

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 22
Number 7 *The Messenger*, Vol. 22, No. 7

Article 1

5-1896

The Messenger, Vol. 22, No. 7

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Recommended Citation

(1896) "The Messenger, Vol. 22, No. 7," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 22 : No. 7 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol22/iss7/1>

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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXII.

MAY, 1896.

No. 7.

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**"ATHENS, THE EYE OF GREECE,
MOTHER OF ARTS AND ELOQUENCE."**

When the Persians, in 479 B. C., retired from Athens they left her a heap of ruins. Houses were destroyed, temples were pillaged and burned. Nothing but devastation marked the site. Fifty years afterwards Athens was the strongest and most beautiful city of Greece. The homes had been replaced, shrines for the gods reconstructed, streets made anew, in places bare were laid out parks, upon places bleak were erected palaces; and Athens was the emblem of beauty.

These great changes were instituted by Pericles, Athens' renowned diplomatist. Under his guiding hand Athens reached the height of her power and glory. Immediately after the

departure of the Persians the Greeks began preparations for the defence of their shores from other like invasions. What was called the Delian League was formed for the protection of Eastern Greece. Athens was chosen leader of the confederacy, and every ally promised to furnish each year so much money or so many ships for the purpose of maintaining wars against foreign governments.

Such a fleet was created by Athens and the allies that no foreign power could overcome it. Under her wise leader Athens was enabled to present such evidences of strength and power as to hold her dreaded enemy in check. None dared to cope with her, or even to offend her.

And so the money that was collected from the different allies, not being needed for carrying on war, was spent in strengthening and beautifying the capital of the confederacy. Many opposed this use of the funds, saying that it was not right for the surplus to be spent upon Athens; that Athens, with the money of the allies, was "gilding itself as a proud and vain woman decks herself out with jewels."

But it was claimed by Pericles that as long as Athens fulfilled the conditions of the contract, as long as she kept the Persian vessels from her shores, she had a right to use the surplus money. Had she not succeeded? What was it to the allies if she gained money in the bargain? And should not Athens, the capital of the confederacy, be strong and beautiful? And should she not be the home of literature and art? To this view of Pericles is indebted the glory of Athens and the influence she has exerted upon the world. He believed that Athens should be the centre of power and influence, and he labored to make it so. And how grandly he succeeded. So well that hundreds of years afterwards his work called forth from the lips of Milton these words:

"Athens, the eye of Greece,
Mother of arts and eloquence."

And now, though that eye may be dimmed through age, though it may be deprived of some of its lustre, yet at one time

it was so beautiful, and beamed so nobly with the radiance of art and eloquence, that its influence has been felt through all these centuries, and will be felt as long as the wheel of time shall revolve.

In reaching the zenith of her material glory, Athens created an impulse that has lent impetus to succeeding generations and nationalities. Henceforth cities and governments were to take pride in their public buildings.

In reaching the zenith of her intellectual glory, Athens produced more great men than any other city of the world. Her statesmen, her orators, her sculptors, are peers among those who have figured in the world's history.

O Athens, how bright and glorious was thy day! Thy beauty hast called forth the praises of poets and sages! Thy men of letters find no equal to-day! Thy philosophers have laid deep the foundations upon which we build! Thy oratory we acknowledge as supreme! Thy sculptures cannot be imitated! Would that we could see thy magnificent walls, thy glorious temples, thy golden shrines, thy long avenues, thy beautiful parks, thy monuments of splendor, thy graceful statues, all restored to their former grandeur, and that we might behold Athens in all her pristine glory.

The walls of Athens in the Periclean age embraced more than twenty miles of fortification. They were built of immense hewn stone, braced together with iron and lead, and were of such a breadth that wagon trains could meet and pass each other upon them. They extended down to the beautiful harbor Peiræus, and between these long walls were straight and spacious streets, boulevards where nature lent her crowning touch to art. On either side of the long avenues leading to the harbor were erected monuments to the mighty dead, monuments to commemorate the valiant deeds of heroes and warriors who won undying fame at Marathon, Salamis, or Plataea. Their brave hearts had ceased to beat, but their noble forms, portrayed in living marble and breathing bronze, had not ceased to influence the Athenian youth, had not ceased to

bring to his cheek the ruddy hue of valor, and to his eye the glowing spark of bravery. The Athenian youths were made noble and courageous by their very surroundings.

In the shady grove along the bank of the Cephissus is the gymnasium, where we can see, on a summer's eve, the Athenian youth running or wrestling, developing that physique, that strength and courage, and endurance, necessary to win the laurel at the Olympian games.

Scattered throughout the city are the magnificent temples erected to the gods. Just to the right are the temples of Zeus and Apollo. Down in the lowlands, along the bank of the stream, you see the temple of Dionysus. In the citadel itself are the temples of Athena and Poseidon. To the left is the beautiful temple sacred to Heracles. But upon the Acropolis are the crowning works of Athenian genius. Most conspicuous among them is the Parthenon. The name of Ictinus, the architect of that great temple, and the name of Pheidias, the sculptor, will ever be famous.

That shrine of the guardian goddess stands upon that eminence as the symbol of Athenian greatness and glory. The whole temple, within and without, is adorned with sculpture, ornamentation, and color. Look upon either gable of the roof, and one can see the sculptured figures; in the centre they are erect and imposing, towards the angles they are stooping or gracefully reclining. On one gable is represented the birth of Athena, "the goddess of the unclouded intellect"; on the other, the strife between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of Attica. Below, in the centre, is a group representing Zeus, Athena, and the Fates, while on one side of them the Horses of the Sun are seen rising from underground, and on the other descending into the earth again—representing the rising of the king of day and his going down from the view of man.

The sides of the temple are no less beautiful. There we see ninety-two *metopes*, each containing two figures grappling in deadly combat. Mighty men and gods struggle for disputed power, while Athenians look upon them.

Around the whole wall of the inner temple is the *frieze*, representing the great Panathenaic procession in all its details. Knights and maidens, priests and magistrates, join the happy throng as they go forth to do honor to Athena at her greatest festival.

But in that temple is the crowning work of genius. There stands the goddess Athena, embodied not in wood, not in marble, not in bronze, but in gold and ivory. Stately she stands, here pure white form draped in gorgeous apparel! Upon her right hand, which is supported by a pedestal, rests the winged Victory. Her left hand supports the rim of her shield. She is a complete victor—the calm mistress of this grand city. Strife is ended, and she stands an emblem of peace and power, protecting the nation which has constructed her shrine. Over the fair city at her feet she wields the sceptre; no evil shall overshadow her bright domain; no pestilence shall brood over Athens; no turmoil shall disturb her peace; no injustice shall stain her hands; and her streets shall be scenes of quiet; her homes, homes of virtue; her temples, habitations for the gods; her men, great and renowned.

The greatness and glory of Athens lay not simply in works of art. These, for the most part, have crumbled away under the hand of time, though relics of Athenian glory, rich and rare, have been collected and reserved in the world's great museums at Rome, Paris, and London.

The attractions of the city brought to it seekers after knowledge. Men of genius and ability were inspired by the scenes about them. The peculiar environment, the standard of greatness, the universal attainments called loudly for worthy leaders. And how nobly that call was answered! Never have so many great men been produced in one age.

In the drama and in the works of history the achievements of the Athenians have never been surpassed. Æschylus, in his plays, carried the mind beyond the limits of the visible, and attempted to trace out the workings of a divine power in the scenes of nature. He insisted upon the justice of the

divine being. The race of the just is always prosperous—his happiness abiding. Such, without the influences of Christianity, was the spirit of men of Athens.

Says Evelyn Abbott of him: "As much as any prophet or philosopher this poet strove to establish a firm basis upon which a man may act or think. The grandeur of his character has never been surpassed. And the language of Æschylus is unlike the language of any other poet, ancient or modern. The lines of Marlowe—the so-called 'Master of the mighty line' are faltering and feeble when compared with the large and ample utterance of the old Greek poet. Gods and heroes move before us in his scenes, and god-like are the tones in which their words are conveyed to our ears."

Sophocles became no less renowned. To him the divine being was not only just, but he was the embodiment of love. He makes love a powerful motive in man's actions. "Love is invincible, and none may win a match from Aphrodite." His tragedies were never shocking. A perfect master of the art, he knew how to deal with man, lifting him above the scenes of actual life and admitting him into the realms of the ideal. There are many others who have become examples to the world—many who have inspired modern writers.

Euripides was a man "hated and worshipped in his own day." Abbott speaks of him as "the singer of sweet lyric songs, the magician at whose touch the common things of life become radiant with an eternal beauty—the master of description, telling his tale at one time with matchless simplicity and grace, at another with a splendor of rhetoric unsurpassed in any literature."

The name of Socrates has become the symbol of truth and wisdom. His favorite maxim, *know thyself*, is the maxim of to-day—the maxim for the young and old of every age and clime. His memory is revered by all. He taught the world the purest system of morals that ever sprung from human heart, surpassed only by the Great Teacher.

Plato's teachings are no less elevated. His doctrines have exerted a profound influence upon all schools of thought and

philosophies since his day. "His dialogues remain without a rival in beauty of form and language."

The numerous works of Aristotle have been studied for centuries by the scholars of the Eastern World. "For nearly two thousand years Aristotle ruled over the realms of mind with despotic sway. All teachers and philosophers acknowledge him as their guide and master."

The historians Thucidides and Xenophon have wrought works which have been subjects of study for the greatest historians and orators of modern days.

The name of Demosthenes has become throughout the world the synonym of eloquence. Many of his orations have been preserved. And Myers says of them: "Of all human productions they present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection."

Athens has furnished to the world leaders in nearly every department of life—men who not only perfected great systems, but were the originators as well. As Pericles said in the beginning of his famous funeral speech, "Our institutions are not borrowed from those around us; they are our own—the creation of Athenian statesmen; an example, not a copy." And though centuries have passed since they were upon the arena, their thoughts and their acts are still cherished, and the forces they set in motion have never ceased to act. And though these immortal beings long ago disembarked upon the unknown shore, they left their wake, in which generation after generation has followed.

As Pericles said, "Their reward is worthy of them; their glory shall never die; their ashes rest where we have laid them, but the whole wide world is their sepulchre; their epitaphs are written in the hearts of mankind, and wherever there is speech of noble deeds their names are held in remembrance."

The energy and genius of the Athenian citizens, displayed in the construction of those magnificent walls, and in the building of shrines and temples, and in the erection of statues and monuments; as well as the works of Athenian statesmen, poets, orators, historians, and philosophers, in giving to the

world so many productions of highest literary merit; and the policy of the Athenian government in creating love for the pure and beautiful, in developing the ideas of justice and of patriotism, in giving to each citizen liberty of thought and action—all these made Athens the focal point of the world's enlightenment, and from that point has diverged the greater part of modern artistic and intellectual greatness.

Just as Mont Blanc, with its snow-capped summit glistening in the sunlight, stands high above the surrounding regions and reflects the rays of the sun far and wide over the earth; so Athens, in civilization and in art, stood high above her neighbors, and in her glory reflected rays of culture and refinement to the farthest limits of the ancient world.

And just as the snow upon the summit of that glorious mount begins in time to soften and melt and trickle down, bringing with it moisture and fertility, which, spread over the surrounding plateaus and plains, cause to spring up a beautiful and fragrant verdure; so, when the power of Athens begins to decrease and her glory to fade, she sends throughout the world a mighty influence, which causes nations and kingdoms to rise up in new and more lasting glory.

A MAIDEN'S ADVENTURE.

I.

In the early days of Virginia when the red man still roamed much of our forest, there lived on the James river, near Westover, a young cavalier—Clarence Winchester. He was the adopted son and heir of a childless uncle that had settled in Virginia.

Clarence had made several visits to the home of Mr. Aberdeen, but as he arose at sunrise on the morning of the anniversary of his arrival in Virginia for the purpose of making an early start to Mr. Aberdeen's his hopes were brighter, his anticipations more joyous, than ever before. He hastily dispatched his breakfast, bade his uncle adieu, mounted his beau-

tiful iron-gray, which his father had sent him from England, and dashed off in a sweeping gallop. He, however, soon found that he must check his horse's speed, or else he would leave his accompanying servant entirely, for it was with great difficulty that he had kept up with his master even thus far.

But however fast they might ride Clarence knew that they could not make the journey in a day over such imperfect and little-travelled roads. At sunset they found themselves at a small French settlement, which was about eighteen miles from Mr. Aberdeen's. Here they stopped for the night. The kindly and hospitable Huguenots gave them a warm welcome into their homes.

II.

CLARENCE'S ARRIVAL.

After a refreshing night's rest Clarence and his servant arose the next morning and resumed their journey. About a three-hour's ride brought them to the Aberdeen mansion. This most charming old English home was situated about thirty miles above the present site of Richmond, in what is now Goochland county. True it was at that time somewhat isolated from other white settlements, but this rather accorded with the eccentricities of Mr. Aberdeen. There was a tribe of Indians just across the river, but with the exception of some petty thefts, they had never given the occupants of this home any trouble or anxiety.

Mr. Aberdeen's father had been one of the refugees that fled from England to Virginia during the Protectorate of Cromwell. Of this he was not a little proud, for he gloried in his loyalty to England's rightful sovereign. He had always been a very affectionate and indulgent parent, but since his wife's death his affection for his children seemed to have grown even stronger. His oldest daughter, Irene, he almost idolized; she was at this time just twenty years of age, of medium stature, of easy bearing, with light hair, and blue eyes—a maiden she was whose beauty was not conspicuous, yet in whose face was writ purity and loveliness.

The genial old host gave Clarence his usual hearty welcome. The afternoon was whiled away very pleasantly in discussing the most recent news from England, and the general prosperity and bright prospects of Virginia.

After tea Clarence and Irene strolled about the yard for some time, enjoying the sweet twilight. When weary of walking they sat down on a rustic bench beneath a great spreading oak. It was a lovely night, such as is characteristic of Virginia in the "fragrant summer time." The breeze, laden with the sweet odors of the honeysuckle and jasmine, was soft and balmy. The moon was casting her silvery and inspiring light upon the blissful pair. As Clarence gazed upon Irene she seemed to him sweeter, fairer, and lovelier than ever before.

Ah, what harm, thought he, could there be in telling her so? But, reader, why should we here attempt to tell how Clarence declared his love to Irene, and how she listened to his words, and sweetly and modestly consented to be his wife. How happy were they.

But the cruel old clock now strikes ten; they must separate. Clarence steals from Irene an innocent kiss, and the happy pair go into the parlor. When Mr. Aberdeen, as was his custom, had read the Scriptures and a prayer from the prayer-book, they all retired.

III.

AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

"At morn the black cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay;
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving with reviving day."

—*Scott.*

Clarence arose next morning at the first tolling of the bell, even before the first sunbeam streamed through his lattice, for, as was his custom when visiting Mr. Aberdeen, he was going to the river that day where he would enjoy himself fishing.

When breakfast was over he pressed Irene's hand and looked at her in such a way as to say in eloquent silence: "Oh, that

our blissful experience of last night may be repeated to-night." He then started for the river, accompanied by his servant, John.

How jubilant and joyful was Clarence as he rode along. Life was indeed to him all sunshine. He was of noble birth; he had money and property in abundance; Irene loved him, and was soon to become his wife. All nature seemed to join hands with him and share in his ecstasy. The dewdrops were sparkling like diamonds where the sunlight had just begun to fall upon them. The little birds were flitting from tree to tree, singing their blithe and gladsome songs. It was one of those calm and serene mornings, not a cloud to be seen in the heavens, such a morning as awakens in us a joyful and hopeful spirit, but such a morning, as the old people say, is an indication of a storm in the afternoon.

Soon they reached the river, for it was only about seven miles from Mr. Aberdeen's. They got into a boat and amused themselves for some time rowing up and down the river before trying their luck at angling. The scenery on the banks of the James in this locality is exceptionally beautiful; but, to tell the truth, Clarence's inward thoughts were to him at this time more sublime than his outward surroundings.

When tired of rowing they made fast the boat and spent the rest of the morning fishing. When Clarence looked at his watch he found that it was an hour past noon. "Let's go ashore," said he, "and eat our lunch."

When they had eaten their lunch Clarence left John on the shore to look after the horses while he himself rowed down the river some distance to get for Irene some wild flowers that he had seen during the morning on the opposite side of the river.

After feeding the horses John lay down beneath a large tree to rest himself a little before returning to the river. The cool breeze soon fanned him asleep.

Clarence soon reached the place where he had seen the flowers. He stepped ashore and began to pluck them. But while in this act six Indians, who had been lurking in the bushes watching his movements all the morning, pounced

upon him. It is needless to say this attack was quite unexpected by Clarence, for he had apprehended no danger whatever from the Indians. He made a brave and manly resistance, but in vain, for the Indians soon overcame him by force of numbers. When they had bound him hand and foot they sent for the rest of the tribe that they might share in the joy of the captured white man's death.

Soon the rest of the tribe came, like a pack of fierce bloodhounds, whooping and yelling in their harsh, grating, and blood-curdling tones. They tied Clarence to a tree standing on the bank of the river, and began to practice their cruel sports upon him. They throw their tomahawks at him, seeing how close they could come to him and yet miss him. The young warriors try the steadiness of their hands by shooting arrows close around and about him.

Poor Clarence! He thinks of Irene and the night before, of the bright prospects that had been before him, of the joyous anticipations he had been entertaining all the morning—and now he must die when life is sweeter and dearer to him than it has ever been before.

The Indians, now tired of their sport, begin to pile brush and wood around the tree to which Clarence is bound with which to burn him.

The clear and serene morning had indeed been a precursor of an afternoon storm, and right rapidly was it now gathering, but the Indians were so intent on punishing their victim they had given little or no attention to it. At the time they were piling brush and wood around Clarence a very slight peal of distant thunder aroused John from his slumber. He started up very suddenly, and hastened to the river with the expectation of being rebuked by his young master for his tardiness. But when he reached the river, looked across, saw Clarence bound to a tree, surrounded by savages, horror and fear seized him. However, perceiving that he had not been seen by the Indians, he fell behind a little pine shrub, where he could collect himself, and from which position he could watch the pro-

ceedings across the river without being seen. He knew not what to do. If he should run home for help Clarence would certainly be killed before he could return. If he went across to Clarence he himself would be captured and killed, and there would be no one left even to tell the story. What should he do?

All their horrid rites and ceremonies being performed over the victim, the Indians now strike fire to the brush and wood around Clarence. But almost at the same instant that the fire was struck there came from the rapidly-gathering clouds a mighty clap of thunder, which seemed to jar the very earth. The Indians stood awe-stricken, wondering whether or not the Great Spirit was frowning upon them for this act. In a few seconds there was another great crash, and so loud it was that heaven and earth seemed to have come together. Before the sounds of this last peal had died away in the forest the rain began to fall in torrents. More and more vivid were the flashes of lightning, shorter and shorter were the intervals between the deafening peals of thunder, faster and faster fell the rain, stronger and stronger became the winds. Leaving Clarence tied to the tree for the cruel tempest to play upon, the Indians fled to their wigwams.

At first, from his hiding place, John could distinctly see what was being done across the stream, but when the rain began to fall it formed a perfect screen between him and the Indians. He knew that the rain must have extinguished the fire. He thought, though he was not sure, that he had seen the Indians retiring. He now resolved to take a horse and start to Mr. Aberdeen's to secure aid. In case the Indians had left Clarence tied to the tree, he could probably get back with aid by the time the storm would be over, and get Clarence before the Indians would return for him.

Leaving the horse which he had ridden at the river, John mounted Clarence's spirited steed and started to Mr. Aberdeen's. But so great was the violence of the storm it was with much difficulty that he could get even this spirited animal to travel at all. The sun was set before he had travelled half the

distance. This, of course, greatly increased the difficulty of travelling, for so great was the darkness he could not see the road except in the glare of the brilliant lightning. But instead of directing, the lightning blinded and staggered him.

IV.

THAT NIGHT.

“Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard.”

—*Shakespeare.*

Mr. Aberdeen and all his household, particularly Irene, had been very anxious and uneasy about Clarence since the beginning of the storm. However, Mr. Aberdeen knew that under such circumstances it was best to suppress his feelings as much as possible. Said he to Irene, who he saw was becoming more and more anxious as night approached, “I feel sure that Clarence and his servant have found shelter somewhere, and are only waiting till the storm is over before venturing home.”

“Surely something has happened,” said Irene, as she turned from the window out of which she had been watching, “or else Clarence would have been here before this. It must be after sunset, for it is so dark I can no longer see out the window. Perhaps he has lost his way, and is now wandering in the dark with this merciless storm beating upon him. Father, send two servants down the river road. Perhaps they may meet Clarence.”

Two reluctant servants, in obedience to Mr. Aberdeen’s order, mounted horses, which seemed even more reluctant to face the terrible storm, and started toward the river. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could keep the road.

After travelling for some time in the gross darkness they ran up against a man on horseback. “Who is that?” one of them shouted.

“John Miles, Mr. Winchester’s servant,” came the reply.

“Where is your master?” said the first speaker.

“The Indians have captured him,” responded John.

John then hastily related to the servants the particulars of the story. After listening to which they concluded that inasmuch as the storm seemed to be growing worse, they had better go back home and inform Mr. Aberdeen of what had happened. They turned their faces homeward, but slowly did they travel. At times the horses would stop right still and refuse to go. When at last they reached the house such was the fury of the storm that, though everybody in the house was listening and watching, their arrival was unknown till they stepped upon the porch. But at the sound of footsteps the door was flung open and the three men, drenched in rain, rushed in.

When John broke the news the whole family became frantic. Irene begged her father to let her and some of the servants start to the river immediately. Said she: "If we can do nothing else, we can at least be in place when the storm is over, and can, perhaps, cross the river in some way and get Clarence before the Indians return for him."

Mr. Aberdeen was a tender-hearted man, and loved his daughter to the extent to grant her almost any request within his power, but when he opened the door and looked out into the darkness he knew that it would be useless—indeed, but madness—to let his daughter or anyone else risk themselves out in that storm; for, instead of abating, the storm had increased in its violence and fury. The water was falling in torrents. The wind had uprooted two of the largest trees in the yard, one of which was the tree under which Irene and Clarence had sat the night before. The great thunderbolts made the very earth tremble. So many were the streaks of lightning that it seemed at times that a teeming multitude of fiery serpents had been turned loose in the stygian darkness of the midnight air. At other times so brilliant was the sheet-lightning that it looked as if the whole atmosphere had caught on fire.

"No, it is impossible, my daughter," said Mr. Aberdeen as he closed the door. "It is impossible for anyone to travel in

such a night as this. But we will be in readiness, and just as soon as the storm abates sufficiently for travel we will start for the river."

This reply of her father's pierced Irene's heart like an arrow; yet she knew that he had spoken rightly. Having made him promise to let her go with them to the river, she withdrew to her room—not to sleep, but to watch the progress of the storm and to think of Clarence. "If Clarence has not been killed by the Indians he is tied to a tree, with this howling storm assailing him; if he should live till morning the Indians will get him and burn him, and I shall never see him again." As she thus reflected she lifted up her sweet and trembling voice to Him who is a *refuge from the storm*: "O God, I beseech thee to pity Clarence—

"Cover his defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'"

"Protect him from the cruel tempest, and the even more cruel Indians. But if it be thy will that he shall die, may I see him alive once more and die with him."

* * * * *

But let us leave the sorrow-stricken maiden pleading with her God and turn our attention to Clarence. As we have said, the Indians, frightened by the unusual violence of the storm, had left Clarence tied to the tree and fled to their wigwams, thinking that they would return in the morning, when the storm had ceased, and yet burn their victim if life should be left in his body.

The tree to which Clarence was bound being very near the river's edge, he could hear the roaring waters dashing madly down the stream. The lurid lightning blinded him; the heavy peals of thunder deafened him. Many of the trees around him, unable to resist the mighty rushing of the wind, were falling to the ground with crashes only equalled by the noise of the deafening thunder. Not a human sound could he hear. But yet he could not complain, for even this very storm had *prolonged* his life. He thought of how different it had been the

night before. Ah, that night, the like of which he would never see again! Never again would he enjoy the soft and gentle twilight. Never again would he sit under the old spreading oak with Irene by his side. Never again would he breathe that balmy air, laden with the odors of the honey-suckle and the jasmine. Never again would he behold the sweet and inspiring light of the moon. He, too, now turns his thoughts to God, and resigns himself to his righteous will.

As the swollen river spread beyond its bed, the waters gradually surrounded Clarence. Higher and higher they arose around him as the great torrents fell from the heavens. Clarence could now feel the waters above his waist. The skies were still black and angry, the winds still howled, the nimble lightning still played in the atmosphere, the thunder still roared and resounded through the forest. But so cold and lifeless had Clarence become, his thoughts were now little more than dreams.

V.

THE ADVENTURE.

We left Irene in her room bowed before her God in prayer. Often during the night did she look out the window to see if there were any indications of the cessation of the storm. About 3 o'clock in the morning the terrible storm began to abate, the wrathful skies began to grow milder in appearance. Irene hastened to her father and besought him to start to the river.

It was yet dark when they started, but sufficiently light for them to travel. When they reached the river the sun was just peeping over the tree-tops. But how swollen was the stream, how madly the waters rush along, foaming and dashing and splashing, carrying with them leaves, pine-tags, sticks, and even great logs, which they had gathered along the banks of the stream.

John guided them to the spot where he had lay the afternoon before and watched the Indians across the stream. They looked for some time before they saw Clarence, but at length

John spied him, or at least his head and shoulders—the surrounding water covered the rest of his body. “There he is,” he cried.

“Oh, how can we get to him, father!” said Irene.

“It is impossible to reach him,” responded Mr. Aberdeen, “either with a boat or on horseback till the waters have subsided more.”

“But,” said Irene, “the Indians will soon return and get him. It will not be difficult for them to reach him, the water is not deep on the other side of him.”

“Well,” said Mr. Aberdeen, “we may trust that they will not; but in case they do, they can do him but little more harm, for surely he is already dead.”

There they all stood gazing at Clarence, yet powerless they were against the swollen and turbulent stream. They must wait for the waters to assuage.

Hour after hour rolled away, but slowly did the waters subside. For some strange reason the Indians had not reappeared, but how soon they would no one could tell. The little party, helpless and bewildered, whiled away the time in trying to devise some means by which they could reach Clarence.

Seeing that it was growing late, and that it might yet be several hours before anyone could venture across the river, Mr. Aberdeen sent one of the servants home to fetch something to eat, for not one of them had partaken of any nourishment that day.

The servant which he sent had scarcely gotten out of sight, when a fierce yell was heard across the river.

“Oh, the Indians are coming for their victim,” they all cried out.

Sharply did the yell of the Indians ring in the ears of all the little company, but it rang like a death-knell in Irene’s ears. Though her father was quite sure that Clarence was dead, yet she, at least, had hopes that he was still alive. She fully realized that crossing the river was almost impossible; nevertheless, she resolved to make the attempt. So, while

those around her stood dumfounded and terror-stricken at the horrible yell of the Indians, she forced her horse into the stream.

"Stop her! stop her?" cried Mr. Aberdeen. But it was too late, for she was beyond their grasp. Indeed, such was the amazement of all at her bold undertaking, no one even attempted to prevent her. Nobly did her steed struggle with the strong waters. At times he seemed on the point of yielding to the swift current, but to the surprise and joy of the astounded spectators he and his rider reached the other side of the river in safety. The strong current, however, had borne them down the stream some distance below the tree to which Clarence was tied.

Clarence was yet alive, though so much weakened he could not speak above a whisper. With great haste Irene unloosed him from the tree and carried him ashore. Her joy, as well as his, was unspeakable. She pressed a kiss upon his cold brow, the very warmth of which seemed to have revived him. He looked up into her face as if she were an angel sent from heaven for his deliverance.

But another harsh-sounding yell warned them that the Indians were nearing the river. Irene, with some difficulty, assisted Clarence on the horse, and then mounted herself behind him. Again the noble animal dashed into the turbid stream. With nostrils distended and ears erect, he strove with almost supernatural strength against the swift and mighty waters.

The anxious spectators on the opposite side gazed at them with hope and fear.

"I do believe they will make the shore!" cried Mr. Aberdeen.

In the meantime the approaching Indians had drawn near enough to see that they had been deprived of their victim. They sent up an unearthly yell and ran toward the river at full speed, but in vain, for Clarence and Irene were out of their reach. The horse, with his riders, was now past the swiftest part of the current.

"Ah! now they are safe! now they are safe!" joyfully cried Mr. Aberdeen.

But, alas! alas! scarcely had these words fallen from his lips when a great log which the waters were bearing along struck the noble animal, whose strength was already about exhausted, and down he sank with his riders. Thus Clarence and Irene are united in death; their souls take their flight together. Irene's last prayer was answered: "If it be Thy will that he shall die, may I see him alive once more and die with him."

The superstitious Indians, thinking that the river had swallowed up Clarence and Irene because they were trying to escape them, returned joyfully to their wigwams.

The shock was too much for Mr. Aberdeen. He was carried home unconscious. He never fully recovered. Within six months from this time he was borne to his grave.

The old mansion stood for many years; but, like many other old manor-houses of Virginia, it has passed away, not even the spot upon which it stood can now be determined. But the story of Clarence and Irene still lives in the hearts of the people of this locality. As the train on the Chesapeake and Ohio railway reaches this point the grum conductor shouts in a hoarse voice, "Maiden's Adventure!" The weary traveller looks up from his newspaper and wonders why the station should be called by such a strange name.

AN IDEAL AMERICAN.

Soldiers have won a large share of the world's admiration. Not only have the wars of nations furnished historians their chief material, but champion warriors have supplied a fruitful theme for both poets and bards.

Happy indeed have been the nations or states that could number great soldiers among their own sons; and such a privilege is Virginia's pride. Though she has once entered the lists and been unhorsed, yet, as a happy mother of chivalry, she invites comparison of her cavaliers with those of any kin-

dred or tongue under the canopy of heaven. The lustre of her immortal sons differs in degree and kind; but, as a gem of unique mould and rare beauty, and as a model of fidelity to conviction, no name is more truly brilliant than that of her noble patriot, Stonewall Jackson.

It was said of Prince Rupert that he began to be famous ages before his birth. This may truly be said of Robert E. Lee. A noble ancestry called upon him to conserve the name of Lee as a synonym for honor and renown. But not so with Jackson. No halo of ancestral glory encircled the name that was his inheritance. It was his to originate, not to perpetuate, fame. In utilizing his meagre endowments, he gave an example of heroism upon which the plodding toiler may look and be inspired.

At the first advance in a discussion of Jackson the question arises: "How did this child of obscurity rise in popular favor till he was crowned with the admiration of two continents?" Let us for an answer look into Jackson's character. This character is an alleged mystery; but, to the searching eye, it presents a beautiful transparency, through which we may see "the very pulse of the machine," and the motive powers that made it throb. Our observation at once reveals that, in the composition of Jackson's character, there was no tinge of Micawberism. Mr. Micawber's daily trust was that something lucky would "turn up"; but Jackson, not relying upon luck, rose to greatness by his own tireless exertions. In the maxims he coined or adopted do we find the secret springs of his action. He believed that nothing could baffle one that said in his imperial soul, "I will," and so a favorite maxim with him was, "A man may become whatever he wills to be." Acting upon this belief, he pressed forward, battling hard for every inch of his way to recognition, till he had left behind him the steep and labored road to fame.

When we remember that, at the tender age of three years, Jackson was bereft of his mother's cheering love; and at seven, of his father's guiding wisdom, and that he was then left under

the questionable care of a gay uncle, we wonder that he did not, even in the early morn of his life, faint beneath the strokes of adversity's cruel rod. But, like the arbutus, which thrives best in snowy lands, he gathered hardihood from the atmosphere of cold severity that surrounded him, and that damped with death-dew the brow of his vigorous brother. Jackson was borne above oblivion's wave by a will power that waxed, but never waned. A vestal flame of unyielding resolve burned in the bosom of Jackson, the pensive-eyed boy, and blazed in the breast of Jackson, the stern warrior.

By slow and painful steps he acquired at West Point the education he so much desired, and thence he went to the battle-fields of Mexico. There, by his military ardor and faithfulness, he proved himself a soldier born; and in this war he rose more rapidly in the scale of promotion than did any other United States officer.

His ideas on moral and religious questions were as yet enveloped in mist, but the mist cleared away when the gallant soldier became professor in the Virginia Military Institute. The light of the lowly Nazarene's religion now began to shine clearly upon him, and, beneath its rays, his nature expanded as the magnolia bud unfolds its creamy beauty to the sun's warming kiss. "Do your duty, and leave the rest to God," now became his ruling maxim; and never did mortal more faithfully follow this guiding star of purest radiance. His wife said with truth: "Duty is the goddess at whose shrine my husband pays his heartiest homage." By his allegiance to this goddess Jackson brought down on himself showers of harsh criticism, but to his praise be it said, he bore it all nobly.

The time soon came for the strict military professor again to gird on his sword. Memorable forever will be the spring of 1861. The smiling season that follows sullen winter usually brings forth gladness but spring came then pregnant with untold agonies. While the hyacinths and bluebells were blossoming in that April sunshine, the gory flower of war was also opening its crimson bloom.

Let us imagine that the tide of time has rolled backward thirty-five years, and we see the skies swarming with ill omens. The rumble of approaching storm is heard. Two gigantic, ebon clouds, fatally charged with opposing principles, rush toward each other from the North and from the South. Onward they angrily plunge, till their awful thunder crash makes Columbia shudder, bathes her fair bosom in the brave blood of the best of her sons, and sets her to weeping, like Rachel, for her children that are not. To check this tide of woe noble but fruitless efforts were made. Even the clarion voice of Clay, though it stayed the flood for a time, did not prove a final barrier. Jackson himself, his appetite for battle gone, prayed that war might be averted; and he was anxious to have all Christendom pray for continuance of peace. Only when he saw the menacing rod of coercion swung about Virginia did he unsheath his sword; and it was with as pure and chivalrous emotions as ever fired a human heart that he resolved to protect his native State or die.

Jackson was greatly urged to the civil conflict by his intense local attachment, and his consequent desire that upon the sacred soil of his home region no hostile foot should tread. He cherished a patriotic devotion for all of Virginia, but the Valley of Virginia he loved for its own sake. And who can wonder why? Ties of sorrow and of joy bound him to that Valley as with hooks of steel. 'Twas in that Valley, when his first companion died, that the high-twelve of his domestic happiness had been changed to the low-twelve of midnight gloom. It was there that the goddess Hygeia came and kissed his sallow cheeks, tinging them with the ruddy hue of health. There might he fully gratify his deep love of the sublime. From the brow of the hill o'erlooking his Lexington home, he watched with delight the towering Blue Ridge peaks, as they put off their garments of night and arrayed themselves in fire-fringed robes of mountain dawn. From the same grassy slope where his bronze statue was to rise, and near the spot where a mound of periwinkle now blossoms o'er his grave, he beheld the king of day going to rest in a bed of mellow, rosy glory, behind a

drapery of empurpling mountains. Jackson was hailed as the hero of that Valley, and in time he became to those Valley people a sturdy oak, around which clung the tendrils of their unlimited trust. No wonder that he defended a region so worthy his love till he was wounded unto death, nor is it strange that while dying he begged that his ashes might slumber 'neath the Valley of Virginia sod.

Jackson's greatest barrier to military achievement in the civil war was the mysterious reluctance with which the Confederate Government recognized his merit. His faithful service in Mexico was forgotten. He was a firm believer in the Scipio Africanus policy, but he was ignored when he sought permission to invade the North and strike a decisive blow. Why was Jackson snubbed thus? Give what technical answer you please, but the true reason was that the South had a morbid thirsting after blue blood, and Jackson was not high born.

Let us, for a moment, stand in the Court of Honor at the Chicago Fair. A mantle of soft, hazy twilight hangs over the panorama before us. The Corinthian columns of the Peristyle loom high on the lake front, and dimly outline the scene, while the mammoth Liberal Arts Building on the left, and Agricultural Building on the right, rear their white grandeur against the dusky evening skies. From fountains near by, musical waters splash and sparkle; and an electric fount, not far away, changes its hues and assumes weird shapes, like a thing of life obeying the playful will of the gods. Two objects there are that can hardly be seen. One of these, ascending from the basin, looks like a huge pillar; the other stands upon the swelling dome of Agricultural Building, and resembles a human form. From a high elevation in our rear a rose-colored search light beams out, and is directed among the statues of nude males that stand upon the summit of the Peristyle. It moves along till it reaches the central group above the water-gate, then lowers, till its red rays flash through the water-gate athwart Lake Michigan's blue and heaving bosom. The ruby pencil now points at, and moves up, the huge pillar in the

basin, and lo ! there is revealed the majestic, gold-hued statue of the Republic. The light now moves diagonally up to the dome of Agricultural Building, and that object on the dome, hitherto obscure, now stands out in bold relief, and bathed in sunset splendor, as St. Gauden's famous statue of Diana. As we contemplate the change wrought in these statues by illumination, we feel a thrill, since both the statue of the Republic and the pure white Diana, make mute but mighty appeals in behalf of all that are unappreciated because not rightly seen.

O, ye aspiring ones, that, like Jackson, cannot

“Deduce your birth

From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth,”

how oft is the cup of bitter mortification pressed unjustly to your lips ! Even while you stoop beneath your burden of discouragement, and long for words of cheer as hungry babe craves mother's milk, the devotees of selfishness and envy strive to impale your aching hearts upon their envenomed spears ! May the time soon come when men everywhere will recognize the genuine pearl in “shell uncouth,” as well as at the pink throat of woman.

Some have regarded Jackson's notions of war as terribly severe. At the beginning of the civil struggle he said : “There should be no prisoners taken in this war.” And would such a policy have been, indeed, merciless ? Could the answer come from the unburied, bleaching bones of the Confederate hosts that perished of hunger and exposure in the prolonged struggle ; and from the Federal thousands that festered and died in Libby and Andersonville prisons, their negative response would rise above the dirge that the River James and the the “Father of Waters” are singing o'er valiant dead, and would pierce the bosom of heaven. Jackson was severe in his discipline, but to none so severe as to himself. Never did he return to his home from the time he entered the war till he was borne back a corpse.

Jackson's courage was of a reckless order. It is clear that he loved peril. Never was he happier than when leading his

dust-browed troops into the fray, while minie balls were singing and bombs were hissing and shrieking and bursting in iron spray about him. His calm delight on such occasions reminds one of the joy of a kingly eagle, floating on the storm's angry crest and striking his pinions against the lightning's red wings.

Jackson was like Napoleon in being a born soldier; unlike Napoleon in trusting his God instead of a star. Napoleon, less quick than fierce in his attacks, was a hawk that sometimes allowed the mother bird to scream a warning to her downy brood. Jackson, mysterious, unexpected, fatal in his onsets, was a feathered king that charged down from the invisible ether and stabbed the hearts of unsuspecting victims.

Contrast was not the least of the beauties in Stonewall's character. In the county where Jackson lies buried is a bridge, the construction of which was directed by the Universal Architect. To look at this bridge from the depth of the chasm it spans is to be thrilled with admiration. More than two hundred feet towards heaven rise the massive piers of solid rock; and embedded in the gray arch they support is the sombre image of a soaring eagle, fashioned by Nature's chisel. Delicate ferns and flowerets peep down from lofty ledges along the mighty columns; and, up near the arch, chirping swallows hover about a cosy, rocky retreat. These make a soothing relief from the rugged sublimity of Natural Bridge, and it was a similar union of contrasts in Jackson's character that made up a most softening charm. In the realm of his diversified nature, eagles of combativeness screamed, while doves of gentleness cooed; lions of majesty roared, while lambs of humility bleated. His voice that so often rose above the din of battle and commanded in tones of thunder, "Give them the bayonet!" melted to a sob of tenderness when he said to the old Stonewall Brigade, "Farewell!" When his war-look was on, his face was a raging ocean; but it rippled with sunshine and glee when he heard his infant Julia prattle. His eyes often flashed blue lightning that pierced the dust and smoke of bat-

tle and electrified his devoted soldiers; but they streamed with pity when he heard a ragged rebel's dying groan. Truly may it be said: "The elements" were

"So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

We now come to Chancellorsville. Jackson has just broken the right wing of Hooker's army. We come upon him at a most critical period. Evening is fast fading into night, but the gloom is tinged with a lurid glare by the tongues of flame that lick from cannon's brazen mouths. Suddenly there is a lull in the storm. There prevails an oppressive stillness, broken only by the distant, plaintive notes of a whip-poor-will. Jackson has ridden ahead of his command, and been fired on by the enemy, and now he rides back towards his own line. He is drawing nearer. He and his staff are mistaken for Federals! How big with calamity is this awful moment! The devoted general is soon to fall by loving hands! Nearer he comes. The click of musket locks is heard—a crash, a blaze—and both General Jackson and the Southern Confederacy are mortally wounded! The hand on the dial plate now points to the hour of the Confederacy's doom, for our Stonewall

"Is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest,

Like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was the sorest."

When Kosciusko fell he exclaimed: "Poland is no more!" Jackson might have cried when he fell: "The Confederacy is no more!"

Let us not be misunderstood when we maintain that the hope of ultimate Southern victory hinged upon Jackson. In his letter to Jackson, Lee said: "You have lost your left arm, but I have lost my right. Could I have directed events, I would have chosen, for the good of my country, to have been disabled in your stead." Did not Lee know more of Jackson than did any other man? and was he so base as to flatter any one, especially his truth-loving, dying lieutenant? No, he but nobly owned his belief that Jackson was his superior. He saw with prophetic eye that Jackson, "the silent and grim son

of Mars," was ever to be a stranger to defeat. With uncovered head and deepest reverence we assert it as our solemn belief that if the trusting prayers of Stonewall Jackson had continued to ascend to the God of battles the Stars and Bars could have never, no never, been furled.

Now we stand beside Jackson's death-bed. It is Sunday afternoon, May 10, 1863. Dr. McGuire has announced that the wounded general cannot survive till nightfall. Jackson hears without a tremor that the messenger of death is at hand, saying: "It is good, very good." His loving, weeping wife, kneels beside him, and gives vent to sobs of anguish. Jackson continues to sink. Presently his expression of pain gives way to a peaceful smile. Perhaps there has burst upon his fevered vision a view of his loved Shenandoah's crystal waters; or perchance he has felt the silent waves of death's chilling stream plash against his weary feet, for his pale lips murmur, with their last breath: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Stonewall Jackson is as yet but little understood, but he will be known.

A visitor to the Mammoth Cave is taken to a circular apartment, miles under ground, called "Floral Hall." The broad arch of this hall is made of white stalactite blossoms. The visitor is taken to the farther side of the hall and invited to behold "the last rose of summer." By raising his lantern he will see an immense, full-blown stalactite rose, whose snowy petals seem studded with diamonds, and whose beauty is peculiar to itself. Similar will be the experience of the future student of American history. When he shall have seen and understood all the other heroes, on both sides of the line, then, by holding higher his lantern of investigation, he will see the most unique, the most original, the most beautiful character of them all—Stonewall Jackson.

The gray streaks of the twentieth century's dawn already begin to fret the eastern skies. Ere the close of that happy day that's breaking, both "the brave boys in blue," and "the men who wore the gray," will be studied, not as Federals, nor

as Confederates, but as Americans. Then will it be seen that Jackson was the embodiment of American patriotism and valor; that he was of the same "girth and grain" as were the winners of our American freedom, that boldly

" Off cast
The moorings of the unforgotten past,
And ventured chartless on the sea
Of storm-engendering liberty" ;

that he was the incarnation of that American heroism that will make the Star Spangled Banner forever to

" Wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Were it given me to write of Jackson a prophecy of what is yet to be the universal verdict, I would dip my pen in the rainbow's prismatic tint, and, in words imperishable, would write across the heavens' blue arch: "Behold the Ideal American—Stonewall Jackson!"

THAT PRESENTIMENT.

"Twenty years to-day since it happened! I almost wish this memory of sorrow and wrong could be obliterated. No, no; let the gentle phantom haunt me as it will. It has ever been a guardian angel; has restored my faith in God when doubt and skepticism threatened to destroy it; has softened and hallowed my whole life. My prayer now is, and ever shall be, 'Lord, keep my memory green.' Twenty years! but it seems as yesterday."

Thus mused a middle-aged man as he sat in his darkened study.

He was tall and rather stooped, but Time had dealt gently with him, for only a few gray hairs glittered among the brown.

There was, this morning, a far-away look in his kindly brown eyes as he walked across the room and seated himself in a large arm-chair.

Leaning his head on his hand, he continued: "O Edith, your spirit is with me. I seem to feel its gentle influence steal-

ing o'er me. I see you standing beside me as you did the morning I first told you 'good-bye.' Yes, I remember the pathetic little face you turned to me, as you said: 'I don't think parting is such sweet sorrow, do you?' I drew you to me and replied:

"It is so hard to leave my brave little girl.

"You cried: 'But don't call me *brave* till I tell you something. I thought I wouldn't, but, perhaps, I'll feel better when you laugh at me. Now you mustn't say a word till I am through.' I promised; and after a little hesitation you proceeded. 'I know you will think I am silly, but I feel so oppressed this morning; I don't know what's the matter. I can't shake it off. I know I oughtn't be so gloomy, and I wish I had not begun my tale of woe.'

"You tried to smile when you said this, but it only made you look intensely tragic.

"I kissed you, laughed at your seriousness, and told you to go on. 'I just feel like you will love some one else. Just hush; I know you love me now, and think such a thing impossible, but you can't help it.' I stopped you. That's enough of that. Are you not ashamed to doubt my love. 'Oh, don't think that. I believe you'll be true if you can.' And you think I'll see one so charming I can't resist her? I asked. 'I don't know what I think. I know I could be happy if you were, even if you loved another, altho' it were in the love of another girl, and I'm sure my love could bear the test.' But, sweetheart, your love will never have to stand *this* test—and it never did. You hate to see me leave, but you'll get over this. I'll write you often, and expect my letters will be more endurable than so much of me.

"I tried to leave you, but I would get to the door only to come back to you again.

"Yes, you thought me silly, and no doubt I was, but who could resist your large pleading blue eyes—windows through which your pure, guileless soul could always be seen—mirrors reflecting your every thought and emotion?

“And that first year away from you! It was one of hard work and self-denial, for I wanted to make myself worthy of you in every respect. It was a long one, too, but at last it passed, and I returned to you.

* * * * *

“Is it not peculiar that we should happen to be on the same spot as last year when we parted?

“Oh, that reminds me. I suppose you haven’t any more presentiments to cheer me with this year?

“I saw your expression change in a moment. ‘Don’t speak of that. I am so happy when I am with you I don’t think of anything else.’

“But you do not answer me. You surely don’t think of that absurd thing now. You put your little hand over my mouth and told me not to quarrel at you. I was deeply grieved, and almost angry, that you persisted in being so superstitious when I had proven in every way my love for you, but I said:

“Never mind, love, I’ll convince you next June that I will never love another. You blushed and looked at me gratefully.

“Oh, that last long parting! What a blessing to have the Future veiled! We would be maniacs, and the world only a great mad-house, were it not so!

“The rest is soon told. Edith, are you still beside me? Yes; and there is no reproach in your eyes, for as you said, I could not help it. It all happened so naturally. I met Mary McDonald at a banquet, and was impressed by her beauty and womanliness. After that I saw her often, and she helped me in many ways.

“I only thought to make the time pass till I could return to you. I had even told everything about ourselves, so she would know I only loved her as a friend.

“One night—oh, that such a night may never come to another mortal is my prayer. It is a nightmare to me yet. After having spent a *very* pleasant time with Miss McDonald, I asked her to play something for me.

"She knew I was specially fond of Gottschalk's *Last Hope*, so played that.

"Was it the music? I know not, but I saw with startling clearness the difference in my love for you and Mary.

"For you I cherished an affection almost holy in its nature. You were as an angel to me—something sacred. Yes; I was very, very fond of you, but I loved Mary with a wild, passionate love. I then, for the first time, felt the rush of love through my veins. I adored her and worshipped her as a queen.

"I seemed to lose all self-control, and when she started from the piano I met her, seized her hands, and wildly cried: 'I love you, I love you.' I rushed out, and remember no more till I found myself across the bed in my own room.

"What have I done? I groaned. How could I do it? O God help me. I had rather die than tell that frail, delicate girl I love another.

"Two short months till we were to have been married, and now——. That awful presentiment! It haunts me *now*. I can't break her heart, and how can I marry her knowing I love another. What must I, what can I, do? Heavenly Father, direct my way. If it need be, take me. Thy will be done. I lay thus the whole night suffering mortal agony. Day and night were the same to me. I could neither eat nor sleep. At times I would be crazed with suffering; at others, calm and submissive.

"One week from that night I sat in my room, worn out body and mind. It seemed that I could endure my sufferings no longer.

"I was growing desperate, when a letter and telegram were handed me. I tore the latter open, and it ran:

"'Edith died this morning at 4 o'clock. She died happy, and has such a sweet smile on her lips. S. J. MANNING.'

"I turned sick as death. Did God choose to answer my prayer in this way? What could have been more cruel! I fought the battle of my life right there. Could such a God be my God? But Edith, my good angel, your pleading face

saved me. It was cruel, but it was best. God moves in mysterious ways."

Ralph Stuart now rose from his chair and walked to and fro across the room. He looked more stooped, and his brow was clouded. Ever and anon he would rub his hand over his forehead, as if in a struggle. He soon straightened himself, and said:

"The letter will help me. It always has before. Yes, Edith, your death unsettles me; I have almost the same battle to fight every time I think of it. Oh, dear little one, help me."

He went to a little table, and from one of the drawers took an old faded yellow letter. The writing was so dim he could not have read it had he not been familiar with the contents.

He opened it and read:

"MY DEAREST RALPH,—They tell me I must die, but I wouldn't dread it if you could be with me. I know you can't, so I won't let them even tell you I am sick. Forgive me for this. It could have done no good—only made you sad.

"I am happy because you love me. You are so good. My foolish presentiment does not trouble me now.

"Please don't grieve for me. Love some good girl, and I will be happier than if you try to remain true to me. I have felt for some time that I ought not marry you. A man in your position needs a strong woman, and you know I am not that. I feel that the Lord is taking me for your good. Did I not see it in this light I could not bear to die, for your presence is all the heaven I ask. Dear, I am proud of your success, of your high-standing in your class, of your many friends, and of your noble character.

"This is your last year, and I was to have come and rejoiced with you, and have seen you take the honors, but *our* plan was not *God's*.

"I love you. You have made me happy.

"I am tired now. I wish you could be with me. Good-bye, and God bless you. I will——."

"P. S.—I suppose Edith meant she would finish this letter some other time, but she is worse, and I send it as it is. She

will be with God when you receive this, no doubt. Dear Edith's life is like her letter—unfinished. My heart is breaking.

S. J. MANNING."

"No, not unfinished, for she has lived in others. My life would have been much more imperfect had it not been for her influence.

"Oh, gentle spirit, ever come! It is all so sad, but the sadness that is past seems sweet."

He folded the letter, and reverently laid it back in the same place. Just then the door opened, and three rosy children entered.

"No more seclusion or thought now?"

PARTY GOVERNMENT VS. INDIVIDUALISM.

Evidently the great problem now before the political world is the closer harmony or the wider diversity of public opinion.

Future government must be the result either of unified political sentiment or the result of diversified political sentiment. These two conceptions of government are widely different; each one stands for a prominent idea in modern politics. One makes the sentiment of a great party supreme, each man in that party being an independent factor. The other makes the sentiment of one man or a faction of men supreme. It is not my purpose in this article so much to vindicate either of these political ideas. The chief object is to inquire which is the preferable one; which one will best conserve the higher interests of civil polity; which one will satisfy the longings of a great nation, and bring it to the destiny which it seeks?

I shall try to answer this inquiry in the light of reason, and in the light of the broadest possible conceptions of duty.

Let's see. There are to-day in the United States of America two great leading political parties—the Democratic party and the Republican party.

What is to be the future of these two parties?

I feel no delicacy whatever in asserting that these will be the two immortal parties that shall shape the destiny of all govern-

ment as long as the "Stars and Stripes" shall declare the existence of the American Republic.

Now, each of these political parties stands for a representative principle.

All true government, from its very elements to its finished unity in an imperial state, is dependent, I may say, upon two things: (1) *Principle*; (2) *Devotion to Principle*.

What, then, can be the representative of true principle in national politics unless it be the political party that embodies the forces of government?

The party is not the principle. It is only the exponent of the principle.

Then, by party allegiance, we mean not an allegiance to a few petty politicians, or to any false theories which they may have introduced. What we mean is this, allegiance to the great underlying principles of government, which principles are originated and consummated in a particular party.

Let us forever get out of our heads the idea that political parties are nothing more than corrupt organizations of sinful men and of the devil's angels.

Political parties, I would say, are the instruments which bring into play those hidden forces of the body politic and make these forces effective in human government. An able political writer has said: "That it is through its politics, as embodied in an organization of men, that a nation proves its right to a place among the other beneficent forces of nature."

I argue that party government is preferable to individualism in politics. (1) Because party government is based upon party allegiance, and party allegiance is loyalty and devotion to those great and original principles which have been evolved from the minds of our greatest statesmen, and which by their magnitude of truth and justice have already determined the unapproachable destiny of the future republic.

On the other hand, individualism is loyalty and devotion to one's own opinions, whether they be right or wrong; whether they are formed at random or in accordance with some known principle; whether they centre in self or seek the interests of a larger community.

Can we really trust independent opinion in politics? It may be safe; it may not be safe.

If by experiment truth is found out to be truth, and principle is found out to be principle, although this same principle and this same truth may exist in men as individuals, would it be safe to fling aside the known truth and the known principle embodied in a superior party simply to draw out the ideas of individual men and apply them to the great problems of government? Why, we can see at a glance that it is not safe to trust independent opinion even for an experiment.

The truths of politics exist as principles. They are held by political parties as principles. They have been given to us by these parties as principles.

But some one says: "I believe the principles of government as held by parties, but I can't ally myself with a particular party and be loyal to that party *as a party of men.*" Well, let's see the fallacy of such an argument. We believe a principle because we conceive that principle to be right; because we believe it to be right we pledge our allegiance to it.

This same principle is held by a party; we believe in common with that party; we enter into permanent relation with it. Is there any sacrifice whatever on the part of any man in that organization when he gives himself as a devotee to such a party? Does that party not hold the same truths with himself? Does it not seek the same ends in making this truth effective?

Men can afford to be loyal to such a party. A great truth has brought them together; has made them a unit; has so closely identified their interests and made them the interests of a wider community. Precisely so with our relation to political parties.

But ah, now comes the rub! Political parties, you say, are corrupt; they are filled with artful politicians. I must admit this fact. But what of it?

The bad element is common to all great organizations. In some mysterious way it has shown itself necessary to their de-

velopment. There are, and ought to be, innate opposing forces in every movement of any worth. If there were no opposing forces in our own lives it would only be a question of time when we would be transported to the paradise of laziness and inactivity.

Shall we pronounce a curse upon political parties, and say we will not ally ourselves with them, because they contain corrupt men? With equal propriety may we denounce the church of Jesus Christ, and say we will not ally ourselves with it because it contains hundreds and thousands of sainted-face hypocrites. In a similar manner might we denominate the Christian ministry a farce because it has so many mean preachers. We would not for a moment do away with the two most enviable factors in our Government—Congress and the Senate—simply because corrupt men slip in at every election. This is inevitable in national government. Again, shall we support artful politicians in our ranks? Yes; it is necessary at times.

Following the example of Him who was the supremest of all statesmen, we must let down the net and gather all together, that we may preserve the good and thrust aside the bad. Devotion to *principles*; devotion to the *men* holding these principles! They will not all deceive you. Not all men are without integrity.

Now, I claim that I have established one supreme truth, namely, that political parties are the true exponents of government; that there is not a man in this nation, unless he be a Populist or a Prohibitionist, who cannot give himself as a devotee to one or the other of these two political parties, which are to-day the crown and glory of the American commonwealth. My second proposition is based upon the truth of this previous one.

(2) Government must be a *unit*—a perfect whole. Individualism would forever destroy the idea of unified government.

Nothing is permanent in national politics unless it connects itself with some supreme truth. What would a million theories in science amount to if they did not centre in some cardinal truth?

Truth exists. It exists to unify every principle that leads up to it. It is only as principles are brought together in their true relations that they become effective along any particular line.

In the wide realm of political science there exists one essential truth. This truth embodies everything that could be desired by a nation. It has sought out the interests of the body politic, and made these interests conducive to the highest achievements along every line. The supreme and original design of this truth was not simply to unify States, but to unify men—their principles, their interests. This one essential truth in political science is extensive enough to comprehend within itself the principles and sentiments of every man over whom it exercises power.

This idea of government, which of course is the only true one, makes every man, not an humble dependent suppliant at the throne of governmental power, but it makes him a king.

The Church of Christ is a perfect unity—a kingdom in which every subject is dependent upon every other one. But all are alike “Kings and Priests” unto him that sits upon the throne. He is “King of Kings.” In him centres the truth of the divine government. From him proceeds the truth; men believe this truth. In this way they are made subjects of his kingdom—united in truth.

Both he that sits upon the throne and they that surround the throne are alike kings of truth. The difference is, truth upon the throne is absolute, self-assertive. Truth in the kingdom is relative, derived. Such a union is, and must be, found in all government.

Truth must be upon the throne. Men must so form their conceptions of politics that these conceptions shall naturally lead up to the supreme truth.

I maintain that no man, it matters not what his genius may be, has any right at all to differ from a principle which he conceives to be the truth, simply because differing from this principle might aid him temporarily along certain lines of desired success.

I wonder, after all, what would be the idea of a nation according to the Liberal theory?

I can give no better conception of it than that given by James Anthony Froude. Says he:

“According to this theory, a nation is an aggregate of individuals, brought together within certain local limits, with no organic relations one to another. Among them their interests are not identical. They are more often antagonistic. Every one has a right to his own opinion, and, since some kind of authority cannot be wholly dispensed with, a voice in the formation and limitation of this authority.”

Is this the ideal nation? Can we trust the future of this republic to such an uncertain process? No, indeed. There can be no enduring government without unification of principle. Men must be brought together; their ideas and their conclusions must be made to converge in one common destiny.

You take a piece of iron. It may exist in the condition of a heap of dust, or it may be in the form of solid metal. In the state of dust, it is useless for any common purpose. In the solid state the same iron may become a sword, a plough, a rifle. Figuratively speaking, the particle, before it can endure, must part with its independence. It becomes useful only as it ceases to have individual aims of its own; as it loses the freedom of the politician and accepts the freedom of the soldier. So it is with men. It is only in permanent combinations that men develop their finest qualities and become colossal in power.

Those individuals become personally the greatest who most lose their individuality; who form a part of some noble institution, and whose personal nature is elevated by association with something greater than itself.

To the body politic alone belongs complete freedom. The units composing it are free in the freedom of the body. If they seek a separate freedom they obtain it only by degradation.

One of the deepest students that has written upon the subject of political science has forcibly illustrated the unity of government by comparing the nation to an army.

In the army, the rank and file look to their petty officers; the petty officers to their regimental officers; the regimental officers to the colonel; the colonel to the general; the general to the commander of the army.

Beyond the limit of his work, each man may have his small range of independence, but as far as his duty reaches, he is but the mere instrument of the will of his superiors.

Is the good soldier discontented? Does he complain when ordered into danger, because his own interests have not been consulted or his opinions attended to? Is he a slave? Has he forfeited his manhood? No, by no means. Each man is free because he has relinquished his freedom in the service of his country.

He is free not in the sense of a political demagogue. He is free in accordance with that same great principle announced to the world by Jesus Christ: "He that would be greatest among you, let him become the servant of all." As the unknown force seizes, fashions, and subordinates the elements which form the body of a man, so the genius of a State, as bodied forth in its political party or parties, gathers up the human units, coordinates them, gives them a recognition of their higher destiny, and the obligation attaching to this destiny.

But you ask do I believe that every man is independent, and as such has a right to his own opinion? Yes, I believe this.

But let us not think upon the surface. There is something deeper than this.

The very fact that men are independent, and have opinions of their own makes it all the more important that they should be very careful in putting these opinions into execution.

It is *opinion* that shapes government. It is *opinion* that shapes national destiny.

Every man may have an opinion. Not *every* man has a right to form opinions and thrust them out upon the world. Individual opinion must be subordinated to high intelligence—to wise leadership.

If the State is to be great and free, the subjects composing it must be great and free. If the nation is to be great and free,

the States composing it must be great and free. But they must be great and free as parts of the nation, not as independent of it.

One more argument briefly developed. Independent opinion tends to localize government. In a great nation like ours two tendencies are naturally brought into play—one tending to separate the different sections of the country, the other tending to bring them closer together. Each section, as a component part of the nation, is brought into touch with every other section. As separate sections, personal ambition, personal desire, set them one against the other. It is nothing less than concurrence of political sentiment that holds together the different sections of our commonwealth to-day. Suppose a modern revolution should be effected by this liberal theory. Make every man independent. What do you do? When you make every man independent you make every section independent. What would be the result? Why, local self-interests would assert themselves. New political parties would be formed. Political demagogues would be numbered by the thousands. Government would be a chaos. Our greatest destiny would be, foreign assertion—a divided nation in foreign possession.

It was only thirty-five years ago when the "Confederation of States" was broken by a great issue, which resulted in a civil war. I doubt not but that this war was inevitable. It has settled forever the most important issue that can possibly come before the American people. But this illustrates a vital truth. Our national limits have been extended until to-day they embrace a section that could be divided into as many as four republics. If all interdependence of individual, State, and national government should be cast aside, as one *great* issue broke the Confederation when the nation was conscious of only a limited diversity of sectional interest, so issues of much *less* moment would break the present Confederation, as it contains several smaller republics.

America is too great, too great, to become the play-ground of her own contestants. She has played too great a part in

the destiny of the world to become the arena upon which the epic of her unapproachable history shall be wound up "as the dreariest of forces."

J. E. H.

Editorial.

We live in an age of wonderful progress and tremendous responsibilities. At no time in the world's history has there been such a demand for men of ability and keen insight into the intricate needs of mankind. Men of noble character are needed to grapple with the great problems of this age. Men to guide especially our quick-living, unthinking American people. Moreover, the time has come in our history when men to be efficient must be particularly trained for one specific work. They must be specialists. And when we reflect that such men are most apt to come from our colleges and universities how careful we should be in penetrating to the greatest depth the wells of truth that must refresh and revive every principle of good living. It is evident that it is laid upon us to search out the sublime truths of life, and it is surely our mission to release any who may be slaves to a false conception of life. Emerson says that "all men may be divided into two classes—benefactors and malefactors." Every true student is the benefactor of an enslaved world.

This session has been one of the most profitable in the annals of Richmond Colleges. The number of students is unusually large, and some as bright young men as ever entered an institution. Every expectation from our ardent young president has been realized. The new members of the faculty have won the esteem of all the students; and, altogether, the outlook of the institution is brighter than it has ever been.

We already anticipate the new advantages that will come to the students of 1896-'97. Many improvements have been made this session for the comfort of students and for aiding

them in their work, but during the coming summer we are glad to say that still greater additions of this nature will be made. A new dormitory is to be built, which will accommodate seventy-five or eighty students. This is to be situated on the intervening space between the northwest end of the College building and Professor Mitchell's residence.

A spacious laboratory will be constructed on the plot of ground lying between the southwest corner of the College and the cottage. It is to be handsomely furnished—\$25,000 to be spent in equipments. Each of these buildings is to be 102x45 feet, and each to cost \$25,000.

The mess hall and gymnasium are to be enlarged. This building will extend back towards Lombardy street. The present length of the mess hall is to be its breadth.

A large proportion of the basement of this building will be used as a bath-room. Twelve new tubs will be added to the number already in use, besides accommodations for shower and plunge bath.

These extended improvements indicate the large number of students expected next session, as well as the determination of those in authority to furnish every temporal need of the students and every facility for work. It is confidently expected that not less than three hundred students will matriculate at Richmond College next session, and we are sure that nowhere can they find superior advantages—temporal, social, intellectual, and religious.

Collegiana.

ERNEST MOSBY and E. W. PROVENCE, Editors.

Mr. B—ch—ld—r (on G. and H. excursion): "Miss —, will you have some cream?"

Miss —: "No, I thank you."

Mr. B.: "You had better have some; I have two tickets, and have eaten all I want."

Mr. K—wth—n: "Frictional electricity is produced in the *domino*."

Mr. G—rr—t: "What was Joan of Arc's *real* name, Charlotte Corday?"

Mr. G—chn—r wants to know if Cain was Moses' son.

First Negro (in Cottage Hall): "Pat for me, Jim; I'm going to dance."

"Second Negro: "Well, shall I pat in *G*?"

Mr. B—wd—n (to Mr. F.): "Have you ever read Portia?"

Mr. M.: "What is a manikin, H—rtm—n?"

Mr. H.: "A small casket in which a lady keeps her comb, brushes, button-hooks, etc."

Mr. St—nn—ll (in Society): "Mr. President, I rise to deny that *fact*."

Mr. P—ll—m (in Society): "England is happy in her deers and parks."

Mr. F—sh—r (looking at a cornet music-book): "Hie! I don't see any words."

Mr. G—rr—tt: "I don't like Astronomy; it is such a distant study."

The Best Debaters' Contest of Mu Sigma Rho Society was held in the society hall the 15th instant. The question was ably discussed by every contestant. The medal was to be awarded to the one making the most successful effort. By three competent judges—citizens of Richmond—the honor was conferred upon C. A. Ashby, of Culpeper, Va.

A CHANGE THAT IS NOT A CHANGE.

In looking over our files of a session or two back, we noticed in one issue a plea signed, "First and Second Floor Cottagers," imploring a hearing in the name of all that is just and right, and urging a reform on the third-floor cottage, at least to the extent that they would agree not thereafter to have, after 2 A. M., any bombardments, pitch-battles, etc., etc. This year it is reversed. Either at the request of the inhabitants of the lower floors, or for some other cause, the third floor is pretty near full of quiet boys. But if you inquire into the matter it is easily understood. The leaders of the "gang" found out that owing to an expected increase in business, it would be too much expense to haul the required machinery to the third floor. Consequently they moved their place of business, and set up in gay style on the second floor where, with a few additions to the firm and an occasional (?) reinforcement from co-workers on the first floor, they have kept up the reputation of the old stand, and now the request is made by the peaceful inhabitants of the third floor that they (the firm) will not wash away the foundations in their efforts to saturate the poor, harmless driver who so kindly offers to give Mr. W's trunk a free ride to the depot and back, provided he will cut Latin.

In addition to this they offer to furnish at reduced rates, to clubs of five, more or less, tickets which are good for a haircut and bath. Satisfaction guaranteed, and work referred to any barber in the city to which the patron may be disposed to go. We are sure it will be a source of great comfort to former members of the firm to know that their business is still in flourishing condition.

What is the difference between an ordinary fisherman and our trick-workers?

An ordinary fisherman runs the net through the lake, and our tricksters run the Lake through the net.

The annual Joint Orator's contest of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies was held April 16th. The contestants were Messrs. C. G. McDaniel, Philologian; W. E. Gibson, Mu Sigma Rho; N. J. Allen, Philologian; E. C. Folkes, Mu Sigma Rho; J. H. Binford, Philologian; E. H. McEwen, Mu Sigma Rho. The speeches were all very much enjoyed, and did credit to the gentlemen and to the societies. The judges announced that, after careful consideration, the medal belonged to Mr. Folkes.

The Improvement Contest of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society was held on the night of the 18th instant. This contest was to decide who had made the most improvement in debate during the session. Mr. Willingham was the successful contestant.

The contest for the Steele Medal was held in the College chapel Tuesday, the 19th instant. This medal is given for excellency in reading. Among the contestants were Messrs. Mosby, Hurt, Allen, Hartman, Munford, Owens, Lloyd, and Rudd. After a long consultation the judges decided in favor of Mr. Owens, with Mr. Munford as a close second.

T. R. Wilke (B. L., '95) was on the campus several days ago.

We have had quite a time this spring with the "mumps" and "measles." A number of boys were stricken down, but all are out again, getting ready for final examinations. One or two have left College on account of their illness, but they hope to return next fall.

Professor Mitchell, some days ago, advised his Int. Latin class to go down and hear Mr. Gladstone's speech in the phonograph. Not many days after, one of this class in his room remarked: "I heard Gladstone's speech this morning." Mr. B—wd—n: "What! I didn't know Gladstone was in town. Where did he lecture this morning?"

G. AND H. EXCURSION.

Examinations, Literary Contests, etc., have made it necessary to postpone the two regular meetings scheduled for the past month, but Historical Day, with its excursion to places of historical interest, served to make the time both pleasant and profitable.

On May 2d, about one hundred of our boys and an equal number of the friends of the College boarded the Chesapeake and Ohio train, and, after two hours' run, many of us were, for the first time, landed at Williamsburg.

Many of us knew that to follow Professor Mitchell would be to see what there was of real historical value in the town. * * * Professor Mitchell may now understand why we followed him so closely during the day.

President Tyler made us feel at home at William and Mary College, and several of his boys joined us for the rest of the trip.

At Newport News we boarded the Steamer Louise, and had a sail out in Hampton Roads. This was an especially pleasant feature of the day. The sea-breeze was invigorating, and we were much disappointed when we found that we could not go all the way to the Capes.

The boat left us at Old Point, and for two hours we did good service seeing the hotels, the Soldiers' Home, and Fortress Monroe.

At 6 o'clock we started for home, and at 8 a worn-out, but jolly crowd, found themselves again in Richmond.

This trip was of real worth, and will do much to quicken our interest in Virginia's history.

It was a source of much regret that President Boatwright was prevented by pressing duties from being among the party.

Athletics.

OSCAR L. OWENS, Editor.

At the regular meeting, on May 4th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, B. W. Montgomery; Vice-President, J. H. Binford; Secretary, M. L. Rea; Treasurer, H. M. Fugate.

Mr. J. H. Binford was also elected Manager of the Foot-Ball Team, '96-'97, and Mr. D. B. Wills was elected Captain. With such able officers at the head of the Association, now let them have the co-operation of every student in College, and the crimson and navy-blue will be rushed on to victory many times during the next session.

The Association has recently adopted a new constitution, and is now flourishing under the new management. The Committee on Constitution and By-Laws consisted of Messrs. H. M. Fugate, J. E. Johnson, and Prof. R. E. Gaines, and they are to be commended for their wisdom in drafting a constitution so favorable to the best interests of athletics in Richmond College.

Spalding's Base-Ball Guide for 1896 contains 224 pages of reading matter and 40 pages of half-tone pictures, including all the National League teams, minor league champions, college teams, and old-time players; the *New Playing Rules*; official averages of all league and college clubs. Price 10 cents.

Exchange Department.

ROBERT A. HUTCHISON, Editor.

The *Illine* is improving. A rich humor pervades the whole of *Corporal Dunnigan*.

The managers of *Randolph-Macon Monthly* are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts to issue a first-class magazine.

The orations, as presented in *Roanoke Collegian*, reflect great credit on the College. *College Verse* is a very timely article, and should be read by every college editor.

The current issue of *Miami Student* contains several very interesting articles. *Our Nation, and How to Preserve It*, is very thoughtful and well written. *Sleep* is also good.

The *Wabash* discusses literature, philosophy, social and political problems in a manner which shows a breadth of culture and depth of research. Poetry also finds a place in its columns.

The last is often best. The *University of Virginia Magazine* is a journal of which that institution may well be proud. The first editorial strikes a responsive chord in the heart of every self-respecting Virginian. It is worth quoting, but its length forbids. Some of the poems are much superior to the average college effusions. The stories, too, show decided literary ability.



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