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WORTLEY FULLER RUDD, *Philologistan.*

ATHLETICS.

B. MERCER HARTMAN, *Mu Sigma Rho.*

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

---

H O P E .

When the twilight shades uncertain  
Spread their dark bewildering curtain  
Over all the face of nature,  
And the darkness follows day,  
Then the stars in all their glory  
Shining brightly tell the story—  
Spread the secrets of my story  
All along the milky way.

As these golden gems shine brightly  
They regard my secret lightly,  
For they say the same old story  
Has been whispered o'er and o'er.  
Down the corridor of ages,  
Both by young men and by sages,  
Sighs have *always* been the wages  
Of the heart that loves the more.



Why should I, then, be repining?  
Why should I, all hope resigning,  
Throw away life's golden moments  
    Vainly dreaming of the cloud?  
When the world is full of sorrow,  
Why should I attempt to borrow  
Gloom and darkness from the morrow?  
    For the living weave a shroud?

As in answer to my query,  
Suddenly the sky grows very  
Bright with roseate tinted blushes,  
    And the day king holds the sway,  
Lo! the stars, my secret scorning,  
Have been silenced by the morning,  
And his beams, my soul adorning,  
    Drives the gloom of night away.

Tired traveller, are *you* weary  
Of the night so cold and dreary?  
Is your heart bowed down with sorrow?  
    Would you know the *joys* of love?  
See! the golden sun is shining,  
Bid your spirit cease repining,  
From the cloud the silver lining  
    Shows the swift returning dove.

B. MERCER HARTMAN.

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### BACON'S REBELLION.

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On March 7, 1675, a standing army of five hundred men was raised by the Legislature, and every provision made for its support and regulation, but after it was collected and trained to a complete state of preparation for marching against the Indians, it was suddenly disbanded by the Governor without any apparent cause. This was followed by earnest petitions to the Governor from various quarters of the country to grant a commission to some person to chastise the Indians, the petitioners offering to serve in the expedition at their own expense. This reasonable request was refused, and the people, seeing their



country left defenceless to the inroads of a savage foe, assembled themselves in their primary capacity, in virtue of their right of self-defence, in order to march against the enemy.

They chose for their leader *Nathaniel Bacon*, junior, a young gentleman of a family highly respected and educated, who, although he had returned to Virginia but three years before from the completion of his studies in England, had already received the honor of a colonel's rank in the militia and a seat in the Legislature as a representative of Henrico, in which county his estate lay exposed, by its situation, to the fury of the Indians. He stood well in the colony, and possessed courage, talent, and address, which amply fitted him for such an enterprise.

After Bacon had been selected by this volunteer army as their leader, his first step was to apply to the Governor for a commission, in order, if possible, to have the sanction of the legitimate authorities for his conduct. The Governor evaded this rational and respectful request by saying that he could not decide upon so important a matter without his council, which he summoned to consult, at the same time artfully hinting to Bacon the injury which he might probably do himself by persevering in his course. Bacon dispatched messengers to Jamestown to receive the commission, which he was sure would be granted, but as public impatience would not abide the dilatory proceedings of the Governor, and as he was probably nettled at the insinuations addressed to his selfishness in the Governor's communication, he proceeded on the expedition, authorized only by the will of the people, the danger of the country, and the anxious wish of those who trusted their lives to his control.

Sir William Berkeley (whose conduct, notwithstanding the high honors bestowed upon him, seems to have been marked in ordinary times only by a haughty condescension, which by his Excellency was called pleasantness of manners), after temporizing in the most conciliatory manner with Bacon until his departure, now denounced him and his followers as mutineers



and traitors for daring to defend their country after his Excellency had refused them a commission. The Governor now gathered together such forces as he could collect, consisting principally of the wealthy aristocrats in the settled country, who probably liked the mode of taxation which was least injurious to them, and who suffered little from Indian incursions upon the frontier, and marched to put down the rebellious troops. He had not proceeded further than the falls of James river (now known as Richmond), when he received intelligence of a rising in the neighborhood of Jamestown of a more formidable nature than Bacon's, which compelled him to retreat and take care of affairs at home.

This new ebullition of feeling was headed by Ingram and Walklate, and was probably produced by the indignation of the common people at the absurd conduct of the Governor in first refusing a commission to Bacon and then marching to destroy him, while engaged in so useful an occupation. (Histories differ at this point.) Be this as it may, we find them insisting upon dismantling the forts, which were intolerably oppressive, without producing any good effect against an enemy whose progress was by stealth, whose onset was sudden and furious, and whose retreat was immediate. Against such an enemy active operations in the field were required, and the vigorous prosecution of the war in his own country.

In the meantime, Bacon had been very successful in destroying the towns, defeating the Indians, and taking them captive, and was returning leisurely to Jamestown, when he heard of the revolution there. This induced him to leave his little army, and with a few followers embark for Jamestown, but he was taken on his voyage by Gardiner, who was cruising to intercept him, and sent as a prisoner to the Governor. Bacon had been elected a member of the new Legislature to represent Henrico, and was pardoned, and was permitted to take his seat upon his confessing the impropriety and disobedience of his conduct, requesting pardon of the Governor, and promising future obedience. A creditable report says that he was induced to make this full and humiliating acknowledgment upon



a promise by the Governor not only of pardon, but of a commission; and, indeed, without supposing it the result of a compromise, it is difficult to account either for this act or his subsequent conduct.

Thus relieved from all former sources of fear, Bacon again rushed towards the frontier. But the Governor had not long been relieved of his presence before he dissolved the Assembly, and retiring into Gloucester, again declared Bacon a rebel and his army traitors, and raised the standard of opposition.

When Bacon heard of this he marched back to Gloucester and retreated to Accomac. This county was at that time considered a distinct territory, although under the control of Virginia, and Bacon taking advantage of this against an unpopular Governor, called a convention for the purpose of settling the government, declaring that the Governor had given up his place. This convention met at Middle Plantation (now known as Williamsburg) on August 3, 1676, and declared the governorship vacant by the abdication of Sir William Berkeley, and that the council or the people might fill the vacancy until the King's pleasure should be known. Writs were issued by five members of the council for a new election of burgesses. The convention declared Berkeley guilty of aiding certain evil-disposed persons in stirring up the people to civil war; that they would keep back all such and give Bacon their support. Bacon having now provided a regular government for the country, proceeded once more against the Indians, who had formed a confederacy and gained several advantages since his retreat. They were driven back, by occasional skirmishes, until they reached their place of general gathering near the falls of James river. "Bacon's Quarter Branch," a little stream on the outskirts of the city of Richmond, marks this point. He met the Indians at Bloody Run, another stream in the same neighborhood, and here routed them so completely that the Indian power in Virginia was forever broken.

In the meantime Berkeley had not met with that warm reception which he had anticipated among the loyalties of Acco-



mac. They insisted that the objectionable acts of Parliament should be suspended, at least so far as regarded that portion of the country. Just how matters terminated we are not informed.

Bacon's party was in possession of all the vessels in the colony; and two of his friends, Giles Bland and William Carver, went with their forces to cut off supplies from the Governor. They were defeated, as Captain Larimore, from whom one of the vessels had been taken, had intimated to the Governor's friends that he would betray his vessel into the hands of a party sufficient to possess it. The proposal being accepted, at midnight twenty-six men, obeying Larimore's signal, were by the side of his ship, and had possession almost before the crew were aroused from their slumbers. The other vessels were easily taken. Sir William, thus finding himself in possession of the whole naval force of the colony, and knowing Bacon to be absent on his expedition against the Indians, collected a force of some six hundred men, consisting mostly of aristocratic gentlemen and their dependents, and took possession once more of Jamestown. As usual, his first act on returning to power was to disavow his acts in favor of Bacon, and again declare him a rebel and his soldiers traitors.

Bacon was on his return from his successful campaign when this news reached him. Most of his followers had dispersed, but he hastened on with the remainder without regard to their fatigues in the recent campaign. He arrived before Jamestown late in the evening, fired his artillery, and sounded a defiance. His men during the night formed a breastwork, and the next morning attacked the town.

Sir William Berkeley, well knowing that time would increase the strength of his enemy, and at the same time diminish his own, resolved to face his adversary as quickly as possible. Some of his men showed great courage at first, but the whole body soon retreated before the well-directed fire of Bacon's men, leaving their drum and their dead as trophies to the victors.



The marked difference which existed between the character of Bacon's men and those of the Governor was exhibited in a manner well calculated to show forth the nature of Bacon's proceedings. Berkeley's troops having been reduced to so small a number, he saw it was needless for him to attempt further to defend the town; so he and his friends boarded a ship during the night, and were seen next morning riding at anchor beyond the reach of the guns in the fort at Jamestown.

When Bacon and his followers marched into the town they found that the Governor and his party had carried off or destroyed every article of value. The possession of Jamestown, therefore, was of no value to them. The hostile Governor was waiting in the river for them to depart, in order that he might again resume possession. What could be done with a town which could not be defended, and, if defended, was of no value to the possessors, but which was all-important to the enemy? The answer to this question was manifest, and Bacon's proposal for its destruction was received with acclamation. Several of his followers, who owned the most valuable houses, applied the fire-brand with their own hands to their own property. The sight of the flames started Berkeley on a cruise to Accomac; and Bacon having overcome all opposition to the government established by the convention dismissed the troops.

We have but little account of Bacon's proceedings after this successful termination of his labor. It is thought that he did not do much, as he was ill of a disease contracted by sleeping exposed in the trenches before Jamestown, which in a short time terminated his existence. He died at the house of a Mr. Pate, in Gloucester county.

Thus died the distinguished individual who overcame both the foreign and domestic enemies of his country, and left it enjoying the blessings of a free government. Had he lived a century later, he would have been one of the distinguished heroes of the revolution, and historians would have delighted as much in eulogizing his conduct as some have, under exist-



ing circumstances, in blackening his character. He accomplished all that it was possible for him to accomplish.

J. T. BOWDEN, JR.

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### THE WEAKNESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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There is a distinction commonly made between Thought and Action. And more commonly is the distinction made between men of thought and men of action, according as the one or the other seems predominant in their lives. It might easily be shown that without action there is no life; that thought is itself a species of action, and that the distinction is a distinction without a difference. But even though it be a distinction without a difference, it is good for everyday use. We may say with the same degree of accuracy that thought belongs to abstract knowledge, and action to the application of knowledge. For we obtain no scientific knowledge but by thought, and every rational man is expected to make use of knowledge in every action.

It is readily noticed that knowledge alone is not all of life; that apart from the efforts put forth in what seems to be ever-recurring, never-ending, double-back action, in order to get knowledge and to get it in order, there exists a large part of life still left out of sight. This part is greater and more valuable than perhaps many of those who appreciate the value of knowledge believe. How poor is the life of mere knowledge in comparison with the still larger life of action! "Knowledge is power," the scholar repeats until he can hear in his dreams, on the street, amid the surging, noisy crowd; everywhere, always, nothing but the echo, *knowledge is power*. Dreaming of the time when he can pose as a paragon of wisdom and command from men more ignorant and no less ambitious than himself the reverence paid to supernatural beings, he forgets that knowledge is only a means to an end; that just as truly as there is no life without some action, the most essential part of life is the active part. True, if he have knowledge, he has in store a fund more powerful than Persian gold to make his fellow-men his humble admirers. If he have knowledge rather



than ignorance, he hath chosen the better part. But knowledge is not all of power. There may be lacking another power—the ability to use or enjoy the power which is co-existent with knowledge. Think of the power contained in the ponderous volume of water in Niagara river, which is smaller than scores of others. To check its wild rush over the falls would defy the genius of Edison and the patient labor of the Pyramid builders. Yet the Omniscient Creator, according to whose plan this volume moves, directs the thundering torrent to tumble in rythmical cadence. And man—finite, mortal, imbecile—is now becoming able to so direct the resistless power as to produce the electric current to light large cities. But even now he is dependent on the action as well as knowledge of other men who afford the machinery he needs. And knowing how to do wonders, and possessing the needed means, naught is done but by active efforts.

*Knowledge* and action are so closely conjoined that there is practically no man of knowledge who is not a man of action. Indeed, if there lived such a man we would not know it, for only by their actions do we know them.

“They are only remembered by what they have done.”

In pleading for men of action we would not disparage knowledge. We do not want men of superabundant action and no knowledge, but we would have them act only in applying knowledge. And we would appeal to those who have knowledge to use it as far as they can—to the fullest extent of its power, if possible—to advance truth. For there are in every community some of comparatively no knowledge and less good sense, who act thoughtlessly (sometimes right; sometimes wrong), and are followed by scores who are carried away by their untrained emotions into superstition and error. They are ignorant of the danger they fall into and the harm they do, but the evil results of ignorant but superabundant action can never be appreciated by finite minds. Therefore, let men who know the truth do all they can to speed the victory of truth and righteousness over superstition and error.

J. E. J.



### PERICLES.

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Environment has much to do with making man. At but few periods in the world's history have great men been needed when they could not be found. Whenever an age or a time demands a great man he is sure to appear on the stage. When at Athens the wealthier class of people trampled the lower class under foot, and deprived them of all privileges, Solon came forth. When the kingdom of France had become rotten to the core, and the French Revolution broke forth, Napoleon appeared upon the scene. When the American colonies revolted, Washington was at hand to lead them.

The age of which we wish to write was an opportune one, and an age that required great men; nor did they fail to appear on the arena of Athens at this time. There was Cimon, "the Nelson of Athens"; Thucydides, the great general and statesman; Pericles, the broad-minded; Polygnotus, the celebrated painter; Phidias, the world-renowned sculptor; Socrates, the father of philosophy, and a host of others.

As a statesman, Pericles far surpassed everyone of his time, if not everyone of all time. His name is so engraved on Athenian history that it can never be erased.

Pericles was born at Athens about 493 B. C. His father's name was Zanthippus; his mother's Agariste. We are told that for quite a number of years Zanthippus was one of the most influential men in Athens. He passes off of the stage of human action about 478 B. C., and leaves his son Pericles, who is only fifteen years of age, deprived of a father's guidance and counsel. When Pericles first began his public career he stood in great fear of the people; but after awhile this wore off, and he put forth every effort to make Athens the ruling spirit in Greece.

We are prone to think of Pericles only as a civilian, and not as a soldier. The reason for this is that his statesmanship is always held up to view, and that side of his life is the only one presented. Pericles was a successful general. He was guarded in his movements, and took no steps without mature delibera-



tion. We see this by the quickness with which he reduced to obedience the revolted cities of Eubœa, and his expedition to the Chersonesus. That he liked war is seen by the manner in which he prepared for the Peloponnesian war. His aspirations were that Athens should be the chief city of Greece, and in order for her to be that, Sparta, her greatest rival, must be destroyed. Accordingly, he prepared Athens for the great conflict.

Athens from prehistoric times was gradually emerging into a democracy. The mass of the people clamored for more rights and fewer limitations. At the time Pericles appeared upon the stage the opportunity was ripe for converging Athens into a democracy. Accordingly he introduced the needed reforms. That Pericles was far-sighted is shown by his foreign policy. He established important colonies in Italy and in Thrace. Some of these colonies played an auspicious part in the after history of Greece. Then he takes the citizen into the pay of the state, and compensated him for the most common public service. He secured the payment of the citizen for serving as a juryman—a very important innovation. And lastly, he stripped the Areopagus of its authority. Henceforth the Athenians were to be their own censors and judges, as well as their own legislators. Pericles thoroughly democratized Athens.

Athens having achieved such a position as she now held, it was the idea of Pericles that the Athenians should so adorn their city that it should be a fitting symbol of the power and glory of their empire. Nor was it difficult for him to induce his art-loving countrymen to embellish their city with those masterpieces of architecture that in their ruins still excite the admiration of the world. The most noted of the Periclean structures were grouped upon the Acropolis. Here were the temples Nike Arteros (Wingless Victory), the Erechtheum, and the beautiful porch of the Caryatides. But the most perfect and the most magnificent of all the buildings on the Acropolis was the Parthenon, sacred to the goddess Athena. Near the Parthenon stood the colossal bronze statue of Athena



Promachas. Here, there, and everywhere was seen the greatness of Athens. Nor was this the result of centuries of toil; it was the work of fifty years. In 479 B. C. Athens was a heap of blackened ruins; in 429 B. C. all the works of the Periclean age had been accomplished.

Nor was this age lacking in literature. In two departments, the drama and history, the achievements of this age have never been surpassed; and in a third, the department of philosophy, the foundation was laid for triumphs not less splendid. "*Athens was the school of Hellas,*" and *is the school of the world.*

Pericles died 429 B. C. of the direful plague which then infested Athens. He is said to be the creator of the age in which he lived, hence it is called after him, the "Age of Pericles." Under him Athens became the most powerful naval state in the world; and under him Athens reached the height of her prosperity and power.

Almost every man can attain efficiency along some particular or special line and become an adept, but very few men become great in every phase of the word, and but few men touch every point of life. Instead of touching every string on the instrument of life, as it were, they prefer to labor only on one, thereby learning all of its intricacies and advantages. With Pericles this was different. He touched every point of Athenian life, and nearly performed the impossible. He was a wise demagogue, a gallant soldier, a far-seeing statesman, and a brilliant orator. He was not like many of the Athenian statesmen, who to-day were serving their own state and to-morrow were in a distant country intriguing how to overthrow their native city. His versatility as well as his compactness causes us to accept him as the greatest man Athens ever produced.

But though Greece hated him, and Athens spoke of him with mingled feeling, the debt which the world owes to Pericles is immense. Little did he think that centuries afterward his actions would be criticized and sifted, and that what was good and noble in them would be applied to make other great



statesmen who were destined to play an important part in the history of the world. Yet such is the case.

Down through the vista of the ages every age has looked back and reviewed the history of Athens, and profited by her example. Pericles decreed that Athens should be beautiful; that her festivals should be splendid; that she should be called the home of art and literature; the abode of freedom and culture; the Hellas of Hellas. This was, indeed, the "Golden Age of Athens."

BON DIGHT.

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### NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.

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When the Day-king bids us good-night, and evening's gloomy shadows slowly creep over this beautiful world of ours, we behold the light of golden fires as they pierce through that dark curtain of night and clasp our welcome hearts with fiery caresses. It is because we have experienced the beauties these shades of evening bring out that we so gladly welcome them. Some nights are darker than others, some stars are brighter than others, and the darker the night the more visible and brilliant the stars.

All the way from the origin of the human language down to the present time, do we trace the pages of events to find that there have ever been nights to individuals, nights to communities, nights to nations. During these nights there have always been stars—men who distinguished themselves among their fellows. This has arisen from the fact that it is through trials and difficulties that one attains to eminence and distinction. Difficulties bring men to the test, and their excellencies, if they possess any, are distinctly brought out. How many would never have been known to the world as among the great and good, if they had not passed through fierce trials, and dark and gloomy nights.

To be firm the stately oak must have its roots sunken deep in the soil, and this is aided by its trunk constantly swaying to and fro with every sweep of wind. That the tree shall be stable enough to withstand the tossings of the stormy night, it



must be disturbed by the strong and violent wind. So it is with man. In order for him to possess the stability to stand out firm through the night or during the time of depression and adversity, gloomy shadows must have crossed his pathway, and long and dreary nights must have constituted much of his experience.

The lofty mountains, whose snow-capped tops, bathed in heaven's blue ether, stand high above the level of this terrestrial globe, and reflect the glorious rays of the noon-day sun, are not to be compared with the valleys below. The brilliant faces of these out-stretched mountain peaks are smiling perhaps at the stormy cloud as it floats and plays about their bases, while the whole earth shakes submissively to its tremulous roar. These beautiful mountains, though extremely grand and picturesque, send forth no light of their own. They are only poor and barren. While annually and perpetually do these storm-covered, death-threatened valleys, that lie silently upon a lower plane, send forth their growths of spring, and furnish the only hope for the sustenance of the animal kingdom.

Thus when man is lifted to a higher plane, and placed in the sunshine of life, with trials and difficulties beneath him, will he realize the approaching spring? Will there be in his life fertility and productiveness? Will not his tree of life be barren? Will he not need the nurturing of the storm? It is when he comes to realize that darkness is constantly covering his pathway, when life seems as still as the late and starry midnight hour, when prevailing desolation seems to be his doom, that man kindles to life that delicate and only spark of hope that is hidden and preserved within his true and inmost nature. And carefully and patiently he adds the fuel of perseverance, rising, as it were, to a higher and nobler plane of thought, until he attains to that degree of eminence which may justly be regarded as the acme of the most laudable ambition.

Day has its morning; night its stars. When this beautiful country of ours determined that she would be free, in the days of old, when shadows of destruction hung over her struggling



colonies; ah, was not that a night? What would have been left as a result of that dismal period had there been no stars—no Washington, no Jefferson, and others to whom our Government owes her birth?

Then why need we be discouraged over the gloom that is to-day covering our country? The sadness that spread over this land a few weeks ago after the assurance of McKinley's election, may not be lasting. For four seemingly long years we can see no hope of betterment. But I believe that ere those four brief years shall have passed away, and before we shall have sailed across those dark waters into "the rocks towards which we are drifting," that there will be a star that will again rise up in the far west, and brighten our course with sufficient light that we may guide and direct our ship, and yet reach the port of happiness and prosperity. For as night grows darker and darker, Bryanism will grow brighter and brighter, and I believe the people of this proud nation, with their eyes fixed upon that great star of principle, are going to press onward and upward, and that victory will be their reward in the end.

It has ever been found that stirring and trying epochs in the history of nations have developed eminent men. The darkest periods have revealed stars of the first magnitude, shedding a lustre through all the succeeding generations. The voice of the God of nations has called them forth to be leading spirits in guiding and directing the events of the times. As it has been in the history of nations, so has it been in the history of religion. When the grossest darkness and the fiercest persecutions have prevailed, when the Church has been enveloped in clouds, there have always been bright luminaries to relieve and cheer the gloom. And hence Wickliffe, living in the twilight of a past gloom, has been very appropriately and beautifully styled "The Morning Star of the Reformation."

John Milton, one of the brightest stars that ever shone in the literary world, found himself overshadowed by a darkness that was inevitably as dark as night itself. He, though destitute of sight, wrote two of the leading volumes of English literature



and made himself to rank among the greatest writers that the world has ever known.

Being confined in prison, John Bunyan kindled a brilliant flame that shed light in darkness, clearly revealing that it is through desolate and dreary shadows that man finds himself wandering, and that while seemingly the whole world has lost view of him, he is only kindling a flame that shall some day blaze out into a star of the first magnitude.

“Yes, the blackened night is sombre and cold,  
And the day is warm and fine;  
And yet, if the day never faded away  
The stars would never shine.”

Let us remember, then, that the darker the night the more visible and brilliant the stars. It is through darkness and difficulty that man must struggle to attain to that degree of excellence that constitutes him a true man, and that fits him to be a citizen of that bright country where there shall be no night, and where each ransomed spirit shall shine forever as a star in the brightness of the firmament.

ERNEST O'BANNON.

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#### BYRON: THE MAN.

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All biographies are to some extent incomplete and unsatisfactory. A perfect biography is a nonentity. They are at best but the attempt to impartially state the facts, which will involuntarily be colored by the mind through which they pass. That old story of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, while in prison, saw a street brawl which was afterward reported differently by three witnesses, he differing from the rest, clearly shows how futile are the abilities of man. The best biography would be, we think, a collection of incidents illustrative of the man without comments, leaving the reader to draw his own inferences and weigh them in his mind. But even this would be extremely difficult, if at all possible, for you would surely have to know the man (and who knows any man?) before you could decide which incidents were characteristic of him; and there



are incidents in the life of all which, if told alone, would make us appear considerably worse than we really are. While we believe all biographies are but a more or less futile attempt, we cannot at this moment recall a more ridiculous array of unsatisfactory results than these so-called biographies of Byron lying before us.

His biographers may be divided into three classes: The first are those who, spurred on by envy while he lived and malice and hatred when dead, have vented upon his head their contemptible spleen in the shape of biographies. The stench of their own being having permeated their entire selves, finds utterance by tearing from Death the sacred seal it laid over his memory; and after reaching the climax of Simian imbecility, reckless guess-work, and loathful suggestion, have scaled the Alpine heights of eternal dishonor and hurled from there the stench of their own depravity at the head of him, lying helpless and defenceless beneath the pall of Death. The second are those mathematical thinkers who think by rules and prove their conclusions by mathematical problems. Leaving X as the unknown cause, they reason from this by algebraic steps, and always prove to their own satisfaction how wonderfully effective and correct is their method. But as there has never been discovered or invented any measure by which we can gauge human wisdom or human passions, we fail to see the force of their logic. The third, while fairer than the others, still are not, in the true sense, biographies. They but more or less capably fill the office which their author intended them to—viz., of being simply interesting.

While these biographies widely differ in many particulars, there still remains one feature common to all—they are all interesting. The charm of Byron's passionate personality pervades them all. Our heart throbs with pity as we see such a soul crushed beneath what are perhaps inevitable circumstances; we watch with amazement the circumstances of his life, which seem to have especially conspired to torture fiery harmony out of him; we see with wonder that every talent given to him seems to have within it its own particular thorn,



which almost turned into curses the seeming blessings of nature. Poetic, imaginative, sensitive, with a soul so delicately strung that the slightest touch jarred the entire frame, Byron, if any, surely needed the tenderest of nurturing to raise intact so marvellous a temperament. But Destiny, with cruel disdain, tore one by one the strings from this Æolian harp and left but the frame, battered and worn, to typify the man—and such a man!

Unfortunate all through life, Byron was truly most unfortunate at his natal hour in being the son of such creatures as his parents were. What his life would have been under other circumstances it is idle to conjecture. Passion and extreme emotion were his heritage, and were drilled into him as a part of his education. His father, a handsome debonair coxcomb and brutal roister, had eloped with the wife of Lord Carmarthen; had ruined, ill-treated, and almost reduced to beggary his second wife, Miss Gordon; and then, after living the life of a madman, had gone abroad to die, taking with him the last of his family property. His mother, controlled by the passions which entirely overwhelmed her, would in moments of anger tear to pieces her dresses or bonnets. When her half-hated, half-worshipped husband died she almost lost her reason, and for hours could not be pacified, her screams being heard in the street. Abundantly lavish of kisses when young Byron was in her good graces, she was none the less lavish of blows when he incurred her capricious displeasure. She would often pass from passionate caresses to repulsion with actual disgust, and then devour him with kisses again and swear his eyes were as beautiful as his father's. The emotions that racked his little breast while undergoing these storms of insults interspersed with softer moods will never be known. One day when he was "in one of his silent rages" they had to take out of his hand a knife which he had raised from the table and had already placed to his throat.

At school he was the leader in everything. Freed for awhile from the insults and anger of his passionate mother he hungered for that love and sympathy which his heart all



through life craved, and to which it was so essential. "My school friendships were with me passions, for I was always violent." Years afterwards he could not hear the name of Lord Clare, one of his school friends, without "a beating of the heart." But friendship, although with him a passion, was not violent enough for his volcanic disposition, and at eight he fell in love with a child named Mary Duff. He afterwards says: "How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl at an age when I could neither feel passion nor know the meaning of the word! My misery, my love for her, were so violent that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since."

At twelve he fell in love with his cousin Margaret Parker, and at fifteen with another cousin, Miss Chaworth, the effects of which lasted him all through life. Years afterwards, on seeing her child, he near fainted. He never grew wiser; all through life he was under the dominating influence of some beautiful woman. For a friend he would have sacrificed his life, or what was far dearer to him—his fame. These passions with him were as pure love as ever poured forth from the purest heart. He is known to have had a romantic feeling for a girl who, dressed in youth's clothing, followed him all over England, and whom he moaned under the name of Thyrsa. For five years, the most licentious of his life, he was almost continuously with Countess Giccuoli, who, seeing but the noble side of his life, sincerely believed him to be an angel. All through life he loved his half-sister Agusta with a love that was never dimmed by time or distance—a purifying and ennobling love—that inspired some of his tenderest poetry. And yet this is the man whom his enemies represent to have had no feeling, to have been capable of only simulating feeling, and whose love was fickle, transitory, and always the means to a degrading end.

Such was he all through life; either hungering for love and sympathy, or with reckless ferocity attacking the strongest of citadels. Docile under tender influences, he became a regular stoic under force. Never to submit to a master; to arise with



his whole soul against any semblance of encroachment or rule; to dare and endure ever rather than to give sign of submission—such was his character. The Edinburg reviewers harshly criticised his poems. All his energies were aroused; he attacked the whole body of critics, condemned and ridiculed the present poetry, thus making a bitter and unwearied enemy of Southey and his friends. England was at the height of war with France. He chose that time to praise and admire Napoleon, Voltaire, and other Frenchmen, and to censure English society, saying it was debauched and hypocritical, thereby arousing political and social hatred. Thus provided with enemies, he opened himself to attack on all sides. If they had no weapons with which to wound, he gave them some. If they called him a villain, he immediately admitted that he was ten times worse. He pictured himself in his heroes in such a way that they must recognize him, and believe him worse than he was. His soul once aroused it demanded excitement. Battle and danger thereafter were the breath of his being.

The publication of English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers, and a little later of Childe Harold, made him famous. But his conduct during this time did not well compare with his intellectual successes. He spent his time between the dissipations of Cambridge and London. He had a different excess every day, and every excess he carried to the extreme. But Byron was not naturally a coxcomb or libertine, and all that was noble within him revolted at this mode of life, and in an endeavor to escape he left England. Later by another attempt he married Miss Milbanke. Their union proved singularly infelicitous. A year later they separated. The true causes will never be known. There was extreme incompatibility of temper, certainly; his extreme waywardness and her utter incapability of understanding such a temperament could have but the one result. Ironically, she, like his mother, seemed to have been made for him.

When they separated Byron was accused of every monstrous vice by private rancor and public rumor. With the instinct of a wounded animal he seems to have left the common herd, and



gone apart so as to bear his misery and anguish in solitude and alone. He left England with an angry sense of injustice, and with a spirit of proud and revengeful defiance, alternating hysterically with humble self-reproach and generous forgiveness. Once on the continent he pours out his soul in unrivalled harmony; free from the restraints with which England had bound him he sings with a voice that is almost holy because of its alliance with the cause of the people.

We will not dwell on his sorrowful end; we all know how the oppression of Greeks aroused within him his noble manhood; how he gave them his fortune, his love, his life—dying amidst them, and murmuring with his last breath the name of his sister, his wife, and his child. Thus lived and died the most villified man of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps it is with us as it was with Carlyle when he says of Burns: "We love him and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify." Perhaps we look at him through a glass colored by our own inclination, but we cannot condemn him—if one would look at his faults, not denying they were such but with generous forbearance, remembering whatever palliating circumstances attended, I am sure that they would, with ourselves, love and pity him. His life is generally and strangely considered a veritable chaos, which, even after great familiarity or deep study, presents nothing like order or natural sequence. We must confess that to us Byron appears far from an unfathomable mystery, but, instead, seems but the natural and inevitable outcome of remarkable circumstances. His passions were too great for mediocracy; his every taste or excess was an extreme which he could change but could not modify. He was like a child chasing a butterfly, and who, immediately upon catching it, sees another of a different and of a presumably more brilliant hue, and who, loosing the one caught, flies after the other. Such wild and hysterical actions must appear to the placid individual as unreal as the feelings of men under the tension of conflict must appear to one who calmly looks on under the normal condition of settled tranquillity. But they are incapable of judging a soul so diametrically op-



posed to their own. They follow the plan set by all of condemning that which they cannot understand. "Let those condemn his life or poetry who may, but we know of no more beautiful symbol of the mission of art than his herculean endeavors during life to teach fraternity."

HENRY CAMERON N.





# Editorial.

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## CUBA.

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The insurrection in Cuba is doubtless more generally discussed than any other topic now before the American people. And to determine what is the proper course for us to pursue is one of the most perplexing problems we have had before us recently. It is right that we as a nation should have a regard for international law, and that we should zealously guard our honor; but it is not right that we should so far stickle for law and precedent as to neglect that higher duty which we owe to humanity. It is right that we should consider the claims of a fellow-member of the great family of nations; but it is not right that we should utterly ignore the grievances of a struggling and an oppressed people. It is right that we should be conservative and that we should seek carefully to find where our duty lies; but it is not right, when once we have ascertained what our duty is, that we should hesitate in its performance.

It is argued by some that the insurgents have not a *de facto* government, but it is difficult to see that Spain has been any more successful in maintaining civil rule, and the Cubans are undoubtedly in possession of the greater portion of the island. It seems clear that the Cuban patriots can claim as stable a government as the American colonies had in 1778, when France came to aid us in our struggle for liberty.

Mr. Cleveland is confronted by a very grave public duty. Cuba lies right at our very doors. It is only sixty miles from the extremity of Florida, and is geologically but an extension of Florida. This alone should make us feel a deep interest in the struggle going on there, but there are more vital considerations for us to note. American citizens own property there to the value of more than \$50,000,000. This is being rapidly destroyed by the insurrection now raging.



Our commerce with Cuba, amounting to more than \$100,000,000 annually, has been almost destroyed. The entire island—naturally one of the most fertile and prosperous countries on the globe—is rapidly becoming a desolate waste; and if in the end Spain should be successful, there is little hope that in her present financial condition she could do much to restore the island to its former condition. But what is of far greater consequence, a great, noble, liberty-loving race—a race capable of the greatest development, capable of taking its place among the leaders in free thought and noble living—is being rapidly exterminated right under our eyes. Every manner of cruelty is resorted to; crimes of the most revolting nature are perpetrated every day. Spain's inability to put down the insurrection has been clearly proven, it seems to us, and her "hopeless struggle has degenerated into a strife which means nothing more than the useless sacrifice of human life and the utter destruction of the very subject-matter of the conflict."

It is but natural that our every sympathy should be with this persecuted and oppressed people in their struggle for liberty. They naturally look to us for sympathy and for material aid, and if they are to be aided we are the ones to help them. We would not allow any other nation to interfere if they so desired. We must act alone, on our own responsibility, to humanity and to justice. It is our duty to act in this matter, and the least we can do is to recognize Cuba as a belligerent power, thus granting her the same privileges and rights in our ports, etc., that Spain enjoys. In doing this we would assume a strictly neutral position, but the moral help we would give would be encouraging to the Cubans. We are not sure but that a more radical stand would be better, but this is certainly the least we can do and feel that we have performed our duty.

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#### HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

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This century has witnessed the beginning and the wide extension of the education of women. It is gratifying to lovers of learning to observe that the woman who for centu-



ries has been deprived of her rightful position is at last beginning to receive well-deserved attention in this respect. The opinion once prevalent among men that she is not intellectually man's equal has long ago been proven erroneous, and is generally accepted as such. If, then, her mind is as capable, why should she not receive the same advantages of culture, the same degree of intellectual training? If the mind is the glory of man, it is also the glory of woman. "If," says President Dwight, "education is for the growth of the human mind—the personal human mind—and if the glory of it is in upbuilding and outbuilding of the mind, the womanly mind is just as important, just as beautiful, just as much a divine creation, with wide-reaching possibilities, as the manly mind. When we have in our vision serious thought as the working force and end of education, the woman makes the same claim with the man, and her claim rests, at its deeper foundation, upon the same grand idea."

But, as a matter of fact, woman has not received equal advantages in education with man. Especially is this true in the South. In the North there are three noted institutions for women: Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Wellesly, Mass.; Vassar, N. Y.; and these are largely endowed, but there are in the South no endowed institutions for women. This is, indeed, a lamentable fact. Why some gallant Dives, instead of squandering his wealth, has not endowed a Southern female institution we cannot understand.

The Baptists of the United States have 152 chartered institutions of learning. Of this number 35 are universities and colleges, open to both sexes, having an endowment of about \$19,125,000; with 701 professors and instructors, and 9,088 students. Then 32 are exclusively for women, having 388 professors and instructors, 3,675 students, and an endowment of about \$4,125,000. That is, on an average, each coeducational institution has \$550,000 endowment, 20 professors and instructors, and 257 students; while each institution exclusively for women has \$129,000 endowment, 12 professors and instructors,



and 115 students. Of course the coeducational institutions having a larger endowment have better equipments in libraries and laboratories, and have more scholarly professors. As a consequence, young ladies who attend coeducational schools have these advantages over those who attend schools exclusively for women.

Another fact is to be noted: Many institutions once exclusively for the male sex have opened their doors to women. The judicious leaders in such institutions have seen the wisdom of this movement and have adopted the system of coeducation. Moreover, Mr. Barker, in his little book entitled "Colleges in America," says: "The coeducation of the sexes in colleges is constantly growing in favor among those colleges which have given it the most thorough trial. Two hundred and seventy-two colleges in this country, or 65.5 per cent., excluding those devoted exclusively to the education of women, are open equally to both sexes. The favorable results as to scholarship, manners, and morals of the two sexes have abundantly confirmed the wisdom of this method. The question of coeducation has its complications, but with proper restrictions these are not serious."

Lately, one of our most scholarly professors stated publicly that he would rejoice when Richmond College opened her doors to young lady graduates. We believe, with him, that this innovation would mark an important epoch in the history of the College. Why should not a number of young ladies who have graduated in our female institutions be allowed to continue their course of education in Richmond College? Richmond College has an endowment of \$250,000, and in addition has property valued at \$400,000, a library of 12,000 volumes, and shortly, as a result of the energy and perseverance of our honored president, will have a laboratory building constructed and well equipped. Why should Virginia's fair daughters, who by diligent toil have reached the limit in their own institution, who have drunk dry its fountain of lore, and whose thirst for knowledge is not yet satiated, be deprived of drinking from a deeper fountain?



The senior classes of this institution are generally comparatively small, and with little expense to the institution they might be enlarged by the addition of female graduates of other institutions. Such an arrangement, we believe, would not only encourage young ladies to great intellectual achievements, but would be an additional incentive to young men to dive deeper after pure knowledge and unalloyed truth; and we believe that such a movement would meet with the approval of the many friends of the institution, and would result in winning for her more friends and greater endowment.

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#### COLLEGE LIBRARY.

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We do not usually write editorials on subjects of local interest, but a matter has been called to our attention which is of such interest to the students of Richmond College that we feel called upon to express editorially their sentiments. It will be observed that in our last issue of the MESSENGER an associate editor very modestly suggests that the College Library be kept open at night. It seems to us a suggestion well worth considering by those in authority. As it is now, the use of the library by the students is very much restricted—at least the time for frequenting it is very inconvenient for them. For two hours only during the day is the library open for students to get out books, and these two hours come during regular class work, at which time many of the students are attending class, and the rest are busily employed in reviewing for subsequent class work.

Again, the library is closed at dark. Now exercise for a student is indispensable. Nor will two hours of exercise be unbeneficial to his health, and of course, in obedience to the rules of the institution, this must be taken in the afternoon. As a consequence, it leaves little or no time for frequenting the library.

It seems a pity that access to a library containing so many valuable books and periodicals should thus be limited. We



do not know what would be the expense of keeping it open at night, but we do feel that its value to the students would be greatly enhanced; that the semblance of life given to that end of the building at night would be impressive to the outside observer; that the list, at the close of the session, of library books read would be lengthened; and that the reputation of the institution itself would be increased.





## Collegiana.

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

Christmas!

Rah! Rah!!

Mr. B—ch—r: "Have you any drinking water?"

Mr. Eg—n: "Yes, some there in two buckets."

Mr. B—ch—r: "Well, I'm very particular about the *competition*."

Prof. Eng.: "Narrative is a presentation to the mind of a successive whole. Now, Mr. R—b—n, will you give it to us?"

Mr. R.: "Narrative is a presentation of the mind to a succession of the whole."

Mr. Ab—t—on, seeing Mr. L——n with pack of postal cards: "Say, L——n, what do you use those for?"

H——an., muttering: "If I pour this water out-doors, wonder if anybody will be any *wiser*."

H——ks.: "Somebody may be the *wetter*."

Quite a fall of snow November 30th caused the snow-ball fiends to come out in full force; and after dinner we witnessed the guests of "Hotel de la Bouis" line up against those fortunates (?) who continue their existence under the wise and beneficent catering of the President of the Bryan and Sewall Club.

For a time the battle raged royally, but, owing to the superiority in numbers and generalship, Fug's comrades held the day.

It is likely that these hostilities will be resumed at each subsequent snow.

We advise that "Bouis" marshal his forces next time.



Mr. J. A. G. : " You just wait, I'll give you a good *idiomitic* translation."

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Mr. F. (Jag's room-mate) : " B——d, if you'll tell me in what *congregation* that verb is I'll look it up."

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Prof. of Greek : " Did you have any mistakes ? "

Ab—l— : " Don't know, sir ; some are marked."

Prof. : " How many ? "

Ab—l : " Fifty-two."

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Miss R. and Miss H., *every* day in History Class : " Prof., I studied the wrong lesson to-day."

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Prof. Latin : " Mr. C., you should look in the revolving cases, get those words, and carry them to your grave."

Mr. R. U. B. C——e. : " I have."

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Mr. F. G. has at last succeeded in getting a girl, and may be heard singing at all hours of the night :

" When you know the girl you love loves you."

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Mr. McA., in Literary Society debating on the question, *Resolved*, That the English system of spelling should be changed, said : " Gentlemen, I think we ought to adopt the *phonographic* system of spelling."

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G—ch—r : " The minister I heard this morning used broad *a* all through his sermon. For instance, he said neither " (late pronunciation).

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Mr. C—nn—n : " Say, is Rabbi Calish a Baptist preacher ? "

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### **What the Boys Are Going to Do Christmas.**

W. F. Rudd : " Going home, read, enjoy country fare and fires."

R. I. Overby : " Going home."



S. H. Fisher : "Drum up custom for my tailoring establishment." (Thought he was *accustomed* to that already.)

W. A. Mobley : "Stay in College."

G. D. Walker : "Bunk in 19."

E. S. Ligon : "Going home *and stay till Monday*."

W. G. Dearing : "Hunt deer." (Yes!)

J. T. Bowden : "Going to see the girls and visit home."

C. K. Henning : "See my girl, etc."

W. M. Whitehead : "Don't know."

J. B. Kaufman : "Search me. Keep 'Irish' straight, I guess."

W. W. Edwards : "Going to see my *cousin*."

F. Gochnauer : "Eat sausage."

W. E. Gibson : "Summarize; sermonize; look-in-her-eyes."

J. A. Garrett : "Going to see my girl."

W. G. Fletcher : "Not guilty."

J. W. C. Jones : "Going to dance, hunt, and use my new sweater."

B. Lankford : "Going home and stay ten days."

R. D. Westcott : "Stay here. Bum 'round town."

J. P. McCabe : "Knock over jack rabbits."

B. W. Montgomery : "Going to a house party in good old S. C."

F. Jordan : "Stay here."

J. R. L. Johnson : "Give me the same."

A. A. Yoder : "Going home and quill."

H. B. Sanford : "Stay here and visit."

S. M. Sowell : "Go home."

A. D. Jones : "Six dances complete my ticket."

E. O'Bannon : "Dream Louisiana (Lou) under the exhilarating influence of Xmas concoctions at the Refectory."

L. Fleming : "Going to see *the people* in Rappahannock."

J. E. Johnson : "Tear dad's buggy up, I guess."

J. W. T. McNiell : "Going to Washington."

A. P. Bagby : "Blow myself." (Same old trade.)



R. E. Loving: "Going to see my girl get married." (Poor boy.)

C. E. Stuart: "Going home."

W. S. McNeill: "Show Ike and Garey how to *kill* ducks."

B. H. West: "Quilling."

Miss H.: "Stay at home and have a good time."

Mr. Lumpkin: "Going home."

J. A. Sullivan: "Toot a horn, pop crackers, and have a *big* time."

Tabb: "Add a little more paint to Newport News."

J. J. Hurt: "Study." (Yes!)

W. G. Bidgood: "Get the sloop ready for a duck hunt when Ike and Mc. come."

J. T. Davis: "Sing carols at Grove avenue."

H. M. Fugate: "Going home and drive some more."

W. B. Daughtry: "Nothin' perticler."

Miss R.: "Work on that essay Prof. Mitchell gave me for a Xmas present."

R. W. Neathery: "Sailing, sailing!"

Miss B.: "Make up my mind to attend the History Class another time."

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#### CHRISTMAS WORSHIP OF A HOPEFUL STUDENT.

"Sleep on, past year's tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born!"

Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Christmas morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind,  
With her determined fray,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves  
That on the window lay.



Long was the good man's sermon,  
Yet seemed not so to me;  
He spoke of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet seemed not so to me;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

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Our Librarian reports that the students and professors take about 300 books a month out of the Library. Wortley is always glad to wait upon us. Let us read more next year.

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Prof. Mitchell Carroll has been elected by the two societies as Alumni Editor. He has accepted, and will take charge of that department the 1st of January.

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This session our intermediate examinations will be conducted differently from what they have been. All will be given from January 25th to February 2d, and during that time the recitations will be suspended. The students express themselves as well pleased with the change.

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On the evening of the 10th a large and cultivated audience heard Professor Carroll deliver the third of the series of lectures given by the professors. His subject was: "The Chisel of Phidias." As usual, his lecture showed great thought and careful preparation, and was much enjoyed.

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Did you hear the horn blow?

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"I don't quite see that, Professor."

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The most amusing sight in the College: H—n—g in the Gymnasium.



Mr. W. S. in Laboratory: "Professor, where is the sodium *promegranate*?"

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Prof. Eng.: "Mr. L——yd, why do you think this is so?"

Mr. L——yd: "Because, Professor."

"What do you say, Mr M——?"

Mr. M.: "Same reason."

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Professor: "Translate *pone vescor*."

Mr. O.: "I eat myself with flesh."

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Professor Puryear paid Richmond a visit this month.

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D. Buchanan & Son, among the leading jewellers of the city, have presented the College with a handsome eight-day clock. It has been placed in the first-floor hall, and fills a long-felt want. We thank the above firm for their timely Xmas present.





# Geographical & Historical Notes

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W. B. DAUGHTRY.

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The regular meeting of the Society was held November the 24th, with President Mitchell in the chair.

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The students seem to be awakening to the necessity and importance of geographic and historic research. With the light of past history we can interpret the present happenings with more correctness and accuracy. History is being made to-day just as truly as it was during the ascendancy of Greece, and during progress of both the American and the French Revolutions.

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Mr. J. T. Bowden, of Isle of Wight county, Va., read an interesting, excellent, and instructive paper on "Bacon's Rebellion." He brought out the fact that Bacon with his forces, even though they did act disobediently to the will of the Governor, did a great and noble thing for Virginia, because they so crippled the Indians that afterwards they were never so formidable. He also intimated that if Bacon had lived a century later he would have been one of the most brilliant stars in the Revolution.

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A committee was appointed some time ago to procure a room from the College authorities, to be known as the G. and H. Room. A spacious and well-finished room has been given, and it is to be hoped that the Society will enter into its new quarters soon.

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Vice-President R. E. Loving was requested by the Society to briefly sketch, at the next meeting, Bruce's History of Virginia.



The following gentlemen were elected members: Messrs. B. M. Hartman, J. Day Lee, Josiah Moses, and R. B. Munford, Richmond; Allan D. Jones and B. W. Tabb, Newport News; A. C. Harlowe, Charlottesville; James P. McCabe, Bedford County; E. V. Riddell, Goochland County, and Wilmot C. Stone, Barton Heights.





## Alumni Notes.

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W. L. Britt ('92) is attending the Seminary, at Louisville, Ky.

H. R. Hundley (B. A., '89) has recently been elected to the chair of German in the Peddie Institute, New Jersey, one of the oldest institutions of learning in that State.

D. H. Rucker (B. A., '91) spent last summer at Chicago University.

J. E. Hixson (B. A., '94) spent several weeks of last month in Bedford. When it comes off, "Grandpa," send us an invitation.

George Ragland (B. A., '96) is teaching school in Spotsylvania County. He says he is well pleased with his work.

C. M. Graves (B. A., '96) is a member of the *Dispatch* staff. He visits us quite frequently. We are always glad to see you, Charles.

G. W. Hurt ('81-'85), formerly pastor at Guyton, Ga., has taken charge of the Baptist church at Onancock, Va. We welcome him back to Virginia.

R. A. Hutchison (B. L., '96) has hung out his shingle in Manassas, Va. We predict that he will do well.

R. H. Bowden ('92), pastor of the Baptist church at West Point, Va., pays us occasional visits. We hear that he is doing a fine work at the Point.



# Athletics.

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EDITOR, B. MERCER HARTMAN.

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The foot-ball season of '96 has passed, and with it a great deal of the interest manifested in college athletics has been tabled until the new base-ball teams shall make their *debut* upon the diamond. Many of our friends are looking forward with some interest to the part that Richmond College will play in the base-ball arena. Our success or failure will be due, in great measure, to the amount of zeal and determination shown by the student body. We should not be satisfied with mediocrity. We should have a certain pride in our team, a determination that our College shall lead in this as in everything else. We need enthusiasm, and with it, hard, earnest work. Manager McNeill reports that he has received a number of applications since our last issue, but he is still anxiously awaiting more. If you have not already done so, send in yours, and do it at once. It will lift a load from Mc's mind, and both you and he will be in a better condition to celebrate the Christmas festivities.

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At the last meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. B. W. Montgomery tendered his resignation as president, which was regretfully accepted. In resigning from the presidency, however, he does not sever his connection with the Association, nor is his interest in the work at all lessened by his action. When the tocsin is sounded, calling for volunteers, Mont. will be on hand to do his duty, as he has always done in the past.

The Association did not elect a president to fill the vacancy, as they deemed it best to postpone such action until the January meeting. The Vice-President, Mr. W. Bonnie Daughtry, will prosecute the duties of that office during the month of December.



An effort is now being made by the Association to obtain new members. Each student will be approached on the subject, and it is earnestly desired that all who possibly can will identify themselves with the work.

The classes in the Gymnasium continue to do excellent work, and Instructor Owens is very much encouraged over the outcome of his efforts.

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Some of us will spend the Christmas holidays at home. Our minds, during this happy season, will occasionally revert to our College work. The writer would request that athletics be given some consideration. "A merry Christmas and a happy New-Year."





# The College World.

JOHN JETER HURT.

Chapel attendance at the University of Chicago has been made compulsory one day in the week. This step in the regulation of students is a decided innovation. Since the institution opened in 1892 there has been more or less talk respecting attendance at the daily religious exercises. Presence has never been required, however, and as a result but a small percentage of the student body has attended.

The Harvard Faculty has passed the following: "The Administrative Board of the College, holding that the handing in by a student of written work not his own is dishonorable, proposes to separate from the college a student guilty of such conduct, and to post his name on the college bulletin boards."

At a meeting of the Association of College Presidents of the Middle West, held in Madison, Wis., on December 14th, a proposition was made to entirely abolish foot-ball from the list of college sports.

The following report of the receipts of the Yale-Princeton foot-ball game has been made out by the committee: Expenditures, \$8,539.23; net receipts, \$28,564.27; each college receiving \$14,282.14.

"The University of Chicago proposes to have the finest gymnasium in the world. The building itself will be 300x100 feet, and to it will be attached an athletic field 600x400 feet, with a seating capacity of 25,000. This field will be entirely enclosed during the winter and properly heated, so that any sport can be held there at any time of the year."

It is estimated that the Harvard library now contains over 430,000 volumes; that of the University of Chicago, 250,000; Yale, 180,000; Columbia, 165,000; Cornell, 150,000; Uni-



versity of Pennsylvania, 100,000; Princeton, 91,000; Lehigh, 90,000; Michigan, 80,000; Dartmouth, 75,000; Brown, 73,000; Amherst, 61,000, and Johns Hopkins, 60,000.

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The fact that athletic relations have been renewed between Harvard and Yale will be received gladly by the host of students who are interested in these great institutions.

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The latest statistics of the Bureau of Education show that 15,688,622 pupils are enrolled in educational institutions of various kinds and grades. The 481 colleges and universities reported upon received during 1894-'95 an income of \$16,783,638, employed 8,459 instructors, and enrolled 63,402 under-graduates, and 4,273 graduate students.

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The Executive Committee of the National Educational Association has voted to hold the '97 meeting at Milwaukee. A membership of 9,048 was enrolled at Buffalo.

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A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature prohibiting foot-ball in the State.

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Columbia is about to build a gymnasium, which will be one of the largest in the country. It will cost \$500,000.

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Heretofore the schools of France have not been largely attended by American students owing to the severe conditions imposed upon them before entering. These have been removed, and doubtless as many will go to France now as to Germany.

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The University of Virginia base-ball team will be coached during the early spring months by Pitcher Dwyer, of the Cincinnati National League.

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Columbian University is to have a dormitory which will be the largest building of its kind in the world. It will be nine stories high, and will accommodate over 900 students.

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Stanford University has six music clubs—the Glee Club, Mandolin Club Women's Mandolin Club, Band, Orchestra, and Banjo Club.



# Greek Club of Richmond College

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*Greek Lyric Poetry* has been, at its fall meetings, the centre of study of the Greek Club, an organization that, though recently organized, has already become an influential factor in the literary life of the College. Papers have been presented which touched on all the most important features of antique lyric. At the November meeting Professor Carroll read a paper on lyric poetry with special reference to that of the Greeks, and was followed by Mr. Sullivan on "Solon" and by Mr. Gibson on "Archilochus," the foremost representatives of Greek elegiac and Greek iambic, respectively. Melic, the third branch of Greek lyric, occupied the attention of the Club at its December meeting, and papers were presented by Professor Carroll on "Sappho," by Mr. Loving on "Pindar," and by Mr. Owens on "Simonides." At the January meeting Mr. Johnson will read a paper on the "Greek Anthology," and Messrs. Provence and Carroll will consider the Greek idyllists, Theocritus and Bion and Moschus. We append outlines of a few of the papers that have been presented.

## A. GREEK LYRIC POETRY.

### I. *General Characteristics of Lyric Poetry.*

Epic poetry is objective, treats of a glorious past, is a product of the childhood of the world; lyric is subjective, deals with the present, the individual and his emotions, belongs to a later stage of culture—it is the kind of poetry that proceeds from and appeals directly to the heart. Epic has a uniform metre, lyric has its choice of many forms. Lyric poetry is essentially the same throughout the ages, and this fact accounts for the enthusiasm aroused by a recent suggestion that a compilation be made of a World Anthology of Lyric Poetry.

### II. *Greek Lyric Poetry.*

Two striking characteristics of Greek Literature are (1) organic growth, (2) organic death. So about 700 B. C., with the



change from monarchy to oligarchy, and its accompaniments—wealth, colonization, reflection, a newly-felt nationality—epic dies and lyric develops. Greek lyric assumes three forms—1, Elegiac; 2, Iambic; 3, Melic.

1. *Elegiac*, *a.* Metre, written in distichs, of which the first is hexameter, the second pentameter, the hexameter pitching the tone of feeling, the pentameter giving a tone of reflection—a contrast between heroic past and prosaic present. The earliest elegies were short mournful songs sung to the accompaniment of the flute. *b.* Periods—the martial, the erotic, the gnomic, the whole constituting the transition from Homer and Hesiod to the dramatists and moralists of Attica. *c.* Typical poets and their themes. 1. Callinus of Ephesus and Tyrtaeus of Sparta are the foremost representatives of the martial elegy. 2. Mimnermus of Smyrna, the first composer of erotic poetry, by his plaintive strains appeals to the lover of all times. 3. Solon of Athens represents the tendency of Greek elegy known as gnomic, the composing of sententious maxims on life and morals. 4. Theognis of Megara lays down in verse rules of conduct for the guidance of his young friend Cyrnus.

2. *Iambic*: Arranged mostly in trimeters, or verses of six iambic feet, the nearest of all metres to the cadence of everyday speech. It probably had its origin in songs connected with the worship of Dionysus. First used as an instrument of satire, it later became the vehicle for the expression of whatever anyone thought on any subject of human interest. Archilochus of Paros, early in the seventh century, artistically developed both iambic and trochaic rhythms. The iambic form assumed by him was associated with fierce, personal satire. In this he was followed by Simonides of Amorgus and Hipponax of Ephesus. Solon was the first to use iambic for purposes of moralizing.

3. *Melic* was reserved for consideration at the next meeting.

#### B. ARCHILOCHUS, THE FIRST GREAT MASTER OF SATIRE.

Archilochus was born, about 729 B. C., on the isle of Paros. His father was a nobleman, his mother, a slave woman; which



partially explains the elements of inequality in his character. He had a wandering disposition, and in his early life was fond of roaming the seas near Paros. He was afterwards a soldier, and fought in Thasos and in Thrace. An enlarged vision of the world broadened his views, and by the experiences of travel he laid up a store of knowledge which subsequently proved serviceable to his poetic pen. He was a man of deepest feeling. Encouraged by Neobule, he passionately loved her; betrayed, he fervently hated her. His ingenuity is displayed in the invention of iambic verse as a vehicle for satire. He was the first great writer of satire, and so artfully did he use it that he won the plaudits of many great Athenians. Many of his countrymen considered him second only to Homer. None other than Plato called him "the prince of sages." In the field of satire he was a worthy predecessor of Juvenal and of Pope.

#### C. SOLON AS A POET.

The transition from Epic to Lyric poetry is very gradual. The influences and circumstances that caused it is an interesting study. The same relation that existed between the Greek poet and the Greek government in general existed between Solon and Athens in particular.

Solon first appeared in public life about 600 B. C. His career marks a critical period in the history of Athens, and she must surely have fallen had not Solon come to the front as her deliverer.

The part he took in the Megarian war won for him the confidence of all classes. From the poet who sang the song that aroused the Athenian youth to arms he became the general who led the Athenian army to victory.

He was, because of the confidence placed in him by both the nobility and the peasantry, elected archon, and entrusted with the task of drafting a constitution.

Solon was a man of genuine Athenian stamp. Self-training and love of knowledge were the characteristics of his early youth. He hated oppression. He valued personal integrity highly.



His noble disposition and liberal soul influenced him in using lyric poetry in appealing to the people for a purer form of government and in warning them against tyranny.

His greatest triumph was his Elegy on Salamis. In his other poems he expresses his confidence in the gods, his satisfaction at the good results of his legislation, the value of virtue above riches, his desire for learning, and a desire to be mourned in death.

Truly, among the immortal lights of the world's history is Solon—Solon the law-giver, Solon the poet.





## Exchange Department.

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EDITOR, WORTLEY F. RUDD.

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Our exchanges for November are indeed "Legion," but we welcome them all and find among them much solid reading matter.

Our idea of what constitutes real worth in a college publication is its merit as a contribution to literature, and it is by this criterion that we *dub* them *good* or *bad*. An exchange editor frequently finds himself unable to decide just what comment to make upon a paper which is attractive in appearance and is alive with college spirit, but which has all of its space filled with matter that is wholly of local interest.

The simplest way to relieve the editor of this dilemma is to fill our publications with wholesome articles—those that are of as much interest to the Yale student or the graduate student at Chicago University as to the loyal band in the *home college*.

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The *Wake Forest Student* is always a creditable magazine, and its December issue is probably above its average. The editorials are strong and its exchanges are well filled, but it lacks an athletic department.

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The *William and Mary College Monthly* contains two fairly good articles—"A Belated Romance" and "A Poem."

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The *Georgia Tech* has athletics and locals almost to the exclusion of literary matter.

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The literary department of the *Gray Jacket* for November is poorly filled, but the editorial, "The Virginia Polytechnic Institute," is well written, and contains much information as to the aim and workings of this school.



The exchange department in the *Lawrentian* is decidedly meager. Why not insert some specific comments in this department?

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The *Illini*, from the University of Illinois, is full of athletics. This institution does not issue as strong a paper as it should.

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"Life," a short poem in the *Reveille*, shows some talent. We are always glad to find poems in college papers.

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The *Georgetown College Journal* is a regular visitor. It is not very attractive in appearance, but is an up-to-date journal in all the departments except the literary.

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*Men*, a journal published by the Y. M. C. A., is filled with good, sound reading, and is a welcome visitor.

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*Ouachita Ripples* is a well-filled monthly, and indicates sound scholarship.

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The *Bachelor of Arts* comes to us regularly, and perhaps contains more solid reading than any other of our exchanges.

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The *Bucknell Mirror* is an attractive-looking publication, but somehow its matter does not come up to our anticipations.

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The *Tennessee University Magazine* is well filled in the literary department, but is weak in editorials. This is a common fault. Our editors seem to think that if they get the other departments well filled they can afford to have this one weak. Strong editorials, however, are absolutely essential to a strong paper.

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The *Guilford Collegian* for November contains the conclusion of the article, "George Eliot's Power."

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The *University Cynic* is filled almost entirely with Alumni Notes and Locals.

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Many of the Exchange departments are filled with clippings rather than real Exchange notes, comments, etc.



We welcome *Our Dumb Animals*, and trust that its mission may be well fulfilled.

The *McMicken Review* devotes almost as much space to athletics as to the literary department.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* for October has an article in defence of the College-Fraternity system.

We desire to acknowledge the receipt of the following, which we cannot mention in detail: *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Trinity Archive*, *Roanoke Collegian*, *Miami Student*, *Butler Collegian*, *Seminary Magazine*, *Niagara Index*, *King College Magazine*, *Yankton Student*, and several others.

Yankee Doodle went to class  
Depending on his pony;  
The student-body rose *en masse*  
And stopped the ceremony.

—*Transcript.*

Prof. of German to young lady student: "Your mark is very low and you have just passed."

Young Lady: "Oh, I am so glad!"

Professor (surprised): "Why?"

Young Lady: "I do so love a tight squeeze."—*Ex.*

Professor: "How would you punctuate the following: Ethel a girl of eighteen walks down the street alone?"

Eager Freshman: "I'd make a dash after Ethel."—*Ex.*

The national flower! what shall it be?  
What symbol for the brave and free?  
What token for this glorious land;  
First wooed to bloom by patriot hand!  
Where years ago the fathers fought,  
And with their life-blood freedom bought?  
Oh, Carolina! Hear our voice;  
Be clustered golden-rod the choice.



In burning heat or nipping cold  
No nature child so brave or bold,  
Sweet flower! It craves no finer earth,  
But glorious in its humble birth.  
Oh! graceful is the beckoning nod  
And fair the gold of the golden rod.  
Oh, Carolina! Hear our voice;  
Be clustered golden-rod the choice.—*Ex.*

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We send Xmas greetings and best wishes for a prosperous  
new year to all our exchanges.







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