

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

---

Volume 26  
Number 2 *The Messenger*, Vol. 26, No. 2 and 3

---

Article 1

11-1899

## The Messenger, Vol. 26, No. 2 and 3

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

(1899) "The Messenger, Vol. 26, No. 2 and 3," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 26 : No. 2 , Article 1.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol26/iss2/1>

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger (archival - 1870-) by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact [scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu](mailto:scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu).

1899

243



# The essenger.

## Richmond College.

### Christmas



### 1899

PUBLISHED  
BY THE  
MU·SIGMA  
RHO·AND  
PHILOLOGIAN  
LITERARY·  
SOCIETIES





Standard Pianos for over Forty Years.

---

**CHASE BROS. HACKLEY** **PIANOS**

***CHASE-HACKLEY PIANO CO.,***

**CHAS. B. BRANNER, Manager,**

603 East Broad Street, - RICHMOND, VA.

---

**WARE & DUKE,**

New 'Phone

**221.**



***Printers,***

---

1208 East Main Street, RICHMOND, VA.

---

We print this Magazine, as well as all other classes  
of work in our line. Give us a call.

---

**College Books!**    ❀    **College Supplies!**

**Teachers' Bibles!**

**Writing Papers!**    ❀    **Pocket Books!**

**Fountain Pens from \$1 to \$5.**

**HUNTER & CO.,**

629 East Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.



DISCOUNT OF TEN PER CENT. TO STUDENTS FOR CASH.

**J. R. Sheppard,** CORNER OF  
FOURTH and  
BROAD STREETS,

DEALER IN

**CLOTHING**

**HATS and FURNISHING GOODS.**

STRICTLY ONE PRICE. . . . .

STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME.

**DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE.**

Salesmen: H. C. SHEPPARD, G. C. POINDEXTER,  
J. J. MITCHELL, L. N. MORECOCK,  
J. B. MULLAN.

L. B. SAMUELS.

Old 'Phone 1519.

J. P. CLARKE.

**CLEANING, PRESSING, DYEING, AND REPAIRING.**

**Le Mode Dressing Club,**

**202 North Fifth Street,**

**Work and Prices Guaranteed.**

**RICHMOND, VA.**

**SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS. CLUB RATES, \$1.50 A MONTH.**

All Goods Called for and Delivered Free of Charge.



# Fine Goods AT POPULAR PRICES

Diamonds, Watches, . . .

Jewelry, Sterling Silverware,

Novelties in Gold and Silver.

---

## OUR MEDAL WORK IS THE BEST !

---

Ask for our Fall Catalogue.

It will Pay You ! 

---

## C. LUMSDEN & SON,

731 Main Street, Richmond, Va.





# Southern Railway.

*The Famous Through Car Line Between*

New York, Washington, Virginia Points, the South and Southwest.

**PEERLESS SERVICE. SERVICE UNEQUALLED.**

*Operating the Most Luxurious and Handsomely-Appointed Trains, composed of Pullman's Most Modern and Elegant Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, and Southern Railway Dining Cars—viz.:*

**THE WASHINGTON AND SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED**—Daily between New York, Washington, Virginia Points, Florida, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga, and Nashville.

**THE UNITED STATES FAST MAIL**—Daily between New York, Washington, Virginia Points, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga, and Nashville, Asheville, "Land of the Sky," Augusta, Aiken, and all Florida and California Points.

Students to and from Richmond College will please see that their tickets read via Southern Railway.

The short line to Aiken, Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville, Nassau, N. P., Jekyll Islands, operating the New York and Florida Express daily between New York, Washington, Virginia Cities, Jacksonville, and all Florida Points.

**THE FLORIDA LIMITED**—A magnificent palatial train, operated in Winter Season between New York, Washington, and St. Augustine, Fla.

## CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

Through Tourist Cars operated tri-weekly between Washington and San Francisco, via Atlanta, New Orleans, and El Paso.

For detailed information, apply to any agent Southern Railway.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.  
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent,  
Washington, D. C.

C. W. WESTBURY, T. P. A.,  
Southern Railway,  
920 E. Main Street,  
Richmond, Va.

## E. ST. CLAIR WATSON,

—DEALER IN—

## Photographic • Supplies,

KODAKS AND KODAK SPECIALTIES,

216 North Fifth Street,

One Door from  
BROAD STREET.

RICHMOND, VA.

## THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

## Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, and Hats

IN THE CITY.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

## A. GREENTREE,

Remember the No.  
709 E. Broad Street,

Between Seventh and Eighth, - RICHMOND, VA.



# SYDNOR & HUNDLEY, Furniture,

711-713 East Broad Street,  
**RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.**

Ten Per Cent. Cash Discount to Students.

W. S. PILCHER.

W. S. PILCHER,

R. F. GASKINS.

**Coal, Wood, and Coke,**

*Marshall and Bowe Sts., RICHMOND, VA.*

**QUALITY, WEIGHT, AND PRICES GUARANTEED.**

Old 'Phone 330.

New 'Phone 780.

One block directly north of College.

O. W. ANDERTON, College Representative.

## **The Eclipse Laundry,**

**GORDON, TILLER & CO.**

New 'Phone 590.

Old 'Phone 418.

1207 West Main Street, RICHMOND, VA.

JOHN H. WILTSHIRE, College Representative.

## **THE ELITE PRESSING CLUB,**

601 E. Broad Street (Rear).

Gents' Suits Scoured and Pressed,	-	74 Cents.
Gents' Suits Cleaned and Pressed,	-	50 "
Gents' Pants Scoured and Pressed,	-	35 "
Ladies' Suits Cleaned and Pressed,	-	65 "
Ladies' Skirts Cleaned and Pressed,	-	35 "

Old 'Phone 1276.

CLUB MEMBERSHIP, \$1.50 Per Month.

## **Gates' Shoe Repairing Co.,**

**D. S. CATES, Manager,**

*527 W. Broad Street, near Cor. Belvidere Street.*

**Highest Grade Shoe Repairing.**

**GOODS SENT FOR AND DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.**



# **"EWIG," Tailor,**

Late Shafer's,

**729 EAST MAIN STREET.**

**Young Men's Department Suits, \$20.00.**

---

**GO TO CHAS. J. SHUMAN**

—FOR—

**TRUNKS AND SHOES,**

**123 East Broad Street, (Corner Second).**

---

**J. W. FERGUSSON & SON,**  
**..PRINTERS..**

**WE PRINT EVERYTHING—** **Nothing Too Large.**  
**Nothing Too Small.**

**4, 6, and 8 N. Fourteenth Street, RICHMOND, VA.**

---

**MANN & BROWN, Florists,**

**No. 5 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Va.**

**Old 'Phone 352. New 'Phone 914.**

**Cut Flowers, Designs & College Decorations.**

---

**Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company**

**Organized  
1832.**

**OF RICHMOND.**

**WM. H. PALMER, PRESIDENT.**

**WM. H. McCARTHY, SECRETARY.**

Issues a short, comprehensive policy, free  
of petty restrictions, and liberal in its  
terms and conditions. Agents in  
every town and county. Cor-  
respondence solicited.

---

**TAYLOR & BROWN,**

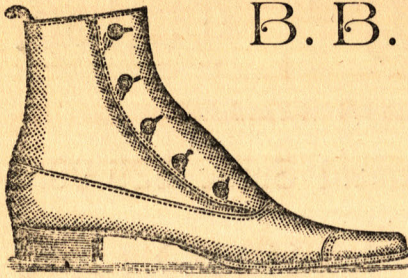
—DEALERS IN—

**Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes,**

**918 EAST MAIN STREET.**

**Our Calf Shoes at \$3.00 a Specialty.**





# B. B. BOWLES

305 East Broad Street,

DEALER IN

Fine Shoes,

Trunks, Satchels,

Etc. . .

**Salesman—J. FLOYD HUXTER.**

CHARLES R. WINSTON, President.  
PETER WINSTON, Treasurer.  
HILL MONTAGUE, Secretary.

'Phones :—**New, 1740.  
Old, 323.**

## WINSTON ELECTRIC CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, Electrical Contractors,

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS,

6 North Ninth Street, - - RICHMOND, VA.

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

MISS REYNOLDS.

MRS. EBY.

## REYNOLDS & EBY, FLORISTS,

22 N. Ninth Street, - RICHMOND, VA.

OLD 'PHONE 1084.

NEW 'PHONE 1242.

## ANDREW G. BRIGGS, Pharmacist

**PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.**

Agents for WHITMAN'S BOX CANDIES AND GIBSON'S FRUIT TABLETS.

*Always in Stock a Fine Line of Stationery and Toilet Articles.*

204 HOWITZER PLACE.

## SPARKS' LAUREL MARKET, Select Family Grocery,

Fresh and Salted Meats, Vegetables, Butter, Eggs, and Canned Goods,

FISH, OYSTERS, AND GAME IN SEASON.

New 'Phone 766. Old 'Phone 425.

822-824 West Broad Street.



# Notice! If You Want the Best Plumbing, Tinning, Gas-Fitting,

Culverting, Furnaces, Ranges, Fire-Place Heaters,  
Gas Stoves, and Gas Radiators in the City, see

16 Governor  
Street.

## Dalton & Chappell.

---

### SCHOOL BOOKS! TO GET THE BEST YOU NEED TO INVESTIGATE.

Almost Every School-Book Publisher claims to have the best text-books. Intelligent and discriminating teachers, however, have a well-founded idea that they are the best judges as to the books that suit their requirements. There are several points on which a very large number of teachers are pretty well agreed. First, that Johnson's Readers, Lee's School Histories, Smith's Writing Books, Thomas's Written Spelling Blanks, and other new text-books published by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., of Richmond, are proving exceedingly satisfactory, and come nearer reaching a high standard of perfection than any books offered heretofore. Are you open to conviction? We invite a searching investigation. Catalogue and full particulars will be sent on application. A postal request is all that is necessary. Address

*B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING CO., 901-903-905 E. Main St., Richmond.*

---

### THE COLLEGE BARBER SHOP. . . .

WANTED—Everybody to know that the only up-town place where they can get a First-Class HAIR-CUT for 15 Cents and SHAVE for 10 cents, is at

White Barbers to  
wait on you.

. . . JOHN H. FELDNER'S,  
316 West Broad Street.

---

### A. GREENEWALD, & Druggist

500 and 502 W. Broad Street, Corner Henry.

The Best Line of Goods on hand at all times. Prices Low.  
Your patronage solicited, and orders delivered at  
College promptly without extra charge.

**DISCOUNT TO RICHMOND COLLEGE STUDENTS.**

---

### Virginia Navigation Co.

JAMES RIVER DAY LINE between  
RICHMOND, NORFOLK, NEWPORT  
NEWS, OLD POINT COMFORT.

Highest River in America in Colonial and War Scenery.  
The Fast and Elegant Saloon Steamer "Pocahontas."

Leave Richmond Monday, Wednesday,  
and Friday, 7:00 a. m.; Petersburg,  
8:00 a. m. Arriving at Old Point  
Comfort, 4:30 p. m.; Norfolk, 5:30 p. m.  
Leave Norfolk Tuesday, Thursday, and  
Saturday, 7:00 a. m.; Old Point Com-  
fort, 8:00 a. m. Arriving at Peters-  
burg, 3:00 p. m.; Richmond, 5:30 p. m.

Fare One Way, \$1.50; Round Trip, \$2.50; Second Class, \$1.

IRVIN WEISIGER, General Manager, Richmond, Virginia.

---

## Dr. Chas. A. Mercer,

### Dentist,

New 'Phone 733.

305 E. Main St., Richmond, Va.



WE FEEL THAT WE HAVE A  
**SPECIAL INTEREST**

in the PROFESSORS and STUDENTS of  
Richmond College. We feel it our duty, as  
LEADERS IN OUTFITTING, to supply  
them with the most serviceable and best in  
wearing apparel, at LOWER PRICES than  
obtainable elsewhere. We've suited this  
feeling to the action, and offer you your

**Fall and Winter Outfit,**

from head to foot, at lower figures than  
were ever quoted you, and allow you TEN  
PER CENT. DISCOUNT off those prices.  
We shall expect you all in. . . . .

**O. H. BERRY & CO.,** MAIN AND ELEVENTH  
STREETS.

---

**L. FELLHEIMER,**  
Strictly **CLOTHIER,**  
One-Price

**HATTER AND GENTS' FURNISHER,**

*225 E. Broad Street, Corner Third,*

A Special Discount of TEN PER CENT.  
to College Students.

*RICHMOND, VA.*

---

**THE BEST-MADE CLOTHING, THE BEST-WEARING CLOTHING,**  
**THE BEST-FITTING CLOTHING, at the Lowest Prices, at**

**BURK'S CLOTHING HOUSE,**

Being Manufacturers, we save all intermediate or Jobbers' Profits.  
It's worth saving, too. We would be pleased to show you through  
our stock. We know it will please you. TRY US!

**Burk's Clothing House, Clothiers, Hatters, Furnishers,**  
**1003 EAST MAIN STREET.**



# Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXVI.

NOV.-DEC., 1899.

Nos. 2 AND 3.

Editor-in-Chief,  
JAMES D. GWALTNEY.

Associate Editors.

## LITERARY.

T. R. SANFORD, *Philologist*.

G. T. LUMPKIN, *Mu Sigma Rho*.

## COLLEGIANA.

J. L. HART, *Philologist*.

N. F. ALLEN, *Mu Sigma Rho*.

## ATHLETICS.

A. A. YODER, *Philologist*.

## EXCHANGES.

R. N. POLLARD, *Mu Sigma Rho*.

## LAW DEPARTMENT.

N. H. GRIFFITH.

Business Managers.

WILLIAM SMITH, *Philologist*.

G. T. LUMPKIN, *Ass't, Mu Sigma Rho*.

## CONTENTS:

### LITERARY.

Benjamin's Battle.....	45
A Bride of the North.....	50
The Problem of Problems.....	59
The Reality of Life.....	64
The "Settlement Idea".....	67
A Description!.....	71
Sophocles.....	73
Some Facts as to Our Progress..	80
Hopkins Letter.....	81
James Howard Gore, '77.....	83
A Georgia Tragedy.....	85
I Think of Thee.....	90
A Reverie.....	91
There is One.....	92

### EDITORIAL.

Christmas Number.....	93
America's Need of Trained Diplomats.....	93
A Letter from an Alumnus in Germany.....	96

### COLLEGIANA.

What I Am Going to Do Christmas.....	105
--------------------------------------	-----

### ATHLETICS.

Foot-Ball.....	111
Base-Ball.....	111
Gymnasium.....	111
Tennis.....	112
Basket Ball.....	112

### EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The Editor's Problem.....	114
Visitation.....	115

### LAW DEPARTMENT.

Salutation.....	116
The Law School.....	116
The Study of Law.....	118
His Wit Saved Him.....	119



# COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

---

---

## LITERARY SOCIETIES.

---

### PHILOLOGIAN.

President.....JAS. D. GWALTNEY.  
Vice-President...W. M. CRUMPLER.  
Secretary.....W. W. GORDON.  
Treasurer.....M. O. SOWERS.

### MU SIGMA RHO.

President.....A. D. JONES.  
Vice-President.....P. P. DEANS.  
Secretary.....J. P. McCABE.  
Treasurer.....C. H. DUNAWAY.

---

### GLEE CLUB.

Director.....PROF. J. R. HUNTER.  
President.....J. P. SCRUGGS.  
Librarian.....S. T. MATTHEWS.

### Y. M. C. A.

President.....S. M. SOWELL.  
Vice-President...J. W. SHEPHERD.  
Secretary.....A. C. HARLOWE.  
Treasurer.....J. P. McCABE.

---

## GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President.....PROF. E. M. LONG.  
Vice-President.....A. D. JONES.  
Secretary.....R. N. POLLARD.  
Treasurer.....B. W. TABB.

### FOOT-BALL DEPARTMENT.

Manager.....A. D. JONES.  
Captain.....S. M. STONE.  
Trainer.....JULIEN HILL.

---

## TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

President.....W. S. BOATWRIGHT.  
Vice-President.....  
Secretary.....T. B. SPENCER.  
Treasurer.....H. M. TAYLOR



# Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXVI.

NOV.-DEC., 1899.

Nos. 2 AND 3.

## Benjamin's Battle.

*(Continued from October No.)*

JUST then there was a loud tap at the door. It was the servant, come to tell Mr. Ginsberg that his sister was waiting for him on the veranda, and asking him to come out immediately.

"Father has suffered another stroke, and is dying," she said as soon as she saw him. The sad news, broken to him so suddenly, staggered him, but in a few moments he gathered his thoughts, and, quickly saying to his sister, "Hasten home to mother, and I will hurry to the doctor and bring him with me," he rushed down the street. In a few minutes Benjamin entered his gloomy home with the doctor, who, after closely examining the father, sadly shook his head, saying: "He may live yet a few days, but is past recovery."

I shall not attempt to paint the picture of that little group near the bed-side, all eagerly and imploringly looking into the face of the physician, hoping to catch some gleam of hope from his eyes. Let the masters undertake it and do it justice, if they can.

Slowly and sadly the hours crept along, plunging one after another into the mysterious ocean of eternity, until now it was night again. 'Twas Friday night, the happiest of all the week, for on that night every pious Jew casts from himself the burdens and toils of six weary days, attires himself in his best apparel, and with song and prayer welcomes in the bride



Sabbath. The lighted candles, symbolizing light and happiness, were on the centre of the table, and at the head of it were the twisted loaves; but the father could no more offer over them the accustomed blessing to the God that bringeth forth bread from the soil. This night the duty devolved on Benjamin, who, with tearful eyes and choked voice, performed the beautiful rite.

After supper was over and grace had been chanted (in which the father still led), the old man began conversing with his son. "You see, Bennie," he said; "I shall soon depart from this world and be gathered unto my fathers. In your care I leave your mother and sisters, and I delight in thinking what help, what joy, and consolation you will be to them. But of one thing especially do I wish to speak to you, and that is of your marriage. A shadchan [matrimonial agent] has been here and proposed Rabbi Siev's daughter as a wife for you. Now, I wish to tell you that your mother and myself will feel greatly honored to be connected with the family of Rabbi Siev, and your sisters will thereby be greatly aided in procuring suitable husbands for themselves. Hence, if it be pleasing to you, my son, I would ask that the marriage take place immediately, that I, too, may share in the joy and bestow upon you both a dying father's blessing."

Benjamin was dumb-stricken! The blow was terrible, as it was unexpected. But, with remarkable composure, he replied, "I shall think it over during the night, and give you answer in the morning." Once in his room Benjamin underwent a terrible mental conflict in trying to determine what course to pursue. Shall he deal the cruel death-blow to his dearly-beloved dying father by telling him that his heart belongs to another—to a Christian!—or shall he, with one mad sweep, wipe out all that makes life dear to him and renounce his consuming love—his own dear Irene? "And why," he asked himself, "should she be so hateful to my parents? Simply because she is a Christian? Oh, Heaven!



will we never reach that state when man will cease to scorn his brother with deadly hate because he interprets Isaiah differently from him? Are not the two religions as nearly the same as they can possibly be without being identically the same? Why, then, should there be such a wide gulf between the two races? Why should we treat each other as beings of a lower order? Because of this slight religious difference? Shame! Are we not all human beings, all children of a common ancestry, all—Jews as well as Christians, Christians as well as Jews—made in the image of the Creator? 'Tis the height of folly; 'tis against the will and intent of the good and loving God to bear such hatred to each other. But who is to blame? The Jew. I say it boldly, the Jew is to blame. It is that same moroseness, that same stubbornness, of which Moses complained, that has ever been the curse of Israel. I glory in the fact that our *whole nation* is equal, if not superior, to the *handful* of picked men at Thermopylæ in courage, fidelity, and endurance; that for centuries upon centuries we have kept the millions of our foes at bay. But now, when these foes have become our friends, when hatred is converting itself into love, hisses into applause, why are we so stubborn, so sullen, as to endeavor to retard this movement rather than hasten it? Impossible? Not at all. We are as a few million grains of sand scattered over all the sea-shore, and it is vain for us to hope that the world will take up *our* ideas, customs, laws, &c. We are overwhelmingly in the minority, and hence it is much easier, and more possible, for us to adopt *their* ideas, customs, and laws, especially since we see of what superior order they are. Perhaps we are the yeast of humanity, which, left alone, is of comparatively little worth, but, if it be mixed with the dough of humanity, will raise it to its highest height, and, after passing through the oven of time and experience, will come out a loaf both pleasing to the eye and delicious to the taste of the Maker."

Thus, until 2 A. M., Benjamin lay awake, meditating and



battling with himself, without reaching a conclusion. 'Twas a strife between love and duty!

Next morning the father, refreshed with a good night's sleep, began, as soon as Benjamin had finished his breakfast, as follows: "Well, Bennie, what did you decide to do last night?"

"I thought over it a good deal," answered Bennie, "and I decided not to marry immediately, at least."

"May I ask why?" replied the father.

"Partly because I do not know the young lady, and partly for another reason, which 'twere better not to disclose," answered Bennie.

"To the first reason I will answer that your parents know her and her family, and that should be sufficient," replied the father, "and to your second reason I will ask, is it true, what was told me (but I would not believe it), that you are in love?"

"It is."

"And with a shiksy?"

"No, not a shiksy, father; but with a girl as sweet and noble and pure as any in Israel. Not with a 'shiksy,' father, but with my benefactor's daughter. I have done what Moses did three thousand years ago."

"Shiksy," dear reader, is an indefinable word. It may be applied to all girls not belonging to the Jewish race. It is one of those words in which the accumulated wrath of centuries of persecution, the gall and bitterness as of the waters of Marah, and the venom of two thousand years are poured.

"Link not your deeds with those of our prophet Moses. Would that you had but a small fraction of his holiness and virtue. You would then not be torturing your father on his death-bed. Besides, from all appearances, even *his* married life was not the happiest. And what have you heard of his sons? See what offices Aaron's sons held; with what were Moses' sons honored? Think of the offspring of such an union. What will your children be?"



Before Benjamin could reply to this last remark the door-bell rang, and a moment after Mr. Ellsworth entered.

"Mr. Ellsworth, father," said Benjamin, introducing him.

"You are a God-send, sir, and I am delighted to meet you," cried the old man. "It is to you alone on earth I look for help; you alone of men can alleviate the pangs of a dying father. Excuse me, sir, for not permitting you to speak, but I will not be interrupted until I have told you all. My son has fallen in love with your daughter, and contemplates marrying her. Sir, I oppose it with all the strength that is in me, and I hope you do likewise. Promise me, sir, that you will not allow him to enter your home again, nor assent to his marrying your daughter. Let your daughter choose from the host of excellent young Christian men, and my son from the daughters of Israel. Let us but part them now; time will heal their wounds. Promise me, good sir; promise me."

"Mr. Ginsberg," replied Mr. Ellsworth, "your wishes are mine, and I do, in your presence, forbid your son Benjamin to come to my home again."

"Blessings on thee!" cried Mr. Ginsberg. "May you and your wife live to realize all that you hope of your daughter; may she marry happily, and live a long and useful life." With this Mr. Ellsworth departed, and Benjamin retired to his room.

Tuesday night Mr. Ginsberg breathed his last. After a week's mourning Benjamin went out to seek employment, which he soon found in a large dry goods store. He toiled ceaselessly to support his mother and sisters, and they in their turn tried to make him happy and cheerful, as he was wont to be; but no—he would not be comforted. Two months thus passed, and never was a smile to be seen on his face. But at the end of that time one afternoon he came home mirthful, and, try as he would, he could not conceal his joy. The cause of it was (as is now known) he had learned of Irene's whereabouts, for she had been sent away to some boarding-school



in Georgia. He began corresponding with her, and late in August there appeared the following notice in the Winston (N. C.) *Courier*:

“Mr. Benjamin Ginsberg and Miss Irene Ellsworth, both of Charleston, S. C., were married this morning in the parlor of Rev. H. C. Glazebrook.”

And thus the battle ended.

JOSIAH MOSES.

---

## A Bride of the North.

---

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

**WE** were still lying-to, amid the great ice-fields. On every side stretched the almost unbroken plain. By climbing up into the fore-top, away to the southwest I could see a faint strip of blue ocean, but even this was being rapidly blocked by a huge floe approaching from the southeast. Some distance away, to the east, rose the snow-covered mountains of Greenland, glittering in the rays of the fast sinking sun and magnificent in the splendor of their solitary grandeur.

The long northern night was swiftly approaching, for, in a week at the outside, the sun would go down behind the great ice plains, and darkness would reign over the northern sea for the next six months.

The wind still held from the south, and as long as it did so I knew that it would be impossible for the yacht to work her way towards the southern ocean. This southerly wind had been blowing for a week or more, and the ice-field had grown to such an enormous proportion that it would have taken a stiff gale from the north several days to have broken it up sufficiently for us to escape.

The floes had already lifted our stout little bark partly out of the water—in fact, the bow of the “North Star” was clear, and this, together with her decided list to port, made



it extremely disagreeable for us all. However, Captain Weston said that, if the wind continued from the south, in a short while she would be entirely out of the water and would rest upon an even keel. I prayed that this might be the case, for it was clear to all by this time that we would be compelled to spend the winter in these cold seas, and we wanted to be as comfortably fixed as possible.

For the next few days the wind continued strong from the south, and even the most hopeful finally gave up in despair. By this time the "North Star" had been forced completely out of the water, and, thanks to her peculiar shape and the stout supports which had been placed around her, she was resting upon an even keel.

Captain Weston afterwards told me that he had built his yacht (if I may so call her) with an idea of just such an emergency as this, and that on four former voyages, when he had been compelled to winter in the Arctic regions, she had successfully stood the tests. In each instance, instead of being crushed by the grinding ice, she had been lifted by it, uninjured, and ready at any moment to continue her voyage.

The sun was rapidly nearing the horizon now, and would sink on the following day, so Captain Weston said.

"Don't look so blue," he remarked to me, with a laugh. "The magnificence of the sun-set to-morrow will amply repay us for all our hardships. Look at those mountains yonder and those great icebergs, all golden and glittering white against the sky! Can there be anything more beautiful?"

The scene was truly grand and awful, and a feeling of utter weakness and loneliness took possession of me, as I saw our little vessel hemmed in between the great ice-fields. On the east great mountains raised their snow-crowned summits to the heavens, while in all other directions the same dreary, unbroken plains extended, until their whiteness blended with the ruddy glow of the sun-set sky.

The rest of the day was spent in getting things all ship-



shape and secure. Extra supports were placed around the "North Star," to prevent her rolling in case of high wind. As it afterwards turned out, it was well that the Captain took these extra precautions.

When I went on deck the next morning I found it extremely cloudy; a light wind blew from the northeast, and small snow-squalls occurred off and on during the forenoon. A little after noon, however, the wind shifted, and the weather cleared off (much to my delight), for I had a great desire to witness such a glorious scene as Captain Weston had described to me. The sailors, too, were glad, for they considered it an ill omen if the sun went down behind heavy clouds.

A little before the time all hands crowded on deck to take a last, long look at the great glowing orb, which was so soon to disappear. The cold was intense, but I climbed up into the fore-top, and, securing myself there as firmly as possible, awaited the great event.

It was indeed a scene too grand and beautiful for description, and might have been the fantastic dream of some visionary painter, whose imagination soared among heights sublime and far beyond the boundaries of human skill and daring.

Above, the sky gleamed a deep and lovely blue, while clouds of palest pink, deepening to brilliant red, flitted slowly across the great expanse. The summit of the large ice peak away to the north of us was crowned with a ring of vapor, which showed all the brilliant colors of the rainbow, while from this crown of gorgeous beauty projected the majestic head of the berg, glistening and sparkling like myriads of diamonds under the brilliant rays of the fast dying sun.

All the mountains around were dyed in the same deep crimson, and their hoary heads flashed back the same beautiful colors, as if in farewell greeting to the departing "king of day." The plains about, for miles and miles, reflected the light in lovely prismatic flashes of fire, as the vast floe rose and fell with the slight swell of the restless waters. A great



shaft of light falling from the upper edge of the glowing orb formed a wide and ever-increasing path of beauty across the broad expanse—a pathway which was a mass of scintillating flashes that alternated from fiery red to palest azure.

My brain reeled with excitement as my eyes drank in the glorious panorama, and my thoughts turned in reverence to the Lord of All, as I gazed and gazed in enraptured meditation on the sublime scene.

The sun was almost down now, and enthroned, as it were, like a dying though victorious monarch, on a great mass of purple and scarlet clouds, whose edges were lined with sheets of gold, that flashed like the vivid lightning. In the zenith the clouds were becoming darker, as if mourning the departure of the “god of light,” and contrasted strangely with the great waves of fire and brilliant hues which lit up the distant horizon.

Gradually the great streamers of light faded, and the scene took on a more sombre aspect. Then, with a parting benediction, as it seemed, the sun went down behind the ice-hills, and the reign of the night had commenced; though for a long while the sky was tinted a faint and tender rose pink, which gradually disappeared and gave way to the gray twilight of these high latitudes.

For some moments not a man of us spoke, when suddenly the entire crew, as if moved by some strange impulse, burst into song, and these old and familiar words echoed and re-echoed among those cold and silent cliffs:

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

The weather now grew very cold, and we seldom left the yacht. Time hung heavy on our hands, but the innumerable jokes and the hearty good humor of our Captain served to pass many a pleasant hour for us.



Things proceeded in this manner for nearly two months, and nothing unusual happened. Our hunting parties had little success upon their trips, but several exciting adventures, up and down the barren coast.

I had begun to hope we would spend the winter without a single severe storm, for we had not yet experienced any high winds at all; but my hope was doomed to disappointment.

A fresh wind, which had greatly moderated the temperature, had been blowing from south-southwest for several days; but one morning it suddenly shifted and commenced to blow a gale from the northeast. It gradually increased in strength, and in a few hours attained the violence of a hurricane. I was extremely anxious, for fear the floe would break, and that the vessel's sides would be driven in by jagged masses of floating ice.

Worn out and tired, I had turned in, and was sleeping soundly, in spite of the storm, when I was suddenly awakened by the most appalling crash I ever heard. The vessel was being tossed violently to and fro, and the roar of the storm, mingled with the creaking and the straining of the tackle, was frightful to hear. It was apparent that the floe had broken up, and that we were drifting on a great cake of ice, for the yacht was pitching with the waves and in rapid motion, yet there were no waves breaking against her sides.

The gale continued until next day about noon, when it rapidly died away and the sky cleared off.

When I went on deck I found that the floe had drifted a great distance, and finally jammed between two enormous icebergs; so there we were, imprisoned, while on either side of us rose the towering walls of ice.

The moon at this moment came from behind a cloud and rendered the scene as bright as day. Judge our surprise when we saw, barely a half-mile away, a large vessel, partly crushed and overturned upon the ice, her masts broken, and a huge rent in her sides. Not a sign of life was visible,



though I thought I could detect the barking of a dog. A rescue party was hurriedly formed, and, under the command of Captain Weston, we hastened over to the wreck.

Upon climbing on board we found the bodies of several sailors on the deck, but, stepping over them, we hastened on to the captain's cabin.

There we found the body of the commander, whose heart was still beating faintly. After forcing a little brandy between his clenched teeth, we bundled him up, and several men hastened him over to our vessel.

"He looks like an old friend of mine," said Captain Weston. "I've seen that face somewhere."

On entering the next room I was dumb-founded to find the insensible body of a fair young girl. With a cry of horror I sprang forward, and, lifting her arm, I was overjoyed to find her pulse beating strongly. We hurried her over to the "North Star," and, under the most careful treatment, she soon revived. "Papa, I am cold," were her first words, as she opened her eyes.

"But faith, ye're warm now," said honest old Pete McCabe, as he handed her a toddy; "swallow this, an' shure ye niver tasted the loikes of it. 'Twas made in ould Oireland."

Several hours elapsed before the father came to, and the young girl, under the influence of a narcotic, slept soundly all the while.

The wounded man finally revived, and, on inquiring for his daughter, was overjoyed to know that she was safe and uninjured. Captain Weston had a long talk with him, and emerged from the sick man's cabin with his jolly face wreathed in smiles. "I told you I knew him," he said to me. "Why, it's none other than old Silas Beverly, a school-mate of mine at Yale; and it's his daughter Hilda with him. God bless her pretty face!"

"And she—what is she doing up here?" I inquired.



"Just cruising with her father, when they got nipped while starting for the south, just as we did. The storm did the rest, my boy."

Miss Beverly was a charming conversationalist, and gave me a complete account of the storm and how she had sailed with her father, on all his voyages, since she was a child. Late that evening the dead sailors were buried by loving hands, and, after the chaplain had performed the solemn funeral ceremony, Miss Beverly stood by and, sobbing as she watched the shrouded forms sink beneath the cold waves, called each by his name.

"They were brave," she said, with a sigh; "they gave their lives for me."

The entire crew fairly idolized her, and her conquest of old Pete McCabe was complete. "Shure, Mister Cameron," said the old tar to me one day; "she's a foine lass, and I'm thinking there'll be a weddin' aboard, faith, sir"; and he turned away with a wink of his good-natured blue eyes.

She and I spent a great deal of our time together, either in making short excursions over the ice or reading our favorite authors to each other in the ship's library. In this way the weeks passed rapidly away, and we came to know and to understand one another as if we had been acquainted for years. The only thing that seemed to mar her happiness was her father's health, which appeared to be on the decline, but Hilda herself became more beautiful every day.

"Faith, ye're a queen," said old Pete to her one morning, and she blushed at the rough but sincere compliment.

Many and happy were the hours I spent with her, and little by little I came to realize each day that she was growing dearer and dearer to me. I could not bear to be away from her, and I think both her father and Captain Weston noticed it. One evening, as she was singing a quaint old Spanish love song for the captain, and her glorious voice was stirring new emotions in my soul, the knowledge came to me that I



loved her, and it came in a great flood that overwhelmed me completely. Once, as she lifted her star-like eyes to mine, she caught my burning gaze, and in that glance she read the secret of my heart, for with cheeks flushed and eyes downcast she finished her song.

I was in a delirium of delight and doubt. Did that tell-tale blush mean that she loved me, or—I dared not think. In the morning I would tell her of my love and lay my heart at her feet; it was her's, to do with as she would.

That night, when she told me good-night, her little hand trembled in my own, and I lifted it to my lips.

“Oh! don't, Mr. Cameron,” she cried, and, snatching her hand away with a half-offended and yet beseeching look in her eyes, she went to her cabin.

My brain was in a perfect whirl, and little did I sleep that night. My blood bounded through my veins in mad leaps, and my only thoughts were of Hilda. The next day at breakfast she was so quiet and reserved that I thought she was displeased, and, of course, I felt miserable. But when I caught her lovely eyes fixed upon me, with a look of yearning and of doubt in their liquid depths, I resolved, then and there, that I would speak to her at the first opportunity. That opportunity came sooner than I had expected.

Late that evening the brilliant colors of the aurora began to play in the northern sky, and the whole crew was on deck watching the magnificent spectacle.

“Where is Miss Beverly?” I asked the captain.

“In the main saloon,” he answered. “Go bring her up; I know she would enjoy it.”

I found her standing by one of the broad windows, where she had a splendid view of the flaming heavens. She did not hear me as I came in, and I paused for a moment to drink in her supernatural beauty. I had always thought she was beautiful, but never had she seemed so lovely, as when I saw her standing there, bathed in the crimson glow, her sweet face



upturned to the sky. Like an angel she looked, as she stood in the mellow light, with a halo of bright colors around her.

I approached her as if in a dream. "Hilda," I said, as I leaned over her shoulder; "Hilda." A long sigh escaped her as she turned her fair face to me, all wet with tears. Just then our hands met, and I drew her to me. "Hilda, my love," I whispered; "I love you, my darling; I love you."

She trembled and strove to release herself, but I held her tightly, and, feeling her heart throb against mine, as I looked into her great beautiful eyes, my soul went out to her in love.

"Hilda," I said hoarsely, "I love you dearly; answer me, sweetheart—say that you love me."

An age seemed to pass, and then, with a smile, she shyly lifted her lovely face to mine, and I kissed her. "Let me hear you say it, Hilda; tell me that you love me," I said.

"Love you, Lionel? I worship you," was her answer.

When we told Captain Weston and her father, both of the old sea-dogs solemnly said "Amen."

The days and weeks passed swiftly to us then, and soon the red tint in the southern sky heralded the return of the glorious sun.

"Only one more day," said Captain Weston, "and we'll see the sun."

The sailors were wild with joy, and capered about on the ice like wild men. Then the whole crew united in singing, "Home, Sweet Home."

That evening Captain Beverly seemed worse, and he called us to him.

"Children," he said; "I feel that I cannot live to see England again, and I want to see you two made one before I die. Can we not have a wedding at the sun-rise?"

"My queen?" I asked, looking at Hilda.

"It is with you, my lord," she answered, in her own sweet way. And so it was arranged.



On the following day, just before sun-rise, we all proceeded to the southern end of the iceberg, and climbed out upon a sort of miniature promontory.

The light clouds were growing redder and redder every minute, and all the peaks around were flashing greetings to the yet hidden luminary.

Then the upper limb of the sun appeared, and the ceremony was begun. The tones of the chaplain rang out distinctly on the icy stillness, and solemn and impressive was the scene. Just as the whole country about was being lighted up by the first bright rays, as the great burning orb rolled above the plain in all its magnificent splendor, and the bergs around were masses of changing color, in a perfect blaze of glory, we were made man and wife. We were happy—my Hilda and I.

---

### The Problem of Problems.

---

**D**URING the nineteenth century great revolutions in thought have been effected. The minds of the English-speaking people have been engrossed with weighty problems. Many of them have been met and solved; others have engaged the attention of the world's thinkers, who, in their discussions, have accumulated a vast amount of literature. Much light has been thrown upon apparently insolvable problems, yet they are far from being settled. In matters of sociology or economics, no school of thinkers can say, "We have the whole truth; you are engulfed in error." Truth cannot be confined within narrow limits. "Truth hideth, and the labor of discovery is great and the recompense scanty. Truth is a pure grace, but the understanding of truth is a grace of such character that it must be merited by labor."

The United States are to-day confronted by problems of a most intricate nature. Upon their solution depends, to a great extent, the future of the country. Like Banquo's ghost,



they will not down. They cannot be evaded, but must, in justice to ourselves, be met *vis-a-vis*. Unfortunately, the race question was not settled by the Civil War, but its gravity increases with the density of population among the negroes.

How to combat successfully that hydra-headed monster, the trust, is a vexed question. The free coinage of silver, which for several years past has commanded the attention of the American people, has, rightly or wrongly, been relegated to the rear. Many of those who plunged into the turmoil of controversy as to the advisability of radically changing the nation's system of finances now see issues of greater importance.

"The problem of problems" is national expansion; it is paramount to all others. Therefore an apology would be in order for even the most modest attempt to throw light upon it.

Political philosophy deals with few questions more complex than that of devising and carrying out an equitable system of territorial expansion. The great powers of Europe are dividing among themselves the vast area of Africa. It seems only a matter of a short time when China will fall a prey to the British lion and the Russian bear, and to other powers whose appetites for territory cannot be satisfied. The history of the sturdy, brave, and patriotic Boers is to-day being written in letters of blood. In order that the great enlightened empires may attach to their own realms a large share of the regions in dispute, and at the same time preserve peace among themselves, the science or art of diplomacy is being stretched to the utmost. But this tension cannot last always. When broken, grim war will follow as a natural consequence.

Within the past two years the United States, from a government existing by the consent of the governed, has become a power, whose prototype may be found in modern England. No parallel may be justly drawn between the principles upon which the two great English-speaking nations were founded.



The fathers of the American republic were descendants of those who refused to bend their necks to British tyranny, and who found an asylum in the New World. In the War of Independence worthy sons of worthy sires threw off the yoke of King George. Prior to the Spanish War, the government at London was war-like; the government at Washington was one of peace—the one was imbued with the spirit of imperialism; the other extended equal rights to all and special privileges to none. The dawn of the twentieth century finds an Anglo-American alliance in spirit, if not in letter. Our government adheres no longer to the principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence and in the Monroe Doctrine, but wages a war whose sole object is the conquest of territory, not in the New World, but in lands beyond the seas.

It would be the height of folly for us to worship at the shrines of the fathers of the Federal Constitution unless it is expedient to do so. Conservatism may be an evil. If the exigencies of the times demand that we cease to be controlled or even influenced by the principles that inspired the founders of the republic, then, holding the past as sacred, the struggle for national greatness should be begun anew. In the meantime the fundamental truths of our government should be adhered to with greater tenacity, until it can be proven that it is advisable to forego them.

When the weary seaman has been tossed about for many days in an angry sea he hails with delight the first lull in the storm, the first peeping of the sun through the clouds, in order that he may, to use a nautical expression, get his bearings, and thus discover to what extent the winds have driven him from his course. Where are we drifting? Our old ship of state is now launched upon a turbulent tide. The danger of being dashed to pieces upon the treacherous rocks of colonial conquest is great. Our course should be retraced. In this instance conservatism cannot be frowned upon; existing institutions should be maintained.



It is time to consider any schemes of colonization when our own resources shall have become exhausted, or when our density of population shall have become so great as to demand an increase of territory. No nation on the face of the globe can boast of such resources as can the United States. Our gold mines are inestimably rich; our coal mines inexhaustible. The bowels of Mother Earth contain billions of unpossessed wealth. The American forests will yield our timber for centuries to come. More productive soil cannot be found among enlightened countries. Our waters teem with untold wealth. The United States have no surplus population, for they are dotted with sparsely-settled communities.

It is an unwarranted statement that the nation's commercial interests will be greatly enhanced by the acquisition of foreign territory. "Trade follows the price-list, not the flag." The revenue from the newly-acquired possessions will be inadequate to maintain the army and navy required to hold the natives in subjection. The ethical idea in life should be more influential in determining human motives than the grasping money-making notion.

The question of good government has entered largely into the discussion of expansion. Granted that our system of polity is the most stable in existence, it does not follow that our form of government can be adapted to the needs of all conditions of mankind. It is labor wasted to make good laws for bad people, until the tyranny of the human heart has been subdued. Government fits the people whom it is intended to govern. It cannot rise above or fall in the most minute degree below them. A democracy cannot serve all men. A Malay can no more live under a republican form of government than can an Englishman dwell under an absolute monarchy. "The use of power develops power." Therefore, give the islanders the opportunity to exercise their God-given faculties and solve their own problems of government.

The argument that Christianity would have a more favor-



able ingress among the nations "lying in darkness and the shadow of death" by adopting a policy of expansion is of such stuff as dreams are made on. The Utopian visions of certain religious enthusiasts are flights of imagination. Christianity is essentially a religion of expansion. A church not making substantial progress is very apt to have entered upon its decline. A religion can no more retain its vitality and not move forward than can a pool of water, with no outlet, not become stagnant. But there is a great danger of confounding national and religious expansion. They are by no means similar. Religion is of the heart. It is not a commodity, to be dealt out to a people by the measure. Our warlike attitude towards the people recently brought under our control fills them with distrust for our religious as well as our civil institutions. If, after the banishment of their former oppressors, our armies had been withdrawn, then American missionaries would to-day be welcomed with open arms. Religion cannot be propagated at the point of the sword.

The historian points out, in terms too plain to be misunderstood, that the nation never existed that did not believe itself exempt from the causes that overthrew other nations. Rome and Greece believed themselves free from the curses that wrought everlasting ruin upon the kingdoms of Egypt and Babylonia. The ruins of the Parthenon and the Palaces of the Cæsars remind us of those nations whose glory has taken its departure, never to return. Many nations have blossomed as the rose until they were seized with the desire for territory. The first campaign of expansion has marked the beginning of the decline of nations once mighty in their influence. Home resources have been exhausted in preserving the externals of great powers. And the moral is not far from our own nation.

Citizens of free and enlightened America should keep ever in mind that an ideal country is not a land with a ruler swaying his sceptre over millions of vassals, but that it is a land populated by myriads of happy beings, within whose



mystic frames is deep-seated the conviction that "the government is best that governs least."

FRED. W. MOORE.

---

### The Reality of Life.

---

**T**HERE is no truth to which England's greatest poet recurs more frequently, and which he presents to us in so many forms, as that life is a serious matter, and that it means the appreciation of a purpose and the execution of duties. That man alone can be said to have lived who has recognized the great opportunities of life, and has nobly striven to meet its responsibilities. Richard II. relied on the eternal attributes of sovereignty, on the divinity which "doth hedge a king," on the angels which would fight for him, but ignored every responsibility and neglected every duty that belonged to his position; therefore he was cast out, and his sovereignty was given to another. Henry V., at first, was swayed from his course, but in the nick of time, when the occasion came in which election must be made, he grasped the helm and steered his ship direct for the port to which he was destined. Hamlet, infirm of purpose, knew the obligation laid upon him, but could never muster courage to seize the opportunity to execute it.

To have a definite purpose, and to stick to it, is the secret of material success in life. To have a noble purpose and high sense of duty to self, to man, to God, saves the moral, the intellectual, and the spiritual man from ship-wreck. It carries him through all storms, over all sand-bars, and, in the end, is sure to bring him safe to port. To look at life as a mere time for enjoyment, to drift along its course, blown by every wind, is not to live at all as a rational, responsible man. Life is not worth living except for a definite, noble object. The duties which it entails are the elements which give it nobility.



Everything else may seem to stay us up, but only as the weeds support the flower, "which its broad, spreading leaves did shelter, that seemed, in devouring it, to hold it up."

It has been said that life dreams in the animal and awakes in the man. This is true only of the man who realizes that life entails a duty; that it is his vocation to work, not to wanton; and that each talent thrusts new responsibilities upon the holder. He who does not grasp this great principle of life still sleeps. He dreams his three-score years and ten, and awakes to find that his hands have grasped nothing, because they were not extended to lay hold of opportunities and obligations.

Shakespeare, in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," has shown us that his views of life in such persons are that life passes with them as a "midsummer" dream. He, who had sounded every depth of human nature, knew how large a class of men there are who allow life to pass in ignorance or neglect of obligations, and seek only pleasure and pastime. In his play he presents to us three distinct classes of beings—each class a perfect type of his kind—to whom life is nothing more than a playful dream. His first class bears no stamp of moral character. The men are without principle, the women without self-respect. His second class is that coarse and commonplace part of humanity, upon whom association, with all its refined, ethereal natures, makes no impression. His third class—the fairies—live in a world of imagination and fancy, of beauty and sense, but without reason and reality.

These characters all find their prototypes in real life among the men who fail to see the nobility, the refinement, the reality of life. To them "life is but an empty dream." Thus absence of character, absence of intelligence, absence of moral and æsthetic perfection alike, plunge men into that lingering dream which robs them of their golden hours.

Indeed, life is a very grave matter. Man enters upon it with numerous faculties, none of which are in full bloom.



His soul is like a musical instrument of many notes, and the perfection of life is his harmonious sounding in melodious sequence of these notes. If left untouched, they go off in discord or jangle, or cease to sound. His powers are again a variety of tools, to be used by him in the work-shop of life, and these, unless kept burnished and sharp, will rust and become useless. It is not given to every one to be a genius, but each one may, and ought to, make the best use of the talents given him.

Life is the time allotted to man in which it is his duty to do what he can, not only for his own personal perfection, but also for perfecting the happiness of the social body to which he belongs. Man is, indeed, his brother's keeper. He cannot be brought into relation with any human being without incurring a certain amount of responsibility for that person; he cannot be brought into relation with any organization, community, or society, without entering into the moral obligation of contributing something to the advancement and welfare of that organization, community, or society. Every man is morally bound to lend a helping hand in the task of uplifting humanity and refining society.

To the idler, perhaps, life is but a protracted sleep; to the gay, it may be a "Midsummer Night's Dream"; but to the honest, faithful toiler, who uses his God-given faculties for the embellishment of his own life and character, and for the culture, refinement, and happiness of his fellow-man, life is something nobler, better, and more sublime than a dream. And to the hero, who is determined to win, "Life is real, life is earnest." Though his opportunities may be few, his ability limited, and his resources meagre, he finds that—

"Never anything can be amiss  
Where simplicity and duty tender it."

G. T. L.



## The "Settlement Idea."

---

THIS century has seen the birth of many new ideas, both in practical and in theoretical religion, and in the field of the humanistic sciences.

Some of these ideas have found mere temporary expression in real life, and some have manifested the lasting features. Of the latter class, none have, I imagine, taken a firmer hold, both in the intellects and in the hearts of men, than the "Settlement Idea," which is to-day finding fruition in a great social movement. It is true, moreover, that this movement is largely unknown, both as to its origin and as to its practical significance, and hence, that it is frequently misunderstood. Perhaps, then, it is by no means inappropriate to ask ourselves whence and what as regards this matter.

The dominant idea with the originators of this movement seems to have been the desire to find some practical way in which to bridge the gulf, gaping wide, between the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the cultured, the unfortunate and the blest; to establish some common meeting-ground, a sort of clearing-house, as it were, where classes might exchange credits, each giving and taking, and thus the oneness of the human race be shown and the world-cause advanced. That there have been, and are to-day, class distinctions, and that these distinctions exist in a refined but most real manner, even in this land of ours, will be admitted, and, perhaps, smiled at, as a sociological axiom hardly worthy to be formally reiterated.

Difference of opportunity, whether arising from status by birth or from subsequent economic conditions, must mean essential distinction as to the potentiality of the individual.

What, then, can be done to bring the social alpha and the social omega in touch, to make possible a unity of action that may best promote the general product?



I believe we know more about the real vital significance of the *life* of Jesus to-day than was generally known a century ago, and no doubt, a hundred years hence, much more yet will be known. The century that has known Toynbee, and Drummond, and Tolstoy, and Ballington Booth, and Moody, it seems to me, must mean more than the eras of incessant bickerings about forms and doctrines, and all the paraphernalia that, under guise of religion, has often killed the real article, and substituted for it some new theology. Perhaps the long-wished-for day may come when people *everywhere* will see a difference between religion on the one hand and ecclesiasticism on the other. Religion is a fact, an actual human experience, manifesting itself, not in *words*, but in the *lives* of men, and showing men that they are potentially divine. Ecclesiasticism, though, whether manifested in forms or in creeds, is painfully human, and often more precise than accurate.

If, then, this century is a somewhat unique one, from what point in it must we take our bearings for the "Settlement Idea" in its incipency? Like so many ideas, some practically helpful and some merely theoretical and academic, the "Settlement Idea" found its crystallization among University folk. Even in 1860 we find Frederick Maurice establishing his "Working Men's College," and we find him so successfully interesting certain Cambridge graduates, bright and hopeful in the flood-tide of their youth, made, by their training, more capable, that they *cheerfully* devoted spare hours to the conducting of classes. Charles Kingsley, too, when he was a Professor of History at Cambridge, often devoted thought and labor to the London poverty problem.

It is to Oxford, however, that we owe the "Settlement Idea" in its most helpful and latter-day sense—that is, as indicating a *living* of University people among the uncultured and the poor, not as didactic leaders of their life and their thought, but as co-laborers with them. It was to be an appli-



cation of well-trained judgments to the common-place, but all-important, problems of the poor. In connection with the influence of Oxford, Ruskin deserves particular mention. When he was Slade Professor of Fine Arts there, the greatness of the man manifested itself in many ways, but in no way more delightfully, I think, than in his breadth of view, and in his ability to correlate all that was noblest in many branches of learning. This breadth, of course, should be characteristic of every real scholar, but, unfortunately, some who are called such are insufferably narrow. Ruskin took a living interest in ethical and social questions, and reflected the light of his most noble thought throughout all his lectures. There is a very familiar story to the effect that Ruskin once manifested his opinion concerning the beauty of social service by leading certain of his pupils out to mend a bit of road near Oxford, saying that, if they could not *draw*, they could at least *dig*. Ruskin's thought, whether expressed in lecture or in conversation, no doubt exerted a very great influence on all the men with whom he came in contact.

So far as I know, the first University man who voluntarily *took up his residence* in the East End of London was Edward Denison. Clergymen, of course, had labored in the East End for years, and they had given accounts of the conditions prevailing there, and were capable of knowing; so, when Denison decided upon his new field of service, he consulted with the Rev. John Richard Green, Vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney. Denison was an Oxford graduate, wealthy, and of high social position, and we may imagine the surprise of his friends at this apparent self-immolation. Denison, however, had found, as to-day many have, that life, and position, and wealth are *nothing*, when one realizes that "it is enough for the servant to be like his master." Denison took lodgings not far from Mr. Green, lived plainly, worked quietly but effectively, living the life of his neighbors, talking with them, belonging to them, being *among* them, and yet above them.



Tolstoy has said (I cannot now recall exactly where) that "he alone is above others who is humble with others, and who makes himself the servant of others." This thought, I think, found expression in the work done by Denison in his very brief life, and by others since his death.

Any sketch, even most superficial, would demand a peculiar reference to Arnold Toynbee. We may not here speak of Toynbee's rare soul; how it showed itself in early life; how, though often weak in body, he was a *vital force* at Oxford, and how his influence lives there to-day.

In 1875, when Toynbee determined to spend his summer vacation in Whitechapel, he consulted with the Rev. Mr. Barnett, of St. Jude's. The names of Toynbee and Barnett are, perhaps, of all others, most essentially connected with the idea of "*University Settlements*," strictly speaking—that is, the "Settlement" as organically connected with some university. Toynbee spent several vacations in "Whitechapel," doing all that poor health would permit. He died in 1883, when he was hardly thirty years of age, but he will doubtless be to "Whitechapel" as a part of the "eternal" when many changes shall have come to the "things that are seen." Toynbee's collected writings, which are on the table before me, consist merely of a few essays on economic and social themes and a few "pensees." His writings are comparatively insignificant, but the life of the man, the things he did and said, can *never, never* die. "Toynbee Hall," the noble memorial instituted by Toynbee's friends, is a monument worthy of the man.

We have very briefly recalled some of the fathers of the "Settlement Movement." Sketches are at all times disappointing, both to the writer and to the reader, but we can only *hope* that they are sometimes sufficiently useful to make us feel that they have some slight *raison d'être*.

Manifestly, any attempt to bring the "Settlement" down to date would involve an account, not only of "Toynbee



Hall," but of "Oxford House," and, in our own country, of the work in Boston, and of that done in New York by Mr. Riis, and of "Hull House," and "The Commons," and "The Maxwell-Street Settlement," in Chicago, to say nothing of the work undertaken by many "College Settlements" in our cities.

But we can ask no further indulgence now, and so must be content with what has been said, and with making a parting plea for renewed interest in one of the most significant movements of a wonderful century.

ROBERT B. MUNFORD, JR.

---

### A Description!

---

'THE WAS in March when they brought him to me, with the sea-weed in his hair. They told me that the sea had cast him up last morning, and he was found with his face beaten to whiteness by the fury of the storm. I was mad; I was defiant, and I cursed the work of the waves. I cast myself upon him and wept. I sneered at the petty men around me, and I charged them as fiends and cowards, saying, "Why do you call yourselves men! You are mere strip-lings! Why have you let the foam of some soft wave swallow up my boy? You can cast the sea-foam with your breath. Why have you let the sea-furies lick his forehead with their tongue, hacking the smooth, gold curls with their hateful fangs? What has stolen the roses from those cheeks that were so ruddy from the loving kisses of a score of summer breezes? What has lashed his tongue so fast within his mouth? What has sealed those lips that once so sweetly poured forth words? Nothing, do you hear! mean fellows! cowards! Nothing but a tank of harmless water, that even I could easily dam, and with as much of ease do I damn you. Why did you see him die?"



I was inconsolable; I was disjointed. Whom I had longed so much to meet I had met too soon. I was in a frenzy, for my boy was dead.

Years went on, and the sight of water aroused again my softened fury. I would oft on Sundays go to the beach, and see the waters of the harbor roll and sway in their measured ebb and flow, and again would curse those men that had stood and seen such weak waves overthrow my life.

But last August it was all explained. I was stopping for the summer at my country cottage, twenty or more miles from Virginia's famous beach resort, and I noticed by a morning item that the sea was running high. The spent end of a hurricane had visited the coast, and the sight, they said, was remarkable beyond all description. I determined to *see* the sea, and, ordering a team, we drove a few miles to Norfolk and took the Beach train. Great crowds were going—gleeful, happy, expectant. I was morose, revengeful, and sordid. They were to admire the strength of the sea; I to curse its weakness. But soon a stir of eager seekers told us that the sea was near. Sure enough it was. It looked much like a bed of down at first, for we were at a distance, but soon the train had stopped, and off we sped to the foot of the sea. I looked far out—not far, but so much as my eye would penetrate, for the sea had been beaten to a spray and choked the vision at half a mile. So I looked way out over the water. It was a rolling, foaming, madly rushing, boiling, heaving mass. I strained my eyes and saw a great giant fellow rear himself on his arm, then straighten up, and now he crouched, and, leaning back to the sand-bed, he leaped way up in his madness, leaping way beyond his height, and in his gleeful frolic stood a tip-toe, and, snatching his cap of lace from off his crest, with a mocking laughter, hurled it far into the air, and blew it with his breath, breaking it into a thousand shreds, scattering it fluttering, curling upward. I felt the sting of his breath as he blew it laden with bits of salty flakes. These



cut me to the blood, and filled my eyes to stop my vision. Now far off on my left I heard the thundering of many hoofs, and I looked and saw a thousand unbridled, heated steeds, all rushing in a race. They were frothing at the mouth, hotly running for the beach. A great green *sorrel* won, and, reaching the shore, lay silent and at rest. In a moment the others were by his side, all resting quiet on the sands. A big pine log was on my right, and the sea lifted it up on end and stirred the sands, much as the devils stir their adamant.

I turned off awhile and wept. I was a woman, 'tis true, so had a right to sigh. I recalled those curses on those honest seamen, lifted a prayer to God, and thanked Him that He rules so well the waves, and that not more are taken as my boy was, on that day of the spring that is gone.

---

### Sophocles.

---

The second of Athens' great tragedians was born at Colonus, a little village on the suburbs of the great city, in the year 495 B. C. His own pen has left us a most vivid description of the place of his nativity. He describes it as "earth's fairest home, as a region in whose green covert the nightingale warbled ever clear; Dionysius and his nymphs loved to rove upon its unoffended ground, and on its lawns, nourished by heavenly dew, the bloom of the flower was never-failing.

"The quiring Muses love to seek the spot,  
And Aphrodite's golden car forsakes it not."

Sophocles' father, being a man of considerable wealth, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he educated his son in all the learning of the Athenians; that he caused him to mingle with the best society and move in the highest circles. When the great victory of Salamis was won, the lad was only sixteen years of age. All Greece was aglow, and, in their exul-



tation, erected a trophy to commemorate the triumph. None among them was so handsome and graceful as Sophocles; therefore he was chosen to lead the choral dance—an honor craved by many of Attica's aspiring youth.

Doubtless, already, the poetic fires were burning in his breast. These flames were daily fanned by myths of the long-ago, by a study of the ancient poets, and by the high estimation in which the poets of his own day were held. But not until his twenty-seventh year did he venture to enter the contest as a rival of *Æschylus*. It was at the great festival of *Dionysius*. Party feeling was running high. *Cimon* and his colleagues, who had just returned from *Scyrus*, bearing with them the bones of the divine *Theseus*, were chosen judges. *Sophocles* won the prize. That was a day long remembered by both contestants; by *Sophocles* on account of glory won, by *Æschylus* on account of honor lost.

Though essentially a poet, *Sophocles* did not refrain from his duties as a citizen. He was often sent on embassies, and, shortly after producing the "*Antigone*," was elected general. In company with *Pericles*, he made an expedition to *Samos*. But a general, like a poet, is born, not made, and *Sophocles'* military career clearly shows that he was not born a general. *Pericles* said of him that he succeeded better as a poet than as a commander. He himself fully recognized this fact, and willingly, gladly, exchanged the sword for the pen.

The poet's old age was spent beneath the shady groves of *Colonus*. The home which was his inspiration in youth became his consolation in old age. Quietude was now more agreeable to his gentle spirit than the busy bustle of *Athens*. In the ninetieth year of his age he came to a peaceful end. He "to whom long life had brought no calamity," who was dearer to the gods than all others, feared not to pass to the *Stygian* shore.

Few men ever enjoyed more popularity than *Sophocles* did. Genius, beauty, and piety had formed about him a texture



through which not even the darts of the satirist could pierce. After death he became an object of worship, and a bronze statue was erected to his memory. "To be worshiped after death as a hero," remarks Prof. Jebb, "was nearly the equivalent, in old Greece, for being canonized as a saint." Simonias, of Thebes, in an epitaph to his honor, breathes forth the universal opinion of the Greeks:

"Creep gently, ivy, ever gently creep,  
Where Sophocles sleeps on in calm repose;  
Thy pale green tresses o'er the marble sweep,  
While all around shall bloom the purpling rose.  
There let the vine with rich full clusters hang,  
Its fair young tendrils fling around the stone;  
Due meed for that sweet wisdom which he sang,  
By Muses and by Graces called their own."

Fortunately for Sophocles, he lived at a time best suited to his innate ability. Milton believed he had been born "an age too late," and Macaulay undertakes to prove that this belief was well founded. But in Sophocles the age and the man were well met. His life was contemporaneous and nearly co-extensive with the most glorious period in the history of Athens. He had led the pæan sung in honor of the victory that had ushered it in; he had seen her attain to the fulness of her stature; but the kind gods bore him away just one year before the long walls fell to the sound of Spartan music. His was an age of heroes. His companions and associates were among the most illustrious men of whom the historian speaks. Pericles, Æschylus, Herodotus, Phidias, and Socrates—names synonymous with what is most excellent in five distinct callings—were doubtless numbered among his acquaintances, if not among his friends.

We now pass to Sophocles' relation to the development of tragedy. Athens produced three great writers of tragedy—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides—and each of these represents a particular stage in its development. But these stages



have no sharp line of demarcation; they shade into each other as the day shades into the night. They originated largely from the change of religious thought that Athens underwent. The variations in character of the works of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, to a great extent, is due to their interpretation of good and evil. Prior to Æschylus, it was commonly believed that the gods were jealous of men, that they delighted in bringing low the proud and in exalting the humble. He attempted to correct this idea by promulgating the doctrine of divine justice; he was the exponent of destiny. Sophocles passes on from necessity to the idea of free-will. Euripides lived in an age of scepticism; men now had begun to doubt what they had once accepted with credulity.

As Socrates brought philosophy down from the heavens, so Sophocles brought down the drama. It is upon the gods and destiny that Æschylus dwells; their struggles and achievements are the subjects of his tragedies. Sophocles deals more particularly with men; their passions form the threads out of which his plays are woven. The gods are kept in the background; they are resting quiet in Mount Olympus, while their will is being worked out through the instrumentality of man.

Sophocles found the Athenian stage in a crude state of development. Æschylus used two actors, and brought the chorus into considerable prominence. With him the actors were secondary to the chorus. Sophocles increased the number of actors, first to three, later on to four, and made the choral song secondary to the dialogue. At first sight, it may appear that this change was, in reality, no improvement, since what was gained on the part of the actors was lost on the part of the chorus. But the loss sustained by the chorus was the drama's gain; therefore the change introduced by Sophocles resulted in a two-fold gain. He also modified the attire of the actors, adorning them with beautiful robes of saffron



and purple, which hung in graceful folds about their stately forms.

Sophocles' works can be only briefly noticed. His genius was prolific. Within sixty years he became the author of about one hundred and thirteen plays, nearly two a year; but of this number only seven remain. A study of these remaining works at once reveals the fact that it was from the world of legend that the tragedian obtained his characters. Sophocles was peculiarly indebted to his circumstances. Before him stretched an almost boundless sea of fable; there were the Greeks, credulous, imaginative, and reverent; consequently it remained for him merely to breathe into these legends the breath of life, and make them pass, in living form, before assembled Athens. This he accomplished with so much skill and excellence as to obtain the universal applause of his countrymen, an applause which twenty-three centuries has delighted to re-echo.

It is interesting to consider Sophocles' religious and ethical ideas. No one, however great or small, is unaffected by the spirit of his age. It is as penetrative as petroleum, as pervasive as the all-embracing air. This fact largely explains the great disparity in the religious views of *Æschylus* and Sophocles. The generation of *Æschylus* was a generation of warriors; they received with credulity all that their poets had taught them. But, now, as the seas were opened up, as men traveled and came in contact with other nations, they became broader in their views, and, consequently, more self-reliant. From helpless babes they grew to be strong men. In this new light man no longer gazed upon himself as bound with the fetters of irrevocable destiny, but as being able to work out his own salvation, though it be with fear and trembling.

Upon this vantage ground Sophocles stood, and set forth the doctrine of free-will, as opposed to the fatalism of *Æschylus*. Let us compare these two aspects of thought. *Clytemnestra* murders *Agamemnon*, a deed, it is true, not inconsis-



tent with her character; but she claims it was the "evil destiny of the Atridæ, taking her form," who killed her husband. Œdipus, Sophocles' character, kills a stranger at the cross-roads; but the act was the outflow of his own character, not destiny. In each of his plays Sophocles shows how passion, deep-seated in man, brings about his weal or woe. Ajax falls upon his sword, not because of the "invincible might of necessity," but because he chose death rather than dishonor. Deianeira brings in the destruction of herself and husband, but it is the result of pure jealousy. Œdipus experiences a sudden reverse; but the chain of events that led up to it is in perfect harmony with nature. This, perhaps, may be fatalism, but it is a fatalism consistent with free-will, since, of their own accord, men accomplish the divine purpose.

Sophocles' idea of retribution is much more moderate than that of his predecessors. Prior to him, it was believed that the son often directly paid the penalty of his father's sin; that guiltless children, or descendants, were called upon to atone for crimes with which they had in no way been connected. In Sophocles' theology man is responsible only for his own impiety. He believed the wheel often came full circle, but the circle always began in the life of the individual. It is true that the impiety of the father affects the son, but only so far as the son inherits the tendency to evil. This doctrine, taught by Sophocles, was a long stride towards the goal of eternal truth, and almost entirely coincides with the Bible doctrine that the sins of the father are visited upon the children.

The idea of retribution, as believed prior to Sophocles, had not been confined to Greece alone. It had been prevalent in ancient Israel. We find the prophet Ezekiel, at about the same time, correcting this popular error, declaring that the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, nor the father the iniquity of the son. But even at the time of Christ this old doctrine had not passed from human thought. It evi-



dently appears in the foolish question that was asked: "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

Sophocles also views human suffering in an entirely different manner from his immediate predecessors. The deep mist has risen from the hills, and in the full light of the noon-day sun he sees the benevolent working of a law that passed beyond the ordinary conception of man. He finds that the gods love men better than men love themselves; that evils are often blessings in disguise; that even the Olympian deities chasten whom they love. He discovers the truth that all things work together for good to them, not so much who love the gods, but whom the gods love.

Œdipus was a man upon whom Heaven had poured forth the bitterest vials of its wrath. He unintentionally and unwittingly was an adulterer and a murderer. He had brought down upon Thebes untold calamities. Surely he was a doomed mortal. But, in his old age, we gaze upon a different man. Suffering has moderated his pride, his sins have been forgiven, and at last he is reconciled to heaven. Now he can look towards Olympus with complacence and reverence, believing that the immortals had been working out in him their own wondrous will.

Such are some of the religious ideas taught by Sophocles. They approach wonderfully near similar truths more plainly taught by Jesus of Nazareth. When we consider the fact that he was without Divine revelation, our estimation of his worth and works must necessarily be increased. It clearly proves that truth is not confined to any particular clime or age, but that it is universal and eternal. Here we find an excellent illustration of the declaration of Paul: "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and god-head."

ARTHUR J. HALL.



## Some Facts as to Our Progress.

---

**I**T has been only a few years past when the "calamity howler" preached inevitable destruction and universal ruin. He had a large and sympathetic audience, and well might he, for the country was in the throes of distress. Trade was paralyzed, money was scarce, and universal gloom thickened and intensified. Who could have foreseen the concatenation of circumstances which was suddenly thrust upon us, just as the first glimmer of hope appeared as a candle-light in the blackness of night? Neither prophet nor seer could have seen, in his mind's eye, the grand march of trade and the mighty burst of prosperity, which has set in motion all the vast machinery of the country, and called forth the pinched and starving thousands to labor by the sweat of their brows.

The transformation was Alladin-like. It has reached from one end of our mighty country to the extreme limits of the other, and, rushing over, has been felt in foreign lands and on foreign strands! Verily, should the nation be thankful, and, in the words of the "sweet singer of Israel," cry out, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him; and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

The wealth of our country to-day, gleaned from the most reliable statistics, reaches the enormous sum of \$84,000,000,000. The human mind is not capable of taking in what this means. The debt of the whole United States is only one-sixth of this gigantic sum—viz., \$14,000,000,000. Our exports thus far this year amount to \$1,370,000,000. Goods imported for home consumption, from all the nations of the earth, reach the sum of \$770,000,000, leaving a grand balance in our favor of \$600,000,000—unprecedented and unlooked for! It takes 187,000 miles of railroad to carry our goods from State to State, and many thousands of ships to carry them to the uttermost parts of the earth.



How we have grown! From the youngest of nations to the greatest, in a little more than one hundred years!

We stood the terrible trials of poverty and adversity; let us now stand together, and do what is harder—conduct ourselves properly when the heavens are flush with the radiance of our prosperity!

RO. H. TALLEY.

---

### Hopkins Letter.

---

A recent issue of THE MESSENGER brought back many pleasant memories of a few years past, and I spent a most enjoyable Sunday afternoon with the boys as I read it through, advertisements included. So, when I am asked by an esteemed member of the faculty to send the readers of THE MESSENGER a Hopkins letter, I cannot but attempt to do his bidding; and the most that I can wish for my letter is that it may lead some of its readers to determine to come and see the University for themselves.

Richmond College men are not few in Baltimore, and those of other vocations are always cordial and kind to their college brothers who are studying in the University. Indeed, all Baltimoreans are justly proud of the Hopkins, and a stranger needs no better recommendation than to be a Hopkins graduate student. I think now of seven Baptist ministers of Baltimore who studied at Richmond College, and it is a privilege (which I have enjoyed more than once) to drop in Sunday evening after service and enjoy a fine cigar in the hospitable home of an old Richmond College man, where one may get the news from Richmond College, and the Woman's College too.

But I was going to say something of the University and its attractions. We are proud to know that in the estimation of the foreign universities Hopkins has no rival on this side of the Atlantic. That it has one fine man in the Depart-



ment of Physics all who were at Richmond College on the 17th of November will agree, for I have heard only praise of the address by Prof. Ames at the opening of the Science Hall. He is particularly the coming man among our younger professors. In my opinion he is the clearest, most systematic, and most logical lecturer to whom I have ever listened. And the fact that he has already the position of Professor of Physics, and was graduated Ph. D. only in '90, is evidence of his wonderful success as a teacher. But our really great men, our matchless triumvirate, our Gildersleeve, Remsen, and Rowland—they have no equals in America, and we venture the assertion that no university can claim a more polished scholar than Prof. Gildersleeve, a finer teacher and gentleman than Prof. Remsen, or a brighter genius than Prof. Rowland. It may well be supposed, then, that a man feels very keenly his smallness when he comes into the presence of such intellectual giants. They tell us, though, that they do not know it all, and this is comforting; for there is a possibility that we may some day give them a new fact. Prof. Rowland says that it is the work of a great scientist to be willing to say frankly, "I don't know." No student can expect to do all that is assigned, or to read even a few pages in all the books to which he is referred. His lessons in college were from a certain paragraph on a certain page to some other definite point, but here the lesson, if so we may speak of it, is from *anywhere* to *anywhere*, wherever we can find a good treatment of the subject. The lectures are to direct and stimulate individual study and reading. So one's conceptions are broadened, his independence and self-reliance are developed. Here one learns many things, but, what is far more important, he learns where to find out things which are often useful, but which no one would care to remember long at a time.

From what I have said it may be readily seen that most men are much discouraged at first. I have known some to leave



after a few days, others stay a few months, and many change their minds or secure "a good position" during the first vacation. But the record of Richmond College men at Hopkins has been an enviable one, and your present representatives have no higher hope than to maintain the standard.

And, now that Richmond College can boast a modern and well-arranged physical laboratory, I shall expect to welcome among us some one who shall give himself to the study of physics, the most progressive and best-equipped of all the departments of the University. I think we must find in the deficiency of Southern colleges in the sphere of mathematical sciences the explanation of the fact that there is now in the University only one Southern man looking forward to his degree in physics, while their aptness in other lines may be judged of from this—that, of the twenty Fellows for this year, seven are Southerners. It is, then, with pride and congratulations for all her future students that I think of what Richmond College will do along the line of training her men in modern science and scientific methods.

But my letter is already too long, so I close with best wishes for *THE MESSENGER* and all its readers.

R. E. LOVING, '98.

*Johns Hopkins University.*

---

### James Howard Gore, '77.

---

In the current number of the *Forum* appears an article on "The Commercial Relations of the United States and Germany," from the pen of James Howard Gore. This article is of particular interest to Richmond College, as its author is an honored alumnus of this institution. Professor Gore was here from '75 to '77. He then went to Columbian University, and later studied abroad. At present he is Professor of Mathematics at Columbian. He has been the



recipient of honors at home and abroad ; has been thrice appointed Commissioner-General from the United States to international exhibitions, and has been twice sent abroad to make special economic investigation for our Government. The King of the Belgians has twice bestowed decorations upon him, and the Prince of Bulgaria once.

He stands high in the mathematical world, having been for six years president of the Mathematical Section of the Philosophical Society of Washington, and is now one of the joint authors of the International Bibliography of Mathematics. He has written two of the Newcomb Series of Mathematics, and now has a number of mathematical books in press.

He is a lecturer of note, being connected with Cornell University and Drexel Institute, and is a staff lecturer for the Board of Education of the city of New York.

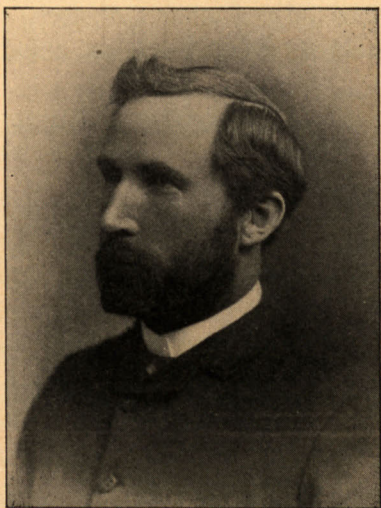
Professor Gore has spent three vacations in charge of exploring parties under the United States Geological Survey, and the same number on the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. His "Elements of Geodesy," "History of Geodesy," and "Bibliography of Geodesy" are books of international reputation. He has served on juries of award both at the World's Fair and at Atlanta.

It will be seen by this summary of Professor Gore's work that his life has been one of untiring effort and endeavor in varied fields. Though only forty-four years of age, having been born near Winchester, Va., in 1856, he has attained high rank among the scientists of this country.

He has not taken a vacation in twenty years, and has never been sick. He has been feted and honored by royalty, and has received highest honors at home, yet he never forgets Old Virginia, believing her to be the best place on earth. "Keep a stiff upper lip and never say die" has always been his motto.

It is hoped that some one of the students of Richmond College may read this little sketch of so eminent an alumnus, and





JAMES HOWARD GORE, '77.







be inspired to emulate his example and strive to accomplish great things, bringing honor and fame to himself and this old institution that we all love so well.

ALLAN D. JONES.

---

## A Georgia Tragedy.

---

**M**IDNIGHT on a country road in Georgia. For miles and miles nothing to break the monotony of the pine forest except the dusty road, winding in and out like a huge yellow snake. The moon was at its height, but kept dodging behind the heavy clouds, as if ashamed to show its face to wicked humanity. Not a sound was to be heard except the moaning, moaning of the forest, as if each tree held some captive spirit sighing for release. Presently a rabbit hopped out from the undergrowth, and stood in the middle of the road, combing his hair in the moonshine.

Suddenly he bounded across the road, as if he had been shot, and huddled under the brush, shaking like the leaves around him. Dogs! That sound was unmistakeable; he had heard it too often before, and now, being too frightened to run, he just lay perfectly still.

On they came, two of them—not his enemies, the little rabbit dogs, but large, fierce-looking brutes, with noses close to the ground and mouths open, emitting a deep bay, like a sound that might come from the bowels of the earth—bloodhounds.

You have nothing to fear, little rabbit; they are after bigger game than you. See, yonder come the men. Ten, no a dozen of them, urging their horses on, with guns thrown over their saddle-bows, and looks of determination on their faces, like avenging furies.

All are silent but the last two, and they are talking in undertones:



"This is an awful business, isn't it?"

"Horrible! I've got to get one bullet in that brute, alive or dead, I don't care which, before I'll be satisfied."

"Have you heard any of the particulars?"

"No. When Jones rode by and gave the alarm I grabbed my gun and didn't ask any questions. He only had time to tell me that Mrs. Ross wasn't expected to live, and that nigger, Dick West, was suspected. I hope we are on his trail now, and, if we catch him, I am in favor of burning the —— beast."

"We've got a sly fox to deal with. He's never been caught in any bad crime before, but I never did trust him. I always did think it was because he was slick enough to get out of it. Wouldn't be surprised if he gave us the slip now. Still the hounds are pretty sure."

"Let's catch up and ask Ross himself about it. The poor man does like he is in a trance, but maybe talkin' to him 'll wake him up."

The two men galloped past the rest to where Ross rode in front. He was urging his horse forward mechanically, but seemed to know nothing of what was going on around him. The three rode abreast in silence for some minutes before one of them spoke.

"Cheer up, old man. We're sure to catch him to-night."

A groan was the only reply.

"Hope Mrs. Ross isn't so bad off as was reported."

"Thanks, Frank; there's some hope."

"Mighty glad to hear that."

A pause.

"Say, Ross. Tell us all about it; we haven't heard how it happened yet."

"Some other time, old man. I can't now."

"But it might be better. We might be able to give you more help."

Another pause.



"Well, it was this way. I had been down to the store for a while to-night, and then had to go over and see Will Hartley 'bout hirin' a team for to-morrow. It was just as near to go by home, so I went that way. When I was a little ways off I saw a man run across the road right quick, and it looked like Dick West. I rode up a little faster and heard the chickens cacklin' and dogs barkin', and thought he must have been stealin' some of the chickens, but, bein' in a hurry, I decided to wait until to-morrow, and, if I missed any, I would have him arrested. I went on to Will's, and the next thing I heard was when Jones came to get him to help in the chase. John had gone home, and found his mother all but dead and the house torn to pieces. It must have been Dick West. Lord help me to know for sure who did it."

"It must have been him, Ross. He wouldn't have run away if he hadn't done it. Listen! the dogs have got the trail good now; we'll have him soon, and then the devil take his soul and body both."

Half an hour later a party of men were gathered about a large oak that stood at the crossing of two roads. The moon was now completely behind the clouds, but they were thin enough to let through a light that lent an unnatural ghostliness to the scene. In their midst was a negro man, his clothes torn and arms bleeding by his struggle with the dogs, and one end of the rope tied around his neck, while the other was thrown over the lowest branch of the oak. Only a few minutes seemed to separate him from eternity. He had been given permission to speak, if he had anything to say for himself, and was addressing the crowd in broken sentences:

"Gemmen, I never done it. 'Fore Gawd, I never. I ain't been up to Mr. Ross's for more'n a week, and, if I ain't been up dere, I certainly couldn't a' done it. I know it looks bad, gemmen, by me runnin' away; but I'll tell you just how it was, and dis is de Gawd's truth. You needn't believe me



'less you want to—yes, I want you to believe me too, 'cause I wouldn't tell a lie when I'm jest about to die. I had come home from workin' all day, and was mighty tired, and was sittin' in de corner smokin' my pipe, and de old 'oman she was tired and was smokin' too, when all of a sudden I heard somebody runnin' down de road as hard as dey could come it, and, before I could get up, my boy Sam busted in de do' and stood in de middle of de flo' tremblin' and so scart he was mos' de color of dus'. He couldn't speak for two or three minutes, and den he hollered out, 'Run, dad, run! Somebody's done killed Mrs. Ross, and I was up to de store and heard 'em say you done it, and dey is comin' down here to kill you and all de rest of us.' Now, gemmen, I wouldn't a run'd, but I knowed how 'twas when you was all pitched up to 'citement; you wouldn't listen to what a po' nigger would tell you. Gemmen, dis is so what I'm tellin', every word of it, but I know you don't believe it, and I know you goin' to kill me right now; but befo' you do I want to pray for just a little while. I know I've been a sinner, and I want to ask de Lord to forgive me for all my transfigressions. Can I? Thank you, gemmen. O Lord! forgive me for all my sins; I've been very wicked, O Lord! but I come rejoicin' in yo' fergiveness. Don't matter how much we've done, or how bad we've been, we have yo' promise of fergiveness if we repent. And now, O Lord, when I come to Thee, and leave my wife and little children alone, without no one to take care of 'em, I pray that you will take care of 'em. Oh, Gawd! I won't ask you nothin' more, but only to forgive dese gemmen for killin' me. Dey don't think dey're doin' wrong, 'cause if dey did dey wouldn't do it. Dey think I done de deed, but you know I didn't. So forgive 'em, O Lord, and bless 'em for His sake. Amen."

The crowd hesitated for a moment, but before they could move a man stepped quickly forward and cut the rope that was tied around the negro's neck.

"Go," he said; "you are free."



A cry of astonishment broke from the crowd.

"What's the meaning of this, Ross? Look out there, the nigger'll get away; we're going to shoot."

"Gentlemen, the man that shoots him shoots me first. That man is innocent. No man could have spoken as he has and yet be guilty. We have already wronged him enough, and there shan't a hair of his head be touched."

The others demurred, but Ross was firm. Finally one of them turned to the others:

"After all, men," he said, "it's Ross that's been wronged, and he ought to have the say so in this matter. But look here, Dick West; we believe you are guilty. You are going back to town with us now, and you'll be given a fair trial as soon as we can get a jury together. And I want to tell you right here, if you are guilty, you'll make a meal for the crows inside of a month, or I'll kill you myself."

That night the rickety old jail was well guarded, but the next night it was broken open, and in the morning the bird had flown. The country was searched from end to end, but no trace of him could be found. Finally the search was abandoned, and he was never heard from again.

Mrs. Ross lingered on for several days, entirely unconscious. She had evidently heard some one in the dining-room, where the money was kept, and, going to see who it was, had been struck on the head with a stick as soon as she opened the door. Day by day she weakened, and soon the doctors said the end was near.

The sorrowing family gathered around her bed-side, hoping that she would regain consciousness and that they could take leave of her before she died.

When the end seemed a question of minutes, she slowly opened her eyes, and a look of recognition spread over her face. Each one in turn took her hand and bade her farewell. Last of all came her husband. "Mother," he said, "do you know who struck you?"



Her eyes looked "yes."

"Can you tell us?"

Speech seemed to have left her, but she made a brave struggle. Her breath came thick and fast. Her lips moved inaudibly, but finally, with one heroic effort, she gasped, "Dick West," and died.

J. DAY LEE.

---

### I Think of Thee.

---

[The editor-in-chief thinks the following poem was dedicated to one of our most attractive co-eds.]

I think of thee when morning robes  
The eastern skies in gray;  
When dew-drops bright, like pearls of white,  
Bedeck the new-born day.

As day proceeds, and Phœbus' steeds  
Climb slowly to the brink,  
Even while they wait at noon-day's gate  
Of thee I love to think.

When twilight comes, that sweetest hour  
To lovers everywhere,  
Each rustling leaf with me in grief  
For thee wafts up a prayer.

All through the day of the alway  
My spirit pines for thine;  
In dream-land fair thy face is there—  
Thy face and only thine.

Though earth and hell, and heaven so dear,  
May sometimes be forgot;  
Not from this heart that beats for thee  
Can time thine image blot.

ARCHIBALD CLAY HARLOWE.



### A Reverie.

---

In the bright red glow of the fire I sat,  
With the ghost-like shadows about;  
And the great blinds creaked on their hinges old  
As they swung in the storm without.  
The wild wind shrieked as it tore through the trees,  
All bent 'neath its furious blast;  
And the twinkling stars shone e'er and anon  
In a sky with clouds overcast.  
Close to the hearth, with a shudder, I drew,  
And the logs I piled higher and higher;  
In the warmth of their blaze I lay and dreamed  
As I gazed in the roaring fire.  
My thoughts turned back to the days of the past,  
And the storm moaned sadly without;  
Long I lay and dreamed, in the ruddy light,  
With the ghost-like shadows about.  
In the flames appeared the face of a girl,  
And my eyes were blinded with tears,  
As I thought of the one I'd loved so well  
In the distant and by-gone years.  
On a Christmas eve, in a year long since,  
My wife she had promised to be;  
And happy, I pressed a kiss on her lips—  
The lips of sweet Rosa McCree.

All life seemed joyous and bright to me then,  
With my own true love at my side;  
And I longed for the day when then I could claim  
Fair Rosa McCree as my bride.  
But the spring-time came and the balmy days,  
And the earth seemed happy and free;  
When the flowers bloomed and the wild birds sang,  
Then my love was taken from me.  
With her hand in mine and a last long kiss  
Did she peacefully pass away;



With a broken heart I was left to grieve,  
And they laid her beneath the clay.  
And the years are come and the years are gone,  
Since she promised my bride to be;  
Still deeply I long for my own true love,  
And the wind whistles mournfully.  
Now the dying flames lick the chimney wide,  
In the east are signs of the dawn,  
And the mellow sounds of a distant bell  
Tells the birth of the Christmas morn;  
And still by the side of the fire I lie,  
With the ghost-like shadows about,  
And I dream of the girl I loved so well,  
While the wild wind sobs from without.

L. L. JENNINGS.

---

“There is One.”

---

When thy way is dark and drear,  
And friends seem cold and dull,  
There is One who's always near,  
Thy griefs and cares to lull.

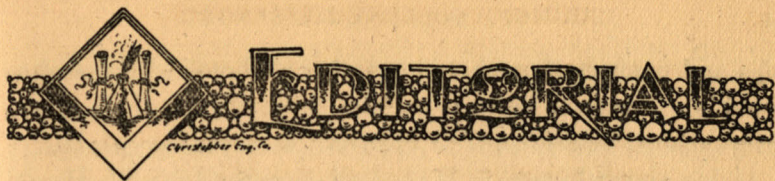
When thy hopes you try to rear,  
And clouds thy hopes do blight,  
There is One who'll always steer  
To make thy hopes more bright.

When thy foes around thee stand,  
And conflicts press thee o'er,  
There is One always on hand  
To make thy foes feel sore.

When worried by thy daily ways,  
And tired with heavy breast,  
There is One who always says,  
“Come; I will give thee rest.”

W. W. W.





## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Just before we were ready to go to press with the November issue of the MESSENGER we found that it would be impossible to get out two numbers before the holidays. We thought it wise, therefore, to combine what material we had for November with that of December, and give to our readers a larger number for Christmas. This we have done, and we hope that the new dress in which it appears and the increased amount of literary matter it contains will take the frown from the brow of any who have looked in vain for the November number.

Just here let us say, too, that from now on it will be our purpose to get the MESSENGER out on the first of each month, instead of the latter part of the month, as has been the case heretofore. We may not succeed in doing this next month, but we hope to do so later on.

A pleasant Christmas and happy New Year to all.

## AMERICA'S NEED OF TRAINED DIPLOMATS.

Some things are not easily forgotten. It has been quite three years ago since Prof. S. C. Mitchell, in one of his bright and happy class lectures, said: "The need of trained diplomats to father our American democracy has never been so great as at the present."

If we recognize, even in a small degree, the present problems of our country, we cannot fail to see that our professor was right. Whether he saw *then* what a great many men see *to-day* is unknown; however, it cannot be denied that, with the expansion of America's foreign trade and the extension of her territorial possessions, the character of our diplomatic service comes up for renewed consideration.

That the American people need men, other than raisers of



pigs and packers of pork, to control their home affairs and to provide the best and wisest policies that bear on their future international relations, is as apparent as anything can be.

In his recent lecture in Richmond, Senator John W. Daniel spoke earnestly and eloquently of the need of politicians. He said that many people thought there was too much politics in our country, and added that he differed with any who thought thus. He argued that lawyers, doctors, business men, bankers, and all classes should attend political caucusses, acquaint themselves with what was going on, and should make a careful study of all matters pertaining to the interests of the people.

We agree with Mr. Daniel in what he said. It is true that all men cannot *lead* in politics, nor is such a thing desired, yet there is great need of more politicians, more political leaders, for our American democracy is no longer safe with men to rule who have given only a few months, or even a few years, to the study of the great problems that confront the American people.

For the last fifty years a hard struggle has been going on in every sphere of American life to develop specialists. We had a hard and long fight before the people would let Congress build schools at Annapolis and West Point for the training of sailors and soldiers. The same kind of a struggle has been going on in law, medicine, and business. A man without training and experience is now worthless in responsible places.

But diplomacy with us has never been reduced to specialism, for no other reason perhaps than that our business with other countries has up to the present been so simple that even a raiser of chickens could attend to it. But we have now reached the parting of the ways, and, unless diplomacy is reduced to a profession and made a life-long study, the nation will not be able to do business intelligently and wisely with foreign peoples, and we are sure to suffer ridicule, humiliation, and misfortune. Indeed, we believe that instances can even now be



pointed out wherein we have been cheated or humiliated for the want of competent and trained men. The traditional opinion, that all we needed of a diplomat was to help some American out of trouble or introduce him into royal society, illustrates our present notions of diplomacy. The opinion is erroneous. We need men who know how to keep us out of unnecessary war, danger of which increases with the increase of foreign relations.

In taking our part in the great movements of the twentieth century, and in dealing with the enormously difficult problems which are certain to arise, we shall need, above everything, men adequately equipped for the task. Nothing short of the most complete organization which the experience of the most enlightened nations of the world suggests will serve for the work we have to do. We can no longer be content to build a new diplomatic machine at the close of each presidential term, and look forward to throwing it aside when it is just beginning to work with some degree of efficiency. Next to the establishment of a well-equipped and trustworthy army reserve, there will be no more urgent undertaking for our Government than the re-organization of its diplomatic service.

That there would be great opposition to any change all are sure; but to doubt that a change will be made some time in the future is to doubt the success of the nation in the new career upon which it is surely entering.

---

We are glad to give to our readers the letter from our old and highly-esteemed friend, R. E. Loving, now a student (as the letter shows) of the Hopkins University. We are sure that this letter will be read with intense interest, and we hope it will stimulate other Richmond College men to enter that most excellent University.

---

We are glad to give our readers the excellent article of our old friend, Robert B. Munford, Jr., now a student in the Uni-



versity of Chicago. He is well fitted to write on college settlements, as he is actively identified with the work at Hull House, the famous enterprise of Miss Jane Addams. We trust that Mr. Munford will follow up the present article by another description of "Hull House."

---

**A LETTER FROM  
AN ALUMNUS IN  
GERMANY.**

The following splendid letter from Berlin was written by Mr. W. S. McNeill to one of his old teachers. It fell into our hands, and we asked the privilege of giving it to our readers, many of whom remember the writer most pleasantly during his stay in our College. We trust McNeill is blazing the way to University life which many of us will follow.

BERLIN, November 9, 1899.

Dear Professor,—Now that the University work is going regularly, I thought you would probably like to hear something of it.

The building itself, the libraries, reading-rooms, &c., round about, are regular bee-hives. Students from all parts of the world are striving, struggling, running, and what not, in the desire to reap the benefits here to be had. No one troubles himself about any one else. It looks like a little world hedged into narrow limits, so that one can see the play of life as it unfolds itself on the big sphere about us. The number of Japanese students is noticeable. That they study generally statesman-making branches is also worthy of thought.

I am hearing Professor Delbruck on "General World History from 1789 to 1862," Professor Schmoller on "Practical Political Economy," and Professor Seckel on "The History of Roman Law."

The latter is quite a young man, and seems not to try to be original, but simply gives the history of his subject in a plain and clear-cut way.

Professor Schmoller is probably fifty years old, and is a



good type of the vigorous German professor. He is now giving a running history of industrial Germany, which will lead to the study of Germany's economical condition of to-day. His principle seems to be to explain (for example) why corn in Lubeck in 1500 could be sold for so and so much and twenty-five years later it could not be done. As he emphasized, no principle can exist after the conditions which *forced* it to life have ceased to be.

Professor Delbruck is much younger, and probably more fiery. He is dealing with such an exciting period, though, no one can hear him and keep still. His big point in preparing for the Revolution was that, instead of the monarchy in France being too strong, the opposite is true—it was too weak. Another, which he mentioned to-day, was to show a certain distinction between the Revolution and the Reformation. Luther said it was a matter of indifference to him what his relation to the Church or State might be, but that his faith must be at rest with God. Mirabeau (as a representative of the Revolution) said it was all the same to him what his faith might be, but that “some such o’ thing” was necessary for the State. It is a pleasure to hear Delbruck. Every day he tells something brand-new—to me, at least. I am constantly impressed with how similar his ideas are to yours. Of course he goes more into detail than you had time to in our course at College, but the broad, general idea about the sweeps of history is astonishingly the same, really. Sometimes he says the very *same* thing, only with quite different sounds, of course. The entire system is excellent. I am delighted thoroughly.

As to the language, though, I am still in trouble. The working into another tongue is a much slower process than I could have possibly imagined. One learns something about it every day, but it comes so gradually that one cannot know just how he *is* doing. All the difficulties, despondencies, &c., however, cannot decrease the unlimited joy and pleasure one



derives from hearing those lectures. That is rapture which I should like to share with you.

I have rented a room in the Friedrichstrasse, and am burning late oil therein these times. 'Tis somewhat cheaper, and I am much better satisfied. The family is poor and plain, but a son is a graduate of the University. I find him quite helpful and companionable.

I read the German papers regularly, and try to note their politics. All are against England in this war, but not so strongly as in '96. They criticise America very severely—not because she wishes to expand, but because she began under the pretence of humanity.

November 18th.

As you will notice, I was interrupted several days ago, and, as your letter came this afternoon, I'll resume.

Glad to know that things are doing so well at the College. The hard, earnest efforts of the last year or two are beginning to tell, and will probably come in rapidly now. Am sorry, though, that the physical side there is not more interesting for the students and citizens. It may be a "cranky" idea with me, but I can't help but feel that more virtues lie in that sphere than we think. I sometimes believe that athletics, correctly developed, would do a good deal toward restoring that old, before-the-war chivalry, which, minus its hot-headed foolishness, must increase the regard of one *gentleman* for another.

The whole South seems to be prospering. Greenville, S. C., is fairly bubbling over with new factories, an electric car line, new ideas, and what not. Wonder if our industrial turn has come? 'Twould be funny if we turn therewith into high tariff advocacy, protection for the "baby industries," &c. That can very easily be, for, as Professor Schmoller says, all politics, all wars, all constitutions, are, to a greater or less (usually *very* strong) degree, founded upon "business," even the religious wars!

Remember me very kindly to all my friends about you, please. With best wishes,

Yours most respectfully,      WALTER S. McNEILL.





All of our last session graduates are doing well. A. Paul Bagby (M. A.) is teaching school in Eastern Virginia, and is going to study for the ministry next session. R. W. Durrett (M. A.) is principal of the Delta Academy, in Middlesex. A. J. Hall (M. A.) is pastor of the Monroe Baptist Church, this city. E. S. Ligon (M. A.) is principal of the graded school in Dotham, Ala. J. N. T. McNiel (M. A.) is principal of the Gordonsville Academy and pastor of the Baptist Church there. H. G. Noffsinger (M. A.) is teaching in the Windsor Academy. Claybrook Cottingham (B. A.) is back at college for his M. A. J. A. Garrett (B. A.) is assistant principal of the Rockingham Military Academy. Fred. Gochbauer (B. A.) is studying medicine at the University College of Medicine, this city. J. E. Hicks (B. A.) is back at college for his M. A. J. D. Lee (B. A.) is back at college for his M. A. W. S. McNeill (B. A.) is at the University of Berlin, where he expects to spend three years. Henry Martin (B. A.) is teaching in the Fork Union Academy, Virginia. F. N. Moore (B. A.) is back at college for his M. A. J. W. and S. L. Morgan (B. A.'s) are both at Crozer. Josiah Moses (B. A.) is back at college for his M. A. V. M. Myers (B. A.) is studying law at the Columbia University. R. W. Neathery (B. A.) is teaching at Clover, Va. R. O. Norris (B. A.) is studying law at his home in Lancaster county, Va. C. C. Pearson (B. A.) is principal of an academy in Lancaster county, Va. S. M. Sowell (B. A.) is back at college for his M. A. C. E. Taylor (B. A.) is at Crozer. C. T. Willingham (B. A.) is at Louisville. A. W. Freeman (B. S.) is back at college for his M. A.

Few days in the history of Richmond College have been



as noted as was Friday, November 17, 1899, for on that day, by the dedication of the two new buildings recently erected on the College campus, Richmond College was placed among the foremost of the institutions of learning in the South. The delegates of the Baptist General Association of Virginia began to arrive at the College in large numbers early in the morning, and before 12 o'clock the College chapel was packed by delegates and other friends of the College, who desired to witness the formal opening of the two new buildings. The buildings are the Science Hall, which cost \$25,000, and the Memorial Dormitory, which cost \$20,000. Dr. W. E. Hatcher, president of the Board of Trustees, presided over the meetings. Prof. Joseph S. Ames, of Johns Hopkins University, made the dedicatory address of the Science Hall. After this address lunch was served to the visiting delegates, and about an hour was spent in inspection of the new buildings. At 3:30 o'clock Dr. J. L. M. Curry delivered the address at the opening of the Dormitory building. After this address Dr. Hatcher presented the keys of the new buildings to President Boatwright.

It is with great pleasure that we announce an inter-collegiate debate between Randolph-Macon and Richmond Colleges, to take place at Richmond the first Friday night in March. As this is something new in the annals of Virginia history, we look forward to it with much interest. The two colleges have often met on the athletic field, but never on the field of debate. We believe that such a debate will increase rivalry of the most generous nature between two institutions already bound by indissoluble ties. The Randolph-Macon students will come determined to conquer or die, but they will meet "foemen worthy of their steel." The debate in the chapel will be followed by a most magnificent reception, tendered the guests in the Society Hall. Richmond will be represented by Messrs. J. Emmerson Hicks, B. A. '99, and



F. W. Moore, B. A. '99. Messrs. G. T. Lumpkin and H. W. Brunk have been elected alternates. None of these are inexperienced, having fought on many a hard-contested field of debate. In anticipation of the event, the entire College is aglow with enthusiasm. It is earnestly hoped that the debate of 1900 will establish a precedent.

N  
E  
L  
L  
A

Up  
Way

And goes

Surpasses all,

But the taker of the cup

Downing, and others, for a starter ;

Simmons, Eggleston, Holland, Carter,

In our glorious vanity.

But are as happy as can be

And do not long to join the frats (?)

We are a pyramid of real "fresh rats,"

Prof. Harris Hart (B. A., '96), of Roanoke, is the State representative of the Southern Educational Association, which will hold its annual meeting at Memphis December 27th, 28th, and 29th, and he will be glad to correspond with teachers and others who are interested in the cause of education, as he hopes to carry a large delegation of Virginia educators to this, probably one of the most important meetings of the Southern Educational Association.

W. E. Gibson (B. A., '97), J. W. and S. L. Morgan (B. A.'s, '99), W. W. Edwards (B. A., '98), W. L. Richardson, E. F. Garnett, E. R. Nelson, C. E. Taylor (B. A., '99), W. B. Daughtry, John Goode (B. A., '98), G. H. Cole, W. E. Howard, and Jimmie Shaw are all at Crozer this session.

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND  
VIRGINIA



Richmond College took some part in the Baptist Congress, which was held at Pittsburg, in November last. Of those whom we claim who took part in the programme were Dr. W. C. Bitting, of New York City; Rev. Howard L. Jones, also of New York; Professor E. B. Pollard, of Columbian University, and our own Professor S. C. Mitchell.

The "Collegiana" editors wish to express their thanks to Professor S. C. Mitchell and President F. W. Boatwright for the valuable service they rendered them in giving information about the alumni, and also for other valuable suggestions.

Mr. R. W. Buchanan, graduate in law last June in Richmond College, writes the secretary of the College that he has successfully passed the Arkansas State examination, and entered upon practice in the town of Fayetteville.

Professor Louis Franklin Snow, of Brown University, paid the College a visit during the early part of this month. He reported a most auspicious beginning of President Founce's administration in that institution.

Mr. Jesse R. Binford, who has been made principal of the Valley School in Richmond, is a graduate of this College. Richmond College men are surely working their way into prominent and useful places.

Prof. C. H. Cocke, president of Hollins Institute, and Prof. R. H. Hudnall, Professor of English in the Polytechnic Institute of Virginia, stopped on the campus during the General Association.

The Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies are working hard to repair their halls. The repair is greatly needed, and we hope the alumni will come to our aid in this noble work.

President F. W. Boatwright is going to deliver the bacca-



laureate address at the Seminary in Louisville next May, and also the address before the literary societies at Crozer.

Professor S. C. Mitchell delivered a lecture before the Randolph-Macon Circle, of Danville, Va., on November 24, 1899, upon the subject of "Christian before Christ."

G. C. Smith, one of our last year boys, was married on the 14th of November to Miss Hazelgrove, at the Second Baptist Church. We all wish them a happy life.

Dr. MacVicar, the Superintendent of Education of the American Home Mission Society, was a guest on the campus during the first week of December.

W. T. Derieux, D. D., who has been in Spartanburg, S. C., for some time, has accepted a call to Venable-Street Baptist Church, this city.

Mr. John Harrison, a son of our late Professor of Latin, Edmund Harrison, married Miss Josephine Pollard on October 12, 1899.

W. O. Carver (M. A., '91) has been given the Chair of Systematic Theology in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

A. R. Willingham, one of our '97 boys, has been made a colonel, and is now a member of the staff of the Governor of Georgia.

During the week of prayer Rev. Ashby Jones gave us three able talks. Dr. Tupper and Prof. Mitchell also assisted us greatly.

Hurrah for Sam Morgan! We hear that he has gotten an hundred in Hebrew every month that he has been at Crozer.

Prof. Sampey, Judge Barksdale, and Dr. James have led the morning prayer services for us during November.



Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "The Prisoner of Hope," paid the College a visit not many weeks ago.

We are glad to hear of the success of Mr. C. M. Graves (B. A., '96) with the Richmond *Dispatch*.

J. C. Wiatt (M. A., '83) has been elected principal of the Churchland Academy, Churchland, Va.

C. A. Folk (B. A., '89) has been elected president of Baskerville Female College, of Tennessee.

We are glad to learn that Mr. R. C. L. Moncure is better, and we hope that he will soon be up.

Moncure's nurse did so much to cure him that now he thinks she'd make a fine Moncure.

C. C. Crittenden (M. A., '95) is Professor of English and History in Henry College, Texas.

President F. W. Boatwright's father stopped with him during the General Association.

R. S. Garnett (B. A., '98) has recovered from his illness, and is at Rochester this session.

We are happy to know that we have fifteen boys from Windsor Academy this session.

H. E. Jones (M. A., '91) has been appointed an instructor in the University of Chicago.

Professor S. C. Mitchell expects to spend his holidays with his mother, in Mississippi.

H. C. Smith was again unanimously elected secretary of the General Association.

Cornelius Vanderbilt left \$50,000 to Vanderbilt University and \$100,000 to Yale.

Things seen: Prof. Mitchell whistling. A negro sweating in December.



J. C. Johnson (M. A., '98) is principal of the Franklin High School.

Miss L. G. Winston (B. S.) is doing some special work in physics.

We were glad to see Joe Myers on the campus not long ago.

---

#### WHAT I AM GOING TO DO CHRISTMAS.

James D. Gwaltney: "Sermonize, soliloquize, 'phil'-osophize, eat pies, and 'look-in-her'-eyes."

Carlyle Broaddus: "Going to stay here and study."

R. L. Hudgins: "Going home and hunt *dear*."

A. D. Jones: "Oh, I don't know."

W. A. Herring: "Going home to *fish*."

J. W. Simmons: "Going bear *alias* beer hunting."

H. H. Robinson: "Going to ditto."

J. N. Williams: "Going to New York, *via* Baltimore and Philadelphia; expect to return *via* Jacksonville, Fla. Went to three recitations before Christmas; will go to two after the holidays."

Hermon Taylor: "Going to Lookout Mountain, bear and *dear* hunting."

Elisha Barksdale: "Going home to tell my girl my troubles."

J. W. Durham: "Going to chew rice and try to get 'Bigger.' "

Miss Pilcher: "Going to eat, drink, and be merry."

Miss Williams: "Tell you later."

Julian Rawls: "Going home. 'Phew.' "

M. B. Booker: "Going to Halifax, to have a hot time and drink kidney cure with a fair maiden of sixty summers."

L. L. Gwaltney: "I guess I'll have to telegraph my baby."

A. J. Hall (M. A. '99): "If I don't go to Raleigh there will be something funny on hand."

Miss Hardesty: "Going to stop (?) flirting."



Miss Quarles: "Going to leave the *Russell* of college life and spend a week in quiet."

J. Peter McCabe: "Going to study 'Tommy.'"

Traub: "Going Payne hunting."

Savage: "Going to see 'mamma,' too."

J. Moses: "Rest from labor and dream of the happy past."

L. L. Jennings: "Going to rush 'fillies.'"

Kennon Henning: "Going to take inventory."

W. A. Wallace: "Going—well, it's hard to tell."

F. R. Steel: "Going to hunt my *pet dear*."

W. S. Boatwright: "Going to stay on the campus (nit)."

L. H. Walton: "Wait till I get there."

C. Cottingham: "Going to Sunday-school and dances."

Dunaway: "Going to live easy on pork-chops 'gre-as-re-asy.'"

Woodward: "Going home to skate, if it freezes; to slide, if it snows."

Myers: "Going to see my 'Georgia Rose.'"

Roy D. White: "Don't know, and who does?"

T. E. Carney: "Going home to see my darling."

F. W. Coleman: "Going to eat turkey and drink egg-nog."

H. W. Goodwin: "Going to cram for Judge Gregory."

W. W. Gaines: "Going to South Carolina."

L. M. Ritter: "Going to stay here, read 'Kelly's parallel,' and do a reasonable amount of quilling."

Drake: "Going home to rest—been working hard." (?)

F. W. Moore: "Going to Scottsville—been there before."

S. M. Sowell: "Going to eat oysters wherever I can get them."

Day Lee: "Stay in Richmond; eat, drink, and be merry."

Fred. Moore: "Have already spent part at 'Cedar Hill,' nestled at the foot of the Blue Ridge; will spend remainder in the 'City by the Sea.'"

Sanford: "I am going 'molly-cottoning.'"

Downing: "I am g-going h-home."



P. P. Deans: "Eat turkey and oysters, and try to make up with a 'sister.'"

Pitt: "On Barton Heights, killing, filling, 'phil'-ing, and quilling." (?)

Shepard: "Make a voyage to Greece, and visit Clio on the way."

W. J. Pack: "Going to hunt turkeys." [His girl lives on Turkey Creek.]

Russell Owen: "Sigh for the girl I left behind."

Crumpler: "Prospecting the judge's *lenity*."

Parker: "Going to see her."

Gay: "Going home to reform."

Hart: "Quill, as usual."

Wood: "Back to the mountains, to fox hunt, dance, quill, and drink egg-nog."

Skinney: "Bite booze, drink egg-nog, and visit girls."

Yoder: "Preach to an audience of one."

Seay: "Stop (?) studying."

Matthews: "Eat tripe."

Misses Johnson, Pegram, and Thalhimer: "When shall we three meet again?"

E. H. Taylor: "Do everybody, everything, everywhere I can."

E. C. Taylor: "I am going to visit Richmond College."

McConnell: "Going to ask her again."

Bostic: "Me! Did you ever see me do anything?"

Duerson: "Gather inspiration for the rest of the season."

Moseley: "Eat."

C. H. Pack: "Unpack."

Lumpkin: "Going to have a 'pony' auction."

Buxton: "What does a fellow generally go home for?"

T. T. Belote: "I shall hunt the whirring quail, from the rising of the sun till the going down thereof."

M. H. Belote: "I'm going to moralize on the Xmas that's gone before."



Spencer: "Give the 'co-eds.' a rest."

H. H. Holland (Wild Bill): "I shall lasso many a deer (?) on the banks of the Black Water."

C. V. Robinson: "I am to stuff my *stomick* with fruit cake and fill up the crevices with jelly."

G. W. Fogg: "I shall raise a big fog in Newtown."

E. L. Allen: "Going home to eat and rest."

G. D. Taylor: "What shall I do? Well, I shall do everything but study."

A. T. King: "I am filled up with ideas, so can't tell you anything definite. I have an *idea* I'll get married."

M. C. Frazer: "Going home and do all my quilling."

S. D. Frazer: "Going home to eat, and eat, and eat."

H. C. Ruffin: "I'm going home first, then to see her."

E. T. Smith: "I shall visit all my relatives."

W. W. Gordon: "I'm just going home—that's all."

C. M. Sheriff: "I'm going home to Maryland, to arrest my girl."

C. M. Rock: "I shall destroy Turkey, ruin Greece, lick China, and make Havana smoke."

R. F. Staples: "I shall hunt and inflict punishment upon that deer (?) that kicked me."

R. A. McFarland: "I must stay here and study for Polly's senior cl-a-ss."

"G. B. Ish is going home to sop every dish."

L. B. Cox: "I shall visit the scenes of my childhood; eat, drink, and be merry."

E. S. Pond: "I shall comfort my mother, see my brother, and catch (?) me a girl."

P. W. James: "I shall see the prettiest girl in three counties."

C. C. Davis: "I'm going to read the MESSENGER with my girl."

C. B. Wright: "I'm going to ride five hundred miles to see South Carolina's fairest daughter."



V. L. King: "Going to see the queen of Hanover."

R. L. Beale: "I shall not ride a pony till I come back, for I shall live ea-re-sy on pork-chops gre-as-re-asy."

S. W. Dickinson: "I'm going to tree some several coons."

G. W. Harrison: "I'm undecided."

J. J. Johnson: "I hardly know; I shan't stay here though."

H. C. Leonard: "I expect to eat taffy and give taffy."

R. F. Hicks: "I'm going home to find out who was the mother of James. I think now, however, that she was Joseph."

E. L. Rosser: "I shall rubber-neck for a while."

W. P. Powell: "I'm going to make things howl wherever I go."

J. H. Wiltshire: "I shall travel in the interest of my laundry, and, in the meanwhile, exhibit to the country my artistic hair-cut."

C. N. Smith: "I shall use my battle-axe with skill."

F. W. Kerfoot: "I'm going to see my sister." (?)

M. O. Sowers: "Stay here and look after buzzards' roost."

J. H. Rowe: "I shall be the George Washington of Yorktown, and receive a complete surrender of heart and soul from my fair Anglo-Saxon lassie."

J. A. Perdue: "I shall ride my pony every day to see my dony"

G. E. Carter: "I'm going home to have some fun."

Chambers: "I'm going home to have my breeches mended."

B. B. Abbitt: "On to Appomattox, to make a surrender."

W. W. Williams: "Going home and preach special sermons to a *single* audience."

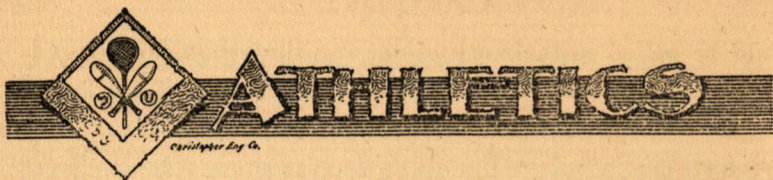
Frank Turpin: "I'll tell you later."

H. A. Harding (Dogie): "I shall devote my time to study—human nature."

R. L. Powell: "I am thinking of devoting my entire time to the ancient sciences, kissology and squeezeology."

G. Frazer: "I'm afraid I'll flush as usual."





At the semi-annual meeting of the trustees of the College, held last spring, a petition was presented from the Athletic Association, asking that a fee be charged every student on entrance, to be used for athletic purposes. The request, or petition, was referred to a committee. As yet no report has been received from the committee. It is hoped that a favorable report may be made at the next meeting of the trustees.

It has been the experience of those connected with athletics at Richmond College that a lack of funds to run the teams has always made a great success impossible. Of course it cannot be argued that money alone can make a successful team; yet it is extremely essential that a competent coach be secured early in the year, and that a thorough equipment be furnished each player or applicant. To do this, we must have a guaranteed fund upon which we may rely.

The matriculation fee at present is less than that charged at many other colleges, and the amount asked to be added would not make it burdensome.

By the means of this *athletic fee* it is thought that many men who now take little interest in the team would become enthusiasts; for every student would receive a season ticket to all contests on the home grounds. The presence of the whole student body at every game would give a large crowd of "rooters," would encourage the teams, and tend to draw large crowds from the city.

The apportionment to the teams would be made by the Executive Committee of the General Athletic Association. Foot-ball, base-ball, and track teams would be ably maintained at a high standard, under the committee's care.

Every student should take personal interest in having the trustees put on this fee. At their next meeting the matter



should be called to their attention, and they should be urged to a favorable action.

---

**FOOT-BALL.** The foot-ball team of '99 is now a matter of history. Due to the sickness of his mother, the captain had to leave College for an indefinite period, and then the full back was suddenly called home; so the team disbanded, after a season of many hard-fought victories and a few defeats when playing against great odds. All praise is due to Captain Stone for his efficient services, and too much cannot be said in praise of his energetic men.

---

**BASE-BALL.** It is too early in the term to be prophesying concerning base-ball affairs, yet we venture to say that, although few of last year's team are with us, we still have great prospects for the coming season. This is a game in which the "rats" always take interest, and we hope to find among them worthy successors to McNiel, Bagby, Ray, Ellyson, and Phillips, of former years. The Eastern Shore has returned to us White and Sanford, who know how to handle the stick, and, though hyperbolas and parabolas be described by the wily twirler, we are sure that they will send the sphere to infinity over the fence. Sanford, built after the architecture of the Washington Monument, will stop anything at first base that comes across his half of the diamond, and White, as to base-running, can actually outstrip the ball itself, so that the short-stop has to learn to throw the ball *home* to keep down the score when he even hits the sphere for the in-field. But we must not count chickens, or "spiders," before they hatch, for the team of naughty-naught is still in embryo.

---

**GYMNASIUM.** The gymnasium is in full blast, and some of the students, who were never known to ride anything but a Broad-street mule-car or a pony, are now often found on the horse, the latest addition to the apparatus of the gymnasium.



The Athletic Association has decided to have a jollification for the benefit of its finances, and the gymnasium instructor is now training some of his best men for performing on the parallel bars on that occasion.

And now may the Athletic editor voice the sentiments of the students of Richmond College, and remind the trustees that, with all their improvements, the gymnasium is not able to hold its own in its new surroundings. The room is by no means suited for the purpose, and the adjoining dressing-room will not accommodate ten men at a time. We understand that our President, with his untiring energy, has plans for more buildings and greater improvements, and we now beg him, when he builds his next hall to give us or our sons, and daughters too, a suitable place or places for gymnasium work; and then, while he is doing all that, (and we know he can do it,) why not also have in that next new building an auditorium which can accommodate comfortably the large audiences which come to Richmond College on all public occasions. The chapel, now used for such purposes, is not large enough, in the first place, and then the exercises there on all occasions are disturbed by disorder at the windows and doors because the room is on the first floor.

---

**TENNIS.** This year the tennis courts are not frequented as they should be. Boatwright, Spencer, Lee, Taylor, Harlowe, Cottingham, and others are candidates for the medals, while many other old students are taking new interest, and the playing of the *rats* is of a high order. We wonder why the *mice* (co-eds.) also don't get into this game.

---

**BASKET BALL.** The basket-ball season has opened at full blast, and Mr. Hart, captain of the team, has high hopes for good work this year. Many of the old players have gotten their wind up on the gridiron and the bandy field, and the gymnasium has given its aid. So keep your eye on the team of Nitty-nit.





The October number of the Hampden-Sidney magazine appears in the usually attractive form so characteristic of this magazine, but it is not too much to say that its attractive and up-to-date appearance rather belies its literary contents. The fiction is, on the whole, fair, while "The Religion of the Norsemen" is decidedly more than mediocre; but when one stumbles upon the book notices, in the latter part of the magazine, one would be willing to wager almost anything that the infallible printer had been guilty of a gross error in the date upon the cover. Surely every loyal Southerner should have read "Red Rock" months ago, and should be looking forward with expectation to the appearance of something new by its author. How would "Quo Vadis" or "The Choir Invisible" do for the next review?

---

The *Georgetown College Journal*, in its November effort, presents an assortment of literary articles that places it among the very first of our college publications. The fiction is good, but the writer of "Causes which Led to Spain's Political Decline" excelled himself in this masterly-written essay.

Numerous and well-edited departments, profuse and attractive illustrations, literary articles of thought, and poetry of merit make the *Georgetown College Journal* the best and most cosmopolitan of our November exchanges.

---

The neat cover of the *William Jewell Student* gives it a place of honor for good appearances among college publications. "The Two Beams" is a pleasing and graceful bit of poetry. We would like to see more fiction in the columns of this creditable publication.

---

Why are the columns of the *William and Mary College*



*Monthly* entirely devoid of poetry? Surely, it is not because poetry declines as civilization advances. The advantages to be gained from verse writing—the development of a higher literary taste, the refinement of nobler feelings, and cultivation in representative journalistic work—are arguments enough to prevent the elimination of poetry from a college magazine—a medium of all these objects.

---

Commenting on the growing tendency of writers to make their heroes men of strength, *The Bookman* selects a foot ball eleven from among the brawny men of fiction. Glancing over the list of names, we can see that such an eleven would be well-nigh impregnable. Each player has been chosen with a view to the qualities that are necessary for his position. The following is the line-up:

Left End .....	Mikeal Volodyovsky.
Left Tackle .....	Le Noir Faineant.
Left Guard.....	Pan Longin.
Centre .....	John Ridd.
Right Guard.....	Ursus.
Right Tackle.....	Taffy Wynne.
Right End.....	Aramis.
Quarter-Back.....	D'Artagnan.
Left Half-Back.....	Wilfred of Ivanhoe.
Right Half-Back.....	Porthos.
Full-Back.....	Athos.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

---

### THE EDITOR'S PROBLEM.

Conditions: So much space.

A, who can write, won't.

B, who can't write, won't do anything else.

C, who neither can nor cannot write, is ever ready to criticise

Question: How shall they be reconciled?

A solution, as "easy" as A, B, C, is desired before next issue.—*Exchange.*



Prof. Ligon, being specially desirous of seeing the stars fall last week, sat up till midnight, vainly awaiting their coming. But determined not to miss the sight, he set his alarm clock for 4 A. M. At the rude jangling of this instrument of torture he jumped out of bed and rushed out on the porch. Seeing a brilliant glow in the east, he thought he was just in time; so in short order he rushed around and called out all the male boarders, declaring that the stars were just raining. Great was his chagrin, and loud the laugh on him, when it was discovered that the meteoric display was simply a pile of dross burning at one of the turpentine stills.—*Dothan High School Magazine.*

---

### VISITATION.

---

Brush your hair carefully,  
 Tie your cravat;  
 Then, smiling cheerfully,  
 Put on your hat.  
                     That's preparation.

Jump on a sub-way car,  
 Stand half an hour;  
 Jostled and jerked you are  
 Till you're quite sour.  
                     That's transportation.

Filled with vague hopes and fears,  
 Ring the bell lightly;  
 Wait till the maid appears,  
 Ask her politely,  
                     In expectation.

"Is Miss Priscilla home?"  
 Then hear her say, sir,  
 In her politest tone,  
 "No, she's away, sir."  
                     That's all damnation.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*





## **SALUTATION.**

As this is the first time in the history of the College that the Law Department has been allowed representation in your magazine, I deem it a great honor to have the privilege of extending to you, the Philologist and Mu Sigma Rho Societies, our deepest sense of gratitude for the space you have allowed us in your valuable paper.

It is with fear and trembling that we begin a work so entirely new to us; and yet it will be our constant endeavor, however far short of the mark we may fall, to make our department compare favorably with your department.

Owing to the difference in people's tastes, it will be impossible for us to make everything in an article please everybody. Especially is this true in the discussion of legal questions, which, of course, will be our aim, to a limited extent. To this end we ask your sympathy, and if, in reading our articles, you have some adverse criticism, be lenient; remember that perfection is not attained by a single bound, but only by practice.

## **THE LAW SCHOOL.**

Nearly all the American institutions of learning started from a very small beginning, and we may say that the Law School of Richmond College is no exception to the rule.

When this school was first established (1870) it was not very successful, because most people thought that the law could be learned only by taking a systematic course at one of the universities. Owing to such a small number of students, and no endowment, the school was suspended in 1874 until the beginning of the session of 1877, when it was re-established. In 1882 it was again suspended for about the same



reason, in which state it continued until 1890, "when it was made permanent by an endowment of \$25,000, a gift of the late T. C. Williams, of our city, to endow a professorship of law as a lasting memorial of that liberal and wise alumnus, friend, patriot, and trustee of the College." By this endowment Mr. Williams showed his long-cherished desire to establish a first-class law school in the capital city of the Old Dominion, which possesses so many advantages, not only as a social, but as an educational centre.

In 1890 Judge Roger Gregory, LL. D., was elected to the professorship; in 1896 Prof. John B. Minor, B. L., and in 1897 Prof. E. M. Long, LL. B., who at present constitute our law faculty. All who are acquainted with this corps of professors know that the Law Department of Richmond College is built on a solid foundation, and whose structure of knowledge and acquirement is seldom equaled. They can winnow the wheat from the chaff at sight, and that is proven by the fact that almost instantly the Law School of Richmond College has leaped into the front ranks with the universities, and this advent has singled the beginning of still a newer life, which foreshadows that new type of civilization and invites all to share its benefits, each according to his capacity for the work of unfolding it. While it is true that the course in the Law School has been made a two-years course, on account of such an increase and enlargement of studies, yet it is not impossible for students to graduate in one year, provided they have had extensive preparation before entering; and, in addition to all these advantages, each student has the privilege of attending the "hustings" every day, to visit the State Legislature when in session, and free access to the fine libraries of the State and city. All of these offer special inducements to young men to seek their legal education at Richmond College. Of course it is useless for us to say that they are availing themselves of this splendid opportunity, when a glance at the College bulletin will



show that the number of graduates of each year will almost double that of its predecessor.

We are also glad to know that the recent election resulted in sending to the House of Delegates four alumni members of the Law Class of Richmond College—viz.: Hon. Thomas Edwards, King William county; J. S. Shelton, Louisa; J. W. Flood, King and Queen, and C. E. Folkes, of Richmond.

This only proved that the convincing influence upon public opinion is the sole means by which we determine the progress and character of institutions.

#### THE STUDY OF LAW.

How repulsively dry, narrow, and technical seemed to us the law when first we began its study, but, happily enough, we had friends who consoled us by telling us that even in a deed there was something beautiful, and that in time its parts and arrangements would carry a charm; and we believe what the consoler said is true, not only of a deed, but of all branches of the law, if we can only find it, and we are not in the least discouraged when we think how the law has grown, why it has grown, and the extent to which it has adapted itself from age to age to every social environment. The dry bones have come together with a clash, and have clothed themselves with life and reality.

We love the study of law, because, among all the learned professions to which men can devote their lives, there is none so noble and so inspiring as that which pervades the ranks of the legal profession. It is when we turn back a few pages of history that our ambitions are most aroused. We see that the wise founders of States, the framers and defenders of free constitutions, the offices, both State and Federal, have been, to a very large degree, filled from their ranks. We point to Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Adams, Hamilton, Madison, and Henry as some of our greatest legal lights. Thou-



sands of years from now their names will stand as synonyms for freedom and for government. It is to their genius and creative spirit that we largely attribute the formation and preservation of our government, and to which all coming ages depend.

We sometimes hear it said that the legal profession has degenerated. This we do not believe. Times have changed, and men have changed with them. The lawyer of to-day doesn't have the same opportunities to display his ability as the lawyer of a century ago—no taxation without representation to discuss, no British chains to unloose. But the lawyer who defends the innocent, who prosecutes the guilty, and who aids in the solution of the great problems that are constantly confronting the American people, is performing duties that demand the noblest qualities of the human race.

---

**HIS WIT  
SAVED HIM.**

Detroit used to have a lawyer who was shrewd enough to show contempt of court without incurring danger of the penalty that would have been visited upon an offender less diplomatic. He was at one time being heard in an important case before the Supreme Court, and made an assertion which elicited from one of the judges: "That is not law, sir." "Pardon me, your Honor," with a deferential bow; "it was the law until a minute ago. Now we accept a new principle, established by a supreme authority." On another occasion he was reading from an imposing-looking book in support of a position that he had taken upon a legal question. "Just a moment," interrupted the Supreme Justice himself; "do you mean to say that you are reading good law?" "Not at all, your Honor; only Supreme Court decisions." The most cutting thing he ever said to the same court was during the consideration of a desperate case, in which he had not a leg to stand upon. He made a bold contention, which was falla-



cious, but plausible, from beginning to end. "Blank," said the Court severely, "I would not try to support the average justice of the peace with such an argument as that." "Nor I," was the quick response; "but I had what I considered reliable information that none of the honorable members of this honorable court had ever served in that capacity." "You have practiced before me for years, Blank," said a Circuit judge at one time, "and this is the first time you have shown contempt." "Yes, your Honor," answered Blank; "I have wonderful self-control."—*Banker-Lawyer.*

---



---

# Morris's,

FINEST CREAMS, WATER ICES,  
PASTRIES AND CONFECTIONS. ❄

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO CATERING FOR

Weddings, Receptions, Entertainments, &c.

SOLE AGENCY

ALLEGRETTI'S CHOCOLATES.

WM. REINHEIMER & SONS,

New 'Phone 406.  
Old 'Phone 499.

525 East Broad Street.

---

# PARRISH BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

Boots, Shoes, Hats, and Trunks,  
23 WEST BROAD STREET.

---

# WRIGHT, KAY & CO.,

IMPORTERS, JEWELERS,  
and ENGRAVERS.

The Largest  
Manufacturers  
of  
High-Grade

FRATERNITY BADGES,  
FRATERNITY JEWELRY,  
FRATERNITY NOVELTIES, and  
FRATERNITY STATIONERY

in the  
United  
States.

140-142 Woodward Avenue, DETROIT.



# RYLAND & RANKIN,

## *Jewelers and Silversmiths,*

---

809 Main Street, - LYNCHBURG, VA.

---

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED FOR

Fraternity Pins, Class Pins, Class Rings, Medals, &c.

---

### Our Stock

represents the newest and best productions of Standard and Reputable Manufacturers only.

Under no circumstances  
do we offer our patrons  
goods of doubtful  
quality.

### Estimates

on Class Pins, Class Rings, etc., etc., are largely governed by quantity required.

We only accept orders at a price consistent with best workmanship and high quality.

---

*Correspondence Invited and Promptly Answered.*

Persons Dealing with this Firm will kindly mention the College Messenger.



**J. J. COLLINS,**  
**GROCERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,**  
**CONFECTIONERIES a Specialty.**

**STATIONERY, LAMP FIXTURES,  
OILS, and STUDENTS' SUPPLIES,**

**1500 W. BROAD STREET, OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE.**

---

**JAMES E. GOODE PRINTING CO.,**

**(JOHN T. WEST, Proprietor,)**

**Publishers** Teachers' Public School Registers of Va. and Virginia  
School Journal; Warrock-Richardson Almanac.

**COLLEGE AND SCHOOL PRINTING A SPECIALTY.**

**ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.**

**No. 7 North Seventh Street, - - RICHMOND, VA.**

---

**OLD DOMINION GALLERY.**

**111 East Broad Street,**

**OVER BUCHANAN'S JEWELRY STORE, - RICHMOND, VA.**

**We Make the Best Style and Latest Photos at the Lowest Prices.**

**Fine Finished Photos as Low as \$1.00 per Dozen.**

**Call and See our Work Before C. WEBSTER & CO.**  
**Going Elsewhere.**

**SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS.**

---

*Mrs. Jennie W. Hassell and Mrs. W. G. Root*  
**Professional Instructors in Dancing.**

---

**Call at OLD DOMINION GALLERY, 111 Broad St.**

---

**GEORGE L. MEENLEY,**

**Expert Watch-Maker of 40 Years' Experience.**

**Particular Attention paid to Repairing of all kinds of  
Fine American, English, and Swiss Watches. All  
Work for Ministers and Students HALF-PRICE.**

**No. 715 East Main Street, - RICHMOND, VA.**

---

**J. M. BLANKS,**

**The**

**⇒ Prescription Druggist**

**Corner Hancock and Clay Streets, RICHMOND, VA.**

**TELEPHONE 799.**



# Woman's Exchange



It may be a convenience to visitors to know the RICHMOND EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK (Third st., cor. Franklin) is prepared to take orders for Home-Made Cakes, Breads, and everything made by good housekeepers. Elaborate or simple Suppers, Dinners, and Luncheons can be furnished on short notice. The most beautiful Fancy Work always for sale. Sewing of every description done. Gentlemen's Clothing neatly repaired.

## CHELF & CO.,

106 and 108 N. Pine Street.

Nearest Drug-Store to College.

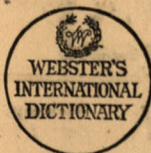
—DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines and Stationery.  
SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS.

Every Home, School, and Office Should Own

## Webster's International Dictionary

of ENGLISH, Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.



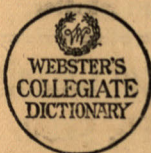
STANDARD AUTHORITY of the U. S. Supreme Court, all the State Supreme Courts, the U. S. Government Printing Office and of nearly all the Schoolbooks. Warmly commended by College Presidents, State Superintendents of Schools, and other Educators almost without number.

Charles W. Elliot, LL. D., President of Harvard University, says:—

"The International is a wonderfully compact storehouse of accurate information."

## Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

with a Valuable Glossary of Scotch Words and Phrases.



A NEW BOOK—the largest of the abridgments of the International. It has a sizable vocabulary, complete definitions and adequate etymologies. Has over 1100 pages and is richly illustrated. Size 7x10x25-8 inches. Its appendix is a storehouse of valuable information.

Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph.D., Columbia University, New York, says:—  
The Collegiate Dictionary is first class in quality and admirably adapted for everyday use.

*Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application.*

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

Intercollegiate Bureau of Academic Costume

**COTRELL & LEONARD,** 472-478 Broadway,  
Albany, N. Y.

MAKERS OF THE

# Caps, Gowns, and Hoods

To the American Universities and Colleges.

Illustrated Bulletin, Samples, and Prices upon application.



# Star Laundry

PAT. McDONOUGH, Proprietor,

Old 'Phone 1733.

924-926 W. Broad Street, - RICHMOND, VA.

T. R. SANDFORD, College Representative.

---

---

 **HOMER & CLARK,** 



---

---

**†ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS,†**

---

---

 High-Class Work at Moderate Prices. 525 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va. 

---

---

**CRUMP & WEST COAL COMPANY,** 'Phone 83.

Dealers in all kinds of ..... **Coal and Wood.**

1719 E. Cary St.,  
RICHMOND, VA.

Kept Dry Under Shelter.

---

---

**Dyeing, Scouring, French Cleaning, Carpet Cleaning,**  
**MEN'S SUITS CLEANED AND PRESSED, \$1.00.**

**MRS. A. J. PYLE,**

New 'Phone 469.

315 North Fifth Street.

---

---

**GEO. W. ANDERSON & SONS,**  
**Carpets and Curtains, Window Shades, &c.**  
**215 E. Broad St. and 1204 E. Main St., RICHMOND, VA.**

---

Students are invited to examine our stock and get estimates  
for furnishing their rooms.



**RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG & POTOMAC**

---

**RAILROAD.**

**THE SHORT LINE TO**

**Washington,  
Baltimore,  
Philadelphia,  
New York,  
Boston,**

**AND ALL POINTS**

**NORTH AND EAST.**

---

**THROUGH ALL-RAIL**

**Fast Passenger and Freight Line.**

---

**E. T. D. MYERS,**

**President.**

**W. P. TAYLOR,**

**Traffic Manager.**



# **I** NTERESTING FACTS ABOUT

---

## **RICHMOND COLLEGE.**

---

### **HISTORICAL**

---

The College was founded in 1832. It was moved from the country to its present beautiful park in Richmond city in 1834. The value of grounds and buildings is \$400,000. The value of endowment is \$280,000. The endowed Library contains 13,000 volumes, and is kept supplied with the newest standard books.

### **INSTRUCTION**

---

Full Corps of Professors in Twelve Departments. Courses leading to degrees of B. A., B. S., M. A., and Bachelor of Law. Thorough instruction. High standards.

### **EXPENSES**

---

Tuition free to all students for the ministry. Endowed Scholarships pay tuition for twenty-eight worthy students. Donation Funds aid ministerial students from other States. The total living expenses of a student who pays all fees are less than \$225 for session of nine months. Table board costs \$7.50 to \$10 a month.

### **LAW**

---

A flourishing School of Law offers legal training at small cost, under the most favorable surroundings. Junior and Senior Classes. Fees for entire session, \$61 to \$76.

### **LAST SESSION**

---

During 1898-'99 there were two hundred and sixty-two students. The good health of students was unbroken by any case of serious sickness. Forty-one Degrees, one hundred and sixty-eight Diplomas, and three hundred and ninety-two Distinctions awarded June 15, 1899, indicate that the session's work was faithfully done.

### **SPRING TERM BEGINS FEBRUARY 6, 1900.**

Students who enter after January 1st are charged for half session only. Postal-card request will bring catalogue, bulletin, and full information.

Address,

PRESIDENT F. W. BOATWRIGHT,  
RICHMOND, VA.