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The College Bell.

BY E. W. W.

From the tower there peals a bell—College bell;
And the sound we all know well—very well;
   Every hour,
   From the tower,
We can hear its loud-toned swell—rhythmic swell.

And its ringing, day by day—every day—
Leads the students oft to say—gladly say—
   "College life,
   With its strife,
Soon for us shall pass away—all away!"

So the meaning of the sound—solemn sound—
In its fullness is not found—truly found—
   Every bell
   Rings the knell
Of an hour! Thought profound—quite profound!

Is there sadness in the tone—oft-heard tone—
When it asks if we have done—we have done—
   Just the good
   That we should
In the time that now is gone—wholly gone?

Then let's answer to the bell—warning bell—
That each hour some good can tell—good can tell. 
   If we do
   But the true,
Heart can echo all is well—all is well!
Then when comes the last dear day—College day—
With what joy we all may say—gladly say—
Our farewell
To the bell
For its warning on our way—rugged way!

Battle of Manchester.

BY C. A. JENKENS.

[Translated from the Original Manuscript of Barak, the Scribe.]

I.

In these days sat Frederick the King upon the throne, and there was peace in the land. Now it came to pass in the sixth year of his reign, in the ninth moon, in the nineteenth day of the month, that there gathered together at the court of Frederick the King a strange tribe, which had heard of the glory of his kingdom, and came from afar—some from the North even unto Canada, some from the South even so far as Brazil, while still others were sojourners from the East and the West. Then said the counsellors of the King, the one to the other, "Lo, these are mighty men which have come among us. They are like to those who came before them as sparrows are like unto the grasshoppers of the field. For behold, they will swallow them up. Let us now take counsel together that this thing may not come to pass." Then came the counsellors together and thought great wisdom. And the sound of their thinking was heard afar in the land. Then rose Frederick the King from off his throne in the temple, where they were all gathered together, and with fair words made he them welcome. Moreover, he said unto them, "Within these four walls"—and every man did smile upon his neighbor, for had not the old men prophesied with them that the King would speak these words? And many other
things did the old men prophesy unto them which came to pass even as they had said. And it was so that when they came forth from the temple they said the one to the other: "The tribe which came before us regardeth us with derision. Let us fall upon them and lay them low, even with the earth." And, behold, the word seemed good. So they fell upon those men of might, the second year men, Sophomores, and, taking from them their banner of scarlet, smote them hip and thigh, even to the borders of the kingdom. And the deed was pleasing in their eyes.

II.

Now came a messenger unto them, and said, "The King desireth that ye be enrolled." So they came into the presence of the King, and wrote down their names in the great book which he presented unto them. Then inquired the King of one of the mighty warriors that he should tell him his name. And he did so softly. Then was the King exceeding wroth, and lifted up his voice and said, "Stand up upon your two feet, open your mouth wide, and say 'Ah!'" Then was the warrior filled with fear, and his knees smote the one against the other, for the face of the King was very terrible. Then said the King many strange things with them, and albeit he was little of stature, yet was his voice large and mighty. And when he had finished they passed out from before his face and took counsel together. And a name was given unto them, for they were called 1902 among men. Now the acts of the tribe and all that they did and their might, are they not all written in the Book of the Chronicles of 1902?

III.

Now it came to pass in the winter season that the tribe of Sophomores said among themselves, "Come, let us prepare a banquet, that we may feast and make merry together, for our thoughts are no longer pleased with the food in the palace
which is nigh unto the doors of the temple. For, behold, one
day is very like unto another." And it was so. And the
banquet was prepared even as they desired. Then came one
running unto the Hall, which is a Memorial among men, and
cried, saying: "Thus and thus hath the craftiest of the old
men said unto me. And, behold, his counsel is good." And
it was so. And five warriors of the tribe of 1902 turned
their footsteps from the Hall, even unto the great palace,
which is on the place called Campus.

Now the light of day was fading from the earth, and the
shadows of the night were falling swiftly, for it was about
the sixth hour. And the five came upon many warriors of
the Sophomores, who perceived them not. For their thoughts
were of the coming feast. Then saw they two warriors of the
Freshmen, even of 1902, who said unto them, "Whither go
ye?" And they answered and said unto them, "Come and
see."

IV.

So, while it was yet even, came they to the gate of the
palace which openeth upon the King's road, even that which
is called Broad. And, behold, there came forth one of
the old men and gave them greeting; and in his room sat the
chief of all the Sophomores, consorting with warriors of the
Freshmen—yea, even playing with them the game called in
the Egyptian tongue, "bluff"—which is, being interpreted,
"poker." Then entered the Freshmen from without and cried,
"Hail, O Anti-Bellum" (for thus was he known among men),
and seized him by the throat and bound him fast. And the
room was filled with an exceeding uproar, for the man Anti-
Bellum was slight of limb and of a stubborn temper. Then
thrust one certain things into his mouth, that he might not
cry out. But, while they endeavored to thrust him out of the
window, the cords became loosed, and likewise was his mouth
opened, so that he smote upon the window with his foot and
lifted up his voice and cried aloud. So they turned and bore him out at the gate with all speed, while his fellows devoured in peace their evening meal in the hall near by, and hearkened not to the uproar. For their ears were deafened that they could not hear. And all the old men smiled loud smiles and smote each other for very joy. So while the curious gathered themselves together and peered forth from the corners of their eyes, the Freshmen put upon the man Anti-Bellum a kicking strap, that he might not be minded to run rapidly, and, carrying him out of the city by way of Free Bridge, they boarded the chariot which goes swiftly and came into the city Manchester. And there passed them a Professor, who looked not upon them, but passed by on the other side, for behold he was a man of good counsel. And they came to an inn.

V.

Now, it came to pass while they made merry at the inn, behold much yelling was heard without, and they heard the door being opened against their command. And while they gathered about the captive the door burst open and there tumbled in much people of the Freshmen, and they fell into one another's arms and rejoiced together. And they made merry so much the more, for they had come a long hour's journey of three leagues, and were not the Sophomores far away? Now, after the space of a watch of the night, much shouting was heard without, and, behold, it was the tribe of Sophomores—and they were making ready for battle, for they were very wroth. Now the man Anti-Bellum raised a shout. So the Freshmen sat upon him. And the Sophomores sent before their face an officer of the town. And he came among the Freshmen and talked much and loudly of the law. But they mocked at him and thrust him out. So he went and called his fellow, yet bigger than himself, and made promise of more to come. And while the mistress of
the inn shrieked, and the engines of the law puffed and
snorted beyond measure, the Freshmen took counsel together
among themselves and surrendered the prisoner. So the
Sophomores surrounded their chief and took him down the
broad highway, while the Freshmen followed and made
ready for battle.

VI.

And it came to pass very quickly that they saw the chariot
that goes swiftly, and lo, it was about to return to the great
city where abode Frederick the King. So the Sophomores
made haste and got upon it. But even as the chariot started
they turned and beheld, and lo, the Freshmen were returning,
and that with all speed, to the city Manchester—and there
were with them certain warriors of the Sophomores—and,
behold, they were unhappy and tore their hair. And lo, one
of them did ride upon his neck. Now he was yclept I Key.
So they dismounted from the chariot in all haste and made
after the Freshmen and gave battle. And in the midst of
the strife they lifted up their eyes, and lo, the chariot had
departed and was not. So the strife ceased. And it was
about the eleventh hour. Moreover, their banquet was cool-
ing rapidly. So they sat down by the road-side—some say
that they swore the while; others that they wept.

VII.

But the Freshmen passed by them and made haste toward
the city of the King. Now there met them the last chariot
which should go to and fro that night, and already it was
between night and the day. So they got upon and returned
even unto the place where the Sophomores were. And as
the chariot made ready to return to the city of the King the
Sophomores rose up from the wayside and thought to ascend
upon it. And it was so that the Freshmen then got off from
it, and there was a mighty battle—yea, even the mightiest bat-
BATTLE OF MANCHESTER.

The warriors of the King fight not among themselves now as did they of old. Nay, look upon them and see. Their thoughts are the thoughts of peace, and their deeds are not mighty. Yet doth it please the King's counsellors, and mayhap it is well.

Now there was much snow upon the ground, and it was very cold. Yet waxed the strife furious even unto the frozen river, which was hard by, and many were the deeds of mighty valor. And verily they fought until their limbs grew weary and hope died out in the hearts of the Sophomores. Then did they beseech the Freshmen to cease the strife and return in peace with them—yea, they even prayed and entreated them to consider their case and take pity. And in truth were the warriors of the Freshmen sore with strife, and, moreover, the driver of the chariot (called, in the vulgar tongue, motorman) cried out that he would beat their heads with the brake handle, and did so even right lustily. For the warriors of the Sophomores had bribed him with many shekels that he should not go back without them. So it came to pass that the Freshmen hearkened alike unto the prayers of the Sophomores and the aching of their own limbs, and all together climbed upon the chariot and rode thus into the city of the King.

Now, the warriors of the Sophomores hastily filled themselves with the cold meat of the ruined banquet, for their time was very short, and there was the sound of rejoicing in the camp of the Freshmen even until the morning.

Now the greatness of the Freshmen and all that they did, is it not written in the Book of the Chronicles of 1902? And I, Barak the Scribe, the son of Hishmiel, the son of Benada, have written down these things in a great book, and are they not even as I have said? For with our eyes saw we and beheld them, and behold our eyes deceived us not, neither did they lie.
Merry Hill.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

In that golden month of August,
Of a summer long ago,
Did we meet within the shadows
That the weeping willows throw
Dream-like on those grassy carpets,
Flower-kissed and fair and green,
Which enfold the Rappahannock's
Mirror bosom in between.

There it was that summer evening,
In the fairy-days of yore,
That I saw thee wandering, watching,
On the dim Culpeper shore—
Like an angel being waiting,
Waiting, beck'ning as before;
And thy whisper o'er the waters
Made my pulse leap more and more

Still the evening, and the twilight
Melting in the after-glow
Gently bore the mellow music
Of the river in its flow.
And I crossed the singing river,
Crossed the silver unto thee;
Saw thee standing o'er the rapids,
Crossed, and clasped thee close to me!

Far above the merry waters
Playing round the rocks beneath,
Stood we, lovers, and conversing,
Heirs to all the years bequeath.
We were children—what, thou'rt laughing?
Would that we were children yet,
For we loved with love surpassing,
Love that men can ne'er forget.
MERRY HILL.

Merry Hill, that in the gloaming, 
Lighted from the nether west, 
Flashes back the reddened sun-beam 
From some vapor mountain-crest—
Merry Hill, so dimly lifting 
Through the gathering gray thy form, 
Home of sires long gone before me, 
Haven after all the storm!

Often in the purple evening 
Have we watched thee, tipped with fire, 
And in kisses pledged our passion 
As our souls swept up and higher;
Often watched thee as the darkness 
Dropped its jeweled cloak around, 
And then, parting till the morrow, 
Passed, still dreaming, homeward bound.

So from twilight unto twilight 
Met we in the shady tryst, 
There above the singing waters 
And the rainbow on the mist;
Deep in speculative visions, 
Dreams that knew no circling bar, 
Dreamed on life as living should be, 
Not upon things as they are.

O, my love was like an angel 
With her sweet pathetic face, 
And I loved her Southern beauty 
And her languor and her grace.
Love was kind and Love was golden, 
Life seemed all a living rhyme; 
O! the breakers rolled but gently 
On the sounding reef of Time!

Often by the singing waters, 
Answering to a subtle call, 
We would seek the soul's great mystery 
And the far-off end of all—
Feel the flood-tide of existence
In its infinite sweep of plan,
And, caressing, hail the knowledge
Love's the loftiest thing in man!

So we two, amid the mysteries,
Knowing, yet unknown to each,
Dreaming, loved with love surpassing
All the finite love we teach!
So we wandered, lovers, happy,
In those careless days of yore,
Wandered, wrapped within our musings,
On the Rappahannock's shore.

Merry Hill, that in the gloaming
Lighted from the nether west,
Flashes back the reddened sun-beam
From some vapor mountain-crest,
Ah, I see thee rising grayly
Through the welling mists of tears,
And I hear a voice calling,
Calling from the phantom years!

Purple, golden, was that evening
Flaring from the mountain's line,
And the crickets near the woodland
Hushed their melody for thine;
And the laughing highland waters
Trilled more sweetly o'er the stone—
Heav'nly rose thy voices blending
With the wind's deep monotone!

Then it was an angel being,
Envious, took thee by the hand;
Then didst thou with weeping kiss me
Saying, "Earth-plans cannot stand."
And I saw thee for an instant,
Clad in garments radiant, white.
Smile from out the flaming sun-set
Hovering on the skirts of night.
MERRY HILL.

Lonely, lonely, didst thou leave me,
Stranger e'en among my kin;
And I drowned my broken passion
In the revelries of sin,
Crying, "Only fools in raving
Sing through all a purpose runs,
Born of love divinely gentle,
Deep'ning with the waxing suns!

"Through the fabric of existence
Winds the darker woof of Fate,
Heartless in her grim decisions
And revengeful in her hate."
Then, "Our lives are merely atoms
In the structure of the whole,
Playing parts we cannot fathom—
O, the mystery of the Soul!"

Lonely, lonely, didst thou leave me,
And on many a foreign tide
Vainly did I seek that quiet
Which my native heath denied;
Vainly, in my ceaseless roaming,
Sought to dull the mortal pain,
Dreaming, madly, 'twas but parting—
Surely she will come again!

O, the years are wide between us,
And with varied things are filled,
Yet across them comes a calling,
And it never can be stilled!
And a figure, radiant figure,
Beck'ning to me through my tears,
Smiles and whispers, "Then, forever,"
O'er the chasm of the years!

Once again my feet are pressing
Spots more hallowed e'en than yore—
Once again I view the mountains
From the Rappahannock's shore;
But the hand of Time has taught me
Something from his boundless store;
And I come, my sorrow tempered,
In the very love I bore!

For I dreamed of all the Future
As I studied all the Past,
Mused on things that are eternal
As of those that cannot last;
And a loftier vista opened,
Widening through the circling days,
Till the darkness that enthralled me
Melted in the blinding rays.

Living is not all it seemeth;
Death itself is relative;
Sorrows are not merely sorrows,
And the lesson is to live.
In the sweep of all creation
I observe an onward flow
Toward one fixed and higher centre,
And this truth I can but know:

That a force somewhere and higher,
Other than the soul of man,
Lifts our race to loftier levels—
Good, the consummated plan;
Radiant joy and hallowed sorrow
But the indications still
Of a throbbing, undercoursing
Purpose of a supreme Will!

Merry Hill, that in the gloaming
Lighted from the nether west,
Flashes back the reddened sun-beam
From some vapor mountain-crest,
Once again I view thee resting
'Mid the swelling green of lands,
And I yearn to call thee "home-place,"
But thou’rt passed to stranger hands!
So I linger but a moment
   In the first glow of the moon,
And my saner fancies take me,
   Lulled by Nature's subtle croon
Rising from the singing waters,
   Which, in playing, leap and gleam
Where the ghostly shades are creeping,
   Wrapping all the world in dream.

Merry Hill, farewell forever,
   Fare thee well forever more—
Hark, the nodding trees are calling
   On the dim Culpeper shore!
And I cross, amid the vespers,
   Feeling keener yet the pain.
Sorrow's crown is sorrow chastened,
   Clasped with memory's golden train.

Portia.

To delineate the character of a woman as near perfect as it is possible for a human being to be is indeed a hard task, but Shakespeare, when he wrote "The Merchant of Venice," came very near accomplishing this. Portia has all the attractive attributes that contrive to make his other female characters natural, and she has qualities that make her far more perfect than his other women. Like them, she has dignity, tenderness, and sweetness, but individually she has intellectuality, earnestness of purpose, and a wonderful buoyancy of spirit.

Broadly speaking, Portia's character has two sides; these are blended in a manner at once delightful and natural. One brings out her girlish and unaffected nature. We are especially struck by this when we first meet with her in Act I., scene 2, in which she discusses her suitors with her
companion, Nerissa, who herself seems to be a good common­sense sort of body. Nerissa names over the suitors who have come, and Portia disposes of each one in a few short, witty sentences. For instance, Nerissa says:

“What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?”

Portia: “You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man’s picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere.”

The conversation goes on in the same strain to the end of the list.

The other phase of Portia’s character—namely, the more mature and womanly side—is brought out in nearly every sentence she utters in the court scene.

In Act III., scene 2, in which Bassanio makes a choice of the caskets, Portia is the warm-hearted, passionate woman, who has given Bassanio her love. While she is far too modest and sensible to disgrace herself by throwing herself in his arms, figuratively speaking, yet she is not so prudish as to conceal her love, and exhibits it in a most fitting speech:

“I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore forbear awhile.
There’s something tells me—but it is not love—
I would not lose you; and, you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn.
Beshrew your eyes,
They have overlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours."

Little wonder that Bassanio, after being detained by listening at these remarks, replied:

"Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack."

Portia is an heiress and has been bred in the lap of luxury. She is an aristocrat in the highest and best sense of the word, and naturally she herself never forgets her own worth. She is beautiful and fully realizes it. Yet, after all, she is by no means egotistical, and yields herself to Bassanio with a singleness of purpose and a devotion that leaves nothing to be desired. Hear what she says after he has chosen the right casket:

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is some of—something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; then happier in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted; but now I were the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o' er myself and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord.”

What could be more gracious and dignified than this?
What more tender and loving?

In Act III., scene 4, at a time when almost any one under
the same circumstances would have been much excited, with­
out knowing what to do, when most women would have
remained anxiously at home waiting their husband's return,
Portia displays her firmness and good sense by doing just the
thing needed to save the life of Antonio. Giving the
necessary orders to her servant and encouraging her maid
Nerissa, who appears somewhat doubtful of Portia's ability
to carry the scheme through, she embarks upon an under­
taking few women would have conceived, much less success­
fully finished.

But in the court scene, where all the interest of the play
centres, where the climax is reached dramatically, Portia is
at her very best. Here her intellectuality, her tenderness,
her love for religion, the highest and noblest side of her
nature is splendidly shown. How tenderly she entreats the •
Jew for mercy, in a speech that is too well known to be
quoted. How wise she is to desire that Antonio be saved by
the payment of his just debt, even at her own expense, rather
than that he should be saved by a legal quibble. She says:
“Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.” But
in vain; the Jew will have only his bond, and when she
does bring down on his own head the punishment he has
intended for another, she does it as a bright woman would.
Who but a woman could have managed the case in such an
adroit manner? Yet by no means at any time in the trial
does she unsex herself, as some critics would have it.

In the last act, once more, we are brought face to face with
the playful fun-loving side of Portia's character. By the
ring episode we see that Portia could play a joke, yet end it
at precisely the right time and in precisely the right way.
Listen at her words to Bassanio for giving away her ring:

"If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any term of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for it, but some woman had the ring."

But when she sees it is time to be in earnest, she says,
referring to the lawyer:

"I had it of him. Pardon me, Bassanio."

After all the character of Portia is well summed up in the
words of Jessica, who was herself a dim reflection of some of
Portia's best qualities. She, on being asked by her husband
how she likes Lord Bassanio's wife, replies:

"Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of Heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he does not merit it,
In reason he should never come to Heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow."

Such earnest praise from one woman to another is praise indeed, and in this case it is richly merited.

—'02.

The Alphabet.

BY C. A. J., JR.

A is for Allen, the joy of the College,
The pride of the ladies, the acme of knowledge.

B is for Bremner, at whose sacred shrine
The College girls bow in rapture divine.

C is for Cox, the leader in law,
A liver by day with never a flaw.

D is for Dunn, the ladies' own pride,
Who has won every girl he ever has tried.

E is for East, his mother's dear boy,
The gem of his home, his father's great joy.

F doth both French and Foggy begin,
Whose general structure resembles a pin.

G is, of course, sacred to the dear girls,
With their doubtful complexions and dubious curls.

H is for Habel, who wears a large belt;
We won't roast the poor dear for fear he might melt.

I is the ivy upon these old halls,
Which clings like our heart-strings to old Richmond's walls.

J is for June, which, once in a while,
Comes with diplomas and makes us all smile.

K is for Kerfoot, our captain so grim;
He's proud of us, and we're proud of him.
L is for Lankford, who rushes the line,
Who makes a touch-down in less than no time.

M is for McElroy, who looks like an owl,
But in wisdom surpasses that elegant fowl.

N is for Nichol, and we'll have to stop there,
For if we go farther we're likely to swear.

O is for the oddities from farm and fen
Each year brings old Richmond to turn into men.

P is for Peanuts, our jolly fat friar,
Who, being a churchman, doth not fear the fire.

Q is Quarles, so quick and so quaint—
Than do a bad deed he sooner would faint.

R is for the Rat, whose actions unlawful,
The lady-like old men declare are quite awful.

S is the Stream of the James' red flood,
Whose principal constituent appears to be mud.

T is our Track, built of substance like dough,
Where the faster you leg it the slower you go.

U is the Union which young Hicks has made
With the widow and children for which he had prayed.

V is for Victory, which this year hath been
High perched on our banner and screaming like sin.

W is Why some magnanimous soul
Doesn't build us a fine gym. on some green knoll.

X is the fellow who by Heaven's grace
Shall soon come among us to fill his own place.

Y is for Yawns, measured by the square mile,
Indulged in at lecture-time once in a while.

Z is a letter for whose presence and use
We have had a hard time to find any excuse.

& so we have sagely concluded, entre nous,
To stop, incidentally, when we are through.
"HISTORY teaches by example," Nature by illustration. The lessons of History are infested with vice and often marred by imperfection of language, while those of Nature are made strong by purity and revealed in simplicity. Doubtless we have thought our forefathers very unfortunate in not having possessed the present mass of literature to which we have access, forgetting that they had, undefiled by bridge and track, smoke and factory, universal Nature. We garner from poetry, fiction, history, and philosophy the corrupt with the pure, the false with the true; but they, having no other material source, were glad to drink at Nature's fountain; they lived daily, hourly, in the midst of open books.

Cast aside for awhile such meagre tutors as our present volumes, and revel in the lap of this great instructor. Wander through the meadow and glen, and catch the busy lark's merry note as she wings away in search of food for her fledgelings—ever content. The waving clover, bowed by the morning dew, seems to beckon and say, "Consider how I grow!" The rippling brook, whether the water be clear or turbid by recent showers, runs on in pleasing harmony. Give ear to the farmer boy's whistle, as morning beauty touches his tender heart, drives away every care, and calls forth the music of his young soul. Loiter through the forest and woodland dell and have your heart gladdened, as was that of the Red Crosse Knight, by the soothing sigh of the swaying pines. Plunge deeper into the forest, and gather a lesson from the little beaver felling trees and bridging streams. What diligence, what unsurpassed courage and persistency, what an illustration of the secret of real success the view presents! Nature is full of such lessons of practical life; for the mere looking we recognize them everywhere. The father of our
literature basked in the sunshine of spring-time and gloried in the freshness of May. Nature was his inspiration, and for her only would Chaucer break his devotion to books.

But teachings of a more moral and sublime character are numerous and ever present. King David was moved to burst forth in song: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

Surely, kind reader, you have been constrained to an exclamation of delight, as on some clear night you have stood beneath the cerulean sky, under the twinkling stars and milky way, stretching athwart the vaulted dome in mystic beauty, while the full moon, risen high, poured forth its lovely light till the slumbering earth seemed to be bathed in molten glory. Need we marvel that the ancient magicians, ignorant of the true God, climbed to the hill-tops of Central Asia to adore His most glorious handiwork! But it is mysterious—astounding—that mortal man can behold, again and again, such matchless loveliness, and not be compelled to admit on bended knee the existence of an all-wise and merciful God. How can man, under such a manifestation of infinite power, truth, and purity, perpetrate crimes suiting only dark orgies and Stygian blackness? Rather, he should be moved to exclaim as was an enchanted admirer:

"As I beheld the moon one cloudless night,
And as full-blownd she swept the starry belt,
And mellow silvery light on earth did melt,
The scene with rapture filled my soul, I plight;
As roof and dale did seem a frosty glow,
It touched my heart and pierced my soul so deep,
That from this view so grand, while earth did sleep,
'Twas thought some truth to mortals it should show.
The moon doth give to all by night who need
A guide to lead them o'er the firmest sod;
So we to man should lend a helping hand."
The sun, thus through obedient moon, doth lead
The pilgrim on, and we, if God we serve,
Reflect the light that helps our brother stand.”

Would you witness a grand display of Divine power, excellency, and wisdom—peer almost into the portals of Heaven, catch its brilliancy, and have your soul stirred to its very depths? If so, stand at the gray of dawn on the shores of the broad Atlantic. Light begins to streak the eastern horizon; the twinkling stars are fading one by one, and the mantle of night, receding in the west, reveals an undulating line of sand-hills, suggesting in the gloom the Egyptian Pyramids. To your left and to your right, stretching into the dim distance, as it meets the breaking billows and flying foam, is the gently-sloping shore, broken only by a fisherman’s hut or the remains of some ill-fated bark. Glancing o’er the dark blue ocean, marked now and then by a foam-crested wave, you catch the brightness of approaching day. The cloudless sky is varied with lovely light, from a rosy tint to a pink, blushing with the azure blue. Even the planets, as if ashamed to meet the god of day, have vanished, and suddenly there emerges from the ocean’s bosom, seemingly born of the deep, a fiery disk; higher and higher it rises, until it appears a faultless golden globe, resting on the billowy sea, as it colors the sky with radiant beauty. Lingering for awhile, it appears by a sudden bound to leave the heaving surface, and to stand full, faultless, and pleasing to the eye—the morning sun. Its first rays dance on the snow-capped waves, kiss your cheek, beautify the sloping hills, and speed away to brighten homes and gladden other hearts. Occasionally your attention is attracted by a huge swell, towering above all others, as if exultant in its might, mounting higher and higher, and rushing madly shore-ward, until its lofty crest totters, and, plunging in its own pathway, hurls at your feet feathery foam and dashes about you spray, sparkling as a shower of diamonds.
Save the dull thunder of the ever-approaching breakers and your own heart-throbs, all is silent. And amid such power, depth, grandeur, and beauty, like a panorama in the Divine presence, and illumined by the morning light, is your secret soul. Pride, conceit, envy, self-restrained faults, and worthless idols fall into nothingness, and, in the presence of imposing Nature, you see your true self. Before you is a great store-house—delight for the mirthful, and unsurpassed variety of color and scenery for the artist, inspiration for the poet, depth for the serious, and a great fountain of truth for the seeker of knowledge. It is free to all—the wise and foolish, the rich and poverty-stricken; no tyrant can snatch it from us; it is the greatest teacher for the least price.

We perceive, think, and impart to others by means of symbols. Thus God has given us Divine manifestations to enable our conceptions to strengthen our faith; He has given declarations of His power and grace, equal, at least, to our ability to understand. No man can instruct us ever, for some day we shall overtake and surpass him. But God, in His infinite wisdom, has provided for His children an inexhaustible source of inspiration and holy truth, ever extending in unfathomed depth.

It is recorded that Brien, "The Brave," King of Ireland, boasted of his model administration and law-abiding subjects, and averred that a beautiful young woman, adorned in jewels and costly attire, and carrying in her hand a wand tipped with a ring of great price, traveled alone from one end of his kingdom to the other, and, because of the prevailing veneration for justice and purity, she was unmolested. Should we take Nature as our teacher, imbibe her precious instruction, and adhere to her silent yet ever-present promptings, we, too, might glory in a land free from infidelity, treachery, and other vices, and here, too, might go abroad, protected from insult, contamination, and destruction, virtue, truth, and purity.
A Blue Ridge Poem.

BY IRON M. QUINCKLE.

When I'm circled in by mountains,
Jest ez blue ez blue kin be,
Then I'm happy ez when I'm countin'
Out the dollars on my knee.

When I'm greeted every mornin'
Jest ez if I wuz a king,
By the same ol' hills a formin'
Many a dome and purple ring;
Then I'm happy ez wuz ol' Crusoe
On his island kingdom dreamin',
With jest the airthquake fer his foe
And the sea like silver gleamin'.

When I'm marv'lin' at the glory,
Ez the sunlight tints the blue,
Turnin' peaks to castles hoary,
Leavin' walls of darker hue;
Then I cease to count the dollars,
Or to think of sordid gain,
While my fancy fondly follers
Shadders chasin' up the plain.

When in other lands I'm wanderin'
When in distant climes I go;
On loftier forms a ponderin'
Peaks capped with eternal snow;
Still shall memory, backward turnin',
See once more the changin' blue,
Of those home hills, ever burnin'
With their deep celestial hue.

Then I'd give my bottom dollar
Jest to be back once again,
While my fancy fondly follers
Shadders chasin' up the plain.
THE 14th day of December, 1718, was clear and frosty, the bracing air having just that quality in it that makes the blood tingle and leap the faster in sluggish veins; and, forsooth, mine needed a stirring up on that fair day, for the previous night had seen me gaming until the clock in old St. Mary's tower chimed 1, and the stroke two hours later had found me just putting my finishing touches on an essay that was to be handed in on the morrow to our learned doctor of rhetoric. It is no poetic imagination that likens an atmosphere, such as I have mentioned above, to wine. So in the afternoon of this bright and winsome day, after my lectures had been done with, I donned my running apparel and light foot-gear, and set out for a jog across the country, hoping thus to return with a lighter head and a merrier heart, for at the sitting the night before I had lost good eight pound ten, and consequently had imbibed rather freely of Judson Coleman's far-famed concoctions. 'Twas a glorious day, that 14th day of December, and I swung across fields with the regular swinging step of a trained runner. I drew long, deep breaths, inflating my lungs to their fullest extent, and gloried in the life-giving elixir that I inhaled. For two full miles I sped thus, and then, turning, I raced again to town, following the highland beyond South Hincksey, and with a strong southwest breeze against my back.

I was, and am still, a great believer in Nature as a physician; consequently, after nights of dissipation, I always took these runs; and, as often as I made them, I formed new resolves to follow a steadier course. With me resolves were easily made. Alack! they were as easily broken. So the runs I took across the country had become frequent, and in
this, my third year at Magdalen, they had become more frequent than ever. Our good doctor of rhetoric was wont to tell us that high resolves, as well as things accomplished, find due credit in the great summing up. May the saints grant he spoke the truth! Otherwise my credit side will boast few entries.

The sun was sinking as I leaped into the main road on my way back to town. Struck with the beauty of the scene, I mounted a stone wall, and sat there, drinking in the gorgeous hues that overlaid the yellow flaming from the clear-cut ridges on the other side of South Hincksey. As I sat thus, musing on strange things, as was my wont, I heard the clear notes of a bugle in the distance, and at the same time a ploughman crying, "The King! the King!" The shout of the lubber, as he rushed to the road-side, aroused me. Turning, I saw, sure enough, a richly-caparisoned cavalcade sweeping down the hill, and the banner of the royal house floating gaily on the breeze, and presently the King himself, surrounded by his lords and gentlemen. George the First, of England, was come to rest over-night in Oxford town. I doffed my hat as the cavalcade swept by, at the same time noticing that my cousin, the Earl of Devonshire, rode next His Majesty. He hailed me as he passed, and I saluted him profoundly, for he had great influence at court, and had hinted to my father that he would aid me if I should decide to try my fortunes there.

It had been full five years since the Earl had last visited our home. From that time I had never clapped eyes on him, and I was not a little surprised that he remembered me so readily. I had often wished to see him again, and on one occasion went all the way to London for that purpose, only to find him off on a trip to France. But here was the opportunity I sought. So I determined to become better acquainted with my noble kinsman, and that ere another sun-rise.

As my cousin bowed, a knight, who was riding by his side, turned and looked me full in the face. Then he leaned to
whisper something to the Earl. "Lord Carleton," I heard him reply, and I knew they were speaking of me. Again the stranger turned and looked at me. The attention the noble paid me aroused my curiosity, and I scanned him closely. I remember distinctly how his handsome and keenly-drawn countenance attracted me—particularly how the scarlet scarf, thrown carelessly over his shoulders, set off the beauty of his dark features and waving hair. After the train passed by, that bold, proud face and the crimson playing on the breeze lingered with me. Well might it have done so—it has ever lingered thus. Before the sun kissed again the golden cross on old Christ Church that knight was stretched cold and stiff in his blood, with the broken blade of a rapier through his heart. And the rapier was mine!

After the retinue had entered the town, I jumped from my seat—for I had sat musing on the gaieties and possible distinctions at court—and slowly wended my way to my rooms—slowly, because I was thinking deeply as to my future course. My head, so to speak, was in a whirl; my plans, which I had congratulated myself were definitely settled, were disturbed, and disturbed to their foundation. Previously I had contemplated taking my bachelor's degree at Oxford, and then entering upon the study of medicine. My father, I may remark, had been bitterly opposed to this plan, assigning, among other reasons, that I was the head of the house. So headstrong was I, however, that I persisted in my plan, and thus caused my father much worry. But the sight that evening of my cousin, the Earl, and the lords and gentlemen surrounding the King, aroused within me a desire that completely overshadowed my former devotion to science, and I straightway resolved to see my kinsman on the morrow in reference to his obtaining a secretary-ship for me after my graduation. My father's objections, which I had disregarded in blindness, now came up again, only they were intensified and made real by what I had seen. I came to realize his ambition for me,
and at the same instant I conceived an ambition to emulate my ancestors, and thus add more of glory to our ancient house. So forcibly did the idea strike me that, upon reaching my room, I immediately sat down and wrote my father of my decision. The old gentleman's reply did not reach me until twenty years afterwards, yet, even at that time, it did me good to read his blessings on me for at last perceiving the matter in its true light, and giving me directions as to the carrying out of his long-cherished plan. I often read his letter—often, I say, and it seems to me that it is a message from another world. How idle were these commendations! Ere my own letter reached him I was lying in Oxford jail, by the King's order, charged with the murder of His Grace of Northampton.

When I entered the town I found the populace in a hubbub. "The King! the King!" was on every lip, and groups stood around the corners and taverns, listening to some wag deal forth gossip of royal doings. And ever and anon a band of students would come marching up High street, their strong, full voices blending in rich harmony, singing "God Save the King!" 'Twas up this same street that, on one sunny day of '88, townsmen and gownsmen greeted Lord Lovelace and his army with such uproarious welcome. It must needs be fine, I thought, to be sovereign. I still think that way, but it is the ruler of self I honor, not the ruler of peoples. 'Tis strange what fools men become over titles. But I have no room to speak thus. In my own time I was the veriest of fools, though now, from long observation of these brave peoples of the colonies, I have come to realize that the nobility of a man lies in his manhood—a gift not within the power of kings. Young nations are ever hardy, however, and it grieves me to think that even these colonists in time—when the country shall have become wealthy by developing her vast resources—will grow warped and insipid, as other peoples have done in the long flow of the ages.
The way was so filled with the crowd that it took me no small time to work my way down to where one turns into the corn market from Ship street. But the throng was a merry one, and at the corner of the market I stopped for a moment to look on. I had hardly taken my stand when I heard some one call me from across the street. Turning, I saw a student beckoning me from the doorway of Mr. Jonathan Stout—"Fatty Stouty" the boys affectionately dubbed him—the college hatter. Mr. Stout's broad, cleanly-kept shop was a favorite retreat for the students, and not many minutes of the day passed but found a crowd there, engaged in either bantering the jolly hatter, planning some new deviltry, or else discussing some question brought up by the college instructors.

"Prithee, Master Courtnay," bawled Mr. Stout, removing his glasses and winking to the students around, as I entered, "the King has requested the honor of a meeting with thee!"

"Thou art a worthy messenger of His Majesty," I retorted, laughing at his rotund figure. "Pray, what precedence hast thou at court?"

"Hear! Hear!" cried the hatter. "And this is the way he taketh such glad tidings—scorning the messenger of the King. But I forgive thee thy folly, young sir, seeing thy head is turned. This letter was left with me, sir, to be handed thee at first chance." And Mr. Stout drew from his waistcoat a blue missive, and handed it to me. The wax bore the signet of the house of Devonshire. The letter was from my kinsman, the Earl. Truly matters were opening favorably. I broke the seal and read as follows:

**THE CROWNE INN, Dec'b'r 14th, 1718.**

**To Master Caleb Courtnay:**

Dear Cousin,—I shall be happy to renew with thee my acquaintance of several summers past, and if thou wilt meet me about 11 at "The Three Bells," we may enjoy a talk, and
a quiet game with some friends of mine. I have a proposition to make thee also in reference to my conversation with thy father some years since, of which thou art aware. I leave this with a jolly lubber of a hatter, who claims honor of acquaintance with thee.

Affect'ly yours, Devonshire.

"So, ho!" cried Mr. Stout, as I finished reading the note, "you are puzzled, my lad. In times like these 'tis nothing like bracing up and—"

"Shutting up, when there's need," I interrupted. "Though, Master Stout, you have my thanks for your courtesy." And I left the shop, with the laugh turned against the rotund hatter.

'Twas but a short walk to my room, and thither, after first supping, I hastened, and occupied the next three hours in completing an essay I was preparing. But my mind was far too perturbed with other things to write of sober abstractions, and more than once I caught my thoughts wandering to my kinsman, the Earl, and the opportunity that was before me. So it was with real relief that I heard the chime of 10. I cast aside my paper, hurried into a change of dress, and half an hour later was wending my way through the grove toward "The Three Bells." At the stroke of 11 I approached the tavern.

The lower part of the inn was but poorly lighted, and in the murky yellow light of the wine-room I saw a crowd of lackeys and soldiers engaged in drinking. But from the windows of the upper left-hand chamber a cheerful glow was stealing through the red curtains, and within I heard the sounds of mirth. As I drew nearer, over by the yard entrance I saw three grooms holding as many horses. The air was keen with cold, and the horses were impatiently chafing at their bits. At the instant I placed my foot upon
the doorstep one of the fiery animals reared, and the attendant fell within the light from the window. I recognized the livery of Devonshire. The Earl had come before me.

"Be you Master Courtnay?" cried a servant as I entered. "If so, the gentlemen are waiting ye. Top floor, sir, and two from the head of the stairs."

A moment later I was ushered into the room. In the centre of the chamber, which was hung with rich draperies, stood a massive oaken table, its polished surface flaming in the light of the fire. Around it were seated three men, engaged at cards. One was a stranger, the second was my kinsman, and at his right sat the gentleman of the crimson scarf.

"I give you good evening, my lords," said I, as they rose and bowed in acknowledgment of my introduction. Thus it was that I met His Grace of Northampton and his relative, the Marquis of Landbury. * * * Fifteen minutes later it was settled that I was to enter the diplomatic service—under our Ambassador to France—on the September following my graduation. In these few minutes my plans were laid. In four times as many more they were broken. I hope that my reader, judging from my quick decision to abandon my plan of studying medicine, thinks not that I am of an uncertain and changeable character. It must be remembered that my father opposed the plan, and had pleaded earnestly with me to enter my country's service in the manner now agreed upon. Then, too, when I announced my purpose to study medicine, I must confess my conscience hurt me sorely, for I realized how deeply my father was disappointed. The objections he urged were constantly before me, and gradually it dawned upon me that my devotion to science was not as sincere as I once thought it. So my change of plan was the result of these forces, the opportunity that my cousin presented finally carrying the day. And after it was agreed
upon I felt heartily glad, and thanked my kinsman in warmest terms.

"Come," said my cousin, rising; "thy future has been settled; so let's drink to it, and then to play!" I may add, in order to throw a gleam of light on the things that follow, that one of the party drained three glasses.

When I first entered the room I did not notice that any of the three gentlemen seemed unduly gone in wine, though my cousin—so my father had told me—was the merriest and wildest at court. But I soon observed that Northampton had imbibed far too freely for the clearness of his brain, and after playing was commenced he became positively disagreeable. He lost heavily, and at every deal of the cards sought to drown his ill-luck in yet another glass. When His Grace was not silent his comments were acrid to a degree. And they grew more unpleasant as, in the progress of play, he lost more heavily. But the Marquis was bubbling over with merriment, and kept up a running fire of wit and comment. The Marquis possessed a caustic tongue. Yet even his raillery did little to lighten His Lordship's displeasure. Northampton was in a thoroughly bad humour. Against me some of his most pungent remarks were directed—he had lost most to me—and at several points I replied so sharply that a quarrel seemed imminent. But they passed by, unpleasantly enough, however, for my cousin smoothed matters over with some of his witty sayings, and the game continued. Then, too, I was in a roaring good humour, and entirely averse to anything so strenuous as a quarrel, for fortune had come my way, and in ten deals I had won back my losses of the previous night and twenty guineas besides.

"Egad, sir!" I laughed, the coxcomb of my heart warmed with good Rhenish and the glitter of golden coins; "'tis worth losing in order to learn how to do it gracefully, and opportunities should be grasped. My Lord, there is an application
in my remark." And the rest joined in my merriment as the
scowl deepened on Northampton's face.*

So the game went on, and, in all probability, would have
ended peacefully, in spite of the fact that I continued to win
and the Duke to lose, had not my kinsman and the Marquis
been called away by a messenger from the King. It hap­
pened that, just as the lackey came, Northampton had won
five guineas.

"Damn, sir!" he cried; "'tis luck indeed that calls a game
at the very instant fortune turns my way!" And he flung
his hand down.

"We may continue the game, sir," I said, gathering up the
cards; "although—"

"A happy idea," laughed the Marquis, who had been
almost as successful as I. "Pray go on. We shall be back
ere an half hour, and may then rejoine you."

"Then, sir, we play," said Northampton, and he seized the
pack and commenced dealing in a savage manner.

The words had scarcely left my lips ere I regretted having
suggested playing in the absence of the other two, for I real­
ized that a quarrel was almost certain to follow, as it was
plainly evident that my noble Lord was getting drunker and
madder every minute. The frequent glasses he had poured
down were doing little toward smoothing his ruffled temper.
At the same instant my cousin gave me a warning glance.
But it was then too late, for the cards had been dealt, and to

* My one great regret is that I did not act with a cooler head on that
eventful night. Laying aside the fact that my career hinged on my
rapier, I often grieve that so good a fellow as Northampton fell by my
blade, for I afterwards learned that he was a thoroughly lovable gentle­
man when not in his cups. Yet how was I to know that his irritation
that evening was the result of a week's carousal and some heavy losses.
There is a chance that I might have avoided the issue of this ill-starred
quarrel, but I console myself by thinking that it was but natural for me,
under the circumstances, to act as I did. A man has but one thing to
do when attacked with drawn steel.
have refused would have precipitated a fight without any of
the usual preliminaries of a passage at arms between gentle-
men of blood.

For full five minutes after we were left alone the game
progressed in silence, not a word being spoken other than a
query I had put to my opponent with the hope of keeping up
the drift of talk. His answer was so cutting that I con-
cluded to devote my entire attention thereafter to playing, for
I plainly saw that but few words were necessary to bring
about the right conditions for a fight. Indeed, I regretted
more than ever my hasty proposal to keep the game up. If
it were destined that His Lordship and I should fall out, it
were vastly better, I thought, that the quarrel should take
place in the presence of gentlemen as witnesses than that we
should fight it out alone. Sometimes, under such circum-
stances, the survivor is obliged to answer too many imperti-
nent questions, and, in more than one instance that has come
under my observation, has emerged with a stain upon his
honor. So I purposely played a slow game, and several times
lost when I might have won. Fortune was smiling on me,
however; and I gained in spite of myself, though my luck was
largely a matter of Northampton's poor judgment. After
continued losses he had grown reckless, and played with the
looseness of a drunken sailor. Suddenly he brought his fist
down on the table with a crash.

"Damn thee, sir!" he cried, beside himself; "thou—thou!"
His black eyes gleamed with rage, and his cheeks flushed the
color of his wine, as he glared at me across the table. I now
saw that an encounter was unavoidable. My only plan was
to delay the clash of steel until we each had proper seconds.

"Your Grace forgets himself," I said, starting to my feet
and glancing at the clock. My cousin and the Marquis were
not due for ten minutes, at the least.

"Dotard!" cried he; "why dost thou start? Deal!"

"The game is done with as for me, your Grace," I replied.
"When one gentleman forgets—." The Duke's face was purple, and I thought the swelling veins in his forehead would verily burst.

"Thou—thou!" gasped Northampton, regaining his breath.

"Have care, sir!" I said, warningly, holding my anger in bounds with difficulty. "Thou art drunk, I know; but—"

"Trickster!" he cried.

At the word my hot Southern blood leaped in my veins, and reason was fled. A Courtnay had been insulted!

"Thou liest!" I answered, and I drew my weapon as His Lordship leaped over the table with sword in hand, overturning the candles as he did so, and hurling a set of glasses to the floor. In falling the candles were extinguished, and so the room was lit only by the flickering glow of the fire. An uncertain light in which to face a yard of tempered steel! A scuffle followed, for in springing over the table he tripped and fell violently against me, and then our long blades met with a rasp. The whirring song of the rapiers was begun.

By leaping over the table, and thus forcing the fight on my side of the room, Northampton caught me in very close quarters. A goodly-sized cupboard and several chairs blocked the way. He also had an advantage in having me face the hearth, for its light partly dazzled me, and at the same time showed him every play of my muscles. The Duke perceived this advantage and held it stubbornly, keeping his back toward the fire in spite of my determined attacks to make him shift his position. In these offensive plays I fought with exceeding caution, for no sooner had our blades crossed than I recognized in Northampton an expert swordsman. I had thought of disarming him—a trick that I had learned from a fencing-master in Rome—but after I tried it three times, each attempt being skilfully foiled, I saw that the affair had to be fought to the bitter end. So there we stood and hacked at each other until we were as bloody as two
hogs. None of the wounds, however, were more than flesh-deep, though one thrust, that slit my chin for an inch or more, came dangerously near pinning me to the wall.

Thus we fought for full twenty minutes, and at the end we were both panting like dogs after a chase, for the exercise was violent, and we were not used to it. Northampton, however, was more winded than I was. My cross-country runs were serving me a good turn. Suddenly the Duke struck up my sword, and then sprang back to his end of the space.

"Hold!" he cried; "a breathing spell."

"If your Grace pleases," I said, "it were better for us to postpone the continuance until we secure proper seconds."

"Curse thee, no!" he answered. "My word will be sufficient to clear myself of the killing."

"Your Grace has confidence," I replied sarcastically; "truly a winning element in strenuous times." And so, there in the flickering glow of the fire, glaring at each other across the ruddy band of light that lay between us, we stood and rested on our blades.

By leaning a good distance to my left, I could see the clock. The half-hour was up, but I heard no sound of horses approaching the tavern. My cousin and the Marquis were delayed. Well might I have listened in vain. At that moment the two were speeding toward London, as fast as horse-flesh could bear them, bound on an important errand of state for His Majesty.

When I looked at the clock my glance happened to fall on a corner of the huge cupboard. I noticed that one of its legs was missing. 'Twould take no giant's shove to send it toppling over. And no sooner had the idea occurred to me than I put it into play, for I knew that the crash would bring those below up to investigate. The duel would be postponed until the sun-rise, at least; and I vastly preferred the sun's rays to a pine-knot's when engaged in such ticklish business. Moreover, as I have stated before, if blood was to be shed, I wished
the thing done in proper style, especially since I knew that Northampton was a favorite of the King.

"Your Grace," I said, "some one is mounting the stairs." The Duke involuntarily turned his head to listen, and on the instant I sprang forward to the cupboard. It was as I had expected. I threw my weight against it, and with a groan the tall piece crashed to the floor. Shouts came from below, and I heard men rushing up the stairs. Would there had been but one flight, instead of two!

As I sprang across the room Northampton threw his rapier on guard and made at me. But he saw the tottering chest in time, and leaped back to his corner. No sooner had it fallen, however, than he jumped upon it, and the fight was begun again, though with redoubled fierceness.* The Duke made his attack so suddenly that I was caught somewhat unprepared, for in shoving the cupboard over I had lost my balance. Desperately I parried his first two or three thrusts, yet backward he forced me. And then I cursed him as I felt his keen steel pierce the flesh beneath my left arm. He tried to withdraw his blade, but I clasped it close to my side, and, ere he succeeded in extricating it, my own had split his heart, and he fell there, amid the upturned furniture, breaking my rapier as he did so. Then the door was burst open; and the watch, lanterns in hand, dashed into the room.

"What, ho!" bawled the leader. "A pretty quarrel! In God's name, cease, gentlemen!"

As the leader spoke it flashed upon me that I would be arrested and thrown into prison, at least for the night. An explanation would clear all, but that would not be until the morrow. And in the meantime a Courtnay must spend the

*I have never doubted but that Northampton thought I was going to play him a scurvy trick when I overturned the cupboard. Beyond question, he believed that it was a blind, in order that I might stab him when off guard.
night in jail! There was but one thing to be done. My cousin must be found.

"Cheat—murderer—" gasped the dying Duke.

"The Holy Virgin keep us!" cried the man; "'tis His Grace of Northampton!" Then he thrust the lantern in my face. "I arrest thee, sir," he said.

"Thou knave!" I cried, striking his light to the floor; "thou wouldst arrest a Courtnay! Stand aside!" And I dealt him a terrific blow in the face as I leaped by. I overturned two more, and the fourth gave me free passage to the doorway as I struck at him with my rapier stump. "God's death!" he cried; "'tis young Lord Carleton!"

Down the long stairs I sped, and plunged, all bloody, through the wine-room to the street, bent on making my way to a friend who lived near the south gate. There I could hide until morning, and in the meanwhile send for the Earl. I ran at top speed down Wild Boar street, and thence turned into St. Mary's lane, all the time, however, with two of the minions not far behind. For some blocks I kept my distance, but then my wound began to tell upon me, and I grew faint and weak. The officers rapidly overhauled me, and soon were at my heels. As I turned to strike them, I tripped and fell. A heavy hand touched my shoulder and turned me over.

"In the King's name—" came a rough voice. And then I knew no more.

(To be continued.)

**John M. Daniel.**

**BY J. M.**

GERHAPS some apology is due for the following sketch. I do not flatter myself that I have effected an accomplished piece of literary work; I have not even aimed to bring to
light any new facts in regard to its intensely interesting sub-
ject, but my object has been solely to awaken, if I can, an
interest and enthusiasm not only in Daniel and the Examiner,
but in all the names and events that made Virginia litera-
ture of a generation ago, and concerning which surprising
ignorance is sometimes exhibited by those as well acquainted
with English and “new English” literature as with the
alphabet. How many people in Virginia are as familiar
with Ryan as with Longfellow; with Thompson as with
Bryant; with Bagby as with Clemens; or, since the conten-
tion holds good for the whole South as well as Virginia, with
Simms as with Cooper? If our writers are not as classical
or as meritorious—which I do not concede—they are ours,
and we should know them. “If your writers,” said J. K.
Paulding, “will forget there ever were such writers as Scott,
Byron, and Moore, I will be bound they’ll produce something
original.” Virginia cannot draw herself up by the successes
of others to the pinnacle of literary excellency; she must
climb up, step by step, notch by notch, on her own achieve-
ments, be they ever so imperfect at first. A Virginian should
know, first and foremost, all that is to be known about Vir-
ginia, and especially about her literary life.

In Virginia history no more unique character has figured
than John M. Daniel.

He was descended from an ancestor in common with some
of Virginia’s most talented sons, among whom might be men-
tioned, of his own name, the Hon. Peter V., Raleigh T.,
Judge William, of Lynchburg, and his distinguished son,
John Warwick. Anne M. Seemuller, the novelist, and Mon-
cure D. Conway were his cousins-german.

John M. Daniel was born October 24, 1825, in the old
county of Stafford. He was the son of John M., whose
mother was a daughter of Thomas Stone, one of the signers
of the Declaration of Independence.
Among those traits of his character which we are able to admire are the indomitable perseverance and courage with which, starting almost from poverty, facing the most discouraging difficulties, he carved out the fortune that was limited only by death. The rudiments of his education were received mainly from his father, and he studied law for awhile under Judge Lomax, of Fredericksburg. In 1845, on account of his father's death, he was compelled to seek a means of support. In the following year he was employed as librarian of the "Patrick Henry Society," of Richmond, receiving a salary of $100 per annum. Although this income was very meagre, the position afforded him the opportunity for acquiring a literary education that must have advanced greatly, if it does not account for, his success as a writer. Soon after coming to Richmond he contributed to The Southern Planter an article which attracted considerable notice, and led to his being invited to a position on the editorial staff of the Richmond Examiner, "which," says Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography, "speedily became the leading paper of the South." I quote from the same authority: "The literary character of the Examiner was very high. Mr. Daniel was a friend of Edgar A. Poe, whom he aided with money, and of whom he wrote a remarkable sketch in the Southern Literary Messenger." Dr. George W. Bagby, whose character sketch, "John M. Daniel's Latch-Key," is, beyond question, the happiest production of his pen, says: "His assistants in 1863-4, besides reporters, were the local editor, J. Marshall Hanner; the news editor, H. Rives Pollard, and the editor of the 'leaded minion' or war column, P. H. Gibson." R. F. Walker was business manager; Cary, his book-keeper and cashier, but the following list of contributors will give a better idea of the character of the paper: Robert W. Hughes, Patrick Henry Aylett, William Old, Dr. A. E. Peticolas, Edward A. Pollard, L. S. Washington, Prof. Basil Gildersleeve, John R. Thompson, and John Mitchell. The list is from
Dr. Bagby, who continues: "Some of these gentlemen have had the paper entirely in their charge for months at a time, but it is no disparagement to them to say that the paper in their hands was never what it was in the hands of John M. Daniel." We would not omit from the list the felicitous Dr. Bagby, who charmed the irascible Daniel as he charmed every one who has read his writings or who enjoyed the pleasure of hearing him lecture.

Daniel was sent, in the year 1853, by President Buchanan, as Minister to Sardinia, and it is said that General Cass pronounced his letters, during the Crimean and Franco-Austrian wars, the "ablest and most instructive on the politics of Europe" ever received by the State Department.

He created a sensation by escorting to a royal ball, at Turin, the Princess Marie de Solms, a relative of Napoleon III., whom the Italian Premier, Count Cavour, was desirous of excluding from court circles, and who, accordingly, had not been invited. The affair was reported to General Cass, Secretary of State, who, upon examination of the facts, finding that Victor Emanuel was not in sympathy with Count Cavour's attitude toward the Princess, sustained Daniel.

Mr. Daniel, having demanded for an Italian, who had become naturalized in the United States, the same immunities in Italy that were accorded other Americans, was greatly incensed that Marcy did not sustain his threat of a rupture of diplomatic relations. He refused to comply with Garibaldi's request to annex Nice to the United States, on the ground that it would be a violation of the "Monroe Doctrine."

In February, 1861, as soon as war between the States was inevitable, he returned to Virginia, to cast in his lot with his native State. While Appleton's Cyclopædia declares that Daniel was "the earliest apostle of the Secessionists in Virginia," Judge Hughes says that on his return to the United States he expressed the opinion that the South had blundered, saying that he was glad he had had no share in "making
secession," but that, since six States had seceded, Virginia should follow.

No sooner had Daniel resumed the editorship of the *Examiner* than it became again the most popular paper in the South. Soldiers watched eagerly for its arrival and devoured its columns. Dr. Bagby once asked him if Jefferson Davis ever read his "animadversions upon him." To which he replied: "They tell me, down stairs, that the first person here in the morning is Jefferson Davis's body-servant. He comes before daylight, and says that his master can't get out of bed or eat his breakfast until his appetite is stimulated by reading every word of the *Examiner.*" Whatever may have been the case with Jefferson Davis, it appears that Elmore, the Confederate States Treasurer, sometimes indulged in a perusal of the *Examiner,* for he challenged Daniel to a duel, in which the latter received a wound that probably hastened his death.

The celebrated "Parliament of Beasts" produced, perhaps, a greater sensation than any newspaper article ever published in Virginia. Dr. Bagby says: "The likenesses were so happily and so trenchantly drawn that it was impossible to mistake them, and many hundreds, if not thousands, of copies of the issue containing the article were sold in a few hours. * * * 'Who is the author?' was in everybody's mouth. The question was never satisfactorily answered. * * * I have scarcely a doubt but that he himself wrote the original." Strangely enough, it would appear from Bagby's description of his interview with Daniel on the subject, that Daniel attributed it to him. In a later preface to the memoir, Bagby says, "John M. Daniel did not write the 'Parliament of Beasts.' The author is known, but his name is withheld for sufficient reasons." It is now known that Colonel Lorraine, an engineer, the father of Mr. Beauregard Lorraine, of T. F. Jacobs & Co., and Mr. H. Lee Lorraine, of Gay & Lorraine, both of this city, was the author of this remarkable pro-
JOHN M. DANIEL

duction. Mr. Goode, who is now in the employ of the Rich­
mond Dispatch, set the type, and identified the writer, declar­
ing that he had seen “that handwriting too often not to know
whose it was.” The manuscript, unsigned, was dropped into
the letter-box through a slot in the door of the editorial office.
Daniel read it, and, calling out to Walker, with the usual
variety of expletives with which he was accustomed to garnish
his conversation, said, “I’ve found an editorial,” and in it
went, name or no name.

We by no means censure the caution that led the author to
conceal his identity, but we confess to a certain admiration
for the boldness of Daniel, who, if he received the glory,
accepted also the indignation, resentment, and hatred that
the article inspired.

In the latter part of January, 1865, Daniel contracted
pneumonia, which resulted in his death March 30, 1865,
nine days before Lee’s surrender. The Examiner building
was burned a week after his death.

An excellent likeness of Daniel may be found in Apple­
ton’s Cyclopædia of American Biography. Judge Hughes
thus describes him: “He had strongly-marked Jewish features,
antique and classical. His raven black hair was worn long;
his well-shapen nose was exceptionally but pleasantly promi­
nent; his mouth large, with well-developed and, a lady would
say, bewitchingly expressive lips; his dark brown eyes were
brilliant and piercing; his complexion sombre, his visage
thin, and his handsome, classical countenance capable of ex­
pressing the most winning kindliness or the most repellent
scorn. He was of medium height and attenuated figure,
weighing never more than 120 pounds.” Dr. Bagby states
that toward the end of his life he wore a “dense, coarse, jet­
black, closely-trimmed beard,” and that his hair was worn
short. “His head was small as Byron’s or Brougham’s, beau­
tifully shaped.” “The poorest physiognomist,” he says,
“could not have seen Daniel’s face, even for a moment,
without being attracted—I am tempted to say, fascinated—by it.”

Of his character it is harder to speak. Irascibility, ambition, selfishness, are offset by a subtle charm or attractiveness that might be called “personal magnetism,” undeniable genius, and a certain kind of generosity. While Dr. Bagby undertakes to defend his character, and even to eulogize him, the impression left on the reader, as expressed by an eminent professor, is that he was a “pretty tough citizen.” We do not altogether agree with Bagby that that insanity to which genius is so near akin was utterly lacking in his disposition. He was temperate in his habits, despised a drunkard and a bar-keeper, and would probably, if he were living, espouse the cause of the “Barbour resolutions.” He was fractious and, perhaps, cruel to his slaves, as he was to his pets, two little dogs, which, unlike the former, were much attached to him. He longed for fame and power, one of his chief ambitions being to re-establish the old homestead in Stafford, and “show them how to live like a gentleman.” He was scrupulously neat in his dress, and punctilious in his business and social relations. As to his religion, he feared neither God nor regarded man. He did not, however, as some affirm, deny the existence of God, and was accustomed, every New Year’s Day, to publish a poem to the Deity, on the selection of which he bestowed especial care.

We cannot love him; we cannot altogether admire him, but we can shed a tear over the grave of Virginia’s, the South’s, perhaps America’s, greatest editor. He loved Virginia and the Confederacy as much as he hated Jeff. Davis and Elmore. Though frail in body and of a nervous temperament, he endured the hardship of military life until, driven back to Richmond by his wounds, he wielded his pen as courageously as he had done his sword.

We honor not Daniel, but we bow before his genius—forget Mr. Hyde and remember Dr. Jekyl.
We have not at hand any of the Examiner's articles, but the following extracts from his sketch of E. A. Poe, in the Southern Literary Magazine of March, 1850, will give the reader, without arousing his spleen, some idea of Daniel's style, or rather method.

Criticising the edition of Poe's works by N. P. Willis, J. R. Lowell, and R. W. Griswold, he says: "The works of Edgar Allen Poe are introduced to the world by no less than three accredited worldlings, or, as the public would have us say, no less than three celestial steeds of the recognized Pegasean pedigree are harnessed to drag the caput mortuum of public favor. Mr. Rufus Griswold had seen the poor fellow; Mr. N. P. Willis had also seen and pitied the man—had gone so far as to give him the post of sub-critic to himself, N. P. Willis, Esq., in one of his newspapers; Mr. James Russell Lowell had found his sable sympathies sufficiently extensive to take in the distressed master of "The Raven," in spite of his color and birth-place—he could spare enough affection from Brother Frederick Douglass and Brother William Brown to make a Brother Poe out of him, too. The three felt quite pitifully sentimental at his dog's death, and, with utmost condescension, they hearkened to the clink of the publisher's silver, and agreed to erect a monument to the deceased genius, in the shape of memoir and essay preliminary to his works," &c. "Duty compels us to say that this is the rawest, the baldest, the most offensive, and the most impudent humbug that has ever been palmed upon an unsuspecting moon-calf of a world. These three men have managed to spin into their nineteen pages and a half of barren type more to call forth the indignation of all right feeling and seeing people than we have ever seen before in so little space; and they have practiced in the publication as complete a swindle on the purchaser as ever sent a knave to the State prison." "The Life, &c., with the details of Poe's adventures in Russia, his letters, and his personal history, which were re-
peatedly promised through the press, and for which those already owning all of Poe’s writings have been induced to purchase this new edition, is nowhere. In the place thereof we have a counterfeit shin-plaster, ragged, dirty, ancient, and which Mr. James Russell Lowell had palmed upon the publisher of a magazine very many years ago. Mr. James Russell Lowell belongs to a minute species of literary insect, which is plentifully produced by the soil and climate of Boston. He has published certain poems. They are copies of Keats and Tennyson and Wordsworth; and baser or worse done imitations the imitative tribe have never bleated forth.” “Six pages by the man milliner of our literature, Mr. N. P. Willis, constitutes in reality the only original writing in the be-heralded ‘Notice of Edgar A. Poe, by Rufus Griswold, James Russell Lowell, and N. P. Willis,’ and, of these six, three are taken up with extracts from the New York Tribune. The rest are occupied with rather N. P. Willis than with Edgar Allen Poe. It is here explained how all of Poe’s celebrity came from the good-natured patronage of N. P. Willis, and how N. P. Willis rescued ‘The Raven’ from oblivion, and spread its wings to all the world, by consenting to its insertion in his ‘Home Journal’—the weekly newspaper of mantua-makers’ girls and of tailors’ boys.”

The Black Death.

BY R. LESTER HUDGINS.

In the year 1347, and consequently the year after the great campaign of the Black Prince through France, this noble chieftain, with his vast and powerful army, was making a short tour through the western part of England.

On the night on which my story opens this great army was camped on the eastern bank of the Severn, and the long rows
of little white tents, with headquarters at one end, presented quite an inspiring scene. The moon rose full and bright, and started across the heavens in an almost clear field, with now and then a lonely floating cloud, slowly shifting and changing shape, as if hunting for its mates and fearing lest it would not be recognized by them. Some hours ago the bugler had sounded the well-known "taps," and the camp was wrapped in silence, broken only now and then by the cry of the sentinel as he called the hour.

In a certain tent, down near one corner of the little tent-village, not far from the river's edge, lay a soldier, wide awake and restless. He had not closed his eyes in sleep that night. Hark! What is that noise? Tramp! tramp! tramp! "Squad, halt! No. 1, fall out! Sentinel, fall in the rear! Forward, march!"

"Ah! 'tis the third watch going on picket duty. Now is my chance. If I can steal out and get to the river, I shall be off, and nobody will be the wiser."

He quietly stole to the door of his tent and looked out.

"Hist! here comes the sentinel. I shall have to wait. Ah! now he is gone. Quick, now, before he turns. Down this street; turn here; hurry. Careful. Drop down. Now up and away. Run. Ah! the river at last. In these bushes no one can see me. Now for the boat. Here it is," and Harry Granger was free to cross the river and visit again the one who was dearer to him than life. He quietly and swiftly pushed his little craft to the other side, hid it in the bushes, and hurried on toward the house of Colonel Brandon, a distance of about three miles. As he walked on, almost running, his thoughts were filled with pleasant anticipations of the meeting about to take place. Would Mary be waiting for him? She knew that the army was camped on the other side of the river, and she knew that at other times he had stolen away at night to visit her.

Yes, there she was at the old trysting-place, and as he
came in sight she ran forward and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Harry! I was so anxious for you to come. Father is so ill. I have just left him to come down to meet you. Come with me to the house; there can be no possible danger. Come!"

Harry Granger was doubly disappointed. He had expected to spend a quiet hour with his sweetheart, but was disappointed, and, in addition, her father, the old Colonel, who thought so much of him, was at death's door. On entering the house they went straight to the Colonel's room, and found him writhing and twisting in the severest agony, features distorted and eyes glassy, and his whole countenance perfectly black. Just as the lovers entered he gave a loud shriek and fell back dead.

Neither Harry nor Mary had ever witnessed a death like that before, and both were struck dumb. Mary clung to him as though in imminent peril, and he gently drew her to a settee and began to comfort her.

Knowing that the Colonel had hosts of friends who would minister to their wants and arrange for the funeral, Harry Granger was not willing to run the risk of being missed from camp next morning in order to render services that others would do just as well, and, after a long conversation with Mary, the two lovers bade each other a fond farewell, promising to meet again soon, little knowing that they had come in contact with the dread monster, the "black death," which was at that time playing such havoc throughout Europe.

As they separate, if we wish to follow them, we shall have to do it separately, and so we shall go with Mary back into the house where death has laid his cold icy fingers on her beloved father. She had been with her father in the afternoon and evening, and had thus been thrown in contact with the dreadful plague much sooner than her lover, who had just come and gone. Harry had hardly been gone an hour when Mary, half reclining on a settee in her father's room,
was suddenly seized with intense shooting pains up and down the back. These grew worse and worse, until, no longer able to restrain herself, she rolled headlong on the floor, screaming and shrieking, her skin turning dark. As the pains grew more intense, her skin grew blacker, and her screams louder, until suddenly she seemed to come to herself, and, remembering that she had brought her lover into that same room, she fairly shrieked, "Oh, Harry!" and fell back dead.

Harry Granger hurried back to the river, found his boat where he had left it, hastily crossed the stream, and stole back into his tent. Next morning he was up at roll-call, and went through his morning duties as usual. On his way back to his tent, accompanied by some of his comrades, he suddenly threw up both hands, and with a yell fell headlong on his face. For a few moments he lay there in the dust, writhing in agony and his skin turning black, when, with a sudden jerk of his arms and legs, he expired.

When the poor soldier first fell down his comrades cried out in alarm, "The black death! the black death!" Yes, it was the "black death," and Harry Granger, in his anxiety to see his sweetheart, had brought into the camp of the Black Prince that plague which worked the destruction of those magnificent forces of which England was so proud.

I will not attempt to describe the horrible scene that took place later on in the day as the disease worked its way throughout the camp. All during the long summer afternoon the poor soldiers were seized, one after another, and by twos and threes, with the awful pains, and gradually succumbed, and the final outcome of the awful siege is a matter of history.
An Acrostic.

BY CARTER A. JENKENS.

North Carolina, O pride of the land;
O pow'r of God, thou Messenger of Right,
Rich guide of the South, with men in command,
Thou emblem of glory, thou halo of light;
Heav'n-born parent, ever bless'd from above,
Constant in weaving thy country's proud story,
A stalwart defender, O heaven of love,
Riveted high in the nation's past glory;
Origin of virtue, custodian of all,
Lavished in splendor, the purest of States,
In garb of protection whene'er the call,
Nature's own pattern as Justice creates,
A paragon of purity whose honor dictates.

Student Gymnasium Meeting.

BY O. A. JENKENS, JR.

FROM the Richmond Behind-the-Times, December 13, 1901: "We learn that an event of unusual interest is to take place in the gymnasium of Richmond College in the near future. The almost phenomenal success of the College in the last few years in turning out gymnasts of the highest order has given rise to the conception of the new idea, in conjunction with the fact that money is needed for the construction of a track in the athletic field. This event, though novel here, is nothing more or less than a student gymnasium meeting, to be held independently, if enough members of the student body can be induced to compete. The details of the plan are still in embryo, but we are sure the Richmondites will await with eager expectation their fulfillment. We congratulate our readers that, in accordance with our usual
policy, we are the first to announce to the public this choice bit of news."

From the Richmond *No-News*, December 15, 1901: "Our esteemed contemporary, the *Behind-the-Times*, in its effort to bring its puny publication into publicity, gave (on Saturday) the announcement of an ostensible plan for a student gymnasium meeting at Richmond College in the near future. We are constrained to suggest that the worthy reporter was probably not responsible for his actions when he concocted such an unheard-of scheme, for we saw him deeply inebriated on Saturday morning, in which fevered state he probably evolved this wild idea. We beg to state to our readers, however, that, if such a thing is true, our up-to-date sheet will contain the particulars sooner than any other."

From the Richmond *Go-Cart*, December 16, 1901:

"O, consistency, where art thou flown!"

"It gave us great amusement yesterday to read in our esteemed contemporary, that execrable sheet, the *No-News*, the effort to run down the scoop of its rival, and then adding that 'if such a thing is true' it will get there with both pedal extremities along with the push. While the emulous sheets are thus engaged in strife, our enterprising reporter has endeavored to ascertain the real truth of the matter. We are sorry to state that the reporter of the *Behind-the-Times* was 'under the influence' when he wrote the article, but it possessed some elements of truth. Our reporter, with agile alacrity, interviewed the manager of the gymnasium team and the President of the College, and the latter, though deploring the fact that the news had gotten abroad thus early, yet gave his consent to the publication of some of the specialties. A full list of these will be given in our next issue."

From the *Messenger*, December 20, 1901: "The much-
heralded student gymnasium meeting took place last Saturday night before a crowded house, aided, no doubt, by the publicity given to the event by the newspapers in their 'war of words.' A handsome sum was realized for the track. A large number was present from a distance, including, among others, noted members of the faculties of neighboring institutions, representing Virginia and North Carolina Universities, District School No. 5, and Hope Mission Night School. Indeed, rumor has it that after the skillful execution of the Horse by one of our colleagues, he was immediately offered a chair in one of the above last-named schools.

"As to the events themselves, we were urged by the faculty to say as little as possible; therefore we will mention only a few of the events, without describing in detail the form of our revered body.

"Alfred Kerfoot did the star act of the evening, and was loudly applauded—in fact, all the mathematical students were excellent, and the way they described parabolas, hyperbolas, and other astonishing figures on the horizontal and parallel bars was a sight to behold. A laughable incident occurred in the horizontal bar performance, and one actor had just a wee drop too much and saw double, and in this condition he imagined the horizontal bar was the parallels, and did his act accordingly. It is needless to say that this brought the house and the student down simultaneously. We might add that the best performance on the horizontal bar was to see 'Flower-Pot Hicks' skin the cat. 'Pop' Smith gave an exhibition mile in baby-carriage wheeling.

"The tumbling was excellent. 'Flower-Pot' again showed up well in his execution of the crab; 'Flower-Pot' doesn't work for nothing with his pony. Tyler was also good, as he acquires practice teaching others to tumble to his jokes. Slater did one of the best crawls ever seen—much better than some of his class-room efforts.

"It was unfortunate that Pond was out of condition and
unable to compete, for he had an exhibition of barrel-bestridding that could have gained him a professional position anywhere.

"The contest on the horse was magnificent. The execution of Jack Oliver, A. W. H. Jones, and Lester Hudgins was inspiring. No one else had occasion to practice, so there were only those entries. Robert Oliver's event was very characteristic. With a lot of peanut shells scattered on the floor, he walked continuously for five minutes without touching a single one. It was done in his own inimitable style.

"Nichol showed how to tie the knot to perfection. This contestant also took part in the wrestling, but lost because a full Nelson was too much for him.

"Lockie Collie has been practicing club swinging on his farm for years, and brought in a few snakes and windmills to advantage.

"The last event was very exciting—a competition by the young married members of the students in throwing the biscuit. One of the conditions of this was that each man should throw a home-made biscuit. The one with the heaviest biscuit naturally expected to win, but he was so weak from eating them for a week previous that he lost. "Eddie" Smith won out.

"Mr. Ankers did not enter in any of these events, since the slow race for which he had been in training was cut out at the last minute, as there was no one in his class.

"The solos of Messrs. Dunn, Johnson, and Kenny served very well to drown the noise of moving the apparatus, and they deserve the thanks of all for their part in the programme."
Let There be Light.

BY KILLEY S. FRENCH.

LIGHT is the emblem of purity, happiness, and life; darkness, of sin, misery, and death. The Prince of Light is the King of Heaven. The ruler of darkness is the foul fiend that plucked the diamond of eternal truth from the coronet of the mother of mankind. The one is the Creator of heaven and earth; the other is the apostate angel who led the rebellious hosts against the throne of God. The subjects of one are ever striving to gain the jewel of eternal life that a Redeemer purchased, as He rose a conqueror from the grave. The base menials of the other are ever lowering beneath the curtains of eternal death, that the demon of perdition spread as he triumphed in the bowers of Eden.

To-day, as the Prince of Light is marshaling His grand retinue of conquering legions to disenthral our world from the bondage of the prince of darkness, let us, guided by the light that flashes from Sinai, retrace the track of time. Let us pass, in our flight, a Saviour expiring on Calvary, an angry God thundering law to the leaders of Israel, an angel with a fiery flaming sword guarding the entrance to earth's only paradise, and all those scenes that mark the reign of the prince of moral night, at which the soul sickens and humanity drops a bitter tear of sorrow and regret. Let us behold the grand displays of the great Creator, in lifting our world from that primeval night which enshrouded it, when the morning stars sounded the grand march of time, and whirling spheres proclaimed a universe complete. It was then this earth for ages performed her journey round her central sun in utter darkness. A dismal cloud of blackest night hung over her, while the waters held their midnight revelries and groaned their sullen groans. The elements of nature wandered wild upon the billowy surge, and naught
could stay the mad fury with which they grated their dissonance. Naught could lift earth's watery curtains or pierce their blackened folds! Naught could render voidless the void, or yield to the formless form. The sun, in his power and splendor, lighted a universe, held the planets in their courses, guided the fiery wanderers of the skies on their destined rounds, but could not lift the gloom of earth. All attempts were futile, all efforts vain.

Earth remained a chaotic formless mass, mantled in night's darkest veil, while shooting meteors, flying comets, whirling spheres, and burning suns made the heavens resplendent and the universe glorious, but vainly blended their powers to light our darkened world, until the Prince of Light, with voice sweeter than the harmony of the harp that leads the choir of Heaven, and louder than the trumpet's blast that shall wake earth's sleeping millions, exclaimed, "Let there be light!" All creation heard it. And by the power of Him that spake the veil was rent, the misty firmament was lifted, the tempest-tossed ocean stayed his raging billows, rejoicing nature arrayed herself in the loveliness of spring, and the glaring orbs of heaven asserted their sway on earth. Man came forth as lord of earth, and in the image of celestial love, adorned with virtue, holiness, and truth, woman was created; and in the light of God's unbounded love these representatives of the human race saw blessedness complete.

Had they followed only the guidance of that light, the track of time would indeed be a highway strewn with glory. Had not the eldest son of perdition, chafing under the scourge of eternal justice, resolved on dire revenge, the sword that flamed to guard the tree of life would never have been drawn.

But, alas! and hell's darkest
Caverns echo back, alas!
This holy, pure, immortal pair,
Whose glories angels longed to share,
Whose blest estate in heavenly light
Was guarded by angelic night,
bade defiance to their God’s decree, listened to the tempter’s charming voice, and were driven from the light of Eden to grope their way through the gloom of sin and death. Ages have passed, and the blood and tears that have flowed attest the burden of their fall, while perdition will forever wail the dire results of an Eden lost. But that same power, which spake a miracle from naught and clothed the glaring orbs of heaven with light, will soon break the hell-bound darkness of earth and clothe it in the effulgence of eternal truth. Already has the Star of Bethlehem betokened the coming day. Already is the east gilded with the glory of the Sun of Righteousness. Already do angels expectant wait to serve the Prince of Light on His triumphant mission to earth. Already has hope, the guiding genius of fallen man, revealed the banner of truth waving in triumph over the black ensigns of error. Ere long the pean of victory will sound, and the hosts of a re-illumined world will rise to hail the Conquering Prince, as, bursting through the portals of the skies and rending the dark curtains of death and the grave, He shall exclaim, “Let there be light!”

The Arthurian Legend.

BY W. H. CARTER.

Among all the legendary and half-mythical characters with which the Middle Ages abound, there is none that is of more importance than Arthur, who, with his merry and chivalrous Knights of the Round Table, has excited so much interest and admiration.

The legend of Arthur had its beginning in the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth. In the year 1115 Geoffrey’s history was translated into old French verse by Wace. In this form the legend remained for quite a while, but it remained for Walter Map, a French-speaking native of the Welsh border,
to give the legend to the world in the form it has to-day. He threw around it the superstitious awe and religious fervor of the time of the Crusades. He added the episode of the Holy Grail, and so changed and transformed the story that he may almost be called the creator of it. He took up the loose, disconnected statements of former writers, and wove them into a complete and perfect whole, and gave a spiritual purpose to it. The legend was now in its complete and perfect form, but it existed in its finished state only in Norman-French. Wace had turned the Latin work of an English monk into French verse, for the amusement of those who were not familiar with English, and now Layamon, another native monk, took up the work and completed the circle by translating Wace’s work into English, so that those who did not speak French might not be denied the pleasure of reading the story.

Among all the writers, however, who were connected with the story of Arthur, Sir Thomas Malory is the one to whom the world is most indebted. In July, 1485, there was issued from the press of William Caxton a book that has been described as the most important work produced in England during the century. This was the culmination of all the myths and legends concerning Arthur—“Le Morte d’Arthur,” of Sir Thomas Malory. The book comes suddenly before us, as though it were one of Merlin’s creations, and its origin is shrouded in almost complete mystery. A copy of the work was delivered to Caxton, “whyche copye,” he says, “Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn booke of Frenshe and reduced it into Englysshe.” Because of this saying it has been almost universally believed that Malory was a mere translator and compiler, but such is not the case. The book itself shows that he was its author; his personality breathes from every page of his work, and a comparison of Malory’s with preceding forms of the story will convince the most skeptical that the author has done a great work. The im-
mense accumulations of Arthurian romance were like a vast chaos—a mere heap—before they sprang into new life and beauty under the master hand of Malory. Episode after episode had been added to the story by various hands, until it was a confused and indeterminate mass, abounding in inconsistencies and contradictions. With the discriminating hand of an artist, Malory selected from this confusion whatever was worthy of preservation, and gave it to the world in its present form.

The narrative shows how carefully he has culled, from the super-abundance of material, just what was best, and, by embellishing and beautifying it in his own masterly way, has produced a wonderful work.

A comparison of the present story with the old romances on which it is founded will show how Malory has enriched and beautified the old legends and has converted them into a harmonious whole. For instance, instead of the long and repulsive account of Merlin's origin, he substitutes a slight allusion to it; without disguising what he in all probability believed to be at least an half historical account of Arthur's birth, he adds a grace and dignity to the story by the charms of the mother's character, the finer touches of which are not found in the original. It is so all through the story. One lives, as it were, in fairy-land—a land peopled with the fairest women and the bravest men, and wonderful events follow each other in rapid succession. Blocks descend with swords infixed, which can be drawn out only by the true and the pure; magic letters appear, conveying hidden messages; enchanters appear in strange form, to foretell the future. It is true to no life that ever existed outside of dream-land, and yet it breathes the very soul of mediæval life—its pomp and glitter, its superstitions and dreams, with all its hollowness, its selfishness, and cruelty refined away.

The interest of the student of this subject, however, chiefly centres around the Sangreal, or Holy Grail, the search for
which forms so important a part of the legend. The word Grail means a dish, a drinking vessel, or a tureen, in the Romance language, and the old writers describe it sometimes as a shallow vessel for holding food and sometimes as a cup. The legend of the Grail is traced back to Pagan times, where it appears as a miraculously food-producing vessel, of which we perhaps see a survival in the coming of the Sangreal to Launcelot and King Pelles, and at the feast of Pentecost which lead to the quest:

"Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail, covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall full filled with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world; and when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became."

"In the Christian form into which the legend passed the Grail became either the dish which held the paschal lamb at the Last Supper, the vessel in which Joseph of Arimathea had received the Saviour's blood, or the sacramental cup itself.

* * *

According to the romances of Le S. Graal, Lancelot du Lac, Perceforest, and Morte Arthur, the Sangreal, or Holy Grail, was the dish which held the paschal lamb of the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea, having gone into the house where the supper had been eaten, took away the dish, and in it received the blood from the wounds of Jesus; and this dish, 'with part of the blood of our Lord,' he brought with him into England, and with it converted many heathens; and it was kept in a tower expressly built for it at Corbenicy. The romance of Merlin says that 'this vessel was brought to this said knight [Joseph of Arimathea] by our Lord Jesu Christ while he was in prison xl winter, him to comfort,' but does not mention its earlier history."

Such is the history of the Holy Grail, which figures so prominently in the story of Arthur and the Twelve Noble
Knights who sat with him at the Round Table. They were brave knights, who loved adventure, and many were the adventures that befell them in their search for the Holy Grail, one of which James Russell Lowell has immortalized in his charming "Vision of Sir Launfal."

There has been a great deal of doubt expressed as to the existence of Arthur, and, while it is true that the ideal personage of the story never existed except in dream-land, yet there was certainly a King Arthur, as "one of the noble and diverse gentlemen of this realm of England" asserted, in reply to the objections raised about the existence of Arthur, that "Arthur's sepulchre was to be seen at Glastonbury, Gawain's skull at Dover, the round table at Winchester, as well as many other relics." And, if this noble gentleman had only known it, he might have asserted that the Holy Grail itself was to be seen in the Cathedral Church at Genoa.

The influence of the Arthurian legend upon English literature can hardly be over-estimated. It is a vast reservoir of thought and fancy, from which many great poets have drawn, and is one of the few books of mediaeval times that is still read on its own merits alone. Southey says of "Le Morte d'Arthur" that it was composed in the best possible time for making it what it is; and another critic says: "The 'Morte d'Arthur' was written at a lucky moment in our literary history, when the old Saxon fountain of speech was yet undefiled, and when printing had not introduced stereotyped forms or enforced the laws of a too scrupulous grammar; at the same time the language is truly English—rich in French and Latin words, as well as Saxon, and not so archaic as to be grotesque or repulsive."

Spenser, Milton, and Tennyson all drew largely from the wealth of the Arthurian legend, and to this source we are indebted for some of their best and greatest works. Spenser's wonderful "Færie Queene" is founded upon this legend, and is an effort, as the author says in his prefatory letter to Sir
Walter Raleigh, "to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised." The death of the poet cut short the completion of this great undertaking, but, had he lived, he would have drawn still further from the Arthurian stories and fables, for he goes on to say in the same letter, concerning the work he intended writing, "which, if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politike vertues in his person, after he came to bee king." Spenser outlines the whole plan of the "Færie Queene" in the following brief summary of the plot: "I have laboured to doe in the person of Arthure, whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon (to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne) to have seene in a dream or vision the Færie Queene, with whose excellent beautie ravished, hee awaking, resolved to seeke her out; and so, being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Færy land." Truly, even though nothing else than the "Færie Queene," with its beautiful allegories and smooth-flowing cadences, had been drawn from the wealth of material in the Arthurian legend, it would have been of incalculable value to English literature.

There is scarcely less evidence of Milton's knowledge and use of the Arthurian legend. In his poem addressed to his friend, Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, he says:

"Oh, may my lot grant such a friend who knows
The art to crown with bays a poet's brows,
If ever in the coming time my lay
Our native kings shall call again to-day,
Shall call up Arthur, even in worlds below
Preparing wars against the heathen foe;
Or tell of that great fellowship renown'd,
The high-souled heroes of the table round,
And break, if God his present aid affords,
The Saxons' serried bands with British swords."
In the light of this sentiment, one can hardly refrain from wishing that Milton had written more about Arthur.

But it is in Tennyson that the influence of the legend is most apparent, and here it is at once seen that the poet was thoroughly conversant with the story. Especially is this true in regard to the "Idylls of the King," where the influence of the Arthurian legend stands out in bold relief from nearly every page. Tennyson has done a great work. He has taken the old stories, and, while depriving them of none of their own beauty and interest, has beautified and embellished them with his own master hand, until they seem like new stories, but, on closer inspection, it becomes evident that they are simply old friends in new dress, and a dress that but adds to their interest.

The legend of Arthur is truly a wonderful conception, and occupies an unique place in the literature of the English-speaking world. It is a story of valorous deeds and chivalrous actions, that will never be forgotten by lovers of the good, the noble, and the true. While we know that the account is nearly all a myth, yet the story of the noble Arthur will ever be vividly impressed upon us as the story of a gentle and true knight, and the characters of Sir Galahad, Queen Guinevere, Sir Lancelot, Elaine, Sir Gawain, and others, will always have a peculiar charm and interest for us.

The Holy Graal will also always inspire great interest in the minds of those who remember that wonderful quest for the cup that could be found by only a pure and virtuous knight, and a deep interest will always be felt in the adventures that befell those noble knights who essayed to find the Graal. The noble Knights of the Round Table and the fair ladies of Arthur's court may be legendary characters, but they furnish us a never-to-be-forgotten example of chivalry, nobility, purity, and goodness.
THERE comes a time that is most acceptable to all college editors. It is when their work is completed, and they may fall calmly back and see their work continued by others. At length our time has come, and we bring forth our last issue, which we believe to be one of our best efforts. We have experienced many dark and trying periods—periods when it seemed almost impossible to secure an adequate amount of material to utilize for The Messenger, to say nothing of the difficulty—yea, almost the impossibility—of obtaining the proper amount of suitable quality. Such times are exceedingly discouraging, but we have waded through, and whether we have succeeded or not we leave to public opinion. No effort has been spared in keeping the standard up to the present issue, and we wish to express our gratitude to those few who have been so faithful to our support, ever ready to alleviate the impending burdens and speak favorably of our efforts whenever the opportunity has presented itself. On the other hand, we are constrained to assert that, after a year of arduous labor, we have to conclude that abuses come only from the envious lips of those who have not their alma mater at heart, totally unconcerned concerning her interests, and eternally seeking for an occasion to impede her progress.
and belittle her advancement in the eyes of outsiders. The critics are not those who exert some energy for their magazine, but idlers, who have no better employment. We have always tried to be fair to all, partial to none, and sincerely hope that our readers have been pleased. The associate editors have been of the utmost assistance, and have done their work most commendably.

In conclusion, we make one final call upon the students to stir up more zeal in the literary department of Richmond College, and give greater aid to your future editors, for, if you will, you are capable of establishing a criterion for all other magazines in the South or North. You ought! You must!

The article by Mr. McConnell ought to be considered carefully by every student, for here is a chance for perching high our banner on the wings of victory and increasing our fame in athletics. Just think what a first-class track team would mean for Richmond College now, backed by so fine a baseball team as has long since appeared on the arena!

It is the part of a wise man to slope with discretion, of a lucky man to get his excuses from the President, and of one blessed by the gods to make up his lessons.

A wise man laughs at the joke of Tricky, but a foolish one tries to corner him in an argument.

When thou goest into Professor Mitchell's recitation prepare well both the beginning and ending of the lesson, for it is uncertain whether thou wilt be called up first or last.

In Uncle Billie's, if thou hast not been called up at the end of the first half-hour, fail not to retire from the room, for in so doing thou shalt escape being called upon at all.

There are no rules at Richmond, but upon the back of thy schedule thou wilt find twenty-odd relating to absences alone.
EDITORIAL. 249

Beware of the college widow, for it is ten to one thy uncle or elder brother rushed her.

There be three things that are too wonderful for me—yea, four, which I understand not—the way of the college bell; the way of the professor on his ear; the way of the choir in the midst of a hymn, and the way of a college widow with a Freshman.

Never refuse to recite in Senior Greek, for thou shalt receive the same mark whether thou usest thy pony in class or not.

A wise man carries no peanuts into Foushee's room, but borrows of his neighbor, for then he may truthfully say that he brought none into the room.

The fear of a condition shorteneth days; but the years of a flunker shall be lengthened.

1. Should oats have a stable value?
2. Explain the increased face value of Andrew Walker Hampton Jones since he has discontinued the growth of his moustache.
3. Describe Noah's arc lamp.
4. How are currents raised?
5. What is the average resistance of a Richmond policeman?
6. Who discovered Archimedes' principles? Where are they located?
7. If an acid radical should lose its radical, would you look for it among the "p's" in the dictionary?
8. Because a clock has two hands before its face, is it necessarily embarrassed?
9. A great many dancing functions are rushed along just before the penitential season begins. If it be so, are three balls close together a sign for Lent?
The Richmond Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium Class is considering the question of challenging us to meet them in an athletic contest in May. This will be an excellent opportunity for us to win many honors for our College, and place its name prominently before the Richmond people. I am sure that our faculty will be eager to recognize the importance of such a movement, and will do all in their power to further its introduction. It will arouse our College spirit, and be the best possible advertisement for the College.

But, let us be up and doing; let us call a meeting of the Athletic Association, appoint our field-day committees, and be the first to throw down the gauntlet. Let us also challenge Randolph-Macon, or any other college with which we may wish to contest. We can have our own regular field-day, and from the most proficient contestants choose the men whom we wish to put on the arena against the visiting teams.

But, if we undertake this, we must remember that our honor is at stake, and we must work hard to uphold it. We have only forty days in which to train, and this means that we must commence now and work hard every day. In order to make this movement a success, we must have more men in the field. Every man in College ought to enter into this with a determination to make it a success, and a deeper determination to break every record that has been made since the College first existed.

"Weakness is a crime," and the man who pores over his books to the neglect of his body is not fulfilling the intentions of his Creator. The time will soon come when there will be no room in the world for the so-called "book-worm."

As to the cost of these contests, it is very easy to answer every argument. We can hold them in the Broad-Street Park, where half of Richmond and all of Ashland will crowd to see them, and we can make infinitely more for the Athletic Association than by five jollifications.

S. McCONNELL.
“There was a philosopher Jones,
Wiser than kings on their thrones;
Whenever he spoke
The fellows would joke,
For he used the sweetest of tones.”

On the 10th of February Mr. C. M. Rock was married to Miss Grace Cox, of Grayson county, Va. Mr. Rock is doing mission work in that county, and is meeting with much success.

The delegates who represented the College at the Toronto Convention were Messrs. J. J. Johnson, O. B. Falls, and W. D. Bremner.

S. P. DeVault has recently given up his field in Chesterfield county, and has entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

The second half of the Thomas Lectures were given on the 17th and 18th of February by Dr. Henry W. VanDyke, on “Poetry.”

The Philologians celebrated their public debate March 21st. A large crowd was present, and the debate was of a high order.

Mr. R. A. McFarland, president of the Y. M. C. A., represented the Association at the State Convention, which met at Staunton.

We are now in the midst of a great revival meeting, conducted by Rev. M. Ashby Jones. Much interest is manifested.

In a recent meeting of the Academic Class of 1902, C. H.
Dunaway was elected Historian and C. A. Jenkens, Jr., Orator.

Prof. R. E. Gaines delivered a series of lectures before the students of Windsor Academy the first of the month.

Dr. S. C. Mitchell lectured before the young ladies of Hollins Institute on the 8th of March.

We are glad to welcome our new "co-ed," Miss Etta Samuels, and wish her much success.

Quite a goodly number of new students entered at the beginning of the second half-session.

R. W. Neathery, B. A. '99, is in attendance at the Rochester Theological Seminary.

Friday, March 7th, the Mu Sigma Rho held its public debate in the College chapel.

"Beefsteak rough and beefsteak tough;
Every student knows we have had beefsteak enough."
We have noted with regret the indifference with which members of the Law Class seem to regard their opportunity to contribute to The Messenger. The esteem which other institutions of learning have for Richmond College, and the opinion of its friends, both depend, in a large degree, upon the magazine we publish. The Law Department is an important and a growing branch of the College, and the present class is favored with men of unusual talent and ability. Each member of that body should deem it a privilege and a duty to represent the class in its deserving light by contributions, thereby adding to the attractiveness of The Messenger. The repute and standing of a college is, to a certain extent, the capital of the individual student. Furthermore, contributions from different departments of an institution tend to make its magazine symmetrical and more acceptable to the readers who take an interest in their alma mater.

It may not be amiss to quote from the Idle Talker the following extract:

"The editor has observed that in college magazines—that is, of the higher institutions—there is frequently an incompleteness, a want of balance. Students engrossed in the study of science tell us of the near future when the only respectable mode of locomotion will be by means of a torpedo-shaped car (a mere aluminum frame-work, fitted with glass crown and sides), which will be supported from two long concave and parallel sails by delicate spiral springs, or numerous rubber cords, thus protecting the passengers from an abrupt start and also from the disagreeable vibration caused by the motive power. The contrivance is to be propelled through the air, at any desired rate of speed, by that mysterious power, the existence of which was revealed to a certain Benjamin, they claim, who was so foolish as to fly his kite while
a foreboding cloud, which hung low over the plain, was cleft by streaks of livid fire, until Zeus, thoroughly amused, roared with delight. In their opinions, poor passengers, for a few years at least, will continue to travel, along with the country's general traffic, by boat or rail.

"These scientific students long for the bright days when any one, provided with a fac simile of Marconi's invention, may converse with friends who stand on their heads eight thousand miles away. Even more, we shall speak with the inhabited globes that circle about us, and exchange Constitutional Convention proceedings with the Lhuo Republic on Mars, for several years. One young writer asserts that there are only three stars in the universe at present the light from which has not reached the earth, and that they are of little importance to us.

"Theology, philosophy, and fiction we have in profusion. The hopeful lover cannot refrain from attempting the impossi­bility of expressing the joy and ecstasy of his soul in rhythmic verse. He tries to bear the reader with him on the frail wings of hope to realms of sweetest bliss. And the poor jilted fellow—he wails, mourns, and tells us in poetry (?) that music is but torture, beauty but mockery, and life a curse.

"Now this, if the editor may venture his opinion, is so unreal and speculative that the readers of our college publications are often disappointed. Never hearing from them, we look to the law students, as a body of conservative, logical, and practical men, to publish something for our edification. Let us old folks still enjoy the safety of the palace car; let us use 'phones with wires, run our own Constitutional Convention, and let Cupid wage war against every old maid and bachelor, that our land may be flooded with joy sweetened by disappointment, and the lawyers' coffers filled by breach of promise suits, divorce cases, and other family harmonies."
In the spring the student’s fancy joyfully turns to thoughts of base-ball.—Bosco.

It is with pleasant anticipations that the students of Richmond College await the approach of that immortal inspiration of young poets—spring.

Already the first symptoms of spring-fever are present, and the reported sickness on the day-book shows that the time has arrived when the student prefers revelling in the green grasses and budding blossoms of to-day to those portrayed by Horace and others before the war.

At present one of the chief events of interest to the student body is a jollification, which has been contemplated for some time, but appears only recently to have materialized. Mr. Staples, who has been elected grand mogul of this organization, is very enthusiastic over its success, and desires the hearty cooperation of the students in order to bring it to a successful termination. As yet no definite programme has been arranged, but the committee is hard at work, and hopes soon to draw up a bill which will put Primrose and Dockstader on a rear seat.

Of chief interest, however, in Richmond College, as well as in every other college throughout the State, is base-ball. Owing to unusually bad weather lately, our team has been at a slight disadvantage, as far as practicing, catching, batting, &c., goes, but we believe that what they have lost in that they have gained in the gymnasium, for the applicants have been put through a special course of training, and we expect to put on the field a team at least physically second to none. At least forty applications have been placed in the hands of Captain Kerfoot, including the majority of last year’s team; there are also many new men, who come to us highly recommended from other colleges. Don’t be doubtful for an instant
about the success of our team. It met with success last year, and we have every reason to believe that it will even eclipse its former brilliant record; so, if you are hesitating about putting in your application, don’t delay another moment. Let us all join in, and, combining college spirit with base-ball skill, make a howling success of the team this spring. Never before have such lengthy and altogether desirable trips been given to a Richmond College team as the schedule arranged for this year, and while this is, of course, a secondary motive for playing, it is calculated to make the competition for positions much sharper. A new supply of base-ball paraphernalia has been ordered, and is expected daily. This, in addition to the last year’s suits, which are comparatively new, will be sufficient to meet all the demands of the applicants.

It is perhaps a little early for active training for Athletic Day, yet even now shapely figures may be seen daily flitting around the track, over the hurdles, or indulging in other forms of manly exercise. From the interest manifested and the material which has already appeared for the contests, we may confidently expect a day of unusually exciting events.
Exchange Department.

We are glad to see in the Hampden-Sidney Magazine for February an article entitled "The Poet of the South." It is a great pity that we Southerners do not speak and write of our Southern authors oftener. They are well worth our attention, and "genius" and "artist" are terms that may well be applied to others of our writers than Poe.

It becomes our pleasure to pronounce The Trinity Archive for January an excellent magazine. However, there is a lack of local poetry, which, of course, detracts from the real value of a college magazine. The object of a college magazine is to aid and to induce the student body to express its thoughts upon paper, and in such a way that the public may read it and be instructed and entertained. Far be it from us to say that articles such as "The Poetry of William Watson" are objectionable in a college magazine. Quite the reverse; they are much to be desired. But there is always more personality in a magazine when that magazine, by means of its own created material, depicts that ever-present and invisible influence which is peculiar to every college or community—that inexplicable atmosphere which distinguishes Yale from Harvard, Richmond College from Trinity College. And it is the duty of a college magazine to bring out this peculiar element in the make-up of its college in such a way that the very life of that institution or community may be revealed.

As our eye scans the pages of The Chisel for January there seems to be a lack of something about this tool which is rather hard to define. Possibly we can best convey the idea of the thing lacked by saying that the chisel needs grinding. Our fair friends have not put their usual amount of pointedness into their work. Judging from the poems, its "Exchange Department" extends throughout the issue.

Clippings.

EXAMINATIONS.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Exams. are but a dream,
For the girl is lost who blunders,
And exams. are what they seem.

Science is real, Math. is earnest,
And, though seventy be thy goal,
Scuffle thou must, and then thou learnest
That the "half has never been told."

In the faculty's broad range of questions,
In this struggle of all your life,
Be not like a dumb little Freshman—
Be a Junior in the strife.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
All armed for every task,
Still a-guessing, still pursuing,
Learn to study and to pass.

—Ex.
I love thee, Autumn; with thy yellow gold
Thou art rich in treasures beyond compare.
Could I in words my love for thee declare,
One-half I feel would still be left untold.
I love to talk with thee; to hear thee unfold
In murmuring voices from everywhere,
From rustling leaves and boughs they left so bare,
The secret of the wealth thy coffers hold.
And the secret thou dost tell is ever true:
From dawn till setting sun, from night till morn,
Thy breezes whisper with abated breath,
That all thy precious wealth which man doth view,
All the gems and jewels which thee adorn,
Are but an heritage from Royal Death.


The debate warmed up. The debater for "Forest Preserves" shouted: "Ladies and gentlemen, we must act; the time is coming when all the timber will be cut up and used. There will be nothing for us to build houses with, and we will have to go to the woods to live."

—IEx.

I look into
Her eyes so blue,
I loved her well,
And this she knew.
I tied her shoe
(A No. 2)
I didn't hurry much—
Would you?

—IEx.
SONNET TO THE MOON.

Thou shining orb of silver, fair and bright,
Set in the spacious firmament so free,
A million balls of fire have hid from thee.
'Tis not thyself that is so fair and bright,
Nor canst thy cold dark form give light and life.
Thou art a frozen mass, all heaped with snow,
And doth but reflect to our dark world below
The glorious sun, that makes thee fair to-night.
And so it is with every noble life
That doth eclipse its weaker fellow-men,
Appears above the world's "ignoble strife,"
And up to heaven its weary way doth wend;
That life is but a mirror of God's grace,
And 'tis His holy life that we can trace.

—Q., '03.
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