which seems to us uncalled for and unjust. It is claimed that the large crowds that attend the game, do so for the purpose of witnessing a brutal contest, while as a matter of fact they go to see a gentlemanly contest and to join in the enthusiasm of the college men. The difference in the crowds that attend each of them completely riddles such a comparison and overthrows such an assertion.

Foot-ball is the greatest and most popular of college sports. It is certainly the most valuable in the way of physical culture, which goes hand in hand with mental development. Statistics show that college men who play foot-ball stand about 1.2 above the average student, while many of them obtain the highest honors offered by their institutions. The contest seems to give a spirit of aggressiveness and self-confidence, such as nothing else can. It is distinctively a game for the best sort of young men; dudes, milk-sops and debauchees do not play foot-ball. They could not if they would. President Gates, of Iowa College, speaks of the game as follows:

"Foot-ball as a particular fad has grown with phenomenal rapidity in the last dozen years in this country. It is
It has many desirable elements in it. It has manifest advantages over the national game of base-ball. That which is included in the term 'team work' is one of these. In foot-ball the whole team is at work all the time. In this regard base-ball has somewhat degenerated into a contest between three or four. The ideal element appears most plainly, however, in the higher qualities of human nature which foot-ball demands and without which successful foot-ball cannot be played. Self-sacrifice, constant regard for others, the entire subjection of the individual to the whole, not occasionally but all the time, instantaneous and unquestioning obedience to others, self-control under the most exasperating conditions—the use of all there is in one over and over again—certainly these factors are the ones that go to make up the most sterling manhood. No athletic game ever invented contains these factors so continually and fully as modern foot-ball."

However, the game as it has been played, it is fair to admit, has been open to objections. These objections are met by the changes in the rules which have recently been made by a committee appointed for that purpose. This committee was composed of Walter Camp of Yale, Dr. W. A. Brooks of Harvard, Alexander Moffat of Princeton, John C. Bell of the University of Pennsylvania, P. J. Dashiel of Lehigh.

The new rules with comments, as published in the *Amherst Student*, are as follows:

"The new penalty for interfering with a fair catch is fifteen yards and the ball, and a similar penalty is imposed for jumping on a player when down. The penalty for holding has been increased from five to ten yards. One of the most radical changes is the new system of scoring. Formerly a goal from a touch-down counted six points, but now it will only be good for three points, and a goal from the field will count as much as the goal from touchdown, except in a case of a tie, when the side scoring the most goals from touch-"
downs will have one point added to its score. The points for touchdowns and safeties remain as formerly, two for the first-named and one for the latter. Instead of taking the ball out of the 24-yard line after a failure to secure a goal on the drop kick on the first down, the new rule provides that the ball shall be brought to the 10-yard line. The momentum play receives its death warrant through the new rule, which declares that 'a momentum mass play consists of three or more men starting before the ball is put in play.'

“A change in the style of opening plays is necessitated by one of the new rules, which states that the ball must be kicked at least ten yards. In the past few years the opening play has been of the flying momentum order, the ball being put in play by simply touching it with the toe, but hereafter an actual kick must be made. This gives the ball to the other side on the opening play. In place of the former wait of five minutes, the new rules only allow for a three-minute wait for any cause.

Nothing is said in the new rules about an increase in the number of officials. It was expected that the committee would do something toward providing for an official timer. It is a well known fact that the referee has enough to attend to without keeping the time. Last fall constant complaint was made against referees on account of their failure to keep correct time, and it is claimed that the committee would be taking a step in the right direction by recommending an official timer, in addition to the judges and referee.

It is highly probable that the R. C. Team of '94 will be the best that has ever rushed the orange and olive to victory. The best players of '93 will return, and it is hoped that we will have several new acquisitions of more than local reputation.

Candidates for the team will please hand their names to the manager, as it is desired to have spring practice on cool days.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

An exchange calls attention to the singular good fortune that has fallen to the lot of The Cosmopolitan Magazine of presenting one of the most remarkable pieces of fiction ever written—remarkable because of its author and remarkable because it has remained unsuspected and undiscovered for more than a hundred years, only to be given to the world at last in an American magazine.

It appears from the researches made by the French Napoleonic scholar, Frederic Masson, who vouches for the fact over his own signature, that Napoleon, when a young lieutenant, wrote a Corsican story. The manuscript of this he confided to his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, then Archbishop of Lyons. When Cardinal Fesch died in 1839, his papers were intrusted to his grand Vicar, Abbe Lyonnet. Napoleon's manuscript was sold by the Abbe to Libri, a member of the Academy and inspector of French libraries. Libri sold this and some other manuscripts to Lord Ashburnham for $40,000, and from 1842 to a recent date Napoleon's manuscripts slumbered in Ashburnham Castle.

At no time has more interest been shown in athletics than at the present day. Knowing the propensities of their readers, the publishers of our greatest periodicals present, from time to time, portraits of the famous ball players of the country. We have, this year, at Richmond College, several who would not suffer by comparison with many of these celebrities.

In the athletic department of this issue, we present a portrait of "Baby" Phillips, of the Richmond College Baseball team. No words of praise are necessary since everybody knows "Baby," and there are few lovers of the game
in the State who have not seen and admired his "snappy," brilliant play.

We have with us several other players of the phenomenal kind, such as Russell Acree, "Puss" Ellyson, Duke and others, who may appear in our next issue.
APRIL
5.—Meeting of Athletic Association. A. N. Bowers elected manager of the Foot-ball team of '94.
6.—Meeting of Literary Societies. H. W. Provence elected Final President of Philologian, C. W. Dunstan of Mu Sigma Rho.
7.—Address of Shiro Kuroda, of Japan.
Virginia vs. Richmond College at Island Park. R. C., 16; Virginias, 9.
8.—Altoona (League) vs. Richmond College. Altoona, 12; Richmond College, 10.
9.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Winston. Subject—The Making of Electricity.
10.—Meeting of Magazine Club at Mrs. Trevillian's.
Meeting of G. and H. Society.
11.—Annual Public Debate of Philologian Society.
12.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Winston. Subject—Electricity as Man's Messenger.
13.—Petersburg (League) vs. Richmond College at Petersburg. Petersburg, 5; Richmond College, 3.
14.—Richmond (League) vs. Richmond College at West End Park. Richmond College, 11; Richmond, 7.
15.—Contest for Joint Orator’s Medal. Awarded to Minetree Folkes.
16.—University of North Carolina vs. Richmond College at Chapel Hill. North Carolina, 14; Richmond College, 1.
17.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Winston. Subject—Electricity the Light Bearer.

MAY
1.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Winston. Subject—Chemical Work of Electricity.
2.—Columbian University vs. Richmond College. Richmond College, 20; Columbian, 6.
3.—Contest for Best Debater's medal, Philologian Society. Awarded to M. W. Hoover.
Wake Forest vs. Richmond College. Wake Forest, 6; Richmond College, 4.
4.—University of North Carolina vs. Richmond College. North Carolina, 6; Richmond College, 3.
5.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Winston. Subject—Electricity as a Motive Power.
6.—Tennis Contest. R. Harrison (1), French (2), W. Trice (3).

11.—G. & H. Day; trip to Jamestown; oration by Charles Pindexter, Esq.

12.—Contest for Improvement Medal in M. S. R. Society. Awarded to W. E. Gibson.

Randolph-Macon vs. Richmond College. Richmond College, 6; Randolph-Macon, 5.

15.—University Extension Lecture by Prof. Winston. Subject—Uses of Electricity.

17.—Randolph-Macon vs. Richmond College. Randolph-Macon, 5; Richmond College, 3.

21.—Contest for "Wood's" medal. Awarded to W. D. Dando.

MAY 25.—Contest for Best Debater’s medal in Mu Sigma Rho Society.

30.—Base-ball. Richmond College vs. V. M. I. at West-End Park.

JUNE 5.—Intercollegiate Tennis Contest. Richmond College vs. University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

17.—Commencement Sermon by Dr. Moses D. Hoge.

18.—Celebration of Literary Societies.

19.—Annual Meeting of Trustees. Address before Literary Societies by Hon. R. J. Burdette.

20.—Alumni Banquet.

21.—Commencement Exercises.
Locals.

Same old window!

"That's all wight"!

Mr. G—, wishing to have his "mug" struck, inquired as to where was Foster's telegraph gallery.

Mr. K—ser startled us one morning by announcing that the chronometer had gone up to 89°, whereupon he melted and ran down in his shoes. He hasn't been heard of since.

On the evening of the North Carolina game we were seated on the cottage porch eagerly awaiting a telegram stating the result of the game. Suddenly a train rushed by on the R. F. & P. road, going South. "I wonder," said George Ox, "if we will get the telegram on that train."

"No, you softie," said rat K—, "haven't you sense enough to know that we can't get the telegram except on a North-bound train?"

Rat Bod—er, asked us if we had ever read Byron's "Tam O'Shanter." "Tam O'Shanter!" said J. B.; "you mean 'Tim O'Shinter,' I guess."

Mr. R— grieves over the fact that fifty cents of his continuation deposit is gone.

J—y was heard inquiring whether the name of the Jew in the "Merchant of Venice" was not Shyback.

Rough on rats—Junior Phil.

Mr. Q. B—hack (in society). "There is no telling the depths of depravity to which a person can soar."
Some time since, when there was considerable uproar in the Society, the President, in his strenuous efforts to preserve order, sprang to his feet and said in stentorian tones: "The Chair will please come to order."

Hon. J. T. Lawless, Secretary of the Commonwealth, is attending lectures in C. & I. Law.

Judge Gregory will be assisted next session by several judges of the Court of Appeals, who will deliver lectures on C. & I. Law.

It is said that Hon. William L. Wilson may yet accept the Presidency of Richmond College.

WANTED—TWO STUDENTS.

(No Irish need apply).

Wanted—Two students
To flirt with in Spring,
During the finals,
Two up to the thing.

Wanted—Two students
Handsome and tall,
At the end of the session
To go to the ball.

Wanted—Two students
Who'll take us to drive,
And who know all the ways,
To make love (?) thrive.

Wanted—Two students
A little bit fast,
Who'll stay through the finals
And flirt to the last.

If there are two such students,
Who are ready for fun,
Then write to Lucile
And say when to come.

—U. V. Mag.

In the bulky mail of the E.-in-C. are received communi-
cations of all sorts and descriptions from correspondents of high and low degree, located in all quarters of the continent.

Here is one of the ludicrous kind:

**Blountsville, Ala., May 11th.**

**Dear Sir:**

I would be pleased to receive a sample copy of your speech books. The January number, if you please.

Yours respectfully,

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On a "carte postale" of the "Servicio Postal Mexicano," dated Morelia, Mexico, we received the following:

**Dear Sir:**

Will you kindly send an old Richmond College boy a copy of the dear old paper, which I suppose still lives happily. I wish it to give an idea of such a magazine to the students of Saint Nicolas College in this city, who are half inclined to try to launch a paper. This College declares itself to be—and history seems to support its claim—the oldest institution of learning on the American continent. Hidalgo, the Mexican Washington, was at one time its president, and the patriot Morelos was a student and professor in its halls. * * * *.

Yours faithfully,

H. P. McCormick.

In a most felicitous letter from Dr. Furness, he expresses his undying affection for "your dear College and fair city."

The little Englishman appeals to the Professor of Mathematics for a two weeks' leave of absence from class, as he expects to be unwell.

In old age Cato learned Greek and Massanissa rode on horseback, and the Professor of English likewise delights to try his skill with the bicycle.
The Societies are specially fortunate in securing the popular humorist and lecturer, Robert J. Burdette, as their commencement orator.

Mr. F— wants to know if there is any means of sewage in Venice.

Mr. McN—, (a smart rat,) informs us that he is going to read the New Testament in the original Hebrew. Next!

Rat B— was heard to remark that "Romeo and Juliet" was the only opera he ever saw in which there was no singing.

Prof. P—: "Mr. S—th, what saying of Shakespeare's does this remind you"?

Mr. S—th: "Evil to him who evil thinks."

April 25, 1894.—Bill Long buys a box of matches, and becomes the happy recipient of congratulations from his friends. "Can't keep down a working man."

At the beginning of the session Mr. D— was furnished with a new hearth. In the course of time this became battered and broken, just as the old one had been. A friend, observing its dilapidated condition, inquired the cause. Said Mr. D—: "Oh, those bricks are no good. I b'lieve they're made out of clay, anyhow."

"Ikey Gugenheimer," (in discussing his qualities as a base-ball player), said that he couldn't catch well, he couldn't stop grounders well, he couldn't steal a base well, he couldn't make any "grand-stand" plays, but he never struck out, and that was one consolidation.

Mr. L—, in preparing for the examination on French Parallel, read over eighty pages of Victor Hugo's "Her-
nani” with a German lexicon before he discovered his mistake. We hope you made the examination, old boy.

“Anonymous” Ronnie has a “lead-pipe cinch” on the medal given to the biggest quiz at college.

[From Senior Phil. Archives.]

O Senior Phil., to me you’re still
As hard as hard can be;
Nor do I see how I ever will
Contrive to master thee.

WANTED.—We would be glad to procure from any of our friends the following numbers of The Messenger of last year: One copy of February number; two copies of April number, and two of May.

Society Elections.

On the evening of April 6th the Literary Societies met in regular session for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term. The elections resulted as follows:

**MU SIGMA RHO.**

President, M. A. Martin.
Vice-President, M. W. Quillen.
Censor, W. E. Pearson.
Recording Secretary, W. B. Daughtrey.
Corresponding Secretary, M. Folkes.
Treasurer, J. A. Coke, Jr.
Critic, R. W. Hatcher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, J. R. Murdock.
Hall Manager, O. L. Owens.
Chaplain, W. E. Gibson.

**PHILOLOGIAN.**

President, C. G. McDaniel.
Vice-President, A. J. Hall.
Recording Secretary, J. Goode.
Corresponding Secretary, D. M. Taylor.
Treasurer, J. B. Childress.
Critic, J. P. Sadler.
Sergeant-at-Arms, G. W. Layman.

For Final Presidents, Mr. C. W. Dunstan, of Richmond, Va., was elected by the Mu Sigma Rho Society, and Mr. H. W. Provence, of Florida, was chosen by the Pilologian.

To Some Friends by Whom I was Requested to Write a Poem:

If stanzas I should try to write,
   If lines should come from me,
They'd be the most "ungordly" sight
   That ever you did see.

If I'd with gentle words invoke
   The Muse to sing a song,
'twould sound so strangely like a croak;
   Or like the mess-hall gong.

For I indeed would strike a strain
   Of discordant measure,
Nor you, nor I, would profit gain,
   Or anything of pleasure.

And though to-day with tuneful lay
   I'd like to please you much,
It just remains for me to say
   I cannot write you such.

So, friends to you I bid adieu,
   And p'raps a song I'll try
In lines anew, nor yet so few,
   When poet more am I?

—Tweedledob.

TAGGERS.

First. A word of explanation as to the meaning of the term "Tagger." This is a word which the reader will
search for in vain in any of the great standard dictionaries, or in the classics of the English tongue. It is a term peculiar to Richmond College; a localism, if you like. It is an appellation given to various and sundry representatives of the canine species by which the college is at present infested. Dogs, big and little, young and old, black and not black, of every kind, sort, and description. In fact

"Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree"

are very plentiful in our midst, and supply many grievous and long-felt wants. The first of these in importance and extent is that we are all so diligent and studious as to make it desirable for some prompt and drastic measures to be taken in order to ward off the danger of our being killed by overwork. This is best accomplished by each man's having a tagger, by means of which his attention may be diverted, and thereby the possibility of his imminent dissolution from too incessant labor be removed to the realm of the improbable.

Second. We need something soothing to lull us to tranquil slumbers after the day's arduous tasks; something to give us sweet dreams after we have yielded to Morpheus' seductive charms. What could be more efficacious in accomplishing this end than the entrancing strains of angelic music proceeding in one unvaried series of sound from the melodious throats of a countless band of carefully selected taggers? What music can compare with the dismal wailings, the unending groans, the incessant howlings, the ever-continuing yelps, and soul-inspiring hymns, uttered by such a glorious assemblage of taggers?

Third. We are prone to continue in refreshing slumber until the sun has proceeded far on its way across the sky. No want can be more pressing than something to arouse us to begin on time the duties of the day. What could be
more influential in bringing about a result so beneficial to all, than this same convention of taggers; which, ere Aurora’s dawn has yet tinted the horizon with roseate hues, greets us with sombre, nor yet silent warnings to be up and doing; which bursts forth in simultaneous, enchanting, irresistible strains of immortal music, enchaining us by its melody?

But, enough, enough! T’were useless, more than useless to attempt to tell the unnumbered needs and purposes served by these poor, much-abused taggers. We make bold to say that no species of the genus animal is more ill-treated, more misunderstood, and with less cause, than these misused taggers; and no class is more deserving of public attention and respect. All hail! ye taggers.

**CATALOGUE OF “TAGGERS.”**

“Billy Hill.” (Absconded.)
“Nellie.”
“Old Tag.”
“Ned Duke.”
“Abject Misery.” (Defunctus Est.)
“Red.”
“Joe’s” Tag.
“Yellow Terrier.” (Recovered.)
“Tagger With Can on His Tail.”

Of this goodly array of “taggers” the last-named is oftenest seen on the campus.

**ORATORICAL CONTEST.**

The days will never come, perhaps, when popular assemblies will fail to be charmed by the orator whose voice has ever been the mightiest factor among human agencies in turning the tide of human opinion to peace or war. Happy is the man that possesses those powers of speech—that can
sway men as the breath of heaven sways the growing grain. Happy the man that can blend rich classic lore with the mighty facts of the present and lift up the souls of men to lofty planes.

One of the most entertaining things at Richmond College this session was the Oratorical Contest of April 20th, to which both societies contributed fine speeches. Young men of talent disported themselves as the orators of the evening before a cultured audience of the kind friends of the College. Two presidents occupied the platform, representing the two great societies of the institution.

The introductory remarks of Mr. R. T. Marsh, President of the Phillogophian Society were decidedly brief and pointed.

The first orator was Mr. J. Bunyan Childress, who made an eloquent and brief address on "The Development of the Nineteenth Century."

Mr. C. G. McDaniel showed the qualities of the growing orator as in glowing terms he showed how "The Anglo-Saxon" had swept through the stages of civilization and conquest to the highest rank of nations.

Mr. R. H. White delivered a speech replete with historical coloring and excellent thought on "Columbus Our Discoverer; England Our Deliverer; Who Our Preserver?"

Mr. Minetree Folkes made an oration which touched the hearts of his hearers, and held them as with a magic spell from the very outset to the close. Subject: "The Private Soldier of the Confederacy." Mr. Folkes has rare power of delivery and one of the most sweet-toned voices we have ever heard. The decision of the judges met with the approval of the audience, that had just been entranced by his eloquence and power.

Mr. J. R. Murdoch, radiant at the success of his society's representative, made the closing address on behalf of the Mu Sigma Rho Society.

Special mention is due the College Mandolin Club, whose
beautiful music delighted the audience and inspired the orators.

PHILOLOGIAN PUBLIC DEBATE.

The work of the literary societies before the public has been peculiarly gratifying this year to the lovers of forensic eloquence both among the students and the friends of the College. At their annual public debate the Mu Sigma Ronians showed the valuable material that composes that famous society, and the Philologian, on April 13th, displayed the power that has been gained by faithful brain work during the months that have passed. The Societies are on the up-grade. The brilliant work of past years is equaled by the work of the session '93-'94.

Many of the friends of the "Philologs" greeted the speakers, and pleasant glances passed up to the handsomely decorated stage from the chivalrous and fair of the audience.

Mr. R. T. Marsh, as president of the Society, gracefully welcomed the visitors, and made some humorous remarks with reference to the College and its inhabitants.

Mr. J. B. Childress read "The Works of the Third Party" to the delight of his hearers.

Mr. S. P. DeVault was declaimer for the evening, and read, with excellent effect and expression, "How 'Ruby' Played."

The question debated, and of course decided, was: "Should the support of negro schools be derived only from negro taxation?"

The debate was opened by Mr. G. E. Lewis in a speech that was highly entertaining and admirably delivered. He showed himself a man of thought, as he produced fine arguments for his opponents to refute.

His antagonist was Mr. N. J. Allen, who, in an eloquent and masterly way, replied to the remarks of the first speaker, and established a foot-hold for the negative.
The affirmative brought out a second speaker in the person of Mr. M. J. Hoover, whose clear and highly persuasive address presented a solid front of arguments to the negative again.

Mr. J. E. Hixson closed the debate in a very forcible speech that swept the field for the negative.

The exercises were interspersed and enlivened with some new selections discoursed by the Mandolin Club of the College, whose members proved themselves, as usual, worthy disciples of Apollo.

Occupying a larger space than usual in the audience and as large a space as ever in the hearts of the boys, were the fair representatives of the Woman's College, with their chieftain, the inimitable Dr. Nelson.

Thus closed one of the most successful debates of the Philologian Society, which counts its friends by the hundred, and which gives the stamp to orators and debaters that fits them for the highest functions of life.
W. R. Phillips, ("Baby Phillips")
Star 3d Baseman R. C. B. B. Team.
A brief résumé of the record of the base-ball team since last issue, is all that our space will permit this month. A full account of the game March 23rd, with Lehigh University, was published in last Messenger. Since that time games have been played as follows:

March 26th.—Richmond College, 7; Virginias, 3.
April 7th.—Richmond College, 16; Virginias, 9.
April 9th.—Altoona (Pa.) 12; Richmond College, 10.
April 11th.—Altoona (Pa.) 15; Richmond College, 3.
April 18th.—Petersburg, 5; Richmond College, 3.
April 19th.—Richmond College, 11; Richmonds, 7.
April 21st.—University of North Carolina, 14; Richmond College, 1.

May 3rd.—Richmond College, 20; Columbian University, 6.
May 4th.—Wake Forest, 6; Richmond College, 4.
May 7th.—University of North Carolina, 6; Richmond College, 3.
May 12th.—Richmond College, 6; Randolph-Macon, 5.
May 17th.—Randolph-Macon, 5; Richmond College, 3.

Thus we have won six and lost seven games with College teams; won three and lost four with professional teams; won three and lost three others.

As will be seen, we lost two games to the Altoona (Pa.) team, which was not unexpected, inasmuch as it was a professional club belonging to the Pennsylvania State League. The game with the Petersburgs almost resulted in a victory, and was lost by two costly errors.

On April 21st the team took a trip to Chapel Hill, N. C., where they were defeated by the University of North Caro-
lina by a score of 14 to 1. This large score is accounted for partly by the fact that our boys were traveling all the preceding night, were compelled to go without their breakfast, and two or three of the players were feeling unwell; but the game was lost mainly on account of the large number of errors we made—in fact, Ellyson was the only one who played a good game, and the whole team went to pieces. For that reason the gentlemen from the "Old North State" were greatly surprised at the game played on the Richmond ground, which looked at first very much like a victory for our boys, but in the latter part of the game, owing to an unfortunate error by Duke (2d base) they were allowed to score two runs which ruined our chances to win.

Nothing need be said of the game with Columbian University; they were clearly outclassed, and our boys won by a large score with scarcely any effort.

The game with Wake Forest was probably the most exciting of the season. It was "nip and tuck" from start to finish, and was finally lost only after a hard struggle. The close score (6 to 4) is very creditable to our boys, considering the fact that the Wake Forest team had a professional battery; they frankly admitted as much, stating that consequently they were not competing for any college championship, and since our game Smith and Stafford have signed regularly with the Petersburg team in the Virginia State League.

All of our games with the Virginias (the Richmonds after reorganization) resulted in victories, and our boys deserve much credit for these evidences of their skill.

We have not space for individual comment, but if any members of the team deserve more praise than the others, such commendation should unquestionably be given to Phillips and Ellyson. The playing of the former at third is superb, while Ellyson's all-round work (at first base, left-
field, and in the box) could not be improved upon. Ellyson has developed into a wonderful pitcher, and but for unlucky errors on the part of other players at critical times would certainly have won the games from Petersburg and Wake Forest, and the second game with University of North Carolina.

In commenting in a general way on our record, we deem it only proper to say a word or two about our sister colleges in the State. We have always tried to meet Washington and Lee, V. M. I., Hampden-Sidney, Randolph-Macon, and University of Virginia, no matter if our teams happened to be inferior and defeat almost certain; and for the last two or three years our foot-ball and base-ball teams have not gained their share of victories. But now that we have been able to bring up our base-ball standard to something like it ought to be, we find ourselves unable to bring any of the aforesaid colleges to terms, and at this date the only one of the institutions of the State, except Randolph-Macon, which there is any certainty of meeting, is the University, and from present indications we will have to go to play them on their own grounds without even a guarantee of expenses—this, too, after we went to Charlottesville to play foot-ball, and as early as last fall applied for one of their dates away from Charlottesville. We have offered them, as well as Washington and Lee, large guarantees for games in Richmond; but so far our efforts have been ineffectual. This condition of things is very prejudicial to our record and our chances for the State championship, and shuts us up to the necessity of playing professional clubs and university teams. These latter are always hard to beat under the most favorable circumstances, inasmuch as they have such a large number of applicants to choose from, and as a general thing the players are older and more experienced, and each one occupies the position of his preference (as is well known, neither Phillips nor Duke, Acree nor Ellyson, have
been playing in the position they prefer, but in the places where the captain thinks they will be of the most use to the team); and the fact that we have defeated two teams from universities that have 1,100 and 800 students respectively to choose from, and played an almost even game with another whose attendance is about 400, should be encouraging to those interested in our athletic success.

In conclusion, the writer wishes to commend the healthy spirit of encouragement and sympathy that seems to pervade the majority of the students this session, and without which even the best team can meet with but poor success. We have failed to come across a single "croaker" this year, and although some, perhaps, do not do their whole duty, all seem to feel that each member of the team is doing his utmost for its success, and sacrificing personal interest and preference to the object nearest his heart—the upholding of the standard of his alma mater on the field of athletics.

SOME ATHLETIC STATISTICS.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association considerable enthusiasm was manifested in the matter of the further development of athletics at our college; and if we ever attain to the high position which we should occupy in this important branch of college life, it may fairly be said that such a happy result may be traced directly to this enthusiastic meeting, and the events that should immediately follow it.

At the meeting to which reference is made, attention was called to a remark in the exchange department of our College magazine, in which the writer expressed it as his conviction that a man cannot be successful in his classes and at the same time take a prominent part in athletic sports. In this opinion he was opposed by a majority, if not all of the members of the Association; and, upon motion, I was in-
structed to prepare a table showing a comparison of the class standing of the prominent athletes, with that of the other students. Acting under these instructions, I have, with considerable labor, obtained the necessary statistics, and give below the results of my researches.

RELATIVE CLASS STANDING OF STUDENTS—SESSION 1892-'93.

[Classified according to athletic abilities.]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>I. Class.</th>
<th>II. Class</th>
<th>III. Class</th>
<th>Whole School</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Average class marks (8 mos)</td>
<td>83.8 per cent.</td>
<td>83 per cent.</td>
<td>82.4 per cent.</td>
<td>82.7 per cent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Examinations per man</td>
<td>7.25</td>
<td>6.65</td>
<td>6.03</td>
<td>6.28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percentage of exams. passed</td>
<td>75.</td>
<td>64.05</td>
<td>56.44</td>
<td>60.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limits of class marks</td>
<td>76.4 to 89.8</td>
<td>66.1 to 94.4</td>
<td>61.6 to 94.4</td>
<td>61.6 to 94.4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In these statistics I have omitted members of the law class who had no academical studies, as the law school is composed largely of men who live in the city and have engagements in town which prevent them from taking part in athletic sports; and I have also taken no account of students who did not try at least one examination. As to the classification used, that is, to a large extent, arbitrary, and dependent upon my own judgment as to what constitutes an athlete of the first, second, or third class. In the first class I have placed members of the first base-ball and foot-ball teams and boat crew, and those students who attained distinction in tennis and field day contests. In the second class were placed members of the second teams, and those who made honorable records in tennis and field day contests. The third class contains all other students. It will be seen that the first and second classes include only members of the Athletic Association, and excellence in gymnasium work has been entirely ignored. With these simple rules in mind, I proceeded to obtain the averages given in the table.

The above table is a most remarkable one, and the more
it is studied the more remarkable does it appear. In the first place, it seems that excellence in class work is "concomitant and covariant" with excellence in athletics. This is a result that was confidently expected, but such a remarkable result as first-class athletes taking first stand in all three points compared—(1) average class marks, (2) average number of examinations tried, and (3) percentage of examinations passed—second class athletes taking second place, and third class athletes taking third place, was a result that could not have been anticipated, and a coincidence (if I might so term it) that I confess I fail to understand.

The fact that the first class athletes made nearly 25 per cent. more of the examinations tried than the average student—(75-60.5)/60.5—is another remarkable, and, to me, significant fact. What is its significance? It means that a man accustomed to take part in field contests, which call for alertness of every faculty and concentration of every force at the critical moment, is better able to do credit to himself than the average student when it comes to the crucial test in the examination room.

Another significant fact, not fully shown in the table, is contained in the statement that the marks of every man in the first class (with one exception) averaged between 80 per cent. and 90 per cent., while those of the members of the second class varied from 66.1 per cent. to 91.7 per cent., and of the third class from 61.6 per cent. to 94.4 per cent. This shows that, as excellence in athletics progresses, the achievements in the class room reach a normal point, the marks being neither very high nor very low, while among the non-athletes we find the greatest extremes of class-room success. This fact is further illustrated by the statement that only one athlete of the first class—the one noted as falling below the 80 per cent. in class standing—failed entirely on his examinations, while in the second class we find about
one out of every ten who failed entirely, and in the third class about one out of every four-and-a-half failed to make a single examination; and while about one out of every sixteen students were awarded degrees, we find that one out of every seven of the first class athletes received their degree diplomas last year. These facts seem to contradict the notion so universally held that among the best athletes there is a considerable percentage who do absolutely nothing in their classes.

It was my intention to write quite a lengthly article entitled, "The Duty the College Student Owes to the Cause of Athletics," but limited time has prevented necessary preparation, and I must be content for the present in briefly pointing out a few of the important lessons taught by the results as shown in the table. I was asked simply to prepare the figures. This has been done after an expenditure of much time and pains, and my readers must judge as to whether the task has been satisfactorily performed. I trust the plain facts here presented "with malice toward none and charity to all," will serve to dispel some of the dense ignorance and unreasonable prejudice that seem to have taken hold of a great many of such a liberal-minded and well-informed body of people as the students of Richmond College ought to be, so that in future the designation of the game of foot-ball as a "rowdy, brutal, and immoral sport" will be as impossible in our columns as is a denial of the contradiction of such a sentiment contained in the cold figures of the table. With these figures before us, who can deny the advantage the college student receives from participation in athletic sports?

W. D. Duke.

Mr. Hurts' paper gave a glowing description of Kentucky's metropolis, the great whiskey and tobacco market, Louisville; though he claimed that she is far more than a market for these seeming indispensables.
TENNIS CONTEST AND GYMNASIUM DRILL.

Although our Field-Day did not, this year, come up to its usual standard, with respect to the interest manifested, yet we were, by no means, entirely without some contests for skill in athletics. The tennis tournament and the gymnasium drill have always formed the most important features of our field days, and the interest shown and number of contestants was not at all less than it has been in former years. In tennis there were nine entries for singles, the preliminaries of which were played off on the afternoons of May 1st and 4th; and the faculty, on petition, consented to suspend exercises after 12:20 on the latter date. Messrs. R. G. Harrison, J. U. French and W. W. Trice were the successful three who had the highest number of points, and so were entitled to compete in the finals. At the final test, on Wednesday the 9th, Harrison won first prize, a handsome gold medal, given by Charles Phillips; French was second in number of points and received a Slocum racquet, given by Harris, Flippen & Co.; Trice, being third, received a pair of tennis balls.

Next on the programme was the gymnasium drill, in which there were fourteen contestants. Mr. McGowan received first prize and Mr. T. S. Dunaway, second, both gold medals.

In the doubles of tennis, which is an entirely new feature, there were eight entries, and partners were assigned by lot. F. A. Jones and F. T. Hill captured the prizes, which were given by Grigg & Cross and Taylor & Brown from the finest of their line. The medals will be awarded at the next public meeting. R. G. Harrison, this year’s medalist, and F. A. Jones, last year’s medalist, will comprise the team. They have a tournament arranged with University of North Carolina on June 6th, to be played at Chapel Hill, and will play colleges in Virginia later. They hope to keep up the record of last year’s team and encourage intercollegiate contests in this sport, which is so fast gaining in popularity.
RICHMOND COLLEGE BOAT CREW.

The Virginia Association of Amateur Oarsmen met on the 23d of April and, upon the invitation of the Appomattox Boat Club, decided to hold the next regatta at Petersburg on the 4th of July. At the meeting the Virginias, the Appomattox and the College crews were represented; the Norfolk and Alexandria crews did not send representatives.

Whether the College crew will enter the coming regatta or not is a question of grave importance. As far as the men, who have been training faithfully for nearly a month, are concerned, the prospects of a winning crew are exceedingly gratifying. Floyd and Athey of the old crew will certainly be back if needed, while in the new men, Bosher, Sadler and Fletcher, we have a choice trio of athletes to choose from. But the trouble all along has been in securing a training boat. The old Olympic, once the racing boat of the Virginias, when twenty-two minutes was a creditable record, and later the training boat of the College crews, has raced its last race, trained its last crew and now utterly useless, lies upon the banks of the river just below the Y. M. C. A. boat house.

In their efforts to secure a boat the committee, attracted by the circular of the defunct Neptune Boat Club of Baltimore, visited that city in the hope of securing a bargain at their auction sale of boats, gigs, etc.

The Neptune Club possessed only one training boat, appropriately named the "Damsel." She was a damsel. Advertised as being in perfect condition, the spring dress of varnish in which they had arrayed her failed to hide a multitude of cracks and patches. The committee did not remain to the sale.

Next an effort was made to have a boat built by a Detroit firm, but the company refused the contract because unable to build within the time specified—the 1st of June.
It has been decided to use the old boat for training, and to borrow a boat for the race.

**UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES.**

Professor Boatwright's lecture on Molière was considered his best. The whole was excellent, but especially noteworthy was the comparison of Molière and Shakespeare. An interesting feature of all these lectures was his clear and faithful translations, which he read with telling effect.

All but the first of Prof. Winston's lectures were delivered in the chapel. The making of electricity by friction, by batteries, by dynamos, etc., was explained in the first; the telegraph, telephone, and other appliances for making use of "man's winged messenger" were illustrated and explained in the second; methods of lighting and heating were discussed in the third. The various uses of electricity from a chemical point of view were treated in the fourth. Electricity as a motive power was the subject of the fifth. A peculiar thing is that motors are simply dynamos reversed and will in general work either way—as a dynamo to make a current, or as a motor to use it. The sixth lecture, probably the most interesting of all, discussed the miscellaneous uses of electricity in the household, in war, in business, in medicine, in science, etc. All of the lectures were illustrated by machines of various kinds, by lantern slides and by diagrams; and were made interesting by contrasts between the old and the new way of using this truly wonderful instrument.

The future for electricity was dwelt upon also. To even the most uninitiated of whose who were so fortunate as to hear them, it was evident that the subject was being treated by a master hand.

We are glad Richmond College is not behind in University Extension work, which is receiving so much attention from educators all over the world, and hope that such lectures as these have come to stay.
GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

Mr. Merkles’ paper on Norfolk county was a flattering disclosure to one who believes in "Ole Virginny." Virginians are justly proud of her flourishing city by the sea, with the magnificent harbor which makes her famous.

The President, Prof. Boatwright, has received letters from Dr. Curry saying that he had sent the Society some valuable maps of Virginia and the latest map of the United States.

Your correspondent was not so fortunate as to hear Mr. Britt’s paper on "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," and Mr. Carny’s on "The Navy-Yard." Mr. Britt took an active interest in the Society while he was at college, and this proves that he still has the good of the Society at heart. We wish more of our alumni would so favor us. Mr. Carny’s paper was full of historical fact, and by many declared to be the best paper presented thus far this session.

Mr. Hamilton’s paper on "Chesapeake Bay" was concise, pithy, and to the point. This large inland waterway is worth more to Virginia and Maryland than gold mines.

At the last meeting Mr. R. L. Traylor of this city, and Rev. G. W. Beale, D. D., of Hollins, were elected honorary members of this Society.

The contest for the medal given for the best paper on some historical subject submitted during the session promises to be a lively one. Rules governing the contest require that the paper be marked by originality and a real addition to historical knowledge.

Rev. J. S. Dill has given the Society through the President an autograph letter written by Gen. R. E. Lee on a
battlefield, giving orders for the disposition of forces and mode of attack. Many thanks to the generous donor.

Bright and early on the morning of the 11th things were astir around College, and we may guess it was the same way among the fair sisters at "our Annex" down town; for they seemed even more eager than we for a day's outing.

This bustle and stir was caused by the fact that, on this, our first "Historical Day," the G. and H. Society had arranged an excursion for the boys and their friends via the river to Jamestown.

Our party, over two hundred in number, was the first to use the steamer Ariel since she has been refitted.

A better day could hardly have been found; and as we steamed down the river, for a long time we could do nothing but drink in the delightful breeze; but we found out after a while that this was not the only thing to be enjoyed.

Formality and even dignity were laid aside, numerous tête-à-tête parties were formed, and chance acquaintance soon began to bud into friendship, which may remain fresh for aye—who knows?

How could it be otherwise with a party of school girls and boys, given free reins on one and the same steamboat? We enjoyed hearing ourselves talk so well that few listened to Dr. Ryland even, as he pointed out places of interest.

The first thing after arriving at Jamestown was to hear the excellent speech of Mr. Charles Poindexter, which appears elsewhere in this issue. Everybody saw the old tower and graveyard, the brick house, and drank from the Artesian well, while many could not resist one of their boyhoods' chief delights—a plunge into the "old Jeems." Every kindness possible was shown us by those who have the island in charge. After a stay of nearly two hours, we left about 3 o'clock.

Many mementoes of Jamestown were brought back.
Some one found an old shoe of Miss Pocahontas, another the block on which Capt. John's head was laid when Poca came to the rescue. With an eye to next winter, Robert cornered a chunk of fat lightwood. On being asked what he had, he replied, "Who knows? It mought 'a been a piece of de boat some of my people come here in, you know. I can't tell."

A rain-storm came up on the return trip, but this could do nothing more than drive us all into the cabin, where, if anything, the merriment ran higher than ever. While the girls were at supper, of course we got together and sang college songs. We tried to get them to sing some of their's also, but—well, they were too bashful.

Eight o'clock seemed all too soon to get back, and we were sorry the Ariel made such good time.

Captain Graves and crew were unceasing in their efforts to make everything as pleasant as possible. We thank them, and congratulate the company on having such a gentlemanly crew.

From the remark of the grave and dignified Professor and Trustee, "Well, this is grand," to the ecstatic exclamation of the little fair one, "This is just perfectly divine," there were none but expressions of delight at the success of the day. Everybody felt like congratulating everybody else.

There was a dark side to the picture, however, when we got back home and told it all to those who did not go; for many sighs were heard and regrets made, and solemn promises to themselves that they would go next time.

We think "Historical Day" is destined to be one of our most popular holidays.

J. M. Cárdenas ('91-'93), one of our most brilliant students and esteemed friends, is a student in the National Preparatory School of the Land of the Montezumas.
Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

There has been a marked increase in the missionary spirit and missionary enthusiasm in the College within the last few months. The Mission Band is large and prosperous, and doubtless will foster the spirit which now exists. The cause of the increased zeal in missions in the College is, certainly to a large degree, the visits of the intercollegiate secretaries. Mr. Brockman’s visit was the beginning, then Korado’s visit aroused the students on this question, and we had J. H. Franklin fresh from the great Detroit Convention with much valuable information and heart full of the spirit of missions, and last month we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. D. Willard Lyon, traveling secretary of the Volunteer Movement. Mr. Lyon’s visit will certainly be a great help in keeping up the missionary department of the Association. He met with the Mission Band, and the conference will be a valuable aid to its successful work. His talk was brim-full with practical suggestions as to plans of work and study, some of which, at least, will be followed. Mr. Lyon also addressed the student body in a very forcible and impressive speech. In his meeting with the Missionary Committee he gave some very practical advice, which, if followed, will be of great benefit to the Association.

J. H. Franklin, as President, represented the Y. M. C. A. in Lynchburg at the Presidential Conference. He received many useful suggestions which will help him in his work during the next term. We have decided to have a missionary library, and the committee who have this matter in charge have written 500 circular letters to friends of the college and of missions, hoping thus to raise the necessary funds. Up to the present time about $40 have been received.

At a meeting of the Y. M. C. A., held May 5th, the following officers were elected:
J. Sallade, Vice-President; M. W. Quillen, Recording Secretary; G. F. Hamilton, Corresponding Secretary; J. J. Hurt, Treasurer; R. W. Hatcher, Manager of Furniture Association.

J. H. Franklin was elected President before this meeting in order to attend the Lynchburg Convention.

There is now a meeting in progress at the Soldiers' Home, conducted by our Committee. It has been carried on for a week, and will be continued during next week.

THE VISIT OF SHIRO KURODA.

At the summer school at Northfield, Mass., last July, the representatives of four Virginia colleges became very much interested in a young Japanese, who was then a student at Amherst College. Through these men, Shiro Kuroda, during his Easter vacation, made a visit to these four colleges, telling the wonderful story of his conversion and of the difficulties which he has overcome in his Christian life. On the occasion of his visit to Richmond College, quite a large number of students, as well as Professors and their families, assembled in the chapel, and were not only interested but very much impressed by the simple story of a converted heathen.

He told how he lost faith in the idols, and the suffering and persecution resulting from his public confession of a belief in one God. Then the difficulties and hardships which were encountered in his Christian life were mentioned. His difficulties in getting to America were great, but not greater than those he met after reaching the shores of this country. He managed to work his way to Massachusetts, and there he is supporting himself in college by manual labor. His visit to us will long be remembered and its results will be seen in the lives of many that heard him. The conversion and self-sacrificing life of this Japanese prince form one of the most remarkable stories I ever heard. His
purpose is, after completing his education here, to go back to Japan and preach at the risk of his life the glorious gospel that has done so much for him.

He is one of the most consecrated and devoted Christians I have ever met anywhere. Kuroda has left an impression at Richmond College which will be felt in the years to come; not only in the mission spirit and mission work at college, but also in increased consecration in the lives of many who heard him.

Kuroda also told his story at the Y. M. C. A. in Richmond, where he was kindly and sympathetically heard.

He asked for no collection, but at college we took up a collection amounting to $20 to pay his expenses.

SYSTEMATIC GIVING TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Among the many excellent plans suggested by Mr. Lyon was that of systematic giving to foreign missions. Many students, before coming to college, give liberally and regularly to this cause, and really feel deeply interested in the work. But when they come to college they seem to think that this duty no longer rests upon them. Many with difficulty pull through the college session, and some, it may be, go home in debt. But notwithstanding all this, there are many men here who could give much to this cause. I venture the assertion that there are very few men in college who do not throw away five cents every week, and many either throw away or spend unnecessarily much more than that amount.

Now, if we could find fifty men in college who would give ten cents every week during the college session, we would raise two hundred dollars for this cause. What a grand thing this would be for Richmond College to do! Some of the colleges have done more, and many less than this. Bethany College has 145 students, and last year gave $1,200 to foreign missions; Vassar had 450 students and
gave $500; University of Nashville 560 students, and gave $75. This is about the average of what the colleges are giving, where they give any thing at all.

There is a special reason for Richmond College starting now to give systematically to foreign missions. Two of the old students of the college have been appointed to the foreign field. If their fellow-students could guarantee to raise a part of one of these men's salary it would certainly be a great work and a good example to the other colleges of the South. Last year $25,000 were raised by the colleges of the United States and Canada. None of this amount was given by any college or university in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, or Alabama. Let Richmond College take the lead in this work and raise next year an average of one dollar for every student in the institution.

**CAMPUS NOTES.**

Miss Lizzie Puryear was absent from the Campus for three weeks, visiting her friend, Miss Leila Turner, and was very much missed. She has returned, however, and is again amusing herself with Latin, Greek, Tennis, and ——, but we forbear. We wish her success in all four of these undertakings.

Miss Janet Harris was absent also a few weeks on a visit to Culpeper, where she has a host of relatives and friends.

The excitement over base-ball, the circus, and Dr. P's bicycle reached such a pitch as to put Field Day in the shade and make hurdle races, hundred-yard dashes, and the like, seem very tame affairs. The students could not be prevailed upon to enter the contests, and as it was rather too late in the season for the faculty themselves to train for the contests, they very wisely decided to omit Field Day for the present session.
Miss Shipman was the guest of the Misses Harrison for several days.

Miss Bessie Pollard spent Easter in Farmville with her sister, Miss Maud.

Much to the regret of his friends, Mr. John Harrison has lately begun to travel for his business house, and so is absent the greater part of the time. He is much missed in the Magazine Club, as well as everywhere on the Campus.

Miss Gregory is spending a week with Mrs. Woolfolk.

Mrs. Willis and children, of Culpeper, are making a visit to the family of Prof. Harris.

The Campus girls have lately developed quite an enthusiastic interest in base-ball. In the afternoons that the College team plays they go to the park adorned with the olive and orange.

ALUMNI NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A. M. Leary (’93) is in the brokerage business in Minden, La.

S. W. Melton (’92), and C. S. Dickinson (’92), are attending Crozer Theological Seminary.

Harry B. Winston (’93) is at the University of Virginia.

W. W. Sisk (’93) is teaching school in Orange county.

W. C. Williams (’92) is teaching school in North Carolina.

Tom Temple (’93) is residing at his home near Petersburg, Va.
Gilbert C. White ('93) is attending Lehigh (Pa.) University.

N. T. Mosby, B. L., ('93), is practising law in the capitol city of the Old Dominion.

Murray McGuire ('90) is teaching school at Radford, Va.

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


Herbert Mercer ('93) is in business in Richmond, Va.

We were glad to note the recent visit of J. S. Ryland ('93) to his alma mater.

R. B. Webb ('93) is residing at his home in Bedford county, Va.

John A. White ('92) is practising law in New York city.

J. Peter Jackson ('92) is studying medicine at Baltimore Medical College. He honored us with a call on his return home from commencement.

J. D. Hart ('89–'94), the brilliant and popular pastor at Carrsville, Va., was in the city to see the Lehigh game and hear the great Moody, and brightened the campus with his presence while here.

C. W. Jones ('88–'91), now attending Medical College, Baltimore, makes us a pleasant call in time to witness some performances along the line of his old favorite sport—base-ball.

George H. Whitfield ('88–'92) has been engaged with
the problems of electrical engineering at Cornell University, and, brought to Richmond by the sickness of his father, Dr. Theo. Whitfield, is taking some post-graduate work here.

J. M. Helm, who left college a short while ago on account of his duties as the rising young minister of Ashland, Va., enlivened us of late with his usual wit as he called around to see the denizens of the second floor.

R. J. Willingham, Jr. ('91-'93), has assumed the duties of business manager of the *Foreign Mission Journal*, and concludes that it is better than college life.

“Doctor” H. T. Allison ('88-'93) made his appearance on these classic grounds a few days ago.

Our friend C. A. Boyce ('91-'93) has decided to make his knowledge of law useful to the world, and offers himself for the City Central Committee.

Ad. Judson Harlow ('90-'91), who is now colporter for the great Goshen Association, was our guest during the Moody meetings.

W. S. Hoen ('92-'93) is pursuing his studies in the "Monumental City."

W. C. Foster ('86-'89) has taken charge of churches in King William county, Va., and is making his influence felt.

J. P. Jackson ('91-'92) was with us of late, and displayed his usual good humor.

On the roll of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary are the names of such distinguished old college mates

The editor-in-chief has received invitations to the marriage of Rev. Curtis Lee Laws ('85-'88) to Miss Elizabeth Grace Burnett, at the First Baptist Church of Baltimore (of which Mr. Laws is pastor), and of Mr. J. M. Wilbur ('85-'87) to Miss Agnes Turnbull, both of Baltimore. Our congratulations.

CLIPPINGS FROM COLLEGE CONTEMPORARIES.

Ex-President Harrison has been offered the presidency of the Indiana State University.

An effort is being made to have the Oxford crew visit this country next summer and race with Harvard and Yale.—Ex.

W. H. Murphy, Yale '93, leads the New York League team in batting and base running.

At twenty-five years of age the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; at forty, the judgment.

President Elliott, of Harvard, suggests that the student’s day should have ten hours for work, eight for sleep, three for meals, two for outdoor exercise, one for minor details.

"When may I sleep again," he cried,
As the baby began to squall;
And a saucy echo answered back:
"After the bawl!"—Ex.

Harvard has established a meteorological office on the top of the volcano of Arequipa, Peru, 19,000 feet above sea level. —Ex.
At Boston University the faculty has voted to permit work on the college paper to count as work in the course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor and two hours to each of his assistants.—Ex.

Oxford consist of twenty-two colleges and has twelve thousand students, including graduates and undergraduates.—Ex.

Why would law students make good tennis players? Because they are fond of the court.

Cornell has abandoned examinations at the end of the term, and will continue recitations until the closing day. Students will stand or fall on the grades maintained throughout the term in recitations.

"'No wonder my darling is cross-eyed,'
Said love-sick young Pat to his mother,
'Both her eyes are so pretty,
The one wants to look at the other.'"—Ex.

Judge Robert N. Wilsson, of Yale Alumni, hazarded the remark, that unless Yale's foot-ball team should regain her former prestige, her list of freshmen would diminish from year to year.—Ex.

The man who dropped a lighted match into a benzine barrel hasn't benzine since, and the man who stepped on a banana peel, hasn't banana where since.—Colby Echo.

The library and manuscripts of the historian Bancroft have been purchased by the University of Chicago for $80,000. The University library of 225,000 volumes is now the largest of all university libraries in America.—Ex.

The University of Michigan expects to receive the great $30,000 organ on exhibition at the World's Fair. It has
been offered to them for $12,500 and the regents have made arrangements to put it in the University Hall.

Resolved, that tennis is a more brutal game than dominos. It always brings the players into court on account of rackets. There is necessity for a law in it, and consequently the players all serve their time.—Owl.

President Elliot, of Harvard College, was a speaker at a prohibition meeting at Cambridge, Mass., and astonished the audience by saying he was a moderate drinker himself, and did not believe in prohibition at all. And then he asked "what he was here for."—Ex.

First Yale man—"Harvard has just secured a fossil 1,000 years old."
Second Yale man—"Which professorship has it been appointed to?"

Stupid Man—"I've hired a new type-writer."
Wife (coldly)—"Indeed!"
Stupid Man (enthusiastically)—"Yes, a daisy. One of the kind you can take anywhere with you and hold on your lap, and—"

Conemaugh of tears.
Stupid Man (an hour later)—"But, my dear, it's a machine, not a girl."—The Holcad.

The best ten tennis players in the country are ranked as follows:
2. Clarence Hobart.
3. Frederick H. Hovey.
5. William A. Larned.

The Leland Stanford, J., University is the wealthiest in the world. When all its landed estates are cultivated, its endowment will amount to about $200,000,000. The enrollment up to date is 860. The University of Berlin, the most noted seat of learning in the world, has an endowment of only $700,000.—Colorado Collegian.

The students of Amherst College have voted to dissolve the present Amherst system of college self-government known as the "Senate," on the grounds that the senate's constitution has been infringed by the faculty. The trouble originated in the expulsion of a student by the faculty without consulting the senate.

Two maids as fair as maids can be,
Fair maids, both blonds are they,
But both coquetts, and shallow souled,
Dressed up in style to-day.
They paint sometimes when color fails,
Delight in faces fine;
Two maids, two ready-mades are they,
Those russet shoes of mine.

—Ex.

Corbett, the pugilist, gets $20,000 for a nine minute's exhibition of his muscular powers in mangling his English antagonist with his fist, while Talmage, the greatest preacher of the age, gets the same amount for a year's work in trying to uplift the race to a higher level, and men pay $25 to witness the fight who would not accept a seat to hear Talmage preach.
LOCALS.

OUR SHIPS OF HOPE.

Brave ships of hope; they leave the sands
Mid glad and ringing cheers;
And some will bring from distant lands
The freightage of the years;
And some will come with tattered sails
And gallant streamers furled,
And some will toss with blinding gales,
The driftwood of the world.

—Univ. Cynic.

THE SENIOR.

Backward, turn backward, 0 time, in their flight,
Make me a prep. again, just for a night,
I am so weary of senior exams,
Days full of worry and nights full of crams.
The life of a gay prep. is without alloy,
And something that’s easy I’m sure I’d enjoy.
Let me go back to the very first step,
Make me a prep. again, make me a prep.

—Ex.

HIS LETTER.

"Dear Father:

"Please excuse," he wrote,
"The hurried shortness of this note,
But studies so demand attention
That I have barely time to mention,
That I am well, and add that I
Lack funds; please send me some. Good-bye.
Your loving son."

He signed his name,
And hastened to—the foot-ball game.

—Harvard Lampoon.

'TIS WELL.

I.
I wandered far in retrospect,
To ages long agone;
I saw a poet lost in thought,
His features thin and wan;
Each night he toiled by candle dim
Till night was almost day,
Each day took up the selfsame task
And wore his life away.
Men called him great; a household word
Had grown his poet name;
He smiled, a fire lit up his eye—
He’d gain immortal fame.
I looked again, and far and wide
I searched with patience rare,
To find one little song, mayhap
My poet's, lurking there.
I spoke his name; men knew it not—
At last, in moss-grown walls
Of ancient monastery lorn,
Upon my vision falls
One little time-worn, musty book,
Covered with mould'ring dust;
My toiling poet's crystal thoughts
Giv'n o'er to moth and rust!
Alas! And is it well that for
A transitory name
I wear away my heart's best life?
Is this immortal fame?

II.

I wandered far in forest's deep,
I found a quiet nook;
Lost to the unkind world of men,
I read kind nature's book.
I watched the stripling oak spring up,
I heard him sigh and groan,
Struggling e'er upward to the sun,
To be among his own—
The pride of all the forest vast;
The years sped on; he stood
The noblest of his noble tribe,
The monarch of the wood.

I looked again; the noble tree
No more adorned the earth;
Lost in decay, to dust returned
As dust had giv'n him birth.
But, by his dust, the soil was rich,
The verdure radiant bloomed;
Far nobler trees drew their life's blood
From his great heart entombed.
Dead, long forgotten, yet the wood
Was richer by his death,
The corpse's fragrance sweeter far,
The flower a daintier breath.
'Tis well: be fame immortal lost,
If only I may add
My little mite to mankind's joy,
Mankind to make more glad.

—Edwin M. Norris in Nassau Lit.
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