Switzerland has for a long time been famous for her beautiful and impressive scenery, and for this reason has been a favorite with the tourists of the world. She has been correctly spoken of as the "water-shed" of Europe, for within her
boundaries the principal rivers that drain the central portions of the continent take their rise. Naturally, therefore, the physical aspect of Switzerland is bold and imposing. Her picturesque scenery has given inspiration to painter and poet, but the lakes, with their emerald-green waters, and the snow-capped peaks piercing the heavens, present a picture that baffles either the poet or painter to portray it.

The attention of the traveller, on entering Switzerland from the north, is first attracted by lake Zurich and its picturesque surroundings. The lake, though narrow, is several miles in length, and the mid-summer’s breeze sweeping gently over its surface bears before it a multitude of little boats with their white sails glistening in the sunlight. All around the landscape is dotted with villas and groves, while in the middle distance is seen “gentle hills with verdure clad,” and in the far horizon arise snow-clad mountain peaks, rendered even more majestic by the intervening distance, for

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

A few miles south of Zurich is the small but very beautiful lake of Zug. In the distance can be seen three notable mountains—Righi, Pilatus, and the Roseberg, the last of which is especially memorable for a fearful catastrophe connected with it. The mountain is about five thousand feet high, and toward top consists of what is known as the pudding-stone formation. This peculiar composition is apt to become cracked, and large portions sometimes fall, and, as an avalanche, is accompanied by destruction. The largest fall ever known was in 1806, when a quantity fell that was a league in length, a thousand feet in breadth, and a hundred feet in thickness. Many towns were swept away, and at the town of Goldan nothing was left but the bell that hung in the steeple of the church.

Lake Lucerne is unquestionably the most beautiful of all the Swiss lakes. In shape it somewhat resembles a cross, its greatest length being about twenty-five miles. The effect produced by the setting sun when it rests on the lake and its pic-
The picturesque surroundings is most enchanting; and, as if to complete the picture, Pilatus, in all the majesty of its gigantic proportions, arises from the opposite shore and seems to stand as guardian of the lake below. Tradition says that Pilatus obtained its name from Pontius Pilate, who consented to the death of our Lord, and who was banished by the Emperor Tiberius into Gaul. At last, overwhelmed with grief because of his cruel act at Jerusalem, he terminated his life by a leap from the summit of Pilatus into a lake below. From the position of the mountain the clouds and vapors that float over the less elevated lands are gathered around its summit, and a thunder-storm near the Pilatus changes the whole aspect to one of terror and admiration. This circumstance, arising from a natural cause, the superstition of the former ages failed not to ascribe to the restless spirit of the Roman governor, which kept watch over his body buried beneath the waters of the lake, and when anyone disturbed them, found revenge by raising a storm on the summit of the mountain.

Lucerne is also memorable because it is the lake of William Tell, and an account of that hero and the events in which he bore so conspicuous a part would be of interest, but space will not allow even a brief sketch of his life. Although there is much skepticism concerning Tell and the apple, it has been the fireside tradition of almost every cottage, and there are few who do not admire the spirit-stirring and heroic story.

The Swiss, by nature of their surroundings, are somewhat rude, but they must be admired for possessing resolute and fearless dispositions. Numerous castles and fortifications can be seen, though marred by time and siege, are still standing as monuments to those who so nobly sacrificed their lives for the freedom of their country. Near Lake Thun may be seen one of these antique castles, with a watch-tower rising from each of its four corners; an ancient church, no less venerable, is situated beside the castle on a lofty and abrupt eminence; an old and picturesque town lies in the valley below—all combining form a picture to depict which in full effect requires a
painter whose mind is deeply imbued with the sublime in the
poetry of nature. In the same neighborhood may be seen the
ruins of a feudal castle, said to be the scene of Byron's Man­
fred. The peculiar beauty of the castle having associated with
it Lord Byron's play adds a charm to the scene that calls forth
the admiration of every traveller. Mention should be made in
this connection, also, of Staubbach, the loftiest cascade in
Europe—a single sheet of water falling perpendicularly for nearly
nine hundred feet. Lord Byron has spoken of it as "the won­
derful and indescribable."

Not far away from Lake Thun rises the mountain familiarly
spoken of as the Neisen. The lake, with its diversified shores,
seems to lend a peculiar attraction to the admirers of nature.
The neighboring mountains, the verdant hillsides covered with
flocks, the tall pines and poplars skirting the borders of the
lake, are reflected in the emerald-green waters and produce a
scene when we can most easily rise from "Nature up to
Nature's God."

Lake Geneva, by far the largest lake in Switzerland, has
associated with it some very important historical events. The
city by the same name, situated at one extremity of the lake,
is famous as the birth-place of Rousseau; the scene of Calvin's
career; and not far distant is still standing the dwelling-place
of Gibbon, one of the world's most celebrated historians.

It would be an endless task to make mention of all the
places of interest in Switzerland, for she is inexhaustible in all
that can charm the eye and surprise and captivate the imagi­
nation—a land once visited, will ever rest green in the memory,
and will inspire the soul with grand ideas and remind us of
the omnipotence of God.

VIVIEN.

THORSTEIN.

A Tale of the Viking Age.

Far away to the north, in the land of the midnight sun,
there once lived two brothers, sons of a Viking. They were
Norsemen, stalwart representatives of that noble race who
pushed their conquests into Roman boundaries and their discoveries to the shores of America. These brothers, Thorolf and Thorstein, on one occasion waged war (so we are told by the Sagas) on a neighboring Viking. They were victorious; but when the prows of the great "Ravens" bearing them had been turned from the shores, and the canvas filled with wind was propelling the great ships homeward, Thorstein, the younger brother, showed signs of pain. Pale and bleeding, he leaned heavily on his spear, and when his brother asked the cause of his sudden indisposition, he replied: "When the battle was well-nigh finished, and our enemies had made their last stand, doubtless you remember, my brother, that Otho, the chief, hurled his sword at thee, as a last attempt against thy life. At that time thou wast unprotected, and I covered thee with my shield. In doing so my own breast was left unprotected, and Otho, changing the direction of his blow, the sword sunk there. I fear my journeys will be no more, and soon must I take my abode in Valhalla, the last resting-place of the brave; but there is one request I will make of thee before I die. When I pass away my name, I fear, will die with me. I leave no one to perpetuate my name with brave deeds. But thou art married, thy actions will be carried on in the lives of thy children. Therefore, I beg of thee that thou wilt name thy first son, if it pleases the gods to give thee a son, after Thorstein, who saved thy life."

Thorolf promised his brother this last boon, and when a son was presented to him in the following year, he took him and blessed him. "I perceive the boy to be long-limbed and of goodly stature," he said. "We shall call him Thorstein, and may the rich blessing of his brave uncle fall upon his head."

* * * * * * * * * *

Years rolled by. The boy developed into a stalwart man, and while yet young was sent to the court of Ragnar, Norway's king, in order that he might imbibe those sterling qualities so necessary for a warrior and son of a great chief.

Here he lived for many years, and was liked by the hearty warriors assembled there as a boy of great promise. Being
strong and active, he was excelled by no one in the manly sports, and showed early the warlike character he had developed.

While Thorstein lived at Ragnar's court there sprung up between him and the King's daughter a great intimacy. He spent many happy days in company with Thora, and the two grew deeply attached. Vainly was Thorstein taunted by his companions on account of this attachment, for each taunt was hotly resented by the young chief. A great change seemed to have come over him. On the long winter evenings when all his companions were following the chase he preferred rather to stay at home and play his harp — on which he performed with signal sweetness — to Thora. He seemed to have grown sick of the idle boasts of hunt and war.

The King noticed with great dissatisfaction this growing attachment, and when the next expedition started for the north Thorstein was sent with them. He soon, however, proved the man that he was, and when they returned no one felt prouder than he; for when they sailed he was a youth, but now he had become a stalwart man, and stood high in the estimation of the oldest chieftains. He had borne his part well, and conclusively proved that no one in all the army could excel him in daring deeds. His praises were in the mouth of all, and the warriors loved to tell how he always led the charges, and was ever found in the thickest of the fray.

But there burned in the man's heart the love of the youth, and his affection was doubly returned by Thora, for now her lover had won for himself a name for bravery. Promotion and the flattery of his followers emboldened him, and he at length resolved to bring matters to an end and seek the hand of the King's daughter in marriage.

With fear and trembling he made his request, but his long-prepared speech was never finished; for the King broke out in loud, derisive laughter. The laugh went round, and the courtiers joined in. The proud chief reddened, and drawing about him his cloak strode from the hall. The proud Norman was
hurt at the refusal, but when he was taunted by his fellow­
chiefs and told that he would with better results work out his
own reputation than look to a marriage with the King’s daugh­
ter for it, the hot blood of his warlike race boiled within him.

Thorstein was stung to the quick, and walking one day along
the rocky coast, gazing out upon the barren isles slumbering
in the hazy light of the short September sun, he made an in­
ward vow. He would leave his native country forever and
wander into unknown lands. He would summon what men
he could and offer his services to the Danish King, who was
then preparing an invasion of England. He sought out Thora,
and made known to her his intention. She, with many tears,
besought him not to leave, but the feelings of the great, yel­
low-haired chief were deeply wounded, and he remained stead­
fast to his purpose. He took his harp, and playing over all the
songs which Thora loved to hear, presented it to her, and
begged her not to sorrow over his departure; that he was com­
pelled to go, for what was his land without his love. Perhaps
he would come back some day and claim her for his own if she
remained faithful, but that was doubtful.

The expedition sailed from the Danish coast. The seas were
rough, and the ships were rather thrown than landed on the
coast of England. The men disembarked with safety. King
Ella had heard of their coming, and sent against them a large
force. The conflict was stubborn, but the English could not
stand up against those great, fair-haired chieftains who had
seemed so terrible to the puny Italians in years gone by, and
the Danes won. Thorstein fought like a lion, and when the
battle was over, and the body of their chief was found among
the slain, he was elected his successor. Long did they push
their conquests, and victory followed victory until the English
King sued for peace, and gave the Danes a large part of North­
umberland as territory. Peace was made. The Danes with­
drew from the island a part of their forces, and soon the great
ships were bearing them homeward. Thorstein was welcomed
at the Danish court with great ceremony. But the heart of
the Norman longed for his native land. He had allied himself with another king, but he had never said he would not return. The face of Thora was ever before his eyes, and her last words and affectionate parting were kindled afresh in his memory. While thus harassed with conflicting emotions he was pacing the halls of the Danish King, wrapped deep in his own meditations. Along the hall the soldiers were gathered in groups, and as the mead flowed freely the talk and laughter became more boisterous. Suddenly the name of Thora was mentioned. Instantly the great chief stopped. His ears burned to catch every word. The talk went on. The soldiers were questioning a man who seemed to be a late arrival from Norway, and he was telling them that soon a great feast would be celebrated at Ragnar’s court, for Thora was to marry a Swedish prince. “And what says she to this match,” asked Thorstein, who had walked up behind and spoken gruffly in order to conceal his feelings. The stranger started. “She will have none of it, my lord,” he said, “and they say there that she long ago pledged herself to a Viking of whom no one has heard in these many years.”

The Norman turned and strided from the hall. Out in the cold night air, many bitter recollections came back to him. Yes, the stranger had said she was pledged to a Viking, and who was that Viking but himself? Yes, she was faithful to him; and he, wretch that he was, had questioned in his mind if he should ever go back to Norway.

His mind was quickly made up. He petitioned the Danish King for two ships, and crews for them, and he would go and settle the lands so lately won in England.

The ships and men were given, but when they stood out to sea and rounded the headland they turned north.

Two great Danish ships hovered off the coast of Norway, and in the night they landed men. The next day a minstrel appeared at Ragnar’s halls. He was an old man, bent and poorly clothed. His beard was long and matted with the ice. The soldiers admitted him, more for the hope of hearing his music than for any hospitable spirit. Entering, he warmed
his benumbed hands, and slowly began to move them over the strings. His touch was magic, and it seemed to the men on guard that they had never heard such sweet music as that which floated out through the casements that bitter night. The minstrel had spent several days at the court of Ragnar, for it was too cold, he said, for an old man like himself to venture out, when the King, who had heard of his sweet music, commanded that he should go and play in the chamber of his daughter, who had been ill for days. Thora had steadfastly refused to marry her father's choice, and now was completely overcome by the preparations which were being made for her wedding. The old King, however, was firm, and preparations went steadily on. He was greatly vexed at his daughter's behavior, but he loved his daughter, and had commanded the minstrel to play for her in hope that she would be benefited.

Thora's chamber was lit only by a bright fire when the old and infirm minstrel, conducted by a nurse, hobbled in. He took his seat where the fire-light glowed full in his face and tuned his harp. The princess lay with her pale face turned toward the door, and seemed not even to notice his entrance. But suddenly, as the fingers of the bard touched the strings and the music of a long-forgotten strain floated across the room, she turned. The bard played on, and now her gaze was fixed steadily on the player. Softly, sweet, he played; the song, an old one, seemed unutterably impressive, and the princess smiled as if she caught the hidden meaning of the notes. The attendants drowsed before the fire, and the old and faithful nurse slept outright. Suddenly the music ceased. The player rose erect. Throwing aside his mantle, he showed a coat of mail, and from his face he pulled the beard. The princess started. He waved her to silence as he strode across the room.

A kiss, a whispered conversation, and the nurse awoke only to see the aged minstrel limping from the room.

Great was the feasting in Ragnar's hall. The princess had suddenly regained her strength, and consented to marry her
father's wish. The mead flowed freely, and the great warriors assembled there had laid aside their arms to relate their daring deeds. The toasts were named, and with hearty good-will the chieftains drained them down. No one noticed the strangers standing there outside the door, for this was a season of holiday, and all the gates were open to welcome whomsoever chose to enter. In a short time the princess, dressed for the occasion, would be conducted in. The groom restlessly paced the room awaiting his chosen one.

Suddenly on the outside there was a shout, a clash of arms, and the clatter of horses' feet that died away in the distance. Men flew to arms—all was confusion—the gates were ordered to be closed. But too late, the robbers had fled, and with them they bore the King's daughter. Swords were drawn, and horses quickly mounted; the pursuit was hot, and the country far and wide was scoured, but all returned with the same story. The robbers had escaped as if by magic.

If it were day there might have been seen two long ships, with canvas spread to the north winds, ploughing their rapid way through the foam-capped seas.

Great was the consternation at Ragnar's court, and the Swedish prince returned without his bride.

J. F. R.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.

Virginia, very naturally, has the oldest system of education in the South. Leader in all the various lines of activity which are essential to the existence of an advanced form of government, it was eminently fitting that she should occupy this exalted position.

The first educational movement in Virginia, and, indeed, in this country, was set on foot in the year 1619 by Sir Edwin Sandys, and was warmly seconded by the bishops of England. Their idea was to provide for the instruction of the Indian as well as the colonial youth. English philanthropists became interested, and the work was begun in earnest. Buildings were
erected at Henrico, and the educational prospects of the colony looked very bright. But, alas for human hopes! In the spring of 1622 took place that terrible tragedy, so famous in colonial history. Mr. Thorpe, the superintendent, and several hundred of the settlers, including the occupants of the university, were massacred by the Indians. Thus was frustrated the first educational movement.

But the promoters of education in the wilds of America were not discouraged. In 1624 an island in the Susquehanna river was granted for the establishment of a university and other necessary schools. This, too, came to naught, through the death of Mr. Edward Palmer, who was the chief advocate of the scheme. Affairs of more pressing importance now engaging the attention of the colonists, the matter was dismissed for a time. But the idea of a university was not dead; it only slumbered, to be awakened two centuries later by our own immortal Jefferson.

After the Indian massacre of 1622, the money, tobacco, etc., collected for the Henrico University was transferred to the Bermuda Island Company, for the establishment of a school. The philanthropic Berkeley became interested, and the work met with the success it deserved. The progress of the Bermuda school may be perceived by the remarks of Richard Norwood, who wrote from the island in 1645. After stating that he was the teacher of twenty pupils, he says: “I may not forget to tell you that we have a free school, with two hundred acres of land, a fine house upon it, forty milk kine, and other accommodations to it; the benefactor deserves perpetual memory; his name is Mr. Benjamin Symmes, worthy to be cherished. Other petty schools we have too.”

In 1660 the educational fever again spread over the Virginia colony. The London Company having been dissolved in 1624, the Colonial Assembly took the matter in charge. Commissioners were appointed to solicit subscriptions, and it seemed that the Virginians were at last to be rewarded. Yet the establishment of a college was delayed over thirty years. The
question naturally arises, What caused this delay? why was not the first Virginia college established in 1660, instead of 1693? The reason is obvious. Virginia being a rural district, it was comparatively difficult for the people to meet together; subscriptions were delayed, and collections even more so. But the seed was sown which was afterwards to develop into the College of William and Mary.

In 1688 another effort was made to establish a college. One would think the colonists would have grown discouraged, but the Virginians were persistent, and their efforts were crowned with well-merited success. The Rev. James Blair, commissary of the Bishop of London, was the leader of the educational party at this time. Accordingly, in 1691, the Colonial Assembly sent him to England for the purpose of securing the co-operation of the King and Queen. He presented his case to the Queen so strongly, that she consented to assist in the establishment of a college in the colony, an idea in which the King readily concurred. Accordingly, a royal charter was issued, granting lands, money, and tobacco for the accomplishment of this purpose. Armed with this charter, Blair returned to Virginia, there to establish the first Southern college, which was christened William and Mary in honor of its royal benefactors. Middle Plantation, soon to be the colonial capital, was selected as the most suitable location, and in 1693, after the struggles and failures of over seventy years, the long-cherished hopes of these pioneer educators were consummated, their fondest dreams were realized, the college was an actuality.

Under the charter, a revenue from the colonial tobacco accrued to the College for the purpose of defraying current expenses, besides two thousand pounds allowed out of the quit rents of Virginia for building purposes. A tract of land consisting of twenty thousand acres was also allowed; but when we remember the uncultivated state of the country at that time, we will not be inclined to attach much importance to this fact.

The House of Burgesses also passed an act providing for the maintenance of the College. Private endowments for the estab-
lishment of scholarships show how thoroughly in earnest were these Virginians.

All executive authority was vested in a self-perpetuating board of eighteen trustees, all of them Virginians. A college rector was to be chosen every year, and every seven years a chancellor. Under the charter, the Rev. James Blair became the head of the board, as well as rector and president of the College. One president and six professors constituted the faculty. (As an evidence of the conservatism of the Virginians, the faculty of to-day, two centuries later, is composed of the same number.) The Bishop of London was appointed the first chancellor.

At last the Virginians had an institution at which they could educate their youth. A liberal course of instruction was provided, and Governor Berkeley's ungenerous wish was unfulfilled. The list of early presidents attests the fact that the new institution occupied an honorable place in our early history.

It may be interesting to note that the college regulations smacked somewhat of monasticism. None of the professors were allowed to marry, and when, in 1769, two "reverend masters" violated this rule, they called forth the most severe criticism from the Board of Trustees. In 1734 all in any way connected with the institution, from the president to the humblest menial, were forever exempted from taxation. Thus we see our first Southern college clung with tenacity to the old-world traditions. Nevertheless, she had within her that spirit of independence that was destined to free her from the slavery of custom.

In 1700 the colonial capital was moved from Jamestown to Middle Plantation. Here sprang up the city of Williamsburg, which derived its name from the English King. The removal of the capital was of peculiar significance. It provided a good municipal environment for the College; and it is an undisputed fact that education thrives better in a municipality than in an isolated district. Here the most important dramas of the Rev-
olution were played. This was the very centre of all colonial activity. Small matter, indeed, if the College had no chair of history; nearly every political movement in the colony had its origin at Williamsburg; and "what is politics to-day becomes history to-morrow." Could anything be more unique—the College at one end of the principal street, and the capitol at the other?

There was a yet closer connection between the College and the capitol. Down to the Revolution the College was allowed one representative in the House of Burgesses. This, indeed, has an English sound; but William and Mary long ago lost her representation, while Oxford and Cambridge still claim the ancient privilege.

The College was also identified with the Church; the head of the College was the head of the Church in Virginia, and the clergy held their meetings in the college buildings. All this was changed by the Revolution.

The original buildings were planned by the celebrated English architect, Sir Christopher Wren. These were burned in 1705, but were immediately rebuilt.

In 1758 Dr. William Small, professor of natural philosophy and mathematics, introduced into the College the system of lecturing. After this nothing worthy of special notice occurred until the breaking out of the Revolution. At this time William and Mary was the richest college in North America; but owing to the depreciation of paper currency, and other causes, she lost nearly all of her endowment except her lands, and even these sank materially in value.

The year 1779 was an important one in the annals of William and Mary. This year Jefferson reported three bills to the General Assembly affecting education in Virginia: (1) for the founding of elementary schools; (2) for the establishment of colleges; (3) for the founding of a university. He was elected governor of the State the same year, and his facilities for investigating foreign systems of instruction being thereby greatly increased, he began to study the European universities.
The same year witnessed the establishment of the first chair of municipal law in this country. The elective system of instruction was announced at the same time.

About this time the State capital was removed to Richmond. This was the greatest loss the College has ever sustained. The injury done her was immense. Situated for nearly a century in the metropolis of Virginia, and then to be left in an almost deserted city, was a blow which proved nearly fatal, and only the seemingly superhuman efforts of the friends of higher education enabled her to survive it.

At this juncture Jefferson reported a bill to the Legislature, the object of which was to raise William and Mary to the plane of a university. "The bill failed," says Dr. Adams, "because the ecclesiastical idea of the colonial college was not in harmony with the republican spirit of the times."

As the result of his foreign investigation, Jefferson wished to "translate the Academy of Geneva to this country," and establish a university at Williamsburg. In 1794 he submitted his scheme to Washington, but it failed to meet with his approval.

It was Washington's idea to have a national university at the Federal capital. While his proposition was not carried out, it had due effect in moulding the educational history of this country. West Point may be said to be its legitimate offspring. In fact, the origin of many of our national institutions can be traced, directly or indirectly, to his idea; but it is not within my province to trace their growth and development.

William and Mary was the first college in this country to establish a chair of history. This was done in 1822, with the Rev. Robert Keith as the first professor. In 1827 the gifted Dew became the professor of history, and under him the school was greatly amplified.

A brief sketch of this remarkable man, whose life had such an influence on education in Virginia, will not be inappropriate. Thomas R. Dew was born in the year 1802. He graduated at William and Mary while very young, and in 1827
was appointed to the professorship of political law and history in that institution. In 1836 he was elected president of the College, a position which he held until his death, which took place ten years later in Paris. The inspiration derived from the life of this man will probably be felt as long as Virginia continues to guard as a sacred trust those principles of higher education as expounded by Thomas Jefferson, and promulgated by several successive generations of statesmen and humanitarians.

In 1824 an unsuccessful effort was made to move the College from Williamsburg to Richmond, but the proposition was strenuously opposed by Jefferson and his university friends. Had the contemplated change been effected the College doubtless would have been raised to the plane of a university, and there would have been established at Richmond a university capital, as before there had been at Williamsburg a college capital. This would have killed the university in its infancy; hence Jefferson’s opposition. But the effort proved futile, and the College remained at Williamsburg.

Here I will leave the College of William and Mary and return to Jefferson’s plan for a university. As before stated, he wished, as early as 1779, to found at Williamsburg a university; and again in 1794 the attempt was renewed, but without success. In the meanwhile an academy had been established at Richmond by M. Quesnay, a Frenchman that had come to this country during the Revolution. This was a thoroughly French institution, and came nearer fulfilling the conception of a university than anything yet achieved in Virginia. Jefferson was in Paris at the time, but was a warm supporter of the academy. In fact, he became so thoroughly enthused that he wished “to remove bodily to Virginia the entire faculty of the Swiss College of Geneva, which was thoroughly French in its form of culture.” But the Geneva Academy was a failure, and Jefferson with great reluctance relinquished his scheme.

He soon began to break from William and Mary altogether. As early as 1783 he seems to have entertained the proposition
of founding a grammar school in Albemarle county. As the result of this idea Albemarle Academy was chartered by the Legislature in 1803. Nothing definite, however, was accomplished until 1814, when a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the academy. At the same time another committee was appointed to select the site; the committee suggested the vicinity of Charlottesville.

In 1810 had been created the Literary Fund, the nucleus of which was the money accruing to the State from the distribution among the States of the surplus in the United States Treasury. In 1814, Jefferson, through J. C. Cabell, urged the Legislature to appropriate a part of this fund for the support of the Albemarle Academy; but his efforts were unsuccessful.

In 1816, by a charter from the Legislature, Albemarle Academy was converted into Central College. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Cabell were among the trustees. We must remember that the academy had existed on paper only; the corner-stone of the college was laid October 6, 1817.

Jefferson was making marked progress; from the mere idea of a grammar school, the only tangible form of which was paper, he evolved an actual college. But he did not stop there. The same year (1817) a bill based partly on his suggestions, providing for the establishment of a university and the requisite number of preparatory colleges, passed the House of Delegates, but was rejected by the Senate. Nevertheless, the University of Virginia was clearly in view. In 1817-'18 there was a struggle in the Legislature as to the proposed university, but Jefferson was finally triumphant. An annual appropriation of $15,000 was voted from the Literary Fund for the support of a university; and in 1819 the University of Virginia was established, although not formally opened until 1825.

Thus was Jefferson's long-cherished project finally carried into execution. That it was the consummation of an ambition of forty years, cannot be doubted by those who are familiar with his epitaph written by himself. He was made the first
rector, and until his death, in 1826, was the moving spring of the University, the leader in higher education in colleges, the faithful guardian of primary instruction.

From time to time Jefferson had asked the Legislature for loans in behalf of the new institution, and in 1824 the Legislature passed an act freeing the University of all incumbrances. Thus the institution began its career, not only clear of debt, but with a moderate surplus in the treasury. It was the wish of Jefferson to capture the William and Mary endowments, when in 1824 it was proposed to move that college to Richmond; but in this he was unsuccessful.

He was determined to have the best professors that could be procured; accordingly he persuaded some of the first lights of Europe to this country for the purpose of lecturing in the University.

Before passing on I wish to pay a tribute to the memory of Thomas Jefferson and Joseph Carrington Cabell. Having become convinced that a system of higher education was indispensable to the well-being of those living under a republican form of government, these two self-sacrificing philanthropists were unremitting in their efforts for the perfection of such a system. Anyone reading of their untiring efforts for the advancement of education, becomes convinced that these men were prompted by purer motives than those by which public men are too often actuated. Jefferson was an old man, and Cabell a very delicate one, at the founding of the University. The latter, at the expense of his health and sacrifice of his personal comfort, remained in the Virginia Legislature in the interests of higher education. He served his favorite institution as rector and visitor until his death, which took place in 1856. In the University library (prior to its recent destruction) is a statue erected to the memory of Thomas Jefferson; near by hangs only a portrait of his co-laborer; but in the ages to come both "shall live in the hearts of men."

Having been freed from debt, the University entered upon her career of prosperity and success. Buildings were erected from
time to time as needed; in 1859 the number of students had so increased as to necessitate the erection of an additional group. At the beginning of the civil war, the attendance had increased to about six hundred students.

In the meanwhile the idea of higher education had taken such a hold upon the people that other institutions of learning had sprung into existence. I have omitted all mention of these until now because the early history of the University seems so closely linked with that of William and Mary. And if I have dwelt seemingly long on these two, it is because the influence exerted by these institutions, owing to their peculiar situation (the first college and the first university), has been more lasting and far-reaching than that perhaps of any other similar institution in the State. I shall now take up these latter, and give a brief sketch of each.

In 1749 Augusta Academy was established in Augusta county, Virginia, by Robert Alexander, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian. After having been moved several times, it was finally settled at Lexington, in 1776, as Liberty Hall Academy. It was not chartered, however, until 1782, and was thus the first institution of its kind chartered by the State of Virginia. Liberal donations having been made the academy by General Washington, it was re-christened Washington Academy in honor of its benefactor; soon afterwards, however, developing into Washington College. It so remained until 1865, when the name of Lee was added; and at the same time the institution was raised to the plane of a university, thus becoming Washington and Lee University, with Gen. R. E. Lee as president.

In 1777 Prince Edward Academy was opened at under Presbyterian influence, with Samuel S. Smith as the first rector. The year following the name was changed to Hampden-Sidney. “By the act of 1787 the academy became a college, thereby dissolving all connection with the parent presbytery”; and Hampden-Sidney College it has since remained.
Here were two colleges germinating in the very midst of war, a fact which goes to prove that the Revolution did not in any way frustrate the intellectual aims of the Virginians.

Randolph-Macon, the oldest Methodist college in this country, was chartered by the Legislature in the session of 1829-'30. It was first located at Boydton, but was afterwards moved to Ashland, Va., where it has since remained. As this is a denominational college, it will be unnecessary that it should be referred to again specifically, and I will therefore say in this connection that it is now in a flourishing condition, having a large endowment, and is doing a good work. It has several preparatory academies, subject to its control, thus forming a first-class educational system of its own.

Richmond College had its origin in the Virginia Baptist Education Society, which was organized in Richmond in the year 1830, although as early as 1788, and again in 1793, we find that the Baptists of the State had their attention directed towards, and their sympathies enlisted in, an undertaking which, though unsuccessful, partook of the same exalted character. In 1832 this society purchased what is now known as Bloomingdale Stock Farm, about five miles from Richmond, and there opened the Virginia Baptist Seminary, with one teacher and fourteen pupils. In 1840, by act of the Assembly, the seminary was developed into Richmond College, with Dr. Robert Ryland at the head. The primary object of the college, in its inception, was to prepare young men for the ministry, its foundation, in fact, being partly eleemosynary. All, however, are admitted to a course of instruction as liberal and as thorough as any in the State. Special provision has been made for many who will not enter the ministry; but more of this later. In closing this paragraph I shall take occasion to say that the prospects of Richmond College were never brighter than to-day. With a young president at the head, and an efficient corps of professors whose hearty co-operation he can always command, this institution bids fair to become the leading college of its denomination in the South.
In beginning this paragraph on the Virginia Military Institute, I can hardly do better than to quote Dr. Adams on the subject: "The Virginia Military Institute was established and is supported by the State of Virginia. It was organized in 1839 as a State military and scientific school, upon the basis of the United States Military Academy at West Point, and has been in successful operation for forty-seven years." To go into details would be tedious as well as unnecessary. The annual State appropriation is $30,000. In 1884 the Institute was relieved by the State of all the debts contracted by restoring the ruins of war. The Institute seems now to be on a substantial basis. In all there have been (up to the last five years) 4,975 matriculates and 1,134 graduates—an average of over twenty-eight graduates a year.

One year prior to the founding of the Virginia Military Institute a school was opened in Southwestern Virginia, with one hundred pupils, under the presidency of the Rev. Charles Collins. This is what is now known as Emory and Henry College, so named in honor of Bishop Emory and Patrick Henry—one the representative of the Church, and the other of the State. The faculty at present consists of one president and six professors.

We now come to the last college of this somewhat extended list. In 1842 the foundation of Roanoke College was laid, in a Lutheran school called the Virginia Institute. The following year the Institute was adopted by the Virginia Synod of the Lutheran Church, and in 1847 it was removed to Salem. In 1853 it was chartered as Roanoke College, and as such has since remained. It has been growing steadily ever since, until it now draws students from every Southern State. Indians are educated there at the expense of the government, as well as a small number of Mexicans. Dr. A. D. Mayo, in one of his editorials, pays a glowing tribute to the energy and perseverance of its first president, Dr. Bittle. This college is now a very influential factor in our educational system.
Having briefly outlined the history of the most important institutions—for it is not within my province to deal with academies, except as connected with some higher organization—I shall now attempt to present some of the most prominent features of higher education since the war.

The student of history readily recalls the disastrous effect of the war upon nearly all of our institutions of learning; but with that indomitable courage and persevering energy so characteristic of the Virginians, the trustees of the various colleges and universities set to work, and in an incredibly short time the regular routine of business was resumed in the various institutions, although necessarily under many disadvantages. Not only this, but despite the impoverished condition of the country, new academies, as appendages of higher organizations, have sprung into existence, until we seem to have materialized Jefferson's ideal system of general education—the university supplied by the colleges, the college by the academies, and the academy by the grammar schools.

After the smoke of battle had cleared away, and the noise of the great civil conflict had been hushed, a reorganization of our State government was demanded by the exigencies of the times. The convention which assembled to frame a new constitution, realizing that general education is one of the bulwarks of our civil institutions—the surest safeguard of our blood-bought liberties—recognized the necessity of making provision for better popular educational facilities. The Constitution (1869), therefore, provided for the establishment and maintenance of normal and agricultural schools, and for the fostering of education in general.

In carrying out these provisions the General Assembly appropriated the sum of $30,000 to the University of Virginia, on condition that students from Virginia should be admitted to the academic departments without charge for tuition. This appropriation has since been increased. This institution has recently sustained an irreparable loss in having most of the buildings and appurtenances destroyed by fire. But her de-
voted alumni, ever loyal to their alma mater, have come nobly to her assistance, and their example having been emulously followed by others to whom the University had become very dear, there is now a prospect of a speedy and as complete a restoration as is possible.

Following out the same line of policy, the General Assembly grafted the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College on the Preston and Olim Institute at Blacksburg, with an endowment of $72,000 for its support.

Feeling the need of an institute for the training of female teachers, the Legislature, in 1884, established at Farmville the State Female Normal School, with an annual appropriation of $10,000 for incidental expenses.

The success of this experiment having been demonstrated, it was deemed expedient to establish a male normal school on a similar basis. In pursuance of this plan an act was passed March 4, 1888, "to establish a normal school at William and Mary College in connection with its collegiate course," with an annual appropriation of $10,000, since increased to $15,000. The College, thus resuscitated, was re-opened October 6, 1888, and has been in operation ever since. It is perhaps needless to say that this was a most felicitous combination, and has been demonstrated an eminent success. I will here take occasion to state that Congress has at last done the college tardy justice by indemnifying her for injuries inflicted by the Federal soldiery in 1865.

Some time previous to, this there had been established at Petersburg a similar institution for the training of colored teachers, with an appropriation of $100,000 for its maintenance. It is open to both sexes.

In 1873 was founded at Hampton, by the State, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, with a sufficient endowment to carry on the work. The object of the Institute is the training of both sexes for the colored and Indian schools in Virginia. The State now offers normal training for white teachers at the University, Farmville, and William and Mary;
for colored teachers at Hampton and Petersburg, and for the Indians at Hampton. Thus provision has been made for all races and sexes in the State.

Within the last half century several female institutes have come into being—some of them private institutions, while others are under the auspices of different religious bodies. While few of these are above the grade of a first-class academy, they are important as showing that the tendency of the times is in the direction of female culture. One or two, perhaps, might be placed in our catalogue; yet it is so difficult to make a rigid classification, and say these rank with the colleges and these with the academies, that I shall mention only one.

Hollins Institute is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the State, and likewise one of the best. This institute has done much in the line of female culture, both directly and indirectly.

It is a matter to be deplored that so many of our young ladies should find it necessary to go without the State for the completion of their education.

There seems to be just now a tendency towards co-education; but so conservative are the Virginians that it will probably be a long time before it becomes very general. Still, however, even now, it obtains to a limited extent. But as I wish to confine myself to a statement of facts, and not fancies, I shall leave the subject of co-education to writers endowed with the gift of prophetic vision.

Before closing, let us look for a moment into the subject of technical education in our colleges and universities. There are in this State three institutions where the disciples of Hippocrates are initiated in the mysteries of their profession, and three where the intricacies of law are expounded to the students of Blackstone.

The medical department of the University is not supported by the State as is the academic department. This school is said to be very fine, but lacks certain advantages to be derived from proximity to a large city. The Virginia College of Med-
icine is located at Richmond, and is under the auspices of the State. The University College of Medicine, also at Richmond, is owned and controlled by private individuals. The two institutions last named have the advantages to be derived from a large charity practice. The course may be completed at any of these places in three years.

The Law School of the University is the oldest in the State, and has graduated a large number of men afterwards prominent in the arena of politics, distinguished as jurists, or famous for their forensic eloquence. Washington and Lee numbers among its many attractions a school of law. The Law School of Richmond College offers peculiar advantages not to be found elsewhere in the State. Situated in the capital city, the student has access to courts of all kind held in the State, including the United States Circuit Court. The State and Law Library is easy of access. In each of these schools a two-years’ course is prescribed for graduation. (Law lectures were long ago suspended at William and Mary.)

This brings us to the close. In looking back over our educational history, extending through a period of over two centuries, we feel that we owe a debt of the deepest gratitude to those noble educators whose patriotic endeavors and self-sacrificing devotion evolved the present system of education out of that chaotic state consistent only with an age of despotism. "Institutions of learning are, after all, nobler monuments to great men and great events than are obelisks or statues of marble."  

Robert A. Hutchison.

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THE McILWAINE BILL.

The Senate bill relating to the licensing of attorneys has been favorably reported to the House by the committee to which it was referred. It provides, apparently looking to the conversion of the Bar into a sort of close corporation, that the powers now lodged with the Judges of the Circuit Court of examining and licensing candidates for admission to the Bar
shall be revoked and that this censorship shall hereafter be
vested in the Judges of the Supreme Bench. The design of
the innovation, men say, is to elevate the tone of the Bar.

It seems, however, that the framers of the bill have been
over-zealous. Not content with a law which might furnish
a future security, the Senate bill is practically retrospective in
its effect, and bears hard upon a class which have received too
little consideration in its preparation.

There are among us a number of young men who have
within six months undertaken the study of the law—some of
them at infinite expense and labor—in the expectation that
their preliminary pains would be at an end when their creden-
tials had been obtained at the hands of the Circuit Judge. This
presumption is to be disappointed. The act shall take effect
from its passage. The formidable menace of the Supreme
Court is held out to the catechumen. The Circuit Judges, under
whose tutelage the Bar has hitherto held its prosperous course,
are reproached for remissness, and as unfaithful stewards are to
surrender the charge which has been unfaithfully kept.

If it be granted that some such step is necessary to save this
day and generation from a plague of all lawyers, it is equally
true, nevertheless, that even to accomplish so worthy an end,
the obligations of good faith may not be disregarded. Those,
therefore, who have embarked in a venture in confidence that
the conditions at the beginning would remain undisturbed
while their apprenticeship lasted, are now to be told that they
had reckoned without their host, and that their probation
depends entirely upon the discretion of the Supreme Court.

If, on the other hand, the purport of this bill is in the inter-
est of the Bar Association, for which especial privileges are
sought to be confirmed; for whom peculiar favors are intended
as an order to be pampered and fostered above measure, it
is our earnest prayer and trust that the Legislature of Virginia
will have no sympathy with such as, having climbed up safe
themselves, are disposed to kick the ladder down behind them.

To those champions of the bill who profess so great a solici-
tude for the credit and character of the Bar, and who are, by the same token, so exceedingly jealous of the good name of their order, it may be well to observe that they are proceeding upon a principle which they might shrink from following out in all its consequences. It is, of course, greatly to be desired that the standard of intelligence should be raised in every walk of life. Better farmers, better teachers, better tradesmen, as well as better lawyers and doctors, are needed. But if this principle is wrested to mean that the citizen shall be forbidden to follow his inclinations until he can assure some inquisitor—more hateful than a Familiar of the Holy Office—that he is possessed of certain arbitrary qualifications for the business of life, we have witnessed a sad departure from the theory of democracy pure and undefiled—the first commandment of which is that the privileges of the individual are not to be abridged unless the general welfare require it.

Does the client or the attorney desire this law? Not the client, since, when the stake is his, the jackleg or the charlatan is the last man to whom he would apply for counsel. But speculation is not necessary. The bill is boldly espoused by the Bar Association, and the inference is plain that it is conceived in the interest of this body.

The members of the Bar Association appear to dread the contamination of ignorance and quackery. They appear to shrink from this unworthy and impudent element, and would rear this law as a barricade against the interlopers.

But does any man for a moment seriously believe that the Bar is diminished in the public eye because of "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort"? And does this bill promise fairly to cut off the knaves, dividing the sheep from the goats?

Or does there steal upon the lay mind a suspicion that the motive of the bill is not entirely disinterested, but that, perchance, it is aimed against that free and open competition which has until now existed at the Bar? Is the ancient principle founded upon the relation of supply and demand to be set aside, as is that other also which asserts the survival of the
fittest in the struggle of life? We have no word of consolation for such as are oppressed with these terrors:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

Saint Ruth.

Richmond, Va., January 9, 1896.

LAW CLASS vs. BAR.

The McIlwaine bill, recently passed by the Legislature, is a measure which emanated from the Bar Association, and purports to be an effort for the elevation of the legal profession in this State.

The provisions of the bill in effect are as follows: Every applicant for a license to practice law is required to pass an examination before three supreme judges, under regulations prescribed by the Supreme Court. The law prior to the proposed change required an examination before two circuit or supreme judges. Without discussing the respective merits of the two laws, let us note briefly the passage of this bill.

The Richmond College Law Class Association, feeling that an injustice would be perpetrated upon many young men throughout the State, should the bill take immediate effect, petitioned the House of Delegates to so amend the bill that it would not become a law until July 1st, presenting the following reasons for so doing: A large number of young men entered upon a course of legal study, at a considerable expenditure of time and money, under certain conditions incident to the existing law, and now it is proposed to change these conditions, without warning, by a law which is to that extent retroactive in its effect; all colleges, recognizing the injustice of such a measure, allow students to graduate under the same regime obtaining at the time of their entrance; the Constitution, perceiving the danger of such enactments, prohibits the passage of any law changing the pay of the sitting Congress, or in any way affect-
IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY.

WASHLEE

ing the immediate status of a public officer. For these and other reasons it would be both a hardship and an injustice to in any way affect the status of the young men—one result of which would be the additional expense entailed by the trip to Wytheville. The representatives of the Bar Association opposed the amendment most strenuously, but when it was proposed to include all practicing, as well as prospective lawyers, in the intendment of the bill, they raised a howl of indignation. The Legislature, however, admitting the justice of the claims of the Law Class, endorsed by Washington and Lee, passed the desired amendment (vote 77—12), thus fixing the time when the bill should become a law July 1, 1896—the regular time prescribed by law, unless otherwise designated.

In the accompanying illustration our artist has graphically portrayed the emotions displayed by the several organizations concerned upon the reception of the news.

R. A. H.

ARISTOTLE.

1. Aristotle was born in the year 384 B. C. in the city of Stagira, hence the name "Stagarite" often applied to him. He was of good, perhaps royal, family, his father, Nikomachus, being a physician, and personal friend of Amyntas, the father of Phillip the Great. Being left an orphan when rather young, he was reared by one Proxinus, an Asian, a citizen of Artarneus. As the son of a physician, he was probably taught the science of medicine, and it was here that he developed that love for dissection and minuteness of detail that were such prominent traits in his matured character.

2. At eighteen years of age he went to Athens to study, presumably with Plato, but Plato being absent, for three years he studied alone, and under various teachers. When just twenty-one, at that age when most men think their life-work should begin, he commenced his study under Plato, which lasted for twenty years, and no doubt it was there that he
received the training that enabled him to do so ponderous a work; and it was there that he received those ideas and that philosophy which, melted by Socrates' warm soul and tempered by Plato's massive mind, were to be cooled by his calm judgment and cold intellect, and made ready for future use. And to what use they have been put, let the thought of the whole world since that time attest, for 'tis said that Aristotle ruled over the mind of the world for two thousand years with a despotic sway. And the use to which his books have been put during that time attest the truth of this statement.

3. In the year 342 B. C. he became the teacher of Alexander the Great. His reputation as a scholar must already have been established at that time, for when Phillip asked him to become the teacher of his son, he said that he thanked the gods that the prince had been born in the same age with Aristotle.

He taught Alexander for three years, and no doubt it was due to Aristotle's training that he was enabled to extend his conquests over so much territory and to lay such foundations of Hellenic culture in that territory. Alexander became very much attached to his master, and it was at Aristotle's suggestion that he took with him the philosopher Callis, his schoolmate under Aristotle, as companion of his Asiatic campaigns. A coolness, however, sprang up between Alexander and his old preceptor, due probably to Alexander's great success, and also to his love for Oriental customs and manners.

4. In 337 B. C. he removed to Artarneus, opposite the island of Lesbos, and lived with Hermias, an old pupil of his and chief of the town. When Hermias was captured and slain by the Persians he fled to Mitylene, the principal city of Lesbos. At the age of fifty he opened a school in Athens, called the Lyceum, because it was near the temple of Apollo Lyceius. It was during this period that most, if not all, of his works were written, which embrace almost every branch of learning then known to the world.

5. His principal work is Logic. He practically perfected Logic, and is called the Father of Logic. Grote very pointedly
observes, "what was begun by Socrates and improved by Plato, was embodied as a part of a comprehensive system of formal logic by the genius of Aristotle; a system which was not only of extraordinary value in reference to the processes and controversies of time, but which having become insensibly worked in the minds of instructed men, has contributed much to form what is correct in the habits of modern thinking. Though it has been enlarged and recast," yet, "we must recollect that the distance between the best modern logic and the works of Aristotle is hardly as great as that between Aristotle and those who preceded him by a century."

Another one of his best works is on Politics, the material for which he drew principally from the constitutions of one hundred and fifty-eight different states. It is in this work that we see the spirit of the close observer so plainly marked, and also in his works on Rhetoric and Poetry.

It may seem strange that he so signally failed in his writings concerning Astronomy, Physics, and Mechanics, but we cannot expect one man to be so great in every department of knowledge.

6. In his philosophy he differed from his teacher, Plato, in the fundamental doctrine of the "Theory of Ideas," as well as in many others. In Plato’s mind the ideas were conceived as real existences, and they their nature to the objects perceived instead of being derived from the objects themselves. That actual men exist because there is an ideal man in the mind, etc. Aristotle opposed this idea, and seems to have had very much the same idea that we to-day receive. This difference, however, does not seem to have estranged him from Plato, in spite of the fact that some have tried to make it appear so, for he refers to Plato very respectfully several times in his works. The Athenians brought some charge against him as they had against Socrates before him, and he quit Athens, saying that he would not again give the Athenians the opportunity of sinning against philosophy. He died in 322 B. C., at Chalcis, shortly before the death of Demosthenes, of some stomach trouble.
THE CONFESSION OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

7. Aristotle was by far the greatest of the great Grecian trio—Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle—in comprehensiveness of intellect and breadth of culture; in fact, it may be questioned whether the world has yet produced a greater mind. He was a great collector of facts, and drew his conclusions therefrom, while Plato, it is said, drew upon facts only to demolish theories. Plato was an idealist; Aristotle a realist. When in Plato's school, in Athens, he was called by his teacher "The Mind of the School" or "Intellect," and seems to have been quite an inspiration to his master, for when he was absent Plato would remark, "Intellect is not here to-day." However, we know of no better name for him than that given him by Dante, "The Master of Those Who Know."

WALTON C. HURST.

THE CONFESSION OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Editor of the Messenger:

DEAR SIR,—I forward you this MS., hoping that you may find space to insert it in your columns. This copy was sent to me by a friend in St. Augustine, Florida—a contractor who had been engaged in pulling down condemned public buildings. It was found in the cell of a very old and long-abandoned jail. He writes that he looked up the court records of the case, but can only find that a man was hanged in 1825 for just such a crime as is mentioned in these pages, and furthermore a marginal note reads that it was the hardest contested case in the history of the court.

Sincerely yours,

R. C. L.

"I, who am about to die, salute you." Why such a fate overtakes me I shall endeavor to relate as carefully and impartially as I can.

I am of a morbid disposition, and come of a morbid family. How far back in my ancestral line this life-absorbing gloom had been cast I am unable to say. My grandfather, whom I can just remember as a venerable silver-haired old man, was
of such a character, but the cause of his melancholy baffled my childish intellect. From him I inherited my vast wealth, which, but for my strange disposition, would have early led me astray, as I was notably weak, and given to whirl-wind sweeps of passion. This ungovernable disposition stamped my character with an indelible reproach on my first entrance into college life. Hazing I had never heard of, and when those brutal sophomores would have dragged me to the pump or river, a wild, whirling surge of concentrated passion mastered me, blinded me. I know not what I did, but I heard the reverberation of a pistol shot, next a blow, and then—

“A stagnant sea of idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.”

On reviving it was only to feel the dull, cold hand of Fate grasping at my heart. Not the lenient mistress of to-day, but the relentless goddess of the fiery Moslem or Viking.

The remaining portion of the day I spent in my chamber, but on venturing out it was only to be greeted by cold looks and haughty stares. No one, not even my classmates, deigned to speak to me, and even the professors viewed me with abhorrence.

How to occupy my time became a momentous question. For congenial occupation I was crazed, and recklessly I plunged into the depths of metaphysics, and even attempted to navigate the trackless seas of animal magnetism. Day after day, night after night, I read, leaving my room to attend only those classes. Night after night, until the flame in my lamp grew weary of burning, flickered, died, leaving me to uneasy slumber in my chair.

It is said that a knowledge of digestion only increases the malady of a dyspeptic. Such was my case. Though previously perfectly rational, if I sought to reason and prove even the simpliest truths, sophistry, which I knew to be such, so befuddled my intellect that I had neither the energy nor inclination to clear it away. Dispair in the most Hadean form stared me in the face. “Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell, and in the lowest deep, a lower deep I found.”
My studies I abandoned, and groped hopelessly as a blind man for something unutterable beyond even my morbid fancy, but which I felt that once obtained would be a healing balm to my throbbing heart. Study; what use had I for that? What "can minister to a mind diseased"? So, with no friends to shut out, I barred both my door and heart.

How long ere the spring of vitality, or rather the stagnant pool from which my sensibilities were derived, would stand the strain before it drove me red-handed into the unknown beyond will never be known, but this I know, that often a keen Malay creese was missing from its scabbard on the wall, and each time I glanced with more pleasure on the fascinating glint of the steel, spirit like, but still enough to let out my sombre soul. Many a time then did I think that this would be my end, but little thought I how the Fates had decreed it.

Solitary strolls became my only solace, and one afternoon I found myself standing on the brink of a cataract surrounded by the heavy Southern forest. Beneath me the snowy foam seethed and spluttered in the basin, broken only here and there by black rocks which hurled the spray into the air or sent the water whirling to the centre.

Steadily I gazed, as if seeking to penetrate the snowy foam, almost imagining that only within its depths would I find contentment. I leaned forward; my head swam; and in an instant the creese would have been robbed of a victim, had not a strong hand dragged me back to safety. I turned; the deed had been done by a stranger—a new student at the college, for none other invaded these solitary walks. His eyes met mine, and I felt their warmth strike deep into my breast, fixing our mutual friendship as firmly as the love of Jonathan for David.

Popular he became among his classmates, and was soon a leader in all youthful schemes, but neither his many friends nor my moroseness came between our affections. Daily he would tear himself away from the campus to accompany me in my solitary rambles, persisting in seeing good in me where none other, not even myself, could. Listening to my odd
fancies, and even assisting in linking crooked chains of sophistry on every subject.

An afternoon came on which we disagreed over the logic of a chain of reason, and we pursued our walks alone, each bent on perfecting his ideas. Well do I remember the lurid sunset of that fateful day as I stood on a ledge of rock at the brink of the cataract, striving with a supreme effort to concentrate my thoughts.

Forward I leaned, my head resting in my palms and my foot on a log overhanging the ledge, debating each point of my position until I was convinced of their veracity, and then, with a triumphant expression, I kicked the log down into the seething waters.

Just as I emerged from behind the rocks I perceived two of my most detested persecutors hurrying to the brink of the stream, casting looks of hatred and disgust in my direction. Heeding them not, I returned to the campus, and sought at once my friend, but on finding him not, I concluded that he had not returned, and retired to my chamber. But on glancing through the window a sight caught my eye which concealed my blood in icy rivulets.

A crowd of students, among them the two whom I had seen at the cataract, bore a most familiar form between them. His face was pale as death, and great drops of blood emanated from a horrible gash above his brow, and concealed in clotted masses over his face and garments. Madly I dashed myself down the stairway, and would have precipitated myself on the prostrate form had not I been seized by rough hands and words which never will I forget rang in my ear:

"Back, scoundrel! To murder him with a log and then play the hypocrite."

The words stunned me; and I, too, was carried into the house.

On regaining consciousness, I sought to visit my friend, but was denied admittance. Only being told that he was suffering from delirious fever. The next night a small note found its way to my room, which expressed the opinion of a number
of students that it would only be in strict propriety should I withdraw at once from the institution, and advising such a course. I saw no alternative, and never remained another night in those classic walls.

The reader, when these walls are torn down and this MS. brought to view, may well imagine the despair of my lustreless future. I retired at once to the hall of my ancestors, a spacious building of monastic aspect, shaded by sombre elms, trellised with ivy, scraggy and sparse, and spotted here and there with moss and mould; a place too well fitted for the hermitage of a brooder. And neither did I lose time in conforming it to my most melancholy tendencies. The walls of every chamber were hung in curtains as dark as Erebus, and through the sombre tints of the stained glass, on which were portrayed only the sufferings of the damned, the light but dimly fell.

One of these windows (it was in the drawing-room) was especially my delight and horror. Evidently it was from a master-hand, for the touch of genius pervaded it. The background, in fact, the greater portion of the window, was of the most opaque glass; but right in the centre, faintly, unless illuminated by the sun’s rays, stood the figure of a man, nude and concealed to the waist in a narrow stone pit, from which blue sulphurous flames curled up and lost themselves in the stygian darkness. Forward the figure leaned on one gaunt arm, every muscle expressing intense suffering. Only when touched by the sun did the sulphurous flames glow vividly, the shadows about the victim’s face grow more life-like and intense, and beady perspiration burst on the figure until every nerve seemed to tingle with the agony.

One day, after passing through an unusually morbid spell, I sat in the chamber drinking in every detail of the picture, the words, “Lost! lost!” reverberating on my tortured brain until, at first having a terrible significance, they faded away, until no more meaning remained than a mournful rustling. At this point I was aroused by a menial, who placed the following letter in my hand:
Mr. Haverick,—We desire to inform you that your victim has recovered in body, but is evidently mentally infirm, though, from some curious symptoms, the doctors refuse to pronounce him insane. Though much puzzled at his condition, they consider him perfectly responsible, but weak-minded.

Students of ———.

Down dropped the letter from my nerveless hands, and at that instant the sun burst on the stained glass. The intense suffering of the doomed man was too much a type of my own, and from that time forth never could I gaze on the window after it was touched by the sun’s rays. Day after day I sat before it dreaming, with the help of opium, to which I had become addicted, until the hour came, and then perforce I must turn away.

Dreams, such as mortal mind never bore, haunted me. One especially do I remember. I was sitting before the window, as customary, after taking a liberal portion of the drug. Morpheus had claimed possession of my thoughts, and I had long wandered in the Land of Ghosts and Shadows. Suddenly the flames burst about the pit, and the man, lifting his head, turned and gazed at me with unutterable sadness. How plainly I saw it all—as if I gazed down a long vista into hell. The lank muscular arm was lifted, and pointed toward me. The light caught full on his face. It was my friend’s, and the words I heard mourning in the dark passage were “lost—lost.” I awoke with a start, to find the sunlight vanishing from the window, and myself a victim to the horrible after effects of opium. The twin Furies, Horrow and Despair, like the vultures of Prometheus tearing at my heart. But one desire took possession of me. It was that my friend should visit me, and be benefited by the best medical resources of the metropolis, and forthwith I wrote to his home, expressing my deep contrition, for the accident, which I explained in detail. My invitation was accepted. He came, and my heart sickened at my handiwork. Pale and emaciated, with blank eyes, which had once flashed such fire into mine, he staggered up to the veranda. “Ye Gods!” I cried, “restore him to sanity!” But
why speak of my fruitless efforts to secure the last. From this point I will omit all useless detail, and plunge at once to the cause of my incarceration.

A week had passed in which I had battled with adverse Fates, bringing him before every physician of note, but to no purpose. Almost universal was the verdict that though weak-minded there were no symptoms of insanity, and but one curious symptom attended him. He would not bear either to suffer or see pain. But I, who had known him, was assured that this was but his natural kindliness.

I had surrendered in despair, and we sat alone in my sombre drawing-room. I, in as sorrowful a mood as can well be imagined, my friend in a half doze. It was almost time for the sun to burst on the glass, and besides my usual antipathy, I was unwilling that, in his condition, he should see it. Touching a bell, my sable liveried butler stood at my arm.

"Mount that chair," I commanded, "and fasten a screen over the stained glass."

He mounted with a small frame, but though it fitted perfectly, would not retain that position. Not wishing to lose time, I handed him an ornamented Malay creese which swung on the wall—the same knife with which I had contemplated suicide in my college days. He was about to insert it between the wall and window, when, with startling suddenness, the sun burst upon the glass.

With a cry of horror, my companion sprang to his feet, and, for the first time, beheld the picture in all its ghastly prominence. For an instant he gazed as if it burned into his crazed brain, then, with a hoarse cry, he sprang forward.

"Friend," he cried, "Why torture that spirit so?"

And with the hand of a giant, he jerked my terrified servant to the floor.

Then ensued that of which I cannot write with certainty, but when I separated the combatants, my servant sank to the floor with the creese between his ribs; and my friend fell, fainting in my arms.

* * * * *
Of what use is it to narrate my fruitless plans to conceal the murder. He was missed, sought, and found, but not until I had formulated a plan which relieved me of all debt to my friend. He evidently remembered nothing of the affair, and I would plead guilty of the deed done in blind rage.

I will not speak of the trial; that can be learned from the court records, and I only need add that the combat at law was stern and furious. I was condemned, and to-morrow the hemp will force out a spirit only too glad to depart.

From the cranny in the wall, where I place this manuscript, no hand will bring it forth until these walls are levelled with the dust, and this generation passed into oblivion. No danger do I fear for my unfortunate friend.

(Signed) Harold Haverick.

Editorial.

Richmond College is justly proud of the record of her Law School, which now bids fair to become one of the foremost in the South. For the success of this department no little credit is due to Judge Roger Gregory, LL. D., who has presided over the School for five years, and endeared himself to every student that has come under his instruction. We take pleasure in presenting a cut of the Judge as frontis-piece in this issue.

President Boatwright has received and accepted an invitation to speak at the University of Chicago, April 10th, on "The Function of the Denominational College Education." The occasion will be the quarterly meeting of the Educational Association of Professors of Chicago University and Presidents of Affiliated Colleges. On such occasions the Association is addressed by some speaker from abroad, as well as by prominent educators of this country. This is an honor to our new President, and an evidence of the fame Richmond College is acquiring in extensive educational circles.
The Xmas of '95 is now in the "eternal past." Our intermediary examinations are over. It now behooves us to look forward to the final examinations, the commencement, and the summer vacation. Some of us were successful on our intermediate examination; some of us were not. To those who were successful we would say, press on for even more success. To the unfortunate we would say, be not discouraged, but make greater efforts for success in your final examinations. You may more than make up for your lost. Nothing counts so much for success in college life as hard work.

There are many institutions of learning in this country—all of them more or less offering liberal advantages to students. Therefore, if a student is not satisfied with the college which he is attending, he should not go about grumbling and complaining, but he should leave it and go to some other institution. There is no compulsion for his attending a college which he does not want to attend. But if he is satisfied; if he does love his alma mater, he should manifest his love. He should take an interest in everything which pertains to her welfare. In other words, he should cultivate what is called a college spirit. If he is not himself an athlete, yet he should have an interest in those who are. Though he may not be a debater or an orator, yet that is no reason why he should not take an interest in the literary societies.

While there is a decided improvement in the manifestation of a college spirit at Richmond college, yet there is much room for further improvement. Perhaps the greatest drawback to our foot-ball team this last season was a lack of interest on the part of the students in general. Let this not be the case in reference to our base-ball team, which will now soon enter upon their career. Let us give the team our hearty support; let us applaud them when they do well, and sympathize with them in their adversity. We believe that with the proper interest and support on the part of the students, our team for the approaching season will regain that position which they once held—the banner team of the State.
There are some students who spend too much time in writing to their relatives and ——, yet there are many who go to the other extreme in neglecting this. No college boy should ever let a week roll over his head without writing home. We should remember that our home-folk appreciate letters from us as much so as we do letters from them.

In the busy college life we are so much taken up with our studies that we often neglect the important duty of keeping ourselves informed in regard to the events of the day. This should not be so. Though our first and most sacred duty while at college is keeping up with our class work, yet we should not neglect altogether the perusal of the newspaper and the leading magazines.

The close of the nineteenth century is rapidly drawing near. If we may be allowed to call the five scores of years the five acts in the great drama of the twentieth century, we who are now students are to play in the first and second acts. In the preceding years of our American history the great actors have been for the most part men who have not enjoyed the advantages of a college education. But if we may judge from the present tendency this will not be the case in the coming century. The men who will fill our legislative halls and the positions of honor and trust will be college men. Let us, therefore, fully equip ourselves for the great and important responsibilities that will devolve upon us.

Collegiana.


'96.
Leap year!
Jenkins up.
Crimson and navy blue.
Set your caps, young men.
And we all, except a few stragglers, went home
And saw her. The thoughts of family reunions,
   sociables, festivals,
Fruit-cake, turkey, merry laughter, and that sweet
   old word "good-bye" are
Like a gentle spirit, with enchanting melodies, filling
   that aching void which
College yells can never fill. We will not soon
   forget thee, home.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR THE CURIOUS.

What is a good meaning for mater familias?
The Old Woman in the Shoe.

What is love?
Something that makes a college boy flunk; that's what.

Did you study your Math. Christmas?
Yes; I did. I don't think.

Did Prof. G. go to Atlanta Christmas?
Hu-sh-sh-sh!

Did you see her?
I saw a good many by that name.

Have you got a local on me this month?
Why? What have you done?

Did you see your mother-in-law while you were away?
That is my business.

Who is that widower up at the College?
You had better come and see for yourself.

"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."

Lawyers are everywhere noted for their fluency in the quotation of Scripture passages. Our present Law Class has already shown their ability in this respect.
Mr. S——, one of the most enthusiastic members of the Law Association, while speaking before that body in regard to the future of the organization, made use of the following: "Gentlemen, we will then revert our minds with pleasure to this beginning of our career, and will say to our present president, 'Well done, thou faith and goodf ul servant.'"

"A COMEDY OF ERRORS."

F—— is a very good fellow, but he has a peculiar weakness for the fair sex that causes him to go beyond the bounds of discretion as to leaving at the proper time. Whether to attribute the cause of this to the peculiar sweetness of her voice or to the running down of watches we are unable to decide. But one thing we do know, that when the cool, refreshing midnight air fanned his cheek he came to himself, and finding that he was two hours late, he tried to keep it a secret by stopping at the head of the stairway and removing his shoes from his feet, so as to make no noise to disturb the sleepers. But alas, poor man! he forgot that "walls have ears," and even in the darkest hours curious eyes behold the things that are intended to be done in secret.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

The superstitious belief that horseshoes are omens of "good luck" has, in a measure, been adopted by one of our most intelligent young men. During Christmas he found a horseshoe, picked it up, and brought it to the College. "This is my luck," he said, "and I am going to see if there is anything in it." So saying, he left it in the care of a friend and went his way.

The day was dark and dreary; the lowering clouds hung darkly over the city; the pelting snow began to fall and cover the earth. George returned to College, but there was no cloud hanging over his mind. His face shone as a star in the dark heavens. From the very expression of his eyes one could tell
that his soul was full of joy. Before we could ask the cause for such pleasure he asked, "Where is that horseshoe? I want it. I never had better luck in my life, and I attribute it all to that horseshoe. I want to take it home and keep it. Find it for me, please."

After a long and diligent search we found it, and gave it to him, and his face now glows with a radiance that is so characteristic of those who are successful in an undertaking that so changes the destiny of men. Long may such blessings attend him, and may he never forsake the friend of his youth—a rusty horseshoe.

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A NOBLE DEED.

A few days before Christmas several tin cans were removed from around the dining-hall, where they had been in use. Now and then a canine was seen going at fast speed across the campus with as many cans as one of that family would care to carry at one time. This was a worry to some of us, but thinking that nothing was in the can to compensate the thief for his trouble, we contented ourselves with the thought, and made no arrests.

But we were not suffered to be at peace. New trouble arose. We are allowed to have on the grounds only a few caprine pets. These are very precious to us, and of course when a hand is laid upon one of their little heads some of our hearts feel it. And it was during the week in which so many cans had been carried off that there was a mighty cry at midnight—a cry so loud, so appealing, and so heart-rending as to awaken the hosts of slumberers in their beds. To their great grief, they found that this cry came from one of our beloved pets. Some were alarmed to the extent that to lie still and listen was all they could do, and had all been of this spirit the light of our caprine had been extinguished.

Together with this cry of distress came the voices of infuriated canines, who seemed to be forcing their victim to go with them against its will. When this voice was heard, and
when everyone else lay still on his couch, there arose from his warm resting-place one of the noblest of men—a son of Buckingham—and as one that hears his country’s call, armed himself and flew to the rescue. His face shone with the love of his mission, and, as a warrior’s steed that sniffs the battle from afar, he plunged into the fight. In an unguarded moment to his foes, he frowned upon them an indignant frown, and so thick and fast fell his mighty blows upon those canine heads that sooner done than said each one left his coveted prize, and, for his life, fled to parts unknown.

The battle over, the victory won, our champion returned to his couch to spend the wee small hours of the night in that peaceful slumber which is the reward of the brave.

Our pet suffered greatly from injuries received, but we are glad to say that it is yet alive, and doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. And we hope that canine revellers have been taught a lesson, that whereas we are silent when tin cans are removed by them, yet we will not suffer our pets to be carried away against their will.

Thanks to our champion.

"I LOVE YOU."

Human mind can ne’er conceive
A sweeter thought, nor pen construct
A lovelier phrase than this one line:
"I love you."

If we could write upon the skies
In blazing words our fondest thoughts,
'Twould then be poor compared to these:
"I love you."

Yet we will all our efforts spend
Upon some lofty flight to soar,
While hearts are longing for these words:
"I love you."
Simple words are those that reach
The tender cords of human hearts,
So then be simple, use this phrase:

"I love you."

Samson was a strong man; Solomon was a wise man; a college boy a would-be both.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

On December 16th and December 19th Rev. E. Y. Mullins delivered the last two addresses in his series of three, on "The Missionary Interpretation of Christianity." The addresses were not cold, dry, and lifeless, but were pithy, to the point, and full of religious zeal and missionary fire. From the beginning to the end of each address he held the attention of every one in the audience. Under his guidance the audience traced modern missions from its rise in the shoemaker's shop to the great dimensions it has at the present day; and each one felt, as he was being led on step by step, how little he was doing towards the furtherance of the spread of Christ's gospel. Mr. Mullins proved that the day of miracles is not past, saying that in Telegu, South Africa, God sent a pentecostial shower, and in one day over two thousand renounced their sins and came out under the banner of the cross. He also told of several other instances which were truly miraculous. Such a course of addresses as Mr. Mullins gave us would be beneficial and uplifting to all. May the time soon come when all the colleges in our Southland shall have missionary addresses.

The Mission Band Class has completed the study of India, and will now take up "The Religions of the World." The eight weeks' study of India is of inestimable value to every member of the class, learning, as each one did, the geography, description, prevailing customs, and religion of that great country. Nothing gives a person forcible and true ideas about a thing like a true and accurate knowledge of that thing. The next subject, "The Religions of the World," is one with which every person should be familiar. So narrow-minded are we that but few of us know anything about the religion we pro-
fess—Christianity—and know nothing about the other four great religions of the world. Now the opportunity is before the class, and each one ought to do what he can. The lessons come weekly.

We would like to call the students' special attention to the Young Men's Christian Association, which meets in Portsmouth February 12–16. The examinations will be completed before then, and all will need rest, and maybe can spare a few days from their classes. All who have attended the preceding conventions will testify that they received lasting impressions from them, and were very much benefited spiritually. There the student meets some of the most prominent religious leaders in the State, and can, by coming into contact with them, get some of their zeal and energy. We ought and want to carry a large delegation.

On January 14th Rev. A. B. Rudd, missionary to Mexico, addressed the students in the chapel. Rev. Mr. Rudd is an alumnus of Richmond College, and a native of Chesterfield county, Va. Until recently he was the only alumnus of the College in the foreign field. Now Rev. R. E. Chambers, who recently sailed to China, is the second. Rev. Mr. Rudd is located at Saltillo, and is actively engaged in the educational feature of missionary work, both in the Madeira Institute and the Saragossa. The Madeira Institute is presided over by Rev. W. D. Powell. It is a female school, and has about one hundred pupils every year. They have their vacation in mid-winter, and that is why Mr. Rudd is able to visit his homeland's scenes at this time of the year. Saragossa is a manual training school for boys, and Mr. Rudd says that its work is nearest of all to his heart. The school is supported by a wealthy Virginia Baptist at an expense of $300 ($500 or more in Mexican money) per month. He gave a brief and pathetic sketch of Mexico's history, of its political independence gained in the early part of the century (1810), and the "Reform Laws," separating Church and State, passed in 1857. He urged any who might enter missionary work to go to Mexico.

W. B. Daughtry.
The first meeting of the new year was held January 14th, with Mr. R. E. Loving in the chair.

The resources and advantages of the Eastern Shore of Virginia were clearly and fully discussed in a paper read by Mr. E. T. Poulson, who hails from that favored section.

Mr. H. M. Fugate made a brief but interesting talk on Dr. Curry’s book, “The South.”

The report of the Executive Committee, with a programme for the ensuing three months, was received.

Among the good things in store for the Society during this period are: Papers on Baltimore, to be prepared by natives of that city; Study and Discussion of the Monroe Doctrine; Papers on British Possessions, how acquired and their value; and, what those of us who have the history course anticipate most eagerly, a paper on the Study of History, by Professor Mitchell.

Mr. N. J. Allen, of Buckingham, was elected a member of the Society.

Athletics.

W. Bonnie Daughtry.

BASE-BALL.

The team of ’95, which we may safely say did more to elevate the standard of Richmond College in athletics than any previous team, deserves surely more mention than our space will permit. However, we shall endeavor to give a short sketch of the members of the team, hoping in this way to arouse the student body to the knowledge that we had last year the strongest amateur team in the State, and that this season we hope to put in the field a team even stronger than that of last year.
R. O. Binford was born on 21st December, 1873, in Luray, Va. He first played with the Luray summer team. In the years 1893 and 1894 he attended Richmond College and played on the second or scrub team. In the summer of 1894 he again played with the Luray team, and was their star player. In the spring of 1895 he played on the Richmond College team, and was a good fielder and base runner.

C. J. Edwards was born near Franklin, Va., on the 1st of April, 1876. He first acquired skill as a ball player at the Franklin Academy, filling an out-field position. During the summer of 1892 he played first base for the Franklin Athletic Club. In 1893 he came to Richmond College and played first base. Sickness prevented him from playing in 1894, but in 1895 he was back at his old place, and is one of the best first basemen who has ever played here.

Henry K. Ellyson, Jr., our great pitcher, was born in Richmond, Va., on the 3d of April, 1875. He first played with the Richmond College summer team, and then went to the Fishburne Military Academy. In 1893 he came to Richmond College and played out-field. It was during that season that he showed remarkable pitching qualities, but he did not grace the pitcher’s box until the ensuing year. He made a great record in the box, meeting many strong teams and allowing them only a few scattered hits. In 1895 he developed into a good hard batter, and his speed has continually increased until he is now considered by many the speediest amateur pitcher in the South. He will pitch for us this year.

“Tristie” Leonard was born near Fulton, Va., on the 13th August, 1877. He first played with the Richmond High School and afterwards with the Old Dominions, a local team of considerable worth. He was short stop on the Richmond College team of 1895, and is a good fielder and sure batter, but slow in his movements.

“Buck” Lockett was born at Crewe, Va., on the 12th day of April, 1874. He learned the game with the local team of that place, and in 1895 played with Richmond College. He is a good man and promises to be a fine pitcher.
“Quilly” Lunsford was born in Roanoke county on the 17th of February, 1875. He played at Alleghany Institute in 1892 and 1893 as catcher, and in 1894 and 1895 he filled the same place for Richmond College. He played well, getting a fielding average of 984.

W. S. McNiell was born in the eastern part of South Carolina on the 16th November, 1875. At Furman University he gained quite a reputation as a ball player. In 1893 he was out-fielder for the Greenville (S. C.) team. He next went with the Florence team, and in 1894 was made captain of it. He was easily their star player. In 1895 he came to Richmond College, and made an enviable record at second base. He led in stolen bases, was second in run-getting, and was also second in batting. He is a small Irishman, but a good, steady player, and knows the game. He captains the game this season.

“Baby” Philips was born 3d January, 1876, in Richmond. He played on several local teams, but first acquired a wide reputation on the Richmond League team. He then played on the Richmond College team of 1895. He led the team in run-getting, and is a hard hitter and fine fielder, making many pretty plays. He is now at Brown University.

Roy D. White, last year’s efficient centre fielder, was born in Maryland on the first day of May, 1877. He first acquired fame as a hard hitter and good player on the Parksley (Va.) club. In 1893 he went to William and Mary College, and played on the 1894 team of that institution. In 1895 he played centre field for Richmond College, and made a brilliant record as a hard hitter and thrower. He led the team in batting. He will play at his old position this year, and great playing is expected of him.

Probably a few words about our coming team would not be inappropriate just here. The outlook is, as I have already intimated, very promising. Hunnecutt, a Southern college ball player of considerable fame, is taking law here, and will probably catch for us. He is a good one, and, coupled with “Puss”
Ellyson, we hope will make the best battery in the South. There are several aspirants for honors on first base; Little McNiell had scared off all comers from second base; third base has several applicants, and short-stop will probably be held down by Fleming. Of course White will be in centre, and the other fields have several players applying. The two obstacles which served to handicap the team of last season, namely, the lack of money and college spirit, will not be so great this year, we hope, as the faculty has very generously added to the sum which our foot-ball team cleared. This fact, and the knowledge that the President of the College is with us, and will aid us, so long as we keep up well in our classes, leads us to predict for the team of 1896 a record than which not better was ever made by a team from Richmond College. Pardon me if I remark that the Crimson and the Blue may be this year placed where it should be—over the champions of the South.

Come out, boys; see the games; treat visiting teams with the greatest of courtesy; and cheer on the wearers of the Crimson and Blue to victory.

W. D. Bowles.

Applications for the base-ball team are in order. All who want to try for the team should hand in their applications at once to Captain McNeill.

FIELD-DAY.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the subject of Field-day was freely discussed. It was decided by all means to have one, and to have one that would be of credit to Richmond College, to the State, and to the South. The members of the Association very enthusiastically promised to try to stir up interest for it and to support it themselves. If this is done we have no fear but that Field-day next spring will be good, and that it will bring honor to the College.
The Emory Phoenix for December comes to us arrayed in its gay Christmas apparel. Its elegant finish is not disgraced by its contents, either, as the magazine is decidedly able in the articles composing it. "Christ and Christmas" is a striking and cheery commentary on the real significance of Christmas. The writer maintains that genuine glee came into the world only when the Man of Galilee came; and, without assuming a preacherly style, he explains how the mirth and peace and joy of Christendom emanate from the divine childhood to which a large portion of mankind has been restored. We quote the writer's expressive definition of a child: "A child is an embodied joy, a radiant smile wrought into flesh and blood, a gladness fashioned into soul; low and pleasant laughter, with chubby legs to it, and speech.

The Yankton Student of last issue is considerably meagre in its quantity of literary matter. Three pages of such matter is not enough. The Student's editorials are good, however, and one of its two literary articles sets forth with special aptness the value and importance of a student's keeping himself well posted on current events.

The Athenæum comes to us for the first time in several months. Its contents are varied and somewhat good, but the print and general appearance of the magazine are decidedly bad.

It is easy to see that the William and Mary College Monthly is in able, industrious hands. In none of our exchanges do we find better evidence of fidelity on the part of the editorial staff than we find in examining this publication. The views regarding Examinations, advanced by a contributor of last issue, seem worthy of deep consideration. Under the title "Bruno" is a very pathetic story showing the fidelity of a watch-dog.
In the matter of attractive appearance there is scarcely one of our exchanges equal to the *Sibyl*. There is an inviting appearance about this magazine that prepares one to be interested in what the magazine contains. How wise would it be if scores of our worthy exchanges would take the *Sibyl’s* plan, and, while maintaining their merit, improve their appearance. All the sentimental talk about merit in rags is very nice, but such merit is not usually expected, and so is not likely to be observed. The literary make-up of the *Sibyl* is also eminently creditable. “Cupid at Basket Ball” is a charming story, but one of its characters is subjected to a blunt disappointment, which was not wholly deserved.

The *Furman Echo* for December is well filled with readable matter. “The Philosopher’s Stone” is a short but pithy article, and contains some food for reflection. We quote the following: “But is not selfishness the predominant force in the actions of most men? The man who devises some way by which the selfishness of human nature may be applied to bring about reforms for the general good is the alchemist who has discovered at least a part of the desired (philosopher’s) stone.”

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**Clippings.**

This world is not conclusion;  
A sequel stands beyond,  
Invisible as music,  
But positive as sound.

It beckons, and it baffles,—  
Philosophies don’t know,  
And through a riddle at the last  
Sagacity must go.

To prove it puzzles scholars;  
To gain it, men have worn  
Contempt of generations,  
And crucifixion borne.

—*Emily Dickinson.*
"Rise! for the day is passing,
    And you lie dreaming on;
And others have buckled their armour,
    And forth to the fight have gone,
A place in the ranks awaits you,
    Each man has some part to play;
The Past and Future are looking
    In the face of the stern To-day."

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

SHAKESPEARE.

To Aeschylus, Dame Nature gave the key
    Unto the Tower of Thunder, lightning-lit,
    Builted upon a rock by earthquake split:
To Dante, sphinx-like in his mystery
And granite visage of austerity,
    She opened up the black infernal pit,
    And spelled his scrolls in flaming letters writ:
To Milton showed the halls of Deity.

But 'twas reserved for thee, my Hercules,
    My Shakespeare with the speech of seraphim
To flatter her until she gave the keys
    To all her castles and her dungeons dim,
Until she led thee to creation's brim,
    And taught thee all her darkest mysteries!

POSTSEA.

In the golden face of a future time,
    I hear again love's sweetest rhyme.
And the waters gurgling down the hill,
    Dashing past the dim old mill,
Bring back pictures, now gone by,
    The days of love twixt you and I.

When you and I, in the evening still,
    Watched the moving wheel of the old, old mill,
A picture fair, tho' dim with age—
Time past pains can ne'er assuage,

In mem'ry bitter, vast and deep,
The pangs of past will ever keep,

Till the waters gurgling down the hill
Shall cease their journey and be still.

When the world is wrapped within a shroud,
Those pains will cease to cry aloud.

And the waters gurgling down the hill,
And the world and mind will then be still.

SNAP SHOTS.

The preacher said we are but grass
And he spoke truth I ween,
Now that is how it comes to pass,
That some folks are so green.

There are people always growling
About life's thorny way,
And even foot-ball players
Kick upon Thanksgiving Day.

Why do the ladies lace so tight
Throughout this Christian land?
The reason is they wish to show
What squeezing they can stand.

He had a sad and haggard face,
A palor on his cheek,
I asked him was some dear one dead,
He said "I flunked in Greek."

You may crowd the college steps,
But must keep off the grass,
For no Coxeyites nor preps,
Should ever dare to trespass.
'Twas a "hair-raising tale" the fakir told,  
But never a tale of woe,  
But just at a dollar each bottle was sold—  
That made whiskers on bald heads grow.

The kid that gambols on the green  
Does so in sportive innocence;  
But the kid who gambles for the "green,"  
Sports thus, you bet, to win the cents!

If Santy Claus would come to college,  
Oh, the blessed good that he might do;  
If he'd fill our stockings up with knowledge  
For exams. we'd know a thing or two.

The barber's harvest is now at hand  
And he wears him a tickled grin;  
For the season's done all o'er the land  
And the heroes are rushing in.

TO MY PIPE.

Old pipe,  
Sweet pipe,  
I love none else but thee.  
Oft in the eve I see,  
Thro' thy fragrant smoke,  
Castles built by fancy's stroke,  
That rise  
To the skies.

In light  
Of night,  
When I hear the cold wind,  
With bitter thoughts in mind  
You blend them in part,  
And you soften my heart,  
Old pipe,  
Sweet pipe.
In days
Always,
You comfort me, my friend,
And will until the end.
Amid life's toil and strife
I'll love you all thro' life,
Old pipe,
Sweet pipe.