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Contact.

The most potent factors in the development of character are contact with men, with books, and with nature, and since these elements do enter largely into the shaping of our lives, we do well to consider the methods for coming under these influences and for adapting ourselves to their ever-varying conditions.

It is evident that by discussing these factors separately we more or less destroy their unity of effect, inasmuch as their functions frequently overlap; and yet we attempt this course, believing that we can thereby the better give to each its proper sphere, and at the same time trust the reader to see that character is the end of the forces working together and not separately.
Under the first—our contact with people—we answer briefly two questions, With whom should we mingle, and what is this contact worth to us?

We are many-sided creatures, the demands of our natures are numerous, and it necessarily follows that to know men of one stamp supplies but one demand, and therefore our acquaintance with people should be as broad as possible. Let us specify some of the types.

The world recognizes that moral worth is the crowning virtue of the race; it is the corner-stone upon which rest all the appurtenances of real manhood, and therefore we name first, him in whom moral worth holds royal sway.

In the category of excellencies intellectual power easily holds second place. Genius has ruled the world since time began, and in the contest still has points to spare. The master mind! Did we not have the divine command, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me," would it not receive our homage? What an inspiration but to sit at the feet of him in whom the All-Wise has planted a spark of the divine! Life would not be life did we not sometimes come in contact with these master personalities. Is there a soul which responds not at all to such impressions? For such Heaven has nothing in store.

Men find their models in men, and so to be broad we must come in constant intercourse with broad men—broad in sympathies and in judgment. Perhaps we do not err when we say that the most blighting influence in the world is that of a narrow mind; the reason is not far; it is not careful to remind us that there are two sides to every question. That this is true, witness bloody wars waged by fanatics, and witness, O, awful crucifixion day! Our blood grows cold at the thought.

The above-named essentials—moral worth, intellectual power, and broad sympathies—yet need a capstone; the most attractive man in all the world is the gentleman. True, he must possess these three, and yet he must have something more—just what would be a difficult task to tell, and luckily it does not devolve upon us to formally analyze the term gentleman, for it cannot be analyzed; there are in it elements that cannot be
CONTACT.

named; shades of meaning utterly intangible when we attempt to abstract them, yet giving to the whole an infinite charm and a distinctive influence.

We must remember, however, that the sun does not shine always; that life is not all a gala-day; and that men are not all wise. Poverty, ignorance, suffering, and grief bow down and break many human hearts, and that we may have in us the milk of human kindness we must put ourselves frequently under the influence of such lives.

Having presupposed moral fortitude in the investigation, we advise an occasional talk with the prisoner and the outcast as a means to a noble end. In a word, the well-rounded man must be more or less familiar with every condition of life, being careful always to guard his own evil propensities.

"Let blessings be upon the head of him who first invented books" is wisely put. Our contact with the wise of all ages through this medium makes of life a merry feast-time for the intellectually-hungry soul. We read Milton and are awed by his sublimity; we read Shakespeare and feel that the master interpreter of human nature is talking to us; and the blind singer of the Orient transports us into a realm where we are content to sit entranced, wondering if the voice that speaks is not one from the celestial chorus sent among us to make our ideals higher and our lives nobler. This leads us to make a practical observation. Our intercourse with men and with books should never make us other than our real selves. Polish and engrave the gold as much as you will, but let it be the gold still. Our constant aim should be to assimilate these influences in such a way that they may become a part of ourselves, and that we may be more than an automaton, simply giving to the world in a stereotyped fashion what these influences have given us.

Just here lies the difference between the truly cultivated man and the man who has read, travelled, and studied that he may have at hand information for the public good; the one feeds you upon choice matter well seasoned with his own indi-
viduality, while the other simply gives it to you by measure, as he would deal in any other commodity.

Bacon says "Reading maketh a full man." What shall we read? Good citizenship is the end toward which much of our effort tends, and since ignorance and narrow ideals are the worst enemies of both individual and national progress, we must erase from our natures traces of them by familiarizing ourselves widely with history and biography. Few great men have lived since Plutarch's time who have not read and re-read his inimitable biographies. They will ever be an inspiration to better things; a guiding star to ambition.

The aesthetic demands of our natures may be satisfied by contact with the world's great bards. Can we read In Memoriam, or Gradation, or the Clouds and still say that the day of inspiration is over?

Next to a good example a good book is man's best legacy to his fellow-men.

When Wordsworth, in his Ode to Immortality, said, "To me the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," he simply gave us a meagre conception of the depth of sympathy that there may be between a human soul and the world of nature about us. Who has not had similar experiences? Who has not heard a voice in the wind, a sigh in the waves, and a merry song in the rippling brook? Are the finer chords of our being so poorly attuned that they do not vibrate in unison with a world surpassingly beautiful, and a revelation intended to point our lives upward?

The poet has said, "The groves were God's first temples." What an inspiration for sweet communion! Life is such a rush that few men find time for more than the ordinary duties and cares, and yet, that we may not grow hard and unsympathetic, we must have periods of such communion. A summer sunset may do more to awaken our finer sensibilities than hundreds of sermons from the most distinguished divines.

A brief review of the characteristics of the world's greatest men will show at once that to them nature was not silent or dead, but an ever-living and speaking principle, appealing
always to their better natures. With these facts in mind, let us put ourselves under its benign influence, hoping that we too may some time learn to rightly interpret the voices that we do not now understand, but which then will be to us a growing inspiration.

O, Life, what is thy mission! O, Future, what wilt thou bring! are the questions that we ask over and over again and which are never answered directly, and yet we hear each time the solemn command, “Use well thy time and talents and all will be well.” Then, and then only, will human development in its highest type be realized, and Contact have worked out its best results.

Joseph Addison.

In many respects, the subject of this sketch stands in the very front rank among all of our English writers, and a careful study of his works will prove exceedingly beneficial.

Joseph Addison was born in the year 1672. His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison, D. D., a man who rose to considerable prominence in the ministry. When Joseph was a boy, he attended school in the neighborhood of his home, after which he was sent to Charter House. He applied himself closely and made rapid progress in his studies. At the age of fifteen he entered Queen’s College, Oxford, but did not remain here long; for, through the influence of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalene College, he was admitted to that noted school. Here he sustained his reputation as a hard student, and stood high in his classes. Especially was he at home with the Latin poets, and copied their style with great skill.

During the summer of 1699, Addison was sent to the Continent, by some of his friends among the prominent Whig leaders, to prepare himself for diplomatic service. He resided in Paris for a while. But trouble arising between the French and English, life in Paris became so distasteful to him that he
soon embarked for Marseilles, and from there he proceeded to Italy. Among the most prominent cities he visited are Genoa, Milan, Venice, Rome, Naples, and Florence. In these places he viewed the classic architecture, the magnificent cathedrals, the art galleries, the sculptures, and the other various things of interest to be found in such world-renowned cities. Just as he had finished his diplomatic education, and was in a position to be able to serve his country, Anne came to the throne, and the Whigs were dismissed from the Cabinet and Tories appointed to succeed them. Addison, being a staunch Whig, had, of course, for the present, to abandon all hope of political preferment. He returned to England in 1703.

The Campaign, a poem on the battle of Blenheim, appeared during the winter of 1704, and elicited the highest praise, even from his political enemies.

In the general election of 1708, the Whigs were everywhere victorious. Addison was elected to represent Malmesbury in the House of Commons. Although gifted with his pen, he was totally unable to make a speech, and sat silent during all the sessions of the House. It seems strange to us that one with no oratorical powers whatever could have attained to the high offices Addison held, for he became, successively, Under-Secretary of State, Chief Secretary of Ireland, and Secretary of State within nine years from the date of his election to Parliament. This is as high as Chatham or Fox, with all their eloquence, ever reached.

During Addison's stay in Ireland as Secretary, Steele begun the publication of his tri-weekly journal, known as the Tatler. Addison was a regular contributor to this journal, and was, indeed, as Steele himself says, the very life of the paper. In like manner, to Addison's contributions are due the popularity and the real worth of the Spectator, a daily journal published by Steele a little later. It was in these publications that Addison first manifested the extent and variety of his powers, and among these we may find some of his best and most popular writings.
Addison was married to Countess Dowager of Warwick in August, 1716. From all that we can learn, this union was a very unhappy one, and Addison spent much of his time away from home, stopping at some tavern, where he could find more congenial companions.

Joseph Addison died June 17, 1719, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Thus passed away one of the very best and simplest writers England has ever produced. As a poet, he stands high. As a satirist, he holds his own with either Swift or Voltaire; indeed, I think we may say he surpassed both these, for, in his merriment, we find a certain grace, nobleness, and moral purity that is lacking in Swift and in Voltaire. Macauley says he is entitled to be considered, not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

Besides being one of the foremost writers of England, Addison was, moreover, one of the purest characters among all of her public men. Even his bitterest enemies were forced to admit his justice, his virtue, and his strict regard for truth. He was always faithful to his friends. His integrity is unquestioned, and during all his life he seems to have had a keen sense of the becoming. To quote from Macauley: "After full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race."

_DURING the summer of 1898, I was visiting H——, a college friend, at his home in F——, Kentucky, and it was there that the following little adventure occurred. F—— was a little town just on the border of the "Bluegrass Region," and was famed far and wide for the number of pretty girls living in and around it.

One evening, shortly after my arrival, we started out to visit two of his girl friends who lived some ten miles out of town. We left soon after tea and the drive out was as delightful as_
could well be imagined. After the heat of the August day the
fresh coolness of the air was delightful. We drove through
one of the prettiest parts of the State and arrived, I thought,
all too soon at our destination.

We were received with true Kentucky hospitality by the
whole family, but after a few moments of general conversation
the "old folks" went into the house and left only the girls on
the porch. H—— and his girl were soon at the other end of
the porch leaving me at the mercy of the other. Seated there,
with the soft light of the moon, which had just risen, playing
on her face, I soon forgot all else but the depth of those brown
eyes into which I was looking, and the tender clasp of that
soft white hand laid so confidingly in my own. We talked
thus sentimentally, as all young folks will under the same cir-
cumstances, unconscious of the flight of time until the "old
man" startled us by calling from the window above that it was
twelve o’clock and the girls must come in.

After a lingering farewell we went down to our buggy. As
it had clouded up, and was as dark as pitch, we put the buggy
curtains on and started. We decided to try a new road on
the way back, a pike that H—— had never driven over but
which would carry us straight to a point within a short dis-
tance of F——. After we started the easy motion of the
buggy and the lateness of the hour had its effect on both and
we were both soon dozing in our corners.

We drove along thus in silence I don’t know how long and
I remember opening my eyes just as we entered a belt of
woods and remarking to H—— that it was like riding in a
tunnel. His only answer was a grunt, and I closed my eyes
again and dozed off. Hardly had I got them shut when the
horse pulled up sharply and a voice called, "Hold on there."
We were both wide-awake in a second and the same idea shot
through both our heads. We were being held up! Quick as
the thought we pulled the pistols we always carried on night-
rides, and I tugged at a shot-gun that had remained in the bug-
gy from the last hunt. We stood thus some seconds. Our
pistols levelled at the dark ahead and the muzzle of the gun
pointing threateningly over the dash-board. Would the suspense ever end! The seconds seemed ages! We heard a door creak to the right and quick as a flash turned our guns that way. A lantern flashed in our faces and the voice said, "toll." Then, noticing our armament, "what do you take me for, a Spaniard."

We paid the toll without a word of explanation, drove through the gate which the keeper opened for us and neither said a word until at last H— burst out, "A couple of scared kids!" And so we were.

A. W. F.

Chess.

At chess to make a useless move,
Of hurtful consequence will prove;
A skillful player without design,
Shifts not a "soldier" from his line.

Your time is short, try to foresee
At once, what the event may be
Of every move. But first attend,
Where you can best your king defend.

Place him in a well guarded square,
The most remote from hostile snare;
And may the first rule which you make
Be, not in too much haste to take.

With heedful eye your men survey,
And with slow hand point on their way.
Your head suggests a scheme—look round,
Perhaps a better may be found.

Our life is like this game we play,
And if we spend one idle day
It tells upon our after-life,
For we'll be wounded in the strife.
Our days at best are very few
Then let us try some good to do;
Strive then with all our strength to live
For Him who did our being give.

For filthy lucre oft we run,
Forget that when this course is done
We have at best what can not buy
One moment of serenity.

Our greed may point us to this way,
A wiser voice within will say,
"Unselfishness is born of heav'n,
To bless the world your life was giv'n."

---VOTRE AMI.

The Parting Hour.

Dear love, Oh must I say good-bye,
And leave my brightest hopes behind?
O ! must I from thy presence fly
And lisp my feelings to the wind?

O ! must I leave thy twinkling eye,
Thy tender voice and lovely face?
O ! must I hear the sad good-bye
And thus the cold dark world embrace?

Ah, cruel fate, when first we met,
If thus our parting thou'st decreed;
Why didst thou not that day omit,
That from this trial I'd be freed?

Or if had fate ordained the day,
That must our meeting really be;
Why didst thou not this day away
That this sad hour I ne'er should see.

Many months have passed since first we met,
But very short has been their stay.
When by thy side my dearest pet,
The months like moments roll away.
And yet no vow, my love, from thee,
    My longing ear has ever heard.
No cheering word of love to me,
    Nor promise—not a single word.

Oh must I, love, thus from thy side,
    With many doubts and fears depart;
When all my hopes in thee reside,
    Oh dearest angel of my heart?

Forbid it, Oh my dearest one;
    Just speak one word of sacred love!
Oh say thy heart my pleas have won!
    And for no other will it move.

Oh then with joy from thee I'll go,
    My heart be happy and so glad,
And not one streak of sorrow know,
    Nor aught therein to make me sad.

Roman Life in the Early Period of the Decline.

It is painful at any time to contemplate declining greatness,
whether of nation or individual; whether it be military,
civil, or moral. But where is the student that is not moved
with a peculiar feeling of regret as he fixes his gaze on the
fading outlines of the greatness that once was Rome's? Classical
Rome, with her life and history, moves before the eye of
the average student in colors almost as vivid as do the land-
scape scenes of his boyhood days. Her civilization has so
stamped itself upon his life that he feels it to be a part of his
own being; and to him Rome still lives. And though she is
no more, he still feels within himself the stirring of a Roman
patriotism.

In the period of Roman history which we are now to con-
sider, Rome had already passed the zenith of her glory and
had entered upon a sure decline. True, Rome was still the
world, but she was already trembling from internal dissension
and corruption. The fatal germs of inactivity and vice had entered, and were beginning to poison every department of public and private life. All public spirit, with the industry and enterprise of former times, had passed away. We can be helped to a clearer appreciation of the times by a brief description of the general features of Rome.

The population of Rome at this time was variously estimated at from one to three million, but recent estimates have made it appear more probable that it did not exceed seven hundred thousand. Since it was then one of the greatest wonders of the world, multitudes of foreigners from every province of the empire thronged its narrow streets. The mass of these became a burden to the state, while the more influential foreigner was a source of discontent and jealousy to the citizens. Juvenal declares of this period: "There is now no room for a Roman—the foreigner reigns supreme."

Business activity had given way to indolence and to the pursuit of pleasure. Idle citizens lounged about the streets or collected in great numbers at the corners. The most busy thoroughfares were frequently obstructed by shows and by stage performances of various kinds. Travel on the street would be further impeded by a great train of clients following a Roman nobleman. This important gentleman was borne along in a magnificent closed litter resting on the shoulders of a half a dozen slaves.

In such a city we can see nothing congenial to the citizen that was actuated by the highest impulse. But the masses, having lost the spirit of the earlier time, were now content to follow in the retinue of some nobleman if only he would feed their passion for wild and licentious pleasure. This he did by providing various public shows. We shall proceed to speak of these, together with some of the other characteristic evils of the time.

Magnificent theatres and other places of amusement were erected, to which free admission was given. To these the people flocked in great multitudes and feasted for hours on the horrors of bloodshed or on the grossly immoral scenes, which
alone could now satisfy their base appetites. These shows were at frequent intervals provided by the state. But, as already intimated, they were given not infrequently by some wealthy nobleman. He thus secured the favor and applause of the multitude by gratifying their licentious appetites. The common people were the devoted followers of the chieftain who would provide them with the grandest show.

The greatest of the Roman theatres, the Colosseum, clearly indicates to what a degree the nation had abandoned itself to pleasure. It will also serve as an index to the nature of the smaller ones. In this grand structure 100,000 spectators eagerly feasted their vision on the most gorgeous spectacles that the world could furnish. Horses and chariots, wild animals from strange lands, captives and spoils of foreign cities, even representations of the cities themselves in sculpture or painting—all swept by in grand procession, while the interval was filled up by rope-dancing, boxing, and other lighter amusements. With this were frequently associated the grossest indecencies. Thus their base passions were fed, and thus these shows became a most potent force for the demoralization and ruin of the nation.

Another form of entertainment, equally degrading to the national life, was given in the gladiatorial contests. These took place on a grand scale, with gladiators arrayed against wild beasts or against one another. The mere excitement afforded by this soon degenerated into a pure passion for the sight of death. Thus the nation was gradually deprived of all sentiment of sympathy for suffering—a characteristic element distinguishing the human from the brute creation.

The public baths also deserve mention among the demoralizing forces of the time. Merivale suggests that to the Romans these were probably little less debasing than were the obscene or brutal shows. The Roman people seem to have had an almost universal passion for this form of pleasure, and it became one of their most hurtful luxuries. They frequented the baths in great numbers, and here they spent a good portion of their time. The bather was entertained by music, by the
recitals of the poets, and by the magnificent paintings on the walls about him; and after emerging from the bath he was soothed by the fragrance of fine perfumes.

Among the other signs of national prostitution might be mentioned a passion for gambling. This vice was indulged in very widely and on a large scale. One's whole fortune was sometimes staked on a single game of chance.

Another evil condition was the fact that no one could secure recognition or preferment in any department of life without first winning the favor of the nobles. However great might be the merit of an author, he could not hope for recognition unless by chance or trick he succeeded in getting into their good graces. Real merit went unnoticed, while the schemes of the undeserving obtained for them the loudest applause. This condition pervaded all lines of activity and led to crookedness and dishonesty, while it hindered the progress of industry and prevented the rise of genius.

We can scarcely imagine the condition of the common people. There was no middle class. The multitude were slaves or parasites of the very wealthy few; and the highest ambition of these nobles was to have a great retinue of this miserable population. They vied with one another as to its size and magnificence. But no longer did the poor parasite have the position of comparative honor that he enjoyed in earlier times. No longer was he entertained by his patron at supper. Now he must come only to the gate and receive his portion of the supper, which has been placed there for him, or, perhaps, its equivalent in money. The menial condition of the common people was rendered even worse by the evil practice of free distribution of corn by the government. This custom removed all stimulus to industry and self-reliance. Sometimes the number of those receiving this dole of corn from the government reached several hundred thousand.

And so the mass of the population, having no longer any incentive to industry, became parasites and, virtually, paupers. They had lost all public spirit, together with their idea of per-
sonal dignity. They seemed comparatively content with the liberality of the chieftain, who provided them daily with a scanty meal and with abundant amusement. In short, the whole nation seems to have abandoned itself to luxury and extravagance and to the easy and immoral gratification of the lower passions. Feeling secure in their place of pre-eminence among the nations, the people relaxed all energy. Satirists and reformers tried to awake the sleeping energies of the nation, but the fatal poison had been drunk in, and it was evident that soon her vital forces must be paralyzed.

The study of such a corrupt age is painful, but it may be profitable if we study it with a view to discovering the principles that underlie sound government and pure society, and what principles must result in the corruption and ruin of both. We are chilled and horrified by the records of the frivolity and vice of the decaying Roman nation. But such history, coming down through the centuries, should not be meaningless to us. Surely the great Ruler and Destroyer of nations had a purpose in thus placing before the view of the modern world the splendor and the ruins of the Roman State. O, would that our own beloved country might be warned by the decay and aroused by the fall of this once magnificent structure! As we think of the degenerate Roman life in contrast with the purer life of our own American people, we feel perhaps a just satisfaction and pride. And yet we cannot institute a comparison in this respect without also noticing that the conditions favoring a high standard of national life are almost infinitely greater for us than they were for Rome. Rome rose and fell in the darkness of ancient ignorance and superstition. We have all of the light of past ages shining down upon us. Rome had to employ, in the management of state and society, new and untried principles. We may utilize the tested principles of a score of the world's greatest nations. Rome groped in the dark night of idolatry, with no guide save a dwarfed conscience, with no higher purpose than self-gratification. We live in the clear noon-day of Christianity, having its Author as our acknowl-
edged Guide, and having His teaching to point us to the highest ideal the world has ever dreamed of. Considering all these facts along with our present national life, perhaps we would do well to ask ourselves whether or not we can yet boast of a pure government and pure society.

S. L. Morgan.

Valedictory, '97-'98.

Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that I appear on this old rostrum to-night, perchance, for the last time to appear before a Richmond audience. It is always sad to break in twain the ties that bind our hearts in friendship's strong embrace. And yet the pathway of life is scattered with meetings and partings, with greetings and farewells.

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

We now see the curtain hanging in readiness to fall on the drama of '97-'98. After a few short days this session will be counted among the immutable, numberless things of the past. Soon will these halls that now resound with joyous tread and sweet-toned voices, be bathed in silence. Soon will the athletic arena be deserted by its ambitious contestants. The base-ball diamond will again array itself in verdant splendor. The tennis courts will repose in silence, awaiting the conflicts of the coming session. And yet, before this pending curtain shall fall, it devolves upon me to say farewell.

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

When in imagination we lead ourselves back to the day on which we entered these classic walls, and retrace our steps from that fortunate day until the present, how varied do we find our experiences to have been. While some have soared
aloft on the asymptotes of an hyperbola and sought in vain to solve the mysteries of that realm of the infinite, where parallel lines meet and many other impossibilities take place, others have, with equal zeal and accuracy, "pulled" the modest, peaceful "rat" from the arms of Morpheus, and heard from his musically tremulous lips the melodious combination of recitation and song. By means of that infallible test known in the chemical world as sulphuretted hydrogen, some have most conclusively proved that only blue blood flows in our veins. Others, using that same delightful test, have more easily proved that it takes our professor of physics only a short time to realize that he is not the only inhabitant of the scientific realm. Often, from nine in the morning until ten or eleven at night, have we indulged in those College luxuries called examinations, only to reap the enormous reward of 80 minus. But to these pleasures we must now say good-bye, some of us, perhaps, forever, others with fond anticipations of again partaking of these joys.

But sunshine follows rain. Mingled with the sorrow of adieus to so many fond ties is the pleasure that awaits us when the homeward journey is complete.

"And now, ye waiting homes that listen to
The never restful wash of ocean waves;
Ye homes that dot the purple hills and rest
Within the verdant vales of the bonny south;
Ye homes that lie beside the far-away
And rapid rushing rivers of the West—
Wreathe o'er the doors fresh boughs of mistletoe,
And open wide your arms of love, for, with
The fragrant summer-time the too-long absent
Ones unto your bosom now return."

What heart is not filled with emotion at the thought that outstretched arms and warm hearts are waiting to welcome us back once more.

But the anticipation of these joys does not drive away the sadness of saying good-bye to College scenes and College associates. Good-bye to our professors, who have labored so earnestly and faithfully to produce in us fertile and accurate
minds; to develop us into the truest manhood; to put into our hands the compass that will ever direct us onward toward the harbor of honorable success. For your diligent labor we are profoundly grateful. Our debt of gratitude can never be paid, but we shall strive so to acquit ourselves in life that you shall look with satisfaction on our career. Good-bye to the societies, in whose halls we have received the inspiration that quickens our steps toward that ever coveted goal, “honor and undying fame.” If in after years success shall crown our efforts, we shall with pleasure return to your door and leave the reward that is so justly yours. Good-bye, fellow-students, who are to return to take another draught from the “Pierian Spring” of learning. On you shall fall the mantle that we now put down. May it be your lot to wear it with more grace and dignity than we have ever attained. Strive to make our imperfections a warning to direct your steps into more accurate paths. And now, my comrades, classmates, whose College career has only a few days of existence, to you may I say one word? We, to-night, launch out on the dark and uncertain sea of life. Before us life lays its glorious possibilities, its brightening hopes, its cheering prospects. And yet, who knows the future? To each one of us will the day of trial come. Our little bark will be tossed hither and thither on the surging waves. Problems that will demand all our latent powers will present themselves for solution. But for these hours of testing let us ever be thankful, for in these hours, and in these alone, do manhood and character have an opportunity to assert themselves. In joys and sorrows, in happiness and afflictions, let us ever show ourselves men, “men true and tried.” And now to you, citizens of Richmond, you who have so often given us inspiration by your presence on such occasions as this, you who have so kindly thrown open the doors of your hospitable homes and bade us ever welcome—you, whose encouraging words have lifted us out of the pit of Despond at the moment when we so much needed your help—to you we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks and bid you a fond and affection-
ate farewell. Long will the memory of your many kindnesses find lodgement in our hearts. With the poet we say:

"We bid good-bye. No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim,
Nor yet can any language, any nation
A sweeter frame.

It is not final; it forebodes no sorrow,
As some declare,
Who, born to fretting, are so prone to borrow
To-morrow's share.

Good-bye! Yes, 'God be with you!' prayer and blessing
In simplest phrase,
Alike our need and his dear care confessing
In all our ways.

However rare or frequent be our meeting,
However nigh
The last long parting or the endless greeting,
We bid good-bye."

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W. L. Prince.

Assurance.

I doubt thy love? most truly, no!
'Twould sink me to the depths of woe.
If once I thought you were untrue
I scarcely know what I would do.

I doubt thy love? No, never! no!
To me your words and actions show
That true love prompts and rules your life.
What more is wanting in a wife?

I doubt thy love? I sooner far
Could hope to dim the morning star.
No one in earth, or heaven above
Could ever make me doubt thy love.

Your love so pure, so deep, so broad,
Whose source is the eternal God,
Will still continue true to me
Throughout the vast eternity.

G. C. S.
A MINISTER was sitting in his study busily preparing a sermon, when he was suddenly aroused from his deep meditations by a loud knocking at the door. He called out in an impatient manner that the knocker would come in. Expecting to see some one of his flock come to worry him with his troubles and woes, he was very much surprised when the door opened and in walked a tall negro youth of some twenty-odd years, with a face as black as the ace of spades, a stove-pipe hat on his head, a collar that threatened to take off his ears, a bright yellow and red necktie, and a coat with a tail that flapped about his heels in a manner which seemed very uncomfortable to the owner. Leaning upon his arm was a sable beauty, dressed as elaborately as her companion, with a flowing white veil enveloping her face and shoulders, and a bright dress of many colors that swept the floor for several feet in the rear. Each had an immense bunch of flowers, which I will not undertake to describe. The minister looked at the couple with undisguised astonishment, the visit was so unexpected.

"Mornin' boss; how is yer? I'se Mose Johnsins; lemme interduce yer to Miss Lilly Jackson." Saying this, the ebony-hued gentleman stretched out his hand for a shake.

"How are you, sir? What can I do for you this morning?" asked the divine, shaking the extended hand rather gingerly.

"Well, boss, yer see me and dis lady heah wants fer to git married, and I wants ter know what yer charges ter marry white folks? We wants ter do the thing right."

"Well," said the minister, pulling his moustache vigorously to keep back the smiles, "I don't have any special charge, but they generally pay me ten dollars."

"De gret Moses en Gawd! but dat am a whole heep ob money! But I'se willing to pay it ef yer will marry us jes like white folks. Now mine, jes like white."

"Very well, I will marry you just as I do white people. Give me your license."
“Now, boss, youse sure you air gwine ter marry us jes like white, now? Sure?”

“Oh, yes! Come ahead.”

“Com long, Lilly, bless yer heart, and less git married now, we’s gwine hab de thing done right.”

After going through the first part of the ceremony, the minister said, “Moses, will you have this woman—”

“Lady, boss, lady. You is marryin me like white folks, now.”

“Moses, will you have this lady for your wedded wife? Will you love her, keep her, and cherish her in sickness and in health, so long as you both shall live?”

“Yes, boss, dats what I brung her heah fer.”

“Lilly, will you have this gentleman for your wedded husband? Will you love, cherish and obey him in sickness and in health, so long as you both shall live?”

“Yes,” (very softly, with her head on the groom’s shoulder). After the ring, a large one with an immense set, had been put on the bride’s finger, and the benediction pronounced, the minister, with a bow, said: “Well, there you are.”

“Jes hole on dar, boss; yer ain married us jes like whit’ folks; you has lef out de mos important part, and yer ain gwine git no ten dollars from dis nigger fer no such marryin as dis.”

“Why, what have I left out?” said the minister, scratching his head and trying to think what he had omitted.

“Why, boss, yer ain kissed de bride.”

R. C. L. M.

Republicanism vs. Imperialism.

As the nineteenth century hastens to its setting, it casts the gloomy shadows of its departure about the pristine glory of our country, which the rays of the coming era have not yet dispelled. The old century has written its name in a higher niche of greatness than the most ambitious of its predecessors ever dreamed of doing. It came into existence just as another
light was cleaving the darkness of the times, the light of liberty and truth, which has ever shone out in resplendent glory from our western shores. But now, as it dies to make room for its successor, it clasps in its desperate grasp the great and cardinal principles of the nation which shed more lustre on its name than even its mother in the East.

War has once again burst its fury upon our fair country, and awakened by the rude shock of battle, we find as the smoke of the conflict lifts the foundation stones of the Republic disturbed.

Never in the history of the country since the danger the Constitution was in of not being adopted by all the original States; when Hamilton, Madison and Jay, under the pseudonyme of "Publius" explained away, with their mighty pens, the attendant objections to that great instrument; and not since the fiery period, culminating in our civil war, have questions of such grave concern to the American government been presented as now confront it. The policy of isolation, which America has maintained since her existence, is in danger of being displaced by the spectre of imperialism, and, therefore, interference by and with the world, a change at once unwelcome and terrorizing to the liberty-loving American, who stands by the time-honored customs of his government as the ancient Spartan his honor.

The retention of any of the Phillipine islands and the annexation of Cuba will necessarily cause the anchors to be lifted and the Ship of State to leave her peaceful moorings, where, for more than one hundred years, she has ridden every storm and withstood every gale that beat against her iron sides. We will be tossed hither and thither upon unknown seas, and who can pierce the gloom and foretell our destination? We would ask the pilots in charge to examine the route carefully before setting sail. Good navigators profit by the experiences of others, who show the channel of imperialism to be full of treacherous rocks and hidden shoals, upon which they ran their ships before America was bathed in the sunlight of liberty. Well might the "man at the wheel" pause before the
sad scenes laid out under the sunny skies of Italy, where a little moss-covered grave shows the remains of the ancient imperial and "Eternal City," which was not content even when it carried the Roman Eagles past the white cliffs of England.

We believe in letting well enough alone. Let us move on in the well-beaten paths marked out for us by men of genius and followed by their successors in fame ever since. It is better that the indolent savage and half-bred Cuban should suffer the trials of internecine strife and bathe their islands in blood than that the grand American Republic should lose its identity in the mixture.

Can a man handle pitch and not be defiled.

Ro. H. T.

Anticipation.

How oft we wish a distant day,
And pray our time to flee away,
That we may grasp a longed-for prize,
And fondest hopes may realize.

Our prayer is heard, the moments pass,
The sand pours down the hour-glass,
Upon the prize we lay our hand,
What blissful joy at our command.

Not joy alone the day-tide brings
Unlooked-for grief our faint heart wrings.
Ne'er did we think that time would borrow
The sting of grief, the pang of sorrow.

How interlinked are joy and grief!
We need not hope for long relief,
When joy rolls in on golden wheels,
Grief follows hard upon its heels.

O, fellow mortal, list to me,
And heed the voice, Time speaks to thee!
Use well to-day, enjoy its dower,
Wish not the future's distant hour.

A. J. H.
The Messenger's Prize.

As far back as we have known anything of the Messenger the cry of the editors has been lack of support. The students seemingly fail to appreciate the opportunity the magazine offers them for improving themselves. It is only with the greatest difficulty that we can get suitable articles, and very often after waiting for several weeks over the time when the paper should be in the hands of our readers we go to press with much that we do not consider suitable for a college magazine. When the paper is not out on time there are those who hail us about every third day and want to know "when will the Messenger be out." It is a little exasperating to have those who never think of submitting an article for publication always so interested in the time when we are to get out the magazine. But we suppose editors must have too much patience to appear annoyed, and so we smother our feelings.

As we have stated before this we get any number of orations, debates, and essays on subjects that have been hashed over so often that it would require a genius to get up anything approaching originality on them. And too often these are offered in a very indifferent form. We believe that what we need is more poetry and stories—fiction or dialect.

Now as an inducement to the students to furnish us with these, the Messenger announces the following prize: We will give fifteen dollars to any student in College offering us the best story and the best poem.

This offer is made on the following conditions: There must be not less than five contestants for the prize; the contest is open to all regularly matriculated students of the College; the story is to count 66\(\frac{2}{3}\) per centum, and may be war, love, dialect, or anything of the kind; the poem is to count 33\(\frac{1}{3}\) per centum, and may be on any subject; the
The committee of award is to be selected by the contestants and their names given to the Editor-in-Chief, who shall have charge of the contest and shall decide as to who have fulfilled the conditions and are entitled to try for the prize.

We hope a great many of the students will try for this prize. Let no one be discouraged because poetry and fiction are combined. Maybe if your poem is somewhat poor your story will be very much better than any other or vice versa. Please do not put off the matter of writing, for you will find more demands made upon your time as the session advances. So begin now to work on your pieces for this contest. Either the story or the poem must be submitted to the Editors before the first of February and the other must follow by the first of April. The award will be made at Commencement.

RECENT PROGRESS is the word that has been tacked to the masthead of our old ship of learning and adopted as the motto of her officers and crew. Under the wise supervision of her (B) boatwright the old ship is being remodelled and is becoming more modern in type; she is being enlarged to meet the demands made upon her by the ever-increasing number of passengers who cross her gangway as she is about to start on her annual voyage, and is being fitted to offer better accommodations to those aboard her during her cruise.

But let us pass from the figurative to the plain; from the general to the specific, and note some of these many improvements. These we will divide into two classes: those that provide for better physical development, and those that help to a fuller training of the intellect.

Under the first class let us note two advances: On entering the gymnasium we find that it has been provided with additional apparatus and that a more convenient dressing-room has been arranged. As a result of these additions there seems to be more interest felt in gymnasium work, and the classes seem to be more largely attended than ever before.
The other improvement we would mention under the physical class pertains to the bath-rooms. We now have what we have long needed—shower baths as well as tub. Since the skin plays so important a part in our lives we cannot too much emphasize the need of frequent baths; and consequently we believe that every inducement and every convenience added here is a great step towards the better development of all of our powers, but more especially of the physical.

Under the second class we shall only mention two improvements, though there are many others. First, the better equipping of the physical and chemical laboratories. The importance of good laboratories in connection with these schools is so manifest to any one who has given even the most superficial study to these subjects, that we need not enter into a discussion of them here.

The second improvement under this head is the enlargement of the department of history. From being a one year's course it has now been so arranged that three years may be given to history and literature. In one year's study of the world's history we can scarcely hope to do more than get a brief outline of the leading events that have transpired on the stage of human action. We may learn—what is in a sense necessary and yet what is the least important part of history—the names of leading actors in the drama of life, the dates and events of their lives. For example, we may know that during the War of the Roses the battle of Wakefield was fought between the forces of Queen Margaret and those of the Duke of York, and that the Queen was victorious. But what practical benefit can it be to us to happen to remember this fact?

The great aim in the study of history should be to find out all we can of the social, political, and economical conditions of the peoples of whom we study, to learn what we can of the development and growth of the nations, and to watch carefully the tendencies of the age that we may determine the effect of an event upon future events. If we study history in this way it may be of inestimable value to us in determining what is the best course for us to pursue under given conditions. By
studying history for three years we may hope, in some degree at least, to study it in this way; and hence we rejoice that this opportunity has been given to the students of our College.

We might go on enumerating other improvements, such as the enlargement of the department of Moral Philosophy, but we have already made this longer than we intended it should be. However, we cannot omit to mention a very important improvement that is "in the wind"—our new science building. Our eyes (of faith) already see this beautiful structure ornamenting our campus. We are assured that work is to begin on it "at once," and we sincerely hope that before another session opens it will be completed and thoroughly fitted.

OUR

For several years the question of admitting NEW-COMERS, women to Richmond College has been agitated, and it could be seen that the advocates of such a course were steadily gaining ground. Now we have to announce that the fair co-eds. are among us. (Not in great numbers 'tis true, but yet they are here.)

We must confess that we have been opposed to their admission from the very beginning. Ask us just why we were opposed to it and it would be hard to give a satisfactory answer—satisfactory to an advocate of the course, we mean. Some of our views come to us a priori while experience leads us to hold some others. We would be obliged to fall back upon the former, if pressed to give our reason for opposing co-education, and simply answer we do not know exactly why, but we do not believe it wise. Our opponent might produce a long list of figures to show that it has worked well where it has been tried, and we could not produce others to disprove his theory, and yet there would be that same innate belief that our position is the right one.

We hope no one will understand us as opposing the higher education of women. In this we believe most firmly. We defer to them as our superiors in many things; we respect and reverence them for the many virtues they possess—virtues
which make a good woman the noblest and best of all created beings. We simply believe that the separate education of the sexes the wiser and better plan. It was born in us to believe this way, and so we cannot, all at once, bring ourselves to believe ———

But as we write, it seems that we can almost hear some of the fair ones demanding, "Why persecutest thou us? It is hard for you to kick against the authorities." So we make our best bow to the ladies, and express the hope that now that they are among us the result will be such that we may continue to be unable to state an objection to the new order of things.

FOOT-BALL— We desire to give our readers a few of the "choicest morsels" from an article in The Ring-Tum Phi, a Washington and Lee weekly. The article, "Our Richmond Trip," was evidently written by some one who never saw the games he tries to write up, or else by some one who has no hesitancy in "flirting with the truth."

After a somewhat lengthy explanation as to why the Lexington boys were not in better form the article proceeds: "Tired and hungry our men went to meet a team which had been 'easy fruit' here in Lexington. When we arranged a game with the Richmond boys here in Lexington it was with the friendliest feeling that we received them. During the progress of the game it will be remembered that some few blows were passed, but these were only on spur of the moment. It repeatedly happened that in blocking by our men the Richmond men ran into elbows, and this gave the visitors the impression that they were being slugged—an impression which was as absurd as it was false. * * * They were absolutely outclassed when here. It was a matter of surprise to find after they left town that they considered that they had not been properly treated while in Lexington."

"We must confess that we were not prepared for hospitality with which they greeted us during our stay with them. It is much to be hoped that some of those who attended the game,
either as players or spectators, lay no claim to descent from the 'Old Virginia gentleman.'” * * *

“If slugging is the result of mere excitement it is in some measure excusable, but if it is premeditated there is no ground of excuse. * * * Even premeditated slugging finds some pardon in comparison with the contemptible, cowardly character of one of the players who after having been ruled out on account of slugging came up behind one of our players and struck him a fierce blow in the back of the neck and jumped back into the crowd of sympathizing friends.”

The enormous score, 6-0, which was rolled up against us in the Lexington game show that we were “easy fruit,” that we were “absolutely outclassed” in that game. But if any of our readers are at all sceptical on this point, we would suggest that they make a comparative study of the scores made by the strong V. M. I. team against Washington and Lee and against us. V. M. I. only beat her neighbors 29-5, while against us she rolled the score up to 16-0. These figures will convince our friends that our manager made a fearful blunder in arranging a date with such fast company.

We are very much indebted to The Ring-Tum Phi for informing us of the kindly reception accorded our team by the men of Washington and Lee. We are sure it was all that could have been expected, even of those descended from the “Old Virginia gentlemen”; we know that those representing the great school which bears the names of two of the most illustrious of the “Old Virginia gentlemen” could not be otherwise than generous and hospitable. We only regret that our men did not know how to appreciate being elbowed by these gentlemen. But since they were not “to the manor born” we must ask our friends from Lexington to overlook this lack of appreciation. Maybe they will learn after a while if they have the privilege of being received by you often.

Of course the player who had been ruled out of the game in Richmond committed an unpardonable sin in slugging after that. He had no provocation whatever for such an act. When he saw one of our men viciously slugged in the back of the head
by one of the aforesaid descendants of the "Old Virginia gentleman" he should have kept quiet. How dare he raise his hand against so honorable a man!

On reading the article in *The Ring-Tum Phi* the editor-in-chief went to the full-back on our team, Mr. J. W. McNiel, and asked him to read the article and to give his unbiased judgment of the game in Lexington. After reading the piece Mr. McNiel said: "That piece is untrue from beginning to end. It shows how sore they are over their defeat here. In regard to the Lexington game, I will say that in my six years' experience on the gridiron I have never known so much slugging to be done in a game. They were the dirtiest, most ungentlemanly players I have ever met. We were told before we met them that we would find them mean, but we were unprepared for any such work as they did. They found they could not win from us by fair means and so resorted to foul. They did not really score on us as it was. The touch-down credited to them was like this: Campbell tried for goal from the field, but the ball flew wide of the mark and fell behind the line. I stood aside until the ball should stop bounding that I might fall upon it and make sure of it, and one of their men fell on it before I touched it at all. Of course, this was an off-side play, but there was such a 'crowd of sympathizing friends' around the line that the officials could not see that I had not touched the ball, and being told by one of the Lexington players that I had touched it he gave them a touch-down. As to our slugging let our record be thoroughly aired and we shall not suffer one whit by it."

We regret that college sports should ever be marred by such foul practices. We believe in clean, gentlemanly sports. Heretofore we have found Washington and Lee a generous and friendly rival, and so regret the more this very unbecoming conduct on the part of their '98 foot-ball team.
Quite a number of the old boys are back, and car-loads of "rats," all sorts, sizes, and ages.

Nearly every man, from long, lean, and lanky "Dr." Hall down to little sawed-off, hammered down Cottingham has left some fair one behind, for whom he continually moans. That's right, boys! let your aesthetic emotions hold sway occasionally, 'twill do you good; but, there are two reasons why you had better curb them soon, viz.: you'll neglect your studies, and if continued very long a "Xmas remembrance" will be necessary.

Ex-capt. "Baby" Phillips was around the campus for several days last month. His many old friends were delighted to see him again, and it was amusing to see the young Freshmen with base-ball aspirations stop and stare at him when he was pointed out to them. "Baby" gave the foot-ball team a few points concerning Brown's snappy play which have been of service.

The advent of women into college is now history, but her entrance in the German class has'nt ceased to make us poor clumsy fellows murder Heine's little love stories, and really it isn't very consoling to have a young woman, after years of residence in Germany, come and listen to our awkward jerks and halts.

Cosy corners! Cosy corners! May the gods in mercy deliver us if many more catch the craze! Let us devoutly hope that hereafter, cloth rather than claw-hammers will be used in their course of construction.

Prof. S. C. Mitchell spent the Summer studying in Berlin and is now at Chicago University. We have no doubt but that he's "making the fur fly" in the midland village.
Extensive and comfortable improvements have been added to the baths and dressing-rooms; the "gym" also has not been forgotten in the good work and is now in better condition than ever.

We have recently had the pleasure of seeing several of our men whose bosoms blazed so with patriotic fires last spring that they volunteered. Messrs. Norfleet and Rudd from Camp Cuba Libre and Messrs. Brown and Cullum from Camp Alger, have paid us short visits during their furloughs.

Those of us who knew him were deeply grieved at the death of Mr. W. W. Michaux, one of last year's men who left here with the Blues last summer. He contracted typhoid fever at Jacksonville which proved fatal after he had been at home only a week on sick furlough.

Mr. R. W. Neathery and Mr. C. C. Pearson have decided to return to college this year. Somewhat late in getting in, but "better late than never."

Mr. W. W. Edwards, B. A. of last year, made a flying visit to college some days ago; however, we did not see very much of "Billy," and it was rumored that he was "calicoing" extensively.

Mr. John B. Kaufman, B. A. of '97, has been on the campus for several days lately. There seems to be some attraction for "Johnny" in Richmond. There is room for doubt whether "the attraction" is in college or not, but since the ladies have been admitted she may be here.

The campus is unusually beautiful for this time of the year, although the leaves are turning brown and fast beginning to fall, the grass is almost as thick and fresh and green as in the springtime.
"P'l., what are you going to do this session?"

P'l.—"I'm not going to pull any more toes."

The Glee Club has again entered upon enthusiastic work. Nearly all the old members are back, and a good number of new men have submitted themselves for membership. From these the club hopes for the addition of some choice new material. At a meeting held on the evening of November 4th for the election of officers A. C. Harlowe was elected president, to succeed J. P. Scruggs, and Goodwin Frazer, librarian.

Under the direction of Prof. Gaines, the club developed last year as never before, and appeared frequently before audiences of Richmond and vicinity. The members are hoping for even greater attainments this session than ever before.

On the first Friday night (October) the following officers of the two Literary Societies were elected for the ensuing term:

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Recording Secretary . . . H. H. HUDSON.
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Vice-President . . . . F. W. MOORE.
Recording Secretary . . J. P. McCabe.
Treasurer . . . . . . . L. J. SMITH.
Chaplain . . . . . . . L. M. RITTER.

Both societies are in a flourishing condition and feel quite sure that they are entering upon a most prosperous year's work. Though the voices of some of the old members have ceased to be heard within the halls, yet many others have been added that will some day become eloquent in speaking upon such themes as "Territorial Expansion," etc.
POOR TOE-PULLERS!

What lonely hours they now enjoy (?)
How crushed they seem to be,
Since in the quiet hours of night
No Freshman's toes they see.

The following gentlemen have been elected as associate editors of the *Mesenger*: A. J. Hall, S. L. Morgan, and E. T. Poulson, of the Philologian; W. S. McNeill, B. Lankford, and Lee McBain, from the Mu Sigma Rho. It is earnestly hoped that every student will take a deeper pride this session than ever before in making the *Mesenger* a journal that will do honor to Richmond College. Let each one make it a point to write something for it every month, and to note any happenings that might brighten its pages. The editor-in-chief, or any one of the gentlemen named above, would gladly receive any such material.
The Athletic Editor begs to be excused this month from giving more than brief notice of anything in his line but football. True there have been other happenings, such as important improvements in the gymnasium and baths, and quite a revival of interest in tennis, but all these are subordinate in the student mind to the all-absorbing topic of the work of our team.

The team as it usually lines up is constituted as follows: Scott and Pope, ends; Stone and Powell, tackles; Duke and Fleming, guards; Cammack, centre; Bagby, quarter; Lankford, captain and right-half; Bloxton, Robinson, or Frazer, left-half; and McNiel, full back. The substitutes, Thraves, Watson, Hall, and Ellyson, have been often in the game and have done fine work.

No better criticism on the work of the team could be written than a plain, impartial record of its games. This we shall endeavor to give in the following:

Richmond College, 15; Randolph-Macon, 0. These figures do not tell the real comparative merit of the two teams. This was our first game, and but for the fact that the team's work was marred by frequent fumbles, would have been a walkover. Our men from the first knew that they would beat Randolph-Macon, and did not seem to try to roll up the score. An encouraging feature of the game was the strenuous "rooting" of the little band of the faithful who went to Ashland with the team. Rooting will tell. If the crowds at BroadStreet Park would root as well, comparatively, as did that crowd at Ashland, the scores of some of our games might be different.

Richmond College, 6; Hampden Sidney, 6. This was the hardest game fought on the home field this year. Both teams seemed determined to win and neither did. For the first few moments things looked very blue to us on the side lines. Our boys seemed unable to stop the enemy's rushes, and they
carried the ball down the field for a touch-down in short order. After the kick-off our men braced up and the ball swapped over and back on downs and fumbles to the end of the half without material result by either side. The second half was different. Richmond found out the enemy's weak spot—the end—and played it for a touch-down. Then the see-sawing commenced again and bid fair to continue long, when a H. S. back broke through the line and started for the goal. The game seemed lost for us, but Fate, assisted by Frazer, willed otherwise, and these two downed the ball on the ten-yard line. Then the ball went to R. C. on downs, and by the end of the game had been shoved back to the centre of the field.

Richmond College, 0; Virginia Military Institute, 16. This game was played on a very slippery field against one of the best elevens in the State, which makes the showing of our team not so bad as the score would indicate. The first half, V. M. I. fairly walked away with us and made all of their sixteen points. In the second half things were different. We held them repeatedly for downs and they failed to score. A noticeable feature was the fact that V. M. I.'s "fake pass" failed to work. This was their best play, but they didn't gain an inch with it.

Richmond College, 0; Washington and Lee University, 6. This is the only defeat that rankles. That our team, which later proved itself much Washington and Lee's superior, should be defeated by it hurts us. The game was marred by slugging. Washington and Lee seemed determined to win the game, and beat our men up a great deal in doing so.

Richmond College, 10; Washington and Lee, 0. This was our revenge. In a beautiful game we pushed them over the line for two touch-downs. Although the field was muddy, the play was fast and furious. In this game, also, slugging played a small part. Though we believe that in this case our men were justifiable, we must deplore the incident. Slugging ruins any game. Football has much opposition on account of its alleged brutality and slugging will only increase it. Let us play clean ball.

Richmond College, 15; William and Mary, 0. Although
A'r

Athletics.

Outweighed ten pounds to the man, our team played all around their opponents. Although the score was not close, the game was unusually interesting on this account. To see the lighter team repeatedly break through the line of the opposition for large gains was a splendid illustration of the training our men had undergone. The sensational feature of the game was Ellyson's seventy-yard run. He easily distanced the whole field, and but for the fact that he paused to look back, would have made a touch-down. The touch-down followed in a few moments and helped roll up the score.

Only one more game remains to be played. It is with the strong Newport News team in that city. With this game the season of 1898-'99 closes and passes into history. The work of the team is above criticism. They have played hard, fast, and clean ball, and have won victories for their college and gratitude and thanks from its students. When they have worked so well together we feel that individual mention would be out of place, so we omit the customary dissection, on paper, of each man's playing.

But we cannot close this article without a tribute to our coach. Too much cannot be said of Mr. Julian Hill's work. He has labored hard and faithfully with the team, and its record shows his success. The team and students unite in thanking him for his services, and well-wishes for his success in wider fields.

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