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# THE DAY IS DONE.

A Final Commencement-Song for Richmond College.

Words and Music by L. R. HAMBERLIN.

ATR.

1. The day is done. The dew-tide hour En-fresh-ens lawn and leaf and  
TENOR.

2. The day is done. The dis-tant stars Look down thro' ev'ning's pur-ple  
BASS.

flow'r. The heart grows free as night de-scends, For rest be-gins where  
bars. The hands in peace will fold them now, And pil-low press the

la - bor ends, From birds the sleep - y twit - t'nings fall— "Good-  
care - less brow, As mid- night has - tens, hear our call— "Good-

night, and joy be with you all! Good-night, and joy be with you all!" \*  
night, and joy be with you all! Good-night, and joy be with you all!"

\* "Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'."—LADY NAIRNE. Austin, Texas, May, 1894.

RICHMOND COLLEGE  
RICHMOND, VA.

# Richmond College Messenger.

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No. 3

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## THE PENTATEUCH OF LIFE.

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[By Rabbi EDWARD N. CALISCH.]

Avon's wondrous bard has written  
The ages of human life as seven.  
Him long preceding in this mortal vale,  
Sinai's prophet to the world has given  
The Pentateuch of Life. Its first period  
Is *Genesis*, where infant innocence,  
Like to our primal parents in Eden,  
Plays in its Paradise, all ignorant  
Of fatal knowledge of good or evil.  
As eagles' flight, swift comes the *Exodus*  
To childlife; the babe, 'scaping through the sea  
Of infancy's unconsciousness by love's  
Guidance cleft. What though like Marah's waters,  
Flow bitter tears of childish dreams denied,  
Time's stately and inexorable march  
Brings life's *Leviticus*. The maturing  
Youth and maiden are taught life's laws;

Levites they, ministering at the shrine  
 Of God and humankind ; shafts of knowledge,  
 Strength of moral cleanness, these their weapons,  
 To fight through the *Numbers* of existence.  
 Here faces them life's desert battle-field ;  
 Endless the matching of strength ; eternal  
 The numbering of forces, that obtains  
 In the cruel struggle for flesh and bread.  
 Unheeded fly the winged days, softer fall  
 The beating blows, as hastens e'er onward  
*Deuteronomy*,—life's repetition.  
 Oh miracle of memory ! Thou growest strong  
 When other powers fade 'neath the touch of time ;  
 By thy alchemy are lived again all  
 Life's periods. The peaceful Paradise,  
 The childish dreams, the benchéd room of school,  
 The scarce completed conflict are, by thee,  
 Recalled anew, as the wearied pilgrim,  
 Standing like the seer of old, on Pisgah's  
 Heights of age, looks o'er Jordan's silent wave  
 And beholds the Canaan of Eternity.

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### RESULTS OF LAPLACE'S NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS.

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It is a well known fact that from the most remote ages, when man first began to look around him with curious eyes, and to ask in regard to the nature of things as presented to his senses how or why is this or that, the most intelligent minds have always been divided in their study and attention into two great classes : the one, those who give their thoughts to the consideration of the intellectual being as exhibited in the mind of man ; the other, who direct their attention to the phenomena of the physical or material world as shown in the works of Nature. Of this latter class, I should say none are more ancient, and I may say none have ever more attracted the attention of mankind in general, than those who have turned their studies to the stars and other heavenly bodies. From the infant days of the world, when the Chaldean

shepherds tended their flocks by night and from the hill-tops of Assyria watched the motions of the planets and called the constellations by their names, men have always thrown around this branch of learning a veil of mysticism and enchantment that even modern science can with difficulty tear away. The slow, stately, unerring movements of those distant orbs, changeless by time or tempest, have in every age appealed to the imagination as emblems of the all powerful decrees of nature; they have symbolized the fates of men and nations, and many a time has astrology determined the fates of empires; and this, too, not only in countries and times where magic reigned supreme, as in Arabia during the dark ages, but even in later days, as when the Pope hurled the thunders of the Church and anathematized alike the advancing Turk and fiery comet as joint causes of Europe's devastation. Yet all this has, in a great measure, given way to the more exact and practical science of astronomy, in which are held the mighty orbs of heaven, too mighty to concern themselves with the petty affairs of men. Its chiefest aim is to discover the origin and nature of every star and every wandering comet within this universe of suns, and with its eyes that modern science has made keener and more sleepless than those of Argus, to peer into the star-depths and wrest from them the secrets of their being. By the analyzing powers of the spectroscope and by the numberless other instruments that ingenuity has devised, it not only tells us their chemical properties and their constituents, but has traced the path of every moving body that the sweep of the most gigantic telescope can discover. Yet whatever the *savants* of to-day may know of the present state of the universe, of the future they may prophesy nothing, and of the past, of the origin of all our suns and planets, they pretend to no more accurate knowledge than what is set forth in a few hypotheses, all more or less fan-

ciful. Of these, the most plausible is that advanced by Laplace, an eminent astronomer and mathematician of the last century, and it is this that I propose to consider relative to its effect upon the future of the universe and chiefly upon our own earth. Were I to enter into an exhaustive detail of this hypothesis, I fear I would insult the intelligence of the larger part if not all my readers, but feeling that to treat the subject intelligibly I must make some brief explanation of my conception of it, I will content myself with saying that those who hold with Laplace consider that all matter was once existent in a gaseous state, filling up space on all sides. "The world was without form and void," says the Scriptures, and this is a most happy description of the chaos supposed to have existed before the formation of suns and planetary systems. In time each particle of this disorganized bulk tending towards its centre by the natural law of gravitation begot for the whole mass a rotary motion and consequently a spherical form, and now as its volume decreased by gravity and its rotation became accelerated, there were cast off from its equator by centrifugal forces great masses of nebulous matter, which, being prevented by the greater body from complete escape, whirled in concentric circles around the parent sphere, undergoing in turn similar phases and transmutations. As this process continued, the central globe by ages of contraction became a solid sun, the fugitive masses of incandescent vapour that he had flung from his girdle each cooled into a planet and rolled in its path around him, and the nebulous belts that had flown from their equators became their satellites and danced obsequious attendance. Such is the brief outline of Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis, perhaps never told more beautifully than in those lines of "The Princess":

"This world was once a fluid haze of light  
Till toward the centre set the starry tides  
That eddied into suns, which wheeling cast  
The planets."

Doubtless no theory has ever been devised for the explanation of so gigantic a phenomenon as the formation of our solar system that is so beautiful in its simplicity as this. By the mere operation of a single law, that of gravity, a chaotic mass hurled into space by the hand of its Creator has divided and formed itself into systems of starry globes, each one subordinate to, or regnant over some other; has prepared this and we may suppose many other such worlds as ours, for the dwelling place of creatures like ourselves, and has set in the Heavens those lights that seen through night or day excite our admiration and wonder the more we behold them. In this system are harmonized all the conflicting doctrines of Christian and Aetheist and Infidel. Stately and majestic in its changes, it commends itself to the thought and intelligence of everyone. So simple in its nature that a child may comprehend it, so gigantic in its essence that none but a God could have conceived it, how different is it from the cumbrous machinery of the Ptolemaic system or the ludicrous Cosmos of the Hindoo Astrologers!

Yet if we accept this hypothesis as true, we must accept all the consequences it entails. Astronomers tell us that if the sun be of such an origin as advanced by Laplace, the forces that brought it to its present state are still in full operation; the contraction that commenced millions of years ago is still decreasing his volume and proportionately increasing the attraction of his gravity, so that he is and will continue to grow an infinitely more powerful body than when, countless ages ago, he extended his bulk beyond the orbit of Uranus, and cast off from his belly the Planet Neptune. In addition to this it is held by many astronomers that the showers of meteors incessantly rained upon our earth, though acting with an infinitesimal force, will in time retard her progress through space and render her more sensitive to this attraction. Now, these simple

facts seem scarcely worthy of a moments notice ; yet, when we examine the consequences that will result to our earth, and indeed, to all the planets, we shall find them startling and terrible. As the power of the sun increases, the planets will be deflected from their present courses, their orbits will be changed from ellipses to spirals, and down this Ethereal staircase they will slowly descend, and in the course of ages fall one by one upon the sun.

Now if the world is, according to the prophecy, to be destroyed by fire, I can imagine no more complete fulfillment of the prophecy than this ; and the idea of such an end is fascinating to me. Wherever an irresistible force is at work, whether in the rising tide of the ocean or in the power that swerves the planets from their orbits, it ever commands awe and invites the mind to dwell upon its strength. The thought of a mighty world such as ours, freighted with its millions of conscious beings, whirled on to an inevitable destruction, has the same charms as the drama of the Greek Poets when they tell us of the irresistible mandates of the Fates. Yet never was Greek Fate in Greek tragedy more certain, more terrible, more relentless, than this. The earth shall be destroyed by fire, prophesies the Holy Writ ; and here we need no divine interposition, no miraculous holocaust, no yawning earthquakes or belching volcanoes, nor yet legions of fiery angels to scour the plains of the earth and scorch all thereon with the fanning of their wings. By the natural process of the laws of matter all that is foretold of our end shall come to pass. Ages ago, as I have said, all was one immense mass ; then in time it separates and divides itself and brings order out of chaos ; and then, the fullness of time being reached, each planet and each sun, having performed its allotted part, drops slowly and silently back into the bosom of the globe whence it sprang. It is the same process that we see exhibited each year in nature,



but here on an infinite scale. First there spring up from the earth plants and vines, untrained and wandering ; then in the fullness of the summer they bear their fruit, and at last, blighted by the winter's frost, they fall back on the soil whence they sprang. So will the heavenly bodies, all sprung from one grand centre, in the autumn of their celestial year, when they have borne their fruit and their tasks are ended, sink to rest on the globe that cast them forth ; but their year is not weeks or months, nor measured by the waxing and waning of the moon, but is made up of those ineffable days whose number and duration is known only to their Creator.

Yet what a long and terrible ending will our earth endure and through what ages of torture will her inhabitants pass before the last one is scorched from her surface by the feverish proximity of the sun. Let us suppose ourselves endowed with immortality and transported beyond the surface of the earth so that we may watch her movements as she slowly yields to the sun's attractions. At first the action would be slight ; ages, perhaps, might elapse before its effects would be perceived. At length, a peering astronomer observes that the earth has left her orbit, and is slowly trending toward the sun ; repeated observations and calculations confirm this, and all the world is thrown into consternation and confusion. This feeling of terror will soon subside, as the years go on and there is but little perceptible change either in the aspect of the heavens or on the face of the earth—and even that change a pleasant one ; the fields grow greener in summer, the vigour of winter is abated, the inhospitable regions of the northern zones grow genial in their climate ; tropical plants and flowers extend their domain far up into Europe and America, and all the world seems more luxuriant from the increased warmth.

But time goes on, and the change in the state of the earth

becomes more pronounced. The deserts of Asia and Africa have extended their lean areas, and now embrace those fertile countries along their borders that once furnished food for the world. Around the equator grows a belt of arid waste scorched to dryness by the torrid rays of the sun; the rains fall no more on Ethiopia's mountains and the granaries of Europe are empty; for now no longer does the Nile yearly lend its grateful flood to fatten and enrich the land, but flows with diminished stream between ever narrowing banks. And now the vines on the hills of Germany and France give place to tropical fruits, and the citron and the olive flourish in the home of the grape. Still northward and southward creeps the belt of desert, until it stretches from Cancer to Capricorn, and then touches the southern lands of Europe. Spain, Italy, Greece and Sicily the fruitful, lately clothed in luxuriant greenness, grow parched and arid, and their flowers have fled to milder climes. Look now, and the Alps in the midst of a burning wilderness forget their winter snows, and on the peaks where once the glaciers crept, roam the creatures of the torrid zone. The people, stricken with fear, fly northward before the advancing desert. The populous cities of western Europe stand, mighty ruins in lands as barren as the hot Soudan. From the lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn there is nought of life save prowling jackals and hyenas.

On the steppes of Central Asia are gathered together the peoples of the Eastern continents. Here, where legend says the Garden of Eden once stood, are assembled the children of that primeval pair driven forth in sin; and now the spot takes on again its garb of greenness and beauty. Nay, all of chilly Siberia luxuriates like the Indian jungle, and from the bleak crags that bar the Northern sea hang long festoons of tropic creepers. Still swifter and nearer whirls our devoted globe, and 'tis no longer a question of

ages: the forces of gravity acting with increasing power drag it down to destruction. Look now: all Europe is lifeless and dead, and her stately ruins crumble beneath the fiery glow of the sun that each day rises with broadening disc. The remaining inhabitants, crowded into the narrow lands above the Arctic circle, are crazed by their impending doom; leaving kindred and all that is dear, they hurry ever northward, and fast behind comes the devouring desert. About the tepid sea drift the wrecks of the navies of the world, and gigantic monsters sport in its waters, as in the days of our earth's infancy. And now the torrid heat has turned into vapour the waters of the ocean, and a dense, hot cloud hangs like a pall over the dying earth. For a time, at least, its shield gives a respite to suffering and fear; but soon foul plagues attack, and the damp earth sends up miasma and disease to slay its thousands; but the fierce heat has volatilized the mists; dissipated by the sun's rays they whirl off into space, and nought intervenes between the blazing orb and his few remaining victims. Then is the earth as of iron and the heavens as of brass. Then to the poor wretches yet cursed with life is the day as a fiery furnace and the night but a baleful twilight. The sun that once gave light and life to the world now stretches with his incandescent disc from horizon to zenith and blasts her children with his glowing breath. How different this from the end of man as portrayed by the poet:

"I saw the last of human mold,  
That shall creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw his prime."

And now the earth, with nought of life from pole to pole, draws near its end. The forces of gravity, overcoming the terrific speed gained by its centrifugal force, drag it down and down, and suck it more and more into this mighty maelstrom. Still onward whirls the globe along its path

that hourly grows steeper and steeper; the flames leap up from the sun and lick her with fiery tongues as if in greeting, and from far below comes the rushing sounds of the solar tempests. At length a shudder, a pause, one brief instant it stands still, and then tumbles headlong into the fires below. A swift plunge through the burning atmosphere that envelopes the sun, a moment of tossing on the molten mass, and our dead earth sinks forever to rest in the bosom of her parent globe.

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### **AN UNSENTIMENTAL VIEW OF ROME.**

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The long, continuous study of Latin for six weary years filled me with an unspeakable enthusiasm to visit Italy, the historic home of macaroni, and to plant my russet shoes upon the time-worn streets of the "Eternal City." My views about the country were, I confess, most confused, and varied according to my moods. When I was in a practical humor I imagined that the whole of this ancient land rang with the melody of hand-organs, and that the inhabitants of the distant peninsula were a charming combination of ring-tailed monkeys and versatile peanut venders. And then, on the other hand, when my pipe and its fumes made me dreamy, I pictured a region wierd with crumbling ruins and ghostly with the spooks of departed celebrities whose memory had tortured me in College days. But my impressions are changed now, and I have paid for my experience.

When I rolled into Rome some two years ago—I say "rolled," because that sounds luxurious, whereas in fact I occupied a corner in a second-class car—I found that, beneath the coating of dirt which covered my features, my enthusiasm had entirely disappeared. I think I know why it left me. Just before we got to the town I had been peer-

ing through the window to see some of the aforesaid ruins, and once, looming up in the twilight, I thought I had discovered a dismantled tower in all its dismal grandeur. A closer approach convinced me that it was only a stable, probably built about a year or so before. This shook my confidence in my knowledge of classic architecture. My companions, by gentle insinuations, which were, nevertheless, quite plain to me, stated that I was an idiot, and I had not the statistics to contradict their assertions. When we reached the depot, and had safely landed our luggage (one valise for the whole party) a band of Italian brigands—degenerate sons of Cæsar, perhaps, but more likely degenerate sons of guns—fell upon us and besought us by grimaces, imprecations, threats and beseechings, to allow them the honor of carrying the baggage to our hotel. Never have I felt so much like a prince—no, not even on the occasion when I recently had my salary raised. Here before me, bowing, grovelling and smirking, were six descendants of J. Cæsar, who had hitherto commanded my respect, begging to be allowed to carry my tooth-brush and celluloid collars to our stopping place. We magnanimously accorded them the privilege (for which we subsequently had to pay heavily) and reached the “Albergo Continental” in safety.

Rome wasn't what I had expected it to be. A street-car crawled by me (street cars crawl there just as they do here) and the cold, pale glare of an electric light shimmered down upon the accumulated freckles which adorned my face. Everywhere there was evidence of civilization. In a moment I was disenchanted. The idea of Cicero's boarding a street car and arriving at the Forum just in time to miss prayers in the Senate, made me sick and grated on my nerves. If that's the case, sighed I to my pensive self, I suppose he threw a cigarette away just before he got into

his room, in order to prevent a row with the sergeant-at-arms, and then sent one of the pages out for chewing-gum.

Of course, he had the manuscript of his speech against Cataline already prepared when he reached the Capitol, and likewise had duplicate copies for the newspaper reporters, for how else could we have ever gotten hold of all that aggravating stuff which we try to read. Then, too, I suppose he had a bored look all the time the other Senators were speaking, but got quite indignant when other people looked bored at what *he* had to say. All these impressions, wrought by civilization, flitted through my mind, and when I took the elevator for my room that night, my heart was sad within me. It couldn't easily have been sad anywhere else but within me, but anyhow, it was sad.

The next day, after eating a light Italian breakfast, which, I confess, did the Cæsars justice if good bread counts for aught, we procured a guide to pilot us around. He only charged two dollars and a half per day, which, considering how much he bored us, was quite enough. It was said that he spoke five languages, but if he rendered himself as unintelligible in all of them as he did in English, he ought to stop talking for the rest of his life. I never understood a single thing he said the whole time I was in the "infernal city" (as one of my irreverent companions called Rome), but towards the last I got so I could look at the expression of his face and guess what he was driving at. In this fellow I found a genuine Roman. He informed us, by signs, that he didn't consider himself an ordinary, every-day Italian, and I don't think he was. In the first place, he wore a clean white vest, whereas Italians never wear anything clean. Then, too, he was a blond, while the average son of "Sunny Italy" is dark, swarthy and greasy. Something in my sweet, benign face made our guide think that I was pre-eminently pious, and, with this idea on our

mind, he proceeded to carry us to the many churches in the town. I believe they say Rome has 362 places of worship, though they do not appear to have inspired the population with much religion, for Sunday is by no means regarded as a *dies non* there. I saw hundreds of people working on the Sabbath. I disapproved of this, and contented myself by eating a good dinner while others violated the commandment. But I am drifting away from the churches—a thing I always would do—although I want to say a word or so about them. St. Peter's Cathedral was something of a disappointment to me. At first I didn't think it was large enough, but closer inspection changed my views. It is so beautifully symmetrical from an architectural standpoint that one hardly appreciates its enormity. I don't propose to bore people with an attempted description of it. For further information, see a guide book, price two dollars; but I do want to comment on the Pope's guard, who watch the thresholds of the Vatican and protect his Holiness from any unforeseen accidents, etc. These fellows are all Swiss, and are selected on account of their fine size and magnificent physiques. They are dressed in a gorgeous uniform, which is said to have been specially designed by Michael Angelo. If this old sculptor actually did design it, I've got no more respect for him. He must have tried to get every color of the rainbow in those clothes, and he has pretty nearly succeeded. We went to dozens of other churches, and saw evidences of Catholic piety and superstition until I got sick and tired of it. The things grew to be a bore, and I informed our guide that he had to desist. He begged to show us just a few more, but I would not have it.

Boys, there is one peculiar thing about Rome, and all Italy, for that matter, which struck me,—yes, struck me with the force of a brick. The climate of the country is so

warm, that many of the poorer classes in the suburbs dispense with all superfluous clothing. Sometimes this is embarrassing, and often have my cheeks burned with maidenly modesty when I saw youngsters frisking around with only that raiment which Nature has given them, and which the sun and their mothers have "tanned." On one occasion, I went riding with a young lady—in great dignity, of course, and with my only clean collar on. Our carriage had run the gauntlet through many hordes of beggars and all was going as merrily as a wedding bell, or even as a dinner bell, when suddenly I perceived several juveniles, wearing only smiles, rushing after our vehicle. They came from the North, and so I found it convenient to look due South. Then they came from the South and I became particularly interested in the East. Then they bobbed up from the East, and something attracted my attention in the West. Then they closed in on me from all sides, and surrounded my carriage, begging for pennies, and hovering around us like Cupids around a Venus. There was nothing for me to do but to make the most of it. It was the time for the exercise of my tact. I turned to my sweet companion and remarked, without even a trace of a smile: "What a magnificent opening there would be for a wholesale clothing house in this country." Then we both chuckled.

I think I have succeeded, so far, in telling about as little about Rome as ever man who ever attempted to describe it, but the subject has been discussed so much that it is hackneyed. The Colosseum really made me respect the city more than anything I saw. It truly begged description, and made me think more highly of those old-time folk than anything I ever saw. When I stood upon the arena, smoking my pipe, all sorts of visions came before me. Around me I imagined I saw gladiator cutlets, roasted Christians and fried traitors. Pictures of circus lions and royal Ben-



gal tigers came before me, and I thank my stars I carried an accident insurance policy. The Colosseum has been greatly encroached upon by shanties and ugly little buildings of late years, but once inside its walls you breathe the spirit of its grandeur.

At this point I suddenly recall the editor of *THE MESSENGER*. I see him tearing his hair and raving like a maniac. He is saying: "I wonder if that fellow expects me to publish all this rot." So I must pause, but in concluding I'll tell him, I haven't said one-third of what I wanted to say. I've just got started. It really was my intention to write about Rome, but on looking over my letter I see that it is really an effort "on nothin' in pertikler."

EVAN R. CHESTERMAN.

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### MACAULAY.

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In opening, two weeks ago, the literature studies of the Senior English Class—a course that embraces a comparative study of Macaulay and Carlyle—the professor in charge, Dr. Pollard, gave a lecture on the first named author. Macaulay was considered as to parentage, education, temperament, and opinions, all of which were regarded as having an influence upon his writing. His writings were then brought to the test of the principles underlying (1) elements of style, (2) qualities of style, and (3) kinds of composition.

What follows may be taken as a brief abstract of the lecture. Macaulay was fortunate in his birth. His father was a man of wide information and strong convictions; his mother had enjoyed the best opportunities of education, and was a woman of acknowledged talent. He was a precocious child. At three years of age he commenced companionship with books. At eighteen he entered Trinity Col-

lege, Cambridge, where four years after he received his B. A. degree. In college he hated mathematics, but was exceedingly fond of the classics. In 1825, when he was twenty-five years old, he published his "Milton," which immediately won for him wide reputation. From 1830 to 1834 he was in Parliament, and during this time vigorously advocated the Reform Bill. In 1834-1837 he was serving the English Government in India. In 1839 he was again in Parliament. In 1847 his candidacy was not successful, and he betook himself to his book. In 1852 he is again in Parliament, but had no longer a heart for political life. He died in 1859. In Westminster Abbey, and at the foot of Addison's statue, he has his grave. It is covered by a slab bearing the inscription, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth forevermore."

He had a vigorous constitution. His memory was extraordinary. His feelings were decidedly optimistic. While Carlyle, disgusted with the world, was crying out, "O dirty planet!" Macaulay was viewing the earth as already no mean abode, and as moving to a destiny still higher and fairer. His family attachments were very strong. He writes from College to his mother: "The sound of your voice and the touch of your hand are present to me now, and will be, I trust in God, to my last hour." All his feelings were very ardent. What he loved he loved with all his heart, and what he hated he hated to an equal degree. He was always on fire. Macaulay was very laborious and pains-taking. Trevelyan says of him that he "never allowed a sentence to pass muster until it was as good as he could make it. He thought little of recasting a chapter in order to obtain a more lucid arrangement, and nothing whatever of re-constructing a paragraph for the sake of one happy stroke or apt illustration."

Macaulay's vocabulary was copious; and in his vocabu-

lary he combined in happy proportions the foreign and native elements of our tongue. For the balanced sentence he shows so decided a preference that sometimes he is almost led into the very grievous fault of sacrificing the sense to the form. His paragraphing is not always commendable. He observes well the rule of unity, but by his abruptness, breaks flagrantly the law of explicit reference. He abounds in figures of speech. Generally, they are skilfully used, but sometimes he is too antithetic and hyperbolic. Macaulay does not stand among the simplest of our writers, but he is far removed from abstruseness. As to clearness, he is eminently perspicuous, but not remarkably precise. He is always strong in his animation and vehemence; it is only on occasion that he is lofty or imposing.

Now and then pathos appears in Macaulay's writings, but generally tenderness is wanting, and when introduced, is not always managed with highest skill. Macaulay does not seem to have been wanting in native humor. On one occasion he was compelled, by an afflicted hand, to send for a barber to take off his beard; which generally he removed himself, but in a very awkward manner. When the operation was completed Macaulay asked what he must pay. Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person that shaves you." Then," said Macaulay, "I must give you a great gash on each cheek." In his writings, however, Macaulay's wit generally took the direction of unsparing satire. As to melody and harmony, Macaulay seems not to have studied them specially, and yet there appear in his writing few violations of rhythm or keeping. His taste is not always the most delicate, and yet never descends to the vulgar. Macaulay was great in description and narration; was greater yet in exposition; and was greatest in persuasion. He was, perhaps, never excelled in turning to his own advantage the arguments of his opponents.

### THE LOCKET.

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(AFTER OWEN MERIDITH—SOME TIME AFTER.)

To begin the story *in medias res*, as it were,

We two had loved the same fair maid—  
 We two, my friend and I ;  
 But each had grown sure that she false had played,  
 And we planned her truth to try.

To render the situation perfectly plain, a few explanations are necessary :

Now each had had made, for the locket she wore,  
 His portrait in miniature ;  
 And to each, with her hand on her heart, she swore  
 All other love she would abjure.

So, each of us saw his face go in  
 The locket that fair girl wore ;  
 And then each felt that he should win,  
 And that with the other 'twas o'er.

One claimed to the other that he alone  
 Swung cherished above her breast,  
 And the other vowed with a confident tone  
 That he would be found in the test.

With this little enlightenment, we can intelligently proceed with the story as begun in the first stanza.

And so we twain, my friend and I,  
 Determined to sift the thing—  
 To know the truth, ere either would buy  
 The solitaire trothal ring.

Unexpected by her, the self-same night  
 Together we called on Maude.

She was a little long in making her appearance. This delaying might have been for the purpose of calming the agitation caused her by our not only unlooked-for, but double visit ; or, what was done by her during our waiting

might account for the *denouement* of this episode. At any rate, when she did appear she was flushed and beautiful—more charming than ever. As she stood amid the heavy drapery that divided the two parlors she was a picture to melt most hearts, however deeply wronged, to forgiveness and to love; but our hearts had been trifled with, and we were proof against further wiles. With voices that must have sounded on her delicate ears like the raspings of twin Nemeses we broke forth, reposefully, but strongly, in a duet foreboding crimination:

“ We both have come for truth and right,  
And to prove where lies the fraud ! ”

With a startled and hunted expression the beautiful, but evidently conscience-stricken girl made a half-step backward, and it was pitiable to see the pain and shame gathering over her lovely features. But our feelings were steeled, and we were relentless; and unsparingly we alternately poured her perfidy into her tingling ears:

“ You know that you wear in your locket my face ! ”—  
“ And mine,” said my friend, “ you wear ! ”—  
“ And to me you vow I’m alone in the case ! ”—  
“ And to me the same you declare ! ”

Now, if this were not a very serious story, I should call your attention to what might be justly considered a fine illustration of the rhetorical figure known as “*paronomasia*” in the use of the word “*case*” in the line

“ And to me you vow I’m alone in the *case* ; ”

but I pass that by, and simply remark, as a reflection applicable in general to double-dealing by the fair sex,

Oh, how can a maiden hope for heaven,  
Or hope for grace on earth,  
When plainly she is to perjury given  
And to trifling with manly worth?

I think that such a remark would have had a tremendously telling effect that night upon the already much-affected girl ; but neither of us seemed to think of it just then, and so no such observation was made at that time. I will be truthful, and relate the affair exactly as it occurred.

Advancing nearer to the shrinking figure of the trembling girl, we continued, again in concert—this concert action was, apparently, immensely effective :

“ Pull off the mockery that you wear,  
 O maiden with eyes down-cast,—  
 Pull off the locket, and render bare  
 The falsehood, the truth, at last ! ”

It was a wonder to me that night that the girl did not take flight through the back parlor and away to her room, and perhaps summon her father or her brother to put two such ruffians, as we were proving ourselves, out of the house. But, on maturer consideration, I am led to believe that a woman will do and dare and endure very much if she can thereby only make a striking picture of herself. And what an exquisite “piece” was Maude—with one hand clutching, as in pain, the rich dark fold of the *portiere*, the other shielding the fatal locket at her snowy throat ; her finely-chiseled face half-dropped in shame, and her long brown lashes sweeping the soft bloom of her cheeks, where the tell-tale crimson was mantling ! How strongly her sensitive nature seemed to be moved ! Her deep and tremulous breathing stole upon the air like the woe of a suppliant. Timidly she looked up at us ; but before our hard glances she lowered her eyes in confusion ; and,

“ Oh, ask me not,” she faintly prayed,  
 “ Oh, ask me not to see ! ”—

With those words the truth, the full and awful truth, flashed upon us ; we were not the only ones who had contributed photographs for that locket ! And so, with rekindling indignation,

“Another!” we cried; “your game is played  
At least with suitors three!

“And see we will, O maiden deep,  
What other heart you deceive!  
And we will warn him his love to keep  
For one he may safer believe!”

Here, she seemed, by pure will-force, to steady and straighten herself, evidently struggling hard to nerve herself to finish the distressful scene; I use the word “finish” advisedly. During all this time Maude had been standing between the curtains that hung in the double doorway; she now stepped forward just inside the room, allowing the drapey to fall darkly behind her blond head and her light-blue evening attire (notice, again, her consummate art in so doing); and,

With eyes down-cast, and blushing still,  
She did the necklace undo,  
And, slowly, as against her will,  
She held forth the fate of us two.

We eagerly clutched, we eagerly oped  
The locket each wished his own;  
But neither found what he feared or hoped,  
Yet each gave a mighty groan.

Not ours, nor another’s face found we,  
Nor yet any great monstrosity;  
But, writ in the locket, just these words three:  
“*Confound your curiosity!*”

Now, “confound” is not exactly the word we saw in the locket; there was a shorter, an uglier word there—a word one should never use—a word that did confound us both. We could hardly believe that she would profane her young lips by using, or her sweet throat by wearing, such a word; but there it was—in her locket. The mystery was solved, however, while we stood there blankly gazing at each other and at her. She was standing with her head bowed—as

well it might be—and her hands folded meekly upon her bosom, as if she were awaiting a most just sentence from two wronged men. The silence was growing oppressive, when the curtains behind her parted, and a tall, handsome figure stepped between them, just as she had done; and with an amused and satisfied look upon his face, he quietly remarked: “Gentlemen, this is my little evening; and that,” pointing to the locket, “and that,” said he, “is my little locket, and in it is my little joke; and this,” calling attention to a brilliant solitaire which we had failed to notice upon Maud’s hand, “and this,” said he, “is my little ring; and this,” putting his arms gently around the unresisting maiden, “and this,” said he, “is my little girl. See?”

We saw.

L. R. HAMBERLIN.

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### A COMMENT UPON ADDISON.

In reading, a few evenings ago, Addison’s Essays, I was very much grieved to find that in his essay, Ned Softly, he must be accused of plagiarism. This, by the way, is a fault not uncommon with a great many of our modern writers. In this essay Addison produces the following, which is supposed to be written by Ned Softly. After the reading of the sonnet Addison enters into a lengthy discussion upon each verse with Ned Softly:

#### TO MIRA ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS.

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##### I.

When dress’d in laurel wreaths you shine  
 And tune your soft melodious notes,  
 You seem a sister of the Nine,  
 Or Phœbus’ self in petticoats.



## II.

I fancy, when your song you sing,  
 (Your song you sing with so much art,)  
 Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing,  
 For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

I will give a few of his comments upon the sonnet :

When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine.

“That is,” says Ned Softly, “when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses.” To which Addison replies, “I know your meaning; a metaphor!” “The same,” says Softly, and went on :

And tune your soft melodious notes.

“Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it; I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it.” “Truly,” says Addison, “I think it is as good as the former.” “I am very glad to hear you say so,” replies Softly, “but mind the next”—

You seem a sister of the Nine.

“That is,” says Softly, “you seem a sister of the Muses, for there were nine of them.” “I remember it very well, but pray proceed,” replies Addison. Thus he proceeds until the last line—

For ah! it wounds me like his dart.

“Pray how do you like that? Ah! doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? Ah!—it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out as being pricked by it. For ah! it wounds me like his dart. My friend, Dick Easy, assured me he would rather have written that Ah! than have been the author of the *Aeneid*.” This will serve to illustrate my point. In Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules* there is a verse recited by the inimitable Count de Mascarille, which reads as follows :

“Oh, oh ! je n’y prenais pas garde ;  
 Tandis que, sans songer à mal je vous regarde  
 Votre oeil en tapinois me dérobe mon coeur  
 Au voleur, au voleur, au voleur, au voleur !”

In discussing these lines, the Count de Mascarille says : “Did you notice the beginning—Oh, oh? That’s remarkable ; oh, oh!—as a man who is thinking of a blow ; oh, oh! The surprise : oh, oh!” “Yes, I think that oh, oh! grand,” replies Magdelon. “That’s nothing,” responds the Count. “I would rather have written that oh, oh! than an epic poem,” answered Magdelon. “But don’t you also admire *je n’y prenais pas garde*” ? “Je n’y prenais pas garde ; I do not take notice of that ; a way of speaking naturally ; *je n’y prenais pas garde. Tandis que sans songer à mal*, while innocent, without malice, as a poor sheep ; *je vous regarde*, that is to say, I am amused in looking at you—I observe you, I think about you ; *votre oeil en tapinois*. What do you think of that word *tapinois* ? Is it not well chosen?” Thus speaks Mascarille, and so on until the verse is discussed. There seems to be much in common between these verses. One must be a plagiarism. Now, Molière was born in the year 1620, and he wrote *Les Précieuses Ridicules* in 1659. Addison was not born until 1672. These dates certainly indicate that Addison may be justly accused of plagiarism in this essay, and would it be unfair to call him a plagiarist under such circumstances?

WALTER DABNEY PHILLIPS.

**THE SHATTERED HARP.**  
— — —

The Secretary and his young wife were yet in the glamour of their honeymoon. No considerations of convenience, no passing inclination, had united them. Love, ardent and proved by years of patient waiting, was the seal of their union. They had known each other as little children, and their hopes and plans had grown together; but Sellner's uncertain position forced him to postpone for a long time the fulfillment of his hopes. At last he received his appointment, and on the following Sunday he led his bride into their new home. When the long, tiresome days of congratulations and family feasts were ended, how gladly they spent the beautiful evenings together, with no third person to claim any share in their joy! Plans for coming days filled the hours. They were both of them fine musicians, and Sellner's flute and Josephe's harp made sweet music during the enchanted evenings, which sped all too quickly. The deep harmony of their instruments was an auspicious omen for their future.

One evening, after they had played long together, Josephe complained of a violent headache. It had begun in the morning, and the day's work and the evening's pleasure had wrought seriously upon her delicate nerves. Sellner sent at once for a physician; he came, treated the matter as a trifle, and assured them that she would be quite recovered in the morning. But after an extremely restless night, during which she raved incessantly, the doctor found poor Josephe with the symptoms of a nervous fever. He devoted himself zealously to the case, but Josephe grew worse daily. Sellner was beside himself. On the ninth day the physician lost hope, and Josephe herself felt that she could not live much longer. She awaited the end with gentle resignation.

"Dear Edward," she said to her husband, "with deep

sorrow I leave this beautiful earth, where I have found thee and highest blessedness ; but though I may not linger longer in thine arms, Josephé's shall be round about thee until we meet again, above."

She sank back and fell asleep. It was in the evening at the ninth hour.

Sellner's sorrow was unspeakable. He struggled long with life. His grief destroyed his health, and when, after many weeks, he arose from his sick-bed, he was without a vestige of his former youthful vigor. Deep melancholy fastened upon him. He had left Josephé's room as it was before death, and every evening he made a pilgrimage to this sanctuary of his love. Hither on a clear moonlight night he came, and stood, as in the time of his happiness, leaning upon her window. Into the sweet tones of the flute he breathed his yearnings toward her who had gone. Suddenly, from a neighboring tower, the bell tolled the ninth hour. As if struck by a light spirit hand, the harp answered to his flute.

Overcome with awe, Sellner ceased playing upon the flute ; the strains of the harp also ceased. With deep emotion, he now began Josephé's favorite song, and the strings sent forth strong, loud notes in accompaniment to his melody. He sank to the floor with a shudder of joy, and stretched out his arms to embrace the beloved shadow. He felt himself breathed upon as by the warmth of spring, and a pale, shimmering light shone round him.

"I know thee, blessed shadow of my sainted Josephé!" he cried. "Thou didst promise in love to be round about me! Thou dost keep thy word! I feel thy breath; thy kisses upon my lips! Thy glory shines upon me!"

Again he took the flute, and the harp again sounded forth, but more and more gently, until its whisperings were lost in one long, final chord.

Sellner cast himself upon his couch. In all his heated dreams he heard the whispering of the harp.

He awoke late, and wearied from the emotion of the night. He felt the touch of a supernatural hand upon his life, and within him there was a strange voice. It prophesied the speedy victory of the soul over the body.

With unutterable longing he waited for the evening. At twilight he betook himself to Josephe's room. Playing upon his flute, he lulled himself into still dreams until the ninth hour. Hardly had the last clock stroke ceased, before the harp again sent forth its strains to meet and blend with the flute-tunes in perfect accord. Again the pale, shimmering light shone round him. Again he cried out to his loved one, "Josephe, Josephe! Take me with thee!" Again the harp-strains took leave of him in gentle whisperings.

Sellner tottered back to his room. His looks terrified his faithful servant, who hastened, in spite of his master's prohibitions, to the physician, who was also a life-long friend of Sellner. The physician found him in a fever, with the very symptoms which had appeared in his young wife's malady. The fever increased during the night. He raved ever of Josephe and the harp.

In the morning he was quieter; the struggle was over; he felt assured of speedy release. He revealed to the physician the occurrences of both evenings, and no arguments of cold reason could dissuade him from his belief. As evening came on, he grew weaker, and asked at last to be taken into Josephe's room. They did his bidding. He looked about him at each beloved object with tears of joy, and spoke with certainty of the ninth hour as his last upon earth. The fatal moment drew near. He said farewell to all who were gathered around him, and asked to be left alone with the physician.

Nine hollow strokes groaned forth from the tower, and Sellner's face shone with a heavenly light.

“Josephel!” he cried with ineffable joy, as if God’s hand had touched him, “Josephel, greet me once more ere I go, that I may know thou art near, and may overcome death by thy love!”

Then the harp-strings vibrated in splendid, triumphant strains like pæans.

“I come, I come!” he cried, and, sinking back, struggled with life. The harp tones grew soft and gentle, but lost no sweetness nor clearness. Suddenly Sellner’s struggle ended, and the strings snapped asunder. Were they torn by a supernatural hand?

The physician was bowed down in an ecstasy of awe. He closed the eyes of his friend and left the house.

After years of silence concerning Sellner’s death—a silence which he dreaded to break—he communicated these things to a few trusted friends, and showed the harp, which he had been unwilling to leave to the mercy of rude hands.

THEODOR KORNER.

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### IN HIS LOVE.

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As on tow’rds the depthless ocean  
 Whence it came, the restless river,  
 So my heart’s love and devotion  
 Flows toward thee, thou great love-giver.

As, commingling in the ocean,  
 Soon is lost the restless river,  
 Let my love and my devotion  
 In thine own be lost forever.

October 14, 1894.

—JAMES C. HARWOOD.

## AFTER DEATH.

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### I.

What though a tomb tower o'er the vista's end !  
 The shadow falls upon the hither side,  
 The light is strong beyond, and shining wide  
 O'er bluer seas, and broader lands extend  
 Beneath God's smile, fair as a bride aglow  
 With sudden learning her lord's love to know.

### II.

What though the sea of death be cold and black !  
 Already break its waters on your feet ;  
 The waves creep silently, you cannot cheat  
 Th' insatiate tide, nor ward its fell attack.  
 Dread not the monster of the oozy shade,  
 The shock is over when the plunge is made.

### III.

One goal awaits all travelers after death ;  
 The pure leap swiftly to their final rest,  
 While purging toils the guilty soul invest,  
 And longer roads to tread with straining breath.  
 Not god-like—but a part of God is man ;  
 Th' eternal soul God would not damn, nor can.

### IV.

Hold up your head, walk proudly through the gloom !  
 You shall not lack for comrades by the way ;  
 You face the sunrise of a larger day ;  
 Already asphodels begin to bloom.  
 Ere tears be dry, ere parting kiss grow cold,  
 Strong hands receive you, loving arms enfold.

### V.

There is no monarchy in heaven, nor reigns  
 One lifted ruler o'er the chastened throng ;  
 Hearts throb in unison one mighty song,—  
 Wind harp-strings waked to deep according strains :  
 For Love has rooted up the need of kings,  
 And Law has triumphed over questionings.

## VI.

What though a tomb towers o'er the vista's end !  
 We pass beyond where no more limits rise  
 To stay our steps or dim our steadfast eyes.  
 Now earth recedes, the fleeting shades descend.  
 The gathered glories of our souls shall be  
 The splendid whiteness of the Deity.

—FRANCIS RIVES LASSITER.

[THE MESSENGER does not undertake to endorse the sentiment expressed in the above poem. It is published simply on its poetic merit.—ED.]

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**THE MANIAC'S WHIM.**

[Translated and adapted from the French in *Le Figaro*.]

Charles Carter Willoughby was the son of a rich Baronet in Yorkshire. He was not a man of great ability, but he was remarkable for his extreme tenacity of purpose. He called it his indomitable perseverance. His friends and family called it wilful obstinacy. He had set his heart on taking high honors at Oxford, but when he had secured his "Double First," his health gave away. When he recovered from a serious illness, his family could not be persuaded that he needed rest and quiet; they said that what he wanted was change. So they sent him with plenty of money in his pocket to amuse himself in European capitals. But the mental evil was far greater than they suspected. Overwork had made him a monomaniac, and the form his monomania took was a passion for natural history.

One night in Paris when he had been strolling alone under the flaunting gas-light along the Boulevards, watching the men and women who crowded the broad pavement, sat on chairs before the cafés, or poured out of the theatres, his eye was attracted by a placard which announced to the public in large letters that within might be seen the Javane Menagerie, among whose wonders were six noble lions.



The largest lion, it said, would play a blind-man's-buff with Signor Mascheretti, "the same," added the advertisement, "who had the honor to be severely wounded by a Royal Bengal tiger in the presence of Her Britannic Majesty."

"Poor animals! Poor imprisoned beasts!" exclaimed the Englishman, talking to himself, for he had no one else to talk to. "Poor unhappy animals!—dragging out existence behind iron bars. What would I not give to restore you to freedom! You are victims of the race of man—a race to which happily I feel myself to belong no longer. I am conscious of a process of evolution into a higher state. How can any creature who partakes of the divine intelligence imagine that the flaunting, pleasure-seeking, vicious, loitering crowd of human beings that I see upon the boulevards are your superiors? I am sick of the pretensions of mankind!"

The next morning he drove to the Menagerie Mascheretti on the Boulevard Saint Martin.

The Menagerie occupied a former carriage factory. The public entrance was from the Boulevard, but a private entrance through a long, dark passage led also to the interior. This passage had an iron door at each end; the kind the French call *grilles*. One of these opened on a tiny courtyard leading to a back street; the other opened into the great hall where were the cages of the wild beasts and also a little chamber occupied by Signor Mascheretti, who, being exceedingly attached to his animals, was unwilling to trust them by night to the care, or carelessness, of his subordinates.

By day he was usually to be found at a café on the Boulevard opposite to the Menagerie, and there the Yorkshire gentleman was directed to seek him.

After introducing himself briefly to the "artist," the Englishman said abruptly: "I want to buy your Menagerie."

“My Menagerie is not for sale,” was the answer.

“Oh! but,” replied Willoughby, “money can buy anything. I have come here to purchase your Menagerie.”

And, in the end, though Mascheretti was most unwilling to part with his animals, the Englishman became the purchaser.

It was stipulated that Mascheretti was to give one more performance, during which he would take leave of the public. On the day after that he was to pay off all his helpers and performers and take a tender farewell of his animals.

“I will leave you my second in command,” he said to the Englishman. “He understands all about the beasts as well as I do.”

“I don’t want him,” replied Willoughby. Pack him off with the rest. I have people enough to do all I shall require.”

Then Mascheretti took the new purchaser to see his beasts. When they reached the iron gate of the private passage, he took several keys from his pocket. “Tomorrow I will give you these keys,” he said. “Now let me show you my animals—yours, I mean,” and he gave a deep sigh.

As they entered the passage, Willoughby perceived an immense dog-kennel just inside the iron gate that opened into the Menagerie. It contained an enormous mastiff, who, though fastened by a chain, sprang furiously forward with bristling back and flashing eyes. His master quieted him by a glance, but not before he had excited the admiration of the Englishman, who instantly asked if he had purchased him, too.

“Yes,” answered the Signor, “but on condition that you will pay 500 francs to my employes to make up to them for losing their places without warning.”

“All right,” said the Englishman. “Good dog!” he added, addressing the mastiff. “What a noble animal!”

They entered the hall, at one end of which were the cages of the wild beasts. At Mascheretti's appearance there arose a chorus of roars, howls, jabberings, and other noises.

"Here is my famous Bengal tiger," said the showman. "He came near ruining my shoulder for life, but he made my fortune. We were performing to miserably small audiences in London, but the day after the accident, and our menagerie became the rage. Here is Queen Mab, my pet panther. I would not like to let every one know it, but she has eaten her man. The jaguars have done worse. They attacked and seriously injured one of my elephants. Toby, there, is a splendid lion. He tore three Arabs in pieces when he was very young. That white bear, Nimrod, is a splendid fellow. He was captured with great difficulty in the Polar Seas after he had disposed of a canoe and some Esquimaux. His mate is less distinguished. She eats only her cubs. And there, too, you see all the rest, hyenas, tiger-cats, birds, leopards, monkeys. . . . It makes me sad to think that I have sold them. Yes! my poor fellows," he went on with Southern effusion that rather astonished the Englishman, "your master has sold you! He has exchanged you for a handful of English gold! But one thing I will promise you. I will never fill your places. I will own no other wild beasts. I will set up no other menagerie. My career as an artist is ended. To-night will be my last performance. After that we will share no more triumphs; never again shall we enjoy the pleasure of terrifying an audience. To-morrow you will be nothing but caged beasts, and I shall be a man out of employment, like any ordinary mortal."

"Yes! To-morrow," thought the Englishman, "about midnight I will have you snoring in some restaurant or *café* with liquor in your head, and bank notes in your pocket, while I creep softly into this great hall and let out all your former pets upon the crowded Boulevard."

As he spoke, there passed through his disordered brain a vision of what would happen when he did so. He saw the first uncertain steps of the freed animals; then their wild bounds, their rising fury, their excitement, their ferocity. He saw the terror of the crowd upon the Boulevard; their panic; their fright; the selfish *sauve qui peut* of the many, the heroic self-sacrifice of the few. He saw Paris become suddenly a wild beasts' hunting-ground. He heard shrieks, volleys of musketry, the ringing of alarm bells, the roar of infuriated beasts, the general consternation. He thrilled with pleasure at the thought that all this would be his doing.

The next morning he paid Mascheretti, who was half-tipsy by mid-day. Two hours latter, he was more tipsy, though he did not seem so. He was accustomed to command himself. His business required self-possession. But the liquor he had imbibed made him break forth in a maudlin lament for his lost menagerie.

"How sad it will be," he said, "to have nothing to do but to amuse myself!" And he walked down at four o'clock to the quarters of the Javanese Menagerie to see if the Englishman was having his pets properly fed. He found that every animal had had as much as it could eat; all were stuffed to repletion, all had a bewildered, sleepy look, except the mastiff. He had declined to eat what had been set before him. He was grieving for his master.

"They will sleep soundly till midnight," thought the Englishman. "They will not wake until I shall have warily and noiselessly opened their cage-doors, and shall have taken my place on a balcony I have hired in a house opposite. I shall see them when they wake and walk forth at liberty. Oh, what fun!"

He had mixed a strong anodyne in the food he had given them, and felt sure that they would sleep for several hours.

“And now,” he thought, “I must make sure of the Signor.” He therefore invited him to dine with him, meaning to leave him dead-drunk under the table.

Sure enough, late in the evening, after a luxurious dinner at a fashionable restaurant, where claret and champagne had flowed freely, Signor Mascheretti sat in his chair fast asleep. The Englishman called a waiter, and, giving him a handsome fee, desired him not on any account to wake the gentleman. After that, he went away. The moment for his enterprise had come. His heart beat with impatience and satisfaction.

## II.

It was eleven o'clock. The Boulevards were brilliant with gas-light. From the Madeline to the Porte Saint Martin all was splendor and gaiety. Horses champed at their bits and shook their harness. Carriages rolled over the stones. People came pouring out of theatres and dancing halls. It was a lovely night. All Paris was abroad, and what part of it was so brilliant and so crowded as the Boulevards?

The Englishman crept furtively through the crowds. No one noticed him. At last he reached the back entrance to the menagerie, where only one gas-light shone in the darkness. The back entrance opened on a little court-yard. He went into this place and stood before the iron *grille*. He put the key in the lock. He turned it carefully. The door opened. He passed through, and closed it after him, putting the key in his pocket. This was a precaution lest he should be surprised by Mascheretti.

He went on toward the inner door. He saw the fierce eyes of the mastiff gleaming at him through the bars and heard the rattle of his chain. He unlocked the second

door, and entered the menagerie. The animals seemed to be waking up. When they heard him approach, they began to make various noises. He had a candle in his pocket. He lighted it and looked into their cages. None of them were fully roused, but all seemed to be on the point of waking. There was no time to be lost. Very softly he opened the door of the tiger's cage, then that of the lions, one after the other, until at last all were emancipated.

"All right, so far," said the Englishman. "Now in half-an-hour I shall see all Paris an uproar. What fun! What fun!"

Having opened all the cages, he left the iron door open that led from the menagerie to the long passage, and proceeded down that passage to the outside entrance, the door which he had locked so carefully.

"The jaguars will come out first," he thought. "They seem more fully awake than the others; then the two white bears; then the lions; all will be ready for a midnight banquet. By that time, the alarm will have been given. There will be racing and chasing in all directions. Men will shout and women will scream. I defy any man on earth to go in that hall and shut the cages after the beasts begin to swarm down this passage."

And he kept on saying at intervals to himself: "Oh, what fun!"

"When I set the outer gate open," he reflected, "I will fasten it back so that there will be no chance of its shutting to. There is too much gas-light," he added. "It may dazzle their eyes as they come out, and it may drive them back again."

So saying, he tried to turn off the gas with his cane. But the cane was too slender. He remembered to have seen an iron rod standing behind the door. With this he put out the gas.

“And now,” said he, “for the outside door. When that is open, my part will be played, and then will begin the fun!”

At that moment he was nearly knocked down by a swift blow upon his back. The mastiff was upon him. He had broken his chain! The Englishman had only time to spring aside, and to strike frantically about him with his bar of iron. He darted forward to open the iron gate, now within three feet of him. The jaws of the mastiff had not wounded him. In the darkness the dog had only secured a mouthful of his clothing.

But horror! Part of that mouthful was his pocket. In that pocket was the key of the outside gate, and his pocket-pistol!

With the rapidity of lightning the Englishman saw the hopelessness of his situation. On one side was the gate, which he could not open; on the other, was the mastiff, a wild beast in himself, and his only weapon in the dark was his bar of iron! It seemed to keep the dog in check, but what would it do against all the wild beasts in the menagerie?

Willoughby was strong and active, but do what he would, he could not burst the bars of the iron door, nor break the lock. He dared not try to climb over the high gate. Such an attempt would force him to lay down his iron bar, and to expose himself in the rear to the attack of his enemy. He dared not cry aloud for help. A cry might bring upon him all the wild animals.

A cold sweat broke out all over him. “And this dreadful dog is mine!” he thought. “I paid 500 francs for him. I am his master. I don’t even know his name. Hi! Hector, Lion, Cæsar, Bull, Fox, Sport, Tray, Dash!—What is the use? He has some French or some Italian name that of course I never heard of. To think of his having broken his

chain! So much for French hardware! And there's the Signor comfortably asleep with his head on the table in the restaurant, while I——"

Here he was interrupted by low growls from the menagerie. Momentarily they increased in violence. The dog seemed to turn his attention that way. The Englishman profited by this to make a last and supreme effort. He flung himself against the iron door with all his might, he tried to force the lock with his iron bar—when suddenly the door was flung wide open. He fell through it on his face, and fainted away.

It was the Signor Mascheretti who opened the door.

He had retained a pass-key, and had come down to the menagerie at midnight to look upon his beloved animals once more.

"I should like to know," said he to the Englishman when he stood by him in the little court-yard, as he came to his senses, "what all this is about? I find my dog with a broken chain, and all the cages open. While you came to yourself I have been in and fastened them. My good sir, the police will be apt to look into this matter. You little understand how to care for your menagerie."

"Mine?" cried the Englishman. "It is yours! I give it all back to you. Keep it—the dog and all! But never say a word of this, for your life!—Never a word!"

Signor Mascheretti kept the secret; and how I came to hear about it you will never know.



## Editorial.

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THE MESSENGER makes no apology for its late appearance. Its readers are familiar with the extraordinary circumstances that have caused its delay. A *special* number will follow as closely as possible, and the March number will appear in order.

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“OLD Virginia never tire!”

Mr. Ernest M. Long, B. L. of last session, is pursuing the study of law this session at Yale University. Although this is his first session there, Mr. Long has forged to the front, and become a prominent man at that great institution. In the annual debate between Yale and Harvard, Mr. Long was one of the three representatives of Yale, having won first place after a competitive debate with thirty-odd of his fellows. He also won second honors in the oratorical contest of the Yale Law Class. There is no young man in whom THE MESSENGER takes greater interest, or for whom it predicts a brighter future.

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WE take the following from an old copy of the New York *Sun*. It is a pretty good illustration of how libraries are run in the interest of politics:

“Michael Padden, it is said, will be appointed Assistant Librarian to the Board of Aldermen. Paddy Walsh of the Fourth Ward said Padden was slated for Sergeant-at-Arms, but he was not sufficiently educated for this position, so they propose to make him Assistant Librarian.”

The day will come, may it be speedy! when certain offices are filled not as a reward for party service, but solely

with regard to the merit of the appointee. Libraries, especially, should be in the hands of trained men. Our own State Library should be divorced from the line of offices filled by the Legislature.

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### A LOYAL ALUMNUS.

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THE MESSENGER is again indebted to Mr. L. R. Hamberlin, two of the most attractive features of this issue being the work of that versatile genius. Richmond College has no more loyal son, and the pages of THE MESSENGER have been enriched by his writings as by those of no other contributor. In a note to the Editor he makes the following reference to his last contribution :

“ As the procession is forming in the Governor of Texas’ waiting room, thence to go to the House of Representatives’ Hall, there to administer the oath of office to Governor-elect Culberson, on the stroke of twelve to-day, I sit down here at my typewriter to hasten you the requested relief. As in the case of the ‘ Sapsucker ’ story, I this time also send you a selection that I have on file for a little volume that I hope will soon see the light. ‘ The Locket ’ was written two years ago, but has never been published. The bombast so evident—and intentionally so—in the selection will not, I hope, be mistaken by all your readers for an *attempt-at-writing*. It is intended to be only a humorous mockery flung at the too prevalent show-and-hollowness in society, especially in the matter of, or rather lack of matter (substance) in engagements.” \* \* \* \*

Mr. Hamberlin’s many friends will be pleased to know that he has been made Assistant Professor in the University of Texas, where he is now teaching, at a salary of \$2,000 a year.

**WARD M'ALLISTER AND SOCIETY WOMEN OF  
TO-DAY.**

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Since reading the biographical sketches of the late Ward McAllister, whose sudden death occurred recently, we have been led to entertain a more favorable opinion of that gentleman, but hardly a better one of the "four hundred," of which he was the uncrowned king. Mr. McAllister was not the mere fop we had supposed him to be. He was not only a Southerner by birth, but was of a family distinguished for its legal ability. He was born in Savannah, Ga., about sixty years ago. His grandfather, Matthew McAllister, was Chief Justice of the State, and his father, Matthew Hall McAllister, was a Justice of the Circuit Court of the United States in California. A brother of Ward McAllister's stood at the head of the San Francisco bar for many years, and another brother is the Rev. Dr. McAllister, of New Jersey. The value of Mr. McAllister's estate has not been given, and it is likely that few know. Mr. McAllister devoted the greater portion of his time in administering to the whims of society, but he never neglected business. His farm, near Newport, yielded him a handsome income from the sale of its products to the residents of the resort, and his earnings as a writer aggregated fully \$15,000 a year.

The *Tribune* adds the following to the numerous stories and anecdotes which are now told of the late society leader: "Mr. McAllister was faithful in observing the outward formalities appropriate to a leader of fashionable life. He cultivated an old-time courtliness, of a French, perhaps, rather than English school. In this his Southern birth and French blood came in play. He entirely dissociated his business from his social life. While he was interested in piers in the lower part of the city, and as a lawyer man-

aged several estates, he always posed as a man of leisure. He walked up Fifth avenue with a fresh flower in his coat at the same hour invariably every afternoon. His mustache and goatee always had the correct courtly point. He was past-master in the art of cutting people dead. An ordinary business acquaintance, whom he would greet affably in his down-town office, he would pass with a cold stare on his walk to the Union Club. He declared that he would not recognize plebeian people in Fifth avenue. He was considered a fine story-teller, at dinner parties especially, where the fair sex was present, and he was a frequent guest among the older families of the city. He loved a title. It gave him great pleasure to introduce some foreign Count or Marquis in Delmonico's ball-room. He himself impersonated the Count de la Mole, the lover of Margaret du Valois, at the famous fancy-dress ball given by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt on March 26, 1883."

In his book, entitled "Society As I Have Found It," Mr. McAllister makes the following observations on the society woman of to-day:

"In her ambition she is utterly regardless of old ties and former friendships. With a heartless indifference that is almost cruel, she ignores her previous associates and takes up persons whom she thinks will be of use in advancing her interests. Having employed these new acquaintances as stepping stones, she cheerfully casts them aside and looks around for others by whose aid she may climb a little higher up the ladder of social success. If she undertakes to occupy a high position in fashionable life, she sets about the task with all the shrewdness and energy that a business man displays in organizing a mercantile enterprise.

"It is almost a necessity that an American woman with social ambition should be more or less indifferent to the feelings of others. Her sole object is to surround herself

with a brilliant, fashionable circle, and in order to accomplish this object, she must needs blunt her finer feelings when she ruthlessly puts aside her old friends and companions. In her restless desire for fashionable distinction she displays just the qualities that make the American people unique among nations of the earth.

“There is not much depth of feeling in the American society woman. Unlike the fashionable dame of England who is born to a certain sphere in life, and who does not rely upon extraneous conditions to fix her position, she is ever pressing on, eager to gain the goal of her ambition at whatever cost to the feelings of others, and despite the promptings of her better nature. Of course, as a consequence of this process of social development, it must follow that a considerable portion of our fashionable society is made up of persons whose title thereto does not date very far back into antiquity. If the ancestry of some of our brilliant women of society should be investigated some startling circumstances would be discovered.

“Many women of distinction in New York society to-day, remarkable for their courtesy and evidences of good breeding, have sprung from exceedingly obscure sources. And yet what they lack in birth and lineage they atone for in some degree by a clever appearance of charming brilliancy. The qualities that serve to lift them out of the ordinary routine of life to positions of prominence are the qualities which, now that they have attained the end of their desires, cause them to be respected and sought after. Their irrepressible spirit of restlessness has swept aside all obstacles, and caused them to be the admiration and envy of the fashionable world.

“Having once obtained a footing, women of this sort are seldom content to remain stationary; but constantly strive to advance still further along the scale of social progress.

They are utterly indifferent to their neighbors unless their neighbors can keep pace with them. They are not the sort of people you can place any reliance upon, no matter how entertaining they make themselves, for there is no telling when they will cast you aside in favor of some one who can be of a little more service."

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### MEMORABILIA.

- JAN. 11.—Address before G. and H. Society by Wyndham R. Meredith, Esq. Subject—Thomas Jefferson.
- “ 15.—Meeting of Board of Trustees. Prof. H. H. Harris tenders his resignation.
- “ 16.—Unique Burial Services.
- “ 24.—Examination in Int. English.
- “ 25.—Examinations in Jun. and Sen. English and Sen. Physics.
- “ 26.—Meeting of Advisory Committee. Report of Foot-ball Manager approved.
- Meeting of Athletic Association. A. Lunsford elected delegate to Intercollegiate Convention.
- “ 28.—Examinations in Int. and Sen. Greek and Int. Math.
- “ 30.—Meeting of Athletic Association. Field Day decided upon.
- Examination in Chemistry.
- “ 31.—Examinations in German classes and Jun. Physics.
- FEB. 1.—Examinations in French classes and Jun. Phil.
- “ 4.—Examinations in Latin classes.
- “ 6.—Examination in Sen. Phil.
- “ 7.—Examination in Sen. Law on Real Property.
- “ 8.—Meeting of Mu Sigma Rho Society. J. W. Gordon, A. N. Bowers, W. E. Gibson and J. C. Taylor, elected Public Debaters; W. R. Willingham, Declaimer; W. D. Phillips, Reader.
- Meeting of Magazine Club at Prof. Pollard's.
- “ 12.—Meeting of G. and H. Society.
- “ 15.—Meeting of Magazine Club at Prof. Harrison's.



R.C. FOOTBALL TEAM '04

PERVA ENG. CO. PHO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOMEIER & CLARK.

## Athletics.

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On the opposite page we present a half-tone portrait of the foot-ball team of '94—a team that played better ball, won fewer games, and gave the College more reputation than any eleven she has ever placed in the field.

A review of the season's work, and general remarks on the team, were published in an editorial in the November number of this magazine. We will only add here that the team held down the champions of the South (who, by the way, were one of the best aggregations of foot-ball players in the whole country), to a smaller score than any other team in the South. The game played against University of Virginia on October 18th was one of the prettiest ever played on a Southern grid-iron, and we believe our tackling, on that ever-to-be-remembered occasion, to have been as good as was ever seen anywhere.

We regret that when the picture was taken several of the regular players were absent. Their places are filled by substitutes.

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### FOOT-BALL OF '94.

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As foot-ball of '94 is now a thing of the past, a retrospective glance at the four great teams of the year with a generalization of their styles of play and appearance on the field may prove of interest in supplementing the many detailed accounts of the game played in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day, and that in New York the following Saturday. There never was a more perfect day for foot-ball than November 29, 1894. The cool air, with a suggestion of the approach of winter, was free from wind; the



sky was cloudless, save for a few fleecy floats sailing gently overhead.

But how different was the scene below, as the hour approached for the contest. Each spectator was trying to out-yell his neighbor; the Pennsylvania side to out-yell Harvard; the "Red and Blue" to soar higher than the "Crimson;" and the "Penn-syl-va-ni-a" to drown the "Rah! Rah! Rah! Harvard."

At 2 o'clock the home team entered the northeast gate of the rectangle, and went to work suppling up by falling on the ball, and passing it around a ring formed by the eleven players. At first sight would be noticed the red hair of Brooke, the crysanthemum blonde of Wharten, and the curious jacket worn by Knipe. This last seemed to be a loosely fitting sleeveless garment of untanned skin with the hairy side out. Soon the Harvard players came trotting up from the opposite entrance, and joined the others in a parley, during which she won the toss and took the ball, with Pennsylvania's east goal.

At the very first, honors were easy on both sides, but very quickly it was seen that the advantage was slightly with Pennsylvania in two points, viz: Brooke's punting, and Harvard's evident soreness from the Springfield game the Saturday before. Captain Emmons, who appeared on the field with a bandage around the head, succumbed very soon to the heavy rushes, but not until he had mingled much gore with Quaker soil.

After the ball had alternated in each other's territory for nearly all of the first half, and Brooke had missed by a little a try-at-goal from the field, Harvard fumbling a very long kick of Brooke's, was forced over the line for a safety. Time was called soon after this, and the players left the field.

In the beginning of the second half Brooke kicked off,

and put the ball across the goal line a short distance beneath the cross-bar. It was soon evident that Harvard was weakening and playing desperately. Five or six substitutes had gone in for them, while not a single Pennsylvanian had retired. Knipe and Brooke once worked on the feelings of the crowd by feigning a bruise, but each man was in his place when time was called. At nearly every down a Harvard man would need attendance of the Medical Corps.

Pennsylvania soon added ten to her score, Harvard made a touchdown, missing an easy goal, and near the finish Pennsylvania added six more to her score with a touchdown and goal. Thus the game ended with the score eighteen to four in favor of Pennsylvania.

Harvard showed the most thorough *team* training and *team* work. In their play the men moved off together and formed their interference like clock-work; but the further prosecution of the move was delayed and often lost by the poor condition of the men. The game with Yale just five days before had left its too obvious effects. They executed to some advantage the old fashioned double pass, and one distinctive feature of their play was to place half-backs against the opposing ends, and kick with only the quarter and full behind the line. Most of Harvard's short gains were made by successively bucking the line.

When their try-at-goal was made it was a careless failure. The ball was placed for the kick on the ground, thus giving chance for the opponents' charge, and one of these was successful in diverting the ball from its course by throwing up his hands, and causing a loss of two points to Harvard. Indeed, it seemed that every time there was a call for a sure individual play for Harvard, that individual lost his head and spoiled the play. Specially may be noticed the safety and this failure at goal.

Pennsylvania was specially strong in what Harvard lacked—individual work and endurance. Brooke, as indeed most of his side, was fresher at the finish than he had been after many a laborious practice. Every time an individual play was called for, but once, when Osgood missed a long pass, the Pennsylvania men responded heartily with confidence and force necessary to ensure its success. When Osgood made his wonderful fifty-yard run from one of Harvard's kick-offs, the individual interference of Brooke and Knipe was the finest I ever saw. Osgood in several instances showed excellent judgment. As a team, Pennsylvania did not move off with the regularity of Harvard; but, what they did they did with more vim and accuracy. Each man used his own judgment, and did not rely entirely on what he had heard before.

But to compare the four teams, let us note the Princeton-Yale game on the following Saturday. December started with gloomy, misty, sleety—generally nasty weather. It had snowed the day before, and occasionally grassy spots in the parks showed its fleecy covering. Central Park ponds were frozen over, and all the roads were belogged with mud.

However, the elevated cars ran as smoothly and quickly as ever, and we disembarked within a square of Manhattan Club field, where the game was to come off. Every seat in the vast rows of benches was filled, and numerous multi-colored tallyhos and wagons were filled to overflowing. At the commencement of the game, although the rain poured in torrents, there was a lively exchange of favors between the adherents of the Blue and the Orange. Flags waved until they became soaked and drooped. At the start Princeton took the ball and Yale chose the north goal. In a few minutes after the kick-off it was very evident that Princeton was no match for Yale. The latter caught the

kick and took the ball down the field for a touchdown in about five minutes. Hickok kicked a goal. This monotonous sameness was kept up throughout the first half, and, except for a decided brace which Princeton made in the last half, the game was severely uninteresting. The driving rain did not keep Butterworth from making some phenomenal punts, and Capt. Hinkey was in every play, following the ball as if by instinct.

Princeton's only method of gaining ground was by punting, and this they were forced to do at every third down. Their most distinctive play was one in which they dropped their end men and tackles behind, forming the team in three columns with backs rather far back. The column next back of the forwards started their interference with about four men before the ball was in play, thus forming a kind of momentum play. In this way they concentrated very quickly their whole team on the ends of their opponents; but the two Hinkes were ready for them, and proved very disastrous to the move.

It was very amusing to see little Poe running against the Yale interference. As one of the New York dailies expressed it, "He (the big Yaleman) dashed the little tot aside, and kept on with the ball." There was little or no dirty work in this game. Princeton would invariably tackle interference, but that is hard to see, and the penalties were few. She played well together, but was not in the class with Yale. She worked with a dogged determination to do her best, but all was desperate. Sometimes Trenchard looked as if he were dazed.

Yale played in the best of humor, enjoying heartily the rough sport. The players were in beautiful trim, except one or two, who were suffering from bruises received in the Harvard game. Quarterback Adee handled the wet ball with great accuracy, and Yale's work altogether was strong, deliberate, sure, and very little impeded by the damp ground

and driving rain. Capt. Hinkey made several good gains around the right and behind good interference.

Yale's interferers ran low, and used their heads in butting the opposing tacklers, thus making effective blocking within the limits of the rules.

Yale was hardly given a chance to show her strength, and should have run up a much larger score than she did. The men seemed to be merely waiting during the last half for time to be called, and at the same time to keep the ball in Princeton territory. It is hardly necessary to say that Yale won with four touchdowns and goals, making twenty-four points to Princeton's nothing. Thus Yale holds the championship worthily, we think, although she did not play Pennsylvania, and the latter won against Harvard by a greater score. I believe Yale of '94 knows more foot-ball, and has more enthusiasm, than the University of Pennsylvania team. The players look to an outsider to be larger than those of Pennsylvania. Butterworth is equally as good a punter as Brooke, and the work of the latter certainly contributed largely to the ground gaining of his team. Yale, I think, is better than Pennsylvania in defensive work, and about equal in offensive, *certainly* not inferior; but the outcome of a Yale-Pennsylvania game would depend greatly on luck, and as "Yale Luck" is getting to be proverbial, I must add that I think Yale would win.

Harvard comes in a close second to both of these, having scored against each one. This team played with prettier team work than either, but was weak individually. I was greatly disappointed in the Princeton team, and can offer no virtue save that of plucky play, which they possess. They fumbled badly, punted weakly, and altogether were not in the class of the other three teams. I believe that University of Virginia could have beaten Princeton on Thanksgiving Day; indeed, after seeing both teams, I can hardly see how Princeton won in the Baltimore game.

FRANK W. DUKE.

**BASE-BALL PROSPECTS.**

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The foot-ball season is long since a thing of the past, and, as spring approaches, the athletic enthusiast naturally turns his attention to base-ball. Indeed, the probable personnel of the team and the prospects for the season of '95 already form one of the chief subjects of speculative interest in the College. The candidates for the team have not yet been seen often enough in practice to predict who the fortunate ones will be. Enough is known, however, of the material in College to justify us in saying that the team of '95 will be even stronger than that of last year, which captured the Intercollegiate State Championship.

We should, therefore, not only keep the State Championship, but stand a good chance of winning the championship of the South.

The following list of candidates is probably not complete: Phillips, Ellyson, Lunsford, Edwards, McNeil, Lockett, T. T. Duke, Leonard, White, Gordon, S. E. Trice, Wilson, R. O. Binford, T. A. Binford, Myers, Hirsch, Coghill, R. Harrison, Harris, Nottingham, Anderson, Mercer. W. Duke and C. R. Burnett will probably be in college during second half session, and will, of course, play ball.

Phillips is, perhaps, the best all-round college ball-player in the whole country. His snappy, brilliant play is a never-failing source of delight to the rooters.

Among College pitchers, Ellyson has few equals. He easily outpitched Stevens in the game with North Carolina last year, and would have won the game for Richmond but for an unfortunate error in the diamond.

Lunsford will probably do most of the catching. He is in much better condition than was Johnson of last season's team, and will doubtless excel that gentleman's faithful work. His throwing has greatly improved.

Lockett will probably play in the diamond and pitch. He shows wonderful development, physically and in the box.

Of the new men, McNeil is said to be a crack player,

having had experience on several South Carolina teams. He is practicing for second base.

Edwards has played with the strong Franklin team, and though he is not yet in good condition, his practice play on first base has won many favorable comments. He is an excellent thrower, and goes at the ball in good style.

Leonard, late of the Stars, and Tom Duke are practicing at short-stop. Tom seems to have the talent, which practice will doubtless develop. He needs to "get a move on him." Leonard is said to have played well last season.

White played on an Eastern Shore team last year, and is one of the best throwers in College. It is also hoped that he may make a slugger. He is trying for outfield.

In Gordon we have a prospective Carter, he being of about the same build, and having about as much speed. He needs practice.

Trice played several games with the team last year. He is a fairly good fielder and batter, and possesses considerable pitching ability. He, also, needs to "get a move on him." Wins Wilson is playing good ball. R. Harrison is making some good catches in outfield. The other applicants are all more or less good men, and no player can afford to lull himself into the idea that he has a cinch on his position. With hard and constant practice, and a strict observance of the pledge, the team can begin the season with every prospect of success.

Manager Bowers has received challenges from a large number of Northern colleges, including University of Vermont, Lehigh, Rutgers, Pennsylvania State College, Lafayette, St. John's, Franklin and Marshall, Georgetown, Maryland A. and M. College, as well as from University of North Carolina, Wake Forest, Trinity, and a number of others. Negotiations are also pending with several professional teams. The first game of the season will be played with Randolph-Macon, Saturday, March 30th, at West-End Park.

The arrangement of the full schedule has been greatly delayed by the slow action of the Virginia State League.

## Collegiana.

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Defunctus est: Local editor.

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Mr. P—t Ed—s says the first time he saw the patrol wagon, he was carried away with it.

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It is in order for some one to send the "Stute" girls a copy of the Postal Regulations.

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In the bereavement occasioned by the death of his mother, Professor Young has the sympathy of all the students.

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Prof. Boatwright has so far recovered from his accident as to be able to meet his classes.

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Mr. H., on being told that a photographic negative was finished, asked when the affirmative would be ready.

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It is thought that P. Boshier, R. C., ('94), will win in the 440 yard run at University of Virginia on the coming Field Day.

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Mr. G., gazing meditatively at the fire, remarked that the three patriarchs who were thrown into the fire were *Shamrock*, Meshach and Abednago.

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Examinations now are "through,"  
 And some are very blue;  
 The reason for their blueness is  
 That they are not "through" too.

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There is said to be a man in College so immense in his own estimation that Solomon's overcoat would not make him a vest pattern.

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Mr. Phiz. Gordon, after giving the Y. M. C. A. the benefit of some of his most beautiful harmonies, said: "That's a *barrentone*, boys."

All agreed.



Mr. K-s-r goes down the street, aad, seeing the sign "Fresh Paint" on the front door of a florist's, goes in to purchase some paint.

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Mr. W., together with some young ladies, was looking at the moon through his telescope, when one of the fair damsels asked him if he could see the five points on the stars with it.

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Mr. D.: "Wonder if we will get holiday on the 22nd (February)?"

Mr. K-s-r.: "Thunder!" "This old College don't give holiday on Valentine's day."

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Mr. R. (to a young lady after church): "Miss —, may I have the pleasure of seeing you home?"

Miss —: "Thank you, I have two eyes, and can see myself home."

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Mr. S., having lost his bet of a box of "Huyler's" to one of his lady friends, sends the order to a *florist*.

We are surprised that one so popular with the fair sex is unacquainted with the above term.

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The many friends of Miss Annie Winston are gratified at her literary success. Besides the article, "Pleasures of Bad Taste," published in Lippincott, she has recently had accepted articles for publication in Harper's and Scribner's Magazines.

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"Y. M. C. A."

"Monte Carlo!"

"B. Y. P. U.!!"

"Salvation Army!!!"

"Don't let him in! Sh-h-h-h."

"Say, how did you come out?"

The maiden at the lake's cold brim,  
 A slender maiden seemed to him,  
 And she seemed nothing more.  
 But ah ! he took her on to skate ;  
 To teach her how, it was his fate,  
 And ere the task was half begun  
 He found the maiden weighed a ton.

—J. C.

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The Librarian tells us that books are sometimes called for by titles that are very amusing, viz : John Bone's Island for John Bull's Island ; Subscribers Magazine for Scribner's Magazine ; Mrs. Atkinson's Little Men for Miss Alcott's Little Men ; Hunters of Noah's Ark for Hunters of the Ozark.

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Mr. J. Willie Tribbett, one of the musical celebrities of the city has kindly offered his services in getting up an entertainment to raise money for the Athletic Association.

It is expected that the entertainment will take place soon after Lent. The best musical talent in the city will take part.

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If the College is visited by no more volcanic eruptions, earthquake shocks, burials, dynamite explosions, or other demoralizing occurrences, and *provided* there is a better understanding and appreciation in certain quarters of that word which Robert E. Lee declared to be the sublimest in the English language—THE MESSENGER hopes to resume its wonted promptness.

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#### WAIL OF YE MASHER.

Ah ! life has lost its lightness so,  
 And happiness must flee,  
 I am the most unhappy beau  
 Of all at R. C. V.  
 For why ? Because with two gay girls  
 To flirt I did essay ;  
 But they, all filled with cunning care,  
 Their "parlor notes" did both compare,  
 And gave the snap away.

Now, that the bill for the relief of Washington and Lee University has passed both houses of Congress, it is hoped that a similar bill for the relief of Richmond College will be pushed to an early passage by Representative Wise and Senators Daniel and Hunton. Washington and Lee will get a little over \$17,500 for damages resulting from the occupancy of the buildings and grounds by General Hunter's soldiers. Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson recently visited Washington in the interest of the Richmond College bill.

Apropos of St. Valentine's and the recent Trilby and skating crazes, *Truth* gets off these choice bits:

My name is Cupid Valentine,  
I pose in wintry weather,  
And artists call me Trilby, 'cause  
I pose "the altogether!"

But when I chase the skating girl,  
In Cupid's usual dress,  
The cold compels me to regret  
My hapless "Trilbyness."

In the February *Forum* is an article on "The Honor System," a subject now being widely discussed at the North in College journals, as well as in other publications. In the *Forum* article views on the subject are expressed by leading educators in the prominent institutions of the country. University of Virginia and Richmond College are the only State Colleges represented. Prof. C. H. Winston speaks for Richmond College. It is a significant fact that this is a new subject at the North, while at the South the honor system has always been taken as "a matter of course."

"Jim the Jasper" was recently invited out to an entertainment. It was quite a *recherche* affair, and during the evening the guests were called on to write impromptu poetry, a prize being offered for the best verses. The subject was, of course, Love, and Jimmie, without stopping to

sharpen his pencil, invoked the Muse in the following inspired lines :

“I'm asked to write on love,  
But how shall I begin?  
Can a youth like me do such,  
Who has ever escaped this sin?”

This may be very nice poetry, Jimmie, but how about that valentine you received,—a shattered heart and words to match? We fear you are a gay deceiver, Jimmie, if you did get the prize.

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We trust the following, found in *Green Bag*, will not discourage our embryo lawyers :

#### A LEGAL CAREER.

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He went into an office with intent to study law,  
And he waxed enthusiastic over all he read or saw.  
It was such a noble science, and that he should come to be  
Its most sapient exponent seemed his certain destiny.

So the office seemed a palace, and a throne the office stool,  
While no labor, howe'er mighty, could this youngster's ardor cool;  
For his head was full of visions as a hive is full of bees—  
Visions of his future clients and the fatness of their fees.

“Blackstone” was his favored diet, with a dessert dish of “Kent,”  
And he served up bits of “Greenleaf” every single place he went;  
While he always took some “Wharton” with his quiet ev'ning smoke,  
And he warmed his legal body with a glowing piece of “Coke.”

Then he went to be examined, and his grade was passing fine;  
They admitted him to practice, and he pasted up his sign,  
And the business men remarked, “Oh, he is promising, they say,”  
But they gave their work to Codger—who was old—across the way.

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THE MESSENGER promises that its subscribers shall receive as many copies as are paid for, and hopes it will be paid for as many copies as they receive.

### **THOMAS ENDOWMENT LECTURES.**

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The annual course of lectures under the James Thomas Endowment may be expected sometime in April. At a recent meeting of the Committee Professors Winston and Thomas were appointed to secure one, or perhaps this year two, distinguished gentlemen to conduct the course.

It is proposed, if possible, to vary the entertainment by having the first series on English literature and the second on some scientific subject. The lectures are looked forward to with much interest not only by the College community but the city friends.

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### **A GIFT TO THE MUSEUM.**

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Rev. Geo. B. Taylor, D. D., one of the early graduates of our College, now an eminent minister of the Gospel in Rome, Italy, has made a nice gift to the College Museum. While visiting the Island of Sardinia one of his friends made him a present of a choice collection of minerals and shells. The quick eye of the interested Alumnus saw in the gift a coveted opportunity to help his *Alma Mater*, and accepting the tender in grateful terms he, with the full knowledge and consent of the donor, at once shipped the interesting and valuable gift to the curator of our Museum, Dr. C. H. Ryland, with the following letter. We hope its perusal will prompt similar gifts to our growing collection. This is one of the ways the absent children may help their devoted mother :

I arranged, on the occasion of my late visit to Sardinia, to have the shells and minerals (about which I have written you) sent *via* Naples, and am in receipt of a letter from Holme & Co., of the latter city, saying the box would be forwarded to you on the 15th inst. I paid the expenses in Cagliari, which, with the trouble taken, is my contribution. The shells and minerals are the free gift of Sig. Arbanasich

who, since my request several years ago, has been seeking, begging, buying these specimens. I trust they may prove valuable, and that a letter, with the College seal, may be sent to him. Pietro Arbanasich, who is an ardent conchologist and student of mineralogy, to whom this long labor has been a labor of love, placed the insurance at \$150. The shells are very fragile, but are well packed, and I hope may go safely.

I take occasion to offer you, together with all affectionate salutations, my best wishes for the new year, for yourself and yours, and for the College you so efficiently care for. Salute, also, in my name, my old friends in the faculty of the College.

Awaiting with interest news of the safe arrival of the box, I remain, dear Dr. Ryland, Yours sincerely,  
*Rome, Italy.* . . . . . GEORGE B. TAYLOR.

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### COLLEGE SONGS.

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We present as a frontispiece to this issue a commencement song, written especially for Richmond College by L. R. Hamberlin.

Some one has said: "If you would show me a country, sing me its songs."

There is nothing more conducive to college spirit than college songs; in fact, the latter are both cause and effect of the former. Richmond College needs more songs.

At the request of many students we publish the words to the College Medley, which is one of the best we have ever heard. This medley was first sung at the Jollification of '92. New and appropriate words may be added to the tunes of "Two Little Girls in Blue," "Daisy Bell," "After the Ball," "Down Went McGinty," "Annie Rooney," "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay," "The Bowery," "Do do my Huckleberry," "Sweet Marie," "My Pearl's a Bowery

Girl," "Prodigal Son," "Her Eyes Don't Shine Like Diamonds," "Linger Longer, Lucy," or any other "chestnuts" that are supposed to figure in a medley.

RICHMOND COLLEGE MEDLEY.

In the tower hangs a bell—  
 In the eastern college tower—  
 And it never fails to tell  
 There is duty every hour.  
 Oh! it wakes me every morn  
 When I long to slumber more,  
 And it seems that I was born  
 Just to listen to its roar.

Hear that bell—ding, dong!  
 Hear that bell—ding, dong!  
 It is ringing for you and for me!  
 Hear that bell—ding, dong!  
 Hear that bell—ding, dong!  
 It is ringing for you and—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well—

The miller's black dog sat in the barn-door,  
 Bingo was his name;  
 He winked at me as I pranced on the floor,  
 Bingo was his name;  
 B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go;  
 Bingo was his name.

I watched him closely to get my chance,  
 Bingo was his name;  
 As he made a break at the seat of my pants,  
 Bingo was his name;  
 B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go;  
 Bingo was his name—

My pony, 'tis of thee,  
 Emblem of liberty,  
 To thee I sing;  
 Book of my flunking days,  
 Worthy of fondest praise,  
 Worthy of poet's lays,  
 To thee I sing—

Tidings of comfort and joy,  
 Tidings of comfort and joy,  
     What the Faculty says to you  
     Surely must be true,  
 Tidings of comfort and—

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,  
 Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's—

Zeros in a Professor's book  
     After recitation ;  
 Mean when to your report transferred  
     Lack of preparation ;  
 And when it is sent to Pa,  
 Then it is your duty  
 To sit down and write him why,  
 Write him why, write him why ;  
 To sit down and write him why—yes—  
     Only an English diploma,  
     Only this small souvenir,  
 To carry back home to my father,  
     To show for my labors this year ;  
     A seal and blue ribbon adorn it,  
     But something more lovely is there,  
     And for that alone I shall prize it,  
 'Twas signed by Professor—

Listen to my croak of joy :  
 My father sent me off to school ;  
     Listen, etc.  
 I studied not, broke every rule ;  
 Teachers all took me for a fool ;  
     Listen, etc.  
 After to-night at home I'll bunk ;  
     Listen, etc.  
 I'm going down now and pack my trunk  
 And get along home where I shant flunk !  
     Listen, etc.

Hard trials had this youth when he got home from daddy's boot,  
 For honors which he had forsook, forsook ;  
 Listen to my croak of—

Faculty have endeavored  
 To polish up our brains,  
 But it is too bad they've only had  
 Their trouble for their pains ;



They say we all are dunces  
 And ne'er 'll be known to fame ;  
 But like the bug we'll try and tug and get there  
 Like our cottage third floor (spoken by end-man).

Wait till our cottage third floor stop staying out late at night ;  
 Wait till our handsome young lawyers stop getting so fearfully tight ;  
 Wait till our honored professors shall all Republicans be,  
 And the Jaspers stop wearing short trousers,  
 Then, my bonny, I'll come back to—

Mary's the only girl that I love,  
 And I really can't tell you why,  
 Many weary years have past  
 Since I saw that old home last ;  
 There's a place around that fireside vacant still,  
 There's a memory that is living,  
 And a father unforgiving,  
 And a picture that is turned toward—

The Wild Man of Borneo, etc.

The manager of the base-ball team offers a season ticket free for the best song suitable to be sung at games, same to be submitted before March 30th. The right is reserved to reject any and all songs.

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### **A COLLEGE WEEKLY; AN ANNUAL.**

The editor of this magazine has been approached a number of times recently on the subject of a college weekly. It is urged that when the base-ball season, which is now close at hand, has opened, that there will be abundant matter of interest to fill the columns of such a publication.

A matter of more importance is the publication of a College Annual. Many institutions of "smaller calibre" than Richmond College have their annuals, and it is a matter of no small wonder that this college has not had hers. We have a young C. D. Gibson in the college, so that the artistic success of an annual is assured. The drawings of this young man, specimens of which adorn the walls of several cottage rooms, show the highest order of talent. Several

informal conferences have been held, and the title settled upon, "The Spider," we consider a happy selection. It is late in the session, and if a good annual is gotten out, there is no time to be lost. Every student in college should be a self-appointed committee on statistics.

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### **MU SIGMA RHO PUBLIC DEBATE.**

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At a recent meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society it was decided to have the Annual Public Debate of the Society this year, as usual. The debaters elected were Messrs. J. W. Gordon and A. N. Bowers of the Law Class, and W. E. Gibson and J. C. Taylor, Academs.

The debaters have selected Friday, April 5th, as the date, and have chosen a question from which a highly entertaining debate may be developed. Mr. W. R. Willingham will be the declaimer, and Mr. W. D. Phillips the reader.

The Philologian Society will have no public debate this session.

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### **GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.**

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Friday, the 11th inst., at 8 o'clock, pursuant to notice, Mr. Wyndham R. Meredith delivered an interesting and instructive address upon "Thomas Jefferson."

Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson gracefully introduced the speaker, who began his address by referring to the liberal education that Jefferson had received at William and Mary College. Mr. Meredith treated Jefferson under three heads—scientist, legislator, statesman and patriot. He showed that the sage's mind was evidently scientific, and, but for the stormy times, his scientific success would surely have predominated.

As a legislator he deserved to rank with any law-giver, and, aided by Wythe and Pendleton, he reformed the Virginia laws so that a priest-ridden and aristocratic colony was

the first to establish religious freedom, and destroy the last vestiges of feudal and monarchial ideas.

As a statesman, he left a reputation equal to Washington. His chief work was in continuing the development of America, and in decentralizing along republican lines.

The speaker drew an interesting comparison of the effect of the French Revolution upon the career of Burke and Jefferson. He claimed that Jefferson's views were not only those held by modern writers, but that they retained him in the ranks of reformers and lovers of popular liberty, while Burke's usefulness as a popular leader was paralyzed if not destroyed.

Mr. Meredith is in love with his subject, and has given much time and study to the life and work of the sagacious sage of Monticello. The address showed much thought and research, and was received with the highest admiration by a large and appreciative audience.

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The first regular meeting of the Society for the New Year, was held Tuesday, the 15th inst., at 8 o'clock. The President, Prof. Boatwright, being absent, Mr. J. P. Sadler, vice-president, presided. The paper of the evening was read by Mr. Henly M. Fugate, of Abingdon. Mr. Fugate's subject was "George Washington." The writer gave a clear and succinct sketch of the life and labors of the "Father of his Country" from his birth to the close of his wonderful career. The subject, though familiar to all, was made fresh and interesting by the elegant manner in which it was treated by the writer.

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Mr. G. W. Clarke, of Front Royal, was elected a member of the Society. A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs J. J. Hurt, H. M. Fugate, and R. A. Anderson, to draw up resolutions of thanks to the Hon. Wyndham R. Meredith for his able address before the Society the 11th inst.

The next regular meeting was postponed on account of intermediate examinations.

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### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

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The examinations and some other things that have been going on around College lately, have been very injurious to the spiritual life of the College.

The attendance at morning prayers and at the Thursday night meetings is nothing like what it was before Christmas. There has also been a slight falling off in the attendance at the Bible class.

Our examinations are over now, and everything is quiet again; but the attendance at the different meetings is still very poor. The extremely cold weather, which we have been having for the past week or two, may be the direct cause of the poor attendance just now. This will probably be over in a few days, and then we trust the boys will fall into line again and give more attention to their public worship and to Bible study.

#### DAY OF PRAYER.

This came in the midst of our examinations; in fact, one of our examinations came on that day. So, of course, we were not able to observe the whole day (in form); but we did have a short service in the evening. Brother C. R. Moses conducted it, and he made it a very impressive service.

#### ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

At the regular business meeting, on January 5th, Jacob Sallade was elected president; J. W. T. McNeil, vice-president; W. W. Edwards, recording secretary; G. F. Hambleton corresponding secretary, and W. B. Daughtrey treasurer.

## THE STATE CONVENTION.

H. O. Williams, our State Secretary, made us a visit on January 24th, and gave us a thrilling talk about the State Convention, which created quite a desire in the hearts of many of our boys to go, but owing to examinations they were compelled to remain at home.

Our Association was represented at the Convention this year by Jacob Sallade, president; W. B. Daughtrey, treasurer, and W. L. Prince. They brought back very encouraging reports, showing improvements along all lines, and especially in the number of conversions in the colleges.

## THE MISSION CARD.

Several of our boys, who are not volunteers, are members of the Band, and are taking an interest in the work. The Band is now studying the Bible, as it bears on Foreign Missions.

We expect our new Missionary Library soon, and then we will be better prepared to follow out our work.

The plan of systematic giving for missions, which we adopted at the beginning of this year, is working very well.

Heretofore we have done comparatively nothing for missions, but now we receive about three dollars per week.

We recommend the plan to all Mission Bands, and will be glad to mail one of our pledge cards to any Band that desires to adopt the plan.

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**THE CONVENTION OF THE Y. M. C. A.**

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The Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Virginia convened at Staunton, February 6-10, 1895. Our delegates were Messrs. Jacob Sallade, W. L. Prince, and W. B. Daughtrey.

Never in the history of the Y. M. C. A. of Virginia did so many of her young loyal sons come together. The

Railroad Associations were well represented, the Local Associations furnished their usual quota, and the College Associations were out in full force. It seemed to be the intention of each and all to get good from the Convention. On Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock Mr. C. W. Curran, of Richmond, Va., conducted a short prayer service. The social service Thursday morning at 9.30 o'clock was led by M. J. Sallade of Richmond College. Mr. R. M. Smith, of Richmond, was elected president of the convention. Captain H. M. McIlhany, of Staunton, gave the delegates a hearty welcome, which was fitly responded to by the President.

Rev. Theron H. Rice, Jr., of Alexandria, gave three Bible studies, two on Thursday and one on Friday, which were greatly enjoyed by all who heard them. In one of his lectures he clearly demonstrated that when Christ comes into the church, an emissary of the evil one is also present; that the devil is not a bit foolish; that he has a satanic wisdom which he uses for his own good. In another he told us that the cords which were broken by sin can be vibrated only by the grace of God; that the evil of every man's life is crystalized about some one tendency. Prof. C. Armand Miller, of Roanoke College, also gave three Bible studies. Each one was instructive, and bore lessons that were good for all.

Mr. H. Thone Miller, of Cincinnati, O., the blind orator and sweet singer, made several addresses. In every one he spoke with marked feeling, and seemed to lift up the souls of the whole audience. He said: "The need of the hour is consecration. The demands of the age is that we put on the whole armor of God, that we have pure precepts and live straightforward lives. Talk more about Jesus and simply live the life that Christ lived."

By far the most thrilling address during the convention was made Thursday evening by Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler, of

Brooklyn, N. Y., an old war horse in Y. M. C. A. work. His address enraptured us, and bore us, up as it were, on the mount of transfiguration. "Our organization must always possess unity," he said. "Some people say, 'Don't put too many irons in the fire;' but I say, take all you can stand under. Why, the people who accomplish most are the ones who put skuttle, tongs, poker, irons, and all in the fire. If you want a man to do something don't send for one who has nothing to do. He hasn't time."

In both College conferences the matter of more personal work was impressed upon the College men. Bible study was said to be all in all for everything. The reason why the religious interest in our colleges has ebbed to such a low degree is because of the inconsistency of those who profess to be Christians. All the college fellows determined to put on new life and to strive to upbuild the religious interest in their respective institutions.

In the men's meeting for the men of Staunton, Sunday afternoon, there were nine conversions. God manifested his presence in that meeting as he did in no other. The Holy Spirit touched the hearts of nearly all present, and caused us to worship God in the beauty of holiness.

Sunday evening, after addresses by several of the delegates, all joined hands in the aisles and around the front of the pulpit, and sung, "Blest be the tie that binds." So closed the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of Virginia. It was one which will ever be remembered as a bright spot in our lives. It was there we met God, got nearer to Him, and resolved to do more for Him.

The hospitality of the people of Staunton cannot be surpassed. When we had been there but a day we felt like one of them. Although *terra firma* was dressed in white, and the weather icy cold, yet we wandered up and down the hills and admired the curiosities. Two places of especial interest we visited while there were the Western Insane

Asylum and the Deaf-mute and Blind Institute. The latter gave us an entertainment. "There we saw the blind see, and heard the deaf-mutes talk." Wonderful! wonderful! What can God not do? Let us then be up and doing, up and doing while 'tis day.

*February 15, 1895.*

W. B. D.

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### CAMPUS NOTES.

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The friends of Prof. Harrison rejoice greatly to see his familiar form again on the Campus after his tedious illness.

Mrs. M. H. Gordon, of Culpeper county, has been visiting the family of Prof. Harris for several weeks past.

The Magazine Club continues to have interesting and instructive meetings under the leadership of its efficient president, Mr. D. H. Rucker, an ex-student of the College.

At the meeting of the Magazine Club, held at Prof. Harrison's, several faces were missed of those who add materially to the success of each evening. Among the absentees was Miss Marion Ryland, who is on a visit to a friend in Lynchburg.

The extremely disagreeable weather has put an end to almost all outdoor amusements among the Campus people, except skating; but a goodly number of the Campus girls have indulged in the delightful exercise. Among the frequenters of the Reservoir Lake we have noticed the Misses Pollard, Miss Kate Harrison, Miss Sallie Puryear, Miss Daisy Winston, and the Misses Harris.

At its meeting on the 15th after interesting literary exercises, in which a number of members participated, the club welcomed into its midst its newly made member, Mr. James H. Franklin.



The next meeting took place at Prof. Puryear's on the night of the 22nd, and, in honor of the day, the exercises were unusual. On this occasion the ladies came to the club dressed in Martha Washington style and a special literary programme was arranged.

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### ALUMNI NOTES AND PERSONALS.

W. H. Pettus, ('92), is merchandising at Clarkesville, Va.

Harry Redwood, ('93), is in business in Baltimore.

J. L. Bradshaw, ('93), is in business in Burkeville.

H. L. Norfleet, ('93), is in business at Franklin, Va.

C. M. Cooke, Jr., is in the cotton business at Louisburg, N. C.

Joe Turner and Estes Cocke are applicants for the University of Virginia base-ball team.

W. F. Long, B. A., ('93), is teaching school at Chase City, Va.

Hundley, Bowden, Skinner, Ryland, Melton, and Childrey are at Crozer.

W. M. Redwood, ('91), who fell four stories through an elevator shaft in Baltimore, is recuperating at Asheville, N. C.

Cody Ladd, ('91), is practicing law in Florida. By the way, Cody is a relative of Buffalo Bill.

J. H. Abbott, ('89), is practicing law in Appomattox county.

Will Warren, (93), is farming in Texas. Louis Warren is practicing law in Georgia.

D. H. Scott, B. A., ('93), is travelling for the Owens & Minor Drug Company.

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B. T. Gunter, Jr., first B. L. of the present Law School, is a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney of Accomac.

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H. T. Burnley is in the employ of the city government. The College misses a jovial spirit, and the law class a bright member.

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W. O. Carver, M. A., ('90), has given up his professorship in Boscobel College, and is attending the Seminary at Louisville.

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T. H. Athey, ('92), of boat-crew fame, is principal of a school at Phillamont, Va. Come down next summer, Athey, and show us how to pull a boat right.

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R. W. Hatcher, ('93), is preaching in Hanover and Caroline counties. He will return at commencement, to receive the degree of B. S.

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T. S. Dunaway, M. A., and W. F. Dunaway, B. A., of ('93), are teaching, the former at Morristown, the latter at Woodville, Va.

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J. M. Cardoza, ('93), has paid us several visits recently. He is keeping books for a city firm. Juny, have you ever learned to smoke a cheroot?

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R. E. Chambers, B. A., ('92), is under appointment of the Foreign Mission Board as missionary to China.

W. B. James, ('93), is under appointment for the same field.

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Henry Burnett, B. S., ('94), found it necessary to have his leg amputated again. He is staying out at Barton

Heights, and is doing very well. Drive over to College, Henry, and see the boys practice.

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J. E. Wyatt, M. A., ('82), after a sojourn in Europe in the Government service, has returned to America, and is teaching at Huntington, Alabama.

Frank Puryear, M. A., ('86), is teaching at the same place.

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THE MESSENGER recently received a letter from E. L. Scott, M. A., ('84). He asks that THE MESSENGER be sent him, and states that he is glad to know that "from having been a good College monthly it has grown to be a better one." He is now Professor of Languages in Louisiana State University. "Louisiana Scott" was regarded as an intellectual prodigy while at College.

## Editor's Table.

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The Table groans beneath its load. For twelve long, weary months it has occupied a modest corner in the E. C's. sanctum, faithfully performing the duty that has been assigned it of entertaining the many visitors that have come from other sanctums, North, South, East and West, and yet it has never been allowed to say a word of what it thought of these visitors, nor to repeat the opinions it has heard them express of our MESSENGER that has courteously returned their visits. The E. C., when asked the cause of this cruel treatment, answered impatiently, "Oh! The Table is like the parrot that said 'sic em'; it doesn't know when to talk, or what to say"; and though The Table is yellow pine, it turned green with envy when the E. C. added, that if his Table could talk like The Table of the *Nassau Lit.*, he would be glad to hear it once every month. But The Table could not harbor resentment; for having been companions for twelve months, it knew of the E. C's. many trials. Only a few nights ago, when the midnight oil had burned far into the "wee sma' hours," the weary head of the E. C. had nodded and drooped, until finally it rested upon The Table, and he was asleep. The Table had often heard the bums who congregate in the sanctum speak of the innocent bread-and-'lasses Mess Hall suppers, and was startled when the E. C. began to talk in his sleep as if he had been eating lobster. He would repeat in jungled and disconnected phrase, "Incorporeal Hereditaments—can't you let me have that article by—conflicts with League date—percentage for park, too—those proofs must be—full house beats three—write local on—that subject for Public Debate is—THE MESSENGER must be out by—guarantee one hundred—telegraph Vermont—" his voice sometimes becoming so plaintive that it drew the turpentine from The

Table's heart. In his delirious wanderings THE MESSENGER seemed to be uppermost in his mind. The sympathy of The Table was so aroused that though it had been enjoined to silence, it ventured to offer its consolation. It asked the E. C. why he did not publish the editorial, "Felicities and Regrets," it had heard him speak of. He replied that after writing for the Literary, Athletic, Local and other departments of THE MESSENGER, he had no time to write editorials; and furthermore, the "felicities" would be mistaken for self-praise, and the "regrets" for a chronic croak. The Table reminded him of the precept he had laid down in his salutatory a year ago: "Hew to the line; let the chips fall where they may." This reminder had the desired effect, and the E. C., proceeded to speak freely. He said that among the felicities, there had been many incidents, since he assumed editorial charge of THE MESSENGER, upon which he could look back with feelings akin to those expressed in Tom Moore's smooth lines:

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past she cannot destroy."

It was a source of gratification, that on the day after his first issue appeared, the number of student subscribers was doubled; that his society tendered him a rising vote of thanks; that his efforts had been appreciated, flattered, by the students, professors and exchanges, and that although it is known that he will not return another session, many friends have, against his will, urged his re-election. But alas! and alack! the regrets—chiefest of which was the fact that twice, THE MESSENGER had gotten stuck fast in the mud, and it seemed that on the last occasion it would never get out. The first delay was occasioned by the non-collection of debts and a consequent shortage in funds; to discuss the causes of the last delay would be to enter a labyrinth, from which we might never emerge.

After some hesitation, the E. C. continued his remarks, saying that sometime ago he had registered a vow that he would not again attempt to do the work of all the departments, as, with trifling exception, had been the case with every issue but one. He said the literary matter of this issue had been set up and ready for the binder for more than three weeks; that after patiently and vainly waiting that length of time for an associate editor to put in an appearance with some locals, he had been forced to break his vow, break the Sabbath, cut law twice in succession(!) and commit other heinous crimes, until, in his dreams, he stood with Dante and Virgil, and gazed on the flight of lost souls, chiefest and blackest of which was his own.

After this heartrending statement, The Table read the following from the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*: "No chief will be elected, as the work is generally thrown on his shoulders and most of the other editors get the honor of being on the staff and do no work."

The Table then remarked that inasmuch as there is not a line or letter in this issue the work of an associate editor, except the Y. M. C. A. Notes, and inasmuch as there are penalties for failure to discharge other duties, the societies should have a penalty for derelict editors; and no member should be eligible to a position on the staff who has not qualified himself by having had a prose article accepted for publication. The Table thinks that if these suggestions are followed—now that the standard has been raised, the pace set—the next E. C., whoever he may be, should have easy sailing. The Table joins the E. C. in wishing him *bon voyage*.

The Table has not the space for a critical review of exchanges in this number.

"Misery loves company." The *Nassau Lit.*, (Princeton), which is the best magazine we receive, has just gotten out its February number, and the *January* number of the *University of Virginia Magazine*, has just reached us.

The *Lantern* (Bryn Mawr) contains an exceedingly interesting article on "Examination *vs.* Education." In it we find the following, which had escaped our attention :

In November, 1888, the *Nineteenth Century* for the current month set before the public, under the heading, "The Sacrifice of Education to Examination," a signed protest "against the mischief to which the system of Competitive Examination is running in this Country." The signers, whose names were given, were four hundred and thirteen in number, and represented the broadest culture, the deepest research, and the keenest practical life in England. One hundred of the signers were members of Parliament, one hundred and forty-one were professors and teachers, among whom are to be noted several examiners, fourteen were doctors of medicine or of surgery; the rest were clergymen, literary men, and members of other professions. Among the many notable names on the roll were those of Max Müller, Edward A. Freeman, Frederic Harrison, James Bryce, Justin McCarthy, Auberon Herbert, Sir Frederick Pollock, James Anthony Froude, Henry Nettleship, Edmund Gosse, Aubrey de Vere, E. Burne Jones, A. H. Sayce, George J. Romanes, Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir H. Austen Layard. Accompanying this protest was a statement of the reasons actuating it, formulated by Max Müller, Frederic Harrison and Edward A. Freeman.

They state in the first place that the system does not educate. Under it a large proportion of candidates utterly fail to get through even the pass-examinations, to say nothing of honors. Under this system, in the opinion of the protestants, if the professor or teacher does not wish to see his classes melting away from him, he must lecture or teach with a view to examinations, and not in line with his own deepest interests in connection with his subject—though the latter is the only sure method of teaching with power and effect. In the same way the student is led to work for

his examiner rather than for his teacher; to study from "cram-books" and "tips" of experienced coaches, with an eye to "points," rather than from the great literature of his subject, with an eye to broad general principles and relations; to look for the rewards and emoluments that can be measured, rather than for the inner enrichment that cannot be measured. No time is allowed for deviation or deliberation. No side-paths of interest can be followed up for the sake of possible treasures of new knowledge to be found there. Every book read must be chosen with a view to possible questions, every lecture taken with the examiner in mind. Consequently little or no opportunity is offered for original or creative work of any kind. The protestants think that all pleasure in study is destroyed by this system; the student learning what he learns as task-work, and getting rid of it as a heavy and useless burden, when its purpose for examinations is served: that a deadening uniformity is brought about in the character of students, so that one is just like another. This system, they find, develops the faculty of memory at the expense of the reasoning powers, and encourages dependence on authority. "Coaching" has become a regular profession; and, indeed, the most profitable use that can be made at present of the knowledge painfully stored up in preparing for cram examinations, is in fitting others to stand like tests. The breaking down in health that follows protracted application to study, they consider due almost wholly to examinations and work for examinations, and scarcely at all to normal intellectual effort. This system, in their opinion, is hardest on the best men. The examiners, with thousands of papers to look over in a week, have no time to study, to freshen up their knowledge of their subjects, or to contrive better ways of testing acquirement in them. The whole plan of education is restricted by this system, since a never-failing objection brought up against the introduction into the curriculum of



any comparatively new line of research is, that "it is not suitable for examination."

---

A BILL will be introduced in the next Legislature to establish coeducation at the University of Virginia.

*Topics* expresses the sentiment of the students in the following vigorous language :

Before laying aside our pen we wish to enter one more vigorous and bitter protest against the proposed coeducational nonsense. In all seriousness, we earnestly trust and pray that this thing will never come to pass. Would that the shade of the late lamented Thomas Jefferson could appear before our faculty and the Virginia Legislature and express his opinion upon the subject. But, perhaps, even his disapprobation would avail naught to check the resistless onset of Woman's Rights. Pause, gentlemen, pause and consider well, before you lend your influence to the growing tendency to wipe out the line drawn by the Creator between man and woman. For Heaven's sake, is it not narrow enough as it is? Is it not growing more indistinct every day, and should you not rather struggle with all your might against these encroachments? By admitting woman into our universities you are not elevating her; you are degrading her. Throughout the history of the world, the so-called emancipation of woman has ever been but the forerunner of the overthrow of the social relations and the decay of national strength and integrity. We despise an effeminate man, why not a masculine woman? In this age of cold-blooded realism, we are taught to scoff at ideals, to scorn superstitions and to doubt the Bible. And now, if the mantle of romance is to be torn from woman, we shall be left dangling in the air. You claim that coeducation is being worked successfully in the North? Yes, and is it not a significant fact, that, when in the North a gentleman is seen to offer his seat to a lady he is at once set down as an ignorant

*Southerner?* Thank Heaven we still possess some sparks of chivalry. May the extinguisher of coeducation never be put upon them. Let us rise in our might and suppress these reckless innovators, who would "out-Grande the hysterical Sarah." Let us fight shy of this monster, and at least seek to retain our foolish and romantic ideals of woman.

---

Not only the quantity of its matter is good, but the quality as well.—*Georgetown College Journal*.

THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER at once attracts attention as one of the best magazines in Southern college journalism.—*The Palladium*.

THE MESSENGER, of Richmond College, is the largest and most complete Southern magazine on our exchange list. \* \* \* \*—*Tennessee University Magazine*.

We acknowledge the receipt of THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER. It is one of the best magazines on our table, but it came too late for us to make a close review of it.—*Reveille*.

We commend the editorial staff of THE MESSENGER, of Richmond College, for the appearance and general make up of their journal. It is one of the best magazines which have come to us.—*Miami University Student*.

"The Witches of Macbeth" in the November number of THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER is a most meritorious production, as is also "The Study of Sociology." THE MESSENGER is gotten up in handsome style, and its contents are in keeping with its dress.—*Hollin's Semi-Annual*.

The last number of THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER to reach us, namely, the November issue, is the best all round magazine we have received this year. Its exterior is neat and attractive and its contents are so varied as to cover

almost all that could be desired in a college publication. The number mentioned contains seventy-eight pages, and there is not a page in it that does not contain something interesting. Each department is well defined, and is filled with well selected material. In the literary department we might mention as the best articles The Study of Sociology, Prison Life of Jefferson Davis, The Witches of Macbeth, and The Melancholy Man. These pieces are well written, and the subjects will interest all classes of readers. Under the editorials we find a good article on College Debating and another on The College and Academies. Book Notices and Reviews contains some valuable information. Athletics receives special attention, and the locals are interesting not only to the students of Richmond College, but to all wherever read. We enjoy reading THE MESSENGER, and hope it will continue up to its present standard.—*Davidson Monthly for December.*

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The preacher's a saint and the gambler's a sinner,  
 Yet both are alike at the heart's inner core ;  
 When either you find quite content, be certain  
*He held a full house* but the evening before.

—*Brunonian.*

I gently squeezed the little hand,  
 So closely held in mine,  
 And knew it was a lead-pipe cinch—  
 Four aces and a nine.—*Ex.*

Once Cupid, in his roguish way,  
 Into a room went peeping,  
 And there upon the sofa lay  
 A maiden, calmly sleeping.

Then Cupid straight way aimed a dart,  
 With a triumphant grin ;  
 The shot was careless, missed her heart,  
 And struck her in the chin.

He drew the shaft and kissed the place ;  
 'Twas healed by means so simple ;  
 The wound, however, left a trace,  
 A charming little dimple.

—*The University Courier.*

## A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Once a Freshman was wrecked on an African coast,  
 Where a cannibal monarch held sway,  
 And they served up that Freshman in slices on toast  
 On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,  
 And before the next morning was seen  
 By the cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,  
 For the Freshman was dreadfully green.

—*The Mackmicken Review.*

## A FLOWER AND A HEART.

A blow and the jewel is lost,  
 Or a flower's sweet life is done,  
 Ah, the jewel may find a setting new,  
 But the flower knows none.

A word and a mind is dark  
 Or a heart's sweet love is done.  
 Ah, the mind may find a lover anew,  
 But the heart knows none.

—*Red and Blue.*

## THE CONSCIENCE.

There lives in every man upon this earth  
 A certain, innate, unseen part of Him,  
 Which has the value of a Godly worth,  
 And which sly evil's breath cannot bedim.

The power of this silent, sacred gift,  
 Which judges all in God's own holy sight,  
 Does never wane, nor does it cease to sift  
 Man's wickedness through bars of right.

It has but one great duty to perform,  
 But one pure mission in this struggling life,  
 And yet too often from that silent storm  
 'Tis sin that comes victorious from the strife.

—*Cornell Era.*

KISMET !  

---

A child stands near a darksome pool,  
 The sunshine gleams athwart his brow,  
 He laughs, and reaches out to grasp  
 The sunbeam flitting by him now.

Then, as his fingers quickly close,  
 Yet fail to clutch th' elusive light—  
 Anger and sadness flit across  
 The face just now so clear and bright.

'Tis so with men ; we strive to grasp  
 Fame, money, honor, to command  
 And rule ; to sieze on what we can,  
 Yet hold at last—an empty hand.

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

THE SONG OF THE VIKINGS.  

---

Where the were-wolf howls to the storm-king's wrath,  
 And the gray sea lashes its angry mane,  
 This prow has sped o'er a perilous path,  
 That few may follow and live again.

By the ice-walls guarding the northern seas,  
 Where the white-bear reigns o'er his floes alone,  
 We steered, in the teeth of the northern breeze,  
 Straight on to the were-witch throne.

Our prayer is the song of the whistling gale,  
 Our laughter the shriek of the northern blast,  
 The sea our goddess—she will not fail  
 To welcome us home at last.

—*Yale Lit.*

**CLIPPINGS FROM COLLEGE CONTEMPORARIES.**

The law school course at Yale has been extended from two to three years.

There have been no fraternities at Princeton since 1855.

Student oratory will be excluded from Yale's commencement exercises in the future.

Seventy-five per cent. of the 400 students in the Harvard law school this year are college graduates.

The *Princetonian* stops its issue during the mid-year examination.

Vassar graduates boast that no Vassar girl has ever been divorced from her husband.

Harvard has a photograph of every graduate since 1872, numbering in all about 26,000.

Cornell and Rutgers have adopted the plan of government by a committee consisting of representatives from the faculty and students.

It is said that in Vassar they call gum an elective, because they needn't take it unless they chew.

The faculty of the Boston University allows work on the college paper to count as a certain number of hours toward graduation.

Ah! rare complexion that she had,  
 This rose-cheeked dainty daughter,  
 But when she washed her lovely face,  
 She left it in the water.

Fifteen Vassar students have joined the Salvation Army as a result of the work of Mrs. Ballington Booth.

The oldest college in the world is the Mohammedan College at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1800 years old when Oxford was founded.

---

“What hymn does an electric car sing on its last trip at night?”

“I am going home to dynamo.”

---

One-third of the university students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired in college; one-third die from lack of exercise, and the other third govern Europe.

---

Our Willie passed away to-day,  
His face we'll see no more.  
What Willie thought was H<sub>2</sub>O  
Proved H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>.

---

The University of Indiana has this yell :

Rah, hoo-rah! zip, boom, ah!  
Hip zoo razoo, Jimmy blow your bazoo,  
Ipzidiyiki, U. of I., Champaign!

---

When I see Wealth and Cupid  
Run a bitter race,  
I bet on Cupid ten to one—  
For second place.

---

Prof.: “Translate *fugit* as present and perfect.”

Student: “Present *fugit*, he flees; perfect *fugit*, he has flees.”

---

“Adam,” said Eve,  
As they went out the gate,  
When ordered to leave,  
“Is my hat on straight?”—*Ex.*

---

Statistics have been published showing that of the 1,112 men who played on American foot-ball teams during the past season, but ten were temporarily disabled and but one permanently injured,

“Please, mum,” said Hungry Bill, the tramp,  
 As he chewed his bread and mutton,  
 “Won’t you do just one more thing for me,  
 And sew some pants on dis button.”—*Helios*.

Among the three thousand students registered at Harvard University four hundred are actively engaged in athletics.

He who is false to a present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find a flaw when he has forgotten its cause.—*Ex.*

The University of Chicago has discarded the name of professor. The members of the faculty are in future to be addressed as “Mr.”—*Ex.*

While Moses was no college man,  
 And never played foot-ball,  
 In rushes he was said to be  
 The first one of them all.—*Ex.*

Cornell has abandoned examinations at the end of the term, and will continue recitations until the closing day. Students will stand or fall on the grades maintained throughout the term in recitations.

Teacher (sternly): “I cannot understand why you are so stupid.”

Pupil: “Perhaps it is because you have given me a piece of your mind.”

Governor Flower, of New York, has signed a bill making hazing a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment. This is the result of the barbarous action of Cornell students last year.

She frowned on him and called him Mr.,  
 Because in fun he only Kr.,  
 And so in spite,  
 The very next night,  
 This naughty Mr. Kr. her Sr.—*Ex.*



“What is college spirit?”—  
 She blushing drew near—  
 “I know that students like it,  
 Now is it wine or beer?”

Client to Chicago lawyer: “I tried to collect the money myself, but was put off from time to time until I was worn out. Finally he became insulting and abusive, and told me to go to the devil, and then I made up my mind to come to you.—*Central Law Journal*.

“Oh, for a man!”  
 The alto cried;  
 “Oh, for a man!”  
 The soprano sighed;  
 “A man!” they sang  
 With tearful eyes,  
 “Oh, for a man-  
 Sion in the skies!”

The college yell is purely an American invention, and is unknown in any other countries. In England the students simply cheer or scream the name of their college or university. No attempt is made at a rythmical, measured yell, as in this country.

A net, a maid,  
 The sun above;  
 Two sets were played.  
 Result: two love.

Again we played—  
 This time she won.  
 I won the maid—  
 Result: two one.

—*Yale Record*.

Phil King, ex-Princeton, continues to withstand the blandishments of the New York base-ball team. They want him to play second base. He prefers, however, to remain an amateur, though offered a large salary by the New York manager.

As a maid so nice,  
 With a step precise,  
 Tripped over the ice,  
 She slipped, her care in vain.  
 And at the fall,  
 With usual gall,  
 The Freshmen call,  
 "Third down, two feet to gain."—*Ex.*

Yale is protesting against allowing her foot-ball men to train other college teams, after graduation. The players say that one team which they met this year knew their signals, and in many ways they are handicapped by their opponent's knowledge of their general tactics.

"Her lips were uplifted,  
 Her cheek on his breast,  
 Her head touched the button,  
 And he did the rest."—*Ex.*

A kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper; it is not very singular, and is generally used in the plural number and agrees with me.—*Ex.*

The University of Paris has over 7,000 students, and in this, as well as other universities of France, there are no classes, no athletics, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs and no fraternities.—*Student Life.*



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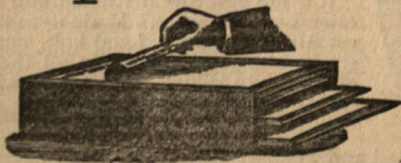
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