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# Richmond College Messenger.

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VOL. XXIII.

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No. 2.

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ATHLETICS.

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Business Managers,

JOHN JETER HURT, *Philologistan.*  
BENJ. H. WEST, *Ass't, Mu Sigma Rho.*

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## OCTOBER.

There's a golden haze of Autumn  
Resting on the field and meadow,  
And the frondage of the woodland  
Lieth half within the shadow.  
And the sombre brown tints gather  
Dark and strangely sad and sober,  
While the sear leaves lie and rustle  
To the footsteps of October.

Down the glades the voice of Summer  
Lingers still in tones of sweetness,  
Though its heat has passed to ripeness  
And its promise to completeness.  
And where late the voice of Nature  
Echoed to the wild bees humming,  
You can hear the squirrel chirping  
And the wary partridge drumming.



On the trees the nuts are browning,  
 And the boughs are overladen  
 With the burrs the frost shall open  
 For the happy lad and maiden.  
 And the forest aisles shall answer  
 To the sweet glad voice of childhood,  
 Happiest music ever echoed  
 In the home, or heart, or wildwood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Down the days of past Octobers,  
 With a music sweet and golden,  
 Comes the happy voice of children  
 With the memories quaint and olden.  
 We can see them by the walnut  
 As they pass the oaks and larches,  
 And their voices call us ever  
 Through the grand old forest arches.

Is it wonder in the Autumn  
 That our hearts are somewhat sober;  
 That we turn us to our childhood  
 In the bright days of October?  
 That we think how sear and faded  
 Are the hopes that then we cherished;  
 How they fell beside our pathway;  
 How they faded, drooped, and perished?

Autumn days now gone forever,  
 We have older grown and sadder,  
 Since our childhood feet grew weary  
 Climbing up life's golden ladder.  
 Long we oftentimes for Octobers,  
 Which have long ago departed,  
 Leaving us each passing season  
 Older grown and sadder hearted.

\* \* \* \* \*



So we sit and watch thy glories  
 Burn adown the forest arches,  
 Turn to brown the hills and meadows,  
 Turn to splintered gold the larches.  
 Listening vainly for the music  
 Where our song-birds used to hover,  
 We but hear the partridge drumming  
 And the calling of the plover.

We but hear a distant murmur.  
 Sighing through the distant wildwood  
 Faintly comes the far-off music  
 Of our half forgotten childhood.  
 Music heard from lips now silent,  
 From the sainted one departed,  
 Is it wonder that the Autumn  
 Finds us sad and older hearted ?

Golden days though touched with sorrow  
 For the Autumns unreturning,  
 Cling we to thy passing moments  
 With a more than human yearning ;  
 Holding thee as something treasured  
 As our human hearts remember  
 That thy steps are all too closely  
 Followed by the drear December.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the days pass slowly onward  
 With their moments unreturning,  
 And we sit within the shadow  
 With a more than human yearning,  
 Is it wonder we remember,  
 With a saddened heart and sober,  
 That the days of life's December  
 Follow closely to October ?

ANON.



### A TANDEM ESCAPE.

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The latest member of the —— Bicycle Club arose and carelessly knocked the ashes of his cigar into the fireplace. Phil. Graham had just finished spinning one of his usual yarns, and Phil. was equally adept at spinning either on the turnpike or in the Club drawing-room. The last was no bad example of his ability, for it was extensively filled with a lightning record under difficulties, a mad bull as a pace-maker, and a convenient tree at the last moment.

“Talking about disagreeable pace-makers,” said the new member, “I think I can go that one better, and it isn’t a raise on a bluff either, for mine is true.”

“Scorch it out then, Wright,” chimed in the irrepressible Club bugler, “our true stories are generally a good deal stranger than fiction.”

“Well, I can swear to this on the handle-bars of my bike as a true cyclist, that all this happened a few years back before I was quite twenty-one. Fred. Johnson, my college chum, and I started out to spend our vacation astride a tandem, to get in a few weeks of country life, and also a few larks at the same time.

“He was the quarter back of the B—— College foot-ball team, and, like the average quarter-back, a feather-weight, but as wiry as a steel-spring and as quick as a hair-trigger. As for myself, you see I am not very large, but I had ridden a wheel for some time, and though we looked like a couple of school-boys out on a frolic, we did some pretty good day-travel.

“Our plan was to pass through Baltimore, where I had relatives, touch Washington, and wind up with a quick run over the old Valley turnpike of Virginia. But as usual with well-laid plans, something had to take the wind out of our tires.

“Bright and early of the first morning we were off. It was perfect weather. The roads were hard and dry, and there was just enough breeze left to fan the drops of perspiration from our brows. The whir of the wheels was like music, and the



panorama of Nature shifted itself just rapidly enough to be thoroughly enjoyed. The first three days passed uneventfully enough, except that on the third day our tire was punctured twice, and we had to spend the night in a deserted barn, in constant dread of tramps and other reptiles.

"The fourth day was the hottest since the start. During the morning hours there was not a cloud in the sky, and the sun beat down with relentless fury. It was high noon before we crossed the Maryland border and halted in a leafy land to rest. Not a sound was to be heard in the woods, nor a breath of wind to be seen stirring in the trees. It was the lull which precedes a storm, and the hour had not expired before the big drops were rustling through the leaves.

"When we started, several hours later, the whole air seemed revived. It was delightfully cool, and the wheel moved as if it was alive. About 5 o'clock we were still riding at a good clip through a well-cultivated farm. Fields of grain waved on every side, and the song of the laborers quavered through the mellow afternoon.

"'Look at that farm-house,' said Fred., pointing to a gigantic cluster of oaks on a slight prominence, in whose depths nestled a picturesque, veranda-girdled farm-house. Three or four horses tied to a rack in front, and a buxom farmer's wife on the veranda, rapidly moving her churn-dasher, lent animation to the scene.

"'Isn't that an Arcadia,' continued Fred., 'it needs nothing but a country lass to make it a subject for a painter.'

"'By Jove!' he exclaimed a moment later, 'it is complete now. Look there.'

"I followed the direction of his gaze, and was not surprised. Standing under a tree, just past a turn in the road, was the ideal farmer's daughter. In spite of her short gingham dress, she was as bewitching as a dryad, and we nearly ditched ourselves watching her.

"As we rounded the curve she caught sight of us, and merrily waving her sun-bonnet to us, darted through the hedge to see us pass.



“‘I had rather taste honey from those lips than drink of the nectar that Jupiter sips,’ quoth Fred.

“Whether it was his words, or merely the remnant of a dare-devil college spirit, or the witchery of those cupid’s bows, which tempted me, I don’t know; but as we approached her I leaned forward and touched Fred.

“‘Slack up as much as you can when you get opposite her,’ I said, ‘and be ready to start quick. I am going to get off.’

“He perceived my intention at once, and exactly in front of her we paused, and I dismounted. She was hemmed in by the hedge, and before she was half aware of my intention I pressed a kiss to her velvet cheek, mounted, and was off like the wind.

“The girl’s piercing shriek of dismay was echoed with redoubled fury from the veranda of the house, where the farmers’ wife was loudly calling for the men. When it was too late we saw the folly of our act, and putting all our weight on the pedals, were soon out of sight of the house; but not till we had seen three men rush out madly, mount, and ride across the fields in hot pursuit.

“This was getting more than interesting, for we were totally ignorant of the road, and had not the slightest idea how soon we would rush right into their hands. Our only hope was our speed, and we did not fail to utilize every ounce of that. About half a mile of hot scorching brought us in full view of our pursuers. The three farmers, probably her father and two brothers, were madly riding across the fields to head us off, and we noticed that one had a pitchfork and the other a cowhide. The bend we had just rounded had given them an immense advantage, and they were already slightly in advance. The road before us was straight for about half a mile, and cyclists were never more thankful for a slight down grade than we were then. At the further end we could just make out a stream spanned by a narrow bridge. This was the place where we were to be trapped.

Our heads were down over our handle bars, and our legs were moving like driving-rods. I saw the muscles of Fred’s



hips working like machinery, and felt how fortunate I was in having such a helper. As for myself, my breath was coming in gasps, and my legs felt like wood—and we had a quarter of a mile yet to cover. A big rock almost unseated us, and the front wheel swerved in a rut, but we kept on, for those big farmers still had the lead. Could we make the railless old bridge? There was a gap in the fence about fifty yards this side of it.

“Directly the farmers were abreast of us, and I noticed that the one who carried the cowhide had his sleeve rolled up to the shoulder, and he had a horrible lot of muscle.

“‘Fred.,’ I gasped. ‘Our only salvation is to cross that bridge at full speed.’

“‘Yes,’ he moaned, ‘but if we miss it they will have to pick us up with a blotting paper.’

“The countrymen reached the gap at the same time we did, and we saw their horses jostle each other as they turned into the road.

“Almost before we knew it we were at the bridge, with the horses’ hoofs ringing not twenty-five yards behind us, and the farmers’ yell of triumph ringing in our ears.

“We struck the bridge with fearful momentum. Every nail, plank, and cross-beam in the rickety old structure shook as if it would collapse. A plank flew loose right in the centre, but with rare good luck we crossed in safety, and before the horses could ford the stream and regain the bank we had climbed the opposite ridge and were flying down the steep declivity on the other side.

“‘Safe at last,’ exclaimed Fred., ‘but it won’t do to stop yet or they will have the whole country after us like a nest of hornets; for unless I am mistaken, that pretty lass is the belle of the county.’

“It was quite nine o’clock before we dared halt before an humble cottage. Our rap was answered by an honest-looking German, who, in reply to our query, said that he had one spare



room which would be at our disposal, and we might get supper and breakfast. We wheeled our tandem into the woodshed and joyfully accepted his hospitality.

“Our host did not appear to possess more wit than the law allows, and while at supper, Fred. attempting to practice on his credulity, announced in tragic tones that we were fugitives, and if three men passed, inquiring for us, he was to tell them that he had only seen two men on horseback.

“‘They don’t encourage my friend’s suit to their sister.’

“‘Mein Gott!’ exclaimed the honest German, with an awkward attempt at sentimentality. ‘And what does de young lady say?’

“‘Oh, she is well enough pleased,’ laughed Fred., and we retired to our room.

“The spare room was evidently what corresponds to the attic in more commodious houses, for the dingy lamp just gave sufficient light to show the paint stains on the wall, a broken cot, and a rickety bed. The walls and corners were ornamented with heaps of old farm junk, fruit cans, riding-boots, pants, bridles, and spurs, and even a saddle hung on a nail. The bed was held together by a broken scythe-blade. All of these things were not very pleasant to gaze upon, but we were so thankful that such articles had not been applied to our cuticle, that we were willing to disregard them. Our preparations for retiring had been made, and we seated ourselves before the window to let the night air cool our limbs. Fred. was inclined to censure my rash conduct, but he spoiled the effect by breaking in on his most eloquent invective, exclaiming:

“‘Jove, boy, but the game was worth the candle!’

“Our conversation, which lasted somewhat longer than we were aware, was suddenly interrupted by a solitary horseman riding up to the door. In the darkness we did not recognize him, but as he advanced into the light of the window I noticed that his sleeves were rolled to the shoulder, and that he carried a whip. Our hearts stood still a moment later when the Ger-



man opened the door, and in reply to his request, offered him supper and a night's lodging with two men who had just arrived. Not till the man half threw himself from the saddle, and demanded with an oath, whether we came on a bicycle, did it enter mine host's thick pate that this was one of the men we had warned him against. Then he had sense enough to answer:

"'No; they came on horseback.'

"We did not catch his reply, but grumbling something, he turned in his saddle and called loudly for Jim.

"Jim proved to be the other young man who had given us the chase.

"To say we were terrified would be inadequate. We were fairly paralyzed. Our first impulse was to fly; but the window was too high to drop from, and the stair was in full view of the men. Our next was to defend ourselves to the death with the scythe-blade. In the meantime, while debating what move to make, we heard them while at supper inquiring about us, and swearing that if they could catch us they would flay our backs till we couldn't wear a shirt for a month. As it was, they intended to set the constable on our trail. Suddenly Fred sprang up, exclaiming:

"'Oh, don't you remember, we came on horseback?'

"I thought he had gone crazy, for he was busily jerking on an old pair of riding pants. But I followed his example in short order, for it was the only disguise possible. In an incredible short space we had on a pair of pants, boots and spurs, and, dragging down the saddle to give the scene a more realistic aspect, we smoked the lamp chimney till it gave out less light than before.

"Hardly had we finished tucking our cycle clothes under the cover when the German entered to arrange the cot.

"'Poys,' he said, 'I can't keep dem out. I will let you down mit a rope if you want.'

"We were about to accept, when the tramp of heavy boots announced that our foes were ascending. I won't claim that



we were not frightened. We expected to be discovered as easily as a fly in a cream-pitcher, and our courage dissolved in big lumps.

"Fred. afterwards confessed that he did not believe two horses would have sounded as big.

"Still grumbling and swearing, they entered.

"They scrutinized us carefully, and then demanded, in no gentle tone, if we had passed two boys on a bicycle.

"We were so much relieved, that we both answered 'No.' I was afraid our eagerness had betrayed us, but fortunately they did not notice it, and bidding us a surly good-night, were soon in bed.

"Our disguise had worked to perfection, and we lost no time in blowing out the light and retiring. An hour passed in nervous dread lest something should betray us; but presently the heavy breathing of the farmers assured us that they were asleep. Not till then did we feel safe in arising and donning our cycle costume. Just as we were about to slip from the room, I saw Fred. pause, and write something on a scrap of paper, and pin it to the table.

"'Something to stop their pursuit,' he said. 'If it gets out that they spent the night in the same room with us, they will be the laughing-stock of seven counties.'

"We aroused the host, settled our bill, and were soon putting as much Maryland dirt between us and our pursuers as we could well cover, and it was daylight before we back-pedaled once.

"We obtained accommodations this time at a more spacious and also more secluded farm-house, and it was three days before we had recuperated sufficiently to pursue our journey.

"Several days later we wheeled into Baltimore, and proceeded to make ourselves at home at my aunt's residence. It was our original intention to spend only a week in Baltimore, but between flirting with my pretty cousins, wearing their brothers' clothes, going boating down the bay, and going on extended bicycle tours, the sixth day came, and found us still loath



to leave. I proposed going, but Fred. kicked. He had become too fond of talking to my pretty cousin Mab. So when my aunt insisted that we stay till they left the city for the summer, and Cousin Mab would not hear of our leaving till after the Carleton's lawn-party, I gave in, but I was anxious to be out on the road again. Mab would not think of our not attending the lawn-party. 'Anything the Carletons do is sure to be real swell,' she said, 'and their suburban home is a dream of beauty.' The prettiest girls of the city were to be there, and our fate was to be sealed from that date. We had discovered how pretty Baltimore girls could look, among the first of which was sure to be Mab. So after ascertaining that my cousin's wardrobe would go around, we consented to stay.

"When Mab floated down the steps 'the afternoon of the occasion' she looked so pretty that I was half glad and half sorry that she was my cousin. But all that wore off later in the evening. As the carriage rolled under the archway of the Carleton's mansion I was struck with the beauty of the fine old place.

"After paying our respects to the host and hostess, Mab made herself as good as her word by introducing us to some charming girls. It was so pleasant sitting under the trees with a pretty girl, listening to the strains of music, that it was quite late before I found myself in the dancing-room. I was in the midst of a waltz with Mab, and we had about circled the room, when I caught sight of a girl half concealed among a mass of potted palms. Imagine if you can the profile of an Aphrodite, and the figure of a Juno clad in a gown of Heaven's own blue.

"'Mab,' I asked, 'who is that queenly creature over there? Why have you not introduced me before?'

"'That,' she exclaimed, 'why, that is the very girl I have chosen for you, and my special chum, Catherine Pryor. She has been out of the city or you would have known the sweet thing long before this. She has heard about you, though, so come on and be introduced'; and with a like chatter Mab led me across the floor.



"Miss Pryor had her back turned as we advanced, and nothing could have been more perfect than the whiteness of her neck and the voluptuous curve of her arm. I wondered if a woman with such a figure would not have a face that was an anticlimax. It was not till Mab touched her did she turn, and her beauty was not the disappointment. But my heart melted. My breath left me, and I couldn't have spoken had my life depended upon it. I never was remarkable for my diffidence, but I wished I could be anywhere but in Baltimore. There could not be two faces like that of the wayside country lass, and this was its exact prototype.

"Mab rattled through the introduction, and left me standing perfectly dumfounded without an idea how to recognize it. I felt infinitely worse than in the room with the two men.

"Miss Pryor was the first to speak. Her voice was as musical as a flute note, but it sent a cold chill down my backbone. Her words were simple enough. She merely said she had heard of me through Mab, and was happy to make my acquaintance. The room had become oppressively warm, and beads of perspiration covered my face. Somehow I succeeded in stammering out a suggestion that we go out under the trees. She relieved me by consenting, for I thought that once in the dark her chances of recognizing me would be diminished. However, I was destined to disappointment. We, or rather she, had scarcely talked five minutes, when she said:

"'Mr. Wright, haven't I seen you somewhere before?'

"That put me *hors de combat* at once.

"'Oh Lord!' I moaned, 'I hope not.'

"'Why, you don't seem to value my acquaintance very highly,' she said archly.

"'That is just the reason I hope I haven't,' I said in despair.

"Then silence reigned supreme, during which I could hear my watch tick, and feel myself do the unusual thing of blushing. At length I summoned sufficient courage to raise my eyes, but I did not see all the frown I expected.



"‘I guess we have met before,’ she said, but her voice lifted some of my stupendous embarrassment.

"‘Miss Pryor,’ I said, summoning the remnant of my courage, which had filtered down in my cousin’s patent-leathers, ‘I hardly dare hope for your forgiveness for that rash act which I shall continue to regret, but I beg that my apology will atone somewhat for my rudeness.’

"‘I don’t know, Mr. Wright,’ she said, ‘it depends on your future conduct. I may pardon you if you promise never to mention this unfortunate affair here, and if you tell me what made my uncle and cousins come back so meekly from chasing you.’

"A pretty girl can torture a man worse than a thumb-screw, and when she turned the battery of her displeasure on me I capitulated at once.

"‘Of course, I can do no more than promise,’ I said. ‘Let me assure you that it shall never cross my lips.’

"The pain of further humbleness was spared me by a party of young people breaking in on us, but I was not very anxious to be spared.

"‘Allow me to call to-morrow,’ I said, ‘and continue the explanation.’

"She nodded assent, and I saw that she was not so terribly displeased then.

"I called the next day and the next. In fact, I strung out my explanation so long that I did not get past Baltimore that summer."

"Wright," again broke in the bugler, "You are romancing now; cut it short, and let’s have a game of pool."

"All right, boys; but if you don’t believe me, I refer you to Mrs. Wright as a competent eye-witness to most of it."

R. C. L.

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#### LIFE OF CIMON.

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Cimon is a very important and interesting character of the fifth century B. C.



His mother was the daughter of Olorus, a prince of Thrace, his father was the great Miltiades. It is said that when Miltiades died Cimon was imprisoned because he wasn't able to pay his father's fine. Cimon was released, however, when his sister made a wealthy marriage, thereby causing her husband to pay the fine.

Cimon was wild and dissolute in his youth; had endured the hardships of camp life with Miltiades. He was little skilled in the accomplishments of his countrymen; he cultivated neither music nor art; but power and fortune, as is the case in many such instances, made him refined and intellectual. He was rough in manner, but conjoined with this there was an open frankness which was admirable, and which often conciliates. He was fine-looking and very brave. When the Greeks refused to accept Pausanias as leader, and selected Aristides instead, and when the decay of the Isthmian Congress, and the rise of the Ionian League was accomplished, we notice Spartan supremacy passing away; and in bringing about these changes Aristides was ably assisted by Cimon.

Gradually he paved his way to undivided command by conciliating the allies.

His appointment propitiated Sparta on account of his admiration for them, and the influence of the aristocracy. He was exactly the man desired by the three parties antagonistic to Themistocles—viz., the Spartans, the Nobles, and the party of Aristides.

After the ostracism of Themistocles, and the death of Aristides, Cimon was naturally and unquestionably at the head of affairs in Athens. He maintained a policy which would lead to popularity; he was liberal of his treasures; never refused a request for aid; was kind hearted, and often entertained his friends at his own well-kept table.

Through these strategic measures to please the people, he concealed the real essence of his rule. He sided with the aris-



ocracy, and was attached to the oligarchy of Sparta. It is very likely that his works began to undermine the democracy.

Cimon maintained Themistocles' idea of making the Athenians the leaders at sea. About this time Naxos revolted; Cimon reduced the revolt with Athenians, and so made the city subject to Athens, and this was the precedent which was followed up so largely later on. Cimon won the reputation of being a great admiral; he has been reckoned the Nelson of his time. The victory of Eurymedon was probably Cimon's most brilliant achievement. The Persians were driven from the coast into the interior.

After wresting the Thracian Chersones from Persia, Cimon was at the zenith of his glory, his fame, and popularity. His vast wealth, his intercourse with other nations, his familiarity with Oriental polish and magnificence, served to elevate his manners, and give splendor to his tastes.

He was friendly to genius, and encouraged every art. He was the moving spirit in the imperceptible transition from the age of warlike glory of Themistocles to that of civil pre-eminence under Pericles. He beautified the city, and encouraged society.

Upon his return from the siege of Thason he found his popularity already waning, his power endangered. The Democratic party had gained the leader in Pericles that it had lost in Themistocles. Cimon was upbraided for not continuing the Macedonian invasion; was even accused of accepting bribes from Alexander, king of Macedon.

Sparta sent an embassy asking the assistance of Athens against the Helots. Ephialtes opposed giving aid. Cimon favored the idea, and his views were accepted, and Athens sent troops, who for awhile fought side by side with the Spartans. After a time, however, the old distrust was re-awakened in Sparta, and the Athenians were dismissed. This was accepted as an insult by the popular party at Athens, and consequently formed a prelude to Cimon's fall. He was seen to be far more eminent in war than in peace.



Constitutional reforms were gradually destroying aristocracy. As it was regarded by some a necessity, Cimon was ostracized. Pericles now conducted the affairs at Athens, and after a time came to defeat in a battle against the Spartans at Tanagra. This victory of Sparta gave strength to the aristocratic party at Athens. It frightened many people—made them desirous of peace; so Cimon was thought of as a peace-maker. Just at this time Ephialtes was foully murdered. These circumstances induced the recall of Cimon through a very politic scheme of Pericles.

Cimon secured a four-months' truce with Sparta, and to gain more favor for his policy plunged into war against Persia at Cyprus. He was besieging the various cities, but expired during the blockade of Citium. He asked that his death be kept a secret, and under the magic name of Cimon his soldiers obtained two brilliant victories against the Phœnicians and Cilicians off the coast of the Cyprian Salamis.

The remains of Cimon were interred at Athens.

W. S. McN.

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#### SOMETHING ABOUT WHICH WE KNOW NOTHING.

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Transition is the law of Nature; it is the synonym of life. From the movement of the heavenly bodies to the changing of the seasons; from the rising to the falling, from the evaporation to the crystallization of the waters; from the material bodies to the higher animal life, all are mutable and ever in a state of transition. When a body is no longer mutable it no longer exists. Life is movement; Death is immutability, and immutability in Nature is a nonentity.

Two possibilities, one of which must ever be dominant, lie before every human being—Elaboration or Degeneration; Growth or Deterioration. They are the goals toward one of which all human steps tend. They are the dominant forces, one of which ever controls us, and to which we are ever slowly or rapidly succumbing. Death finds us in the power of one



or the other. A transition is occurring, but it is in degree and not in kind.

Growth is the law of God; it is the essential quality of a higher life. We cannot command growth, but it is at our command. We cannot make a plant grow, but we can cause it to grow. Greatness is the culmination of a high degree of growth. All great men are noted for one of three things—Spirituality, Thought, or Action. However widely different their aims are, however diametrically opposed and fundamentally different their principles may be, they nevertheless ever agree in one virtue—energy, the essence of growth. Energy is the real difference between little men and great men. The concentration of one's entire ability with the fixed invincible determination to accomplish some result will invariably bring success, if the result sought be not ridiculous. Every man born has some purpose on this earth. With his birth Nature plants within him the ability and strength needful for the fulfillment of that purpose. Two achievements, too noble to be called noble, may be achieved by him—the fulfillment of the duty for which he was destined, and a victory—a victory far nobler than that of Marathon, Morgartens, or Bunker Hill—the triumph over death.

The first duty of every creature should be to find the object for which he was destined; intuition, as we in our blindness call it, will point out to him that object. The fulfillment and accomplishment of it may not make him a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Cervantes, or a Luther, but still it will make him noble. It will be in degree and not in kind in which he will differ from them. Nay; how know we but that he may become their equal in degree. Who was the greatest?—he who led armies over the Alps and held three-fourths of Europe in his hand, or that nameless creature who first carved out a wooden spade; he who fires with admiration the entire world by his fascinating personality, or he who, unnoticed by this world, finds time to give a smile and a tender word to a struggling



brother? Aye, they are questions that Eternity only will answer. "When the oak tree is felled, the whole forest echoes with it; but a hundred acorns are planted silently by some unknown breeze."

Elaboration is slow in its result; Degeneration rapid. A child knows that one falling from a roof will reach the ground quicker than one ascending a ladder will reach the roof. The natural tendency of all bodies, whether human or material, is towards degeneration. Naturalists find it much easier to teach a mountain flower to accommodate itself to a low locality than to persuade one, which by birth, belongs to the valleys, to live and thrive at a lofty elevation. Suppose that one, who had by constant care and attention brought up a beautiful garden of roses, would leave it in the midst of its bloom to grow uncared for. What would become of it? Would it die? No; it would simply change; quickly change from bad to worse, until at last it would become but a bed of weeds. It would but follow the natural inclination of all plants—to deteriorate and die. Likewise would our thoughts if not purified and pardoned by that Unmentionable One become far deadlier to our purity than the weeds and worms to the beauty of the roses.

It was Carlyle, I think, who aptly termed life "the sum total of the functions that resist death." The very words have the sound of a struggle within them. Aye, it is a struggle; a struggle that lasts until death is victorious, and the soul has taken its last flight to the bar of that great tribune to answer to Him for its actions while the struggle was going on. 'Tis a struggle that lasts until death, and try as you may you will ne'er vanquish or annihilate one or the other. Has the monk, spending his time far from the whirl of the world, in fasting and praying, lost his carnal passions? Nay; neither does human nature, be it ever so depraved, ever become such as not to respect goodness in others. What is life? Sixty centuries or more have rolled around, and human wisdom



has been unable to solve the mystery. So it will ever remain; a mystery that may be solved in any way you desire; that will ever appear as you choose to see it. It is with men to-day as it was with Juvenal and Tacitus; the former finding only depravity and wickedness among the Roman women, whilst the latter found shining examples of every virtue. Life, whether viewed from the acid, sour-like, misanthropical side of Swift, or from the philanthropical one of Goldsmith; from that normal condition of settled tranquillity of Emerson, or through the fluctuating, ever deviating eyes of Byron, still remains unfathomable. Would it be better if life were less a mystery? No. Would the pugilist be a better fighter, hit a harder blow, if he knew that each movement caused certain veins or nerves to act in such and such a manner? His only desire is to improve the condition in which he is. Every nerve and muscle in his body must improve; the means are at his command, woe be to him if he takes not advantage of them. So it is with all, the means to the end are at every one's command; woe be to him who takes not advantage of them.

But what is life? Aye, what is Life? We know not. Read the utterances of the most profound thinkers. From Thales, who concluded that water was the origin of everything, to Anaximenes, who declared air was everything; from Diogenes, who imparted to air an intellectual energy, to Heraclitus, who substituted fire for air; from Pythagoras, who believed and expounded numbers as everything, to our more modern three-fold system; from Edwards, who says we have not one good thought, to Emerson, who comes near saying we have nothing but noble thoughts—all are, conjectures, speculations, conclusions, formed from their more or less limited knowledge of the unknown forces. Do Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Montaigne, Bacon, Locke, Macauley, Edwards, Carlyle, or Emerson unfold to thee the mystery of Life? Nay; they but glide over the surface. Yet oftentimes a



light for a moment sparkles through the Stygian darkness, and Nature's darling and masterpiece—the Poet—comes, lives, speaks, dies. List to the voice; list, and be thou the better because thou didst list—

“ Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;  
It's a great spirit and a busy heart.  
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.  
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed  
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem  
Than if each year might number a thousand days,  
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.  
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.  
Life's but a means unto an end—that end,  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.”

HENRY CAMERON N.

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### THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

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In his seventh annual message to Congress, December 2, 1823, President Monroe, in speaking of the foreign policy of our Government, and giving to Congress and to the people some knowledge of the relations existing with foreign nations, enunciated a principle which bears his name, and which has become as much a part of our nation's life as the Declaration of Independence. This principle, known as the Monroe Doctrine, forms no part of our law, either constitutional or statutory, but it is as deeply rooted in the hearts and minds of the American people as if it formed a part of our constitution. It has been reaffirmed time and time again by the various Presidents since Monroe's day. It will be well for us to know just what this very important doctrine is, which is so tenaciously held by our people, and to know for what it was intended. In this seventh annual message of Mr. Monroe's there were two very distinct passages regarding foreign interference, and they are separated by the introduction of other matter.



It has been well said that, "Among the fundamental rights of every State is that of Independence." Independence means the right to be let alone. And in the exercise of its independence each State deals with every other as it sees fit; it fosters or restricts trade; it quarrels or makes friends, and any interference in the affairs of another State must be justified. Self-defence is generally the excuse made for such interference. Upon this was based the principle of the balance of power. Intervention to preserve the peace of Europe was based on this, and this is the principle which gave birth to the Monroe Doctrine. This doctrine was clearly meant to be *defensive* and not *offensive*; and it is noteworthy that nowhere does Mr. Monroe use any threats, or in any way intimate what course the United States would pursue if this doctrine should be disregarded. We notice that in the message of Mr. Cleveland, on December 17, 1895, war is plainly threatened should England persist in disregarding the overtures of the United States.

It will be well to consider briefly the conditions calling forth these words from Mr. Monroe, since we see the American people are so firm and decided in their support of this doctrine. If, then, it is so much a part of our life; if it has become a fixed policy of our Government, it is our duty to study it. We cannot afford to be ignorant of any great political policy which receives so much attention and awakens such deep feelings in every quarter of our country and among all classes of our citizens. A policy which may sometimes require our entire army and navy, and all the resources of our Government to sustain it, and which is "the key-note of our relations with the great foreign nations of the world on matters concerning the American continents," deserves our careful study as to its origin, its meaning, and its wisdom.

The facts that made the occasion proper for asserting the principle laid down by Mr. Monroe in the first part of his message are these: Russia and England were the only European powers holding possessions on the continent of North America. Mexico and Central America had gained their independence,



and Spain had ceded to the United States all her territory in what is now the northwestern portion of the United States. The boundaries of the territories of Great Britain, Russia, and the United States were not at all clearly defined; but since 1818, under a treaty made that year, the United States and Great Britain jointly occupied the land claimed by each along the northwest coast, and so any discussion as to their boundary was delayed for awhile. In 1821, the Czar asserted his right to a large portion of the northwest of the continent, including about half of what is now the Dominion of Canada. Great Britain and the United States united in opposing this claim.

For three centuries before the date of the Monroe Doctrine the European nations had been planting colonies in the New World. This territory was then considered to be in a state of nature, and not subject to any civilized power, and consequently was open for colonization. Colonization could continue just so long as there remained any portion of the American continents which had not been appropriated by some nation or its representative, and no longer. And many think that when Mr. Monroe, in 1823, said that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers," he was simply stating the fact that they were already occupied. Indeed this is the view taken of it in 1848, by Mr. Calhoun, who was a member of President Monroe's cabinet in 1823.

The facts giving rise to the other declaration, as to the relation of foreign powers to the American continents, are as follows: After Napoleon's overthrow four of the great European powers—Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France—formed a league, known as the Holy Alliance. One of the chief objects of the Alliance was to maintain and to extend monarchical principles as far as possible, and especially to restore to their thrones the legitimate monarchs who had been deposed by Napoleon or by the French Revolution. This Alliance was a most powerful one, and accomplished much in the indicated



directions in Europe. But we are not now so much interested in what was done in Europe as we are in what was purposed in America. The Spanish-American States had been successful in their struggles to throw off the Spanish yoke. The Holy Alliance proposed to turn its energies in this direction, and restore Ferdinand to his revolted States. England was not a member of the Alliance, but was favorable to its general principles and policy; but, since the possession of Central America by Spain, or any other European State, would have been detrimental to British commerce, she was very much opposed to this particular venture, and for this and other reasons openly opposed the scheme. She endeavored to enlist the sympathies of the United States, whose government was naturally very much interested, for as a republic we naturally looked with much displeasure on this movement. Then, too, the Alliance was very powerful, and we were very young as a nation—"a mere pioneer in free government"—and we could not feel assured that the Alliance would not ultimately extend its interference to us. For this reason the position of England met with much public approval in this country; and while we did not act in the manner suggested by England, yet the President, with the approval of his Cabinet, took the position that the United States would not approve of the efforts of the Holy Alliance to extend its operations to this continent.

Let us notice that the allies were not seeking to acquire territory. They were proposing to overthrow the republican governments in Central America, and to substitute for them the crown of Spain. This was merely a part of a world-wide crusade against republican governments. The President's message evidently referred rather to the subversion of the liberties of the American States, and the establishment of monarchies in their stead, than to the acquisition of American territory.

Then let us understand that "the great underlying principle in this declaration was not sentiment but self-defence. The occupation of any portion of the North American continent by an alliance of foreign powers engaged in the business of



overthrowing republics would be—in view of the youth and comparative weakness of our own nation—a standing menace to our own safety.”

A careful study of the conditions named as existing at the time the Monroe Doctrine was enunciated, together with a study of the utterances of Webster, Calhoun, and others of our most prominent statesmen, will convince us that the Monroe Doctrine, as laid down by Mr. Monroe, is quite different from what most of our people to-day conceive it to be, and even from what President Cleveland and Mr. Olney think it. For it does not appear, as we study the question, that Mr. Monroe meant to say, as Mr. Cleveland does, that this doctrine “applies to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obsolete while our republic endures.” Mr. Monroe meant it to apply to conditions then existing, but which have now passed away. Yet, as Mr. Cleveland maintains, “if the balance of power is justly the cause for anxiety among the governments of the Old World, and a subject for our absolute non-interference, none the less is the observance of the Monroe Doctrine (as we now understand it) of vital concern to our people and to our Government.” And when, a few months ago, England was trying to extend her authority over territory belonging to Venezuela, a much weaker government, it was right and just for the United States to interfere. And if England had persisted in her refusal to arbitrate, then we should have presented a united front in sustaining the position taken by Mr. Cleveland.

Since England has agreed to arbitration in the Venezuela boundary dispute, we see that all the foreign nations are beginning to recognize that the United States are supreme in the Western Hemisphere, and to acknowledge the Monroe Doctrine as a part of International Law. And if the Monroe Doctrine, as laid down by Mr. Monroe, did not cover all that we assume it did, the utterances of Mr. Cleveland on this subject will make clear our position in the future; and the position taken by him in his message to Congress, December 17, 1895, will doubtless be adhered to by this Government from this time forth.



## List of New Books.

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Of the books which have appeared during the past few weeks, the following are of especial interest to students :

THE HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES, 1870-1895. By E. Benjamin Andrews. Two volumes; illustrated; large 8 vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.

GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Edward Channing, Ph. D., and Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph. D. Twelve mo.; pages, 471. Guin & Co. \$2.15.

THE MAKING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE (A. D., 1714-1832). By Arthur Hassell, M. A. Sixteen mo.; pages, 149. "OXFORD MANUALS OF ENGLISH HISTORY." Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents net.

AMERICAN ORATIONS. Edited by Alexander Johnston; re-edited with notes, by James Albert Woodburn. Two vols.; 12 mo.; pages, 433. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

MODERN POLITICAL ORATIONS. Edited by Leopold Wagner. Twelve mo.; pages, 344. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY; THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD. By J. M. Barrie; illustrated. Twelve mo.; pages, 478. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

THE GOSPEL FOR AN AGE OF DOUBT; THE YALE LECTURES ON PREACHING, 1896. By Henry Van Dyke, D. D. Twelve mo.; pages, 457. Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND MODERN LIFE. By Stafford A. Brooke. Twelve mo.; pages, 352. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.



# Editorial.

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## POLITICAL FREEDOM.

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This is a subject of the gravest importance, and one that should most deeply interest every patriotic citizen of our land. If now, after the smoke of battle has cleared away, so that we may get an unobstructed view of the field, we will make a calm and dispassionate review of the great political conflict through which we have recently passed, we will find much food for serious thought. On this retrospective survey there come forth into prominence many evil tendencies which, if persisted in, will surely undermine the very foundations of our republic.

We find the different sections of our country arrayed each against the other; we find the classes marshalled against the masses; we find an effort to bring about hostility between the great producing classes and the mechanics; we find millions of dollars expended in wholesale bribery; and what is worse than all of these—if anything can be worse—we find the great corporate interests and moneyed powers engaged in the most shameful coercion and intimidation of their employees.

Is it not time to stop long enough to see whither these things are tending? No matter to what political party we belong—for all the political organizations of the country are corrupt, so that if they differ in this respect, it is a difference of degree and not of kind—it is our duty to do all in our power to remedy these evils.

We do not propose at this time to enter into a discussion of the evils above-mentioned and the many others that confront us, but we wish simply to speak a word in behalf of a free ballot. So much is said about a “free ballot and a fair count,” “honest elections,” etc., that we have come to use the terms without at all comprehending their meaning. Liberty is often



confounded with the appearance of liberty or even with license. The American people need to study the problems before them; they need to understand how their forefathers, in founding this Government, meant that every ballot should represent a free man's will; and they need to see how far they have departed from the high ideals of their fathers, and to see to what an extent they have prostituted the ballot. Can we imagine a more unhealthy condition of the body politic than is found to-day, when thousands of its members sell their highest privilege, and when thousands of others are afraid to vote their convictions, lest they should be thrown out of employment? It is the duty of every freeman, of every lover of free institutions, to strike down those who hold their fellow-men in such misery—misery beyond the ken of the most abject slave. When we in any way strike a blow at the freedom of the ballot, we are striking at the very foundation of all of our free institutions.

This is a grave responsibility that we must face, and the life of our Government depends very largely upon the way we discharge the obligations resting upon us. We hear a great deal said in Fourth-of-July orations and similar speeches about the vast expanse of our territory, our boundless wealth, our inexhaustible resources, our material greatness, etc., etc., and too often we are in danger of thinking that these things are the foundations on which our republic stands. We need to learn that these are secondary matters, and that political freedom and purity together with a fear of God are essential to the long life of our nation.

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#### KEEP UP WITH YOUR TIMES.

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Little chicks, yet unhatched, when they burst the shell, which is at once a prison and a protection, begin to chirp. So do we, embryo editors.

Little chicks, not yet able to crow, chirp their one tone and dream, perhaps, of the time when as victors, though bloody, they shall loudly crow, and proudly strut, cock of the walk.



We would not try to crow too loud, until we know whereof we speak. But if we may believe some things we hear, we may be allowed to utter at least one opinion.

We are told that our position as editors of a college magazine is a very responsible one; that we reflect to the wide world the sentiments of our constituents, which means, probably, that the few people who read the words in our paper form from them their idea of what sort of fellows the boys of our College are. Now we do not claim to be perfect mirrors, nor are we made of brass which can endure scrubbing and thereby become so well polished as to be an excellent mirror. But, like mirrors of glass, if we are kept free from dust, the reflection will be perfect in proportion as we have no flaws.

We hear, too, that we hold an influential position; that we mould the minds of our readers. Would that it were true, and that we might mould them aright! But if we shall fail to mould them into beautiful symmetry, we cannot abuse our readers, but will take unto ourselves the blame; for the shaping of a body depends not only upon the plasticity of that body, but also upon the magnitude and direction of the force applied.

But let us begin. The first impression we would enforce upon you is, *keep up with your times*. Inform yourself of the great inventions and their application in the liberal arts; of the discoveries in science and history; of the latest and best productions of literature and the fine arts, as they occur. In making this appeal we feel free from selfish ambition, inasmuch as we do not pretend to publish the majority of these things in our magazine.

One reason we would advance to support this appeal. Not only for coming generations, but for us in future years, these things will be facts of history. Better learn as we go than run over in carelessness, and after we have past, begin to look for the first time on what we have trampled upon. Then may be the time for drawing conclusions and applying lessons, but the facts should have been learned before, if possible. What man-



ner of man would he be who had lived in the United States during the civil war and did not learn what was going on till the war was over? It has been said that, "History is past politics, and present politics will become History." The politics of to-day will not be all of the history of coming days, but certainly they will make up a large part of it. Then let Young America, not only as a people, but as individuals, gather as it occurs every fact that can be retained or used for honorable purposes. Let them not scorn, even while picturing her past or future glory, to know our country as she is; her institutions; her men, and their avowed principles, as well as the methods they employ in carrying out these principles, and the results obtained.

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#### GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF VIRGINIA.

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It would be unbecoming in us, whose privilege it now is to publicly voice the sentiments of the present body of Richmond College students, not to acknowledge our indebtedness to this great body, to which so many at this institution bear a vital relation, for the many pleasurable and profitable experiences resulting from its late meeting in this city.

The Association has under its charge a large number of young men at the College studying for the ministry; besides, there are many others bound to that great organization by ties of friendship and of kinship.

As Richmond is the capital of Virginia, and as it is so nearly the geographical centre of the State, and as it affords remarkable railroad facilities, it is not surprising that many of us received news direct from the paternal home. This convention was the occasion of meeting many friends and kinsmen. Not only was it a pleasure to meet with them, but the exercises of the convention were profitable, both intellectually and spiritually. The Faculty of the College were kind enough to suspend the class exercises one day during the meeting, and the stu-



dents attended the Association in large numbers. They learned a great deal about the work and worship of that great denominational host, of which a good many of them are members. They were inspired and encouraged to see so many who were once students in this institution now leaders of that great body. The displays of scholarship, tact, and wisdom witnessed in the Grace-street Tabernacle will have a lasting impression.



# Collegiana.

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EDITORS, W. S. McNEILL AND C. E. STUART.

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Search me!

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Prof. Chem.: "What would you study under the subject of Physics?"

"Thumps": "Physiology."

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Hero of drama in last issue: "I don't mind 'fellers' pulling my toe; but I don't want 'em to come in and wake me up when I'm asleep."

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Prof. Chem.: "What elements make up sulphuric acid?"

"Romeo": "Oxygen, nitrogen, and nitric acid!"

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Mr. P——nce: "Say, did you know that there's to be a meteoric display this evening?"

1860 S——th: "Where; at the Academy of Music?"

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The entire host of resident students rejoice in the vast improvement in our bath-room. It is now conducted as it should be, and is amply sufficient in size. Poor "Old John" has a hard time, though.

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Old Senior, returning from "Miss Philadelphia" whistling "I Love You," was rounding the middle arch of College building, thinking dreamily of Brooklyn, etc., when Bow! A flash!! — — —!!! Sound of "footsteps" covering the confines of Grace street in rapid succession. An hour later in Cottage hall: "Did you fellows hear anybody shoot?"



"Madame": "The pies marked 'T. M.' mean 'Tis mince;' those marked 'T. M.' mean 'Taint mince.'"

Mr. G.: "Well, give me one marked 'T. M.'"

He didn't know why "Madame" laughed, either.

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Prof. Winston's lecture on "X-rays and Other Rays" was largely attended by our Richmond friends and the student body generally. The unusually good order was splendid evidence of the interest and real merit of the lecture. This course of lectures by the members of our cultured Faculty is of great value, and we should avail ourselves of these opportunities. How would a talk on the history of mathematics by our professor of that department do for a prelude to the Christmas holidays?

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Would it be too much to ask that the Library be kept open at night, or at least until 8 o'clock?

We have not investigated the necessary cost of such a procedure, but think it probable that the outlay would dwindle into insignificance in face of the very great advantage to be derived by the students from the use of the encyclopædias, journals, and the contents of the revolving cases generally during the study hours of the evening.

We hope that some thought on the matter will result.

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The General Assembly of Virginia Baptists met in its annual session at the Grace-street Tabernacle November 13th.

The following Monday the College opened its halls to that assembly.

The entertainment consisted of speeches by prominent men, exhibition by gymnasium class, and concluded with the College medley by a chorus of students.

Dr. Hatcher gracefully presided at this meeting, and paid our young President several very neat and tasty compliments.

The College Library, Laboratory, Society Halls, tower, and grounds were inspected by our visiting friends.



The campus was quite lively on the night of November 3d. Bonfires, whoops, Indian war dances, songs, speeches, etc., were specialties.

Gold stood no show whatever.

“ But oh, how bitter in the morning,  
The Jaspers' joy passed with the dawning.”

The literary societies are down to good, hard work, and are making material advances.

This branch of our education is very important, and should be constantly encouraged.

At the *elite* breakfast-table a few mornings ago one young man made a very bright pun. A friend of his became convulsed with laughter, and turning to the coffee-cooler, said: “ Tell one of your jokes, please, so that I can stop laughing.”

Coffee-cooler has given up joking.

Who was it that rushed into the President's office (at the suggestion of the old-timers) and asked if there was a telegraph-office in Richmond?

POEM OF CONDOLENCE FOR THE “ELECTION HAT” WHICH “GOT LOST.”

Once there strayed away from home  
A pretty little (?) hat;  
Where it is and who has it now  
You may “search me” as to that.

The hat was black, extra fine,  
Four dollars was the price;  
If you will kindly bring it back,  
Even now, that will suffice.

You know “our brethren” have been here,  
And we would not have it said  
That accidentally on purpose  
One had put it on his head.



If you find this hat for Irish Mac,  
 And bring it back to him,  
 You will not be in danger of  
 A broken head or limb.

I hope someone will return it,  
 And give us all a rest  
 From the speeches Mac is making  
 About it in the Mess.

But brace up, old boy, all's for the best,  
 You've made some poor heart glad;  
 Be happy, and give us happiness  
 Just "to show you are not mad."

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#### LOVE'S WAY.

Why do I love you, sweetheart, mine?  
 In sooth, I cannot say.  
 Love came to me so stealthily  
 I never saw his way.

His gentle footsteps scarcely pressed  
 The pathway to my heart ;  
 I only saw him standing there,  
 And knew he'd ne'er depart.

How can I tell what brought him, when  
 I know not how he came ?  
 I only knew, and bowed before  
 The magic of his name.

"So many are more beautiful?"  
 Ah, well, perhaps 'tis true ;  
 "So many are much better, dear?"  
 Pet, no one else is "you !"

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Dr. J. B. Gambrell, of Atlanta, Ga., while in our city attending the Baptist General Association, gave the students of the College three able and scholarly addresses, which were greatly



enjoyed. Especially was his lecture on "Common Sense" interesting and instructive. We regret very much that the "Doctor" could not make his stay in the city longer, and favor us with his famous lecture, "The White Side of a Black Subject." He has promised that on his next visit he will deliver it.

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President Boatwright will attend the S. C. Baptist General Association, which convenes in Charleston, December 2d.

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Prof. of Phil: "Mr. Mc. is the universe mutable?"

Mr. Mc.: "No, sir, it is changeable."

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Rev. S——, after preaching, received from an old sister the following compliment (?): "Brother, that is the best sermon I ever heard on that subject, and I have heard *smart, educated* men preach on it, too!"

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Mr. St——ll, in Society Hall, speaking on Woman's Suffrage: "Come along, *fellow-sisters*."

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Prof. of Eng.: "Mr. P., How many of these seventy-eight strong verbs have weak forms?"

Mr. P——: "Eighty-eight, sir."

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The "Toe-Pullers" have had Luck.

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#### RICHMOND COLLEGE MEDLEY.

[At the request of a number of the students, we publish below the College Medley.—ED.]

In the tower hangs a bell—

In the eastern college tower—

And it never fails to tell

There is duty every hour.

Oh! it wakes me every morn

When I long to slumber more,

And it seems that I was born

Just to listen to its roar.



Hear that bell—ding, dong!  
Hear that bell—ding, dong!  
It is ringing for you and for me!  
Hear that bell—ding, dong!  
Hear that bell—ding, dong!  
It is ringing for you and——

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well——

The miller's black dog sat in the barn-door,  
Bingo was his name;  
He winked at me as I pranced on the floor,  
Bingo was his name;  
B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go;  
Bingo was his——

Tidings of comfort and joy,  
Tidings of comfort and joy,  
What the Faculty says to you  
Surely must be true,  
Tidings of comfort and——

Zero's in a Professor's book  
After recitation;  
Mean when to your report transferred  
Lack of preparation;  
And when it is sent to Pa,  
Then it is your duty  
To sit down and write him why,  
Write him why, write him why;  
To sit down and write him why—yes—  
Only an English diploma,  
Only this small souvenir,  
To carry back home to my father,  
To show for my labors this year;  
O, a seal and blue ribbon adorn it,  
But something more lovely is there,  
And for that alone I shall prize it,  
'Twas signed by Professor——



Listen to my croak of joy:  
 My father sent me off to school;  
     Listen, etc.  
 I studied not, broke every rule;  
 Teachers all took me for a fool;  
     Listen, etc.  
 After to-night at home I'll bunk;  
     Listen, etc.  
 I'm going down now and pack my trunk  
 And get along home where I shant flunk!  
     Listen to my croak of—

Faculty have endeavored  
     To polish up our brains,  
 But it's too bad they've only had  
     Their trouble for their pains;  
 They say we all are dunces  
     And ne'er 'll be known to fame;  
 But like the bug we'll try and tug and get there  
     Like our cottage third floor.

Wait till our cottage third floor stops staying out late at night;  
 Wait till our handsome young lawyers stop getting so fearfully tight;  
 Wait till our honored professors shall all Republicans be,  
 And the Jaspers stop wearing short trousers,  
 Then my bonny, I'll come back to—

Rah! rah! rah! three times three!  
 Richmond College! R. C. V.!  
 Rip-rah! rip-rah! ree, ree, ree!  
 Huzza zip-boom! R. C. V.!  
     R-a-a-a-h!!—



## Y. M. C. A. Notes.

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EDITOR, W. W. EDWARDS.

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Our morning services are attended by a larger number of students than ever before. The services are conducted by one of the professors. It is very gratifying to see the young men take so much interest in the religious welfare of the College. Judging from the interest shown by them we see no reason why this year should not be the most prosperous one the Association has ever had. The other regular prayer-meetings are well attended, and a goodly number of the young men participate in the exercises.

The week of prayer was duly observed. Meetings were held in the chapel every evening. This is a week set aside by the colleges throughout the country as a time of special prayer for college-men. We are fully convinced that this is an excellent plan. It brings the young men into close contact with each other, and helps each to see the other's needs. We believe our College has been greatly blessed by the work of that week. Many were the earnest appeals that went up from the hearts of the Christian students for the conversion of the unsaved of our institution. The Christian students were strengthened, and were made to see more clearly than ever before that it was their duty to live active, consecrated lives while at college. We hope that, although the way may sometimes seem dark, the Christian soldiers here may remember that just beyond is shining an eternal light. This meeting has prepared us to say, "We will be doers of the Word and not hearers only."

The Bible classes have organized and are now ready for work. They meet once a week, and take up such work as each class may see fit. This is a great work, and it is hoped that every student will take part in it. There should be no



man who does not want to know more of God's Word, and this is the place and the time to learn it. Many of the students have already given in their names, and we hope the number may continue to increase until there shall not be one left who is not engaged in Bible study.

During the meeting of the General Association we had with us at our morning services some of the ablest men in our denomination. The services were conducted by some of the visitors each morning. We felt that it was well for us to be in the presence of those brave soldiers of the cross, and we thank them for their encouraging words and for the interest they manifest in us. Dr. A. E. Owen, one of the trustees of the College, conducted the service one morning, after which Dr. Gambrell, of Atlanta, spoke to us for a short time. He has won the hearts of the students of the College, and they will always be glad to welcome him here.

The work at our mission stations is in a flourishing condition. We may congratulate ourselves on having such an excellent set of young men at the head of this work. We feel that, with these men in charge, many victories will be won for Christ, and that they, through faith in Christ, will lead our little army of valiant workers to success. We recommend their example to those who are not otherwise engaged in Christian work as one worthy of imitation. There is a great work to be done, and we want to see each student step forward and take upon his shoulders the part that is allotted to him. Let us go forth with a greater determination to accomplish great things for Christ, and by attempting great things for Christ we shall receive great things from Him. Let us strive to do our work well, and may the time soon come when there shall not be one in our midst to advocate the cause of Satan and of sin.



# Geographical & Historical Notes

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EDITOR, W. B. DAUGHTRY.

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Since the last issue of the MESSENGER there has been only one meeting of the Society. Mr. W. G. Dearing, of Rappahannock county, Va., was elected a member.

W. B. Daughtry, of Isle of Wight county, Va., read a paper on Sir George Yeardley and Sir John Harvey, Colonial Governors of Virginia. He briefly sketched the Virginia colony from its first settlement at Jamestown in 1607; told of some of the struggles of the settlers with famine, discouragements, and Indians; and stated some of the mistakes made by the early rulers of the Colony.

Sir George Yeardley was born in England about 1580. He was among the first who emigrated to Virginia. In 1616 he was appointed Deputy-Governor, and in 1618 he was knighted and elected Governor and Captain-General of Virginia. He obtained commissions and instructions from the Virginia Company "for the better establishinge of a Commonwealth," and to that end issued a proclamation abrogating the cruel laws of the Colony. Virginia at once rose rapidly in public esteem. On Friday, July 30, 1619, he convened at Jamestown the first legislative assembly that ever met in America. For that reason he still retains, and will ever retain, a grateful recollection in the hearts of the American people.

After Governor Yeardley's death Sir John Harvey was elected as the chief executor of Virginia. His character and rule were nearly the opposite of his predecessor, and the Colony did not thrive so well under his administration. He did not call together the Assembly of Burgesses, which act was in direct violation of the law. In 1633 he founded Middle Plantation (now Williamsburg). Harvey was deposed by the colonists in 1635, but was reinstated by Charles I.



Mr. John E. Johnson, also of Isle of Wight county, Va., read a paper on Sir William Berkeley. He sketched the history of the London Company, showing how it was a sort of nursery of freedom; pictured Berkeley's early life; and clearly showed the relation between Berkeley and the Assembly. Berkeley entered the office of Governor in 1642. "By some salutary means which Sir William introduced shortly after his arrival, and by his prepossessing manners, he soon rendered himself very acceptable to the Virginians." In 1644 occurred the second great Indian massacre, and in the attack which followed Sir William captured the Indian chief. During his governorship the Government of England was overthrown, and Cromwell became Protector. It was Virginia's loyalty to the Crown of England at this time that gave her the title of "the Old Dominion." Berkeley resigned, but after awhile was again elected, this time by the colonists. During his administration the uprising known as "Bacon's Rebellion" occurred. The people stood up for their rights, and showed the rulers that their liberties were not to be trifled with.



## Alumni Notes.

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C. P. Ryland, '95-'96, is attending the Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky.

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Jacob Sallade is at Crozer.

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Harris Hart, B. A., '96, is Professor of Languages in Glade Spring Academy.

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W. E. Pearson, '93-'94, will return to College next year, and bring his brother with him.

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W. C. Tucker, B. A., '95, after studying law one year at the University of Virginia, has returned to College to take his B. L.

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Minitree Folkes, B. L., '93, is winning an enviable reputation in his profession.

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W. F. Dunnaway, Jr., ("Young Doon"), B. A., '92, is Principal of the South Side Academy, Chase City, Va. He paid us a visit last week.

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C. C. Crittenden, M. A., '93, is Principal of an Academy at Murfreesboro, Tenn. Send us some boys, "Kit."

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E. E. Reid, M. A., '92, has been elected Professor in the Baltimore College of Medicine. He will take his Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins this session.

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A. J. Dickinson, M. A., '86, supplied the pulpit of the Second Baptist church during the month of October.

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We hear that T. S. Dunaway, Jr., M. A., '94, and Ryland Murdock, M. A., '95, are leading their classes at Crozer. "Just as we expected."



Cards are out for the marriage of C. D. Ray, B. A., '87, to Miss Carrie Ellett, of Richmond. The MESSENGER extends congratulations.

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We also congratulate Adolphus Blair, Jr., '92-'93, E. R. Chesterman, B. L., '96, and E. F. Garrett, '95-'96, each of whom has lately taken unto himself a helpmeet.

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Among the former students who have lately visited the College, we name the following: E. B. Hatcher, E. B. Pollard, H. W. Tribble, M. L. Wood, R. A. Tucker, C. R. Dickinson, B. P. Willis, C. W. Duke, W. W. Sisk, J. P. Essex, and W. T. Quisenberry.



# Athletics.

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EDITOR, B. MERCER HARTMAN.

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It is with a great deal of pleasure that the editor on Athletics takes up his pen for the first time to chronicle the happenings in the athletic department of our college work.

The great interest being manifested in this department by our President, by the Faculty, and by the students is a guarantee of future success.

Recent conversations with the gymnasium instructor and the manager of our base-ball team assures us that this year will prove to be our best year in athletics.

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Our failure to organize a foot-ball team has been a source of deep regret, but the prospect for a strong base-ball team will, to a certain extent, make up for the loss in this direction.

We should not, however, look upon success in a general way, but realize that it is the duty of each one to do all in his power to aid our manager in the selection of a team.

Captain McNeill reports that a good many of the old men have not entered their applications for positions on the team. Come, boys, this will never do. We want the new men, but we *must* have you, and there is nothing to be gained by procrastination. As soon as you have read this send Manager McNeill your application. The Christmas holidays will soon be over, and then we must settle down to active work. There will be some need of training before we can hope to carry the *crimson* and *navy blue* triumphantly into the country of the enemy.

You have the encouragement and best wishes of the Faculty. There are about two hundred pairs of strong lungs ready to be exercised in your behalf. We are adepts at the art of rooting. We expect to see R—M. goose-egged. We



are confident that the diamond will be wiped up with L——, and we have no doubt but that our colors will be borne aloft in triumph after every engagement. But there is a far greater cause for good, hard work than has yet been mentioned. How sweet it will be to hear from her whom you — admire very much: “Why, Mc., it was glorious.” “O Ike, it was shameful to treat them so badly,” &c.

The Association is working on a substantial basis, and transacting business in a manner that is very pleasing to their friends.

They have established a precedent in electing Mr. Walter S. McNeill both manager and captain of the base-ball team. They realized that if these positions were held by one man there could be no conflict between captain and manager, and so left Mc's hands untied, and placed him in a position to do the most effective work. We are all willing to trust Mc. The question is: Will the rest of the team measure up to the proposed standard? We hope so; we believe they will.

The manager informs us that he is in correspondence with the managers of several of the leading college teams, and expects to arrange engagements with several of our old combatants as well as to make several new enemies.

Let us go forward this year fully determined to overcome all obstacles. There is no such word in our lexicon as fail.

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The work in the gymnasium is more than encouraging. The new apparatus is expected by January 1st, after which the facilities for better work will of course be enlarged.

Instructor Owens reports that both of the drill-classes are doing excellent work. He has established the regular standard college drills, and hopes for good results from this innovation.

In the *Dispatch* of November 29th may be seen a history of the gymnasium work, written by our honored Secretary, Dr. Ryland, giving an account of the growth of the work under the administration of our efficient President, and giving the



prospects for *athletics* at Richmond College, under the instructorship of our present preceptor, Oscar L. Owens.

I hope every student has read it, and (if we are not already gymnasium men) let us take the course.

We all remember with much pleasure the good advice given us by Professors Mitchell and Carroll, at the recent entertainment given in the interests of *athletics*.

This remark of Professor Mitchell—"a sound head on an unsound body is a bad combination"—had a great effect upon the writer.

Those of us who expect to be well-rounded men cannot neglect exercise. And what better exercise can we obtain than that offered by the gymnasium?

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There is some talk of organizing a basket-ball team. Let's have it, boys. It would be a valuable adjunct to our work.

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The great interest manifested in tennis is a source of gratification to all lovers of the sport. The increased demand has necessitated the arrangement of other courts, and we hope before long to have a very efficient tennis team.

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The interest in *athletics* is increasing. Let us work even harder than before, and success must certainly follow our efforts. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" will accomplish much. Let this year go down to history as one in which Richmond College placed herself on record as an institution pledged to increase interest in *athletics*.



# The College World.

JOHN JETER HURT.

Chicago University will have the largest telescope in the world. The cost of the glass plates in Paris was \$40,000, and the entire cost of the lens is estimated to have been \$100,000. For its journey to Chicago it will be wrapped in flannel and bedded in curled hair in a box mounted on springs and packed with excelsior in a larger box. It will ride in the centre of a parlor car, and will be accompanied by four men.

The plan for a professional pension fund, advocated by President Schurman in last year's report to the Board of Trustees of Cornell, has been presented again, with the approval of the Board.

Yale again refuses to meet Pennsylvania in foot-ball. This fact is indicative of an unfriendly spirit now too common among our institutions of learning. If inter-collegiate athletics generate inter-collegiate hostilities, then we say away with inter-collegiate contests.

The library of Johns Hopkins is said to contain the most efficient library of political science in America or England—the Dillman library of 5,000 volumes, originally belonging to the eminent Biblical scholar, Professor Dillman, of Berlin. Recent gifts of G. W. Gail and of Leopold Strauss, of Baltimore, have been made for the purpose of the purchase of rabbinical literature.

The new Princeton library, which, it is said, will cost nearly a million dollars, is now being built, and will cover the ground occupied by East College. The money for this library was furnished by alumni whose names have not been announced.



A recent careful investigation conducted by the college department of the International Committee of Y. M. C. A.'s reveals the encouraging fact that considerably over one-half of the college associations on the continent have already this year made definite provision for class Bible study to be carried on under their auspices.

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It is generally admitted that Brown University had the best base-ball team last season, but she could not be awarded the inter-collegiate *championship* on account of not being in the college league.

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The British Association for the Advancement of Science held a meeting at Liverpool commencing September 16th. The attendance was 3,200. The next meeting will be held at Toronto, commencing August 18, 1897. The Association has decided to admit members and fellows of the American Association to membership on the same terms as their own members.

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The University of Virginia has consolidated the offices of Chaplain and Secretary of Y. M. C. A. A Princeton theological student has been elected to fill the new position.

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The one problem which has agitated the minds of all students alike this year has been to find a suitable name for the class of 1900. No satisfactory conclusion has yet been reached. "Century Class," "Class of Nitty-Nit," "Ninety-Ten," and Naughty Naught" seem to be the most popular designations.

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Columbia appropriates \$43,000 yearly towards increasing their library. Harvard spends \$17,000, and Yale \$7,000.

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Fifty-four thousand dollars was spent by Yale last year in athletics.

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One of the requirements of a man seeking college honors at Amherst is that his college expenses during the past year shall not have exceeded \$500.



The Young Men's Christian Association of the University of Ohio has taken a religious census of that institution. It shows that 90 per cent. of the students attend church services, and that 60 per cent. are church members.

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The up-town buildings of Columbia University are progressing rapidly, and will be ready for occupation next session.

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Most of the college journals which have mentioned hazing this year take a decided stand against it.

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The largest institution of learning in the world is the University of Berlin, with an enrollment of 8,343 students, over one-fourth of whom are Americans.

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It is estimated that ten million dollars will be required to erect the buildings of the American University, at Washington, D. C. The corner-stone of the hall of history was laid on October 21st. This university will be for post-graduate purposes only.

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John Rylands, who was president of the Baptist College, Bristol, England, was a quaint old man, and when his students left him for the ministry he used to give them "three don'ts." Don't buy too many books—that will hurt your pocket. Don't study late at night—that will hurt your health. Don't fall in love—that will hurt your mind.

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An exchange calls attention to the following recent chemical discovery:

Potassium iodide and sulphur under slight pressure gives an exceedingly interesting result:  $KI + 2S = KISS$ . The experiment is dangerous, as the above result may not be accomplished, and instead, the reaction may be very violent. Therefore, this experiment should be attempted in the absence of light, and in the presence of only two.



## Exchange Department.

EDITOR, WORTLEY F. RUDD.

With this issue of the MESSENGER we take up the editor's pen for the first time, and yet we already feel that the task is a pleasant one, since it is through this department of the work that we keep in close touch with the spirit and work of our sister colleges.

A goodly number of October issues and a few for November have come to us, and although the Literary Departments of the former are not as well filled as they will probably be in the next issue, yet what matter they do contain is for the most part of a high order. The October issues are doubtless of special interest to the alumni of the respective colleges as they are well filled with both Alumni Notes and Personals. Perhaps it is well that this is the case, inasmuch as co-operation and sympathy on the part of the alumni serve largely to make a college magazine a success.

The *Guilford Collegian* for October deserves first mention. The article entitled "George Eliot's Power" would, indeed, do credit to any college paper—in fact, we must say that it strikes us as being one of the most masterly efforts we have ever seen published in a college magazine. We anxiously await the November issue, in which the second half of the article is to appear.

The *Hendrix College Mirror* comes to us in a neat dress, but its *outside* is by no means its most attractive feature. Its Literary Department contains much solid reading, and the article on Henry W. Grady is very fine. Every student who has the opportunity would do well to read this article carefully.

The *Wake Forest Student* takes her place among the first of our exchanges. Its appearance is decidedly attractive, and its matter well worth our attention.



We find in the *Gray Jacket* a well-written story—"The Whip-Poor-Will's Song."

The *Baylor Literary* also offers us a pleasing story—"Dixie."

"A Quartet of Letters," in the *University Cynic*, departs a little from the usual order of articles, but is decidedly unique.

Lack of space will not allow us to mention more in detail, but among those that we would like to mention are *Seminary Magazine*, *Butler Collegian*, the *Phoenix*, *Yankton Student*, *Bucknell Mirror*, and many others.

We note with pleasure that collegé spirit is more and more working its way into college publications, and also that the students in most of our schools are cultivating what there may be of the æsthetic in them; this latter fact being evidenced by the number of poems and stories of fiction that appear from time to time in our publications.



## Clippings.

If last century a maiden  
Wished to send her lover away  
When he'd popped the fatal question,  
She would quietly answer "Nay."  
But an ardent, wooing lover  
Only fifty years ago,  
If he did not suit the sweet one,  
Would be crushed by one short "No."  
Now, however, if a fairy  
Wants to give her flame the mit  
When he asks her to be "his'n,"  
She will softly gurgle "Nit."—*Ex.*

Lives of old maids should remind you  
Your sweet charms won't always stay,  
And the blush of youth, dear maidens,  
Soon, ah! soon, will fade away.  
Oh! then, girls, be up and doing;  
Seize on any chap you can,  
For, remember, time is fleeting.  
Let your watchword be, A Man.—*Ex.*

### NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.

De days am growin' shorter, and de nights am gittin' cool;  
My pickaninnies worries me 'bout gwine off to school;  
Red-meated watermillions am now about all gone,  
De backer crop's a failure and, es sho es you is bawn,  
Everything's agin a niggah! He aint got no show;  
When white folks dey talks free silver he's layin' mighty low.  
Dere aint no 'scussions running, times keeps on being hard,  
We aint got a single chicken a-scratching in de yard.  
Looks like de pig don't grow a bit; my rabbit dog am dead,  
An' whar to git de hoe-cakes bothers dis niggah's head!  
But dat's all right, I reckon, 'cause I'se got my badjah yit  
An' a chaw or two o' backer, and a place where I can sit  
An' praise de Lawd forever an' smoke my old clay pipe,  
Fur dere's lots o' 'possums, and 'simmons 'll soon be ripe.—*Ex.*