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No. 1

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SAPSUCKER vs. TYPEWRITER.

FARMER PIPPIN TALKS.

I useter lay out thar under the orchard trees
An' stretch my long legs whar I'd ketch the summer breeze ;
An' up above my head—jes' like fer bother sake—
Er ole sapsuck erd try his luck
At keepin' me awake.

The dasted thing erd squall an' peck an' squall all day ;
I'd shoo an' kick an' bawl ter drive the cuss away.
At first he'd fly a speck when I would shoo right big,
But soon quit thet, an' thar he'd set
An' squint an' squall an' dig.

But by-an'-by we got ter be rale decent friends,—
An' this was like as not because of our top-ends ;
Ole sapsuck's head was pink—pink as a strawberry bed ;
An' mine—well, he could plainly see
Thet mine was mostly red.

Well, ever' day last June, I'd take myself an' go,
When work knocked off at noon, an' watch the apples grow ;
An' ole sapsuck he'd come, as ef ter meet me thar,
An' peck away, as ef ter say,
“Ole feller, how ye are?”

An' do you know, I growed ter kinder love the cuss :
 An' then I think he knowed I sorter liked his fuss.
 I'd fling a word er two at him in deviltry,
 An' then he'd pass er bit er sass,
 An' cock his eye at me.

At last, betwix' an' 'tween the workin' of the crop,
 When ever'thing was green, an' lookin' jes' tip-top,
 My boy thet's citified sent word fer me an' Sue
 Ter come ter town, an' look aroun'
 An' see er thing er two.

Well, Sue—my wife—ses she : "Thar's nuthin' doin' now
 Ter keep ner you ner me ; thar's Mandy 'll milk the cow ;
 An' Sam, he'll feed the chicks an' gether fruit fer pies—
 We better hed go see the lad,
 An' see the town likewise."

Well, wife an' son, all day—from breakfas' cler tel night—
 Kep' goin' ever' way ter see all was in sight ;
 They pulled me roun' the town tel I was out o' breath ;
 They worried my pore ole head,
 An' tired me mos' ter death.

But I didn't take ter all the things they hed in town—
 The houses all too tall er too much undergroun',
 The roads too straight an' hard, the trees too scant an' slim,
 The men too nice ter wear shirts twice,
 An' ever'thing too prim.

I sorter seemed ter feel a longin' fer the trees
 Whar I could ketch a deal of good ole country breeze ;
 I wanted jes' ter fling myself down flat, yer know,
 An' smell the grass an' hear bird-sass,
 An' watch the apples grow.

But one day, as I went along the avenue,
 I heard a soun' thet sent good feelin's through an' through
 Me—" *Peck-peck, peck-peck, peck !*"—"By gum !" ses I—"I swoun" !
 Jes' listen et the tune er thet—
 Ole sapsuck's come ter town !"

I looked above me, whar I 'lowed I'd find the bird
 A-settin' right up thar a-peckin' ter be heard ;
 But, bless yer soul ! thar warn't no sap-suck ter be seen ;
 Jes' settin' thar—a *man*, I swar,
 A-peckin' a masheen!

"Thet beats the Jews clean out!" ses I; "I never see
 The like! This town's about two rows ahead er me!
 But, Sue," ses I, "I guess it's time fer me ter go
 An' ketch a breeze under the trees,
 An' watch the apples grow."

I packed my traps thet night, an' waked up long 'fore day—
 Jes' honin' fer the sight of apple-trees an' hay;
 An' when I got back home I didn't lose no time,
 But went right straight through the orchard gate,
 An' busted out in rhyme:

"Hello, ole sapsuck! I've come back ter home an' you;
 An' shore as I'm alive—whatever folks may do,
 I wouldn't give a day of June whar apples grow
 Fer one whole year whar I can't hear
 You peck an' sass me so!"

Austin, Texas, 1893.

—L. R. HAMBERLIN.

THE STUDY OF SOCIOLOGY.

W. O. CARVER, M. A.

With our large resources, comparatively small and homogeneous population, and generally contented life, Southern people have felt little necessity for extensive study of Sociology. A short while ago we were greatly agitated over the "Negro Problem," which called for innumerable orations, addresses, editorials, symposiums and conversations. But we seem to have settled upon the conviction that the negro will continue his sojourn in this "Land of Promise" for an indefinite time, and that his problem is not likely to be solved in a month. Those who were so eager in attempts at the solution seem to be convinced that they will have ample time to elaborate their theories before the matter is finally settled, and are, presumably, proceeding in quiet with the elaboration. Meantime we frequently have our attention called to the race problems and other problems with which our Northern people are struggling. But for the most part we have been content to observe that

these questions at home are, to some extent, diverting our neighbors' attention from the generous task of solving our problems for us, and we have left them to solve their questions with little help or study on our part. Thus we have paid little heed to a much broader field of thought in which the North has been largely occupied—the general sociological problem.

One who now attends to this subject for the first time is astonished at the magnitude of the question, the abundance of the literature on the subject, and the intensity of the zeal with which the study is being prosecuted. One who read "Looking Backward" ten years ago, and criticised it as a consummate work of art in which the author compels you to read, and read to the close, his presentation of his ideal state is surprised to find the work put down in a list of text-books on Social Economics. That this fanciful picture, which the author himself looked upon as but an impracticable dream, however desirable he may have supposed its realization, should be now regarded seriously as a presentation of correct economic principles, to be applied here and now, seems strange indeed.

Political economy has all along been taught, briefly and after a fashion, in all our leading colleges. But the purpose has been only to present the generally accepted principles of the science. And this was done with a bias which was regarded as having a certain political importance, according as the teaching seemed to favor the supposed principles of this or that political party. Now the case is quite different. There are "chairs" of Political Economy and Sociology in many of our great universities and colleges, and these subjects are largely attended to in other departments of institutions that have no regular department for this study. One of the universities had, during the session of the past summer, no fewer than eight lecturers in this department. The writers and lecturers, including regular teachers, have

left the beaten path of their predecessors, and are thinking and talking in a way that is, at least relatively, original.

A mere list of *text-books for beginners* in sociological study, now on sale by a certain house, makes a pamphlet of considerable size. In the list one notes several books that are "now in press" or "will be ready about" a certain time. This indicates the deep concern people are taking in the study, and the activity with which they are working at it. Singularly enough, you do not now hear that the economic teaching of this university is "democratic" and of that "republican." The schools have gone beyond political lines, and even beyond political uses, in the ordinary degraded sense of the term, political. The question is now the problem of dealing with the masses, the adjustment of relations of labor and capital, and of other social relations that are out of joint. The province of the study is no longer to point out what are, and by natural law must be these relations; but what changes can, and by moral law must, be made in these relations which are generally acknowledged to be bad.

It is not strange that in the present stage of the discussion the views presented are varied and in many cases conflicting. The scale runs all the way from the extreme view of the wild anarchist to that of the "conservative" capitalist who thinks the old order good enough, since it has filled his coffers and keeps the channels of the poor man's earnings flowing his way. But even among the thoughtful and learned we find the representatives of Yale and Harvard and Brown and Johns-Hopkins, and Chicago, and Wisconsin and Nebraska and Iowa universities dividing and contending in heated discussion over various phases of the question.

Professor Richard T. Ely, of Wisconsin, formerly of Johns-Hopkins, may be set down as the leader of the "more liberal" views, and he is seconded by Professor Herron,

one of the leading writers and lecturers on the subject. So extreme was the position taken by these men (and they are said to have the support of as many as nine universities) in sanctioning the Chicago strikers during the past summer, that Professor Wells, of Madison, charged that "the University of Wisconsin is becoming a hot-bed of Socialism," and that "its Professor of Economics is contaminating the seats of learning from Chicago to San Francisco." The Governor of Nebraska, from the commencement platform, rebuked Professor Herron for espousing the cause of Professor Ely. But all the universities, without exception, agreed that the Governor had inflicted an undeserved humiliation upon a college professor, who had simply done his duty in explaining the current aspect of economic problems."

We may indicate briefly some of the phases of thought represented in the discussions. There are the evolutionists, of whom there are the intellectual and the moral. Then there are the Christian sociologists, embracing, perhaps, the largest number and most of the recognized leaders. Some advocate what may be styled a co-operative basis, pure and simple, for society, while others hold that competition must always exist, but that it can and must be modified. Of course, these classes are mutually inclusive, and are by no means a logical and exhaustive analysis of the views held and advocated.

We must expect in the present stage of the study to find in the books much "gush" and nonsense; and, of course, many erroneous views are earnestly advocated. But who shall say which are the erroneous and which the correct views?

The influence of this study on Christianity deserves attention for several reasons. The majority of the leaders are, naturally enough, professed Christians, though we must expect to find them in many cases "unorthodox" and

in most cases decrying "dogma" to an extent that makes some people shudder, and causes many to wonder at the "narrowness" along some lines, of men so "broad" along others. It is quite the popular thing to charge upon "the Church" all the ills of society, whether sins or suffering. And it is the "Christian" sociologist who is most vehement in his denunciations of "the Church"; probably because he thinks that the priest may rebuke his people. It must be remembered, however, that the leaders of this line of study are Christians, and that the most widely accepted principles of the science are distinctively Christian, and that, however much Christians may deserve censure for being slow to apply the principles of their religion, they have, nevertheless, done more and are doing more for the alleviation of the woes and the correction of the evils of society than all other agencies combined. The tendency of the study is to give a more practical turn to Christianity. In our larger cities Christians are recognizing that the poor need soap and soup as well as salvation, and that in many cases the three must be taken in the order named. The efforts in this direction are now organized and directed, more or less wisely, according to circumstances.

But here lies the great danger. The logical and necessary tendency of many of the principles so strenuously urged is the subjection of the civil to religious authority, and so the union of Church and State. If "the Church" is to correct all the ills of society, which includes the State, she must have civil authority. A denial of this position involves the overlooking of another important point that seems to be disregarded by many enthusiastic writers and speakers. The edition of human nature on which we are to work is woefully corrupt. Due allowance is not always made for this fact. Dr. Strong well observes that "poverty causes drunkenness"; since he also remembers that drunkenness more often causes poverty. If you are to produce the ideal

state you must not only remove poverty, which is an outward work, and involves the question of dollars and cents, but you must remove drunkenness, which is an inward work, and involves a radical change in man's soul. So of other evils and sins that afflict man. But enough. We can see the necessity for our studying these problems. This paper, which is meant as a plea for such study by our Southern students, has used only the argument that others are engaged in the study. It does not reach the real heart of the matter, which is our relationship as fellow-men.

Nashville, Tenn.

WHEN SHE KNEW.

He had gone and she was alone with her thoughts ; variant—doubting. He had loved her for a long, long while, she knew ; his eyes, his whole manner, ever gallant and attentive, told that. And to-night he had made his declaration. A very simple, manly declaration ; just such an one as she would have expected from him : and she had accepted him ! Had promised to marry him ; had allowed him to caress and embrace her ! And now, when he had gone, she wondered if she really, truly loved him. Surely he was all that any girl could well desire her betrothed to be—handsome, talented, and with a prospective as bright and promising as a May morning.

Why should she doubt ? Why should she be so irresolute ? If she did not love him, why had she accepted him ? Was it the witchery of the hour ; his impassioned manner, or had her heart yielded while her will remained vacillant ? “ Love is the transcendent joy,” she said, “ elevating, ennobling. It should sweep away all mists of doubt ; all mundane considerations, and, once inspired, should endure through life ; and if God's will be so, through all eternity. Love is substantive, while one's very existence should be

dependant upon that of the one loved." That night she prayed that God might help her to know herself. Said she: "Oh! God, I would not willingly wound his heart, nor blight his future, and yet untold misery may come if two lives be united, when love does not meet. Help me, Father, to read my heart aright."

The next day he called to take her to the flower show. It was a bright, beautiful spring day. All things and all people seemed as bright and cheery as the sun was glorious. Somehow, in her heart, she too felt a blitheness and a joy she seemed never to have known before, and as they walked down the street, his words, sometimes boyish and gay, sometimes deep and full of wisdom and meaning, seemed to fascinate her, and she said to herself over and over again: "I am beginning to love." How it happened she could never fully tell; the street was crowded with vehicles, and the shouts and cries of the drivers were almost despairing, when she heard him utter a sudden, sharp exclamation, and then saw him plunge into the street and grasp a little urchin who, dazed by the bustle around him, was almost under the hoofs of a great Norman Percheron. She saw him swing the boy to a place of safety, and then spring for the pavement. But it was too late, or perhaps his foot slipped; however it was, she saw him knocked down, and in an instant the wheels of a heavily-loaded truck had passed over his body. Tender hands carefully lifted the bruised and broken form and carried it into the nearest drug-store. A great crowd gathered, and she, mute and dazed by the shock, was jostled and elbowed out into a corner, where she stood as if in a trance. Soon the ambulance came clattering down the street, and stopped at the door. As they were lifting him on the stretcher, she approached one of the young surgeons in charge and said falteringly, almost with a sob, "I—I—am his friend. Won't you tell me, please, where you carry him?" "Oh," said

the young man, politely, "you are his friend, are you? We will take him to Bellevue Hospital. I will ask you to inform his relatives. I don't think he is badly injured," he added, seeing her frightened expression. Two weeks went by before the day came when he could receive visitors. He was out of danger now, but the doctors said he would never walk again. Early that day, with a great bunch of roses, she went and was ushered, by the gentle-mannered nurse with the soft voice, into his room. She entered softly, and, seating herself at his bedside, took his hand and gently raised it to her lips. He had been dozing, but her act suddenly aroused him, and the glad light that came into his eyes, and the sweet smile that illumined his pale and wasted face when he saw her, was beautiful. "Oh!" said he, "you have come at last! I have thought of you so constantly, and longed for you so patiently." She stayed until the nurse came and told her that, as yet, he could only see his friends for a little while, and, so promising to come again on the morrow, she bade him good-bye. She had expected him to be rather sad, but, on the contrary he had seemed exceptionally bright and cheerful, telling her all about his surroundings, his nurse, his doctors, making little jokes on his fellow patients, and her visit was at an end before she knew it. But he had not mentioned their engagement. Would he still hold her to that? Should she give up her life for his happiness? Could she marry him now—an invalid—one for whom she would have to care and nurse all his life? Did she really love him now, or was it only pity? "Oh," said she, "I do care for him. And I could make any sacrifice out of pity, but if I truly loved him, to care for him, and tenderly wait upon him, would be no sacrifice."

The next day, when she called, he did not seem so cheerful as before; something weighed upon him, she knew not what, until at last he said: "I have something to tell you. I have been thinking about it for some time, and it has

worried me infinitely. You—you know we were engaged once. That was before I became a helpless invalid. When I was independent and strong, longing to have my fling at life's chances, living in the hope that some day you would be mine, and all my efforts should be exerted for your happiness. But now that I am but a broken reed, useless, dependent, I cannot ask you to marry me. I would not have you sacrifice your young life, with all its bright hopes and purposes, for me. I do not know why God has so afflicted me. I do not question His wisdom. He moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Sometimes the way seems dark, but perhaps we shall know bye and bye. You are weeping; you pity me—sympathize. That—that is all that I can ask," he faltered. "No, no," she said, "it is not pity; it is not sympathy, but love. A great, absorbing, all-abiding love. Once I doubted, once I faltered, but now I know. I do love you with all my heart and soul. Forgive me; perhaps I have not been as tender as I should. You will let me love you, won't you? Let me care for you, and, in my poor way, try to make you happy. It will be no sacrifice, no cross."

The next day, when she called, the nurse did not take her directly to his room as formerly, but instead asked her into the visitors' room with the request, "Please wait a moment." Soon the old doctor, with the fine face and splendid head, came, and, taking her hand, said: "I am afraid you cannot see him to-day." "Oh," she said quickly, "he is no worse, is he Doctor? Let me see him, though but for a moment. Perhaps I can do something—say something—that will relieve his pain—let me try." Tears came to the eyes of the kind old man, as he saw the entreaty in her sweet young face. "My child," said he, "I am an old man who has, with a surgeon's skill, endeavored all his life to relieve pain and suffering. To-day I must inflict a pain—I cannot cure—I wish I knew some way to tell you that

would soften the blow. He has, to all appearances, been gaining in strength day after day, and I thought him out of danger. Last night the nurse came to tell me that he seemed in pain; was breathing unnaturally. I hastened to his bedside, but nothing could be done to save him. We did all that human skill could do, but to no avail. At 2 o'clock, without ever having gained consciousness, something snapped, and his young life flickered, and then went out; his soul took its flight beyond the skies, and he knows no pain nor sorrow now. His poor, broken body is all that remains, and that is for the grave." And she—poor, broken heart! "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Sometimes the way seems dark, but perhaps we shall know bye and bye." E. M. L.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[A Paper read before the Geographical and Historical Society, by W. L. BRITT, '93.]

It is needless to give a history of the disastrous events, which, following each other in rapid succession, put an end to the struggles of the Confederacy, and caused the President of the then defunct government to turn his footsteps sadly and carefully towards his own native State. Equally needless would it be for me to depict the sad and exciting scene of the capture of the subject of this sketch. These facts have become history, and as such are the possession of the ordinary school-boy.

The task before me would rather take me to Fortress Monroe, Va., on that morning, ever memorable in the history of this Fortress, the morning of the 19th of May, 1865. Could you have been there on that day you would have seen men gathered together in small groups, talking in hurried, excited tones. As you pass these you would hear it said, "Davis is in the harbor with other State prisoners";

"Guess they'll shoot Davis"; "I guess you are a fool; they can't do that without first convicting him"; "They'll hang Clem Clay, for sure"; "If they take the life of either one, what must they do with all the other leaders?" Asking what all this excitement and strong talk meant, they would tell you that the steamer *Clyde* was in Hampton Roads, having on board Jeff. Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, J. H. Reagan, C. C. Clay and others, as State prisoners.

Speculation ran rife as to what disposition was to be made of the prisoners. Soon it was seen that at least two of them were to be brought into the fort casemates—Nos. 2 and 4 being specially fitted up as cells. The speculation as to who these two were to be was intensified on the 21st instant by seeing that some of the prisoners were being transferred from the *Clyde* to some steamer in the harbor bound for Fort Delaware. As soon as it was learned that these were Stephens and Reagan, the idea that Davis was to be one of those to be brought within the fort was regarded as almost a certainty. All doubt and speculation were settled on the afternoon of the 22d, when it was learned that sentinels were being posted from one of the wharves to the Water Battery postern, and thence to the cell casemates, for the purpose of guarding Davis and Clay, who were soon to be sent ashore and marched into the prison.

Need I dwell on that parting scene between Mr. Davis and his loving and loved wife? Need I tell of the days of uncertainty, apprehension, and dread through which Mrs. Davis had to pass while no definite news of her husband's treatment or condition ever reached her? No; they have been wept over as a part of a defeated nation's heritage. We will kindly draw the curtain over these scenes, and wend our way with Davis and his guards to his new and strange abode.

As Davis walks slowly between the files of soldiers, Gen. Miles, the commandant of the fort, holds his arm; but still

he is a prisoner. What a procession! The man who, a few short months before, was the beloved President of a mighty people, with millions ready to listen to and obey him, now a prisoner! What strange emotions must have surged through his breast as he recalled the time when, as Secretary of War under Pierce, he had visited this fort in an official capacity; then the big guns of the fort had belched forth their thunder in his honor, while the troops were paraded, and the officers bedecked themselves in their gayest habilaments, to show respect to the man who stood so high in the estimation of the Chief Executive. Now the big guns are silent; the few soldiers under arms are his guards, while the officers turn away their heads, or gaze in mere curiosity at the man whom fortune has used so strangely. Nor could he forget the time when visiting this fort as the ablest member of the Finance Committee, similar honors had been paid him. How different the circumstances now! What a contrast! But let's follow him. Into the casemate prison he is carried, he being placed in Casemate No. 2, Clay in No. 4, while soldiers are stationed in Casemates 1, 3 and 5. Two sentinels are placed in his own cell, four just outside, and one across the moat opposite the casemate window. Surely, he is secure. He is shown his bed, a soldier's cot; then, as he looks out through the casemate window, there bursts from his lips this question: "Which way does the embrazure face?" A great question to him. Were his eyes looking toward the South, the land he so much loved, his no longer; the land where his heart had many a time bled for those whom he still calls "his people?" Or were his eyes looking toward the land whence had come those mighty armies that had forever crushed the life out of the government over which he had ruled? But there is no response to his questions. His guards have been enjoined to silence, so as well might he have addressed his words to the cold stones of his cell as to these trained men.

After trying in vain to elicit a reply, he bursts forth into a bitter laugh, saying: "Would God my men could have been taught your discipline!"

Mr. Davis, left to himself, eagerly sought comfort from the two companions he had been allowed to bring into the cell with him—a Bible and a prayer-book. These were his constant companions during his imprisonment, and many a time, when weary of heart and mind, did he draw from them a solace such as comes from no other source.

The ordinary army ration of a private soldier, cooked in the ordinary way, was served to him; this he found very difficult to eat. One morning, his physician, coming in and seeing he had not eaten his breakfast, said: "What soldier ever saw coffee *cold* in a tin cup;" to which Mr. Davis replied, "If your government pays the regular market value for such coffee as that, the contractor ought to make a fortune."

We drew the curtain over that parting scene on ship-board; shall we draw it over that still more terrible scene which occurred in the cell on the morning of May 23d? No; terrible though it be, it deserves a place in this paper. On that day, while the two hundred thousand veterans are preparing for review in the nation's capital, while hundreds of thousands of hearts in the North are jubilant over the fall and destruction of the Southern Confederacy; while martial music fills the air in hundreds of places; while these things are transpiring, we follow the blacksmith at the fort, who is seen wending his way to Davis's cell, a pair of shackles thrown over his shoulder. We enter the cell with him, and look at the man for whom these shackles are intended—pale, weak, emaciated. Can it be that these things are needed for the more secure keeping of this man? With five stalwart soldiers guarding him, can it be possible that any man, or set of men, could deem *this* necessary? We do not attempt an answer.

We glance at Mr. Davis, and note the flush that rises to his wan cheek as his eye falls upon the gruesome articles. "Surely," he says, "you do not mean to shackle me; no one would think of attempting my rescue, and even were they to attempt it, guarded as I am, it would be an impossibility." "Why put this indignity upon me, and, through me, upon the people I *did* represent?" "I protest, not for my own, but for my country's sake; if I am guilty of any crime, surely I am uncondemned; the law of nations will execrate the outrage." But all his protestations were in vain. Captain Jerome E. Titlow, Third Pennsylvania Artillery, reminded him that, being a soldier, he must know a soldier's duty; resistance would be worse than useless. But even weak as Davis was, he would not submit quietly. When the brawny smith advanced to fasten the shackles on him, Davis hurled him back with almost superhuman power. Two soldiers were called in; the command, "Men, do your duty!" was given. Davis was thrown on his back, and in a few moments the deed was done. The fallen President of ten million people was in chains.

Some time afterward, in speaking of his resistance, Mr. Davis said he struggled with the soldiers, hoping that in the excitement one of them would either shoot or bayonet him, as he preferred death to this indignity.

For three days more he was served with soldier's food; then his physician obtained permission to have suitable food prepared, which thing he did, and sent it over to Mr. Davis by a little colored boy. On May 28th his shackles were removed at the request of his attending physician, who said that such a step was absolutely necessary for the health of his patient. After awhile he was allowed tobacco. Of course, he had many friends in Norfolk and elsewhere, who brought him nice eatables almost daily. The writer had a conversation with one of these a few years ago, and she did not hesitate to say that, in her opinion, those things

never got farther than the main guard, although the guard never objected to friends bringing him whatever they desired. Days lengthened into weeks, weeks into months, and still he was not brought to trial. Why, we are not prepared to say. Possibly the humane heart of the North was touched at the sight of the widespread destruction in the South; or, possibly, was a willing auditor to the universal wail for peace that went up from thousands of almost destitute homes in the Southland, and so was unwilling, by the trying of her Chief Magistrate, to recount again, with panoramic effect, the struggles she had undergone, and thus open once more bleeding hearts, and start afresh widows' tears. [It is well known that Mr. Davis was not brought to trial because the North dare not, knowing full well that he could not be convicted.—ED.]

My story is nearly ended; a little yet remains to be told.

On October 5, 1865, he was removed to the building known as "Carroll Hall," where he had much better quarters. He was allowed to walk around the garrison in company with an officer, and thus he passed the remainder of his imprisonment, till, having been released on bail, he bade farewell to the gloomy, frowning fortress, within whose walls he had spent so many hours of anxious suspense.

THE DEAR GIRL READS.

"Have you read," said she, "'A Modern Curse'?"

"Not yet," say I. "Is it prose or verse?"

Does it mean a curse in a general way,
An all-round curse that's come to stay,

Or a special kind of personal ban
Intended to blight some particular man?"

"I don't understand you quite," she said,
Her innocent face a vivid red.

Then held out the book that I might see,
I read on the cover—"A Modern Circe."

—*M. C. Hungerford, in "Life."*

THE WITCHES OF "MACBETH."

In the tragedies of Shakespeare, the scenes where the leading actions take place are not in the material world. It is within the minds of his characters that we see the struggles between the powers of good and the powers of evil; between that which remains to man of divinity and of natural depravity; between a restraining conscience and wicked instigations. Shakespeare's pen becomes a magician's wand, and by its power the "inner-world" is made a stage, and thoughts and passions flit before us like real actors. His genius felt itself too great to be confined by the limits of the purely historical plays; it became too mighty to chirp and gape for the vulgar applause of comedy. It left the bounds that its predecessors had set, and, in the tragedies, it flew forward into the atmosphere of the psychological, of the superhuman, of the supernatural.

In "Othello," "King Lear," and "Macbeth," Shakespeare sounded the depths of human passion. The action is violent, the changes are abrupt. Love is brought face to face with hate, generosity with ingratitude, simplicity with ambition, clemency with barbarity. In this world sufferings are not always the result of crime; sin does not always bring its punishment; the wicked are sometimes left to their idols, and the virtuous are not in every instance rewarded. So Shakespeare portrays events in his tragedies as they occur in the reality. We are carried higher than poetic justice, and crimes, like grinning skeletons, appear in all their naked horror. Lamentation is heard in the air; the tempestuous night resounds with the ravings of madmen; ghosts walk the earth to torment their murderers; the beings of the other world appear before us.

Evil is an abstraction. It does not exist except as it inheres in a responsible being. There must be some matter of which it may be the form. And just as the Venus of

Milo gives beauty a material form ; just as the statue, which is the imitation of something that has real existence, gives our abstract ideas of beauty a concrete realization, so Shakespeare personifies evil in the shape of such creations as Iago, Regan and Goneril, and the Witches of "Macbeth." Iago is the incarnation of envy, hate, infidelity and malice. His form declares him a man, but his actions remind us of Milton's Satan, by whose machinations the angels were made to fall from their high estate. In "King Lear," Shakespeare so fashions Regan and Goneril that they seem to lose all traces of humanity. And they appear to us as a "double-headed monster of ingratitude." And so, in like manner, Shakespeare makes the abstract idea of pure evil appear in the shape of his Witches. Each of these is only the materialized form of evil traits that, exerting their influence on man, tend to drag him into the depths of crime.

In "Macbeth," Shakespeare caught the spirit of superstition. This play is at variance with the philosophical reasonings of modern times. We must cast off, for the moment, the shackles by which the inexorable laws of nature have bound us down to the common place. This is a play that is best read in the silence of the night, when nerves can thrill at the hooting of the owl ; when the raven, croaking the fatal entrance of Duncan into the battlements of Glamis and the walking sleeper, and the ghostly guest at the banquet, and the blood—the stain of which the multitudinous seas cannot wash away from those lily-white hands, conspire to make our blood grow thick. Then can we see the air-drawn dagger moving slowly, to and fro, before the maddened mind of Macbeth. Then can we see Lady Macduff as she tries to ward off the blows of those that seek to strike down, before her eyes, her helpless children.

And, when thick night draws around us the blanket of the dark, and the tyrant Law does not peep through to cry

“ Hold ! hold ! ” then we can see the weird-sisters dancing

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine

And thrice again to make up nine,

while the reverberations of the thunder roll, away over the heath, and the lightning's glare lights up, from time to time, the faces of those beings so withered and wild in their attire. They look not like the inhabitants of the earth—and still are of it. Now and then they stop and mumble their incantations, with their choppy fingers on their skinny lips. They might be women, but their beards declare them men. Sexless and inhuman, they are the visual images of the powers of evil that perceptibly, yet invisibly, have their influence on every human soul.

An impossibility that is made to appear probable gives us more pleasure than a probability that seems impossible. Shakespeare gives to his most impossible creations a semblance of probability. Not long before the time of Shakespeare innocent women had been punished as witches, and the belief still lingered in the minds of the masses that they had existed and could exist. James I had written a book on witchcraft, and so it was a compliment to him for Shakespeare to represent witches on the stage. The people also would be likely to appreciate a personification that had the form of something of which they already had an idea. So the Witches of “ Macbeth ” have capacities and faculties that were supposed to characterize the witches of popular superstition. Their appearance is similar, and they have long beards. A sieve is the vessel in which they traverse the waves, and they are able to take any shape they choose. They have a mortal antipathy to swine. They can keep devils and spirits in the shape of toads and cats, and the ingredients that they use for their charms are those to which the superstition of the people ascribed the most potency.

The Witches of “ Macbeth ” have characteristics also of

the Norns, or Scandinavian Fates. They have knowledge of the past, power over the present, and prescience of the future, and their decrees are irrevocable. They can appear when they wish, or disappear in mist. With the future in their grasp they can raise apparitions that are at once supernatural and prophetic. The thoughts and dispositions of men are laid bare before them, and they know how to concentrate and consummate those tendencies which influence Macbeth's acts.

Shakespeare did not intend that they should be hallucinations or phantasms. For Banquo and Macbeth saw them at the same instant. They seem to be corporeal, and they rise up so vividly that Banquo experiences the shock of reaction and jumps back startled. Their words bear the same meaning to Banquo and Macbeth, and, when they are sought again by Macbeth, he can have no doubt that they have real existence, when he consciously perceives them bending over their bubbling cauldrons.

But the chief element, which Shakespeare desires for his purpose, is the evil in them. They are evil personified in these forms to hasten the consummation of acts resulting from Macbeth's disposition. Their wickedness is greater than can be in humanity. Evil is loved for evil's sake. They rack a pilot's thumb as he is homeward bound, and they threaten to make a sailor a "man forbid" because his wife denied them chestnuts that she had in her lap. The Witches overturn all that is good in Macbeth, and by the aid of their divining powers they take advantage of his moments of weakness. They destroy him, but they can only shake Banquo. He overcomes, in his waking hours, the thoughts that nature gives way to in repose; Macbeth falls a victim to his efforts to bring about their prophecies.

The Witches, as they are, are an original creation of Shakespeare. In their combination of Witches, weird-sisters, and personifications of evil, as well as for the con-

summate skill with which they are characterized in the small space allotted to them, they have no equal in all literature. They appear only three times, and every word that they speak serves its purpose. Were Shakespeare not worthy of honor for any other reason, his Witches would demand it from us.

But let us consider the service that they render in the tragedy. "Macbeth" without its Witches would be a "Hamlet" without its Hamlet. They are brought before us first, and immediately take us into the spirit of the drama. The roll of the thunder in the heavy cloud-curtain that overhangs the scene, the electric flashes, the unearthly spectacle of the Witches, their mysterious words and contradictory sentences, all conspire to show us that the action will be above and beyond the deeds of every-day life.

Shakespeare gives us a glimpse of the characters that have to do with each other, before he places them face to face. The brave Macbeth can be seen carving his passage through kerns and gallowglasses, "like Fortune's minion." We can see him with the pride of victory shining through his rugged countenance. Perhaps, in these very battles in which he fights for his king, those seeds of ambition are sown that, nourished by the powers of evil, shall make Macbeth a regicide. And then, in contrast with him, we see depicted the vindictiveness of the witches, their inordinate love for revenge, their cruelty and surpassing evil.

Heated with conquest, Macbeth is brought face to face with these spirits of evil. Ambitious thoughts are already rushing through his mind. He has an undetermined longing to do something greater; to be—he knows not what. They know his thoughts and know that they have merely to mention an object, and let his ambition work the rest. It is only a hint, but it is enough. Macbeth is Thane of Glamis, he becomes Thane of Cawdor, and he determines to be king.

His determination, fostered by his wife, becomes consumption. He violates the laws of hospitality and murders his king, when a guest in his castle. As crime leads to crime, so murder begat murder. The grooms and his friend Banquo become the victims of his fear. He is changed into a blood-thirsty tyrant. He is in blood and he thinks that, should he

Wade no more
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

His mind becomes unsettled and ill at ease. He sees the ghost of Banquo sit in his place at the banquet table, and he determines to consult the weird sisters that he may know what will betide him.

And just as sin leads man to the high places of the world and shows him wealth and fame if he embrace it, and then in the end hurls him down to ruin, so the Witches now tell Macbeth the signs of his approaching doom. He must beware of Macduff; none of "woman born" shall bring harm to him; his sway shall continue till Birnan wood shall rise to Dunsinane. Urged on by fear and madness, he sacrifices the helpless wife and children of Macduff. But now troubles come upon him. The Scottish nobles join with the English army against him, Birnan wood rises against Dunsinane in the arms of soldiery, and Macduff drowns his sorrow for his children in the blood of their murderer. Macbeth dies the death of a tyrant, and the will of the weird sisters is accomplished.

But though we are glad when Iago and Goneril and Regan pay the penalty of their own acts, it never occurs to us that the Witches should be punished. Tornadoes cannot be chastised for the destruction that they cause; oceans cannot be whipped because they overwhelm an army; justice does not require that the tempest, which beat upon the white locks of Lear, shall be punished. Abstractions can not be held accountable, and the Witches of "Macbeth"

must go unpunished. Man can be punished for crime, the crime can only be punished through the man. If we yield to the inclinations of our natures, if we are led astray by the persuasions of the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, ours, and not theirs, will be the punishment.

“ Or je crus voir, tout je la trouvais belle,
 Dans ses yeux bleus comme un outre univers
 Et je restai tout soujeur auprès d'elle.”

—Guy De Maupassant.

I saw the light of Paradise
 Break through her yielding eyes,
 And glory bathed my spirit
 With trembling ecstasies.

Pale ghosts that were my comrades
 Slipped silently away,
 And Memory, Sorrow's sister,
 Was drowned in waves of day.

She wore the look fair Truth would wear,
 Had Truth a human guise—
 I knew the light of Paradise
 Was sweeter through her eyes.

She spoke not, but I saw her smile—
 No other eye could see—
 No creature breathed our universe ;
 I knew she smiled for me.

Ah ! then I saw a god,—and now—
 Can one swift smile suffice,—
 Though all the light of Paradise
 Broke through transfigured eyes !

1888.

—FRANCIS RIVES LASSITER.

THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

A strange thing is melancholy, and a most subtle and illusive subject. Even Burton, with all his labour and searching, his curious knowledge and extensive citation from ancient writers, has only scratched upon the surface of this field. He has given us the physician's view of the matter; he is more concerned in things corporal than spiritual; he is all for hellebore and purgings of the liver. And even love, with him, is a species of disease, affecting he knows not what part of our bodies. Such materialistic doctrines are not for this age. Yet even he perceived the strange contradiction that melancholy is a sweet sadness, sometimes transporting her victim heavenwards, and again oppressing him with torment. The patient will often be unwilling to be cured of his fantasies, wherein he seems to have command of another world—a world dark and mysterious but with a strange magnificence, a shadowy splendour all its own. He loves to wander with Milton away from the pitiless, obtrusive sunlight, where, in harmony with his own thoughts, the day is tempered, striking through stained windows, and soft music peals along the vaulted roof. Music, indeed, is commonly his chief solace, for it is the most plastic to our mood of all the arts, and a man finds in solemn organ-chords an interpretation in consonance with the mind he brings with him. But at other times all joys, even such sober ones as these, are denied; the world rings hollow to his ears, and he is filled with remorse for lost opportunities. An unutterable sadness haunts him, and the future looks askance at him in leaden blackness. The world seems paltry, even the visible universe has shrunk in his sight. The goal he has set before him hitherto, fame or wealth or freedom, matters not; it is no longer worth his winning. Idleness is a curse and a weariness; but to what end should he work? At such times he could endure to be healed.

It is curious how pleasant a thing sadness sometimes is ; and how some people will hug a sorrow, as a most precious possession, to their breasts. In fact, all emotions, so they be not too strong, are pleasurable ; and for that reason it will be mostly among the shallow-minded, who can seldom feel keenly, that we shall find this weak delight in self-pity. For even fear, duly modified, as in a well-told ghost-story, may be held to inspire some not unpleasing sensation, and many enjoy above all things a touch of the pathetic in their reading. We are apt to love those who pluck our heart-strings more than those who merely aim at exciting our laughter ; pathos and humor are both good things, but the former we estimate as the higher gift. We have a kind of veneration for the writer that can move us to tears. Thackeray would not be the same man in our eyes if he had not written of Colonel Newcome.

There might appear to be something selfish about this love for the pathetic in fiction ; as though the reader should feel a pleasing contrast between his own sense of security and the misfortunes of the imaginary characters in his book. But this is not so in the main. Your true novel-reader identifies himself with each prominent person he reads of, and their experience, whether of happiness or pain, are his own for the time. For the moment he is Tom Jones, or Darsie Latimer, or David Copperfield ; and, even when the heroine steps upon the stage, he strains his imagination to embrace also her personality. More or less, according to his capabilities, he enters into the feelings of fool and villain. It is in proportion to this quality of adaptation, of acting a part insensibly, that the power of really appreciating a romance, or, for that matter, a drama or a historical work, exists. There are some people, it is true, who can content themselves with such subsidiary qualities as erudition, or neatness of style, or power of language, but the main body look to the author's presentment of his actors. If he has drawn

them so that the reader can, without violence to his reason, imagine himself in their place, and pass with them through their adventures, then he may rest assured of finding the great majority upon his side. He will be said to have created new characters. And indeed it is possibly here that the chief educational influence of the novel comes in; for as certain players are wont to carry their parts beyond the stage, so it may chance that, even after he has finished his book, our reader may still remain imbued in a sense with the virtues of hero or heroine. In this manner an author may indeed create new characters, or, at the least, regenerate old ones; and thus it is possible for men who read fiction aright insensibly to improve themselves, like men who have mixed for a time with a higher grade of companions than they commonly meet. But those who deliberately remain aloof, and refuse to become one of the party, who persist in criticising the performance solely from the outside, with a curious eye to all the established canons of art, will reap neither profit nor much enjoyment from the barren process. The critic is not likely to be reformed by a work of art. Enthusiasm is foreign to his profession. He will not be the man to laugh at your comic countryman, or burst into tears at the woes of your heroine in distress. A calm smile of approbation, as of Jove enthroned, shall suffice him, if the touch be well brought out; if indifferently, a calm smile of contempt. The author that shall regenerate your professed critic has not yet, in all likelihood, seen the light.

It is a commonplace with some that sadness is merely a product of indigestion, and this is a view that humorous writers in particular are much inclined to affect. With certain kinds of melancholy it may doubtless be so, for as a certain kind of love is fabled to arise from fulness of bread, so also may an inferior sort of gloomy sulkiness. Or as we see sentiment and sentimentality, so we may discern a

legitimate from a dyspeptic melancholy. It is true that not all men have the time to cultivate a genteel hypochondria. It is idle to expect a common ploughman to be sad for any but material reasons. Some real deficiency, such as a lack of bacon to his loaf, will be the care that penetrates to his slow mind; even a fear that such deficiency may arise in the near future will not, in general, sensibly affect his peace. It takes an intellect of some refinement to be truly melancholy. Centuries of civilization go to form that sensitive mind, conscious that the world is out of joint, and burning with a noble discontent at things in general. Most of our great reformers have been stern, sad-faced men. The portraits of Luther, of Knox, of Cromwell, do not show us faces of the lightly humorous cast, nor sleek countenances such as Cæsar loved. About these, and about Carlyle, who from an innate sympathy felt himself designed to be the historian and apologist of such men, there lies ever a rugged, care-worn look, as of men who found the world a serious puzzle, and one that they were bound to solve in the interests of humanity. One would not ascribe the sadness of their aspect to unaided indigestion. It is notorious, indeed, that Carlyle was a martyr to dyspepsia; but it is at least equally probable that this was the result, as that it was the cause, of his melancholy. We have seen it suggested that men should train themselves, as it were, for pathetic writing on some food of a particularly unwholesome character, but it would be degrading to suppose, even for an instant, that we owe the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* to imperfectly cooked pie-crust. If that were the case, the world might well hope to secure another *Locksley Hall* by selecting a likely poet, and feeding him conscientiously on a diet of lobster salad and unlimited muffins. We are not inclined to subscribe to such materialistic views as these. But it is true that the human organization is a delicate piece of machinery enough, and so inextricably interwoven that one cannot

without danger separate its individual parts. Body, soul, and spirit are largely interdependent, and are apt to react upon each other to an unimagined extent. It is very likely the case that a sort of nervous derangement has been in some degree responsible for a good many gloomy predictions, and that several lofty and aerial flights (as we imagine them) of the aspiring soul can be traced back in part to a fortunate condition of the stomach. But affections of the body can never be held wholly responsible for the colour of our thought. They are rather like some transparent medium through which must pass the bright rays sent forth from the soul; a sheet of glass sometimes filmed with dust, sometimes of imperfect nature and sending forth a distorted image, rarely indeed pure and clean and altogether free from fault, but which can never do aught but reproduce, in a more or less mutilated form, the figure thrown upon it by the creative power.

The rival camps of the optimist and the pessimist divide the world. It is true, perhaps, that it is mainly a matter of health to which of these two sides the individual man attaches himself. It is noticeable that the former will commonly reproach the latter for bilious and acrid discontent; and that these will retort upon the dull, eupeptic happiness of their opponents. The world will in general believe the brains to lie with the man who is satisfied at nothing, and thinks your cheery, careless sort of good fellow, certainly but little better than a fool in intellect. In fact, it is easier to attack than to defend, and the sneering critic will usually make a more brilliant appearance than the good-natured friend. Again, the cynic's tub has now become a well-cushioned elbow-chair, and the trade of the pessimist has grown so inviting that many men have adopted it who have nothing much to complain of at heart. They enjoy start-ling their neighbours with evil omens, with fearful predictions; and with a certain pride they point to the decay of

their race, and compare the present state of morality, or hardihood, or enterprise, with the past. They affect to mourn our decline, but they are not without a subtle consolation in the thought that they have for some time seen the slow sapping of the foundations to which it may be attributed. On the whole, if they are not too serious in their opinions, they play a pleasant enough part. The pain which any chance fulfilment of their prophecies may inflict upon the nation is mitigated in their case by a consciousness of superior wisdom. They are like men who have betted a small amount against their own horse ; whatever turn affairs may take, their money is safe. It is a common plan with some people thus to hedge, as it were, against a possible disappointment. They school themselves to believe still that the worst will happen, and by this means discount in anticipation the pain that such a misfortune will bring to them. The process may be pleasing to themselves, but it is extremely painful to their friends. It is something of a damper to the spirits to have a companion who persistently expect unhappiness. Such a man cannot be cheerful himself, neither is he a great incitement to cheerfulness in others. It must seem almost criminal, we think, in his eyes, that in the face of all that is hanging over us, we should thus affect gaiety and light-heartedness ; and, for fear of offending him, we subdue ourselves with difficulty to a dull decorum. There is, indeed, more than a suspicion of selfishness in this variety of sadness, as though a man should have all the world walk stiffly because he himself is clothed in armor, or insist upon arousing all his neighbors on account of his own sleeplessness. We may be wrong in suspecting such men of a desire for sympathy,—frequently they would sooner be without it—but the knowledge that a fellow-creature is a prey to a groundless grief, as we consider it, acts upon our own feelings and in time produces an irritation which, in spite of ourselves, compels us to share his sorrow.

The pessimist is not always, however, a melancholy man. In fact, his humor is often to pose as a cynic, or general critic of the universe, and in that position he feels himself to be on a plane removed from the rest of the world's inhabitants, and the coming sorrows that he foretells have no concern with him. He regards himself as a mere spectator in the theatre of Life, but a spectator with sufficient insight into things theatrical to guess that the pleasant farce now upon the boards is but a prelude to a tragedy. He is in the world, but not of it, and the strange gambols he witnesses merely produce in him a slight pity tempered with amusement. This scornful attitude has come to be considered the fashionable one for men of any education and originality. It is not, to our mind, a cheerful one. We prefer still, no matter how ridiculous it may seem, the simple creeds of our forefathers. * * *

If it were not for the jealous alarmist, it is possible that the burdens of the world might be lightened considerably. It is these people who keep urging on their respective countries to vie with each other in expensive preparations for war. We wish a plague on all such pestilent fellows. What do we want with new explosives and fresh varieties of implements for destroying life? There is something ridiculous surely in the present position of affairs in Europe, something ridiculous, and at the same time most mournfully sad. These great nations in a condition of armed suspense, still increasing their preparation for war and still hesitating to begin the battle, remind us of nothing so much as of so many frogs gradually inflating themselves in order to strike terror into their rivals. And indeed it is likely enough that one or two will burst with the effort before they come to actual business. War has little enough attraction for any reasonable man now. What with submarine ships and torpedoes, with air-balloons and weapons of precision, there is altogether getting to be too much risk about it. Even a hired soldier

likes to have a chance, to have fair play given to him, to be able to give stroke for stroke. There is not much excitement in receiving one's death-blow from a battery six miles distant, or in sharing a common fate with some hundreds of comrades through an inglorious charge of dynamite dropped from the clouds at night-time. To say nothing of the unconscionable burden a modern army (even on a peace-footing) lays upon the tax-payer, it is becoming evident, even from the soldier's point of view, that some return to simpler methods is advisable. As to the romance of war, it received a shrewd blow at the introduction of gunpowder, and, what with the maxim-gun and smokeless explosives, it is like to perish altogether before the next European struggle.

With the bombs of anarchists and the groaning of oppressed tax-payers, it is undeniable that there is a fine field for melancholy in our viewing of the world. Little remains for the onlooker but something of a Stoic calm, to be maintained as well as he is able in the face of adverse circumstances. By hard work it is fortunately possible as a rule to be quit of much unnecessary thought, and in diligently employing ourselves on our own business we may escape the sad conviction of our ultimate ruin. It is hard sometimes to refrain from wishing that the wheels of progress could be stayed, or even set back for some half century or so in their course. Was not the world the happier without a fair percentage of our modern improvements and discoveries? Like timid children reading a tragic story we are afraid to think what the end of the book may bring. To be sure, we have our compensations, facilities in railway travelling, brilliant journalistic and other enterprise. There may be yet lying before us, in the future, fresh triumphs of civilization, marvellous and as yet unimagined developments of science, by which men shall open communication with the stars of heaven and learn the secrets of the spheres. It is quite possible; and possible also that we shall be perfecting at the

same time our various explosive apparatus and arms of precision. So that at the last, in the happy invention of some exceptionally powerful agent, it is likely that some country will contrive to blow itself from off the face of this earth, thereby settling once and for all its own claim to precedence. Such a lesson might prove a salutary check upon the ambition of the rest. But the bare possibility of such an occurrence should suggest to us, as the most reasonable course, the propriety of lagging a trifle behind in the matter of new experiments, or, what were still more to be wished, that we should agree to abandon the further prosecution of such inventions for all time.

—McMILLAN.

VALEDICTORY.

[H. W. PROVENCE, M. A., Philologian Society.]

It is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that I stand upon this old rostrum for the last time, perchance, in many years, and look into the faces of a Richmond audience. 'Tis always sad to part from those who are dear to us, and to snap in twain the ties that bind human hearts together. And yet life is made up of meetings and partings. For every greeting there is a farewell.

“Life hath as many farewells
As it hath sunny hours,
And over some are scattered thorns
And over others flowers.”

The drama of 1893-'94 is drawing to its close. Soon the curtain will fall. Soon this eventful session will be counted with the “irrevocable, changeless, deathless Past.” Soon these halls, which now resound with the noise of many feet and the pleasant murmur of sweet-toned voices, will be deserted—silent as the grave. Soon these ballgrounds and tennis courts, on which so many hard-fought battles have been won, will be grown over with grass. And yet, before

pronouncing that cabalistic word that shall sever the bonds which have so long bound our souls in fellow feeling, it devolves upon me to say farewell.

"Fare thee well ; and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well."

As we take a retrospective glance over the years which have passed since first we entered these classic halls, how vividly do we recall our varied experiences ! It seems but yesterday that we heard the ring of the Roman orator's matchless eloquence or scanned with appreciative eye the beauties of the Aeneid ; but yesterday that we sat spell-bound under the entrancing melody of Sappho's delightful lyrics, or followed with enthusiasm the Grecian hosts as they went to recover the fair but fickle Helen. How often have we made fruitless attempts to appreciate the poetry of Intermediate Math. ; or, becoming hopelessly entangled in the inextricable maze of Differential and Integral Calculus, have mounted the asymptotes of the hyperbola and gone off to infinity to find rest for our troubled souls ! We have employed all the instruments of science to help us trace the course of the heavenly bodies and calculate the weights of the rolling planets. We have determined how many thousand molecules can swim abreast through the eye of a cambric needle without touching each other ; and have proved by the infallible test of sulphuretted hydrogen that blue blood flows in our veins. We have indulged in numerous and extensive expatiations upon the complicated mechanism of the cerebral hemisphere, and have wandered, in bewilderment, through the "labyrinthine incomprehensibilities" of psychological and dialectic evolution.

But all these are past.

"And now ye waiting homes that listen to
The never restful wash of ocean waves ;
Ye homes that dot the purple hills and rest
Within the verdant vales of th' bonny South :
Ye homes that lie beside the far away

And rapid-rushing rivers of the West—
Wreath o'er the door fresh boughs of mistletoe,
And open wide your arms of love, for, with
The fragrant summer-time the too-long absent
Ones unto your bosoms now return."

Who does not know the pleasure of the homeward journey? Who has not felt his heart thrill with emotion at the first sight of the old familiar place?

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

And it is the anticipation of these pleasures that fills our hearts with present joy. But, at the same time, it is with sadness that we bid good-bye to College scenes and College associates. Good-bye to our professors, who, session after session, have laboured so earnestly and so faithfully in the effort to prune off superfluous growths and train us into symmetrical men ; to cultivate our powers of mind and teach us to think for ourselves ; to furnish us with the key which will enable us to unlock the storehouse of the world's knowledge and possess ourselves of its richest treasures. For the great service you have rendered us we are profoundly grateful. We owe you a debt of gratitude that we can never pay ; but we will try so to acquit ourselves in the battle of life that you may take pleasure and pride in contemplating our progress. Good-bye to the societies, in which many of us made our first attempts to climb the hill of oratorical and polemical greatness, and reach the ultimate goal of "honor and undying fame." In your classic halls we have heard many an excited and sometimes heated discussion of the great questions which are of such vital interest to the young men of America ; and our aesthetic sensibilities have been awakened by peals of inspiring eloquence. We have been stimulated to put forth our strongest efforts, to develop all our hidden resources, and to cultivate whatever latent

talents might be ours. And if in future years it shall be our good fortune to wear the laurels of success and victory, we shall look back to your dear old halls and feel grateful for your influence. Good-bye to our fellow-students who are to return for another draught from the "Pierian spring" of learning. You are to step into the places made vacant by the departure of your comrades. The mantle that they now throw off is to fall upon your shoulders. The banner that has been in their hands must be borne aloft by you. I charge you to be faithful to the sacred trust now consigned to your custody. Fight valiantly for this banner, and never allow it to be sullied by one unworthy act. May it forever wave over true and loyal followers, from whom it shall receive the most faithful support. And now, comrades, classmates, you whose last session will soon be over, I would speak a word to you. We stand to-night on the threshold of our career. Before us spreads out the golden vista of life with all its glorious possibilities, its brightening hopes its cheering prospects. And yet we know not what the future has in store.

"Thou, unfathomed Future, all unknown,
That coverest like a misty cloud and gray,
The darkness of an unfamiliar way,
How long, how brief until thou too hast grown
Into that gliding drop or shimmering stone?
What hidest thou? The lightning's lurid ray,
That shall destroy us, or the smiling way
Whence night and tempest have forever flown?"

As we go forth together the day of trial will come alike unto us all. The Siren of temptation, with her enchanting strains, will seek to lure us from the course of honor. Our bark will sometimes be tossed like a cockle shell upon the raging sea of life. But "when the silence and the calm come on, and the high seal of character is set," the vessel that has outridden the storm will anchor in the harbor of peace. Then press on! and you shall become mighty

among men. Press on! and may your course be ever upward! Press on! until you reach the pinnacle of fame and crown your brows with the chaplets of honor.

And now to the citizens of Richmond who have lent us your cheering and inspiring presence on so many occasions, who have manifested such an interest in our progress and success, and who have thrown open the doors of your homes and given us a cordial welcome to your firesides, we desire to express our thanks. As we bid you good-bye our hearts are full of appreciation of your kindness and hospitality. And in the years to come there shall hang in memory's halls more than one bright picture of pleasant experiences in your happy homes.

But what shall we say to that "fair contingent" whose charms have done so much to make our College days pleasant, and whose sympathy has encouraged us in so many hours of despondency? Language cannot express our feelings. The emotions with which our hearts are throbbing are too deep for utterance. We can only say—

"We bid good-bye. No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim,
Nor yet can any language, any nation,
A sweeter frame.
It is not final; it forebodes no sorrow,
As some declare
Who, born to fretting, are so prone to borrow
To-morrow's share.

'Good-bye!' Yes, 'God be with you!'—prayer and blessing
In simplest phrase,
Alike our need and his dear care confessing
In all our ways.
However rare or frequent be our meeting,
However nigh
The last long parting or the endless greeting,
We bid good-bye!"

Editorial.

IT WAS the purpose of THE MESSENGER, commencing with this issue, to greet its readers promptly on the first day of each month; but

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a gley."

The delay came about in this way: As will be seen, the paper upon which THE MESSENGER is now printed is superior to that of *The Century* or *Harper's*. The printer was just three weeks later in receiving this paper from the manufacturer than he expected to be.

THE MESSENGER sincerely hopes that its tardiness, which it could not anticipate, and for which it cannot be held responsible, is amply repaid by its improved mechanical appearance.

The editor-in-chief has been frequently urged to publish some of the many complimentary things that have been said of THE MESSENGER since his connection therewith, but the characteristic modesty of a journalist forbids. Suffice it to say, that our contemporaries have placed us in the very front rank of college journals—one going so far as to declare the May number to be the best college publication that had come under its notice. These kindly expressions from exchanges, professors, students and the reading public, elicit our sincere appreciation, since they tend to make our "labor of love" one of pleasure as well.

The editor-in-chief congratulates himself that he now has associated with him a business manager who has already shown aptness and enterprise in his work, and who has placed THE MESSENGER upon a sound financial basis.

But here the scene changes; the flash-light is turned off, and the picture darkens. *The associate editors seem to re-*

gard the securing of a place upon the staff the beginning and ending of their duty; the undergraduates do not write. In the March issue of this magazine we took occasion to speak as follows on these two points:

“‘You can’t make a silk purse of a pig’s ear,’ nor can you make a faultless magazine without contributions or other support, financial or otherwise, from students, professors, or officers of the college. Especially is this true where all the work of *all the departments* is done by *one editor*, as was the case with this issue. It may not be the usual or courteous thing for an editor to criticise his staff colleagues in public print; but we consider this an instance that calls for heroic treatment. The associate editors should either perform their duties or take their flags down from the mast-head, for they are sailing under false colors.”

There have been two associate editors who have given us a little assistance—very little. We hope for better things from their successors.

The prime object of a college magazine is to develop the literary talent of the students; it does not perform this function when it is forced to obtain its matter from alumni and foreign sources.

THE MUSEUM.

The College has the foundation for a good museum. But it is not mounted. The Thomas Hall (said to be the most beautiful public room in the South) is awaiting its art and museum outfit. When will it come? We notice with pleasure that the curator has Mr. Peter Winston at work on the minerals, assorting and classifying them with reference to early casing and display.

May the good work go on.

THE LIBRARY.

Dr. C. H. Ryland, Librarian, has associated with himself as his assistant for the current session, Mr. George F. Hambleton, one of our fellow-students. If smiles and urbane deportment can win and hold patrons for our beautiful Jeter Memorial Hall, then Hambleton is the right man in the right place. But our friend has other qualifications for the important position. He knows about books; he is getting well acquainted with the volumes in his keeping, and he is always faithful.

Speaking of books, we notice with pride that the College has now a most respectable number. There have been catalogued to date 11,825 volumes. More than forty have been added the present session. These treasures, with the magazines and other papers, are all placed at the disposal of the students free of cost. The Librarian loves to tell that all that any student has to pay when he enters the broad portal to the Library Hall is quiet, decorous behavior. Surely all can render this; and we learn with much gratification that the good order of the present session is very gratifying.

THE COLLEGE AND ACADEMIES.

The charter of Richmond College authorizes the Trustees to acquire and hold academy property and to foster secondary schools under whatever rules they may deem wise. The College is sincerely interested in the work, and it is known that there are several institutions of this grade which are knocking at the door for admittance to college oversight and support. At Roanoke, Chase City, Newport News and other places there are enterprises which desire this relationship. To receive them under the wing of the College would be probably wise, but the Trustees have published, through their financial officer, that the necessary

funds are wanting to pay off indebtedness, furnish equipment, and otherwise provide for these important but burdened interest. What is needed is a special fund out of which the Trustees might bring relief and management to our academies. Money is the urging need. Who will give the money for this foundation work? Oh! for a man! Oh, for a number of liberal, wide-awake men, who will give us academies! Bright day that will be when the College shall have its feeders in every part of the State.

COLLEGE DEBATING.

In the October *Arena* there is an article on "College Debating," written by Carl Vrooman, of Harvard, president of the Intercollegiate Debating Union. The *Brown and White*, of Lehigh, makes a review of this article in connection with the fact that the Agora Society of that institution is a member of the union. This subject of College Debating has been recently discussed in the Mu Sigma Rho Society, and inasmuch as we think it would be a good move for the two literary societies of this college to join some such union, a review of the article is not out of place here.

By the simultaneous discussion of a monthly topic, the new union means to crystalize and give expression each month to the thought of college men on some one great living issue. The opinions of college men as a class are of real importance, for the students of the present are the rulers of the future.

The Debating union has strengthened itself during the past month by forming an alliance with the Union for Practical Progress, whereby both unions may discuss the same monthly topics. These topics are selected by an advisory board, consisting of a number of the most prominent sociologists, clergymen and journalists of the country, and are given special prominence by numerous papers and maga-

zines, including *The Arena*, *Public Opinion*, *To-day*, *The Voice*, and several others.

One weakness of college debating is that men often talk against their real opinions, and more often talk upon subjects concerning which they have no opinions. They come to feel that they are merely playing at discussion, that it is all a sham, a mere make-believe. Where discussion has thus degenerated into mental gymnastics, the resulting apathy is not surprising. Manufacturing arguments without really attempting to prove, professing opinions which are neither believed nor disbelieved, "depending on one's imagination for facts and on one's memory for jests," simulating zeal—these are the puerilities that have crippled debate in the past.

The new plan is at regular intervals to publish the vote of every society on the merits of each question. This will cause men to do their best, thus adding a zest to the discussion which could never come were self-culture the sole incentive. These votes when tabulated will show the attitude of college men upon the questions of the day.

The new union also hopes to arrange more frequent inter-collegiate debates. That these stimulate interest in public speaking is abundantly proved by their success in our western States, in England, and during the last three years at Harvard and Yale.

The present reaction in favor of physical culture, though of inestimable value to rational education, is not the highest ideal. The time has come when in college life the cerebrum should figure as prominently as the biceps. Neither the grind nor the athlete is the ideal student. More than strong physique and ability to use books, is needed the power to think for one's self, and to express what one hopes, believes, and knows.

The trouble is that students have been taught to study rather than think. The control of one's physical and mental

mechanism of speech, which is essential to effective speaking is largely a result of practice, which is obtained nowhere so well as in debate. Nothing so impresses a man with the magnitude and complexity of a subject as an effort to define his position upon it.

The discussion of present day topics in our debating societies opens up a field of subjects upon which authorities so differ that no opinion is orthodox, and concerning which the formation of an intelligent opinion requires original thought, upon materials gathered by personal observation, and from newspapers and periodicals.

The most promising feature of the present enthusiasm for debating manifested in nearly all our colleges is that it has sprung spontaneously from the students themselves.

OUR FOOT BALL TEAM.

In magnis voluisse sat est.—*Propertius*.

Before the opening of the present session there was every reason to believe that the Foot Ball team of '94 would be by far the best that Richmond College ever put in the field. Bosher, Loyd, Turner, Merkle, Quillen, Pierson, E. Harrison, the Dukes and the Winstons were all expected to play with us this season. Bahen, one of Georgetown's star players, was also expected to matriculate for Law at this college.

With these bright prospects in view, a schedule was arranged which included games with the strongest teams in the South—some of them among the strongest in the country. These games were arranged at *their solicitation*, showing that the College had made a record that entitled her to recognition in the first class of college athletics. Great was the disappointment when the men were called out to practice, it was seen that no member of the old team had returned except Sallade; this, too, only a few days before the

first game with University of Virginia. Little wonder that some of the weak-kneed pessimists advised that foot-ball be abandoned entirely for the present session.

Under these discouraging circumstances a few went to work with dogged determination to develop a team and to keep faith with our engagements. To have cancelled with the strong teams then, would have been a virtual acknowledgement that we did not belong in their class, and would have relegated us to the company of academies and high schools.

How well our team has acquitted itself in its contests with these heavy teams is evidenced by the fact that the minor colleges in the State, and some outside of the State, have all cancelled their engagements with us. This has been a source of the greatest disappointment to the team, its manager, and the lovers of the game in this city, since it has deprived us of a long list of victories and our treasury of a handsome surplus. The manager has sent these teams letters and telegrams galore, offering all sorts of inducements; some of them he has visited in person. The various and sundry excuses offered by them would afford amusing reading to one not too disgusted to be amused.

The record our team has made this season, against fearful odds, is one of which any sensible man who knows the game may be proud. A member of the faculty expressed the opinion that it was one of the most creditable records, under the circumstances, the college has made. True, we have not won many victories; but are not the words of Proptius, quoted at the head of this article, as true of foot-ball as of other human action? The world's most cherished heroes are not those whose efforts have been crowned with success. The fame of the Spartans at Thermopylæ, of the six hundred at Balaklava, and of Pickett's Virginians at Gettysburg, is none the less because they went down in glorious defeat.

The way in which our men have stood up against the heavy teams has, in each and every game, won the admiration of spectators and the respect of our opponents.

Though, on account of the cancelling of games in this city, we have not had an opportunity to make any money on the season, we have managed to keep a few dollars ahead. Though late in the season, Richmond College again throws down the gauntlet to every college in the State, and awaits all comers.

BOOK NOTICES AND REVIEWS.

We are indebted to the Transatlantic Publishing Company for Number 2 of *The New Science Review*, a quarterly publication conducted by J. M. Stoddard, for many years editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

It is called "A Miscellany of Modern Thought and Discovery," and its table of contents accords well with this designation. We have read most of the articles with great pleasure; and though some of them—as "The Blood Stains on the Holy Coat", "What is Science?" "A Remarkable Book and its Teachings"—having reference to Keely and his Discoveries, and even "The Pendulograph," are rather too "miscellaneous" for our taste; yet all are well written and excellently printed. "What Electricity Is," "Fluorescence or Phosphorescence," "The New Element of the Atmosphere," and other articles, are both interesting and valuable. So also are the abstracts relating to the three great scientific associations—viz.: the English, the French, and the American; and also the concluding paper by Prof. Heilprin, of Philadelphia, called "Current Scientific Discussion." The new journal, though scarcely technically scientific, will meet well the wants of those already so numerous—who are interested to know something of all matters that a liberal construction can bring under that term.

A law-book is generally supposed to be dry reading. This, however, is not always the case. In a volume entitled *Privy Council Law*, by George Wheeler, Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple (London: Stevens & Son), we find material which the most advanced writer of the realistic school of fiction might profitably use up in his novels. Of course, this view of the merits of a mere book on law is peculiar, and may astonish the ordinary practitioner. It is, however, desirable perhaps to popularize law, and exhibit its romantic and humane aspects. Opening the book at random we came across the following curious decisions: "The word 'Reverend' does not necessarily mean that the person using it is in Holy Orders," and presumably any person engaged in religious duties, whether he be a clergyman or not, may prefix the adjective to his name, as it is merely "a mark of respect and reverence." A disbelief in Satan may be entertained *bona fide* by a member of the Church of England, though it may be a ground for religious admonition. (Jenkins *vs.* Cook, Court of Archers, 1 P. D. 80.)

When a native of Madras married two wives on the same day, and a question arose as to whether the son of the wife first married or the son of the later wedded would inherit the father's property, the son of the later wife having been born first, it was held that the first-born son ought to be declared heir, notwithstanding the priority of the marriage of the other mother. (Pedda Ramappa Nayanivara *vs.* Bangari Seshamma Nayanivara, L. R. Ind. App. 1).

Children are legitimated by Mohammedan law by mere acknowledgment, and so, when a Nawab acknowledged the child of a slave-girl as his son, this acknowledgment was held to establish the fact of legitimacy. (Nawab Mahammad Azmat Ali Khan *vs.* Mussumat Lalli Begum and others, L. R. 9 Ind. App. 8).

By Maltese law a father is enabled to legitimise his bastard offspring by a single woman, he being a married man

at the time, by a formal act recognizing such offspring as his legitimate heir. The case dealing with this point is very extraordinary in its details, and the facts are stranger than anything conceived by Balzac, Dumas, Daudet or Ouida. They are, however, too long and complicated to here set forth. Suffice it to say, that they contain the elements of an almost incredible "romance of real life." (*Gera vs. Ciantar*, 12 App. Cas. 557).

* * *

Spalding's Athletic Library, which is now out is a book that will certainly prove valuable to any one interested in foot ball. It is called "How to Play Foot Ball." Walter Camp has an exhaustive article describing just how a team should play, and also the duties of each individual man on the team. As Mr. Camp has had a great deal to do with the formation of the new rules, his article should prove highly instructive. A diagram is published showing the formation of both teams at the kick-off, according to Mr. Camp's theory. Quarter back play is described in a special article by Phil. King, of Princeton College. He divides the position under the following heads: Offensive, position of quarter back, handling and passing the ball, signalling, defence, offense and position of the quarter back. Any one who is ambitious to play quarter back will certainly benefit by reading this article. Half back play is written by Lawrence T. Bliss, one of Yale's greatest half backs. "How to Give Signals" is fully treated, and an article on "Training Foot Ball Players," by Jim Lathrop, of Havard College. The book is published by the American Sports Publishing Co., 241 Broadway, and will be sent on receipt of ten cents to any address in the United States.

MEMORABILIA.

- SEPT. 20.—Session opens. Reception to new students by Y. M. C. A.
- “ 21.—Reunion of Philologian Society.
- “ 22.—Reunion of Mu Sigma Rho Society.
Reception to students by B. Y. P. U. of Grace church.
- “ 27.—Meeting of Athletic Association. J. H. Franklin elected president. A. N. Bowers and W. D. Phillips elected members of Advisory Committee.
- OCT. 2.—Foot Ball game : University of Virginia *vs.* Richmond College, at Charlottesville. University of Virginia, 48 ; Richmond College, 0.
- “ 8.—Reorganization of Gymnasium. C. M. Hazen elected Instructor ; J. R. Murdoch, Assistant ; O. L. Owens, Monitor.
- “ 12.—Meeting of Foot-Ball team. R. Harrison elected Captain.
- “ 15.—Call meeting of Athletic Association. A. N. Bowers elected manager of Base-Ball Team of '94-'95.
A. Lunsford elected member of Advisory Board to fill vacancy caused by resignation of A. N. Bowers.
- “ 18.—Foot-Ball : University of Virginia *vs.* Richmond College at West-End Park. University of Virginia, 28 ; Richmond College, 0.
- “ 19.—Great sensation in newspaper circles concerning the game.
- “ 23.—Reorganization of G. and H. Society. Prof. F. W. Boatwright reëlected President.
- “ 30.—Marriage of Miss Juliet Pollard to Mr. William Wills, of Atlanta.
- NOV. 1.—Address before G. and H. Society by General T. T. Munford.
Subject—"Lee's Strategy in the Defense of Richmond."
- “ 3.—Foot-Ball : Norfolk Y. M. C. A. *vs.* Richmond College, at Norfolk. Richmond College, 4 ; Norfolk, 4.

CALENDAR.

- Nov. 22.—Meeting of Magazine Club at Prof. Puryear's.
 “ 23.—Meeting of Geographical and Historical Society. Address by
 Lyon G. Tyler, President William and Mary College. Sub-
 ject—Yorktown and Its Memories.
 “ 27.—Meeting of G. and H. Society.
 “ 29.—Thanksgiving.
 DEC. 1.—Foot-Ball : Richmond College *vs.* Hampton-Sidney at Farmville.
 “ 10.—Examination in Junior Law. Minor, vol. 1.

TO AN OLD BROKENDOWN MULE.

[Dedicated to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.]

And art thou old, O Jack?
Is this thy lot, O Jack,
Thou good and faithful mule?
Art thou turned out to graze
On frosted fields and ways
Where children pass to school?
No soul thou hast, O Jack,
On high no name, O Jack;
But why so thin thy form?
Of comfort all bereft,
And by thy master left
Unhoused to meet the storm.
Full well I know, O Jack,
As well can tell, O Jack,
How faithful thou hast been;
But now, since near thy end,
Thou hast at length no friend
At night to shut thee in.
Thy unhealed galls, O Jack,
From drawing cart, O Jack,
Most plain thy story tell:
But none will bathe thy sores,
And stripes by many scores
That on thy flesh once fell.
Now all alone, O Jack,
Chilled in thy joints, O Jack,
Thou nibblest on the hill;
Though now thy strength is gone,
By heavy burdens borne
Thy master's purse to fill.
There was a time, O Jack,
When thou was sought, O Jack,
The heavy loads to draw;
But none now seek for thee,
Left on the barren lea
To fill the vulture's crow.
Yes, thou art old, O Jack,
This is thy lot, O Jack,
To die 'mid herbage sear;
And though thou hast no soul,
No name on high enrolled,
My good-bye is a tear.

—"UNO."

R. W. Neathum '99.

Athletics.

On the page opposite appears a photographic group of the base-ball team of 1894, and on the following page will be found a table showing the individual averages and the record of the team.

Particular comment on the players is unnecessary, in view of the full information contained in the table of their records at the bat and in the field. Speaking of them in a general way, nothing but praise can be bestowed upon the team for the devotion and honest service of its members, and the glory which they reflected upon their *alma mater* in capturing the State Championship. The management of the team deserves especial credit for the degree of faith exercised in individually assuming heavy obligations at the commencement of the season, and in successfully prosecuting the work of arranging and carrying out the most interesting schedule of games that had ever been played by a Richmond College team, and ending the season almost out of debt. The receipts of the manager amounted to \$1,700, which is largely in excess of the amount handled by any previous team.

It is also gratifying to note that the prospects for the team of 1895 are brighter than ever before. With all except one or two of the team of 1894 available, and a large number of applicants for the team from among the new students, the contest for positions will doubtless be close, and the likelihood is that the record of the team of 1895 will surpass even that of its immediate predecessor; so that we should again capture the State Championship, and give the leading teams of our section a very hard fight for the Championship of the South.

The members of the team as they appear in the picture are: Phillips, Bahen, W. Duke, Ellyson, Tupper, E. Harrison, F. Duke, Lockett, Burnett, Acree. Lunsford and Turner had withdrawn from college on account of sickness when the picture was taken, and do not appear.

Table Showing Batting and Fielding Averages of Members of Richmond College Base-Ball Team of 1894.

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO BATTING AVERAGES.

NAME.	Position.	Games Played.	A. B.	Runs.	Hits	P. O.	A.	E.	Batting Average.	Fielding Average.
Duke, W. D., Captain...	2b, lf.	15	64	25	22	29	32	9	.344	.871
Phillips, W. D.....	3b, c.	15	69	24	23	48	28	13	.333	.854
Burnett, C. R.....	1b, rf.	14	52	8	16	89	3	6	.307	.938
Ellyson, H. K., Jr.....	p, 1b, lf.	14	45	13	16	40	24	5	.246	.928
Johnson, Q.....	c.	11	47	8	11	67	21	11	.234	.889
Turner, J. A.....	cf.	8	35	9	6	7	3	3	.172	.769
Acree, Russell.....	s. s.	15	65	12	11	18	26	15	.169	.746
Lockett, R. E.....	lf, cf.	8	30	7	4	5	1	5	.133	.545
Harrison, E., Jr.....	rf, lf.	14	58	7	7	9	1	5	.121	.667
Tupper, F. L.....	2b, 3b, 1b,	5	21	2	2	23	8	8	.095	.795
Duke, F. W.....	c, cf, lf.	10	42	7	4	17	6	7	.095	.767
Total.....	129	548	122	122	352	153	87	.223	.853

Schedule of Games Played by Richmond College Base-Ball Team, Season of 1894.

MARCH	23—	Richmond College	versus	Lehigh University,	-	14—7
"	26—	"	"	Virginias,	-	7—3
APRIL	7—	"	"	"	-	16—9
"	9—	"	"	Altoona (Penn. League),	-	10—12
"	11—	"	"	" " "	-	3—15
"	18—	"	"	Petersburg (League),	-	3—5
"	19—	"	"	Richmond "	-	11—7
"	21—	"	"	University of N. C.,	-	1—14
MAY	3—	"	"	Columbian University,	-	20—6
"	4—	"	"	Wake Forest College,	-	4—6
"	7—	"	"	University of N. C.,	-	3—6
"	12—	"	"	Randolph-Macon College,	-	6—5
"	17—	"	"	" " "	-	3—5
"	20—	"	"	Newport News,	-	21—0
"	21—	"	"	" "	-	15—3
"	22—	"	"	" "	-	11—5
"	30—	"	"	V. M. I.	-	11—3
JUNE	15—	"	"	Randolph-Macon College,	-	1—2
"	18—	"	"	" " "	-	11—8
"	23—	"	"	" " "	-	9—3

University of Virginia vs. Richmond.

When the present session began, Richmond had only one veteran, Sallade, one of '93's tackles, as a nucleus around which to form the foot-ball team of '94. Had Sallade been Newell, of Harvard, or Winter or Wallis, of Yale, still the outlook would have been disheartening; for one man is not a foot-ball team. With Sallade for a beginning, and ten days in which to make a team to play against the University of Virginia, the boys went to work. No wonder that they were beaten 48—0. The wonder is that the 'Varsity boys did not roll up sixty points against our team of tyros. Considering the circumstances, the score should not be discouraging to any one.

On Tuesday, October 2d, the team went to Charlottesville. They were met at the depot by a number of old Richmond College men, whom everybody was glad to see. There was quite a good crowd at the game, the first game of the season for both teams, though Virginia had been practicing two weeks longer than Richmond. Play began about 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon. Richmond won the toss and took the ball. Ellyson kicked the ball fifty yards, but Groner caught the ball and had fifteen yards to his credit before he was downed. After Johnson and Groner had each made small gains around the end and through center, Johnson made a pretty run around left end behind interference for thirty-five yards. Quick gains followed by Jones, Groner, Tunis and Mudd. Then Groner was pushed over the line for a touch-down. Richmond had not yet waked up. Mudd kicked an easy goal. Ellyson led off with another long kick, but Groner dodged and squirmed through the crowd until he had made twenty-five yards. By this time Richmond had waked up. Virginia had the ball on her forty-five-yard line. Three times her backs drove into the opposing line or essayed to gain around the end. All to no purpose. The Richmond line stood like a

wall, and the ball went over on downs. But after she had the ball Richmond could not gain. The 'Varsity boys soon recovered the ball, and a touchdown was the next thing. Such is the story of the game. Ricemond occasionally made determined stands, but could not gain when she had the ball. She missed her last year's quartet of backs, who, though individually they were not star ground gainers, worked together better than any other backs Richmond ever had. When the whistle was blown at the end of the second half, the score stood: Virginia, 48; Richmond, 0. Mudd proved a splendid goal kicker, never missing a goal. He seemed to take a particular delight in putting the ball exactly over the center of the cross-bar. Though Richmond was badly beaten, the game did the team more good than a month's practice could have done. It helped the men to shake themselves together, and made them determine to work hard to make themselves a better match for their opponents when they should meet again. It also served to show Richmond her strong and weak places. She found that four of her new players—Bloxtton, Ellyson, Binford, and Daughtrey—had proved themselves great acquisitions to their team. Harrison at quarter, showed himself a splendid tackler, as did Sallade at full-back. Harrison does not get the ball back quickly enough (quite a bad fault), for it makes all the backs slow in starting. Roger's older brother, Edmund, who played quarter-back last year, could give him some points on this subject. Edmund Harrison was the quickest starter and the most accurate man in passing the ball that I have ever seen in the position. In interfering, Roger is very nearly as good and may prove even better as the season progresses. Take the whole team together, they played quite well for the first game of the season.

University of Virginia, 28; Richmond, 0.

When the team of the University of Virginia went back to Charlottesville on the night of October 18th, they were a sadly disappointed lot of men. They had come to Richmond, fresh from almost a victory over Princeton's tigers, with the full expectation of snowing under our team to the tune of 70—0. Indeed, one or two were so rash as to offer to bet that such would be the score. Of course, such odds did not go begging, for the Richmond team was not to be despised. There were 500 or 600 people at West-End Park to witness the game, among whom were quite a large number of ladies.

Mr. George A. Ainslie was the referee for the first half, and umpire for the second. Mr. Charles R. Burnett acted as linesman, and Mr. Henry C. Burnett, Jr., was umpire for the first half and referee for the second. The teams played 25-minute halves. Following is the line up:

<i>University of Virginia.</i>			<i>Richmond.</i>
Mudd, 185 (Small),	- left end,	-	Sallade, 157.
Bosher, 165,	- left tackle,	-	Grove, 167.
Burlingham, 192,	- left guard,	-	Bloxtton, 165.
Blaine, 195,	- centre,	-	Daughtrey, 180.
Penton, 204,	- right guard,	-	Higgason, 174.
Hicks, 185,	- right tackle,	-	Ellyson, 164.
Price, 163,	- right end,	-	W. Duke, 155.
			(E. Harrison.)
Taylor, 147,	- quarter back,	-	R. Harrison, 135.
Jones, 155,	- left half,	-	Hazen, 156.
Johnson, 158,	- right half,	-	Binford, 145.
Pope, 163,	- full back,	-	F. Duke, 150.

Average weight: University of Virginia, 174; Richmond, 159.

Richmond College won the toss, and F. Duke kicked off for forty yards. Pope caught and ran the ball for fifteen yards before he was tackled. On the line up Jones

went around left end for ten yards, tackled hard by Harrison and W. Duke. In the next three downs Virginia failed to gain, and the ball went over. On the first down Harrison fumbled, Price got the ball, and, with a clear field before him, made a touchdown. Pope kicked the goal. Score: 6—0. Ellyson kicked off for fifty yards, Taylor caught and gained twenty-five in the scattered field. Jones went around the right end for six yards, and Pope bucked the centre for five more. Johnson attempted the left end, but W. Duke broke through and made a beautiful diving tackle, bringing Johnson to the ground with a loss of five yards. In the tackle Duke struck his head with such force against Johnson's knee that he knocked himself unconscious. He was brought around in a few minutes, and pluckily continued playing, amid much applause. During the remainder of the time he was in a dazed condition, and could not play his usual strong game. When play was resumed Boshier tried the right end, but Grove got through Hicks and threw Boshier in his tracks. Mudd could gain only four yards, and the ball went over. Frank Duke went through the 'Varsity line for ten yards, Bloxton making a beautiful opening on Penton. Hazen followed for four more, and the big Virginia centre men got down on their knees to stop the rush. Binford could gain only one yard around left end, but F. Duke came to the rescue with six more through the centre. The ball was again fumbled in the next scrimmage. Taylor got it, and made thirty-five yards before he was tackled by Bloxton. Jones stole around right end for five, and F. Duke tackled hard. Johnson tried the left end, but Ellyson did not let him reach the end. Boshier made three around the right end, and Sallade brought him down nicely. Johnson took four yards around the left end, and Pope three in the centre. Johnson went through the centre for the second touchdown. Pope made it a goal. Jones caught the ball from the kick-off and gained fifteen

yards. F. Duke tackled him neatly. The visitors twice tried the centre without gain, but on the third down Pope went through Higgason for five yards. Price gained six around left end, where Harrison tackled him. Bloxton broke through Penton and spoiled the next play. After two runs around the end without gain the ball went over. Hazen tried the end, but was tackled without gain. F. Duke gained four through centre, and Ellyson followed with three more. Bloxton went between right end and tackle for seven yards. W. Duke took the ball around the end for five yards. The next three downs failed to yield the required distance, and the ball went over. Price made twenty-five yards on a double pass. F. Duke tackled him about the knees, and Ellyson struck him above the waist from behind. Price fell to the ground as if he had fallen from the college tower. The sound of the fall could be heard all over the field. When Price got up he had a broken nose, but kept on playing. Richmond was given the ball for foul interference, but fumbled, and Price, securing the ball, went down the field for the third touchdown. Pope missed an easy goal. Score: 16—0. Neither side scored during the remainder of this half. Richmond worked the ball up to Virginia's ten-yard line, but lost it on an offside play. Here time was called for the first half. When play commenced in the second half, Pope kicked off, W. Duke caught the ball, and gained twenty yards. Binford gained three in the centre, and then F. Duke punted for thirty yards. Pope fumbled and was downed in his tracks by Bloxton. On the next down Virginia was given twenty-five yards on a foul tackle. Jones followed this with twenty yards around the end. Pope gained four through centre, twice in succession, and then Mudd, on a double pass, went over the line. Mudd kicked goal. Score: 22—0. After the ball had changed hands several times, Virginia took it over the line for a touchdown. Mudd kicked the goal. Score: 28—0.

After the kick-off, Virginia worked the ball to Richmond's five-yard line, where they lost it on downs. Duke kicked to Pope, who made a fair catch. He tried for goal, but missed. Duke kicked out from Richmond's ten-yard line. Johnson caught, but was downed in his tracks by E. Harrison. Soon afterwards time was called. Score: Virginia, 28; Richmond, 0.

The tackling of the Richmond College team was the best ever seen in Richmond. Binford, Hazen, W. Duke, Frank Duke, Bloxton, Ellyson and both of the Harrisons especially distinguished themselves in this respect. Richmond College may well congratulate herself on this game, as two out of Virginia's five touchdowns were made on flukes. It was certainly wonderful to see Richmond go through Virginia's centre, although the 'Varsities outweighed them by fifteen pounds to the man.

Norfolk, 4; Richmond, 4.

On November 3d a crowd of about three hundred people, including a large number of ladies, assembled at Y. M. C. A. Park, in Norfolk, and witnessed a beautiful game of ball between the Y. M. C. A. team of that place and Richmond College. The grounds were very heavy and the many fumbles made by the backs of both teams may be attributed to this cause. The work of Harrison, McNiel, Rucker and Sallade for our boys was brilliant, while the punting of Dornin and tackling of Osborne were the features of Norfolk's game.

Richmond won the toss and took the ball. Ellyson kicked to Norfolk's ten-yard line, Tredwell catching the ball and advancing it fifteen yards before he was downed by Binford. After several slight gains, Dornin took the ball over right tackle for fifteen yards, but dropped the ball when Sallade tackled him, and Ellyson fell on it. Sallade gains

ten yards through the center, Higgason fails to gain ; here the ball is given to Norfolk on a foul. After several unsuccessful attempts to carry the ball through Richmond's line, Dornin tries a goal from the forty-five-yard line and barely misses it ; Richmond brings the ball out to the twenty-five-yard line, but loses it immediately on a fumble. Norfolk gains ten and seven yards, respectively, over the left tackle and around left end ; then Lunsford broke through the line and got the ball from Norfolk's right half-back. Rucker gains twelve yards through the line, Bloxton fifteen yards around right end, and Higgason ten yards around left end ; on a double pass, McNiel made a beautiful run around left end, and, aided by fine blocking on the part of Harrison, scored Richmond's only touch down just twenty-five minutes after play was called. Score: Richmond, 4 ; Norfolk, 0. Ellyson fails an easy goal on account of the ball being saturated with mud and water. Dornin kicked into Richmond's goal and the ball was brought to the twenty-five-yard line ; Rucker went through the line for ten yards, failing to gain in two downs. Ellyson kicked and Tredwell caught the ball, bringing it to Norfolk's fifteen-yard line. Then time was called for the first half.

After ten minutes' rest, Dornin kicked to Richmond's five-yard line ; McNiel takes the ball round left end for twenty-five yards ; Rucker makes a slight gain and Harrison makes thirty yards around right end ; McNiel, after running ten yards, drops the ball and Osborne falls on it. After making a slight gain around right end Norfolk tries what proves to be a winning move, the revolving wedge, and by successive small gains carries the ball to Richmond's fifteen-yard line. Here Rucker is hurt, but after a delay of five minutes pluckily takes his place again. Now begins a desperate struggle ; little by little Norfolk advances, till just as time is up, Dornin carries the the ball over for a touchdown. Score: Richmond, 4 ; Norfolk, 4. Amid in-

tense excitement and breathless silence, Dornin tried an easy goal, but the ball passed below the cross-bar and we were saved from defeat.

The teams lined up as follows :

Richmond College.

Norfolk Y. M. C. A.

McNiel,	-	-	left end,	-	-	Carter,
Keyser,	-	-	left tackle,	-	-	Reynolds,
Bloxtton,	-	-	left guard,	-	-	Henry,
Daughtrey,	-	-	centre rush,	-	-	McCollough,
Higgason,	-	-	right guard,	-	-	Hall,
Ellyson,	-	-	right tackle,	-	-	Irvine,
Lunsford,	-	-	right end,	-	-	Heath,
Harrison,	-	-	quarter back,	-	-	Taylor,
Ryland (Rucker),			left half back,	-	-	Tredwell,
Binford,	-	-	right half back,	-	-	Osborne,
Sallade,	-	-	full back,	-	-	Dornin,

Touchdowns—McNiel and Dornin.

Umpire—Mr. T. T. Duke, of Richmond.

Referee—Mr. Norvell, of Norfolk.

Lineman—Mr. ———, of Norfolk.

Collegiana.

Down!

Foul, Mr. Umpire!!

THE MESSENGER regrets to state that three of the most studious and law-abiding students of the College have recently been called home on account of the sickness of their grandmothers' pet cats.

The University Extension Lectures will be resumed after Christmas. The Thomas Endowment Lectures will also take place about the usual time. Prof. Winston is already in correspondence with some of the most distinguished scholars and lecturers in the country. It will be difficult to arrange a course of lectures as popular as were the Furness lectures of last session.

Prof. Harris has in course of preparation an historical catalogue of the College.

THE MESSENGER takes great pleasure in announcing that, commencing with the next number, this work will be published in instalments in this magazine. Any information concerning alumni will be thankfully received by the Professor.

We have not only discovered a Jack in needy circumstances, but have developed a poet. See poem on another page.

Mr. H. (explaining a game of foot-ball to a young lady): "The fellow just behind the line is the quarter back; then the two men behind him are the half backs; the one between them is the —"

Young Lady (interrupting him): "Oh, he's the *whole* back, of course."

Professor in Senior Phil. : "What about the personal appearance of Socrates, Mr. F.?"

Mr. F. : "He was very ugly, sir; bald-headed."

Professor (hastily) : "That's no reason he was ugly, sir."
(Great applause).

Rat W. says he went down to the Theatre to see the *Mozart* the other night, and it was the finest play he ever saw.

Mr. G-W's mother sent him to the grocer's to see if he had pig-feet. After staying about an hour he came back and said he could not tell; the grocer had his shoes on.

Mr. S. says his girl says some mighty sweet things. She has no teeth, and all her words are gum-drops. See?

Mr. G., upon arriving in Richmond, got off the train at Elba. After the train had started on, he suddenly remembered that his trunk was in the baggage car; so off he started in pursuit, and, in his own language, "followed till the darned old train ran into a hole in the ground," when he gave up all hope of seeing his trunk again. He was much relieved when told that it could probably be found at the depot.

Mr. L., in Senior Phil., inquires into the biography of Epistemology.

Mr. B. inquires who succeeded Julius Cæsar in the college of apostles.

Mr. R. has been making an attempt to introduce a new proposition into geometry—that of *superscribing* circles.

The same gentleman has the impression that macaroni grows in Italy.

Mr. H. being told that a photographic negative was finished, asked when the affirmative would be ready.

We are glad to note that Dr. J. L. M. Curry will spend the winter in Richmond, and thus be near the institution whose interests he cherishes.

A young lady, who is very prodd of her knowledge of football, asked one of the team if he played half-back, full back, or touchdown.

Mr. K-y-r, on the Norfolk trip, wanted to know whether we would walk across Hampton Roads or go in a 'bus.

THAT BILLET-DOUX.

The younger "400" of the West End have been all agog for the past few weeks over a *billet-doux* received by one of its members, which, from a literary and sentimental standpoint, is doubtless without a parallel in the English language. When THE MESSENGER, with its usual enterprise, at an outlay of great pains and manœuvring, to say nothing of the enormous expense of bribes and other incidentals, secured an exact copy of this inimitable production, the excitement reached fever-heat, and amounted to a genuine sensation.

We publish below, although with full confidence that more than one duel will result. Our fighting editor has ordered a coat-of-mail.

AUGUST 18, '93.

Most Estimable and Superb—:

May the golden sun of grace and beauty stream its celestial rays over thy etherial form for ever.

Even yesterday as I wandered thro' the green and grassy groves of Grace street "I dreamed a dream, and it was not all dream." I saw the lordly Sol charge up his scorching path towards the zenith of his glory; and the pale lady moon in the west, with one dainty foot in her diurnal grave, smile a Delsarte good-night to the peaceful and proud globe. Suddenly the scene changed; the stars rushed out like

myriads of diamonds; the sun and moon simultaneously sprang to the zenith, a beautiful aurora gleamed in the north, sounds of Elysian character filled the oxygen. Then there was a change, the aurora grouped itself around the sun, which became a face of the most beautiful grecian cast, the hair became a beautiful chestnut brown; it was the aurora. The moon became a "low neck" of snowy whiteness, and the stars a fluffy white dress with adorable arms. And then "like a bright mirage THY form doth appear."

And now fare well thou goddess of Fluvanna.

Your eternaly faithful,

GEORGE ROLAND CHRISTIAN OX.

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

This session, for the first time, Athletics at the College are under the general supervision of an advisory committee, consisting of one member chosen from the Faculty, two from the Alumni, and two from the students. Prof. F. W. Boatwright represents the Faculty in the committee, and at its first meeting was unanimously elected chairman. The selection of Prof. Boatwright should be especially acceptable to the students, since he is, perhaps, the most enthusiastic friend of athletics in the Faculty, having served in former years as Gymnasium Instructor, Chairman of Field Day Committee, and in other capacities with zeal and success. The members chosen from the Alumni are Prof. Charles M. Hazen and Mr. F. W. Duke, both practical and successful athletes. Messrs. A. N. Bowers and W. D. Phillips were chosen to represent the students. Mr. Bowers, having been chosen manager of the Foot-Ball and Base-Ball Teams, considered these offices incompatible with that of member of the committee, and tendered his resignation from the latter. Mr. A. Lunsford was elected to fill the vacancy. The new arrangement is an unqualified success, and there has been no hitch or friction in any quarter.

THE SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION.

We present with this issue an excellent portrait of Mr. Samuel J. Young, who, at the last meeting of the Trustees, was elected to fill the Chair of Expression, which had been vacant since the resignation of Prof. L. R. Hamberlin. Prof. Young meets two classes at the College each day, and the school is already very popular. Mr. Young, having been a student at the College, is too well known to need an extended biography. His training for this work was obtained at the Boston School of Expression,—probably the best school of its kind in the country. Mr. Young has already proven himself a worthy successor to the distinguished and talented Hamberlin.

ON THE CAMPUS.

The “Campus girls” are fewer in number this year owing to marriages, teaching, etc., but we must console ourselves with the reflection that though we lose greatly thereby some one else wins greatly.

Miss Lulie Winston, who distinguished herself in former sessions doing privately the work of the advanced classes in Mathematics and Physics, is teaching at Bon Air, near Richmond. She is greatly missed on the Campus.

Miss Lizzie Puryear is filling a responsible 'position in a college in Greenville, S. C. No one could be more missed in the Magazine Club and on the Campus.

Mrs. Montague (*nee* Winston) frequently pays short visits to the Campus.

By far the most important social event that has happened among the Campus people since last June was the marriage,

on October 30th, of Miss Juliet Pollard to Mr. J. Wm. Wills, of Atlanta, Ga. This beautiful marriage was celebrated in Calvary Baptist Church, at high noon, and was witnessed by the Faculty and a large number of the students, besides the relatives of the bride and groom and a host of other friends. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. E. B. Pollard, of Roanoke, brother of the bride, and the opening and closing prayers were offered by the Rev. H. A. Bagby and Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher, pastors of the contracting parties. After a few days spent on a tour North and in Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Wills went to their Southern home. THE MESSENGER tenders to the young couple its congratulations and good wishes.

Among the visitors on the Campus during the past month were Miss Hardaway who visited the families of Professors Harrison and Winston ; Misses Williams and Scott, who were the guests of Miss Janet Harris ; Miss Fannie Harrison, the guest of the Misses Harrison ; and Misses Pollard of Baltimore, and Campbell, who came to attend the marriage of Miss Pollard and Mr. Wills.

Dr. Pollard has been quite sick for several weeks, but we are glad to see that he has greatly improved in the last few days and is able to meet his classes regularly again.

The Magazine Club has again started under encouraging auspices. The first regular meeting this session was held on the 15th of November, when the election of officers took place and other business of importance was transacted.

We are very much gratified to notice that a half-dozen or more of the young ladies who live under the shadow of the College have undertaken to do some advanced work in English under the direction of Prof. Pollard, who has kindly allowed them to attend his lectures to the Intermediate and Senior classes.

SOCIETY REUNIONS.

The reunion of the Philologian was an occasion of interest to all concerned. The president, Mr. C. G. McDaniel, in graceful style, welcomed new-comers, and said that one would hardly make a mistake by joining either of the societies. He then introduced Mr. J. P. Sadler, the orator of the evening. With forcible and eloquent words did this young lawyer present the thoughtful ideas drawn from his subject, "Our Country's Call; Will you Respond?" He attacked shams in various professions with gloves off, and pleaded for true manhood in every sphere of action.

Prof. Harrison made a charming speech, full of reminiscence and useful suggestions to the "society men." He showed that there is as much failure and lack of method in hunting a thought as in hunting for game, on the part of some.

Prof. Pollard emphasized the idea of persistence in speaking and the cultivation of the habit of speaking without manuscript.

Prof. Harris also made a practical and impressive speech in pointing out certain advantages resulting from connection with a literary society.

Mr. J. H. Binford, Improvement Medallist of '93-'94, made a clear-cut and amusing talk.

MU SIGMA RHO REUNION.

Nothing baffles the Mu Sigs. In the absence of their orator they proved their power at impromptu speaking. Entertaining speeches were made by several members.

Mr. M. A. Martin presided in fine style and made a fine address of welcome.

Mr. W. E. Gibson was called out and declaimed "Father Ryan" very impressively.

Prof. Harris, ever ready to give his support to all that interests and benefits the students, was present, and made a

very instructive address on his own experiences in literary society work.

The Philologists, too, were called out to speak.

The Mu Sigma Rho reunion was one of variety and interest, and made a fine impression on the new students.

On October 5th both societies held their regular election of officers, and below we give the names of the fortunate ones:

MU SIGMA RHO.

President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. T. Burnley.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	W. D. Phillips.
Censor,	-	-	-	-	-	-	F. T. Hill.
Recording Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	O. S. Owens.
Corresponding Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	W. W. Trice.
Chaplain,	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. A. Garrett.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. M. Cockerill.
Critic,	-	-	-	-	-	-	W. B. Daughtrey.
Sergeant-at-Arms,	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. A. Martin.
Hall Manager,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Benj. Bloxton.

PHILOLOGIAN.

President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. A. Willis.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. E. Stuart.
Historian,	-	-	-	-	-	-	W. N. Roper.
Critic,	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. G. McDaniel.
Censor,	-	-	-	-	-	-	E. V. Riddell.
Corresponding Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	W. L. Prince.
Recording Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	W. W. Edwards.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	-	-	A. W. Smith.
Chaplain,	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. A. Sullivan.
Sergeant-at-Arms,	-	-	-	-	-	-	A. C. Durham.
Hall Managers,	-	-	-	-	-	-	{ E. W. Provence, H. C. Wingo.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

The first meeting of the Geographical and Historical Society was held on Tuesday afternoon, October 8th. This being the first meeting of the session, the most important business transacted was the election of officers. Prof. F. W. Boatwright was unanimously re-elected President of the Society; Mr. J. P. Sadler was elected Vice-President, Mr. J. E. Johnson Secretary, and Mr. H. M. Fugate Treasurer.

There was no regular programme arranged for the meeting, but Prof. Boatwright delivered a highly interesting address before the Society, setting forth what was to be gained from the study of history and from visiting historic places. Among other things the Professor said: "If we would appreciate the valorous deeds and renowned achievements of other lands we must first learn to appreciate them in our own. If we do not glory in Yorktown, we cannot understand Marathon. If the grave of Jackson does not inspire us, we need never hope to be made better or nobler for having gazed upon Thermopylae or stood by the grave of Leonidas. Walter Scott would never have written those entrancing romances of Caledonian glory if he had not loved the moss-grown abbeys and historical cities; and unless the youth of our land learn to love and venerate the memories of our prowess and progress, our history will never be heraled to posterity or serve as a beacon to the sons and daughters of earth. Germany does not count the education of her children complete until they have visited the sacred spots the nation loves. This training breeds patriots. This explains why a quarter of a century ago the Fatherland arose as one man, and in six short weeks humbled the proudest nation of Europe and crushed a foreign foe."

Prof. Lyon G. Tyler, President of the College of William and Mary, will address the Society some time in November. His subject on this occasion will be "Yorktown and Its Memories." Mr. Tyler is one of the most deeply interested students of Virginia history, and is qualified to handle his theme in a masterly manner. This lecture will be open to the public.

It was decided that the meetings of the Society would be held on the second and third Tuesdays of each month.

Yorktown was mentioned as the place to which the pilgrimage should be made on Historical day this session.

The line of work to be pursued by the Society this year will consist of the study of Virginia counties and the history of the Revolution.

The following gentlemen were elected press correspondents: Mr. R. E. Loving for *The Dispatch*, Mr. G. T. Hambleton for *The Times*, Mr. J. H. Franklin for THE MESSENGER.

The second meeting of the Society was held on October 30th. Prof. Boatwright delivered an address before the body, which was intended as somewhat of a preface to the year's work. He clearly set forth the events leading up to the American Revolution, giving the Society such a view of facts as will enable the members to better appreciate the matters to be considered later.

The Society secured Gen. T. T. Munford, a Confederate veteran and former student of Richmond College, to give a public address at the College on the evening of Thursday, November 1st. His subject was, "The Strategy of Gen.

Lee in the Defence of Richmond." His address was very instructive. It was not known till the day before that he could be secured, consequently the attendance was not large.

The feature of the meeting of November 13th was a well prepared paper upon the Life of Patrick Henry. Mr. J. E. Johnson, the writer of the paper, gave an intelligent and interesting view of this patriot's career, and showed that he had given his subject diligent study. Owing to other meetings in College the rest of the programme for the evening was dispensed with.

Mr. Lyon G. Tyler, of the College of William and Mary, will doubtless be greeted by a large audience on the evening of November 23d, when he will address the Society and its friends upon "Yorktown and Its Memories."

The Society has a larger membership than ever before, and the work is most satisfactory.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. of Richmond College for session '94-'95 has had a favorable beginning, and promises to be greater than that of any previous session. Several days before the beginning of the session the President, Mr. J. H. Franklin, and the Reception Committee, consisting of J. R. Murdoch, chairman; A. L. Owens, W. B. Daughtrey, J. Sallade, G. F. Hambleton, W. E. Gibson, and R. W. Hatcher, were on the campus getting ready for the annual reception and trying in every way possible to make the new students feel at home among us. The first gathering of the students each year is under the auspices of the Association, and the first welcome given them is to its work and its pleasures and its duties. Our Association recognizes the

fact that help given a man when he first enters college and kindness shown then, will be more appreciated and longer remembered than if given later on in his college life. Acting on this belief, a committee was appointed for the special purpose of helping new students, and we have reason to believe that much needed help was rendered many who were ignorant of college ways and college life. They were helped in selecting rooms and furnishing them, and in many little things which will not soon be forgotten.

The formal reception to new students was given on Thursday evening, September 20th, in the College chapel. Not only all students and the professors and their families, but many friends of the College, both ladies and gentlemen, were present on this occasion. The president of the Association briefly extended a cordial welcome and then introduced Mr. G. F. Hambleton, who, in an appropriate speech, outlined the work of the session. The three points most emphasized were Bible Study, Missions (especially the study of missions and giving systematically to missions), and the work within the college. Of course, we expect the work in the Mission Stations around the College to be carried on as usual, but at the same time to pay more attention to religion in the College. Prof. Harris was present and was heard with pleasure and profit. Other members of the Faculty were also present to show their interest in our work. The pastors and superintendents of Sunday schools who had come up from the city extended cordial invitations to the students to attend their churches. After the exercises in the chapel were closed, the whole audience was invited to the Mess Hall to partake of refreshments. There, with the young ladies of the campus as waiters, the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent.

The prospects for the year's work were never brighter, and if the Association continues as it has begun, under the

efficient leadership of our president, the year's work will be crowned with great success.

BIBLE STUDY.

This important feature in College Y. M. C. A. work has been to some degree neglected in Richmond College in the past year or two, but we have begun early this session in trying to promote a systematic study of the Word of God. Prof. H. H. Harris has given us an hour of his time every week, and on Friday evenings all who are members of the Bible classes meet him at 6 P. M. From this large class are formed three smaller ones with one of our own number as teacher for each. There are about fifty who have enrolled their names, but we hope to increase that number and to form other smaller classes.

Prof. Harris has chosen the Pentateuch as the portion of the Bible to be studied. He delivers a lecture on a portion assigned and the smaller classes take up the same portion for closer study and discussion.

MISSION WORK.

An effort is being made to increase the Mission spirit in the College; not only to have a large and zealous Mission Band, but to interest the students generally in this great work. The plan of systematic giving to missions which has been worked successfully elsewhere, will be tried this session here, and we hope with great success. If each student will give an average of five cents a week a large amount will be raised and much good will be done to the givers themselves.

WORK IN COLLEGE.

It has been a source of sadness to those most interested in the spiritual condition of the College that for several sessions past there has been no conversion among our students. We are making this one object in our work. In

years past there have been gracious revivals here. Why should we not have one this session? If the Christian students will stand together and exemplify in their lives the religion of Christ there is no doubt as to the result on the unconverted. By earnest, faithful lives and importunate prayer we may make this a memorable year in the history of the College because of the religious influence exerted by its students.

ALUMNI NOTES AND PERSONALS.

F. A. Jones, B. A., ('94), is in business with his father in Benham, Texas.

W. F. Dunaway, Jr., B. A., ('94), is teaching in Culpeper county.

L. B. Samuels, B. A., ('93), is editor of the Nelson County (Ky.) *Record*.

W. F. Long, B. A., ('94), is teaching in the Southside Academy, Chase City.

E. M. Pilcher and Thomas Hardaway, B. L.'s, ('94), have entered into a partnership for the practise of law in this city.

E. T. Powers is attending Stevens' Institute of Technology, New Jersey.

C. W. Lemon is attending the University College of Medicine, this city.

R. W. Hatcher, ('89-'94), is preaching for two churches in Spotsylvania and Caroline counties.

Russell Acree, ('92-'94), is merchandising in Danville.

O. W. Copenhaver is principal of a school in Southwest Virginia.

C. T. Willingham, ('93-'94), is busy in the office of the *Foreign Mission Journal*.

W. H. Ryland, B. A., ('92-'93), and J. Garland Pollard, ('92-'93), have hung out their shingle in Richmond as practising lawyers.

L. R. Wright is preaching to some flourishing churches at Waverly and Wakefield.

T. Aubrey Newbill, ('92-'94), called to see us a few days ago.

M. J. Hoover, ('88-'94), is principal of the graded school of Barton Heights, and preaches every Sunday.

T. M. Helm was on the Campus for a day or two while attending the Christian National Convention. He is taking Hebrew at Randolph-Macon College this session.

T. U. French states, in a recent letter, that his health is improving.

Our students of last year now at the University of Virginia are: P. S. Bosher, R. S. Bosher, S. B. Carney, W. S. Bowe, M. E. Cocke, J. A. Turner, Watkins Ellison, A. B. Slayden, and J. T. Carneal.

At the Louisville Seminary are the following who a year ago were students here: H. W. Provence, W. B. Duling, R. H. White, and R. T. Marsh.

C. W. Duke, M. A., ('93), has been elected editor-in-chief of the Seminary Magazine.

The *Bethany Collegian* for November contains a portrait and obituary of Robert A. Cutler, who died at Bethany College a short time ago. Cutler was at Richmond College sessions '85 and '86.

CLIPPINGS FROM COLLEGE CONTEMPORARIES.

Yale's income from athletics last year amounted to \$61,480.71.

Columbia's endowment fund is \$9,000,000. It is second only to Girard College.

The Harvard library contains pictures of all its classes since 1752.

Chicago university has one instructor for every six students.

Prep., studying etymology: "Vir, a man, gin, a trap, virgin, a man-trap."

The University of Michigan has enrolled two Chinese women as students.

John Clarkson will coach the Harvard base-ball team during the winter.

For fifty years no smoker has graduated from Harvard College with the honors of his class.

Twenty-one Johns Hopkins graduates are on the faculty of the University of Chicago.

The faculty of Boston University has decided to allow work on the college paper to count for English in the regular course.

According to careful estimates three hours close study wear out the body more than a whole day of physical exertion.—*Bates Student*.

It is reported that in the last six years three hundred and eighty-nine students of the Prussian schools have committed suicide on account of failing in examinations.—*Ex.*

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Full moon ; | 2. He loved ; |
| Late birds ; | She loved ; |
| Sleigh rides ; | One kiss ; |
| Sweet words. | Much bliss. |
| 3. Both loved ; | 4. Pa—yes ; |
| No jilt ; | Ma—yes ; |
| "Wilt thou ?" | All met ; |
| "I wilt." | Day set. |
| 5. Large church ; | 6. Small house ; |
| Sweet bride ; | Much joy ; |
| Gay groom ; | Long life ; |
| Knot tied. | One boy. |

—*Ex.*

TEARS.

Not in the time of pleasure
 Hope doth set her bow ;
 But in the sky of sorrow,
 Over the vale of woe.
 Through gloom and shadow look we
 On beyond the years ;
 The soul would have no rainbow
 Had the eyes no tears.

—*Mnemosynean.*

APPEARANCES.

I watched her in church one sunny day,
 My lady of matchless grace,
 As she followed the old man's stumbling words
 With earnestly upturned face.

I studied the curve of her soft round cheek
 And the fringe of her thoughtful eyes,
 And I mused, she is fair and holy and meek,
 With a heart that the angels might prize.

We walked together down through the aisle
 And out from the wide church door
 As my lady said, with her wondrous smile,
 "Were you *ever* so bored before?"

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

THE BROKEN VOW.

An oath to God the Viking swore,
 To sail a-North so far
 That his sloping mast should stand upright
 And point to the Polar Star.

Oh, never a fear his hard heart felt ;
 Oh, never a fear at all ;
 As he sailed away on his mad intent
 To burst God's iceberg wall.

But Southward by the hurricane
 That blighted ship was blown ;
 Till bearded Jan, the Viking stern,
 Lived on the deck alone.

From Greenland's shore the tempest swept
 Grim Jan two thousand miles,
 To hide his bones forevermore
 Hard by the Windward Isles.

* * * * *

Since Jan the Viking's ship went down,
 Three centuries have been ;
 But sailors vow that even now
 When North winds rage, he's seen

Steering, mid the Caribbees
 In Southern seas afar,
 Northward, where the Dipper's rim
 Points to the Polar Star.

—Amherst Lit.



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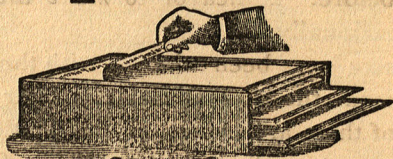
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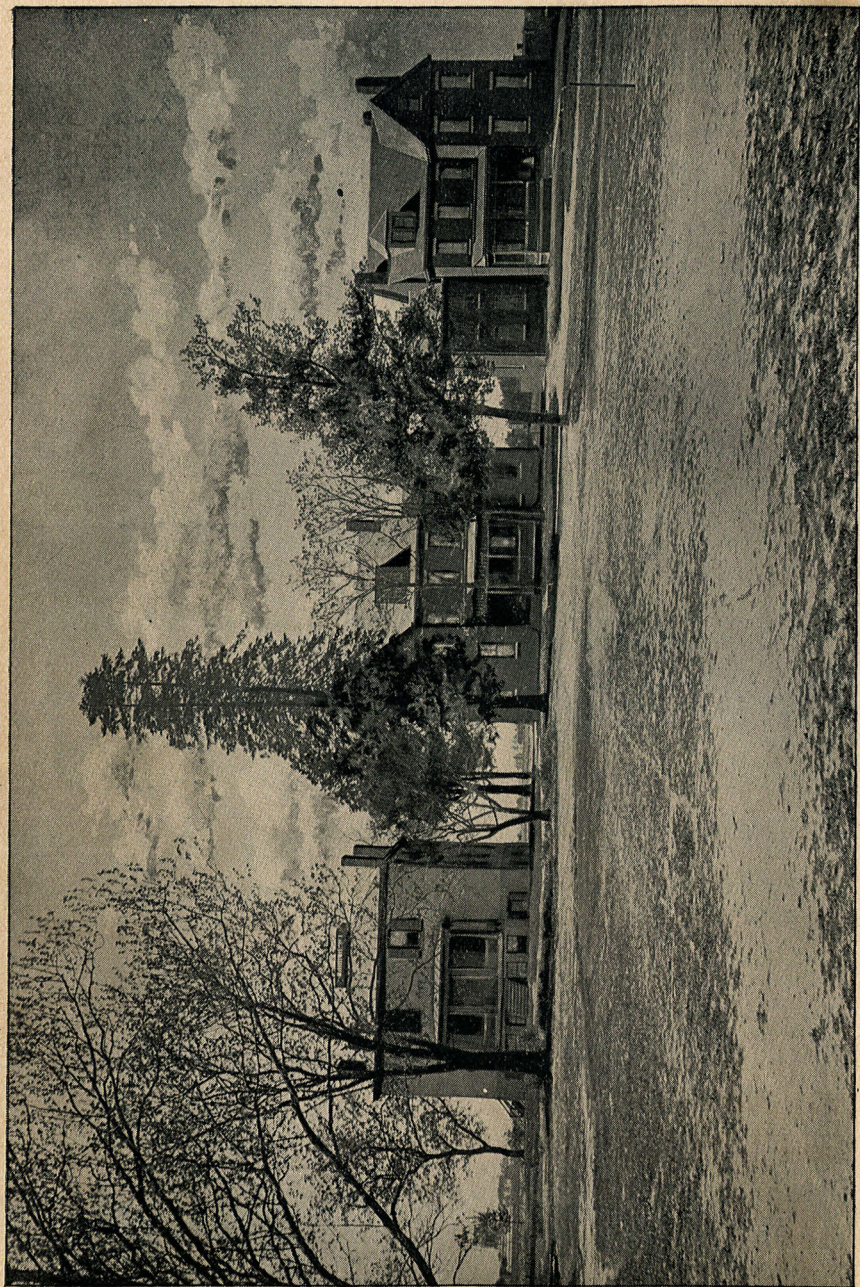
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