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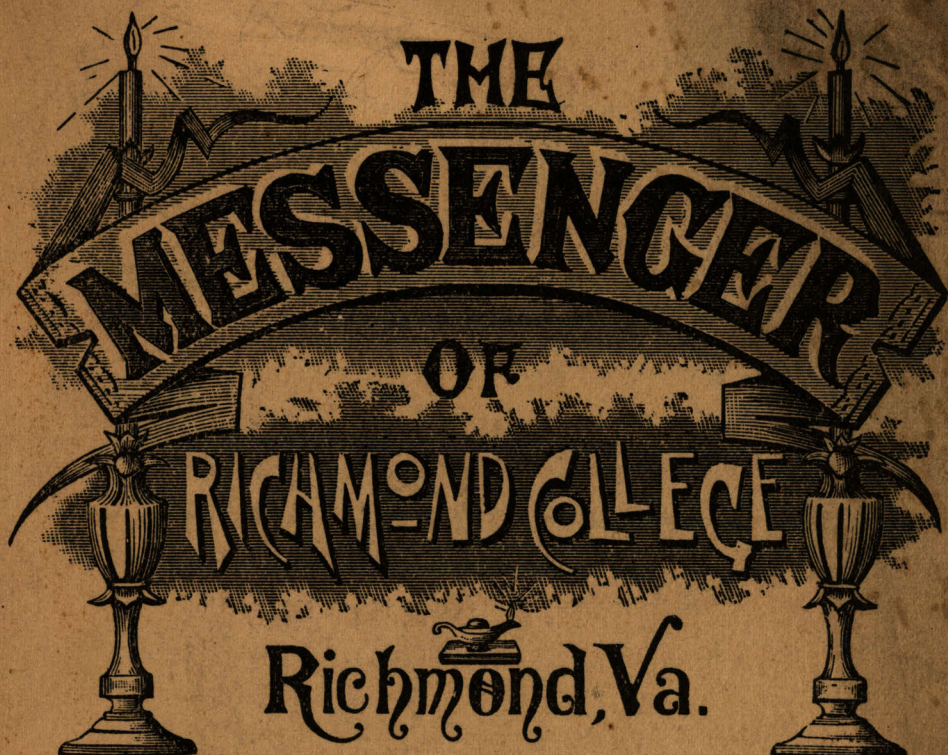


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CONTENTS:

LITERARY.

The Confederate Flag—What it Represented	203
Uncle Ben	210
A Nun to a Violet	213
Mister Sans Gene	215
Verloren	224
The Testimony of the Ages . .	225

EDITORIAL.

Does it Pay	230
-----------------------	-----

COLLEGIANA	236
----------------------	-----

ATHLETICS.

Foot-Ball	242
---------------------	-----

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

A Shy Little Maid	245
A New Beatitude	245

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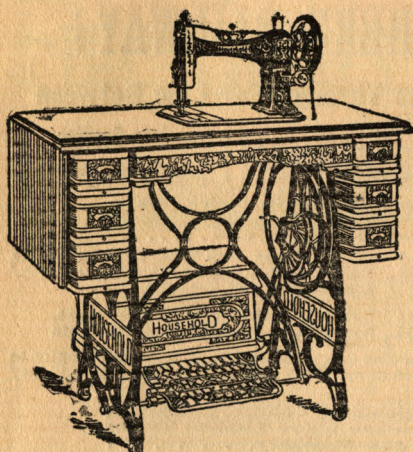
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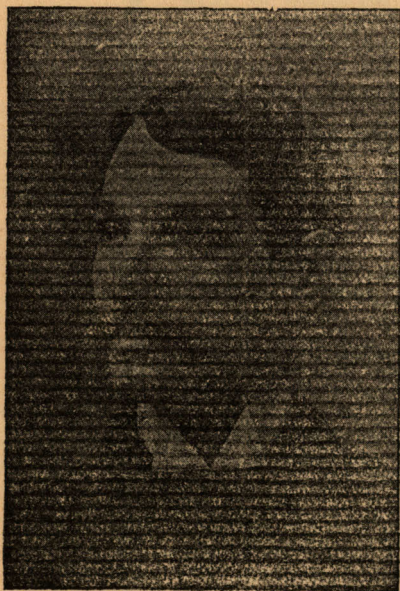
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VOL. XXV.

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The Confederate Flag—What it Represented.

A NATION'S emblem stands for an ideal. Let it be a living, glowing ideal, and a people will love it, live for it, die for it. To its glory or shame, to its lustre or dimness, is contributed the mite of each individual of the nation.

On the top of the Reichstag waves the emblem of a nation whose ideal is typical of its Iron Chancellor. *Power* is the notice it conveys to the world; science and culture, as well as the military despotism, is the source of its existence.

Upon the British House of Parliament waves a nation's symbol saluted and honored by every country in the world. Saluted because of the power wielded by the monarch and the monarchy that flaunts it to the breeze, honored for the source

from which that power emanates—the hearts of thirty million of patriotic Englishmen. It symbolizes everything dear to patriotism, everything honored by the lover of good government. It symbolizes government existing through the consent of the governed.

Just across the English channel, o'er a vine-clad land, the home of Lafayette, is floating the symbol of the new-born republic. It is the flag that waved victorious over the sands of Egypt, the plains of Germany, Italy, and Spain; the flag that led, like a will o' the wisp, the infatuated legions of Napoleon into darkest Russia; that marks the resting place of a half million of the world's bravest soldiers beneath the snows of that benighted country. Its history is brighter than the colors with which it dazzles the eye. Through the darkest ages of Europe's mediæval history it floated over a nation of chivalry. Through the revolutionary times following the Reformation, it was first and foremost in the battle for freedom of thought and freedom of government. In America's struggle for independence, it was the first and only flag of other nations which waved over and for the interests of the beleaguered colonists. Through its mystic influence freedom shouted a pæan of glory and the new world bounded forth, a leader in civilization. The flag of sunny France, though tarnished by many an unholy act of the great nation it symbolizes, through its enlistment in freedom's cause, is the grandest of all the nations of the Old World.

On the dome of our national Capitol wave the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of free government. It gives notice to the world of man's ability to govern himself. Through its flaunting undulations in the breezes we realize that it floats over all of our beautiful world, and that so long as it waves, will freedom of life, liberty, and conscience be assured. It bespeaks the downfall of Monarchy and rings the death-knell of Despotism. Beneath that symbol exists a republic that alone has been faithful to representative free institutions, with equal rights, equal justice, and equal laws for every condition of our fellows. All honor to the Star-Spangled Banner.

It is not my purpose to write of these here, for I would write of the Flag of the Confederacy. It represented to us the rights and liberties of the Southern people, granted them by our national constitution. Though doomed to suffer defeat, its colors are as bright and the rights it represented are as plainly opposed to the errors it opposed as was our Confederate army opposed to those who conquered it. Conquered, did I say? Nay, not conquered! It was beaten, disheartened, betrayed, and starved into submission. That symbol was lowered to superior force, but it was protected and defended by the most patriotic men that ever bore arms upon the gory field of battle. Our emblem is consecrated by the blood of the martyred dead, whose ashes make sacred our country to the god of liberty. For four long and weary years, upon our Southland's historic soil, were marched the flower and chivalry of Southern armies in the face of hunger and cold to feats of bravery far surpassing Marathon and Thermopylæ. Not to overthrow the government of the United States, not for conquest and spoliation, not for slaughter and carnage was unfurled first the flag of freedom in the magnolia-scented breezes of our sunny Southland, but to defend constitutional liberties, transmitted to us by the sons of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. It waved for liberties that were as sacred to the Southern man as were those which the Abolitionist of Maine or Massachusetts maintained for himself.

Not for power or military despotism, not for monarchy, constitutional or absolute, not for conquest or personal ambition was its staff planted upon the ramparts of the Southern fortress. The Stars and Bars waved above the grand, chivalrous armies of the Southern States, as they marched with patriotic convictions and with patriotic belief in the symbolism of "Save the Constitution," as read and expounded by Calhoun and Davis. After two years of brilliant success, which gained the eyes of all the world, the star of the Confederacy reached her zenith and silently and slowly sank grandly before the hordes of the North. In the face of almost certain defeat, beneath that emblem the Southern soldiers were not unnerved. They were as

devoted to their sacred duty during those dark and dreary days as they were at Bull Run, Shiloh, and Gettysburg. They believed they were fighting for sacred duties, sacred liberties, and in defence of these, they stood as bold and firm as did Horatius at the bridge of Rome. Men forgot the deadly fire of shot and shell, the hell of battle. Beneath that flag they were mindful only of their duty to their country, duty to their fireside, duty to their God.

Like John Milton, they were ready to lay down their lives on their country's altar as a fit emblem of their patriotism, their convictions, and their devotion to the South. The flower of the Southern chivalry, bidding farewell to their anxious fathers, weeping mothers, and devoted sisters, marched forth to meet numbers far greater than their own, possessing better equipments of warfare, and stood like the brave Leonidas, who forbade the Persians the Pass of Thermopylæ. Ask the Confederate veteran what his flag represented. Go to the silent tomb of our beloved chieftain as he lies in his peaceful sleep : ask him what *his* flag represented. Go to the tombs of our immortal Lee and gallant Jackson ; ask *them* what *their* flag represented. Go to the cemeteries and ask those sleeping Confederate soldiers what *their* flag represented. Each and every time the answer will be wafted back to you that that symbol of the Stars and Bars represented constitutional liberty, embodying the doctrine of States' rights, local self-government, and the sanctity of individuality.

These were principles which promoted the interests of the fireside of every Southern home in which the liberty-loving people gathered to enjoy the blessings of freedom and return thanks to a merciful and All-wise God. These were the principles defended with a fortitude equal to that of Mucius Scævola by every Southern man in whose veins flowed Anglo-Saxon blood, and who held his race supreme in progressiveness, power, and command. These were principles for which it was no dishonor to die, and for which its defenders were not defeated, but overpowered. These were the principles acknowledged by the commander of the Northern armies as he received the sword

of Lee at Appomattox. *And these are the principles which never die*, for "TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH SHALL RISE AGAIN!"

The Confederate soldiery, in losing the cause of its devotion and bloodshed, did not lose one spark of its patriotism. It gave to the world an example of sacrifice that will be an inspiration to the young man of the South until time ceases to travel in its eternal cycles. Through self-respect, our soldiery maintained its honor and its integrity. When its cause was lost, it stacked arms and returned to a home of ruin, desolation, and poverty. Again was commenced the laborious work of building a country that stands to-day as a monument to the unflinching trust and confidence in the cause. But for the Southern veteran, the Stars and Bars will never cease to wave. He asks not for forgiveness for a single act committed, but remembered that "the blue was the blue and the gray was the gray," and that "wrong never accords with the right."

Beneath that symbol, honor reigned supreme. Beneath that flag, patriotism reached its sublimest height. Beneath those Stars and Bars, no ambitious demagogue prostituted mockeries of government to base purposes; no unscrupulous leaders lured the people in the name of freedom to oppression and degradation; no corrupt principles were employed to prostitute the source of popular power and spread demoralization. Beneath it, wealth was not supreme, but the people reigned. Beneath that flag marched no debauched soldiery nor hired mercenaries, but the purest and most eminent of the sincere defenders of liberty. Beneath that symbol existed no infuriated mob usurping the supreme power of state; no patriotic Cato, the younger, took his own life to escape the reprobation of a polluted sovereignty. Those who fought beneath that flag marched to the grave in the glory in which they marched in triumphal procession in the joy of victory. The tattered remains of Lee's magnificent army laid down their arms at Appomattox, for further bloodshed was useless. And with their arms they laid the hope, the existence of the Southern Confederacy, for the "God of nations had stretched out upon it the lines of confusion and the stones of emptiness."

Great governments have existed in the past, representing the consent of the governed; but none have ever ruled with the justice and the purity of that which held sway beneath our Stars and Bars. It was created through the severest trials and sacrifices. It was faithful to law as the offspring and safety of the constitutional liberties for which we fought. Among all the free governments of antiquity, in the representative democracy which now controls us we search in vain for constitutional freedom. A constitution formed, a compact made, an institution provided for, and a change of sentiment of a people who accidentally gained control of governmental power, warranted beneath our present government a violation of that constitution, of that compact. Under the rule of the Confederate government law was supreme, contracts inviolable. If you ask history what our Confederate flag represented, it will answer you that it represented all that was good and pure and noble. The government, presided over by our honored Davis, was simpler and gave greater promise of progression than any the world has ever known. It was more delicate in its frame-work, more exquisite in its harmony, more imposing in its progress. Its beneficence would have been its weakness with any other people than our own. Solon summed up the history of many peoples when, in answer to the question as to whether he had given the Athenians the best of laws, he says, "The best they were capable of receiving." This was not the answer of *our* lawgivers. The question asked of our past history brings forth the answer, "*Best.*" These laws were given to a people who knew how to rule, were schooled in government and skilled in the political history of their country. They were given to men who had studied government and constitutional provisions from boyhood, and self-government had been the school. Neither birth nor circumstance could furnish what experience had taught. And when the Constitution of the Southern Confederacy was formed, the "best," and not simply the "best they were capable of receiving," was there incorporated.

A sublime picture on the canvass of time will touch the chord of sympathy in every human breast. Lift the curtain

of three decades and view the Southern women. When night falls with noiseless step, they, on bended knees, with their families gathered round, utter prayers for their loved ones on the battle field, which roll through the arch of Heaven's gate and ascend to the throne of their God. Sirs, this is the grandest scene in history, poetry, and song. Though defeat and poverty have stared Southern women in the face, they have reared monuments to perpetuate the memory of Vicksburg, Seven Pines, and Chickamauga—monuments grander than the pyramids of the Nile, the mounds of the Red-men, or that structure symbolizing Washington, the Father of his Country.

You ask what the Confederate flag represented? What did the flag of Poland represent to Kossuth when he knelt upon the desolate land of his birth, hallowed by the memories and bloodshed of ages, and with arms extended wide, as if to embrace the spreading plains, then raised his face to heaven, while a smile of unearthly beauty, kindled by love, played round his lips, he poured forth his soul in tones of unutterable anguish? "God be with thee, my beloved Fatherland! God be with thee, land of Tortures! God be with thee, sacred Soil! Believe! Hope!! Live!!!"

" Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently, it is holy,
For it droops above the dead ;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For the peoples' hopes are fled."

When Phœbus rises in the East and drives his fiery steeds across the dome of this blue vault above us, and retires beyond the Western horizon on his last journey, and the curtain of time descends upon the universe, may, sirs, the last voice which will die away with the light of that day and the first voice which will break the stillness of the morning of the day beyond, be one of praise and admiration for the Confederate soldier—may it re-echo the prayer of Kossuth.

Uncle Ben.

IT was a summer day and all nature had put on her most beautiful garments. The sun shone down brightly from a clear sky, darting his rays upon fields and meadows, and every dew-drop glittered in the brilliant light with myriad tints. Far and wide lay the broad expanse of the plantation diversified with hills and gently undulating plains; upon every hand were fields of waving wheat and luxuriant corn, nodding in the morning sunlight.

Surely it was a scene to make glad the heart of man. Could any one be unhappy in the midst of all this beauty? Poor Uncle Ben was unhappy as he sat in his cabin door, his head bowed in his hands. The birds were sweetly warbling their songs and the air resounded with their merry notes; they seemed to be trying to console him, but he heeded them not, nor heard them: The little lambs frisked joyfully about in their sports and the herds of cattle grazed contentedly about him, while the tinkling of the bells was borne by the zephyrs to his ear: all was lost on Uncle Ben. The wee-brook near his cabin babbled and murmured all the day, but its music touched no responsive chord in Uncle Ben's heart. Far in the distance a blue river rolled its waters silently onward to the sea, bearing on its bosom the sail fledged ships; but not a jot of Uncle Ben's burden did it snatch from his troubled soul. The other men had gone to their day's work, but none of them had offered any comfort to Uncle Ben; and still he sat with his head in his hands. What a transient thing is happiness in this world of sorrows! To-day we think we have a priceless treasure in our possession; to-morrow it is snatched away with rude hands, and there is none on earth to comfort us.

Uncle Ben was the old and trusted servant of John Graham. He was the oldest slave on the plantation, and was the favorite of Mars' John. The latter had the utmost confidence in the old darky, who had watched over him from his boyhood up.

When he went from home he felt no uneasiness, for Uncle Ben took care of everything. At night his sleep was peaceful, for Uncle Ben was sure to awake at the least noise. His work was always done well, if Uncle Ben was in the field. Uncle Ben, too, had a deep love for his young master, and nothing could induce him to prove faithless to his trust.

Uncle Ben had a son named Zeke, his only child, now about nineteen years of age. This boy was the joy of the old man's life, and in him he was thoroughly absorbed. That morning Mr. Graham had called Uncle Ben to him. He had a worried look on his face, and Uncle Ben knew that something had gone wrong.

"Ben," said he, "several days ago, being called away for a short time, I left a sum of money loose in my drawer. When I returned a few hours later the money had disappeared. Now, you know that no one of the slaves is permitted to enter my office except Zeke, and in the short time I was away, no one else could have taken it. My wife says that Zeke was in there during my absence. I have been down to the store, and Mr. Young informed me that Zeke was there yesterday and was spending far beyond what I allow him. There can be no doubt that Zeke took it. You know my rule is, that when I catch one of my men stealing I sell him at once. I know your faithful services, but even for your sake, I cannot keep Zeke. He must go. You may go to your cabin and pack up whatever things you wish him to take along; I shall send him away to-morrow. I am very sorry that I have to do this, but it is necessary." Having said this he walked away.

The poor old darky was almost stricken speechless. Zeke, the light of his life, his only child, was to be taken away from him on the morrow, perhaps never to return. How could he bear the thought of it? How could he live without his boy? He said not a word. He knew what Mars' John's decision meant, and that Zeke must go.

And so on this lovely day, Uncle Ben was sad. Slowly he arose from the door and went about collecting a few things

for Zeke to carry with him. Tears trickled down his wrinkled cheeks as he thought about the departure of his boy, innocent as he believed him. Next day Zeke was sent to the slave market.

From this time Uncle Ben's life was changed. He no longer went about his duties in the vigorous manner of old: no more were smiles seen upon his face. Sorrow had taken their place. Often when in his little cabin he could be seen to pick up Zeke's playthings, or anything he had used, and weep over them. From time to time he would go to his master and inquire: "Mars' John, I s'pose you ain't seen any news in de papers about Zeke, has you?" And every time Mr. Graham would have to say, "No, Ben; no news at all."

Thus the years dragged slowly by. The war broke out and terminated, and the negroes were set free; Uncle Ben still lived in his little cabin with Mars' John. Still, there was no news of Zeke. One day a negro man came to see Mr. Graham and confessed that he stole the money, for the taking of which Zeke had been sold. He said that he crept in through the window while Mr. Graham was away, and took the money.

Mr. Graham saw at once that he had been too hasty in his judgment in sending Zeke away before he had clearly proved that he was guilty. But now he resolved to find him at any cost. He made inquiries for him. He advertised for him in the newspapers. He offered rewards for news of him. In vain; not a trace of him could he find.

Many years had passed since Zeke left and many changes had ensued. Early one morning a respectable, middle-aged colored man stepped off the train at the station nearest to Mr. Graham's plantation, and began looking around him as if his surroundings were not altogether unfamiliar to him. He did not tarry at the station, however, but walked off briskly along the road leading to Mr. Graham's plantation. It was no other person than Zeke, who had left when a boy, and having seen one of Mr. Graham's advertisements, was now returning to the home of his boyhood.

It was a summer morning, just as when he left. Everything was bright and beautiful, but time had wrought many changes. A flood of reminiscences rushed through his mind as he walked along the old familiar road, and every spot awakened new associations within him. And now he drew nigh to the old homestead. Everything seemed perfectly natural to him as they lay shrouded in the silence of the early dawn. There stood the old mansion in the midst of the trees, and there was Uncle Ben's cabin on the hill, with the little brook still flowing by it. With hurried, feverish step he approached the cabin. He wondered if Uncle Ben was still alive and well. There was no sound within. He rapped gently on the door, but there was no response. He knocked a second time louder than before, still there was no response. Thinking Uncle Ben was asleep, he quietly raised the latch and entered. In his accustomed place lay Uncle Ben, calmly resting. His hands were folded upon his breast; his face turned upward and his eyes were closed in sleep; not a sound troubled the stillness of the room, nor a breath heaved the bosom of the sleeper. Uncle Ben had gone where the good darkies go.

H. M.

A Nun to a Violet.

A faded violet from a book of lays,
I pick it up, and, as I fondly gaze,
Think of the long dead past it swiftly brings
To memory's soul, where fleeting passion clings.

Sweetest of flowers ! when last I saw thee
All fresh wert thou, the sap of life ran free ;
But now—so faded from thy purple self
I scarcely know my little woodland elf.

For thou has been full many a year
Pressed close within these pages, dark and sear ;
My youthful heart within these massive walls
Hast been fast bound by many nunnish thralls.

Pale one, I ween thou differ'st not from me,
 Shut from shady dell and flowery lea ;
 I from the world's vain pleasure and vain strife
 Am barred, and wait the tragedy of life.

* * * * *

Yet I'll not pine, each one receives his wage,
 Nor will I sigh, for this is but a stage ;
 Transition comes, His smile to me is given,
 My tiresome shackles then are quickly riven.

ALLAN D. JONES.

Mister Sans Gene.

NOT having a right to any name in particular when they fished him off the stoop of the "Foundling Hospital," they gave him the best they could lay their hands on, and called him George Washington. At least he should be fixed up handsomely in regard to the only thing they had to give with the exception of bibs, unmentionables, and a sort of machine-made set of characteristics which had not varied in the output of the asylum in the last twenty years, except when some specimen was marred in the making. And considering the wretched material on which they had to stamp the word "gentleman," it is not surprising that the impression took very badly on some and others were blurred beyond recognition.

But George had a name to conjure by, and absorbed the good things of life with the pertinacity of a sponge. From the time visitors were introduced to a good-natured little parasite feeding on the strength of a great name, until Mrs. Varde invited that young Dr. Washington of "Johns Hopkins" to her house-party, he had never a regret that such a gift had been bestowed upon him.

Now, however, he seemed engaged in registering a number of kicks on Mrs. Varde's veranda railing, and scowling in a very *bad*-natured way on his receptacle of early confidences.

"It wouldn't be so beastly if she didn't—well, Nan—oh, you know! I suppose if a girl didn't care two cents for a fellow he could go off and get used to it somehow. You may please a sensible girl like Nan; but, Howard, do you know how to court the favor of a Van Dyke duchess with the reputation of eight hundred years of ancestors to keep up?"

Lang scowled till his curly black ringlets hung nearly to his eyes. "She's a female snob," he said, vindictively.

"Nothing of the kind. She is simply superb. Enough to make one think of Marie Antoinette. A look of hers, a quiver of her nostrils, would rout a mob of the '*canaille*'"

"I wonder if she thinks I am the '*canaille*?' I have met her a hundred times, but have never been asked to her house yet. My ancestors made money in pickles and didn't go over and loot Saxons."

In view of the fact that his authenticated ancestors numbered but a corporal's guard, Lang showed himself somewhat zealous in upholding their virtues of omission.

"How do like her retinue of ancestors?" he continued, "or have you seen them paraded yet?"

"I hate them all, from General Dacey back to her great-great-grandfather, raised to the nth power, William the Conqueror. They stand between Nan and me like a regiment of iron breasts and marble hearts."

"Oh, you've seen the procession, then?"

"Don't talk about it that way. It wasn't a procession, it was a pageant. I was near her group on the veranda, dividing my time between Kipling's latest and admiring her silvery pompadour, when Miss Frensenbrock, our spinster of the short temper, you know, remarked that children were unexpurgated editions of Satan, and I rather thought she was right, but Mrs. Fitzherbert defended them like a queen.

"The little dears," she said, 'if all the sins of their fathers could be winnowed out they would be pure enough to be born in heaven. People's vices are inbred deeper than brutes. If I had my way, no man should become a suitor whose record was not longer and cleaner than Mr. Varde's 2:10

mare.' Then she illustrated the doctrine of heredity from her own family tree, and used her poor Uncle William Rufus as an example of how a noble father could leave a residuum of vice in the shape of a red-headed son. She was no more boastful than the rendering of a glorious voice would be boastful."

"Yet she talks about William the Conqueror as if she had ridden on his knee. Were you in the conversation?"

"Only once. She said that one's ancestry should be as much public property as one's pretensions to gentility; then she saw me and gave a little start. 'Why don't you join us, Doctor,' she said, 'you could tell us so much about the Washington family in Virginia.' I said I wasn't up on genealogy, but I think if I had told her that she had called me by the only title I had a right to, she would have drawn up her skirts and screamed."

"She must think a man is a kind of toy Noah's ark, with all his ancestors concealed inside him, and the chance of a bumpkin or a cut-throat bobbing up unexpectedly."

George sighed.

"Nan told me of her. Said she was called Queen Antoinette, but I hadn't an idea that queens were so hard to approach. If it were any other girl but Nan" —

"You are not afraid to face the music?"

"No; but I am afraid of the quiver of her nostrils when—when she asks me about the Washington family."

"You may rely on her practicing the vocation of her ancestors, and torture you a little."

"Yes. Do you suppose she feels it her duty to supply them with future companions? I am afraid I cannot measure up to William the Conqueror."

Mrs. Fitzherbert turned the corner of the veranda, and reposed herself with stately grace between the generous arms of an easy-chair.

Lang looked up and caught the quick flush and nervous tremor of George Washington's lip. "I believe you half love the old lady," he said, with brutal frankness.

"Next to Nan, I never admired any one half so much. She does not need to deal in superlatives. She is the superlative. A word of regard is more than a thousand-tongued flattery."

"You will never get any more from her."

A dark cloud passed over Lang's eyes.

"She heard about that little flirtation of mine with Jennie Walsh—so easy to explain, you know—and I lost four invitations for last summer through her. She lives only ten miles away, and I have never been asked there yet."

"Don't be an ass about it, Howard."

"Well, no wonder you are sorry. Nan says, 'My father who art in heaven.'"

George did not reply, but gazed on the firm, rolling lines of the meadow till their firm lines were reflected in the corners of his resolute mouth. "I am ashamed to be such a baby, old man. I will go and talk to her now."

Howard threw away his cigarette in the impetuosity of his congratulations.

"Do!" he said. "I shall run up to town for a week, but if you fail to turn a phalanx of her ancestors, I will set in motion the machinery of my ponderous brain. Nan is a girl worth having, and doesn't care for a line of royal corpses."

"It's as good as a melodrama," he said, retreating.

"George would cut his role, though, if he were not so crazy about Nan."

Mrs. Fitzherbert closed the book and laid it on the railing. Her every act exhaled good breeding like an aroma. Every one knew Mrs. Allan Fitzherbert and her family history. That is, every one who was interested in the Maryland Chapter of Colonial Dames, and a few others. As a celebrated Southern general, much given to oratory, said in response to a toast to her name, "the bravest blood of England, the noblest vintage of France, were entwined the rose and lily in her cheek and forehead, but she has drawn their purest honey and given us a titleless aristocracy of the soul." Rather bombastic, it sounds, but Mrs. Fitzherbert was a famous beauty in the '70's, and beauty has always been a powerful incentive to oratory.

Now the young Doctor claimed her attention, and he should have it all unstinted. If she had a fault at all, it was to let her tongue linger a little too lovingly over the beauties of a noble mind and the noble race that begat them.

"Yes, Tennyson is my favorite," she said; "I cannot solve Browning's problems, and I don't know whether it were worse to wish to do an evil thing, and yet lack the courage to act, than to do it, even though we should erect a statue to perpetuate the desire, but I can see the nobleness of nature beneath Tennyson's touch. Launcelot could not frame a chiding farewell to Elaine, and Enoch Arden would never have had 'the finest funeral the little cove had ever seen,' had Philip possessed the gentle instinct which could render homage without jealousy."

George's mind cast about painfully for something more than an inanity, and the conversation paused.

"Then, you don't think ancient lineage necessary to a gentleman?"

"Oh, I didn't say that, Dr. Washington. It is not necessary to some gentle feeling, but without it we would be too inconsistent. Genteel in zones. 'Perfect gentleman' is tautology, for otherwise we might live rather barbarously, occasionally, with some of our acquaintances in an uncultivated region. The rule of three generations is barely enough."

"Why should the necessity of three generations be so arbitrary, Mrs. Fitzherbert?"

"For the three classes: To cultivate politeness to strangers, to intimates, and to relatives. I am cynical enough, Doctor, to put the relatives as the graduating degree."

"But might not an alliance with the noblest of women cultivate even the first generation?"

"Perhaps."

He saw the quarry in full view now, and nerved himself for the final spring.

"Could he not devote himself enough to her ideals never to jar her sensibilities?" he asked, eagerly.

"To please her, possibly, but to hate his own hypocrisy, and to feel a traitor to his own honest feelings. You know, Dr. Washington, the feeling of assurance given by an unblotted 'scutcheon. Suppose you were to act it?"

The firm, rolling lines of the meadow vibrated under the blaze of the July sun, but there was no reflection of firmness in the corners of George Washington's mouth; but the conversation must go on now, or Mrs. Fitzherbert would discover him to be stupid, as well as—something else.

"Didn't Tennyson himself 'smile at the claim of long descent,' and—even a little at Norman blood?" he said, devoutly thankful for a compulsory declamation of asylum days.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, laughing low and musically, lifted her fan to protect her face from the glare of the sun.

"All you men are so democratic. A woman is the only true aristocrat. But let's discuss gentility more concretely. Tell me about the Washington family in Virginia. I should so like to hear."

The cords of his heart drew as tight as harp strings, and the blood at his temples throbbed from their tension. The future with Nan—the only future he could imagine—in green fields and beside still waters—rolled away a vista across this chasm and stone wall. With a gasp, he determined to take the blind jump.

"I am afraid I am not up on genealogy," he said. "I don't know any; I am really not" —

The heat of the morning had really grown oppressive, and his brain almost reeled. He hesitated. Mrs. Fitzherbert seemed to feel it too, and arose.

"A Virginian, and not a student of genealogy? I must assist you in the study. Now the sun forces a retreat."

"I am not a Virginian," said George Washington, and the rolling lines of the meadow grew hazier, and quivered more than could be accounted for by the heat; but his head was turned away, so it didn't matter.

A week of solitary wandering, a week of nightmares and nauseating breakfasts, brought back Howard Lang from the

city, and he sat perched on George's window, blowing cigarette smoke out to the resplendent sunset.

"Hot as the hinges of Hades!" he said. "New York is drawing like a fly-plaster; but so are the girls at the roof-gardens."

"Do both of your comparisons apply to them?" said George, languidly.

"Yes, by Jove!" They are architected like goddesses. But how did you and mother-in-law hit it off?"

George came over, and sat down by the window.

"Not at all; I balked," he said.

"Did she have up a 'keep off' sign, or did she tear you to pieces like a barbed-wire fence?"

"I didn't get that far; but she made me feel that if I married a girl like Nan I would be a hypocrite."

"Was it that bad? But, old man, I didn't spend all my time behind a beer glass in New York. I dissolved a few pounds of my anatomy in the Astor library with the thermometer at 90°, and I guess we can spike the guns of her opposition."

"How?"

"Oh, just help you to take a few chops at her family tree, George Washington. Sorry it isn't a cherry-tree for you."

"What have you done?"

"Got a musty old volume on the Dacey family, and found where the storks were assisted to make her a Dacey."

"I don't understand. The Daceys are an old family."

"The Daceys are all right, but she — adopted. Here's what it said: 'Maurice Dacey, son of General Andrew M. Dacey, being without heir, adopted an unusually handsome child from the Franklin Orphan Asylum, which he had christened Antoinette, the most frequent name of the female branches. Nothing whatever is known of the child's origin, but she is being raised as in every respect the child of Maurice Dacey,' and a lot more rigmarole. It's straight, and you won't have even a cause to dissemble this time. I have heard her talk of her grandfather, General Dacey, a score of times."

"But what's the good, you wouldn't dare tell her?"

"George, you are a chump. Trust me to let her know. That is unless you and Nan will elope."

"You can't. What excuse would you have?"

"Kindly interest. Oh, I have the letter all fixed up. Call her attention to the passage, sure it is a mistake, and she would like to correct it before it fell under any one else's eyes. So she might, but it is as straight as the narrow way, and will be as nasty for her to travel. My man takes over the letter to-night."

"I'd rather he wouldn't, Howard."

"Bosh!" Think of Nan's red gold hair, boy. It's the only way you will get her."

"I'll never get her that way; but I'll get her. Let me tell you what it means, Howard."

George's voice deepened into earnestness.

"You know me well enough to know what claim I have on my name. It is like an honest man being a thief. I have felt for twenty years like I concealed a Mr. Hyde from public justice."

"Wouldn't you have her feel that to get Nan?"

"No. Think what it would mean to you to have snatched away everything you hold dear, and then have thrust into the bleeding socket the hottest iron of hate. To have your natural affections turned into the gall of hatred, and not even know which parent's name you have a right to bear. Do you think it is pleasant, old man, to watch your traits like they were criminals? The thought that I could see the scoundrel under a thousand guises in me has haunted me like an abscession. I have wondered which crime struck hardest at me through my parents, and watched my cupidity or passions as I would seven devils. That isn't all. You would murder eight hundred years of her glorious life and have her quiver like a whipped slave under every nimble-tongued allusion to plebian faults, crouching before the awful fear that you would divulge the secret, and her pretensions to gentility would dry up and leave nothing but slimy dregs. Don't do it, Howard."

Howard laughed a short, disagreeable laugh.

"Is it that bad?" he said; "then, by Jove! if I can't do it for you I will do it for myself. She has never invited" ——

George wheeled with an oath in every glance. Howard stopped abruptly, gazed in his face a moment, and read their meaning aright. He let himself slip from the window to the porch, and walked away whistling. He had seen the explosion follow the twitching of George's lower eyelids before.

"He'll do it, sure," George scowled, "and if I only keep still there will be no objection to my having Nan." And he threw himself, face down, on the bed.

Presently he arose. "Nan will not care," he said, "but to-morrow the world will look as ugly as a frog-pond to Mrs. Fitzherbert."

He drew a revolver from the drawer, carefully ejected the cartridges, and placed it in his pocket. "Just in time to catch the train," he said, and pulled a black cap over his eyes.

Ten o'clock darkness silouetted Mrs. Fitzherbert's house against the starry sky, and the mournful note of a whip-poor-will reached George as he squirmed in Mrs. Fitzherbert's box-hedge.

"Road-agenting isn't what it was cracked up to be," he said, "but I wish Howard's man would come on."

A shadow grew out of the dark mass of trees and glided up the path. He crept to the edge of the hedge, nervously fingering the revolver. The shadow halted in front of him and drew out a white object. In an instant George sprung out, clutching at it wildly with one hand, the other still grasping the revolver.

The cry of fear rang for a furlong across the country as the two figures swayed back and forth, tearing up the tan-bark like a harrow.

The white object fluttered out of the fray and George, releasing his hand, snatched at it, but a heavy stick crashed down on his forehead and he staggered back, his hands wildly grasping the air and the starlight glinting along the barrel and chambers of the revolver. His antagonist saw the glitter, and with a cry of terror bolted through the hedge.

The amateur highwayman lay a limp heap on the walk, with the white object faintly outlined in the gloom.

A soft, warm hand stole across his forehead, and he opened his eyes to see Nan's rusty gold hair brushing his face and to feel her arm support his head on the lounge. There was an odd feeling about his head as if his brain was not exactly in focus, which was slightly confusing. Howard Lang, William the Conqueror, and a host of others seemed to be struggling over a letter in a narrow lane. Then he saw the letter fall and he opened his eyes again.

"Oh, Nan," he said, "the letter, please don't let her get it. I tried to stop it. You won't care, but it will kill her."

Nan drew her slender fingers across his forehead, and hushed his lips with an entirely foolish motion of her own. "Quiet now, dear," she said, "it's all right about the letter."

His mind was still out of focus, but her words were restful, and he lay gazing at the portrait of a white-haired lady on the wall.

The door opened, and Mrs. Fitzherbert stood in the doorway, a picture herself, against a background dashed in black.

George felt somehow that Nan should remove her arm, but he was so contented that he did not speak, but lay blinking first at the picture and then at Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"What a fine picture of your mother," he said, gazing up at Nan.

"Not my mother, but my grandmother," she corrected. "Mamma," she continued, "George tried to stop that horrid note of Mr. Lang's, poor boy."

George thought Mrs. Fitzherbert crossed the floor like a queen.

"The letter was only malicious," she said, "it was my uncle who had the bad taste to adopt a child. But, my children, why haven't you told me of this before?"

George looked up into the clear pools of Nan's eyes, and his mind came into focus again. "I was afraid of William the Conqueror," he laughed.

RONALD CURRIE LEE.

Verloren.

The day is done ;
The night begun ;
The stars have lit them one by one
In feeble mock'ry of the sun.
All Nature's still :
All's quiet ; till
The melancholy whip-poor-will
Sends forth his wail of omen ill.
At Night's request,
Each to his nest,
All birds have flown away to rest
Save him of all birds most unblest.
The day is done ;
The night begun ;
The moon has risen where the sun
Twelve hours before his race had run.

And I am night ;
But ne'er by light
Of moon or stars is my soul bright,
For clouds of darkness make it blight.
Yes! Night am I ;
But the wild cry,
E'en of whip-poor-will near by,
Nor lightning's flash across the sky
My lids ne'er wake,
My ears ne'er shake,
For I am ripe for Death to take,
And I await him and his Lake.
Sun of my day !
Light of my way !
My moon ! my stars ! my brightest ray !
My music sweet ! Thou hast said "Nay."
My day is done ;
My night begun !
My stars have hid them one by one
In feeble mock'ry of the sun.

LYNERADO.

Adon A. Foster

The Testimony of the Ages.

“**H**ISTORY is philosophy teaching by example.” Containing the records of man’s struggles and attainments, it is a heritage from time; laden with the lessons of six thousand years, it is the endowment of to-day; revealing principles by the light of experience, it is a legacy to generations yet unborn. To it we must appeal for a true and ultimate decision of the character and the influence of “those lives that have gone before,” and for a justification of their deeds. As we read its records, so may we mould our future; as we interpret its truths, so should we shape our course; as we profit by its precepts, so must be our progress or decline.

Then let us list to the voice of Clio, let us follow in the footsteps of her heroes, and heed the admonitions of her martyrs—those movers, directors, and benefactors of mankind. Let us study well those lessons bought by the toil of millions at the cost of countless lives.

Religion and government—the spiritual and the social character of man—are the pillars on which the structure of society must rest. Hence these lines comprise our province in seeking the beginning, in tracing the development, and in determining the causes of our present civilization. Their condition in ancient times, dimmed by the distance of centuries, darkened by the clouds of ignorance and the shadows of superstition, obscured by the mists of mythology and the mazes of mystery, can only be outlined from the recourses of those men whose lives made such improvements possible. In the foreground of modern times, however, all is clearer. The clouds have lifted, the shadows have disappeared, and the mists have been dispelled. We can now study both the principle and the person, the movement and the man.

Numerous and varied are the faiths that have come to the weary mortals of the world and raised them to purer lives, grander thoughts, and nobler deeds. Each served its mission, and in harmony with the divine plan, gave place for that

which was destined to prevail. No religion, however, has more inspired the leaders, or moved the masses, than Christianity—the strongest, the purest, the best of all that have struggled for ascendancy. It is the best because it is the purest, the strongest because it is the best.

And when the institution organized to sustain those principles and to promulgate that religion was subverted from its purpose; when it was augmented by the ignorance it was created to dispel, and sustained by the superstition it should have suppressed; when the shackles of bigotry, prejudice, and power broken by the Messiah were welded again by the church; when the shades of apathy were beginning to settle and the pinions of reason were burdened with senseless ceremonies; when the voice of conscience was almost stilled: Lo! Oe'r Albia's cliffs shines "The Morning Star of the Reformation." The times, however, are not propitious for an immediate, complete reform, and not till thousands follow Wycliffe to his final home does the culmination of his efforts come. Yet the darkness is dispelled. The weights are struck from the wings of thought. The spirit of man sends forth such tones as touch the souls of kindred beings and awaken a new life in the slumbering possibilities of the race.

This inspiration was caught by one in Germany whose soul was filled with an enthusiasm which human power could not still. Condemned and cursed by pope and council, hated and feared by church and king, braving the power that summoned his presence, defying the authority that bade him recant, seized in spite of the promise of safety, he was bound and burned in the name of God by that so-called "church of love." They thought thus to destroy his heresy, but all the flames and racks and prisons of martyrdom can never annihilate one fact. All the powers in earth and heaven can never make one truth a lie. The spirit of Huss went heavenward with the fagot's cruel flames, but the principles for which he died, founded on the eternal verities of God, survived the authority of that misguided council, and will live when its memory is dead.

This movement invaded Italy, that land of the Pontiff's home. It found authority and might conspiring to restrict the liberties of mind and man. It found the powers of Church and State combined against reason, their common fear and foe. It found Hypocrisy kneeling at the altar, while Tyranny ruled upon the supreme throne. It found humanity groping and groveling in the gloom of that spiritual night, while the darkness of dissipation brooded o'er the earth. But the dawn of righteousness appeared. The clock of the centuries struck, and Savonarola, the scourge of the sensual, the menace of crime, the defence of morality and the refuge of right, stepped into the arena, arrayed for battle against the apostacy, the vanity, and the vices of his time. He breathed, and the polluted air of papacy was purified; he spoke, and Florence was free; he struck, and the fetters of folly dropped from the limbs of his people; he stamped his foot, and those awful structures of mighty iniquity tottered to the ground. Pope and prince conspired against him, but he trusted his God to guide him through, and never while his life and mission lasted did this exemplary exponent of principle abandon the sublime standard of his faith. True, his death was followed by decline, but his work was not undone.

And Martin Luther—but why say more? Every child has heard the story of his trials. Every nation has felt the influence of his life. Nor shall the end be until every people has learned to love the God of righteousness and come to praise that holy name.

In the sixteenth century, while Europe lay writhing in the inquisition, the cruel chains of tyranny were cutting deep into her festering wounds. Religious liberty had long been at the mercy of the Pope; now political freedom was in the keeping of kings. The world was on the eve of a gigantic struggle, a struggle that should grow in fury with succeeding centuries, a struggle that should determine the destiny of nations then unknown, a struggle that should not cease until the cause of liberty had triumphed, a struggle that should demolish the very throne of despotism itself and crown the people king.

Of little import seemed the beginning. Who could presage such a grand result? Half the world was cowering beneath the lash of a merciless master. The little provinces of the Netherlands warred among themselves while looking askance at him who dealt out to them their privileges and their beliefs. It seemed that fate had fixed upon them a rule which they despised, and a faith which their souls abhorred. But, at the appointed time, William the Silent took his stand for the cause of liberty and toleration. With a characteristic shrewdness which gave him the name, he held his silence while he heard the hellish plot of that earthly demon, the heartless king of Spain—a plot for the destruction of a people who desired merely to maintain their chartered rights and to worship, directed only by conscience and their God. That plan must be frustrated. Philip II. must be foiled. Sacrificing his fortune to the cause of his country's freedom, renouncing his dreams of aristocratic ease, he applied his every effort to that purpose; he bent his whole soul to that end. In all his struggles and in all his deeds and thoughts he was the same unflinching friend of freedom, the same unwavering guardian of truth, the same undaunted champion of justice and right. Brave, liberty-loving and benign, he feared no fate, however cruel; he evaded no duty, however stern; he punished no faith, however unwelcome; for he was a hero, a patriot, a *man*.

Living, he thwarted the plans of priest and potentate; he met the forces of church and king; he inspired his people to confidence and victory; he raised his hopes to a sovereignty of their own. Laid low by the assassin's hand, his memory left upon that country an impress which centuries cannot efface. Though his body died, his spirit lived. It lived and drafted the Bill of Rights. It lived and framed our Constitution. It lived and signed the proclamation that gave freedom to the slave. It lives to-day and lends its voice to the cause of the down-trodden in every quarter of God's glorious domain, the world.

That spirit of civil liberty swept o'er those dykes to the British Isles, and, animating the soul of a Cromwell, relegated

forever to the realms of mere memory the theory of the divine right of kings. It winged its way across the broad Atlantic, and, finding an advocate in Washington, rose to regency in our own proud land. It roused the revolutionists of France, emblazoned on their banner the motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and secured to them the satisfaction of self government. It loosed the chains of liberty-loving San Domingo, burst the bonds of thralldom in the United States, banished from Brazil the rule of royalty, and armed the Cuban patriot for the struggle which finally deprived an effete monarchy of her island empire.

Time bears the evidence of further advancement. The fates have decreed that the great empire of the West should reach forth among the Powers of the earth to exert her influence. Westward, civilization has taken her course, until a nation organized as a great republic, in an almost infinitesimal space of time, has changed her policy from conservatism to expansion. Expansion in what? Not expansion in the sense that we grasp territory from the strong or the weaker nations of the world; expansion, not in the sense that we grasp governmental principles and franchises for the sake of accumulating ill-gotten wealth; but expansion in the sense of world improvement, in the fulfillment of the mission of our race, in the extension of the name and the spirit of civil liberty. Expansion is the specific program of the hour. It is the world movement toward the ultimate attainment of the end of government. Civil liberty is worked out by the wisdom of events. Law and justice must rule where savagery, tyranny, and caprice have rioted. A people advances from savagery to continuous industry. The Testimony of the Ages is but the proof of the future attainments of reform for the Black, the Malay, or the Mongolian races of the world.

Thus we cannot but construe aright the evidence of time. Truth is eternal, it is of God. Right must triumph, it is divine. The exponents of God's verities may famish in filth die in dismal dungeons, or perish at the martyr's stake; but the principles for which they suffered and sacrificed their lives

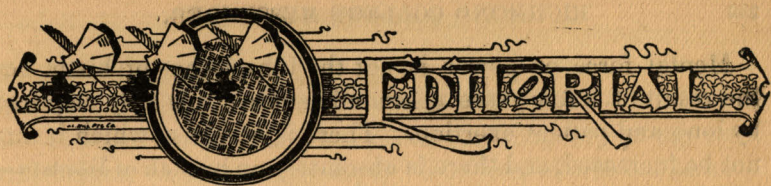
can never be destroyed. Hunger and thirst will not weaken them ; cells cannot confine ; fire does not consume them ; they are not to be starved, imprisoned, or burned. Outlasting life, they will exist through all eternity.

Such has been the record of those movements ordained by the Omnipotent to attain an eventual triumph in the spiritual and social character of man. They have ever struggled against bigotry, prevalence, and authority ; for no sooner was any great system or principle firmly established than it became the bulwark about which the forces of mediocrity would muster, there to remain, vainly striving to impede any further advancement, until the very necessity of the hour compelled them to accept the inevitable ; until some great soul, then herald of a movement, the precursor of an age, should cast aside the chains of conventionality, shake off the shackles of superstition, conquer the contending forces of might, and move on to his ideal, clearing a way for the lagging world, which ever waits behind.

The religious and political privileges of our era are due to those who had the individuality to depart from the trodden paths of custom and conformity, the stamina to stand against the force of prejudice and power, the courage of their convictions to obey the call of conscience, and do their duty in the face of death ; those who dared to think and dared to speak their thoughts ; those who laid down their very lives on the altar of a faith which their souls believed was right.

No wonder that a world should bow in homage. No wonder that time should pay to their memories the grandest tributes of gratitude and praise. No wonder that history should judge them the noblest characters of its records, and award to them the highest mark of honor and respect. For when the final summons comes and the generations of man are gathered before that Supreme Bar, the verdict of that great Judge will accord with "*The Testimony of the Ages.*"

J. D. G.



DOES IT "Does it pay to take the full course at college?" is a PAY? question frequently asked by the student. In the very outset we unhesitatingly assert that it does, and the young man who thinks otherwise, and acts as he thinks, is almost sure to discover, if not till late in life, that he has made a mistake.

"Knowledge is power." The man who undertakes to fill the positions of trust and responsibility which *sometimes* come to men for no other reason than that they have attended some college or university for a year or two, is, as commercial men would say, apt "to go to the wall."

The time was when a man could succeed in the ministry, law, medicine, and all the various professions of life without the training of a college course, but that time has passed. The individual whose powers of mind and soul have never been aroused by the subtle, stirring influence of a determined and thorough search for fundamental truth, whose latent mental forces have never been freed from their native lethargy by contact with enlightenment—that individual need cherish no hope of being entrusted with the management of the important affairs of human society.

When intelligent civilizations have positions of trust to be supplied, they have in times past and do now look unconsciously to those intellectual giants who have drunk deep at the fountain head of eternal truth. Whether this power be acquired within college walls or wrought out on the dirt cabin floor with shingle and charcoal, is for the student himself to decide, but it is a fact readily conceded that it must proceed from those profound first and fundamental truths which alone constitute a foundation for a superstructure of anything more than ordinary dimensions.

Mental force or power is not the inheritance of birth, nor the result of a few years' spasmodic study; it is only acquired by long and patient exertion. There is no age at which it cannot be increased, and there is absolutely no branch of literature which, when thoroughly digested and stored away in the mind, will not show its effect in after life by increased vigor in the whole mind. Those intellectually strong men and women who have left their influence on the world's history are almost without exception found to be those who have possessed broad and deep acquirements; who have permitted no opportunity for obtaining knowledge to pass unimproved; who have been content to labor for years in the field of learning, confident that in the fulness of time they would reap the reward.

But man is an impatient being, and the student is not an exception. Very often we meet a young man at college who thinks the world is greatly suffering because he has not yet become one of its busy actors. With a smattering knowledge of Greek and Latin, English enough to speak fairly well, and some natural ability, as he calls it, he thinks he will soon have the world in a swing, and that even the fellow who has not only finished his course at college, but a university course as well, cannot check it. How foolish he is! Doubtless time and experience will teach him that not even "natural ability" can take the place of real culture, and that the very best place to lay the foundation for a broad, general culture is at college.

It is almost indispensable that in some way or other the elements of truth be imparted from kindred minds; and if these be wholly withheld, the intellect, which, if properly cultivated, might have soared with Newton to the boundaries of the comet's orbit, is chained down to the wants and imperfections of a mere physical life, unconscious of its own capacities and unable to fulfil its higher destiny.

Let every young man, then, whose privilege it is to enter college, put forth every effort to finish the course. It makes no difference about whether he finds the task hard or easy. It makes no difference about whether he has genius or not. If he has mediocre capacity, it must be eked out by brave resolve

and persistent effort. The Spartan youth who said to his mother that his sword was too short, was told to add a step to it. The path to success is steeper and more thorny to-day than ever before. Carlyle truly says, "The race of life has become intense; the runners are treading on each other's heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe strings." While this is the case, yet more than ever it is true that all things are given to him—

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bower,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star."

Archimedes said, "Give me a standing place, and I will move the world"; but Goethe says, "Make good thy standing place and move the world." To do this it is only necessary to acquire that true intelligence which is sure to result in true success, and the end will be what Julia Ward Howe called "The abiding triumph of the Just."

The letter below, written by an old Richmond College student, fell into our hands a few days ago, and it affords us very great pleasure to give it to the readers of the MESSENGER. We feel sure that it will be read with deep interest, both on account of the information it contains concerning the great Harvard University, and because its author is so well and favorably known to many of our college boys.

To the last paragraph of this letter the editor-in-chief wishes to call special attention. Surely there is more truth than poetry in what it contains:

12 KIRKLAND PL., CAMBRIDGE,
May 10, 1899.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Some one on the MESSENGER board recalled R. C. to my mind very pleasantly a day or two ago by sending me a copy of the March number, the first I have

seen this year. Not that there is any danger of my forgetting the dear old *alma mater*, or transferring my allegiance to this huge "joint" (pardon slang); for my mantel is graced by a very handsome (?) group of R. C. boys of '97, and several other mugs which you would recognize, adorn my walls. But it is quite a pleasure to discover that not every one at the *alma mater* has forgotten me. I shall not enclose a year's subscription with this, for fear of attributing mercenary motives to the sender of the sample copy.

Although I started this to write you merely a note of thanks, I believe I will tell you something about this great institution, which I have the good fortune to be a member of. I think I am the first R. C. man to enter the Harvard Graduate School, if not the first to enter the University; hence, in the fall I felt myself much more a "stranger in a strange land" than if I had been simply visiting in the neighborhood.

You probably know that Harvard is the largest university in the country, this year's catalogue showing a total of 3,901 students. A number like that conveys very little idea of its size, I guess; you will appreciate it better when I tell you that there are 300 graduate students, and that the English department, in which I am working, has twenty professors and instructors, besides a dozen or more assistants. While I see the University at its best in English, I have attended enough lectures in other departments to know that in languages, both ancient and modern, it is right at the top. Also, it can't be beat in the line of philosophy.

As to the student body, I have been most agreeably surprised. The superciliousness, at which, under the name of "Harvard indifference," so many people have made such a bugaboo, is largely a myth. I myself have met with almost none of it, which may be due, however, to the fact that most of my friends are graduate students who received their bachelor's degrees elsewhere; but the undergraduates I do know well, who have come from all parts of the country, do not in the least show the contamination which constant intercourse with the "indifference" would necessarily cause. In short, I have

not found any greater proportion of "big-heads" here than one finds in every-day life.

Another thing which seems most objectionable to us Southerners is the fact that negroes are admitted to all departments of the University. When I came here, I supposed that I should find a large number of blacks, favored by the University authorities, worshipped by the natives generally, and, as a consequence, a most obnoxious class. I believe that notion is a common one among our people; yet surely there never was a notion further from the real state of affairs. At the outside, there are not over a dozen negroes registered in the University, and what I have seen of them I don't in the least object to. I have sat next to them at chapel, in lecture-rooms, and twice (this I know will shock you terribly) I had to sit at meal-table with one; and I have yet to meet with the first one who was forward, had bad manners, or whom I could find any fault with—except that he was black. Of course, my opinion of the race is unchanged, and theoretically, I don't believe I ought to have to study with negroes; but the specimens I have been thrown with here are in every way, so far as I can see, perfect gentlemen.

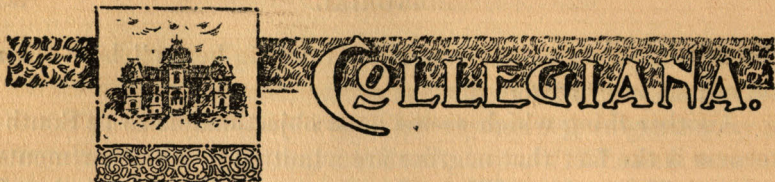
This letter has already stretched itself out to greater length than I intended, so I shall "break off." Am sorry I shall not be with you at Commencement, as I was last June; but my last examination comes on the 15th, and it will probably take me some days to get home, as I expect to stop in Washington to see "a friend."

The MESSENGER seems to be a very good number, but it ought to be larger. The boys don't stand by you as they should.

Very truly yours,

ROY BENNETT PACE.

The Editor-in-Chief has, on account of the lack of material, been forced this month to publish two articles of his own production. Our Business Managers allowed us considerably more space this month than last, and to "fill up" we had to resort to our own storehouse. Unless the boys do better next month it will be useless to attempt to get out a June number.



Among those whom we had to conduct chapel services for us during April were Rev. Mr. Guisberg, a missionary from Brazil, who gave us an interesting address on missions in his field, and Dr. Dunaway, of Fredericksburg. The latter is one of the Institution's distinguished trustees and friends, and we were sorry to see so little of him.

Bryon W. King, the famous elocutionist, was with us one morning and delighted the students by his expressive reading as well as by his amusing speech.

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, of Nashville, also paid us a visit while in the city.

The series of public lectures begun by the professors in March was concluded in April. On the 13th of April Professor Gaines lectured on "Number Systems," bringing to light many instructive facts in regard to the curious methods some nations employ in counting, as well as revealing defects in our own system. On Thursday night, the 20th, Professor Pollard entertained his audience with a discourse upon "Poetry," which was helpful to many besides his students. Professor Hunter brought the series to a close on the 27th with the "Water Supply" for his theme. The speaker applied his remarks in particular as to how Richmond's water supply might be improved.

Professor Boatwright has recently taken up collections for the building fund in the churches of the city, and has procured the sum required for the commencement of the dormitory; so there is every indication that two new buildings will grace the campus next session.

Examinations will soon be upon us now, and the students are already beginning to look forward to Commencement. The style of invitation has been chosen and the invitations will be out in a short time.

Mr. L. A. Coulter, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., addressed the students at the prayer meeting a few weeks ago in regard to the summer school to be held at Asheville, N. C. Richmond wants to send a large delegation, the largest she has ever sent, but it cannot be done unless the money is forthcoming. Let us lend a helping hand.

Some of the professors expect to attend the Southern Baptist Convention, which will meet at Louisville about the middle of May.

Student with very fine voice reading in Eng. class—"A voice he had as small as hath a goat."

Professor—"Mr. —, did you ever take notice that a goat has an exceedingly small voice?"

Mr. J——, at the dinner table, discussing the water-works—"Say, when do they use the water out of the reservoir?"

The annual oratorical contest between the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Literary Societies took place in the Assembly Hall Friday evening, April 21st.

Messrs. J. W. T. McNiel, Jas. D. Gwaltney, and W. M. Crumpler represented the Philologian, Messrs G. T. Lumpkin, F. W. Moore, and W. H. Griffith the Mu Sigma Rho. All of the speeches demonstrated thought and preparation, but the judges, T. S. Dunnaway, D. D., Hon. Geo. L. Christian, Bishop C. C. Penick, Hon. Geo. D. Wise, and Prof. G. M. Smithdeal, unanimously decided in favor of Mr. McNiel.

The contest for the intercollegiate orator's medal was held at Roanoke College, Salem, Friday evening the 5th of May. Representatives were present from the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee University, Richmond College, Hampden-Sidney College, Roanoke College, Randolph-Macon Col-

lege, and Emory and Henry College. Mr. J. W. T. McNiel, of Richmond College, was unanimously awarded the medal. Mr. George Bagby, a former Richmond College student, represented the University of Virginia.

Leon—"It is said that once Josiah M., upon passing this College, remarked that he thought it was a lunatic asylum."

Jim—"Is that why he came here?"

M—"Will the negro ever be exterminated?"

H—"No, he is too strong."

As a progressive magazine, the MESSENGER has always stood well to the front, but this year it has capped the climax. In an issue of late date, it had a contribution from the pen of Moses on Abraham and the Fathers.

One of the most affable students of the College has singing mice to come up and make dull, heavy-laden hours light with their selections. This is no joke. Any one who doubts the statement can be assured of its truthfulness by the gentleman from Charlottesville.

On Saturday afternoon, May the 6th, at 3 o'clock, a mass-meeting of the two literary societies assembled in the Chapel to adopt appropriate resolutions and make preparations for the reception of Mr. J. W. T. McNiel, who won the orator's medal in the intercollegiate contest at Salem on the 5th. A band was to be secured and, with necessary conveyances, escort the champion from the train to the College. Owing to the limited time in which to make the preparations, it was found impossible to secure music, but the College yells which rent the air about Union Depot when Mr. McNiel arrived more than made up for its absence.

The Philologian Society tendered the "State Orator" a splendid reception upon his arrival at the College, and the delighted members kept up the festivities until the approach of day, when they retired to dream of the high honor which one of their members had brought home.



The athletic world of Richmond College has been particularly interested in two topics for the past few weeks—Base-ball and Field-day, and as the base-ball season came and ended before Field-day, I shall treat that first.

Richmond College has every reason to be proud of her team this year. It was without doubt one of the best she has ever put in the field, as its record amply testifies. The prospects were not very bright for Capt. Bagby when the session opened; only four of the team of '98 had returned to College, but when the season closed on May 5th, with King behind the bat, Lambert, Gordon and Withers in the box, Bagby at S. S., Sanford on the first, W. S. McNeil second, Phillips on third, and Robinson, Powell, and Boston in the field, we had a team that had nothing to fear from any college club in the South.

The first game of the season was with William and Mary, whom we defeated by a score of 7 to 6. Lambert pitched.

Next we played Richmond. Score: Richmond 12, Richmond College 3.

Yale Law School was the next we met, and they defeated us in a poorly played game by a score of 4 to 2. Gordon pitched.

We met Randolph-Macon next, and won by a score of 21 to 0.

The best work done by the team was on their Southwest Virginia trip. In four days they met and defeated five teams, which are among the best of the State.

On April 12th they crossed bats with Hampden-Sidney, and won by a score of 7 to 0. Only one hit was made off Lambert, while ten were made off Cole, Hampden-Sidney's "great twirler."

St. Albans also suffered defeat at the hands of the "Spiders" on the next day. The score being,

					R.	H.
Richmond College,	-	-	-	-	9	5
St. Albans,	-	-	-	-	6	4

Gordon pitched a splendid game, but errors at critical moments were the cause of so many runs made by the opposing team.

I understand that this is only the second time in the history of that institution her team has been defeated on her own grounds.

On the following day they met Blacksburg and led them in camp to the tune of 12 to 5. Lambert pitched well, and had good support.

The next morning Alleghany Institute was defeated by a score of 17 to 9.

The greatest game of the trip was with Roanoke College, played on the evening of the same day. Our boys had their "batting-clothes" on, and hit Weddington freely and at opportune times. Withers pitched for us, and it is to him that most of the credit belongs. Only four hits were secured off his delivery. The team as a whole played the prettiest game of the season, not making a single error. Score:

					R.	H.
Richmond College,	-	-	-	-	12	11
Roanoke College,	-	-	-	-	1	4

The first game after the return home was with Harvard, who defeated us in a well played game by a score of 10 to 5.

University of Maryland came next. Score: Maryland 14. Richmond College 4.

The last games of the season were with Blacksburg, who went down twice before the "Spiders," once by a score of 3 to 7, and a second time, 4 to 8.

Too much cannot be said of the splendid work of King behind the bat, Bagby at short, the beautiful throwing and all-around work of Phillips at third, the batting of Powell, and, in fact, the team work as a whole.

At a meeting of the team of '99 a few days ago, Mr. S. S. Robinson was elected captain for next year. We feel sure that they have made the best possible choice, and that under his direction the team of '00 will be even better than the one of '99.

FIELD-DAY. Our annual Field-day occurred on May 12th. We could not have wished for a more ideal day. The balmy sun overhead, the green grass under foot, the bright colors and smiling faces all around were enough to spur every man to do his best, and to make those looking on enjoy seeing him do his best.

The program began promptly at 9 A. M., with tennis singles. Mr. Fred. Gochnauer won the first prize, and Mr. E. S. Ligon, the second.

Messrs. A P. Bagby and J. W. T. McNiel were successful in tennis doubles.

In the gymnasium drill, Lankford won the first prize and Pollard the second.

Bagby won the 100 yards dash in 11 seconds, with Ellyson a close second.

The running high jump was won by Whitehead, who made 5 feet. C. P. Jones came second.

The hurdle race of 120 yards was won by Ellyson in 18 1-5 seconds. Bagby second.

McConnell won the pole vault, going up 9 feet $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.

Graves and McConnell ran fastest in the three-legged race, making 100 yards in 15 1-5 seconds.

In standing broad jump, Carney made 9 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, while Whitehead came second with 9 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Ellyson won in the quarter-mile race, making it in 58 4-5 seconds. Bagby second.

The shoe race was won by Lee.

Graves made the highest kick, which was 7 feet 5 inches.

In the running broad jump, Whitehead established a record for the College of 18 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Bagby came second with 15 feet 9 inches.

The game of basket-ball was won by the Invincibles, who defeated the Olympias by a score of 8 to 0.

Ellyson won the half-mile run in 2 minutes 26½ seconds. Lankford second.

McConnell won the potato race in 40 seconds.

Throwing base-ball came next. Lambert won with 102 yards. Bagby second.

Bagby and McConnell won the hump-back race in 16 4-5 seconds.

Lankford won the mile run in 5 minutes 28 seconds. Yoder second.

In the bicycle tournament McConnell secured the most rings, and Spencer next.

Wright won the consolation race in 11 3-5 seconds.

A. B. Bagby won the all-round medal, having secured 130 points out of a possible 180.

A bunch of roses was given to Mr. Henry Hotchkiss for escorting the prettiest young lady, and one to Mr. Bagby for being the most popular contestant.

Every one had a good time, and the day was considered by all a complete success.

On Monday, May 15th, the following officers were elected by the Athletic Association to serve for next year:

Prof. E. M. Long, president; Mr. A. D. Jones, vice-president; Mr. B. W. Tabb, treasurer; Mr. R. M. Pollard, secretary, and Mr. W. M. Whitehead, manager of the base-ball team.

FOOT-BALL. Now that our base-ball season has closed, it is time to be thinking of our prospects for a good '99 foot-ball team.

Mr. A. D. Jones has been elected manager, and is making great efforts to arrange a nice schedule. We have been making rapid strides in foot-ball during the last few years, and there is no reason why we should not continue to do so, and make next year's team the best in the history of the College. Captain Stone says: "The prospects for the approaching season

are unusually bright. Let every student in College make up his mind that we must have a good team, and lend his assistance in making it such. Manager Jones and I are unable to get out a representative club without the hearty co-operation of the student body. When (in a few days) a notice is posted for applications to be handed in, do so promptly and show your interest. I will be back at College promptly in September, and begin practicing at once so as to get the boys in condition as early as possible. As our College opens rather late in September we must get to work promptly, or else be handicapped all the season."



EXCHANGE DEPARTMENTS

In taking up the pen of the Exchange Editor we do not deem it our duty, nor have we a desire, to do nothing but present harsh criticism. One looking for defects only will find our college magazines a fruitful field. But they have excellencies also. Surely the exchange editor of the *Tennessee University Magazine* was not himself when he wrote for the April number. His criticisms are the most inconsistent and dogmatical we have ever read. He says: "College life is to teach men to form high ideals, not to be cynical," etc. If we grant this to be true, then his college course has been a complete failure. More cynicism than he has portrayed in a brief space is scarcely imaginable. And even with his opinions to the contrary, we believe a college student should write on any subject toward which those "high ideals" direct him, even though it be in the "arena of politics." And although the War Department has not yet consented "to conduct its affairs by the advice of a college student," may not the college student set forth his opinions? The college is no "kindergarten." Neither is it necessary for a man to become gray before he has opinions of his own.

The other departments of the *Tennessee Magazine* are well represented, and especially worthy of mention are "Cozette" and "A Senior's Boat Ride."

"Some Charms of Kipling," in the *West Virginia Magazine*, shows thorough appreciation of its subject by the author. "The Book of Job," in same number, was read with much interest.

The *Emory Phoenix* has one of the best literary departments of the month. While "The Merciful Injustice," in *Wellesley Magazine*, is one of the best short stories we have seen recently.

Once a freshman was cast on an African shore,
 Where a cannibal monarch held sway;
 And they served up that freshman in slices on toast
 On the eve of that very same day.
 But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
 And before the next morning was seen
 By cholera-morbus that tribe was attacked,
 For that freshman was terribly green.

—*Ex.*

A SHY LITTLE MAID.

A love-lorn lad wooed a coy maid once,
 All of a summer's day he plead;
 Oft he spoke of the bonds of love—the dunce!
 And she shyly shook her head.

When from his heart hope had almost fled,
 He spoke of the bonds he had in town,
 Still the shy little maiden shook her head,
 But she shook it up and down.

—*Ex.*

A NEW BEATITUDE.

Blessed are the peace-makers,
 For they shall obtain land,
 Was Uncle Samuel's doctrine
 When he took the war in hand.

We made peace and got Cuba,
 With all the Maine was worth.
 Let's keep on making peace like this
 Until we get the earth.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

Why are the stars in the sky like the Stars and Stripes?
 Because no nation under the sun can pull them down.

—*Ex.*

The sword-swallower swallowed an auger,
 And moaned with his dying breath,
 "I do not regret that I'm dying,
 But I do being bored to death."

—*Ex.*

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