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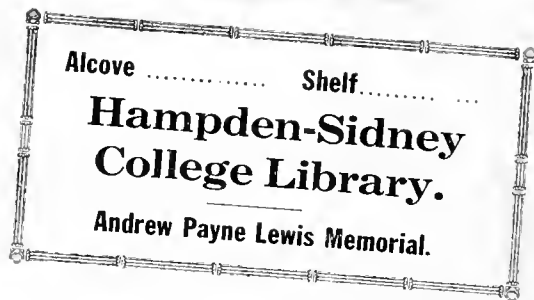
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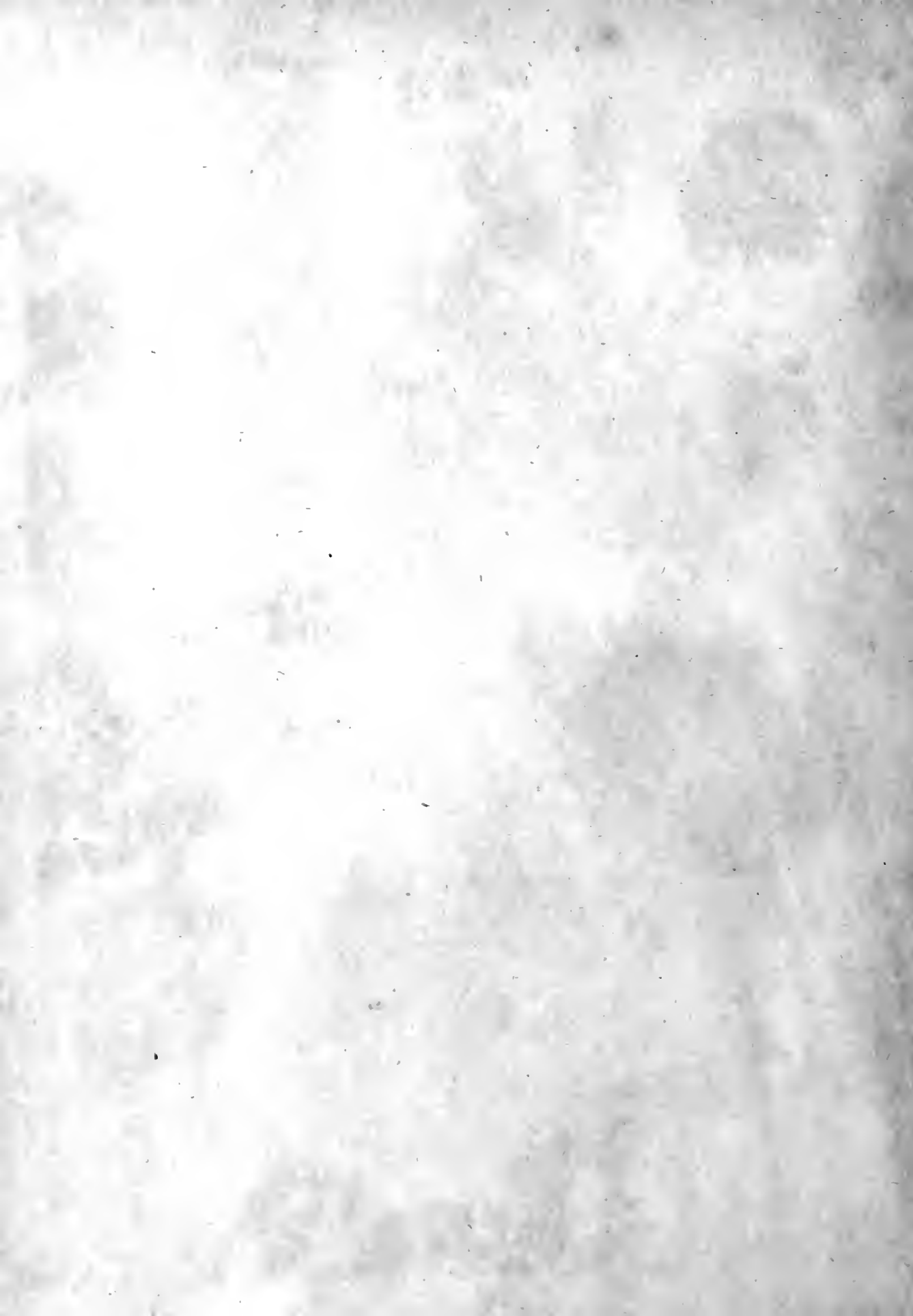
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THE KALEIDOSCOPE

*Hampden-Sidney College
Virginia*

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THE KALEIDOSCOPE

VOLUME IX.



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE.

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To the memory of
Professor Lewis Littlepage Holladay, A. M., LL. D.,
a ripe scholar, a brilliant instructor, and
a man of noble character,
who labored faithfully for the interests of the students,
and for the advancement of his
Alma Mater,
this book is affectionately dedicated
by the students of
Hampden-Sidney College.

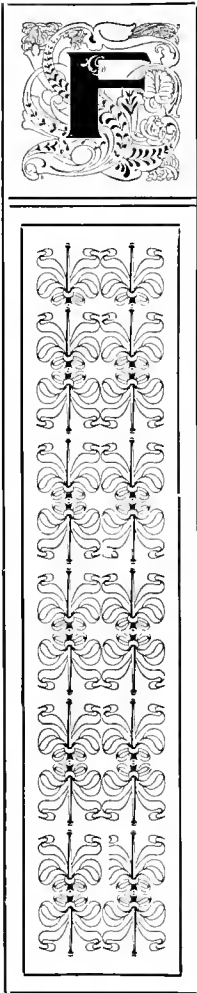


PROFESSOR LEWIS LITTLEPAGE HOLLADAY., A. M., LL. D.

6347

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GREETING.



RIENDS, old and young, where'er you be,
From the midst of the dusky dells we bring
The song of the bird with the opening flower,
And the airs that breathe from the lips of spring—
The whilom ways of the by-gone years
When you trod the paths we tread to-day,
Before you knew life's after tears
Or the thick of the fight in the world's affray.

We come with the scent of the clover sweet—
With the florid thought of youth in tune
To the pulsing blood of the riant heart
Ere it turns toward Life's sad, sobering noon ;
We come with the glint and the glow of the days
That once you knew when you lingered here ;
And we hope that we 'll touch in subtle ways
Some latent note to your memory dear.

So your hearts with ours again in glee
Will sing with a bit of the olden glow
The ways that you knew and we know to-day,
The life of the now and the long ago,
The life of the world where all is hope,
The life of the dawn in its sweet repose,
The life that you knew and the life that we know,
With a smile for its friends and a prayer for its foes.



HSG



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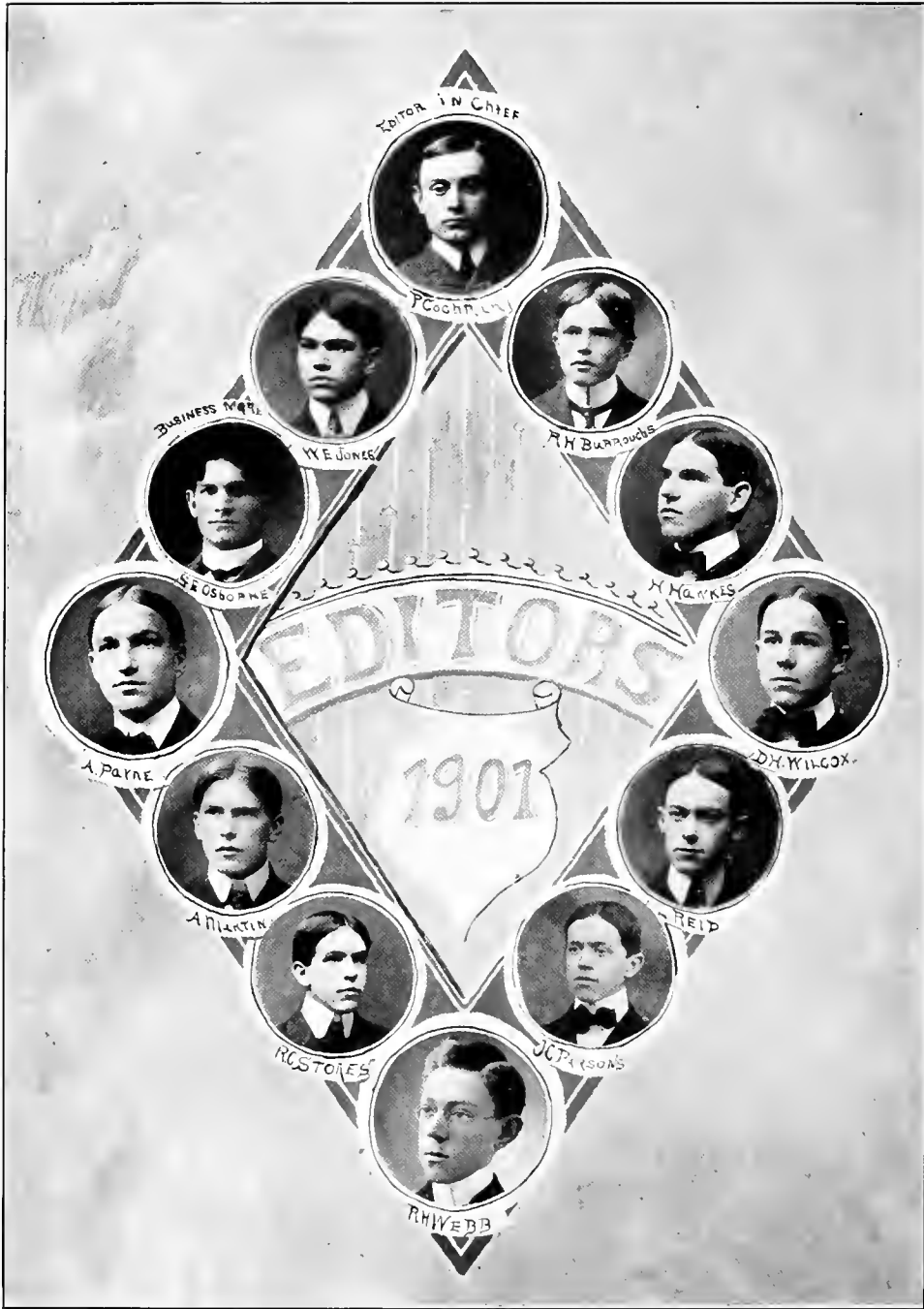
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1901



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- SEPTEMBER 10, Examination of candidates for admission into College.
 SEPTEMBER 12, Session opened at 4.00 p. m. with a public address by Rev. Dr. Petrie, Charlottesville, Virginia.
 NOVEMBER 29 Thanksgiving Day. Holiday.
 DECEMBER 22. Christmas holiday began.

1901.

- JANUARY 2, Second Term began.
 FEBRUARY 22, Washington's Birthday. Intermediate Celebration of Literary Societies.
 APRIL 20, . . . Field-day.
 JUNE 9, . . . Baccalaureate Sermon.
 JUNE 10, . . . Examination of candidates for admission.
 JUNE 10, . . . Meeting of Board of Trustees at 8.00 p. m.
 JUNE 10, . . . Celebration of Union Society at 8.00 p. m.
 JUNE 11, . . . Address before the Literary Societies.
 JUNE 11, . . . Address before the Alumni at 12.00 m.
 JUNE 11, . . . Celebration of Philanthropic Society at 8.00 p. m.
 JUNE 12, . . . Commencement Exercises at 11 a. m.
 JUNE 12, . . . Senior Class Celebration at 8.00 p. m.

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A Request.

The winter winds were cold and bleak,
And Cupid's garb was light, at best,
The rascal left my heart to seek
If he might find a softer nest.



5/1894
1901

And when I asked where he was bent,
With blushing face and look demure,
He answered back, as on he went,
"To her whose heart is sweet and pure,

Whose face is rich with gentle thought,
And smiles are like to summer's light,—
Whose eyes with clearest rays are fraught,
And turn to day the darkest night!"



5/1894
1901

What need to ask the one he meant?
"Ask her," I begged the boy divine,
As towards thy heart his footsteps bent,
"If I may be her Valentine?"



5/1894
1901



LEWIS LITTLEPAGE HOLLADAY, A. M., LL. D.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE H. DENNY, PH. D.

IT is a matter of frequent observation that affection for the subject is apt to render one unfit to discharge the office of drawing a character sketch. If this observation be correct, then Lewis Littlepage Holladay will, perhaps, never have a worthy biographer. For if it is true that no one is competent to portray the character of a man with whom he has not been associated in a more or less intimate manner, it is equally true that association, however brief it may have been, with the subject of this sketch never failed to inspire a feeling of sincere respect and affectionate regard for him as a man. Profoundly impressed with a sense of our incompetency to do justice to our theme, we are nevertheless constrained to undertake the task from a deep sense of the duty which we feel that Hampden-Sidney College and its alumni owe to a man whose entire life was devoted to the service of alma mater. The College has never had a better and more steadfast friend, or a more loyal alumnus, than Professor Holladay. May his service to Hampden-Sidney be held in everlasting remembrance!

Lewis Littlepage Holladay, Jr., was born February 23d, 1833, at Bellefonte, Spottsylvania County, Virginia, where he lived till his father's removal to Orange in 1844. He was descended from a princely lineage, and by his own great, though modest, life he added new luster to a name already held in great esteem. It will, perhaps, be helpful to review his life, character and services under the following divisions: 1. His early life and associations. 2. His scholarly attainments. 3. His professional career. 4. His character and influence as a man.

I. HIS EARLY LIFE AND ASSOCIATIONS.—Unfortunately there are but few trustworthy details at hand concerning the early schooling of Professor Holladay. He had, perhaps, received such educational advantages as his neighborhood afforded, when, in the month of August, 1849, he made his way by private conveyance to Hampden-Sidney College, where his entire life, with the exception of one year, was now to be spent. From the very beginning his College course gave evidence of the notable career that was to follow. Though he entered the Freshman Class with an inadequate, or an unequal, preparation, notably in Greek, his progress was so rapid that within a few months he stood among the leading men of his class.

President McIlwaine, a life-long friend and classmate, in his admirable sketch (*Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, April, 1892), declares that "he was recognized as easily the first man in his class in point of scholarship, and was never known to fail in a recitation or to be guilty of a breach of college decorum." The College records show that he graduated in 1853, with First Honor, delivered the valedictory, and received the appointment as tutor of the preparatory school for the following session ('53-'54). On entering Hampden-Sidney, he joined a class which contained a number of young men of marked intellectual force and executive ability, among them the Rev. L. H. Blanton, D. D., LL. D., now Chancellor of Central University, Kentucky; Rev. M. L. Laey, D. D., an able Presbyterian divine of West Virginia, and the Rev. Richard McIlwaine, D. D., LL. D., the present distinguished president of Hampden-Sidney College. Among his college-mates and intimate friends were the Hon. Philip W. McKinney, one of the purest men Virginia has produced—and, I may add, one of her best governors,—and the Rev. John B. Shearer, D. D., LL. D., now president of Davidson College. Contact with such men as these could hardly fail to have been a potent factor in his education; and, added to this, was the impress which came from the princely educators who at that time adorned the various chairs in the College. The following was the composition of the faculty—all of them honored names: Rev. Lewis W. Green, D. D., president and professor of moral philosophy; Charles Martin, LL. D., professor of ancient languages; Charles S. Venable, LL. D., professor of mathematics; Joseph R. Wilson, D. D., LL. D., professor of physical science. It is a question whether any Southern institution of that day could claim four men of greater, or equal, ability. There is abundant evidence of the fact that Professor Holladay was, to a very unusual degree, respected by his fellow students, and indeed not less so by the members of the faculty. No man with his native goodness and his unselfish and sunny disposition, with his gracious manners and demeanor, and his never-failing tact could fail to be respected and loved in a pure college atmosphere such as has always existed at Hampden-Sidney. The year following his graduation he devoted himself to the grammar school, and it is said that he made an ideal tutor; indeed, that he proved to be a veritable Orbilius in this trying position. In September, 1854, he entered the University of Virginia for post-graduate study, as was the custom in those *ante-bellum* days with the aspiring young men of the South. Here, at the end of one session, he received diplomas on Latin, Greek and mathematics, besides attending lectures in several other schools, notably that of physical science, in which subject, however, he did not offer for graduation. The following session (1855-56) he was elected professor of physical science in Hampden-Sidney College, and this chair he occupied, with distinguished success, till his death, July 23d, 1891. It should, perhaps, be added that for a short period during the Civil War Professor Holladay

was in North Carolina engaged in superintending the manufacture of nitrate of potash, used in preparing gunpowder, and thus in this time of need he rendered practical service to the cause of the Confederacy.

II. HIS SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS.—That Professor Holladay was a man of liberal education and cultured tastes goes without saying. His brilliant career as student at Hampden-Sidney and at the University of Virginia demonstrated his high ability beyond question. Throughout the formative period of his intellectual life he had been an intense and successful worker; and we are not surprised, therefore, to find him in his mature years an elegant and accomplished scholar.

His intellect was strong, and yet characterized by unusual balance and symmetry. His mind was logical in its processes; and yet its philosophic proclivities never made him in any sense a mere theorizing machine. Professor Holladay was in every sense a *practical* man. It can not be said of him that he was a *specialist* in his line of work, certainly not in the sense in which this term is now employed in the educational world. His mind was, perhaps, too broad and his sympathies too many-sided to find nourishment and satisfaction in any work of a distinctly specialistic character and in this *alone*. Besides, there was lacking in his day in the South the necessary stimulus to such work, to say nothing of the lack of facilities for its successful accomplishment. It must be admitted, however, that his store of knowledge—of *exact* information—not only of scientific subjects, but also along a number of other lines, was strikingly great. It was felt by those amply competent to form a judgment that he could, on short notice, have fitted himself to fill any chair in the College. It is a fact that he did fill the chairs of Latin, Greek, mathematics and mental philosophy for longer or shorter periods with great satisfaction. In recognition of his accomplishments he was, in 1885, awarded the degree of LL. D., by the Central University, of Kentucky, an institution which had previously invited him to one of its professional chairs.

III. HIS PROFESSIONAL CAREER.—The writer feels incompetent to pass a correct judgment upon Professor Holladay as a *teacher*, having himself felt so little intelligent or appreciative interest in the physical sciences during his own college career. We shall, therefore, let other and more competent critics speak. President McIlwaine says: "He was thoroughly qualified, faithful in the performance of his duties, and a good teacher." President Atkinson, who attended his classes for a session, regarded him as "a very fine lecturer, and one of the best instructors" he ever knew. The great mass of students, perhaps, did not regard him as a great *drill-master*, but certainly the greater number recognized in him an inspiring, stimulating and *suggestive* teacher—an educator in the widest and best meaning of that word. His great power as a teacher, undoubtedly consisted in his ability to *reach* students, to attract their attention, to rouse and retain their

interest, and having once gained this vantage-ground, there was no difficulty in accomplishing good results.

Professor Holladay's influence *outside* of the classroom was, perhaps, as great as that of any member of the faculty during the writer's student days at Hampden-Sidney. He was at all times sympathetic, and understood, as few men understand, the natural impulses of youth. His readiness to counsel and his eagerness to help young men were potent factors in his character and personality. He loved to hear the voices of students on the campus and enjoyed mingling with them in all their pleasures and sports. Yet no one believed more in college decorum, and no one condemned more quickly all that is rough and boisterous than this gentle and sweet-tempered man.

Professor Holladay was a man of very decided *executive ability*. This he exhibited not only in the conduct of his department, but also in dealing with the more trying administrative duties that devolve upon the president of a college. He acted as president for several sessions, or parts of sessions, during the absence or sickness of Dr. McIlwaine, and with pronounced success. He was also for a number of years clerk of the Faculty and curator of the College. He loved his work as few men ever learn to do. He was devoted to Hampden-Sidney and its pure, ennobling traditions. Indeed, he helped to make the College all that it is, to breathe into the very atmosphere of the place those sacred and hallowing influences that make it a veritable fountain of light and inspiration.

IV. HIS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE AS A MAN.—So much for Professor Holladay's work. What shall we say of the *man* behind the work, who made the work so good? His great success and influence are, in our judgment, in large measure to be attributed to these four qualities: 1. Intellectual ability. 2. Unflinching integrity. 3. Devotion to duty. 4. Sincerity of character. To these qualities value and force were given by two other sterling gifts: (1.) A never-failing geniality, which was quick to win the good-will of all with whom he came in contact, and (2) his wonderful tact and good humor. His was a rare combination of qualities which men are apt to consider antipodal. He was "gentle, yet dauntless; modest, yet full of aggressive earnestness; retiring, never pushing himself to the front, yet always in the forefront when duty called; shrinking from giving pain, yet honest and straightforward even to the point of bluntness." He was one of the kindest and most courteous of men. He was respected himself, and in return respected others, if they deserved it, however humble their lot might be.

Robert Stevenson's definition of a gentleman fitted Professor Holladay as, perhaps, few others: "He could converse with a prince without feeling self-conscious, with a coal-heaver without making him feel self-conscious."

In his family life there were few, if any, happier men than Professor Holladay. In the year 1856, he was united in marriage to Miss Nannie Morton, of Prince Edward County, who still survives him. For thirty-five years, till the

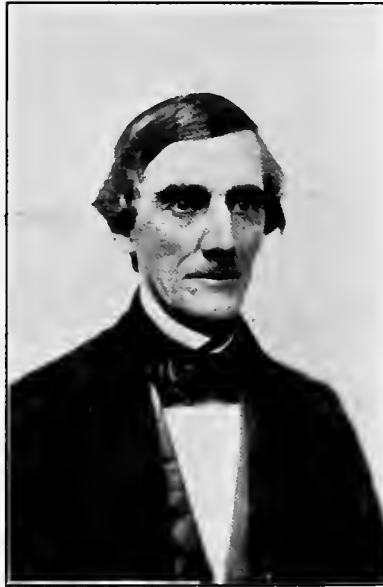
tie was dissolved by death, they happily walked together, and the fragrance and sunshine of their home united to make and keep it the attractive resort of young and old. Two children, one daughter and one son, blessed this union; the former, Miss Mary Littlepage, several years ago married the Rev. R. V. Lancaster, and now resides in Abingdon, Virginia; the latter, Morton, is a practicing physician, and, with his mother, still resides at Hampden-Sidney.

It was Professor Holladay's happy lot to devote the service of the best years of his life to young men— aspiring young men. He was a master architect in fashioning the character of youth, for he had succeeded in his own life in building a noble structure. It is the glory of a college that it "shelters the impressionable mind of youth during the most receptive period of life, and that upon the fresh surface of an eager heart it may impress aspirations that are not of this world— aspirations that are never lost, though, perchance, they may be overlaid for a time with the dust gathered in pursuit of the golden calf." It is the glory of a college professor that he is permitted to share in this great work; if, indeed, he accepts the obligations and shoulders the responsibility with the grace and power that characterized the service of Professor Holladay.

If the life of Professor Holladay demonstrated any one thing more clearly than another, it was the fact that he had a great heart. It was great in its tenderness, its sympathies, its sincerity, its gentleness, its courage. His spirit was as gentle and tender as that of a woman, yet as brave as that of an angel. Even the dogs in his home loved his sympathetic voice and sought the kindly touch of his hand.

Finally, he was a sincere Christian, modest and unassuming, without ostentation and without cant. For many years a ruling elder in College Church, he trusted Christ as his Saviour and humbly walked in his hallowed steps. He constantly breathed the air of our holy religion: indeed, he *acted* Christianity. He was willing "to spend and be spent" in the service of the Master, and daily "went about doing good." Thus, he showed that he was quickened by the *essence* of his faith, and was not clinging merely to an empty form. He was verily "a living epistle known and read of all men." His life was a strong appeal to righteousness. Indeed, it is by such lives as this that the civilization of humanity is created and promoted. It is true that such lives have few temporal crowns and fewer ovations, but these lives alone possess a vision of the glory that makes the achievements of the next generation possible. Professor Holladay died, on the 23d of July, 1891, when at the very zenith of his powers. He died as one might well wish to die, without pain and without a struggle. Suddenly—and without warning—the summons came, and his heroic spirit passed to its reward.

" Mark the perfect man and behold the upright;
For the end of that man is peace."



JUDGE WILLIAM DANIEL, JR.

JUDGE WILLIAM DANIEL, JR.

BY MR. DON P. HALSEY, JR.

“**B**E JUST and fear not.” These words, placed by Shakspeare in the mouth of Wolsey, are inscribed upon the modest tombstone which marks the last resting-place of the subject of this sketch. They well express the keynote and inspiration of his life. He was just and he was fearless, and he possessed in marked degree the attributes that ever belong to the great lawyer and the upright judge.

Born of distinguished English ancestry, and of parents who united with their gentle blood the highest of personal virtues, he added luster to his family name and won for himself an enduring place in the juristic annals of his native State. His father, for whom he was named, was a great lawyer and distinguished judge, and his mother, Miss Margaret Baldwin, of Winchester, was a member of the distinguished family of that name and a woman of great intellectuality and nobility.

William Daniel, Jr., was born on the twenty-sixth of November, 1806, at the home of his grandparents, the Baldwins, in Winchester, and he lived until a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age in Cumberland County, Virginia, of which county his father was a native. In 1819 the family moved to Lynchburg, and from that city young Daniel went, in 1822, to pursue his studies at Hampden-Sidney College, where he graduated in 1826. Very little is known of his career at college outside of the facts that he was especially proficient in the mastery of Latin syntax and was a member of the Philanthropic Society. Among the distinguished men who were his collegemates at Hampden-Sidney, were Thomas Atkinson, D. D., once Bishop of North Carolina; Hugh A. Garland, the biographer of John Randolph, who was also clerk of the National House of Representatives; Thomas T. Giles, son of the Governor of Virginia, and a distinguished member of the Richmond bar; William Ballard Preston, member of Congress from Virginia in 1847-49, secretary of the navy under President Taylor, and a Confederate senator; William S. White, D. D., of Lexington, Va.; Alexander Rives, a United States district judge; George E. Dabney, professor at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University); Theoderick Pryor, D. D., a prominent Presbyterian clergyman and father of Judge Roger A. Pryor, of New York; and William M. Tredway, member of Congress and judge of the Danville Circuit.

Upon leaving Hampden-Sidney, he studied law at the University of Virginia, and shortly after his graduation began the practice of law in Lynchburg, which city remained his home the rest of his life.

From the very beginning of his career as a lawyer, he was a man of mark. His power as a speaker and advocate soon attracted notice and his position among the leaders of the bar in his section became assured.

At the age of twenty-four, he was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates, being at that time under the required age for members of that body (twenty-five years), but he attained that age before the time arrived for him to begin his service. His course in the Legislature was evidently satisfactory to his constituents as he was thrice consecutively re-elected. He never held any other office of a political character, although he once made an unsuccessful campaign for Congress. Like his father he was a devoted believer in the "State Rights" principles of Jefferson and Madison, and so ably did he defend those principles upon the hustings that Thomas Ritchie, the famous editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, bestowed upon him the sobriquet of "The Leonidas of the Western Pass." He was an elector on the Democratic ticket for Martin Van Buren in 1840, and had a memorable meeting with General Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, who came to Campbell County, as the leader of the Whigs, dressed in the style of a Kentucky hunter. The Democrats were delighted with the speech of their champion, and it gave him a great reputation. When another great Whig leader met Mr. Daniel, on another occasion, he proposed that he and Mr. Daniel be sworn before they spoke, saying that the Democrats were often rambling and incorrect in their statements. "My mother taught me to tell the truth," said Mr. Daniel, "and my neighbors have never thought an oath necessary to my veracity. Besides that, I have another objection to your proposition,—*all the advantage of it would be on your side!*"

It was not as a politician, however, that he was destined to achieve his principal distinction. The law was his first love, and he devoted himself to her service with the zeal and enthusiasm which that "jealous mistress" exacts from those upon whom she bestows her favors.

The first partnership of which he was a member was that in which John Wills, Esq., a well known Lynchburg lawyer, was his coadjutor.

He was also at one time in partnership with Hon. Robert J. Davis, whose "good gray head" is still a familiar sight upon the streets of Lynchburg. This partnership was broken early in 1847, in order to allow Judge Daniel to take his seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of Appeals, he having been elected to that court on the fifteenth day of December, 1846, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Robert Stanard. It is an interesting coincidence that at one time Judge William H. Cabell, president of the Court, who afterwards became Judge Daniel's father-in-law, Judge Briscoe B. Baldwin, his uncle, and

himself were all on the bench of the Court of Appeals at the same time, and that he was succeeded by Judge Wood Bouldin, who married his sister, Miss Martha Daniel. His service continued on that bench from his first election until he was removed, in 1865, when the Alexandria government displaced the regularly constituted authorities of the State.

His ability as a Supreme Court judge may be seen in his opinions, which are to be found in the Virginia Reports, in the volumes from third Grattan to sixteenth Grattan inclusive. They show depth of research, clearness of thought and of expression, soundness and impartiality.

As an advocate he was eminent and successful. It is doubtful if the State has ever produced a son more thoroughly equipped at all points for the arduous and responsible duties of the trial lawyer. No more indomitable fighter was ever known at the Virginia bar. He never gave up his grip on a case and would send anywhere to get a book that would throw greater light on the subject. To give an idea of the extent of his practice it may be stated that at one time he had more cases in the Court of Appeals of Virginia than any other lawyer. It is said that Judge Lucas P. Thompson once characterized his speech in a great case in Amherst, made just before he took his seat upon the bench, as one of "transcendent ability."

After his retirement from the bench he returned with unabated vigor and ardor to his practice, being at one time in partnership with his son and son-in-law, under the firm name of Daniel, Halsey and Daniel.

Judge Daniel was twice married. His first marriage was to Miss Sarah Ann Warwick the lovely daughter of John M. Warwick, Esq., of Lynchburg. Of this union were born two children, John Warwick Daniel, now a United States Senator from Virginia, and Sarah Ann Warwick Daniel, who married Don P. Halsey, Esq., of the Lynchburg bar. His second marriage was to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Cabell, the daughter of Judge Cabell, and a renowned belle, of Richmond.

Judge Daniel died on March 28th, 1873. His death occurred suddenly, from apoplexy, while he was in attendance upon the Circuit Court of Nelson County. The bar of his city was present at his funeral in a body, the Courts having adjourned in honor of his memory. It is worthy of note that Judge Alexander Rives, his collegemate at Hampden-Sidney, and in later years his political antagonist, who presided over the United States District Court, then holding a session in Lynchburg, ordered that his court be adjourned in respect to his memory and to enable the court and bar to attend the funeral.

In his personal appearance, Judge Daniel was very tall, fully six feet in height, sparely and slenderly made, not to say gaunt, but erect as an Indian and of distinguished presence. His features were large and prominent, his brow broad and high, his chin and lower face, free from beard, denoting firmness, decision

and determination. Taken altogether his appearance was handsome and striking,—such a physiognomy as would have attracted attention anywhere. His eyes were extremely dark and bright, with that peculiar steady gleam in them which, although kindly and benevolent at most times, gave the impression that he could “see through you” and would upon occasion flash with the fire of indignation. He was extremely social in disposition, friendly with everybody and universally popular. His manners were extremely simple, yet courteous and refined,—those of the true type of the “old Virginia gentleman,” and no one needed to be told who had ever had the pleasure of associating with him that he was “to the manor born.” One of his accomplishments was the rare one of being a good *raconteur*. He could relate a good story or tell a joke with great effectiveness, illustrating the narrative with dramatic (but always appropriate) gestures, or enlivening it with laughter-provoking mimicry. He was fond of the society of young people and famous for delighting them with conundrums. Although his nature was particularly a sunny one, and his whole being filled with kindness, he was sometimes a little quick in temper. He was just as quick to apologize, however, when he had been in the wrong, and it was almost worth while to be the victim of an outburst of his wrath to be the recipient of the *amende honorable* as he could make it.

Always a student, and of scholarly attainments in letters, he was a great reader and lover of good literature. His graduation speech at Hampden-Sidney was upon the subject of “Machiavelli.” When “The Parisians,” Bulwer’s great novel, first appeared, it came out in a periodical without the author being known. Judge Daniel declared on reading it that a new genius had appeared in literature who would lead a great career. Soon after the name of the master was known. It is said that it was the habit of Judge Daniel, when preparing for the argument of a case, to read one of Scott’s novels, or some other work of standard literature, for the sake of command of choice language which he could thereby obtain. He did but little work of a purely literary character, however, and delivered but few orations, but one on the death of General Andrew Jackson was regarded as notably eloquent.

While not a member of any church, Judge Daniel held in sincere veneration the religion of Christ, and the lives and examples of true Christians he cherished with respect and admiration, inclining in denominational preference towards the Methodists.

In all the relations of life his example was a model. He was a devoted husband and a fond and loving father, and his fireside example is treasured by his children as a precious remembrance. As a citizen he was patriotic and zealous for the welfare of his State and community, loving Virginia, her people and her institutions as a loyal and dutiful son loves a kind and faithful mother. For her sake he gladly sacrificed official station and private fortune, and held not life itself too dear to have been yielded up in her behalf had she demanded it. As a

man he was high toned and honorable, generous to a fault, true to his friends, forgiving to his enemies, mindful of all the obligations that rested upon him, and showed in every action that he could stoop to nothing low.

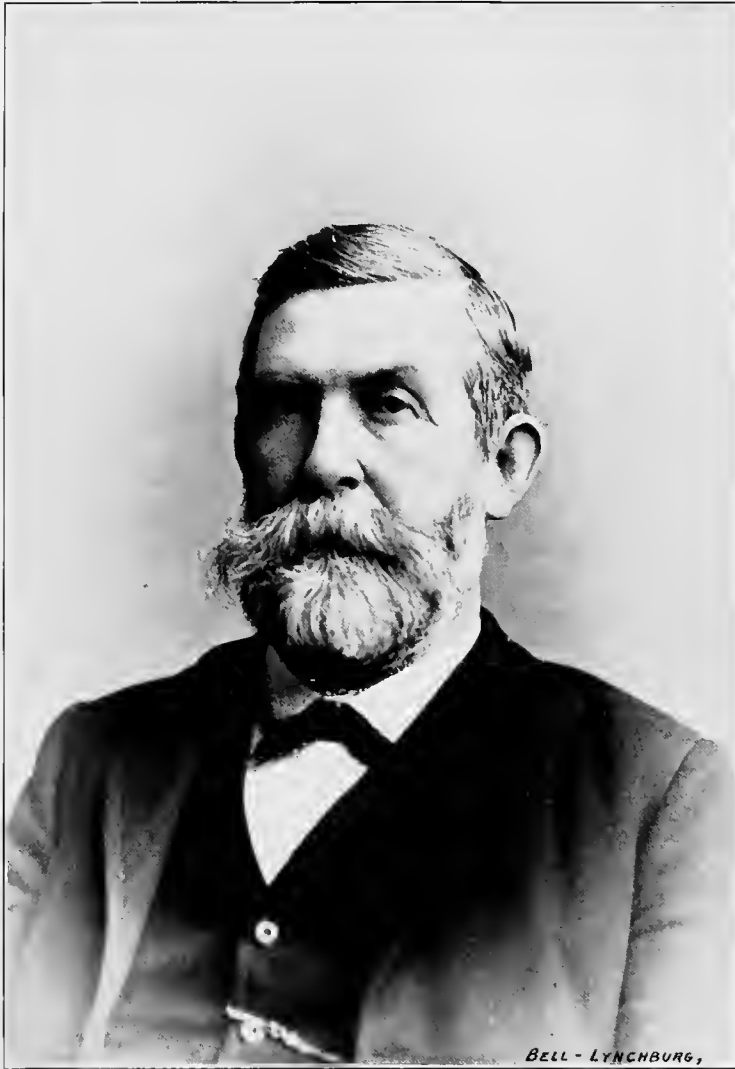
Because he was upright, and honest, and manly, and brave, it may be said of him, as of Brutus,

“ His life was gentle and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man,' ”

and because he was elegant and courtly and knightly and chivalrous, it may well be added that he ever,

“ * * * bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman.”





CHARLES SCOTT VENABLE.

CHARLES SCOTT VENABLE.

BY WILLIAM M. THORNTON, LL. D.

*Mente manuque potens, simul aptus ad arma togamque, robur militiæ,
constitumque domi.*

ABROAD, level lawn, shadowed by spreading trees, with grass growing long and green and thick up to their very trunks, and calves and colts grazing in the dappled shade; a big garden stretching away in the rear with democratic mingling of cabbages and roses and violets and onions, and beds all abloom with the sweet old flowers of our grandmothers, and bushes loaded with curious fruits; and in the midst the old square house with its great wide hall and its high-pitched rooms, dim and cool and fragrant, and its floors polished like mirrors and slippery as ice itself; and the stately old lady, with delicate white cap and black silk gown, serenely beautiful in her honored age, with loving daughters to execute her orders and minister to her wants—this was Longwood, as the writer of this sketch calls it back out of the shadows of forty years. We lads rode the calves and the colts, and fished the tiny streams, and chased the hares over the hills with dogs and little niggers, and led the wholesome, free, outdoor life of the Virginian boy in those primitive times.

Charles Scott Venable was born here April 19th, 1827. That stately gentlewoman was his mother. Here he was reared and here he lived until his college days began. Nothing better for making men than that simple old-fashioned Virginian life has yet been seen. It was cursed with neither poverty nor riches. Its ambitions were neither sordid nor splendid. There were manly exercises and every healthy, wholesome boy delighted in them. There were good old English books, and all—young and old alike—read and loved them. There was a noble tradition of hospitality, and friends and strangers passed and repassed those open doors and gathered about that bounteous board, bringing the talk and thoughts of many states and many lands. There was a good old Calvinistic reverence for duty, and the axiom of life read that the manly thing was to do it—not to shirk it. And then transfusing it all was a simple, sincere piety—a shade austere, it may be, but genuine and effectual, raising no questions of creed or canon, but bent “to do justice and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God.” Can we not

recreate for ourselves the atmosphere in which young Venable's boyhood was passed, the forces acting to shape him in those plastic years? For all of us they are the molding years. We go through life much as we issued from their formative control.

Charles Venable was above all things a manly man and came of manly stock. His father, Nathaniel E. Venable, was merchant, farmer, member of the Legislature, junior officer in the War of 1812—a man of various and, for those days, large affairs. His grandfather, Samuel Woodson Venable, was the ensign of the college company, which marched away from Hampden-Sidney in September, 1777, for the defense of Williamsburg; and later was ensign of Captain Watkins's company of dragoons in Lee's Legion, and served as aide on General Green's staff in the battle of Guilford Court-house. Colonel Nathaniel Venable, of Slate Hill, was Samuel's father—a roistering blade in early youth, but always a man of force and later of pious, strenuous life; he was merchant, planter, sat in the House of Burgesses of the Colony and again in the Legislature of Virginia, and was lieutenant of Prince Edward County. Nathaniel's father was Abram Venable, lieutenant of Louisa County, a large land-owner in Albemarle and Louisa, captain in the Colonial army, member of the House of Burgesses, friend and patron of Patrick Henry (whom he introduced into public life). Through Abram's wife, Martha Davis, daughter of Nathaniel Davis, a tiny drop of the royal Powhatan blood gets into the Venable veins. Abram's father, who called himself Abram Venables, was the first of the name on American soil; Abram II dropped the paternal "s" on the ground that, being the one man of his race in the Colony, he had no need of a plural name. Abram I appears in New Kent County in 1685. He also soon became a man of substance, owner of twenty-seven thousand acres of land, to which his son added largely. The Venables, the Carringtons, and the Thorntons—families more or less closely allied in Virginia—seem all to have come over from Cheshire about the same time and were probably all kinsfolk in England two hundred and fifty years ago.

Nathaniel Venable, of Slate Hill, demands a somewhat fuller mention. Educated at William and Mary, he was a mathematician of some local renown. Witness the clergyman, who preached the sermon at his funeral and began the discourse by saying that his late friend had gone to the land where neither calumny nor praise could reach him; but it was simply due to truth to state that he had been the best mathematician in Prince Edward County. But Nathaniel's genuine claim to our remembrance rests on far less shadowy foundations. The records show that he was the real founder of Hampden-Sidney College. He was on its first board of trustees and kept it alive during the troubled years of the Revolutionary War. Always and in all things a strenuous, forceful, eager man, an Episcopalian at first, vestryman of St. Patrick's Parish in Prince Edward County, and bearing on dissenters with a hard hand—forbidding the Presbyterian

clergymen to preach in the churches and the like—he became later a Republican, and an even more zealous Presbyterian; tore down the Episcopal church at Kingsville; raised the funds and built a Presbyterian church in Farmville; and as we have seen was the main stay and founder of the College at Hampden-Sidney.

Is it fanciful to discover in the traits of these ancestors a prophesy of the dominant tones in the character of their descendant? It was a stock full of vitality, with an abounding energy and a clear vision of practical affairs. Keen-eyed men of business many of them were. Longwood came to Charles Venable's father by inheritance from an uncle Abram, a public man of note in his day and first president of the Bank of Virginia. Soldiers at some time in their lives they had all been, and on the distaff side as well; John B. Scott, his maternal granduncle, was an officer in the United States Army, and later became United States marshal of the new Southwest Territory, and in that capacity arrested Aaron Burr and brought him back to Richmond. In old Nathaniel, of Slate Hill, crops out the taste for scientific studies, which developed into the life-long pursuit of his great-grandson. His son, Samuel, was an honor man of Princeton, and Nathaniel E. was a graduate of Hampden-Sidney. All were men of liberal culture as well as of public spirit and intellectual and moral power. If we review the story of his descent and look back to the home in which he was born and reared, the career of Charles Venable seems the natural outcome, the inevitable sequence to such beginnings.

We follow him to Hampden-Sidney, the college founded by his great-grandfather. Here he was matriculated in September, 1839, when but little more than twelve years old. He must have entered Sophomore, too; for we find that in June, 1842 (when he had just completed his fifteenth year), he was graduated A. B. He remained at the College for a year longer, presumably carrying on his scientific studies under the guidance of the professors, and at the end of the session was appointed tutor in mathematics. His connection with the college in this capacity was continued until June, 1845, when he resigned his appointment for the purpose of prosecuting the course of study at the University of Virginia. The records of the college disclose nothing of especial interest connected with his work during these years. He was a member of the Philanthropic Literary Society and of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity. It is said that at one time he pursued a course of reading preparatory to the study of divinity; it is possible that this also may have fallen in this period.

The University of Virginia in October, 1845, began its twenty-first session. It had come of age—had lived through its disorderly youth, had established its high tradition, and was just entering upon that period of vigorous growth and abundant prosperity which continued up to the outbreak of the Civil War. When Charles Venable entered there were only one hundred and twenty-two students;

but the Faculty was made up of youthful savants, full of energy and enthusiasm, and the work they were doing built up that lofty standard of scholarship, which has come to be our "counsel of perfection." Such teachers as Edward H. Courtenay, in mathematics; Gessner Harrison, in the classics; William H. McGuffey, in moral philosophy; and John B. Minor, in law—men so stimulating, so sound, so broad, so exalted in character, are rarely found and are even more rarely assembled in one corps of instruction.

Venable spent two sessions under these men, 1845-46 and 1847-48. In the first session his work was in mathematics, in ancient languages, and in junior law. Doubtless he was still wavering in his choice of a vocation, and pursued this experimental course in law, just as he had before followed a preparatory course of reading in divinity. We must not forget that he was still only seventeen years old. His eager, impetuous nature was reaching forth in many directions, and his strong young intellect hungered for many foods. In the summer of 1846, came the event which practically decided the course of his life. The chair of mathematics in Hampden-Sidney College had been vacated. The board of trustees met in July, 1846, and elected him to the professorship. Thenceforward, he was first of all the teacher of mathematics. After one year's service at the College he was granted leave of absence and returned to the University of Virginia. During this session (1847-48) he continued his work under Courtenay in mixed mathematics, studied chemistry and natural philosophy under the Rogers brothers, and modern languages under Schele DeVere. The record of work accomplished up to the end of this session seems well-nigh incredible. Venable was just entering his twentieth year. Yet he had been graduated from Hampden-Sidney, had served two years as tutor and one as professor, and had taken University diplomas in ancient languages, in modern languages, in pure and mixed mathematics, in natural philosophy and in chemistry, besides certificates of proficiency in mineralogy and geology, and of distinction in junior law.

The fall of 1848 saw him again at Hampden-Sidney as professor of mathematics. The seventeen years of connection with his alma mater, from his entrance as a Sophomore in 1839 to the final resignation of his professorship in 1856, left upon him an indelible impress. He was a true lover of the College; her welfare and her honor were dear to him; her prosperity was his delight. She has had few more useful or eminent graduates and instructors. Professor Lewis L. Holladay, who had been his pupil and later became his colleague, said that of all the men with whom he had come in contact "Venable excelled both as an instructor and in his knowledge and control of students." President McIlwaine, who was a student under him and an inmate of the same family, describes him as "affable, at all times full of fun, genial, and interested in everything about him; a young man, moreover, of dignity and energy; esteemed an admirable instructor, and dis-

ciplinarian, and held in thorough respect by the students." These brief characterizations, which I gratefully owe to Dr. McIlwaine, present an eminently true picture of the man. His judgment of young men seemed intuitive, and was sound beyond any I have ever known. He commanded their reverential respect and drew forth their abiding love.

If our ambitious young geometer was an honor to his College, the attitude of the College toward him on the other hand was marked by the most generous and appreciative sympathy. His enthusiasm for his science and his eager desire to rise to its loftiest elevations were recognized and encouraged. Twice in the ten years of his professoriate (1846-1856) he was granted a year's leave and his place kept open for him. The session of 1847-48 was spent as we have seen at the University of Virginia. In the fall of 1852, he was given a second leave which he utilized for the prosecution of further studies in Germany. He attended the lectures of the great astronomers Encke in Berlin, and Argelander in Bonn, as well as those of the brilliant young analyst Lejeune Dirichlet and of the physicist Dove. Returning to Virginia in December, 1853, he resumed his duties as professor (adding to the courses in mathematics lectures in astronomy) and continued their active and effectual discharge until the end of 1855. At that time he received a call to the University of Georgia as professor of natural philosophy. His resignation was accepted by the trustees of Hampden-Sidney with a reluctance that was almost resentment. In January, 1856, he left Virginia for his new field of labor, carrying with him the admiration and affection of colleagues and pupils and leaving behind an honorable record of judicious and effective work.

It is the fate of the smaller and poorer colleges to train men in their professorships for broader fields—a rôle which they are wont to accept with repugnance. Yet it may well be maintained that they are the largest gainers by this inverted species of compulsory education. The most precious gift of teacher to pupil is stimulus. This indeed is a genuine transmission of intellectual life. Positive instruction is of little value in comparison with it, and no man is a great teacher, who can not truly say in the words of the greatest of all teachers, "My life I give unto you." It is in the period of youthful energy, in the heat of early ardor, that this impulse upon mind and character is most powerful. The college which secures the first ten years of service of a learned, enthusiastic, impressive instructor has received perhaps the best he has to give. Serener wisdom, ampler knowledge, fuller technical skill, come with the growing years, but the contagious heat, the scientific sympathy, the fresh enthusiasm of youth do not last forever.

The connection of Professor Venable with the University of Georgia was terminated at the end of his first session. Questions of authority appear to have arisen between trustees and faculty, the details of which do not require discussion at this time. The final result was that Venable, discovering the impossibility of agreement with the governing board, sent in his resignation and severed his con-

nection with the school. A few months later he was invited to accept the chair of mathematics and astronomy in the University of South Carolina. This he did and to his own great comfort. He spoke often in after years of his associates and pupils in South Carolina—and always with the warmest admiration for the culture of the one and for the high tone and manly spirit of the other. Those generous Southern boys clearly recognized in him a man of lofty purpose and chivalric ideals, and echoed them back as generous boys will ever do.

Three years of active and congenial labor in his new chair brought Venable to the stirring times of 1860. Lincoln had been elected to the Presidency of the United States, the Congress had been assembled, and the Southern representatives—hopeless of an amicable settlement of the issues, which divided public sentiment —“ had advised their constituents to prepare for a withdrawal from the Union.” In December, 1860, South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession, and by February, 1861, the six other Cotton States had followed her example. Venable, like all thoughtful and patriotic Southerners of his time, felt in its full force the sentiment of allegiance to the State. This was to them the supreme public duty, and it was under the compulsion of this duty that they were ready to destroy that Union, which *their fathers* had created—for the preservation of which they were, in the words of Lee, “ ready to sacrifice everything but honor.”

In this day of a restored Union and a reunited Nation, feeling, with Washington that we are all “ citizens of a common country,” and that “ this country, has a right to concentrate our affections,” we can not let time or change dim the memory of what those men felt, of what they endured.

“ Brave comrade, answer! When you joined the war
 What left you? ‘ Wife and children, wealth and friends;
 A storied home, whose ancient roof-tree bends
 Above such thoughts as love tells o’er and o’er.’
 Had you no pang or struggle? ‘ Yes! I bore
 Such pain on parting as at hell’s gate rends
 The entering soul, when from its grasp ascends
 The last faint virtue, which on earth it wore.’
 You loved your home, your kindred, children, wife;
 You loathed, yet plunged into war’s bloody whirl!
 What urged you? ‘ Duty! Something more than life,
 That which made Abram hare the priestly knife
 And Isaac kneel, or that young Hebrew girl,
 Who sought her father coming from the strife.’ ”

Such was the spirit that dwelt in the patriot soldiery of the South. Such was the spirit in Charles Venable, when he enlisted as second lieutenant in the Congaree Rifles and with his company was present at the reduction of Fort Sumter; when he joined the Governor’s Guards and fought as private in the

first battle of Manassas; when he served as volunteer aide on Wade Hampton's staff on the banks of the Potomac; when as lieutenant of artillery he assisted in the defense of New Orleans; and as captain and adjutant to General M. L. Smith did duty on the defenses of Vicksburg.

"In the winter of 1862 the Confederate Congress created the office of 'military adviser to the President,' with the view of lightening the arduous duties, which devolved upon him as commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces. Robert Edward Lee was selected to fill this position and about March 13th, 1862, he entered upon his duties. The staff allowed him consisted of a military secretary, with the rank of colonel, and four aides with the rank of major. General Lee offered to Major A. L. Long the position of military secretary, and selected for his aides-de-camp Majors Randolph Talcott, Walter H. Taylor, Charles S. Venable, and Charles Marshall."

Thus began the association with our great Confederate chieftain, which was to include three years of arduous and valiant service terminating only on the field of Appomattox, which was to mold the peaceful professor into a seasoned veteran, which was to establish forever a noble and ennobling friendship with the loftiest soul and tenderest heart that ever pulsed beneath a soldier's uniform. "There was nothing of the pomp or panoply of war," says a recent Southern writer,* "about the headquarters, or the military government, or the bearing of General Lee. Oddly enough the three most prominent members of his staff—Colonel Venable, Colonel Marshall, and Colonel Walter Taylor—were not even West Pointers. He had no gilded retinue, but a devoted band of simple scouts and couriers, who in their quietness and simplicity modeled themselves after him. * * He assumed no airs of superior authority. He did not hold himself aloof in solitary grandeur. His bearing was that of a friend, having a common interest in a common venture with the person addressed, and as if he assumed that his subordinate was as deeply concerned as himself in his success. Whatever greatness was accorded to him was not of his own seeking. He was less of an actor than any man I ever saw. But the impression which that man made by his presence and by his leadership upon all who came in contact with him, can be described by no other term than that of grandeur. * * The man who could so stamp his impress upon his nation, rendering all others insignificant beside him, and yet die without an enemy; the soldier who could make love for his person a substitute for pay and clothing and food, and could by the constraint of that love hold together a naked, starving band and transform it into a fighting army; the heart which after the failure of its great endeavor could break in silence and die without the utterance of one word of bitterness—such a man, such a

* John S. Wise, in the *End of an Era*.

soldier, such a heart must have been great indeed—great beyond the power of eulogy.”

To have been the friend of a man so endearing and so exalted was a privilege beyond price, an honor and a happiness never forgotten. Colonel Venable loved his great leader with a love “passing the love of women.” A sweet and tender veneration mingled with his affection. He loved to talk of him—of his heroic courage, as when at the battle of the Wilderness Lee would have led the charge of Gregg’s valiant Texans, until the men by one impulse shouted to him from the rushing line—“Go back, General Lee, go back! We won’t go on unless you go back!”—and a sergeant seized his bridle rein and turned his horse’s head to the rear. Of the matchless magnanimity with which he accepted the reproach of every reverse to his strategic plans, and caused the withdrawal of reports that would have created dissension by their just reflection on his sluggard and maladroit lieutenants. Of his generous placability, as when Venable himself chafing under a rebuke from his general, which he felt to be unmerited, turned angrily away and threw himself down on the cold ground in utter weariness and depression, where falling into a deep sleep of fatigue he woke presently to find himself covered with Lee’s own cloak. A thousand pities that the engrossing duties and hurrying infirmities of his later years did not permit a fuller record of the reminiscences of his military life! His clear perception of events, his intimate knowledge of facts, his sound judgment of character and motive would have aided to clear up many obscure episodes in the history of our great Civil War.

The writer of these pages does not venture to enter with more minuteness upon the details of this period in Colonel Venable’s life. He has endeavored simply to suggest by mere outlines the momentous effects upon character and capacity, which grew out of it. His nature was congenial with that of his great leader and answered back with a like courage, a like greatness of heart, a like inward tenderness of spirit. The friends of his army days were his friends to the end of all things, and much of his power in later years grew out of these old military intimacies. As comrades they had faced together the shot and shell, the storm of battle, the wounds, the deaths. So they stood shoulder to shoulder in all the years that came after, and bating no jot of heart or hope pressed right onward to high and good ends.

The close of the Civil War restored Venable to the real work of his life. Professor Bledsoe, who was still the titular holder of the chair of mathematics in the University of Virginia, had been absent from his post since 1862 and when the Confederate government collapsed was in Europe on public service. Apprehensive of harsh measures on the part of the Federal authorities he postponed his return, until the Visitors of the University deemed it their duty to declare the chair vacant and appoint his successor. It was thus that Venable was invited (August 18th, 1865) to occupy the chair of mathematics, which he filled for the

remainder of his active life. Educated under Courtenay, the greatest of his predecessors*, stimulated and broadened by the lectures and writings of the most brilliant geometers of Europe, widely read in mathematical literature, he brought to the service of the University vigorous health, matured power, and wide experience. He succeeded to the traditions created by an unbroken line of able men. Key came to Virginia fresh from Cambridge and laid the foundations of sound mathematical instruction. Bonnycastle was esteemed the most original mathematician of his time in America. Courtenay was a superb teacher as well as a skilful and learned geometer. Bledsoe while "less skilled in mathematical manipulation" has been ranked "ahead of them all in philosophical power and clearness of intuition and presentation." Venable was called to continue their work. By the introduction of modern text-books, chiefly of the Cambridge school, by his lectures, devoted to the exposition of the newer ideas and methods of modern analysis; by the contagion of his own energy and enthusiasm, and his power of appeal to the ambition of his students, he lifted the standard of instruction, widened its boundaries, and made the school of mathematics one of the largest and most highly respected in the University.

But the University was now to claim a double share of his energies. From the beginning he had taken a prominent part in the general development of the courses of instruction. His interests were naturally more keenly excited on the side of scientific progress, and he was profoundly convinced of the importance to the South of a sound training in the applied sciences. It was largely due to his initiative that in 1867 the new schools of applied chemistry and applied mathematics were organized. In 1870, the office of chairman of the faculty was vacated, and Venable was called upon to add this function to the duties of his chair. For three years he carried the double load, until domestic sorrows and bereavement forced him to relinquish the added burden. These years simply confirmed the public judgment of his fine administrative powers. Strenuous in all things, he governed earnestly and strictly; yet with a sympathy for the characters and motives of young men so penetrating and genuine, that he rather augmented than decreased the general love and respect. In the broader field of the academic policy and the external relations of the University, his counsels were potential, his services unceasing, his achievements unequalled. In all plans for liberalizing her methods, expanding her work, augmenting her revenues, consolidating her influence he was foremost and for progress. He did not lay aside these voluntary tasks with the honors and emoluments of the chairmanship. They became for him a vocation of love, rather than a summons of duty. His wide knowledge of men in public life and his high repute as cultured gentleman and patriot soldier

*I do not forget the illustrious Sylvester; he was in the Faculty for too short a time to influence the development of mathematical teaching in the University.

enabled him to accomplish much that would have been impossible for a man of purely scholastic habit and training. But the great secret of his successes was his untiring energy, his unquenchable zeal. While others talked, he worked. While others hoped and prayed, he pulled the laboring oar.

In such a memorial as this it would be unfair not to record some of the more important results of this vigorous and wise activity. If he mentions such details, it is not to be understood that the writer of this notice desires to overrate the efficiency of Professor Venable, or to minimize the merits of his associates. He feels confident that those, who were most active and useful in this honorable cooperation, would be the first to ascribe ungrudging credit to the man who so often marked the path and led the way. It was almost wholly the work of Colonel Venable then that the school of practical astronomy was added to the University; its endowment collected from the Alumni, its working fund provided by the donation of William H. Vanderbilt, and its equipment secured from the generosity of Leander McCormick. It was largely through his influence and interest that the schools of biology and agriculture and of natural history and geology were established and endowed, the one by the gift of Samuel Miller, the other by William W. Corcoran, while out of the same movement came the gift of the Brooks Museum and its contents. Mr. Corcoran's later gift of an endowment for the chairs of history and moral philosophy came directly through Colonel Venable's hands. No one was more active or more efficient than he in securing from the Legislature of Virginia the increase of the annuity from \$15,000 to \$30,000, and again from \$30,000 to \$40,000. Thus it was that the University stands to-day indebted in large measure to his foresight and zeal for an increase of \$130,000 in her equipment, of \$275,000 in her endowment, and of \$25,000 in her annual income—a capitalized total of over \$1,000,000. The moral and spiritual influence of such a life can not be thus evaluated. To have lived with and worked with a man so true in word and deed, so pure in act and so lofty in motive, so generous and so brave is one of Heaven's best gifts. May his influence be everlasting—his memory kept green forever.

The list of Colonel Venable's labors for the University of Virginia does not exhaust the catalogue of his activities. No notice of his life would be complete, which did not chronicle at least one other—his work as trustee of the Miller School. This admirable institution, founded upon a liberal bequest of the late Samuel Miller, of Lynchburg, Virginia, has its site at Miller's birthplace in Albemarle County. Its work is the education and industrial training of the poor orphan children of Albemarle. Under the Miller will, the judge of the county court is vested with large authority in the administration of the School. In particular, the appointment of the board of visitors is placed in his hands, and his approval is required to validate their acts. The late John L. Cochran, Esq., was then judge of the county court of Albemarle. He selected Professors Vena-

ble and Francis H. Smith, of the University faculty, as the first board of visitors and the efficient superintendent of the school, Charles E. Vawter, was appointed upon their nomination. These four men laid the foundations of what is still the greatest industrial school in the South, liberally conceived, broadly planned, wisely administered. The honor of a success so preeminent can not be partitioned among them. They must enjoy together what is largely the fruit of rare harmony in thought and concert in act. That Venable's services in achieving this success were great and memorable may be well understood. His business sagacity, his energetic temper, his constructive genius, his sound views of scientific education and deep interest in the industrial development of the South made him an ideal member of such a board. "Next to Miller himself," writes one of his colleagues with generous appreciation, "he was the founder of the school."

It would be impossible for any man, however amply endowed with intellectual power, thus to divert a vast store of energy into the channels of practical administration and at the same time maintain at its full the current of his scientific thought. Professor Venable had projected a complete series of treatises in pure mathematics, covering the entire extent of his University course. The plan of composition had been minutely thought out, and the books if written would have been sound and full, wisely adjusted to the capacity and needs of the student, judicious in arrangement, and in merit a long bowshot beyond the best productions of our American geometers. The several arithmetics and the text-book of elementary algebra, which were actually published, were designed chiefly to pave the way for this projected series. Only one volume was completed—the translation and adaptation of Legendre's Geometry. A concise syllabus of his lectures on the Analytical Geometry of Three Dimensions was also printed for the use of his classes. We have thus a mere torso, instead of the completed work. The constant pressure of imperious duties, the distractions of tasks which left but scant leisure for quiet thought and scientific research, the constraint of narrow means forbade the achievement of his purpose. The little that was published is not even a fair sample of what was designed. Doubtless he would have dealt with the more advanced topics with a freer hand.

The books actually published in addition to their excellence as classroom manuals have one especial claim upon our attention, in that they give to the thoughtful reader some idea of Professor Venable's pedagogic method. This may perhaps be fairly characterized as a method which was indifferent to formal regularity, but exacting of practical results. Many teachers, more authors of mathematical treatises, are slaves to some self-created system. A certain scientific order of propositions is set up and the whole course of instruction conformed (or distorted rather) to its requirements. With Professor Venable the only principle of order to be discovered was that of relative simplicity. The proof of a fundamental theorem would be postponed to the very last lecture of the session, if its

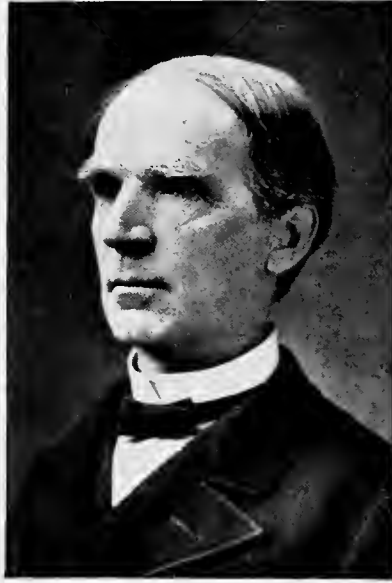
intricacy or obscurity seemed to demand it. But on the other hand every section in his syllabus, every problem assigned to his class, meant a step in advance, and the completed course was a well digested, closely knit body of doctrine. He was skilful in gauging the capacity of his students and judicious in the assignment of work. To these two conspicuous merits I incline to ascribe his undoubted success as a teacher of mathematics. His classes cheerfully did a large volume of work for him and a notable proportion of his graduates retained permanently a vivid interest in mathematical studies. These are the real tests of efficacious teaching, and his work satisfied them. As a lecturer he was neither luminous nor interesting. His explanations seemed often fragmentary, at times even obscure. But he ended by making his men do the work for themselves and do it well; and that is the chief end of the professor.

His personal relations with the members of his school were simply delightful. The dignity of the professor, the affection of a father, the bonhomie of a comrade in scientific studies were so mixed in him that we scarcely knew where respect ended and affectionate confidence began. He knew every man among us—often better than the man knew himself. After the first week or two he seldom, if ever, called his roll. We would see his eyes travel around the room as he *counted us up* and then he would turn to his class-book and quietly note down the stray sheep. Out of the lecture-room as in it you never failed of prompt recognition and genial greeting. He was the confidant and counsellor of his students in all their troubles, their adviser in difficulties, and their helper in every legitimate ambition. Severe enough he could be at times, when severity was needed. But at his sternest the culprit could still discern an abiding hope of better things, and to many a poor delinquent this hope was an appeal, which nerved him to take his punishment like a man and rise out of it strong and clean. As has been said before, his judgment of character and motive in young men was wonderful for its accuracy and justice; based it would seem on a sort of intuitive sympathy, which enabled him to read the thoughts and intents of their hearts. Among his colleagues in the faculty the utmost confidence was therefore felt in his opinion upon all questions of academic government and discipline. "I always vote with Venable on these matters," said Dr. Cabell on one occasion; "his arguments are usually wrong, but I find that his conclusions are always right."

A man of antique mold he was, strong and earnest, direct and forceful, bold and sincere; a brave soldier, a true patriot, an humble Christian, a faithful friend, an honest gentleman. He was my master in science, the guide of my youth, the friend of my maturer years. To know him was a lesson in virtuous and noble living; to love him was to breathe in the fragrance of a generous and chivalric soul. His nature was rather active than meditative, and worked upon others by lofty purpose and dauntless courage. No difficulty seemed to him invincible, if the end sought was great and good. When others despaired, he hoped on and

labored still. Others might retire in defeat; he knew how to wait and work for victory. What is a noble nature, a noble life? Is it simply to be stainless and true, walking the path of duty with steadfast foot? Is it not rather so to live that men are made better by that living, and lives made broader, and the truth made clearer to other minds. Such a life ennobles others and is then itself truly noble. It was such a life that Venable lived, simply and modestly and unconsciously—a life that lifted other lives to higher planes of thought and purpose, that inspired other men to action more generous and more true.

Thirty years of arduous labor for the University of Virginia have brought him to the summer of 1896. It is just fifty years since the young geometer was appointed to his first professorship in Hampden-Sidney. Within that compass what an eventful history has been comprised! He has filled with honor and distinction chairs in three other universities. He has passed through four years of tragical warfare, a member of the military family of the greatest chieftain of our age and his familiar friend. He had taken a leading part in developing the equipment and enlarging the resources of the school to which so much of his life and his love have been given—creating a partial endowment, expanding her faculty by the addition of five new schools, and more than doubling her income. All this has been added to the labor of instruction of large classes and to active interests in church, in state, in general questions of education. We can scarcely wonder if the vigorous frame begins to flag, if the tireless energy seems at last to falter. That robust and strenuous character, inherited from ancestors of like fashion and like spirit, trained even in childhood to make labor and duty the watchwords of life, was slow to discern the fact that life's duties of labor were for him accomplished. But having once seen the truth, none so quick as this unselfish, chivalric gentleman to act upon it. His resignation was forthwith placed in the hands of the board of visitors and the chair filled so long, so honorably, so worthily, was vacant for the new incumbent. One thing only would he consent to retain of honor or emolument—the empty title of professor. For a few years more his name continued to appear on the rolls of the faculty. That manly form, bowed somewhat and dimmed by suffering, was still seen from time to time under the old arcades, greeted with universal love and loyalty; followed by universal grief and blessings. The life which had been so crowned with honor and with victory was destined to be crowned with suffering, too. Who that saw him in those shadowed years can forget that pathetic resignation, that noble patience, that uncomplaining courage! Never in the brave days, when he rode with Lee, had he fought such battles or gained such victories. And then at last came the eleventh of August, 1900, and Charles Venable had fought his last fight; had gained the victory of all victories.



WILLIAM WIRT HENRY.

BY REV. ROBERT P. KERR, D. D.

THE Hon. William Wirt Henry died in Richmond, Virginia, December 5th, 1900, entailing a great loss upon the city, state, nation, and church; but city, state, nation, and church had been enriched for many years by the labors of their illustrious servant now gone to his reward. During Mr. Henry's adult life there were few worthy enterprises for the general good of the people of his community, with which he was not actively connected, and to the success of which he did not contribute his valuable assistance. As a gentleman, a citizen, and a churchman, he was the peer of the best of his fellow countrymen, a Virginian of Virginians, of the highest type; and though born the bearer of a distinguished name, he more than lived up to it, and transmits it with increased luster to his posterity. Mr. Henry being a man of exceptional modesty, did not seek prominence, and yet because of his ability, his public spirit, his eminent services, and his unblemished character, few men of Virginia received so many distinguished honors.

A partial list of the positions of honor and trust held by Mr. Henry will evidence the high esteem in which he was universally held. He was a member

of the Virginia House of Delegates, then of the State Senate; vice-president of the Virginia Historical Society, and afterwards its president; president of the American Historical Association; president of the City Bar Association; president of the Virginia Bar Association; vice-president of the American Bar Association; president of the Virginia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution; president of the Scotch-Irish Society of Virginia; vice-president of the American Sunday-School Union; chairman of the advisory board of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities; commissioner from Virginia and member of the Peabody Educational Fund; member of the board of trustees of Hampden-Sidney College; member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Long Island Historical Society, the American Antiquarian Society, the Southern Historical Society, the Bible Society of Virginia, the Scotch-Irish Society of America, and of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. At the time of his death, Mr. Henry was a member of every historical society in the United States. He was a ruling elder first in the Presbyterian Church of Smithville, Charlotte County, and afterwards for many years, and to his death, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond, and was often a commissioner to the higher courts of the church from the Presbytery to the General Assembly. He was an intimate friend for many years of his pastor, the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., and a valuable counsellor in all the great schemes of the church.

As a member of the General Assembly's executive committee of publication, during a very long period, he rendered inestimable service as an adviser in its financial affairs, and as a literary critic in examining, and passing upon the manuscripts offered for publication.

If Mr. Henry had chosen a political career, he could have had any office in the gift of the State; but he was more fond of a quiet life, of the practice of his profession, and of literary work, especially in the department of history. His greatest literary work was the "Life and Letters of Patrick Henry." This monumental work received the highest praise on both sides of the Atlantic, and so completely set forth the life of his great Revolutionary ancestor, that it is probable no other history of Patrick Henry will ever be written. Mr. Henry's other contributions to secular and religious history were of great value, and were so numerous that but a few of them can be mentioned, as follows:

Address in the city of Philadelphia on the centennial of the motion for Independence in the Continental Congress.

Address in the city of Washington on the centennial of the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol.

Address before the Historical Society of Virginia on the early history of Virginia; and especially on the Smith and Pocahontas controversy.

Address before the American Historical Association on the part taken by Patrick Henry in the establishment of religious liberty in the United States.

Address before the American Historical Association on the causes producing the Virginia of the Revolution.

Address before the American Historical Association on the first representative body in America.

Address before the East Hanover Presbytery on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Westminster Assembly.

Address before the Scotch-Irish Society of America on the Scotch-Irish population in Southern United States.

Address before the Virginia State Bar Association on the trial of Aaron Burr for treason.

Chapter on Sir Walter Raleigh in the "Narratives and Descriptive History of the United States."

Chapter on the history of Virginia in the "Representative Men of the District of Columbia and Virginia."

"The Presbyterian Church and Religious Liberty in Virginia."

Article on Jefferson Davis, in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Address before the Faculty and Students of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia, "Part taken by Presbyterians in American History."

He also wrote a great number of articles of value for magazines and newspapers, on the Presbyterian Church, and religious liberty in Virginia, and the United States.

Mr. Henry's services as a member of the board of trustees of Hampden-Sidney College extending over a period of many years were of the greatest value to this historic and honored institution. To its interest he gave his great ability as a lawyer and business man, and only those connected with the management of the college know what he did for its maintenance, and for the extension of its influence. During his time of membership in the board the college had no better friend.

Mr. Henry was born February 14th, 1831, at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Virginia, the seat and burial-place of his grandfather, Patrick Henry. He was named for William Wirt who wrote a biography of Patrick Henry. Mr. Henry was the eldest son of John and Elvira Bruce McClelland Henry. His father was the youngest son of Patrick Henry and Dorothea Spotswood Dandridge. The latter was a granddaughter of Governor Alexander Spotswood. Mr. Henry's mother was the granddaughter of Colonel William Cabell, of Union Hill, a member of the Convention of 1776.

Our friend was a master of arts of the University of Virginia, acquiring this distinction before he had attained the age of twenty. He studied law, and in 1853 was admitted to the bar at Charlotte Court-house. For a number of years he was commonwealth's attorney for Charlotte County. When the war between the States came on, he enlisted as a private in an artillery company commanded

by Captain Charles Bruce. In 1873, he removed to Richmond and from the beginning held a place in the front rank of the lawyers of the Capital City.

Mr. Henry was married on November 8th, 1854 to Lucy Gray Marshall who survives him together with four children—Mrs. James Lyons, Mrs. Matthew Bland Harrison, William Wirt Henry, Jr., and Marshall Henry. In his family life, and in social relations, Mr. Henry was the embodiment of courtesy, gentleness, and truth, and, without intending it, he was the luminous center of every circle in which he was found.

In religion, he was a devout Presbyterian, and a firm adherent to Calvinistic principles. No one was a more regular attendant upon the services of the sanctuary, and the members of his Bible Class will never forget their able and faithful teacher. When he felt that his end was approaching, he wound up all his temporal concerns with intelligent forethought, and without fear of the future. Shortly before his release, he said to the Rev. Russell Cecil, D. D., his pastor; "I wish to say to you, as my pastor, that I am trusting alone in the mercies of God through the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have been a member of the church for some forty years, and have not been as faithful to my duties as I might have been, but I am dying now, trusting in Christ alone for salvation. I have settled all my affairs connected with this life, and my mind is at present, occupied only with matters of the other world." His last words were "Let me lie down and rest;" and then his spirit turned away from earthly scenes to seek the society of the glorified, and eternal fellowship with Christ.

The funeral, attended by the élite of Virginia, was from the church where he had so long worshiped, and an innumerable company of friends throughout the country mourned the loss of one of the nation's noblest men.

Mr. Henry was the friend and co-presbyter of the writer of these lines, for nearly twenty years, one of whose regard he was always proud, and he begs to pay this tribute to his memory.





SECOND DORMITORY



FIRST DORMITORY



LIBRARY



MEMORIAL HALL



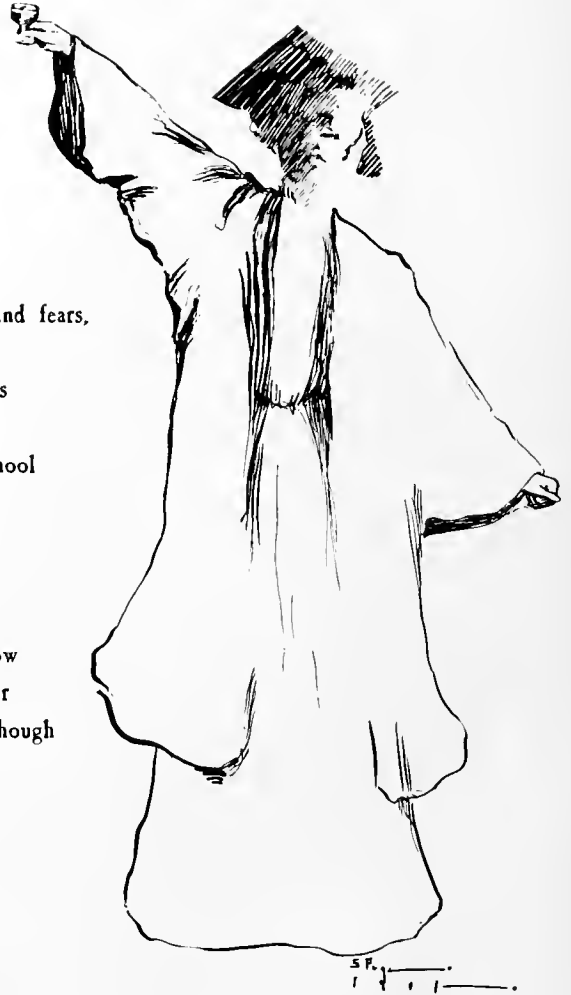
CAMPUS

Some
Plaque
in

COLLEGE BUILDINGS

Reunion.

Friends, to the old place are we come again,
Where once in thoughts and feelings, hopes and fears,
We were together bound, and we would fain
Be now as we were then. The passing years
On each of us with sunshine and with rain
Their marks have set. As pupils in the school
That lies beyond these walls we make no more
A class: the lessons that we learn by rule
Are fixed, but this as yet we may not know.
To-night we gather here to make live o'er
Dead days and friends; here are we come to show
Our love. The glass before the empty chair
Speaks that we can not speak. Good friends, although
Diverse our ways, we much together share.



STUDENT LIFE AT HAMPDEN-SIDNEY.

BY MR. EUGENE C. CALDWELL.

“ Oh talk not to me of a name great in story ;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.”

LORD BYRON.



I WISH I were logical. I wish my mind could distinguish clearly and minutely the phases and features of college life at Hampden-Sidney; the overtones and undertones of that life; and that here you might feel a delicate shadowing forth of all the faint tints of student existence. I would love to set forth all this in the most logical form. After all, however, as we who have lived it know, college life is not a very logical life, and would make a poor showing in the hands of a biologist or even of a consistent thinker. To me, who am neither, it seems that no one thing nor any number of things, but “everything” makes that life. It is a composite photograph. We see distinctly the one face, but we can not see the separate faces that have been combined to make that picture. So many little things, seemingly insignificant, have united to make and round out our college life that it is truly difficult to show its different features and peculiarities. We can feel it ourselves; but it is hard to tell of it or to make others feel it.

Yes, we have felt it, and it isn't so bad after all—this life we live at Hampden-Sidney. What we need to do in this world is to see things; and when we begin to do this we discover that our notions have often been wrong, that we have looked at the picture of life from the wrong point of view. And when we come to think about it, our student days have been sweet and joyful, bright spots in our lives. I wish I were a Junior orator. I could then use a more stately phrase and say the hazyon days of our college life will never lose their lustre. You will observe, doubtless, that I have used the present tense when speaking of our college life, and I have done so intentionally; for whoever has been a

Hampden-Sidney man will always be one in heart and spirit. Dr. Hooper, of Christiansburg, is still a Hampden-Sidney boy, heart and soul, though time has with silver tinged his hair. And there are many others like him. Some men are blessed with perennial youth. Years may pass and we may live our lives far away from the old College, yet our alma mater will ever hold a large place in our thoughts and affections; and the memories of college associates and scenes will keep as green as the grass that now grows over the graves of some of them. It is characteristic of the human mind to forget the unpleasant things of life and to remember the joy and sweetness our days bring. So with the speeding years we forget the weary toil over books and the midnight oil and the hard knocks we got. The "not sustained" or "failed," the low marks, the uneasy fear of coming examinations are shoved into some obscure corner of the brain; and there they rest in peace, seldom roused to consciousness by recollection. They become dim shadows that sometimes flit ghost-like across our memory, and disappear almost as soon as they come. But the things that abide in our minds and sweetly linger there are the great times at Intermediate and Commencement, the struggles and triumphs on the athletic field or in the literary societies, and the thousand other joys of student life. We remember the heaped-up wood in the old fire-place. We hear the crackling and roaring of the fire and see the old familiar room aglow with a soft, golden light. We see the happy, careless faces of our college chums as they sit in a circle round the fire. We hear the laughter and confusion of voices, and see the smoke curling to the ceiling. Those were great times when we loafed, and laughed, and smoked, and talked, and sang, in genial companionship! These are the things that stick in our memories.

We at Hampden-Sidney have at least one distinguishing glory; and that is, we are off to ourselves where we can go as we please, talk as we please, think as we please, and do as we please; provided, of course, in all these pleasures we run not contrary to the rules of our thoughtful trustees. Yes, at Hampden-Sidney we can walk on the grass; we can go into the woods or across the fields; we can breathe God's own pure air, and drink in God's own sunshine, and feel at the same time that we are leaving enough sunshine and air for other people. In the spring and early summer we can lie flat upon our backs on the green-sward near the belfry with our hands folded beneath our heads, and look through the tree-tops into the blue heavens above where the summer clouds are assembling as if to send rain. And in the fleecy folds of those clouds we can see outlined the face of Katrina. There are the blue eyes, now full of playful mischief, now filled with pretended wrath, now with tender love. And there is her left cheek mantling with roses and dimples. How many Hampden-Sidney boys have thus lain in groups upon the campus and dreamed of their youthful loves with nothing to molest them save an occasional bag of water, thrown by a strong arm from a



dormitory window, breaking and emptying itself upon them! At this warning the whole group will move farther down the hill and straightway fall to dreaming again till an expert lands another bag squarely in the midst of them. But we do not mind this rude interruption; for we admire the dexterity of the thrower, and then we have the joy of building another castle in the clouds with Angelina for queen.

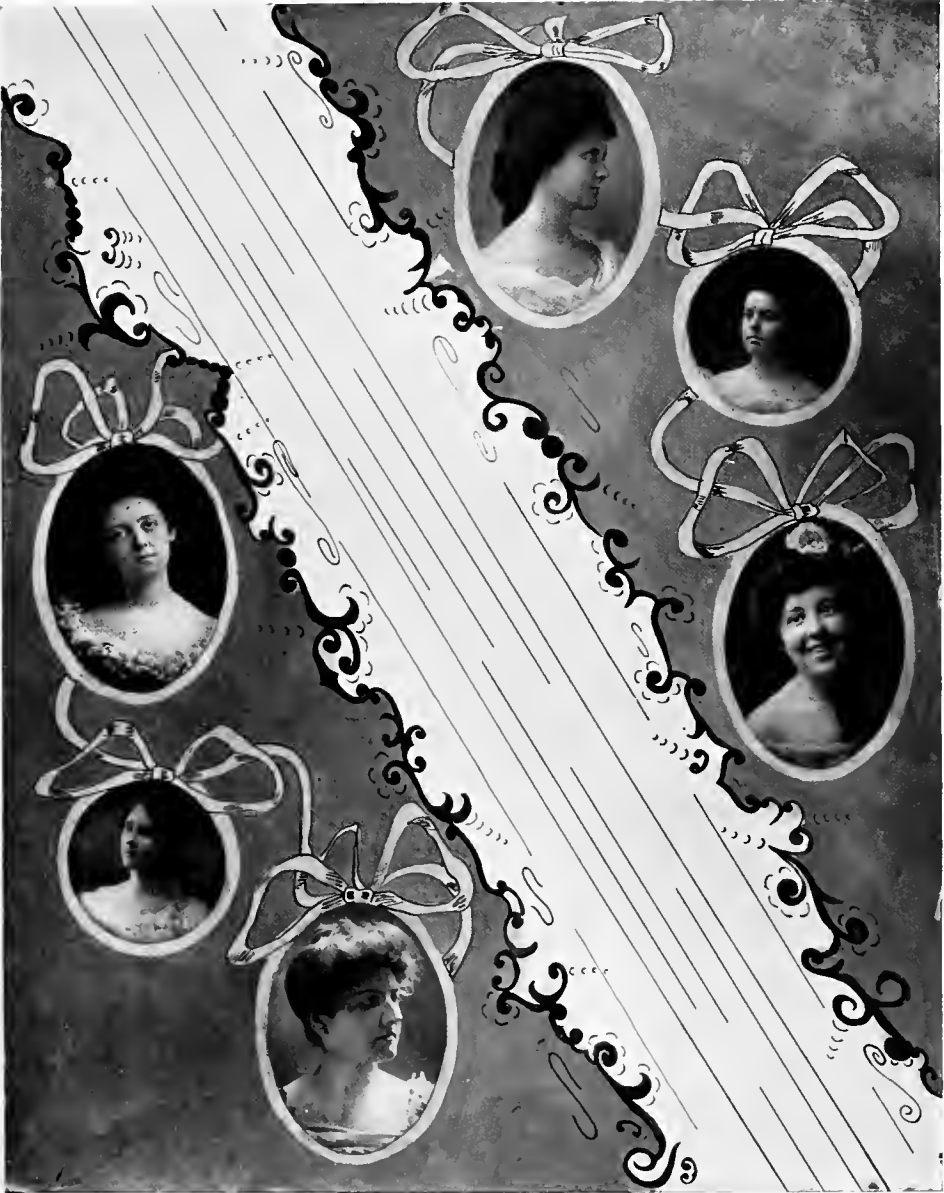
Ah! this is freedom—thus to live. In the days that follow college life, in the world of scheming, striving men, we have a thousand petty tyrannies to bow to. But during the years of college existence we have nothing to obey save our own impulses and the demands of our professors and the call of the college bell and the rulings of Fate and our own queenly tyrant Henrietta! A strange kind of freedom, one may think, but it is the greatest freedom we get in this world. It is a fact, confirmed by history and experience, that the college boy has more freedom and takes more liberty with himself and other people than any other species of the genus animal. Perhaps we thought otherwise when we were college boys. We hadn't begun to see things then.

I do not know that a spirit can be analyzed. Science has achieved wonders, some one said the other day; but whether science can resolve a spirit into its component parts is very doubtful. If, however, this could be done, I am sure this freedom, so sweet, so delightful, would be found to be a prominent part of "The Spirit of the Hill." I wish very much this were possible. I wish "The Spirit of the Hill" could be put into a chemical retort; and as it was decomposed into its elements, they could be gathered and preserved. For the sake of clearness and logical exactness it would be well to number the elements thus: I (or First); II (or Secondly); III (or Thirdly); and so-on in logical order to the end. This would be a stupendous achievement! Then the writing of this article would be much easier, and it would be a production of great historical value, instead of being as it is the ramblings of an illogical mind dreaming of college days. It would then be read by at least ten persons, or a different fate might overtake it. It might be too logical to be very popular.

"The Spirit of the Hill!" I am not the happy author of that felicitous phrase. I wish I were. And to show that the honor is not mine, though I crave that honor, I have fenced it fore and aft with quotation marks. Who did make this phrase? That is an interesting question. After the author had been discovered, it would be still more interesting to ascertain the time and circumstances when he first used it, what he meant by it, and what other ideas, if any, were in his mind at the time. I have spent several hours on this investigation, and have found this expression used for the first time, so far as I am aware, in the Y. M. C. A. Hand-book, Volume I. It is also found in the other volumes. I would refer the reader to various numbers of THE KALEIDOSCOPE. He will find it employed in certain weighty articles of the I—II—III variety. I have not con-



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KALEIDOSCOPE SPONSORS

sulted the college catalogue, but shall leave that interesting research to my patient readers.

I fear very much that some kind but ignorant person may discover a little humor in the above remarks. I did not intend them to be witty. And I hasten to declare with emphasis that there is in very deed a spirit, an influence that pervades Hampden-Sidney and that is found nowhere else. Every Hampden-Sidney man has felt its presence though perhaps he knew not what it was. So you and I, and all of us, agree with the Hand-books and THE KALEIDOSCOPIES that this spirit is something indefinable, incomprehensible; yet contagious and unmistakable. And it is this spirit, this "everything," that gives individuality to our life at Hampden-Sidney, that stamps it as its own and distinguishes it from student life at other schools.

To be "historical" in this rambling dissertation on student life, mention must be made of the Union and Philanthropic Literary Societies. It has been said at least once or twice by Hand-books and KALEIDOSCOPIES and Commencement speakers that these societies have much to do with our college existence; or, to quote the Junior orator, "they are important factors in the life of the Hampden-Sidney student." How vividly I remember the night the youthful Cicero let fall that stately sentence from his silver tongue! It was the night we were received into the society. We were all sitting in a row, "the observed of all observers," tremblingly waiting to see what would come next. Presently the presiding officer announced that Mr. H—, of the Junior Class, would now deliver the address of welcome to the new members. I shall never forget my friend, the Junior orator. Large of stature and strong of voice, he stepped before us and began a masterly effort. Not expecting such ease of manner and grace of language, we were completely unprepared to receive with composure what followed. I confess that at the time I thought it was the finest thing I had ever heard. I have since heard similar addresses in the society—I welcomed the new fellows myself one year—but none of them have impressed me so forcibly.

I wish I were logical. I would plant a III or IV at the beginning of this paragraph, and proceed to say that the influence of the societies is not confined to their respective halls. I fear the simple will not understand; I mean the halls are too small for the vigorous life of the societies, which, refusing to be held in by four walls, reaches out far and wide over the surrounding country. It extends through the woods and fields, over the hills and glens, and throughout the rooms and passages of the old dormitory. In our afternoon walks we have often met the budding Cicero perched upon an old stump or standing on a hillside speaking to an audience of trees, leaves, and attentive bushes. Sometimes we found him in the bare fields or by shaded streams; wherever we met him there we heard the rhythmical cadence of his voice declaiming on those subjects so dear

to the heart of the Junior orator. Or sometimes it was in the quiet night hour when most of the lights were out, though his was still burning; while from his room volumes of college-boy oratory fell with regular accent upon the stilly darkness that enveloped the old building.

If these woods, and corn-fields, and streams, and old walls could speak, they could tell the world why it is that Hampden-Sidney boys have become prominent and useful men, distinguished judges, eminent lawyers, and eloquent speakers. And why it is that so many of these "boys" now stand in Southern pulpits, men of eloquence and sound learning, adorning the doctrine of God in all things.

Then there is the mud. "The public highway," as once said the Junior orator, or the *Magazine* editor, I believe, "that runs from Farmville to Hampden-Sidney and from Hampden-Sidney to Farmville." To speak with exacter logic and more simplicity, I should have said, "there is the mud in the road." For that mud sticks in our memories as persistently as it did long ago on the wheels of those old hacks and buggies. It was, I am sure, in reference to this same road that somebody once said: "There is no royal road to learning." But I fear very much the mud in the road has had its day, for some one told me the other month the boys would hereafter roll over rocks and not through mud. The simplest mind can readily see that the mud will quietly pass out of student life at Hampden-Sidney. But it shall not soon fade out of our memories. We cherish no malice in our hearts against it, and why should we? It can not harm us now. Sitting to-night before a warm fire, with the heat falling upon our slippers, we smile as we think of the nights we drove from Farmville. It was cold and dark, and the rain was beating against the sides of our buggy top. In the road, the red mud lay deep and heavy and tough. The wheels, sinking nearly hub-deep, gave forth to quiet darkness round us that peculiar sloughy sound made by wheels passing through deep mud. We were glad that night we were in the buggy and not in the road. To-night, we are glad we are in this room and not in that buggy.

I fear the ignorant will laugh at me for writing thus about the mud. My ignorant friend, I am writing of student life as it really is. Therefore, above all things, I must be "historical." You do not know how wonderful was that mud, and the part it has played in college life ever since the first hackman drove his horses to the College. You do not know the thoughts this mud has started in the brain of the *Magazine* editor. You do not know the pages it has filled in the letters written home on Sunday afternoons. Think of the times it has been mentioned in THE KALEIDOSCOPES and *Magazines!* It has had an honored place in all the college publications—except the catalogues and hand-books.

And there is the hack that went through the mud that was in the road. And there is the man that drove the hack that went through the mud that was in the road. Mr. Walker Crawley and his historic hack are stamped upon the

memory of every Hampden-Sidney man, and time can not rub the impression out. That old vehicle has carried more ministers of the Southern Presbyterian Church than any other conveyance in this country; and its owner ought to attend the next General Assembly where he would meet scores of his old friends.

The post-office was our forum at Hampden-Sidney. I do not mean that our public affairs were conducted there, for "waiting for the mail" was the only thing we did. There we discussed the news of the day or told what happened that morning in our classrooms. We told jokes, or amusing stories concerning our fellow students. It was a sweet period of rest coming at the close of the hard work of the morning, and we were reluctant to break up and go to books for the afternoon. It was delightful to laugh and smoke there, and talk, and then listen to others.

Via Sacra! What memories crowd upon us when we hear those words. The afternoon walks we took in the fall and spring of the year with our college chum, the smiles and rosy cheeks we met, the rustle of skirts; these are some of the thoughts that flood our minds. It all comes back to us, and we live those days over again. We remember the night we strolled down the Via with Katherine. It was dark, yet beautiful; raining, yet cheerful; cold, yet comfortable; all because she was there. We could go now and put our hands on the spot where she told that little lie, the lie a woman has a right to tell. We believed it and she forgot it. But we forgave her, for it was Intermediate, and things may be said then and at Commencement that would not be tolerated at any other time. We remember another time when we were strolling down Via Sacra. It was Commencement week. A perfect June sky above us, and in our heart joy and peace that come when the session is over and books are closed. Margaret looked glorious that afternoon, with the sunlight filtering through the leaves and playing in her dimples and hair. We passed other couples who were at the same business as ourselves. We met several professors, and as they passed, we guessed their thoughts. What son of Hampden-Sidney can ever forget that matchless sunset scene a short distance beyond where Dr. Latimer lived? Whoever has once stood upon the brow of that little hill and watched the sun sink behind that wall of forests, will never forget the view that met his eye. You stand, so to speak, at the center of a circle whose semi-circumference is marked out by the horizon in the distance. The view is unobstructed, and the horizon is outlined against the evening sky by the forests and hills as sharply as if it had been cut out with one sweep of a huge sickle. It appears as a great wall in the form of a semi-circle, behind which the sun is slowly falling, flinging a golden light upon all earth and sky. Often have I stood with my dearest college friends and beheld this sunset. I see it vividly now as I write, and with it are associated some of the sweetest and most inspiring memories of my life.



The glory has departed from Beech Falls. It has had its day. In other years it was the favorite retreat of the college boy and played a great part in the student life of long ago. Beech Falls was an enchanted valley. Cupids dwelt in every leaf and grass spire, and captured every one who entered the sacred precincts of that glen. A charming woman, while speaking the other year of the times she had had at Hampden-Sidney, said six proposals were made to her while strolling near the falls. She accepted one. It was, she said, in its palmy days a beautiful place, shaded by beech and other trees, and every foot of the ground was covered with a carpet of the greenest grass. A brook of clearest water sang its way over the smooth rocks. To the west was a large hill, which kept off the sun, making it cool and pleasant on a summer afternoon.

This charming woman was not pleased to hear of the sad decline of Beech Falls. The cupids, I told her, were still alive, and were now residing at Sigma Chi Glen and Slippery Rock. They still keep up their warfare against the college boy and the village girl who visit their haunts. Sigma Chi Glen, shaded by the hills from the sun or other observers, is a quiet retreat where lovers are accustomed to wander. I am sure you remember those happy moments you sat with Angelina or Katrina on the great black rocks, listening to the sweet murmur of her voice, and watching the sun sink behind the hills. Then we all remember the times we visited Slippery Rock, where the water flowed, and where I suppose it still flows, over a large flat rock, covered with the dark deposit of the stream, as slippery and treacherous as the smoothest ice. We sat on the rocks that border the stream, dangling our feet over till they almost touched the water, and made love to all our sweethearts. To use the language of our valedictorian: "We have listened to the laughter of the water, and then looked to behold the laughter in her eyes; we have heard the ripple of the stream, and watched the ripples in her hair."



One Southern Girl.

BY DR. M. B. ALLMOND.

One Southern girl,
With her soft, winning ways,
Her wavy locks
And lips on which eternal pleasure plays,
And eyes of gentle look,
In whose fair depths there lies
A vision of those joys
That presage Paradise,
One Southern girl
Such as I've seen and known
Were worth the endless hosts
Of every other zone.

The music of her voice,
The velvety fall of her well-filled shoe,
As coming o'er the way
She moves as poets say the Graces do,
Her gentle utterance—
Of most entrancing speech—
Her cheeks aglow
Like some perfected peach,
And all the air around her balmy sweet.
As with a royal mien she comes to greet.
One Southern girl
In pleasure-giving power
Outvies the beauty
Of every garden flower.

One Southern girl
Wins homage such as they
In olden times
On Vesta's shrine did lay.
Pure as the virgins standing at that shrine,
Enwreathed with flowers and scent of clinging vine.
Her hand's soft touch—
Her way of doing things
Leaps lightly heavenward
Like yonder lark that sings,
And wooing lifts the enmeshed soul in flight
To all the sweets that throng on Aidenn's holy height.





Senior Class.

MOTTO : Sic itur ad astra.

COLORS : Navy Blue and White.

Yell.

Hobble, Gobble, Razzle, Dazzle !

Hokey Pokey Pi !

Hampden-Sidney, Naughty One !

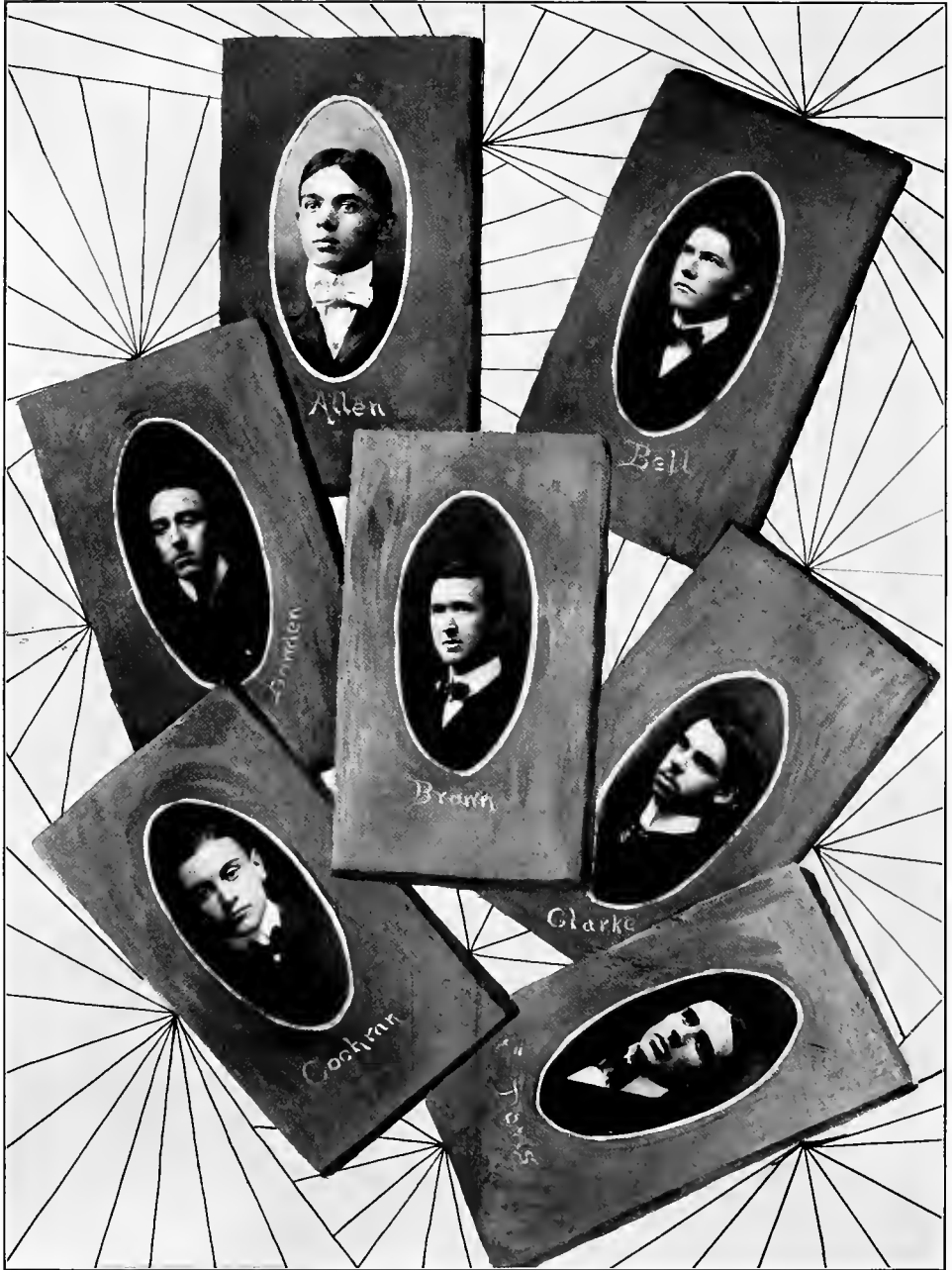
Rah, Rah, Ri !

Officers.

First Term.

ALEX MARTIN	President	H. H. MUNROE
HENRY BOWDEN	Vice-President	H. HAWKES
W. E. JONES	Secretary and Treasurer	G. C. ROBESON
R. H. WEBB	Historian	R. H. WEBB

Second Term.



SENIOR CLASS I

Post-Graduate Students.

LOUIS SPENCER EPES, *X ϕ , Σ* , Philanthropic, Blackstone, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Vice-President of Class, Second Term, 1900; Second Honor and Philosophical Orator, 1900; Manager of College Football Team, 1900; Manager of *Magazine*, 1900-01; Delegate to Virginia Interscholastic Athletic Association Convention, 1901.

FINLEY MONWELL EVERSOLE, Union, Rural Retreat, Virginia.

Freshman Prize Scholarship; Sophomore Prize Scholarship; Ministerial Scholarships, 1896-97-98-99-1900; Class Football Team, 1896-97-98-99-1900; College Football Team, 1900-01; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1899-1900; A. B. with Second Honor, 1900.

THOMAS WILLIAMSON HOOPER, JR., *II K A*, R. H. O. C. T., Union, Christiansburg, Virginia.

Gymnasium Team, 1897-98-99-1900-01; College Football Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Football Team, 1899-1900-01; College Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1897-98-99-1900; Orchestra, 1898-99-1900; *Magazine* Staff, 1899-1900; Business Manager pro tem. of THE KALEIDOSCOPE, 1900; Manager of Baseball Team, 1900; Instructor in Gymnasium, 1900-01; A. B., 1900.

Members.

GEORGE FRANCIS BELL, Union, Putneys, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01; Senior Intermediate Orator, 1900-01; Manager Class Baseball Team, 1900-01.

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS BROWN, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

President of Young Men's Christian Association, 1897-98-99-1900-01; *Magazine* Staff, 1899-1900; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1899-1900.

HENRY BOWDEN, *K A*, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01; Mandolin Club, 1900-01; Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1900-01; Captain Track Team, 1900-01.

ARTHUR HARRIS CLARKE, Philanthropic, Danville, Virginia.

Recording Secretary Young Men's Christian Association, 1900-01.

PEYTON COCHRAN, *B θ II, Σ , V*, Philanthropic, Staunton, Virginia.

Secretary of Class, First Term, 1898-99; Chairman Intermediate Music Committee, 1898-99; Marshal, Finals, 1898; Secretary Athletic Association, 1898-99; Secretary of Class, Last Term, 1899-1900; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1900; Manager Class Football Team, 1900-01; *Magazine* Staff, 1900-01; Editor-in-Chief, KALEIDOSCOPE, 1900-01.

LONDON LESLIE DAVIS, *X ϕ* , Philanthropic, Westboro, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Football Team, 1899-1900-01; Invitation Committee, 1899-1900; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900; Marshal, Finals, 1900; Vice-President of Athletic Association, 1900-01; Member of Track Team, 1899-1900-01; Chairman of Music Committee, Finals, 1900; Final President of Philanthropic Society, 1901.



SENIOR CLASS II.

THOMAS REESE ENGLISH, JR., *Σ V, Σ V*, R. H. O. C. T., Union, Richmond, Virginia.

President of Class, First Term, 1898-99; College Football Team, 1900-01; President of Athletic Association, First Term, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Manager College Baseball Team, 1900-01.

ROBERT EMERSON FULTZ, Philanthropic, Kiracofe, Virginia.

HASTINGS HAWKS, Philanthropic, Wellville, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1900-01; Gymnasium Team, 1900-01; Track Team, 1900-01.

PORTER YOUNG JOHNSON, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1896-97; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1898-99-1900; Track Team, 1897-98; Senior Orator's Medal, 1900-01.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT JONES, *II K A, Σ V*, Philanthropic, San Marino, Virginia.

Delivered Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1899; Vice-President of Class, First Term, 1899-1900; Final Junior Orator, 1900; Intermediate Senior Orator, 1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1900-01; College Football Team, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01; Track Team, 1900-01; Delivered Senior Orator's Medal, 1901; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1900-01.

WILLIAM MAUZY KEMPER, *K Σ*, R. H. O. C. T., *Θ V E, Σ V*, *Z T A*, Warrenton, Virginia.

College Football Team, 1898-99-1900-01; Captain of Class Football Team, 1898-99-1900-01; Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; President of Class, First Term, 1899-1900; Vice-President of Class, Last Term, 1899-1900; Manager of Mandolin and Guitar Club, 1899-1900; Manager of Track Team, 1899-1900; Captain of College Football Team, 1900-01; Editor-in-Chief of *Magazine*, 1900-01.

ALEXANDER MARTIN, *II K A, Θ V E*, Union, Richmond, Virginia.

President of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1899-1900; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1899-1900; Final Junior Orator, 1900; Historian of Class, 1899-1900; Final Invitation Committee, 1898-99; Delivered Sophomore Essayist's Medal, 1899; College Football Team, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1900-01; Corresponding Secretary of Young Men's Christian Association, 1900-01; Review Editor of *Magazine*, 1900-01; Manager of Art Department of KALEIDOSCOPE, 1900-01; President of Class, First Term, 1900-01; Final President of Union Society, 1901.

WILLIAM ADDAMS McALLISTER, Union, Covington, Virginia.

Final Junior Orator, 1900; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01; Final Senior Orator, 1901.

HARRY HAVENER MUNROE, Philanthropic, Baltimore, Maryland.

Secretary of Class, First Term, 1897-98; Corresponding Secretary of Young Men's Christian Association, 1898-99; Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1898-99; Gymnasium Team, 1898-99-1900-01; Track Team, 1899-1900; Class Baseball Team, 1898-99-1900-01; Manager of Reading Room, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1899-1900; President Class, Second Term, 1900-01; Delegate to Southern Interstate Convention of Young Men's Christian Association, Asheville, North Carolina, 1900; Assistant Physical Director of Gymnasium, 1900-01.



SENIOR CLASS III.

SAMUEL EDMOND OSBOURNE, *K Σ, K Δ, Σ, V.*, Philanthropic, Duffields, West Virginia.

College Football Team, 1897-98-99-1900-01; Class Football Team, 1897-98-99-1900-01; Gymnasium Team, 1897-98-99-1900-01; Track Team, 1897-98-99-1900-01; Vice-President of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1899-1900; President of Class, Second Term, 1899-1900; Treasurer of Young Men's Christian Association, 1900-01; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1899-1900; Dramatic Club, 1899-1900; Final Invitation Committee, 1898-99; Treasurer of Athletic Association, First Term, 1900-01; Business Manager of KALEIDOSCOPE, 1900-01; Senior Orator's Medal, 1900-01; Assistant Librarian, 1900-01.

GEORGE CHAPIN ROBESON, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Gymnasium Team, 1899-1900; Invitation Committee, Finals, 1900.

HERMAN MELVIN ROBERTS, Philanthropic, Henderson, Kentucky.

Junior Intermediate Orator, 1900; Dramatic Club, 1900; Director of Dramatic Club, 1901; College Football Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Final Senior Orator, 1901.

ROBERT HENNING WEBB, *II K Δ*, Philanthropic, Suffolk, Virginia.

Freshman Prize Scholarship, 1897-98; Sophomore Prize Scholarship, 1898-99; Class Historian, 1897-98-99-1900-01; Final Invitation Committee, 1898-99; Junior Essayist's Medal, 1899-1900; *Magazine* Staff, 1900-01; KALEIDOSCOPE Staff, 1900-01.



Quondam Members.

E. A. ALLEN	Rocky Mount, Virginia
J. A. ARMISTEAD, JR.	Stoddert, Virginia
B. C. AVERILL	Beaumont, Texas
J. W. BARROW	Smithfield, Virginia
S. BLANTON	Farmville, Virginia
E. E. BOOKER	Snyder, Virginia
C. A. CLEMMER	Swoope, Virginia
JEDDY LEE DAVIS	Charleston, West Virginia
JOSEPH E. DUPUY	Roanoke, Virginia
S. K. GREEN	Baltimore, Maryland
C. J. HUDSON	Rural Retreat, Virginia
H. G. B. IRVINE	Evington, Virginia
P. D. JOHNSTON	South Boston, Virginia
J. W. KINNIER	Lynchburg, Virginia
W. L. LEE	Crawford, Virginia
F. C. McCLURE	Roanoke, Virginia
J. B. McFERRIN	Bristol, Tennessee
R. P. McGEHEE	Abilene, Virginia
R. L. MILLER	Wytheville, Virginia
G. D. MOORE	Charlestown, West Virginia
*W. B. PARSONS	Gunnison, Colorado
E. E. PAYNE	Warm Springs, Virginia
H. B. STONE	Alvah, Virginia
T. B. STONEHAM	Stoneham, Texas
C. I. WADE, JR.	Christiansburg, Virginia
D. C. WATKINS	Smithville, Virginia
H. M. WINFREE	Churchville, Virginia

* Deceased.

History of 1901.

THE years revolve, the months fly on their course, and once again the Historian sits down to his task of acquainting the "gentle reader" with the successes and failures, the peculiarities and eccentricities, of the "naughty ones," who, if the fates and the professors be not averse, will, as graduates, soon make their bow to the world, and so we are Seniors. Well, we must confidentially confess, were it not for long hours of poring over Calderwood, Greek, and Physics II, and for the ease with which we bear ourselves in society's realm, we might in a moment of drowsiness, fancy ourselves once more passing the days of Freshmanhood.

The way has been long, the struggle hard, and we are justly proud of the many successes that have brightened our course. In the first place, how we have grown! Who would now recognize us as the components of the variegated band who arrived on the "Hill" a few years ago, with hayseed in our hair, wearing "biled" shirts, and new cravats. All this mighty change in wisdom, favor, and stature, must be attributed, first, to the mental pabulum daily fed to us by learned doctors of philosophy; and, secondly, to the ambrosia and nectar humanized into the form of boarding-house hash and "boss."

Our Class is more than above mediocrity in many respects. Our professors will bear us witness that our attainments in the classroom have been of no mean order. In this connection only one point can we mention, and that is "the fine spirit with which the senior Latin class has cleared up and embedded in memory the bedrock facts contained in the *Outline of Latin Syntax*."

Concerning athletics, to what greater glory could we aspire than to hold the college championship in football and to have supplied no less than seven invincibles to the all-victorious college team?

And now for some of our *fastigia rerum*. Well, the highest point in our class is "Long." Alas, alas, what can he do to check the mad career of his legs toward infinity? But he is not our only giant,—there are "Bildad" and "Sambo," our huge mountaineers, and Kemper, the broad-shouldered. Our far-famed philosopher and metaphysician Augustus is still with us, and is as inexplicable as ever when we think of the Plato that he daily reads as a pastime. Our Alexander, whose locks though golden are not so curly as those of his great predecessor, will soon be weeping we predict, for new worlds to conquer,—after he passes Senior Math and Fisher.

And now we shall soon bid farewell to the days spent amid the all-powerful but quiet influence of the charm that pervades that little spot of earth called Hampden-Sidney. May our own lives reflect the high principles which our associations here have instilled into our minds, and may the great busy world have cause to congratulate itself that here we were prepared for life's struggle.

THE HISTORIAN.



Junior Class.

MOTTO :
Take things as they come.

COLORS :
Royal Purple and White.

Yell.

Wahoo ! Wahoo ! What do we do ?
We yell ! We yell ! 1902 !
Rah, rah, rah ! Rip, rah, re !
Hip rah ! Rip rah ! H. S. C.

Officers.

First Term.		Second Term.
J. D. PASCO	President	G. B. ALLEN
R. S. GRAHAM	Vice-President	JAMES H. RUDY
R. C. STOKES	Treasurer	R. S. GRAHAM
H. M. McALLISTER	Secretary	R. H. BURROUGHS
P. B. HILL	Historian	P. B. HILL

Members.

GEORGE BLANTON ALLEN, *X ϕ* , R. H. O. C. T., Philanthropic, Morganfield, Kentucky.

Dramatic Club, 1899-1900; Mandolin and Guitar Club, 1899-1900-01; President of Class, Second Term, 1900-01; College Baseball Team, 1899-1900; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Football Team, 1899-1900-01; Assistant Manager College Football Team, 1900-01; Track Team, 1900-01

FRANCIS SIDNEY ANDERSON, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

RICHARD PEGRAM BOYKIN, *ϕ I J*, Philanthropic, Smithfield, Virginia.

RICHARD HANSFORD BURROUGHS, *B θ H*, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

Secretary of Class, Second Term, 1900-01; Delivered Sophomore Essayist's Medal, 1900; Junior Intermediate Orator, 1901; Class Football Team, 1899-1900-01; College Football Team, 1900-01; Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1900-01; ANNUAL Staff, 1900-01.

CREIGHTON CHILD CAMPBELL, *K J*, Union, Roanoke, Virginia.

Gymnasium Team, 1899-1900-01; College Football Team, 1899-1900-01; Manager Class Football Team, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; College Baseball Team, 1900-01;

EDWARD HERRMAN COHN, *B θ H*, Union, Norfolk, Virginia.

Captain Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; College Football Team, 1900-01; Gymnasium Team, 1900-01; Track Team, 1900-01.

JOSEPH ALLAN CHRISTIAN, Philanthropic, Willcox Wharf, Virginia.

HARDY CROSS, *K J*, Union, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.

Sophomore Essayist's Medal, 1899-1900.

JOHN LAWRENCE DANIEL, Philanthropic, Farmville, Virginia.

PAUL GRAY EDMUNDS, Union, Farmville, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Gymnasium Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900.

JAMES FLETCHER EPES, *X ϕ* , Philanthropic, Blackstone, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1900-01.

CABELL FLOURNOY FITZGERALD, *X ϕ , K J*, Philanthropic, Richmond, Virginia.

Class Baseball Team, 1900-01; Dramatic Club, 1900-01.

ROBERT SPOTTS GRAHAM, *B θ H*, Philanthropic, Tazewell, Virginia.

Captain College Baseball Team, 1900-01; Vice-President Class, First Term, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01; College Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Secretary Class, Second Term, 1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Marshal Intermediate Celebration, 1900-01; Invitation Committee, Intermediate, 1900-01; Captain Class Baseball Team, 1900-01; Track Team, 1900-01.

PIERRE BERNARD HILL, $\Lambda \Phi$, Philanthropic, Richmond, Virginia.

Vice-President Young Men's Christian Association, 1898-99; Class Treasurer, First Term, 1898-99; Class Historian, 1898-99; Class Football Team, 1898-99-1900; ANNUAL Staff, 1898-99; Gymnasium, 1898-99; Invitation Committee, 1898-99; Orchestra and Glee Club, 1898-99; President Class, First Term, 1899-1900; Historian Class, 1899-1900-01; *Magazine*, 1900-01; Invitation Committee, 1900-01; Leader of Orchestra, 1900-01; President of Young Men's Christian Association, 1901-02.

ROBERT EVELYN HENRY, $B \theta H, \Sigma$, R. H. O. C. T., Tazewell, Virginia.

Magazine Staff, 1900-01; Manager Dramatic Club, 1900-01; Mandolin and Glee Club, 1900-01; Vice-President of German Club, 1900-01; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, 1900-01; Manager Class Baseball Team, 1900-01; Elected Manager of College Football Team, 1901-02.

LYTTLETON EDMUNDS HUBARD, $\Lambda \Phi$, Philanthropic, Bolling, Virginia.

Junior Intermediate Orator, 1900-01; Dramatic Club, 1900-01.

ROBERT HENRY JOHNSON, Philanthropic, Petersburg, Virginia.

Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Track Team, 1900-01.

ARCHER PILEGAR JOHNSON, $\phi K \Psi, \theta N E, \Sigma$, R. H. O. C. T., Christiansburg, Virginia.

Treasurer Class, First Term, 1899-1900; Vice-President German Club, 1899-1900; Manager Class Baseball Team 1899-1900; Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Orchestra, 1899-1900-01; College Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Chairman Committee on Arrangements Intermediate Germans 1899-1900; Track Team, 1900-01; Captain Class Football Team, 1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Leader of Germans, 1900-01.

WILLIAM READ MARTIN, $H K A, \theta N E, K J$, Union, Smithville, Virginia.

Treasurer of Class, 1898-99; Treasurer of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1900-01.

STEWART LEIGH MAGEE, $B \theta H$, Philanthropic, Clarksville, Virginia.

Vice-President Class, Second Term, 1899-1900; Class Baseball Team, 1899-1900-01; Delivered Sophomore Debater's Medal, 1899-1900; Invitation Committee Finals, 1899-1900.

HUGH MOFFITT McALLISTER, $H K A$, Union, Covington, Virginia.

Secretary of Class, First Term, 1898-99; KALEIDOSCOPE Board, 1899-1900; Secretary of Class, First Term, 1900-01.

HOUSTON BURGER MOORE, Philanthropic, Mossy Creek, Virginia.

JAMES DENHAM PASCO, $\Lambda \Phi, \Sigma, K J$, R. H. O. C. T., Union, Monticello, Florida.

ANNUAL Staff, 1899-1900; Marshal Intermediate and Final Celebrations, 1899-1900; Dramatic Club, 1899-1900-01; Secretary and Treasurer of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1899-1900; Secretary and Treasurer of Cotillion Club, 1899-1900; President of Class, First Term, 1900-01; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1900-01; Manager of Orchestra, 1900-01,

JAMES IRA PRITCHETT, $K \Sigma, K J$, Union, Danville, Virginia.

Chairman Decoration Committee, Intermediate, 1900-01; Class Baseball Team, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1900-01.

JAMES HENRY RUDY, $\Sigma \Lambda \Sigma$, Union, Paducah, Kentucky.

Marshal Intermediate and Final Celebrations, 1899-1900; Band Committee, 1900; Class Football Team, 1899-1900-01; Class Baseball, 1899-1900-01; Manager Class Football Team, 1900-01; College Football Team, 1900-01; Elected Captain College Football Team, 1901-02; Gymnasium Team, 1899-1900-01; Track Team, 1900-01; Glee Club, 1899-1900-01; Vice-President Class, Second Term, 1900-01.

RICHARD CRALLE STOKES, $K \Sigma, \theta \Lambda E, Z T A$, Philanthropic, Covington, Virginia.

Manager Class Football Team, 1899-1900; Marshal Intermediate Celebration, 1899-1900; Invitation Committee, Intermediate, 1899-1900; Dramatic Club, 1899-1900-01; Final Junior Orator, 1900; Treasurer of Class, First Term, 1900-01; Assistant Business Manager, KALEIDOSCOPE, 1900-01; Intermediate Junior Orator, 1900-01; President of Athletic Association, Second Term, 1900-01.

DENNIS HAMILTON WILLCOX, $\Lambda \phi$, Philanthropic, Petersburg, Virginia.

Treasurer of Class, Second Term, 1899-1900; Sophomore Prize Scholarship, 1899-1900; ANNUAL Staff, 1900-01; Class Football Team, 1899-1900-01.

SAMUEL MILLER ZEA, $\Lambda \phi$, Philanthropic, Strasburg, Virginia.

Marshal Intermediate Celebration, 1899-1900.



Junior Class History.

“Souls that have toil'd and wrought, and thought with me,” of you this treatise tells.

WE ARE nearing the end of our journey. Many of us have been marching steadily onward for three long years, some of us even four. Together we have followed Xenophon in his exploits and marched with Cæsar through his Gallic war. Together we have heard the smooth meters of Homer and of Horace, and have stood in the forum, while Cicero, with bursts of eloquence, denounced Catiline; or in the ἀγορά and heard the great Demosthenes. We have battled manfully, and for most of us the wonders of physics and chemistry have no longer the aspect of grim and gloomy monsters to be overcome. But of that goodly company that set out with us, not all are here to-day. *Weariness* and other causes have thinned our ranks somewhat. We miss the bright and genial smile of “Spider,” the boisterous humor of “Pancake,” and the kind assistance of “Brer” Bowen, in math. But although they are not visibly present, we carry fond memories of them in our hearts.

We stand to-day as did the Grecian host, when the last ridge climbed they sighted the Euxine, the end of their journey only a short distance away, and shouted, “The sea! The sea!” We, too, can see the end of our journey through college ways and do catch some of the enthusiasm of the old Greeks. “*Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.*”

Many honors have come upon us, and in our ranks are men, who, we dare to assert, will occupy high seats in the temple of fame.

In athletics we maintained our usual high stand; being well represented both on the gridiron and diamond. Our class football team was of the first order, while our baseball team won for us the class championship of the College. We were also represented in other college enterprises.

The race for sergeant-at-arms, between “Chris” and “Reddy,” was characterized by the usual interest; but alas! much to the chagrin of the Christian men, “Reddy” once more won the laurels.

“Spooner’s brother,” slow of speech, “Brogues,” a Greek equestrian, and “Fitz,” a worthy successor to George, are, perhaps our most conspicuous “freaks.” But my task is done. Time alone will show how great and glorious are the men of dear old ’02.

THE HISTORIAN.



Sophomore Class.

MOTTO:

"Virtute non Verbis."

COLORS:

Pink and Blue.

Yell.

Chippe go-ree, go-ri, go-roo,
 Ziprah, ziprah, pink and blue ;
 Hippero, hiro, hiscum hee !
 Rah, rah, rah, rah !
 Nineteen three.

Officers.

First Term.

R. S. PRESTON President
 W. F. PATTON Vice-President
 E. W. LEE Treasurer
 J. K. IRVING Secretary
 R. A. GILLIAM Historian
 H. P. JONES Sergeant-at-arms

Second Term.

F. H. MANN President
 L. D. JOHNSTON Vice-President
 JOHN MARTIN Treasurer
 W. S. LEE Secretary
 R. A. GILLIAM Historian
 H. P. JONES Sergeant-at-arms

Members.

SIMON CASABLANCA AKERS	Concord Depot, Virginia
RICHARD ADDISON GILLIAM	Covington, Virginia
PETER WILKERSON HAMLETT	Hampden-Sidney Virginia
JOSEPH EDWARD BRIDGER HOLLADAY	Suffolk, Virginia
JOSEPH KINCAID IRVING	Howardsville, Virginia
GEORGE S. HARNESBERGER	Shenandoah, Virginia
LEWIS DUPUY JOHNSTON	South Boston, Virginia
HORACE PALMER JONES	Cherriton, Virginia
LEMUEL ROY JONES	Petersburg, Virginia
WILLIAM SHARPE LEE	Crewe, Virginia
EUGENE WALLACE LEE	Danville, Kentucky
FRANK HURT MANN	Nottoway, Virginia
JOHN MARTIN	Richmond, Virginia
MOIR SAUNDERS MARTIN	Martinsville, Virginia
CHARLES DANIEL MCCOY	Richmond, Virginia
EDWARD MCGEHEE	Abilene, Virginia
MAURICE BLAIR LANGHORNE	Smithfield, Virginia
JAMES CURTIS PARSONS	Massey's Mills, Virginia
WILLIAM FEARN PATTON, JR.	Danville, Virginia
ROBERT SHEFFEY PRESTON	Marion, Virginia
LANGHORNE REID	Chatham, Virginia
BENJAMIN BRADFORD REYNOLDS	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
WILLARD JAMES RIDDICK	Gatesville, North Carolina
LUTHER SHELDON, JR.	Norfolk, Virginia
EDWARD GARLAND STOKES	Oral Oaks, Virginia
WILLIAM EDWARD WEST	Evington, Virginia
WILLIAM TWYMAN WILLIAMS	Woodstock, Virginia
JAMES HOUSTON WOLVERTON.	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
JOHN CALVIN WOLVERTON	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
ALBERT WARD WOOD	Moorefield, West Virginia

History of 1903

FOR the second time in its career, the Class of 1903 comes before the public; not as verdant Freshmen, but clothed in the garb of dignified Sophomores. We have left our childish ways behind us; the days of our infancy have passed. We are now beyond the pale of Freshmanhood, and stand upon the verge of upper-classmen, though what stamps itself so indelibly upon our minds is that we have climbed successfully the rugged heights, which confront a Sophomore at Hampden-Sidney.

Victory has courted us, and sits pleased upon our banners. In our Freshman year we distinguished ourselves on the gridiron, when we defeated the proud and haughty Sophs, by a score of 18—0. Then, we won the declaimer's medal in the under-classman contest, which was an unusual thing; for Freshmen are supposed to "be seen, and not heard."

From our entrance into College there has been naught but glory to our credit. Strong in numbers and courage; we have seldom failed in any of our many attempts, and we have acted in unison since first we assembled in a startled covey at the chapel on that first morning of our college career.

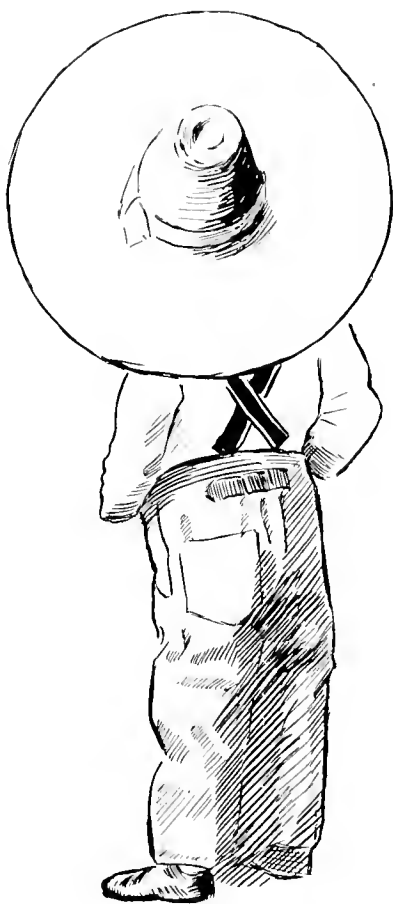
History, at times, comes to a low ebb. The subject becomes threadbare and monotonous, but modern history shall never be wanting so long as it has such an aggregation as the present Soph Class for its theme; for noble deeds and great scholars make the pages of history shine. Where we all came from, and how many of us ever got here is a mystery. Such a varied collection of human nature! Yet, we are all here, and every one of us important in our history. "Brer Akers," the man of area, is the most ancient among us and necessarily directs and leads those who will kindly follow.

Then "Cutey," learned in Anatomy. He can designate his pains with such accuracy. "Ebe," who hails from afar, and brings with him a bounty of happiness and beauty; it would be hard to tell, which college he attends—the one in Farmville, or the one on the "Hill." And "H. P.," the Eastern Shore twirler, has a smile for every one. Then, too, we have the only student, in college, who is always a "Mann." These five specimens ably represent the general classes to be found among us.

The present session has been an uneventful and arduous one, the newly instituted tests, have made our lives a burden and poor marks have brought forth breezy letters from home, but kind memory will throw a glimmer o'er the past, and when the world of knowledge shall be unfolded to us, the time spent here will appear as a pleasure of youth.

We will soon turn to the duties of the Junior year, which we hear are very difficult, but our past contests have taught us valuable lessons in aim, purpose, and development, therefore, we will keep striving for success. And now hoping that we shall as ably perform our duties when Juniors, as we have those of the Sophs, let us take an affectionate farewell, fellow classmen, until we shall meet again.

HISTORIAN.



Freshman Class.

MOTTO :
 " Virtute et labore."

COLORS :
 Orange and Black.

Yell.

Hello-go-lunk, go-link, go-lee !
 Razzle, dazzle, H.-S. C. !
 Hucklo, hucklo, ho, ho, ho !
 Rah, rah, rah, rah ! 1904 !

Officers.

First Term.

WILLIAM M. THORNTON, JR., President
 T. O. EASLEY Vice-President
 A. F. PATTON Secretary
 H. C. THORNTON Treasurer
 T. J. HARWELL Historian

FITZGERALD.

Second Term.

S. A. MCCOY President
 S. W. BUDD Vice-President
 A. F. PATTON Secretary
 EDWARD CABANISS Treasurer
 WALKER CUTTS Historian

Members.

BOYCE JAMES ALLMOND	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
MARCUS BLAKEY ALLMOND, JR.	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
FRANK CLEVELAND BEDINGER	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
ROBERT DABNEY BEDINGER	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
MALCOLM WALDON BROWN	Churchwood, Virginia
SAMUEL WALTHALL BUDD	Petersburg, Virginia
EDWARD CABANISS, JR.	Danville, Virginia
WILLIAM MCCLURE CARTER	Amelia Courthouse, Virginia
PLEASANT LINWOOD CLARKE	Crosby, Virginia
SAMUEL DALEY CRAIG	Craigsville, Virginia
HARRY TILLMAN CREWS	Meadville, Virginia
WALKER CUTTS	Savannah, Georgia
HENRY READ EDMUNDS	Farmville, Virginia
THOMAS OWEN EASLEY	South Boston, Virginia
WILLIAM MCALLISTER ENGLAND	Covington, Virginia
ROBERT EMMETT HAMLETT	Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
THOMAS JEFFERSON HARWELL	Petersburg, Virginia
BENJAMIN MASON HILL	Petersburg, Virginia
CARROLL LYMAN JONES	Cherriton, Virginia
JOHN CRADDOCK LAWSON	South Boston, Virginia
WILLIAM GOSHORN MACCORKLE	Charleston, West Virginia
SAMUEL ALEXANDER MCCOY	Moorefield, West Virginia
ALBERT FULLER PATTON	Danville, Virginia
ABNEY PAYNE	Charleston, West Virginia
JOHN CALVIN SILER	Tomahawk West Virginia
COLIN DUNLOP SPOTTSWOOD	Petersburg, Virginia
HENRY CROCHERON THORNTON	New York City
WILLIAM MYNN THORNTON, JR.	University of Virginia
WILLIAM SEMPLE WEAVER	Rice Depot, Virginia

Freshman History

ONCE upon a time, as the peaceful tribes of Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores were serenely dwelling on this sacred hill there swept down upon them a wild and motley throng, gathered together from the four quarters of the earth, and who brought with them much disturbance. This aggregation was the Freshman Class of Hampden-Sidney College,—the Class of 1904. And we, its members, following in the footsteps of our predecessors, met one day to organize as a class, and to prepare for the great battle we were destined to wage.

At that time we were not full-fledged Freshmen, but it was not long afterwards that it was our misfortune to meet the "bloody Sophs," and we were theirs. When the ringing of the College bell made us wish for home and days gone by, and when we were invited to appear on the campus, where the boys were waiting to receive us, we were nearly overcome by bashfulness. (Freshmen are always bashful.) But after many an urgent invitation, we reluctantly joined our comrades, who gave us a reception so warm that we feel safe in saying that no Freshman Class has ever had a warmer time at Hampden-Sidney. But at last the Faculty came to our rescue, and henceforth Freshmen will dwell in peace. After this we looked forward to the part our class should play in the football contests, and for many an afternoon there might have been seen gallant and determined youths training hard, that they might be proclaimed victors and have their brows encircled with laurels. At last the long-looked-for day arrived when we should meet the Sophs in football. We played hard, yet never ceasing to remember that the "Lord loveth a cheerful giver." So with our hearts in our throats and tears in our eyes we gave the victory to our opponents.

As all histories contain the exploits of heroes, we, too, must mention our distinguished list. Nineteen four gives to football, Payne and MacCorkle; to baseball, Patton and Jones; and to the "grinds" Clarke and Weaver. What class with so young a life can boast of so great honors? Well may this Freshman Class feel proud of her loyal sons!

May the Class of '04 ever push onward and upward to higher things, so that when four long years shall have passed she will not be weighed in the balance and found wanting; but as a class, may she strive for the highest and best in life, and feel at the end of her time, that all can say to her: "Well done! Well done!"

HISTORIAN.

THE DREAM OF THE MIDNIGHT REVELLER.



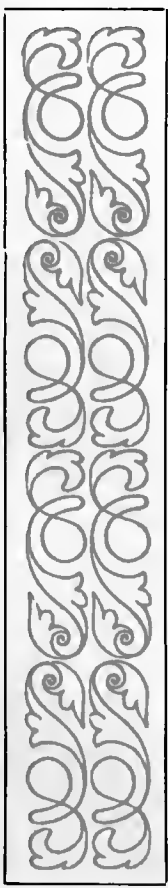
E MEET 'neath the night's broad shadow,
And the trees stand dim and bare,
And the darkness seems to hallow
The grim old barracks there.

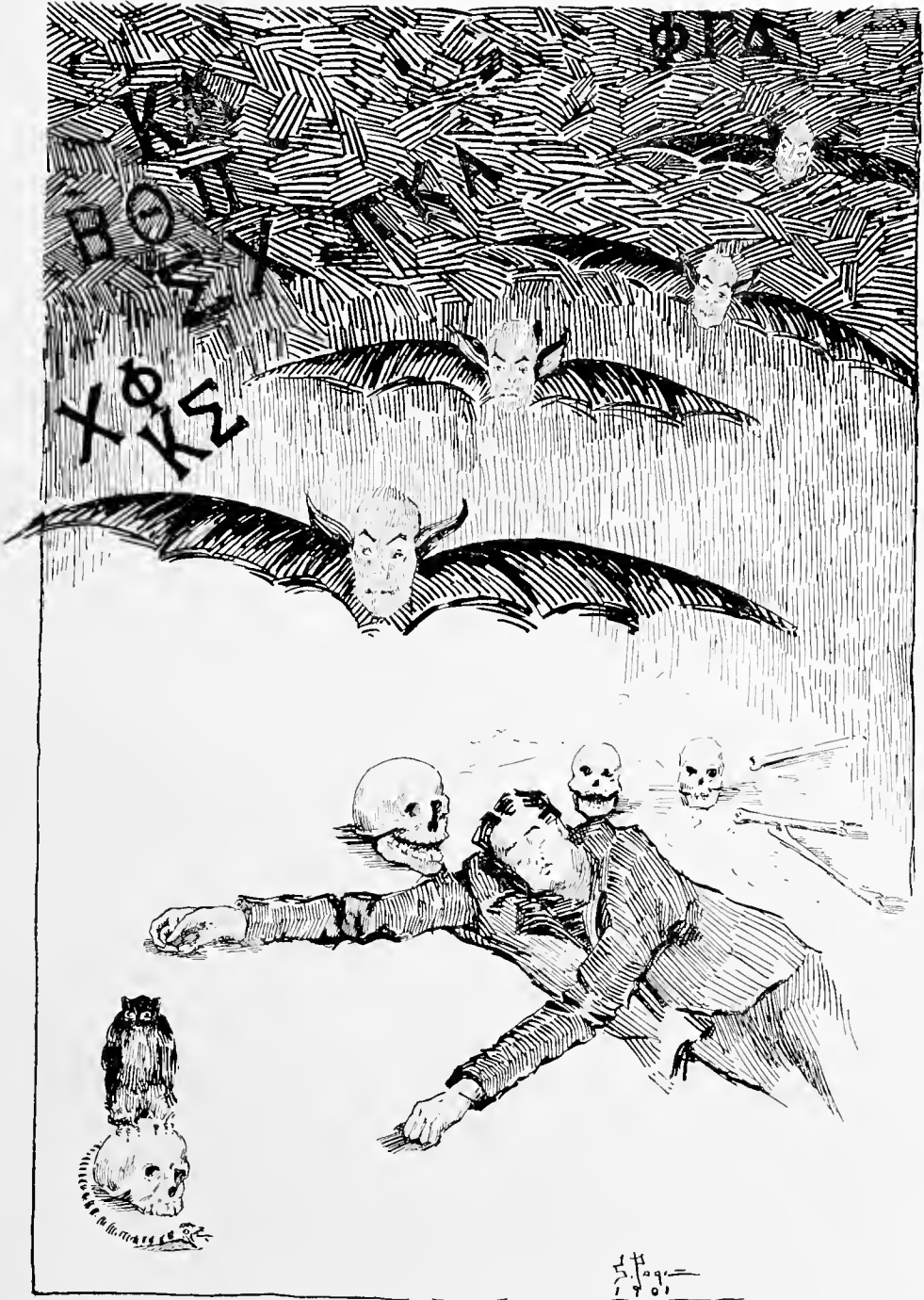
The campus lies all hidden,
And the ghosts of by-gone days
Seem to rise and walk unbidden
O'er its dim and misty ways.

Our hearts are young and burning,
And our days are thoughtless days,
But hearts to the dust returning
Have learned to know these ways.

And now, as an old man yearning
For the joys that his youth has lost,
The ghosts of the dead returning
March past in a silent host.

Their hearts, once young, were burning,
And they trod these dusky ways,
For those grim halls of learning
Have seen their happy days.





IN THE ORDER OF THEIR FOUNDATION

Beta Theta Pi.

Founded at Miami University in 1839.

Colors.

Pink and Blue.

Zeta Chapter.

Established, 1849.

Fratres in Facultate.

RICHARD MCILWAINE, D. D., LL. D. President
WALTER BLAIR, A. M., D. L. Emeritus
H. R. MCILWAINE, PH. D.

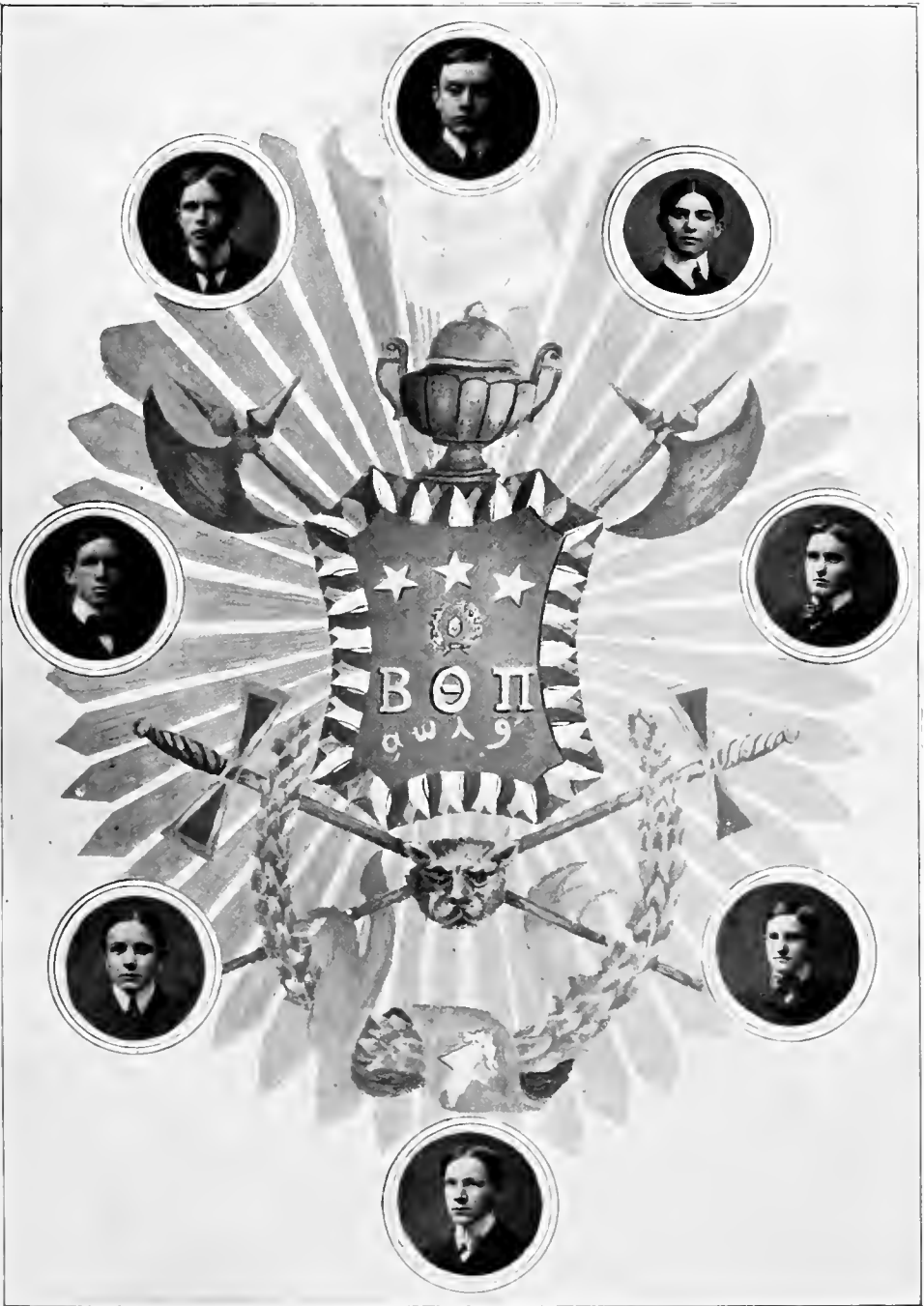
Frater in Urbe.

W. M. HOLLADAY, M. D.

Fratres in Collegio.

PEYTON COCHRAN, '01,	ROBERT SPOTTS GRAHAM, '02,
ROBERT EVELYN HENRY, '02,	STEWART LEIGH MAGEE, '02,
RICHARD HANSFORD BURROUGHS, '02,	LEMUEL ROY JONES, '03,
EDWARD HERRMAN COHN, '02,	SAMUEL WALTHALL BUDD, '04.

Sixty-first Annual Convention held at Put in Bay, Ohio, August 27th, 28th, 29th, 1900.
Active Chapters, 65; Alumni Chapters, 35.



Chi Phi.

Founded at Princeton in 1824.

Colors.

Scarlet and Blue.

Epsilon Chapter.

Fratres in Collegio.

LOUIS SPENCER EPES, '00,	LONDON LESLIE DAVIS, '01,
JAMES DENHAM PASCO '02,	GEORGE BLANTON ALLEN, '02.
SAMUEL MILLER ZEA, '02,	DENNIS HAMILTON WILLCOX '02,
PIERRE BERNARD HILL, '02,	JOSEPH KINCAID IRVING, '03,
RICHARD ADDISON GILLIAM, '03,	JAMES FLETCHER EPES, JR., '02,
LITTLETON EDMUNDS HUBBARD, '02,	SAMUEL ALEXANDER MCCOY, '04.
WILLIAM GOSHORN McCORKLE, '04,	ABNEY ASHLEY PAYNE, '04,
WILLIAM TWYMAN WILLIAMS, '03,	HENRY CROCHERON THORNTON, '04,
CABELL FLOURNOY FITZGERALD, '02,	WILLIAM MYNN THORNTON, JR., '04.

Fratres in Urbe

EDGAR WIRT VENABLE
GEORGE FITZGERALD

THOMAS DUPUY GILLIAM
FRANK M. CUNNINGHAM

Annual Congress held in Atlanta, Georgia, December 1-3, 1900.



Phi Gamma Delta.

Founded at Washington and Jefferson, in 1848.

Color.

Royal Purple.

Delta Deuteron Chapter.

Established, 1870.

Fratres in Collegio.

THOMAS OWEN EASLEY

COLIN DUNLAP SPOTTSWOOD

J. E. B. HOLLADAY

WILLARD JAMES RIDDICK

LEWIS DUPUY JOHNSTON

WALKER CUTTS

JOHN CRADDOCK LAWSON

RICHARD PEGRAM BOYKIN

Fratres in Urbe.

MONROE D. MORTON

EDWARD S. DUPUY

T. SANFORD HART

REV. B. F. BEDINGER

Active Chapters, Forty-eight.

Alumni Chapters, Sixteen.

Convention held at Niagara Falls, New York, July 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 1900.

Delegates, D. SPOTTSWOOD and J. SCALES,



Sigma Chi.

Founded at Miami University in 1855.

Sigma Sigma Chapter.

Established, 1872.

OFFICIAL ORGAN : "Quarterly."

SECRET ORGAN : "Bulletin."

Colors.

Blue and Gold.

Fratres in Collegio.

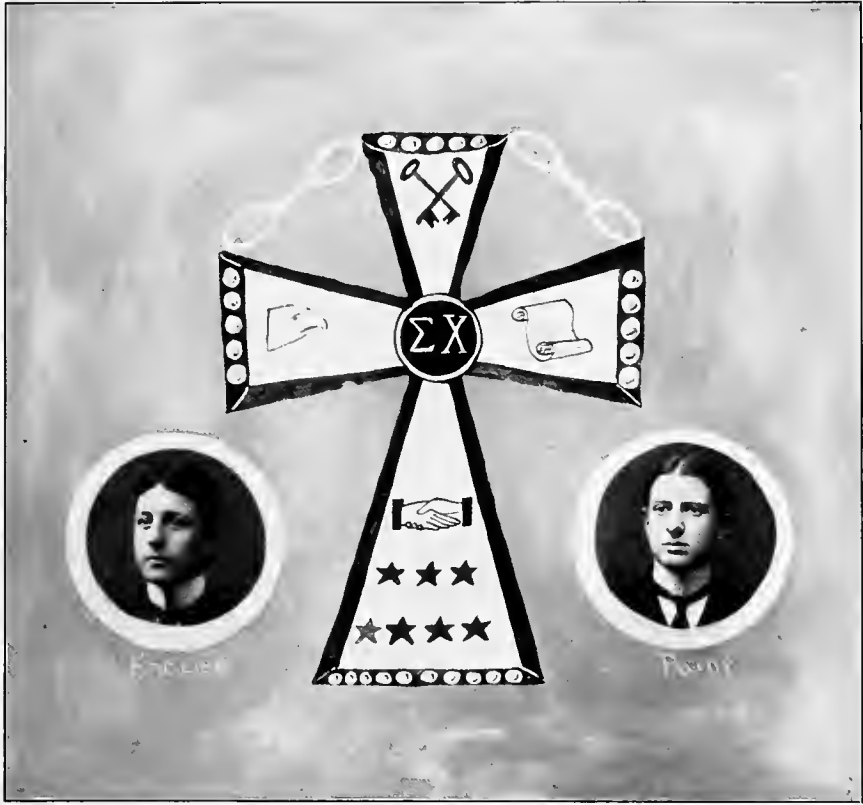
THOMAS REESE ENGLISH, JR.

JAMES HENRY RUDY.

Active Chapters, Fifty.

Alumni Chapters, Ten.

Grand Convention held in Philadelphia, September 1899.



Upsilon of Kappa Sigma.

Founded at University of Virginia in 1865. Established, 1883.

Colors.

Old Gold, Maroon, and Peacock Blue.

OFFICIAL ORGAN: "Caduceus."

SECRET ORGAN: "Star and Crescent."

Fratres in Collegio.

SAMUEL EDMOND OSBOURNE,

WILLIAM MAUZY KEMPER,

JAMES IRA PRITCHETT, JR.,

LANGHORNE REID,

RICHARD CRALLE STOKES,

ALBERT FULLER PATTON,

WILLIAM FEARN PATTON,

MOIR SAUNDERS MARTIN,

EDWARD CABANISS, JR.,

CHARLES DANIEL MCCOY.

Frater in Urbe.

A. M. DUVALL.

Active Chapters, Fifty-four.

Alumni Chapters, Thirteen.

Last Convention held at Philadelphia, October, 1900.

Delegates: E. H. RICHARDSON and R. H. PRITCHETT.



Pi Kappa Alpha.

Founded at University of Virginia, 1868.

Colors.

Garnet and Old Gold.

Iota Chapter.

Established, 1885.

Fratres in Collegio.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT JONES,

ALEXANDER MARTIN,

ROBERT HENNING WEBB,

WILLIAM READ MARTIN,

HUGH MOFFITT McALLISTER,

FRANK HURT MANN,

MAURICE BLAIR LANGHORNE,

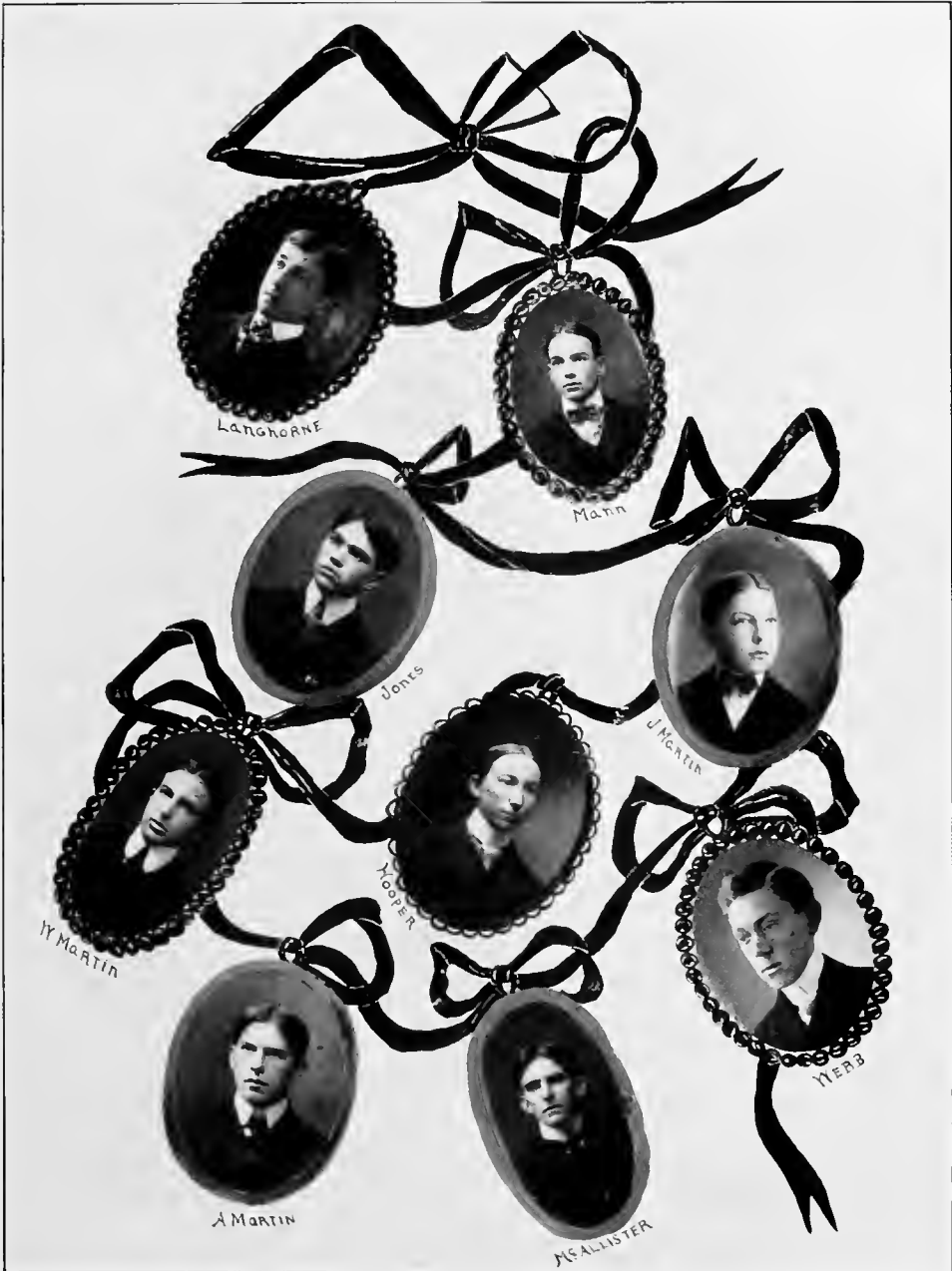
JOHN MARTIN.

Frater in Facultate.

THOMAS WILLIAMSON HOOPER, JR.

Grand Convention held at Charlotte, North Carolina, April 3-5, 1901.

Delegates: WILLIAM READ MARTIN, ROBERT HENNING WEBB, HUGH MOFFITT McALLISTER.



PI KAPPA ALPHA

Kappa Alpha.

(Southern Order.)

Founded at Washington College in December, 1865.

Colors.

Crimson and Gold.

OFFICIAL ORGAN : " Kappa Alpha Journal. "

Alpha Tau Chapter.

Fratres in Collegio.

HENRY BOWDEN,

HARDY CROSS,

CREIGHTON C. CAMPBELL,

LUTHER SHELDON, JR.,

HORACE PALMER JONES,

CARROLL LYMAN JONES.

Active Chapters, Forty.

Alumni Chapters, Sixteen.

Next Convention to be held at Richmond, Virginia, June 25th, 1901.

Delegate: H. P. JONES.



KAPPA ALPHA.



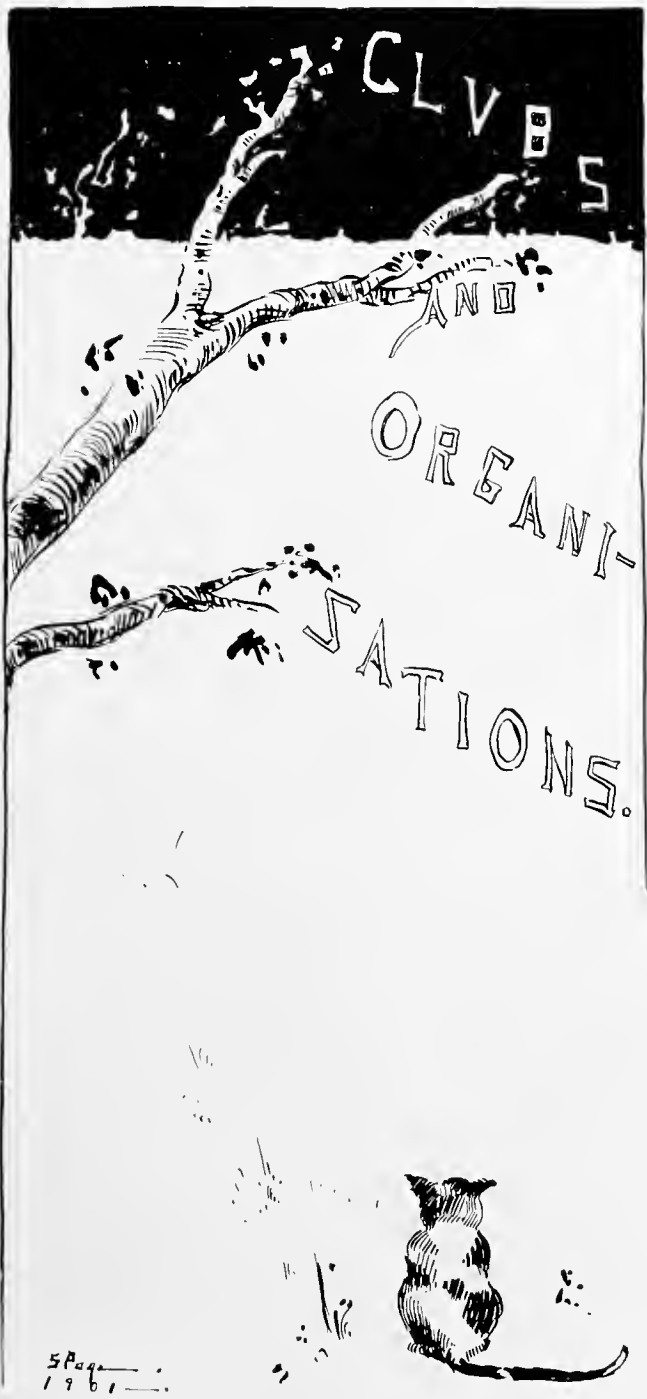
A Valentine.

Were I the king of fairy-land,
And you a fairy, too,
My sweet! I'd crave your gentle hand,
And have no queen but you.

But, ah,—I am no fairy king,
And what have I to give?
For wishes will no longer bring
The wherewithal to live.

There is a humble kingdom where
Your subjects would be true,—
Nor would a thought be harbored there,
But prove their love for you.

My heart could wish no stronger bliss,—
(Nor is a greater known),—
And crave no purer joy than this:
That you accept the throne.



5 Page
1961

Members.

W. M. KEMPER,

T. R. ENGLISH, JR.

L. S. EPES,

W. E. JONES,

S. E. OSBOURNE,

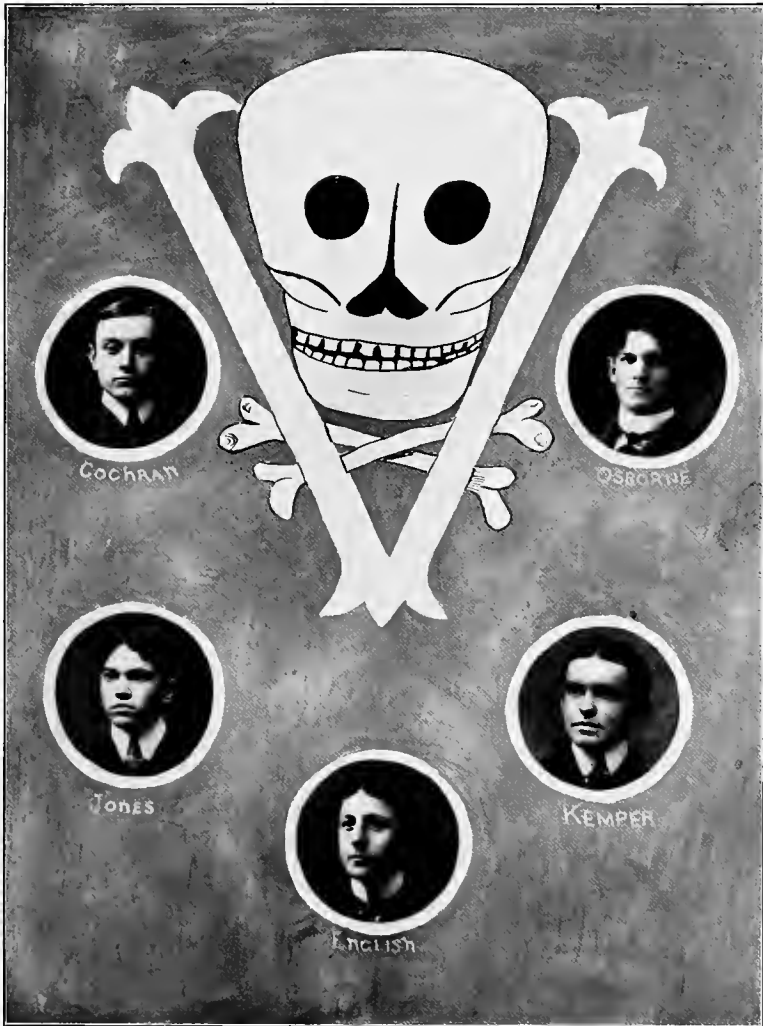
PEYTON COCHRAN,

R. E. HENRY,

J. D. PASCO,

A. P. JOHNSON,

J. H. RUDY.



COCHRAN

OSBORNE

JONES

KEMPER

ENGLISH

Theta Nu Epsilon.

Beta Rho Chapter.

Founded at Ohio Wesleyan University, 1870.

Members.

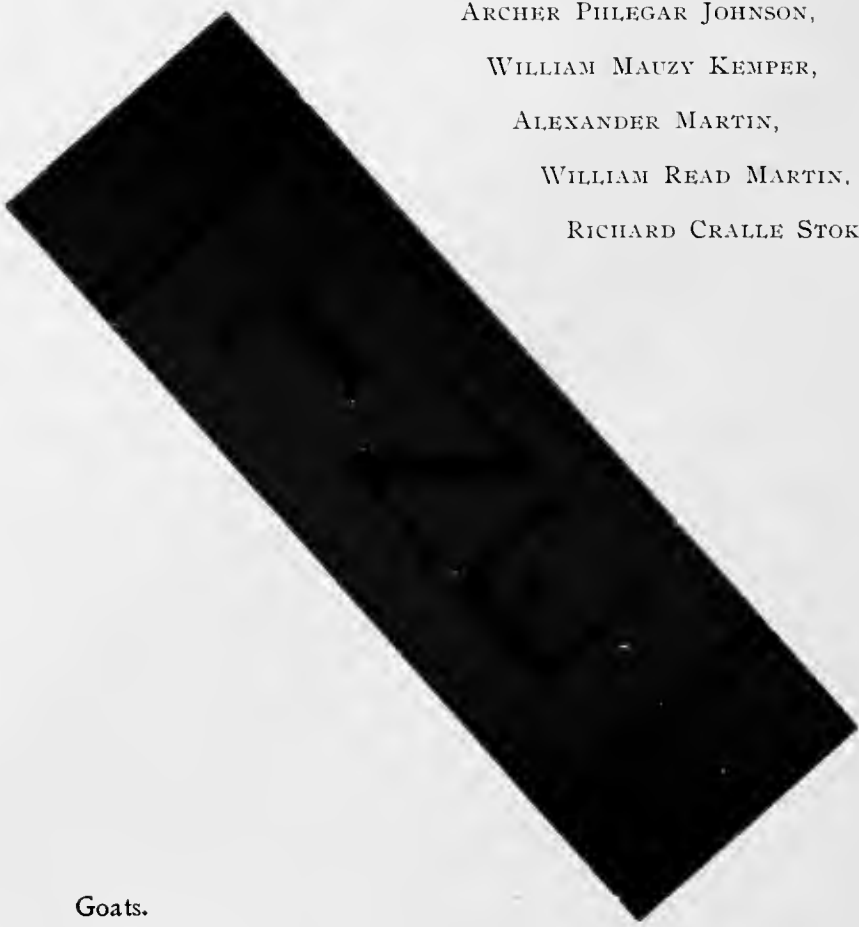
ARCHER PILLEGAR JOHNSON,

WILLIAM MAUZY KEMPER,

ALEXANDER MARTIN,

WILLIAM READ MARTIN.

RICHARD CRALLE STOKES.



Goats.

m k 5 u G x I 8 = E M
= L a Æ & b = ff u G

R. H. O. C. T.

Members.

T. W. HOOPER, JR.

J. D. PASCO

A. P. JOHNSON

J. C. PARSONS

W. M. KEMPER

E. W. LEE, JR.

A. F. PATTON

R. S. PRESTON

M. S. MARTIN

G. B. ALLEN

ABNEY PAYNE

T. R. ENGLISH, JR.

R. E. HENRY



Officers.

J. H. C. WINSTON,	President
D. H. WILLCOX,	Vice-President

Members.

R. H. BURROUGHS,	In venatione anima gaudet
E. H. COHN,	Sum dominus omnium quæ spectro
L. E. HUBBARD,	Dat operam negotio suo
W. G. MACCORKLE,	Lurco edax
D. H. WILLCOX,	Fabricator crepantium sonorum



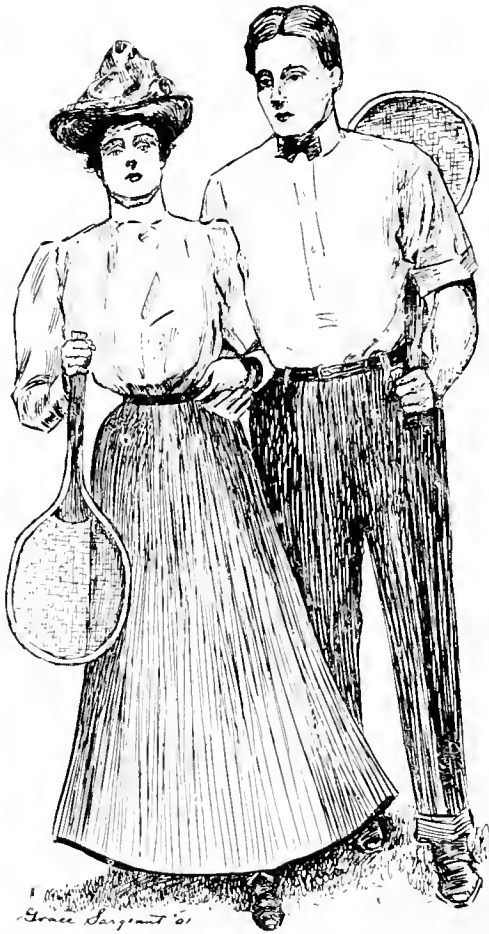
Venable's Inn.

Motto :

"The proof of the pudding is the eating."

Knights of the Round Table.

PEYTON COCHRAN	Musica delectat suum animum
T. O. EASLEY	Ei in cunis dormiendum est
G. B. ALLEN	Eius caput est simile occidenti soli
J. H. RUDY	Habet aquilæ oculum
R. A. GILLIAM	Celerrimus cursor in collegio
W. R. MARTIN	Negat se ipsum esse virum
J. I. PRITCHETT	Omnes revertur ne moriatur studendo
JOHN MARTIN	Fabricator sententiarum
A. A. PAYNE	Sine pari in regnis musical
M. S. MARTIN	Amantissimus assuum
W. T. WILLIAMS	Cantatar magna facultate



Reynold's Ranch.

* Motto.

"Dum vivimus, edamus."

Yell

Rah, Rah, Rah !

Rip, Rah, Ree !

Reynold's Ranch, Reynold's Ranch !

H. S. C.

Members.

- T. R. ENGLISH, JR. He must needs go that the devil drives
 A. P. JOHNSON His name will speak for itself
 J. C. PARSONS Destined to fame by the inhabitants of heaven
 C. C. CAMPBELL An oracle within an empty cask
 L. R. JONES And still the wonder grows that you can tote your nose
 T. W. HOOPER, JR. Ὁ συντομος ἀνῆρ
 S. W. BUDD Thou shalt touch the stars with thy lofty stature
 EDWARD CABANISS, JR. They always talk who never think
 W. F. PATTON Good Lord, deliver us from an inquisitive youth
 B. M. HILL One may smile and smile and be a villain
 C. D. SPOTTSWOOD But still his tongue ran on
 A. F. PATTON All seems infected that the infected spy
 B. B. REYNOLDS What is your study



Carrington Club.

Motto.

“Oportet vivere ut edas, non esse ut vivas.”

Officers.

- DR. J. H. C. BAGBY, President
 R. C. STOKES, Vice-President
 H. P. JONES, Head Waiter

Members.

- C. L. JONES, “Budd,” Not a salt-water fish
 F. H. MANN, “Franky,” The Mann of God
 S. A. McCOY, “Kid,” Bark, Fido! D—— if I do
 R. S. GRAHAM, “Bob,” In a lane—could he stop a pig?
 R. S. PRESTON, “Bob,” ‘Top laffin’ an’ be dood!’
 R. E. HENRY, “Bob,” The ladies lose their hearts!
 S. L. MAGEE, “Hee,” *Piger, Pignor, Pigerimus*
 M. B. LANGHORNE, “Maurice,” ‘Let’s play dominoes!’
 W. McA. ENGLAND, “John Bull,” So polished! Use him as a mirror
 W. A. McALLISTER, “Bildad,” The Shuhite
 J. D. PASCO, “Jimmy,” Smiling, Grinning, Laughing Jimmy
 G. S. HARNESBERGER, “Bull,” ‘I saw that in Washington’
 H. M. McALLISTER, “Mae,” Sedate, Phlegmatic, Impassive as a Statue
 ALEXANDER MARTIN, “Alex,” His watchword is—“Magnolia”
 R. C. STOKES, “Tommy,” Punster and Poet—what a failure!



Lacy House.

Motto.

Chacun á son gout.

Members.

W. M. KEMPER . . . Pro Wright dulce est mori.
 J. E. B. HOLLADAY . . . Princeps mendacium.
 L. S. EPES . . . Amat rideri et audisi etiam.
 LANGHORNE REID Et misogynist et bibliomania.
 J. F. EPES . . . Puer loquaci natura.
 A. H. CLARKE . . . Vide superius labrum.
 S. M. ZEA . . . Tam facile rubescit.
 W. S. LEE . . . Hostia non mentiate amoris.
 H. HAWKES . . . Sine pari in regnis eloquentie.
 L. L. DAVIS . . . Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.
 J. C. LAWSON . . . Hellus librorum.
 W. J. RIDDICK . . . Adoro te, Phyllis.
 WALKER CUTTS . . . Fornicee passibus ambulat.

R. P. BOYKIN . . . The Christian may succeed in converting him.
 F. M. EYERSOLE . . . Rex taciturnitatis.
 S. E. OSBOURNE . . . A Liliputian by birth.
 S. D. CRAIG . . . Perpetuus risor.
 R. H. JOHNSON . . . Sui generis.
 L. D. JOHNSTON . . . Homo curvis cruribus



CALICO



C. C. Campbell
 H. Bowden
 R. H. Burroughs
 J. C. Parsons
 C. D. McCoy
 S. M. Zea
 L. Reid
 J. F. Epes

Walker Cutts
 W. J. Riddick
 Cabell Fitzgerald
 L. D. Johnston
 P. B. Hill
 Abney Payne
 C. D. Spottswood
 B. M. Hill

Motto.

Amor omnia vincit et nos amori cedamus.

Colors.

Pale Moonlight, Red and Blue.

Chorus.

C-a-l-i-c-o ! Calico ! Calico !
 C-a-l-i-c-o ! Calico ! Calico ! [ad infinitum]

Officers.

S. E. OSBOURNE President
 J. H. RUDY Vice-President
 ALEXANDER MARTIN Misogynist
 W. S. LEE Indiscriminate Lover
 L. S. EPES Exemplar

Members.

J. D. Pasco	Peyton Cochran
J. E. B. Holladay	D. H. Willcox
W. E. Jones	G. B. Allen
T. W. Hooper	R. C. Stokes
R. A. Gilliam	W. M. Kemper
H. M. McAllister	T. O. Easley
J. I. Pritchett, Jr.	W. R. Martin
M. S. Martin	L. L. Davis
E. W. Lee, Jr.	W. G. MacCorkle
R. S. Preston	W. M. Thornton
T. R. English, Jr.	S. A. McCoy
L. R. Jones	S. L. Magee
	W. T. Williams
	S. W. Budd
	M. B. Langhorne
	A. F. Patton
	R. E. Henry
	G. B. Allen
	F. A. Brown
	A. P. Johnson
	Edward Cabaniss, Jr.



Camera Club.

Motto.

“ Sure to catch you sooner or later ;
who 's the next ? ”

Colors.

Ultra Violet and Crimson.

Officers.

W. M. ENGLAND President
L. R. JONES Vice-President
W. G. MACCORKLE,
Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

A. P. Johnson	S. W. Budd	C. D. Spottswood
B. M. Hill	W. J. Riddick	R. H. Johnson
S. A. McCoy	W. S. Weaver	Walker Cutts
W. T. Williams	W. M. Carter	R. S. Preston
A. F. Patton	W. M. Thornton	
R. C. Stokes	J. A. Christian	
P. Y. Johnson	S. D. Craig	
F. H. Mann	M. B. Langhorne	
H. C. Thornton	W. R. Martin	

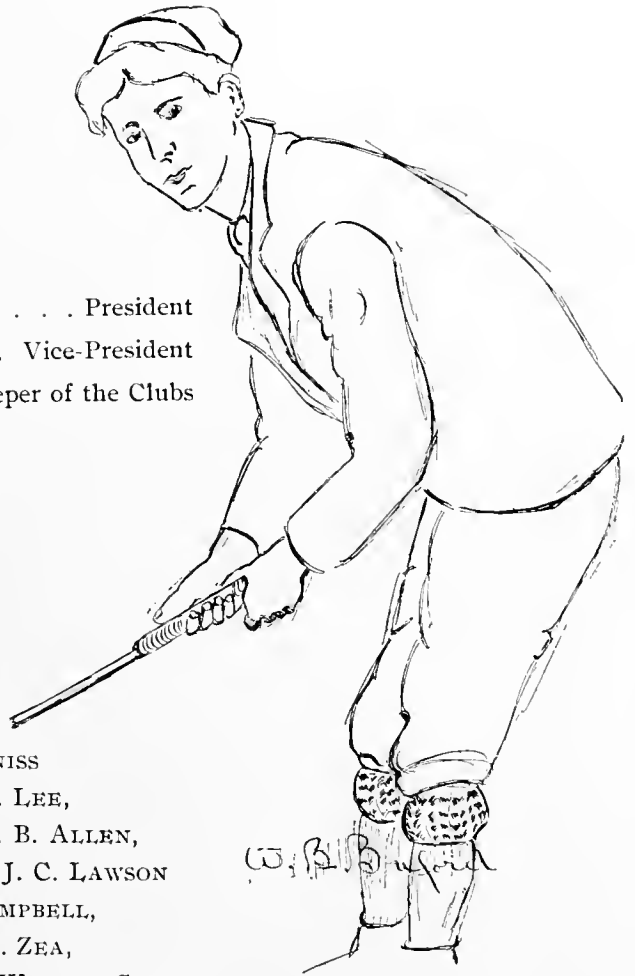
Hockey Club.

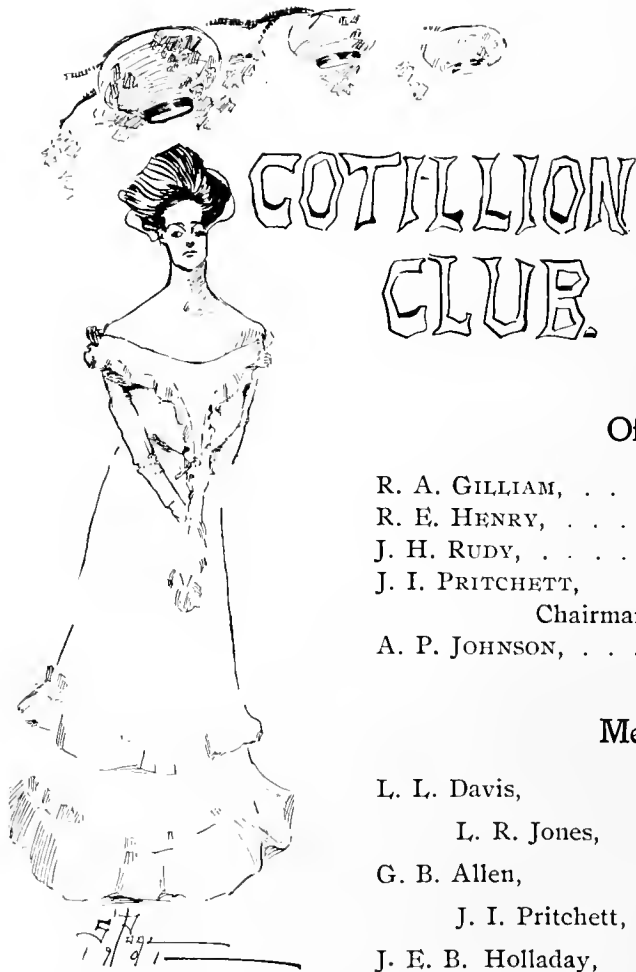
Officers.

R. E. HENRY President
 W. M. THORNTON, Vice-President
 C. F. FITZGERALD, Keeper of the Clubs

Members.

J. C. PARSONS
 C. D. McCOY,
 H. M. McALLISTER,
 L. SHELDON,
 C. L. JONES,
 W. E. JONES,
 T. R. ENGLISH, E. CABANISS
 W. G. MACCORKLE, E. W. LEE,
 T. W. HOOPER, G. B. ALLEN,
 J. I. PRITCHETT, J. C. LAWSON
 T. O. EASLEY, C. C. CAMPBELL,
 R. S. PRESTON, S. M. ZEA,
 E. G. STOKES, WALKER CUTTS,
 W. J. RIDDICK, J. D. PASCO, J. E. B. HOLLADAY.
 C. D. SPOTTWOOD, R. A. GILLIAM, B. M. HILL,
 S. W. BUDD, R. S. GRAHAM, J. K. IRVING,
 JOHN MARTIN, M. B. LANGHORNE, W. F. PATTON,
 D. H. WILLCOX, W. T. WILLIAMS.





COTILLION CLUB

Officers.

- R. A. GILLIAM, President
 R. E. HENRY, Vice-President
 J. H. RUDY, Secretary and Treasurer
 J. I. PRITCHETT,
 Chairman Arrangement Committee
 A. P. JOHNSON, Leader

Members.

- | | | | |
|--------------------|----------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| L. L. Davis, | | R. A. Gilliam, | |
| L. R. Jones, | | H. M. Roberts, | |
| G. B. Allen, | | R. E. Henry, | |
| J. I. Pritchett, | | H. Bowden, | |
| J. E. B. Holladay, | | H. M. McAllister, | |
| R. H. Burroughs, | | T. O. Easley, | |
| S. L. Magee, | W. M. Kemper, | S. E. Osbourne, | J. D. Pasco, |
| E. W. Lee, Jr., | L. Reid, | C. D. McCoy, | W. G. MacCorkle, |
| L. Sheldon, | R. H. Johnson, | R. S. Preston, | R. P. Boykin, |
| G. C. Robeson, | S. A. McCoy, | M. S. Martin, | W. M. England, |
| Walker Cutts, | W. J. Riddick, | C. F. Fitzgerald, | C. D. Spottswood, |
| E. Cabaniss, | W. F. Patton, | A. A. Payne, | A. F. Patton, |
| W. T. Williams, | S. W. Budd, | H. P. Jones. | |

The Smokers.

Motto :

While hell and heaven fight for sway
We smoke and watch the world go by.

Officers.

S. A. McCoy The Great Pipist
E. W. LEE Seeker After Meerschams
WALKER CUTTS The Cigarette Roller
LANGHORNE REID The Occasional Smoker

Members.

J. K. Irving
R. C. Stokes
R. H. Johnson
R. A. Gilliam
H. Bowden
W. J. Riddick
W. G. MacCorkle
L. Sheldon
R. H. Burroughs
S. L. Magee
R. P. Boykin
W. A. McAllister
S. A. McCoy
C. D. McCoy
J. L. Daniel
J. F. Epes
W. M. Carter



T. W. Hooper, Jr.
G. B. Allen
W. M. England



Officers.

P. B. HILL President
 A. F. PATTON Vice-President
 R. H. BURROUGHS Chief Gunner

Members.

T. O. Easley	R. C. Stokes	L. S. Epes
H. M. Roberts	J. E. B. Holladay	
A. Martin	R. H. Burroughs	R. H. Johnson
R. E. Henry	E. G. Stokes	
A. F. Patton	C. D. Spottswood	S. D. Craig
W. S. Weaver	J. F. Epes	
W. E. Jones	W. G. MacCorkle	P. L. Clarke
H. Hawkes	W. M. Carter	
B. M. Hill	S. W. Budd	M. B. Langhorne
H. C. Thornton	G. F. Bell	
P. G. Edmunds	P. Y. Johnson	R. E. Fultz
J. K. Irving	J. C. Parsons	
H. R. Edmunds	W. M. Thornton	C. F. Fitzgerald



Golf Club.

Officers.

H. BOWDEN President
 J. C. PARSONS . . . Vice-President
 A. A. PAYNE,
 Secretary and Treasurer
 J. C. LAWSON Caddie

Members.

J. C. Lawson	L. D. Johnston
R. A. Gilliam	J. D. Pasco
R. H. Webb	A. Martin
A. P. Johnson	G. B. Allen
C. L. Jones	C. C. Campbell
L. Sheldon	R. S. Preston
S. A. McCoy	W. A. McAllister
H. B. Moore	H. M. McAllister
Walker Cutts	W. G. MacCorkle
R. E. Henry	S. W. Budd
E. Cabaniss	T. O. Easley
R. S. Graham	C. F. Fitzgerald
E. W. Lee	J. E. B. Holladay
C. D. Spottswood	
W. T. Williams	
W. M. Thornton	W. R. Martin
H. C. Thornton	L. R. Jones
Hardy Cross	D. H. Willcox



Riding Club.

HINDS AND NOBLE, Livery Men
 F. M. EVERSOLE, Breeder; P. B. HILL, Hostler
 H. P. JONES, Head Riding Master
 R. H. WEBB, Most Ardent Equestrian
 C. C. CAMPBELL, Expert Manipulator of the Ribbons

Knights.

G. F. Bell, E. G. Stokes, G. C. Robeson, R. H. Webb,
 F. S. Anderson, A. A. Payne, R. A. Gilliam, L. R. Jones,
 Langhorne Reid, C. D. McCoy, R. P. Boykin, P. L. Clarke,
 Harry T. Crews, Walker Cutts, C. L. Jones, D. H. Willcox,
 W. T. Williams, S. M. Zea, W. R. Martin, C. F. Fitzgerald,
 J. F. Epes, L. Sheldon, T. W. Hooper, Jr.



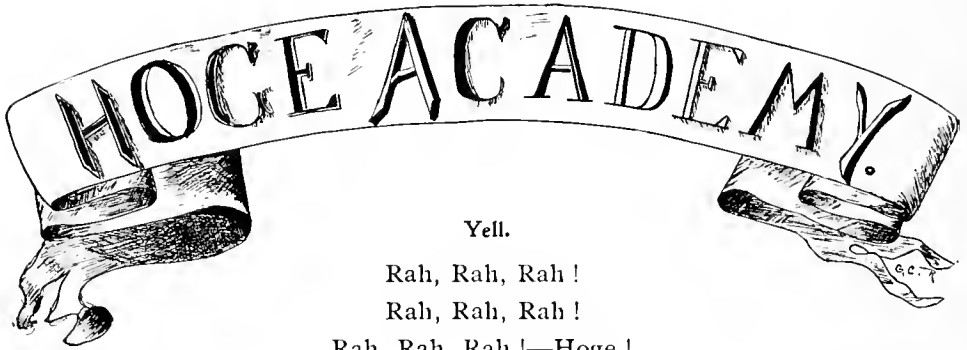
Tidewater Club.

Officers.

F. A. BROWN President
J. E. B. HOLLADAY . Vice-President
E. H. COHN Treasurer

Members.

R. H. Burroughs
E. H. Cohn
Luther Sheldon
H. Bowden
H. P. Jones
Hardy Cross
M. B. Langhorne
J. E. B. Holladay
R. H. Webb
P. Y. Johnson
F. A. Brown
J. A. Christian
R. P. Boykin
D. H. Willcox
C. L. Jones



Yell.
 Rah, Rah, Rah !
 Rah, Rah, Rah !
 Rah, Rah, Rah !—Hoge !

Officers.

L. L. DAVIS President
 R. C. STOKES Vice-President
 W. S. LEE Secretary

Members.

	L. S. Epes	J. F. Epes
H. Hawkes	S. M. Zea	J. C. Wolverton
G. S. Harnesberger	Walker Cutts	L. L. Davis
F. S. Anderson	R. P. Boykin	W. S. Lee
S. L. Magee	F. H. Mann	R. C. Stokes



First Passage Club.

Yell.

Rah, Rah, First!

Rah, Rah, Passage!

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, First Passage!

Motto.

"Bring forth the royal bumper and let him bump."

Colors.

Black and Blue.

Troglodytes.

R. S. Graham

W. J. Riddick

L. D. Johnston

C. C. Campbell

L. R. Jones

R. H. Johnson

R. S. Preston

R. E. Henry

J. C. Lawson

G. F. Bell

Peyton Cochran

S. L. Magee

J. A. Christian

R. H. Burroughs

Langhorne Reid

T. O. Easley

H. M. Roberts

E. H. Cohn

P. Y. Johnson

F. S. Anderson



Fourth Passage Club.

Yell.

Eat 'em up !
Do 'em up !
Chew 'em up fine !
Fourth Passage, Fourth Passage !
Nit, resign !

Flower.

“Lilium Vallis.”

Incolae.

W. E. Jones	H. M. McAllister	W. M. England
E. G. Stokes	L. L. Davis	W. S. Lee
P. B. Hill	D. H. Willcox	R. A. Gilliam
G. B. Allen	T. R. English, Jr.	J. H. Rudy
L. S. Epes	J. F. Epes	F. H. Mann
L. E. Hubbard	J. L. Daniel	E. McGehee
A. P. Johnson	T. W. Hooper, Jr.	



Garnet and Gray.

Hail to the colors we've cherished for long!
 Hail to the banner we wave for our own!
 In the bright rainbow how many tints throng!
 These are the twain that delight us alone!
 Garnet and Gray,
 The grave and the gay.
 All hail to the colors we choose for our song!

Then first to the color the happy heart knows
 When fortune smiles bright and the world's full of cheer:
 'T is the hue in the heart of the Jacqueminot rose,
 The blush on the cheek of the girl you hold dear,
 The flashlight of Mars,
 Bravest born of the stars,
 And the translucent ruby that sparkles and glows.

Then something to soften the sparkle and light
 When the quiet heart seeks a subdued, tender tone:
 'T is the gleam of the dove's wing, the falling of night,
 The tear-misty fountain with musical moan.
 Garnet and Gray,
 The grave and the gay—
 Whate'er be your humor these colors delight.



Officers.

H. M. ROBERTS	Stage Director
R. E. HENRY	Manager
ABNEY PAYNE	Musical Director

Members.

Richard Cralle Stokes	Harry Havener Munroe
Richard Hansford Burroughs	Samuel Alexander McCoy
James Denham Pasco	Robert Evelyn Henry
Lyttleton Edward Hubard	Herrman M. Roberts
William M. Thornton, Jr.	Abney Payne
Eugene W. Lee, Jr.	Cabell Fitzgerald



DRAMATIC CLUB



Mandolin, Guitar and Glee Club.

Mandolins.

P. BERNARD HILL, First Mandolin (Leader) HARRY BOWDEN, First Mandolin
 J. H. RUDY, Second Mandolin

Guitars.

ARCHER P. JOHNSON ROBERT E. HENRY GEORGE BLANTON ALLEN

J. D. PASCO, Manager
 ABNEY PAYNE, Pianist

Glee Club.

CABELL FITZGERALD, First Tenor
 R. A. GILLIAM, Second Tenor
 R. C. STOKES, First Bass
 H. M. ROBERTS, Second Bass



GLEE CLUB

Who?

Blest thrice are they who in her graces live,
Endeared by every tie that love can give.

Thrice blest, for in her gentle heart they see
The sweetest Faith and Hope and Charity.

Youth plays, perennial, in her winsome face,—
Joy-fraught that he hath found so dear a place.

On every side one hears her praises sung,—
Her winning words and deeds and ways. Nor tongue

Nor pen can ever hope her charms to tell,
So many, they, that in this maiden dwell.

Oh, she doth all description far transcend!
Now, can you tell the name of this dear friend?



ATHLETICS



APRIL 10 1914
BY THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
111 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK



College Football Team.

Officers.

WILLIAM M. KEMPER (Left Half-back) Captain
 LOUIS SPENCER EPES Manager
 HARRY L. SHANER Coach

Members.

MARTIN, A. Left End	MACCORKLE Full-back
CAMPBELL Left End	HAWKES Right End
RUDY Left End	OSBOURNE Right Tackle
GILLIAM Left Tackle	DAVIS Right Guard
COHN Left Guard	JONES, W. E. Right Half-back
HOOPER Quarter-back	ROBERTS Center

Substitutes.

EVERSOLE	ENGLISH	PAYNE	BELL	BURROUGHS
----------	---------	-------	------	-----------

Games of '00 Season

October 12th, St. Albans, 0; Hampden-Sidney, 21.
 November 3d, William and Mary, 0; Hampden-Sidney, 17.
 November 5th, Randolph-Macon, 0; Hampden-Sidney, 11.
 November 15th, Richmond, 0; Hampden-Sidney, 34.



FOOTBALL TEAM.



College Baseball Team.

Officers.

T. R. ENGLISH, JR. Manager
 R. S. GRAHAM Captain
 R. E. HENRY Assistant Manager

Members.

R. S. Graham Second Base	English Third Base
Hooper Shortstop	Campbell Left Field
Bowden First Base	Robeson Center Field
MacCorkle Right Field	

Catchers.

R. E. Henry

G. B. Allen

Pitchers.

A. P. Johnson

H. P. Jones

J. C. Parsons

Subs.

E. H. Cohn

L. D. Johnston



BASEBALL TEAM.

Gymnasium Team.

Officers.

T. W. HOOPER, JR. Director
H. H. MONROE Assistant

Team.

T. W. HOOPER, JR.	P. G. EDMUNDS,	J. H. RUDY,
H. P. JONES,	C. L. JONES,	W. F. PATTON,
C. C. CAMPBELL,	E. H. COHN,	S. E. OSBOURNE,
H. HAWKES,	R. A. GILLIAM.	



GYMNASIUM TEAM.

College Track Team.

Officers.

R. A. GILLIAM Manager
J. D. PASCO Assistant Manager
HARRY BOWDEN Captain
W. M. KEMPER Field Officer

Team.

Runners

W. E. JONES	R. A. GILLIAM	G. B. ALLEN
H. BOWDEN	C. L. JONES	R. S. GRAHAM
A. A. PAYNE	J. H. RUDY	H. P. JONES

Hurdlers.

R. S. GRAHAM	R. S. PRESTON	L. D. JOHNSTON
T. W. HOOPER, JR.	W. F. PATTON	A. P. JOHNSON
C. L. JONES	A. A. PAYNE	W. E. JONES

Running Broad Jump.

T. W. HOOPER, JR.	H. P. JONES	E. W. LEE
G. B. ALLEN	R. S. PRESTON	C. L. JONES
J. H. RUDY	W. F. PATTON	L. D. JOHNSTON

High Jump.

L. L. DAVIS	E. W. LEE	T. W. HOOPER, JR.
A. P. JOHNSON	G. B. ALLEN	H. P. JONES
W. E. JONES	R. S. GRAHAM	J. H. RUDY

Putting the Shot.

R. A. GILLIAM	H. BOWDEN	R. S. GRAHAM
S. E. OSBOURNE	L. L. DAVIS	L. D. JOHNSTON
E. H. COHN	A. A. PAYNE	A. P. JOHNSON

Throwing the Hammer.

S. E. OSBOURNE	R. A. GILLIAM	A. A. PAYNE	E. H. COHN
T. W. HOOPER, JR.	W. M. KEMPER	L. L. DAVIS	H. BOWDEN



TRACK TEAM.



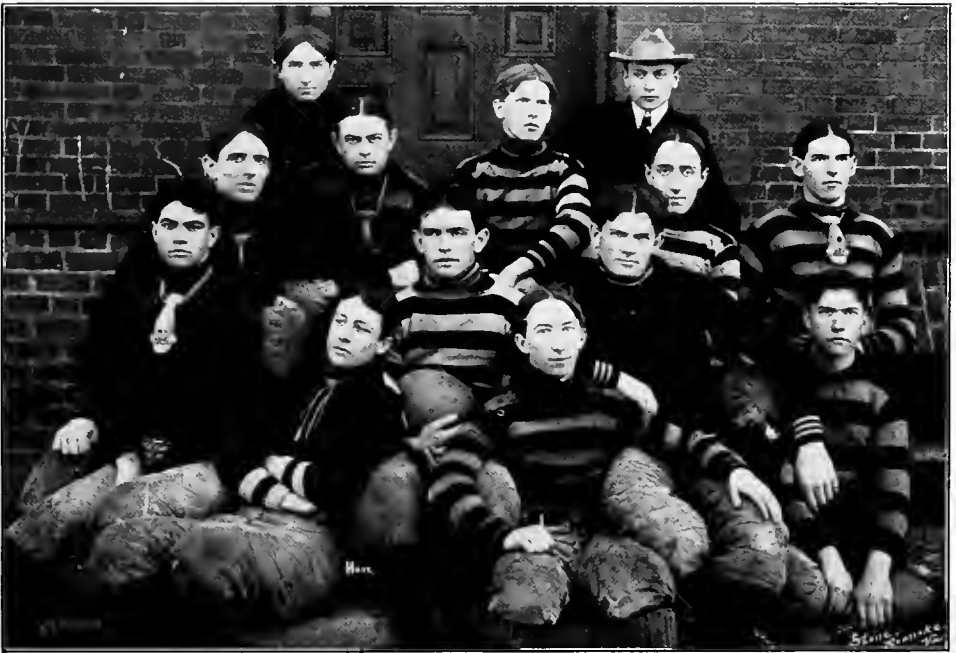
Class Football Team of 1901.

College Champions.

PEYTON COCHRAN, Manager
 WILLIAM M. KEMPER, Captain

ROBERTS, Center
 McALLISTER, Right Guard
 BELL, Left Guard
 DAVIS, Left Tackle
 OSBOURNE, Right Tackle
 HAWKES, Right End
 MARTIN, Left End
 HOOPER, Quarter-back
 JONES, Right Half-back
 KEMPER, Left Half-back
 ENGLISH, Full-back

Substitute.
 BOWDEN



CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM



CLASS BASEBALL TEAM

TENNIS CLUB



Officers.

W. E. JONES President
 J. D. PASCO Vice-President
 R. S. GRAHAM . . . Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

Peyton Cochran	R. A. Gilliam
W. M. Kemper	H. Bowden
R. S. Preston	J. H. Rudy
R. H. Burroughs	T. W. Hooper, Jr.
G. C. Robeson	L. R. Jones
A. Martin	M. B. Langhorne
J. Martin	D. H. Willcox
M. S. Martin	E. G. Stokes
W. J. Riddick	T. O. Easley
W. R. Martin	R. E. Henry
C. F. Fitzgerald	J. E. B. Holladay
B. M. Hill	S. W. Budd
E. Cabaniss	W. M. Thornton, Jr.
J. I. Pritchett	R. H. Webb

R. P. Boykin
 L. D. Johnston
 W. G. MacCorkle
 P. G. Edmunds
 H. M. McAllister
 A. F. Patton
 E. H. Cohn
 L. Sheldon

J. L. Daniel
 E. W. Lee, Jr.
 H. M. Roberts
 G. F. Bell
 S. M. Zea
 R. C. Stokes
 S. A. McCoy
 H. B. Moore

P. B. Hill
 S. L. Magee
 L. S. Epes
 J. C. Lawson
 T. J. Harwell
 A. A. Payne
 F. H. Mann
 J. C. Parsons



Bicycle Club.

H. M. McALLISTER,
President

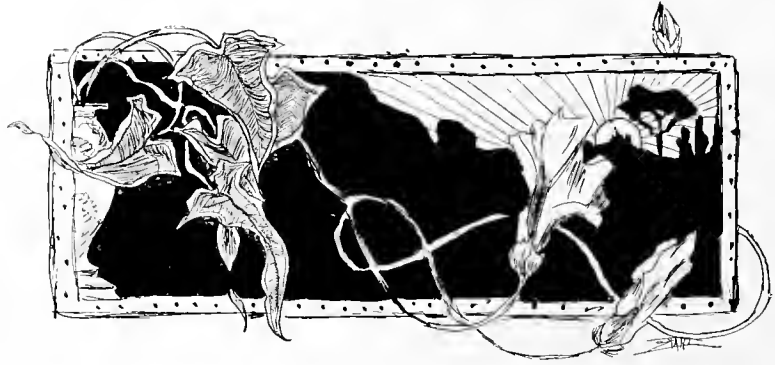
M. S. MARTIN,
Vice-President

GEORGE JAMES
Secretary and Treasurer

Members.

J. C. Parsons
B. M. Hill
R. S. Preston
C. D. Spottswood
Peyton Cochran
J. H. Rudy
S. M. Zea
S. W. Budd

R. C. Stokes	R. E. Fultz	G. C. Robeson	E. Cabaniss
H. Bowden	John Martin	C. D. McCoy	H. C. Thornton
R. H. Johnson	S. D. Craig	W. M. England	R. H. Webb
P. Y. Johnson	Walker Cutts	W. J. Riddick	P. B. Hill
H. P. Jones	J. D. Pasco	J. C. Lawson	W. R. Martin
L. Sheldon	Langhorne Reid	W. M. Carter	J. C. Wolverton
S. A. McCoy	C. L. Jones	J. E. B. Holladay	



A Skating Song.

“How is the ice?” She sweetly asked,
As down the hill we strolled:
“I think it’s safe,” was my reply,
“But the water’s rather cold.”

I really thought the ice was sound,
So no one ought to scold;
I forgot she weighed two hundred pound,
Though I knew the water was cold.

Upon her dainty, well-clad feet
Her shining skates took hold,
And as I helped her from her seat
She asked, was ’t really cold?

And now like some wild woodland elf
Across the ice so bold
She sped—alas, she stumped her toe,
And found that the water was cold.

This sight, it simply rent my heart
And after her I rolled,
I drew her out that dreadful place,
Gosh! But the water was cold!

A damsel to save from a watery grave
Is a noble deed we’re told,
But should it be in winter’s time
You’ll find that the water’s cold.



Editorial.

TN presenting to the public this, the ninth volume of THE KALEIDOSCOPE, we are, naturally, anxious as to how it will be received. There are many who feel it a duty to criticise publications, and especially is this true with regard to those of colleges, but why this is the case in regard to college annuals, it is hard to explain; for it should be realized that the editors, being students, have other duties of greater importance. We offer no apologies; for although aware of many imperfections, there have been many obstacles to overcome in the making of this volume and we have tried to meet them to the best of our abilities.

College annuals have a necessary sameness about them. There are departments which go to make up a well-rounded year-book that appear regularly, and should do so; for a college annual is the publication which has as its object the unfolding of the many-sided life of the American student, while within the classic walls of his institution. This is what we have tried to make THE KALEIDOSCOPE of 1901—a book to give an insight into student life at Hampden-Sidney College.

We have made an effort to relieve the monotony of this book, by introducing a few new features in the artistic arrangement of the work; this we hope will meet with your approval.

It was so decreed by fate that this volume should introduce the new century; and as all things are being constructed to keep pace with the new era, so we, too, have endeavored to make this KALEIDOSCOPE a twentieth-century edition.

When first we took up this work and planned its future, it was thought that our alumni would be pleased at having THE KALEIDOSCOPE, dedicated to them, but after consulting about the matter, we felt that they would prefer to have but one name honored thus; and we selected that name which stands so dear to the older alumni, that name which is linked with those pleasant recollections of the sunny days of youth, when those who have since passed out to fight life's battles, sat beneath that great instructor whose very presence inspired them to strive for things higher. So we make a feeble tribute to the memory of this loyal son of the College—Dr. Lewis Littlepage Holladay.

We have many thanks to offer our alumni for the readiness with which they have responded to our requests for contributions, thereby enabling us to present some articles of the highest literary merit. We wish, also, to express our

thanks to those young ladies who so graciously consented to act as sponsors for this volume of *THE KALEIDOSCOPE*. It is only hoped that the book may in some wise prove itself worthy of the honor.

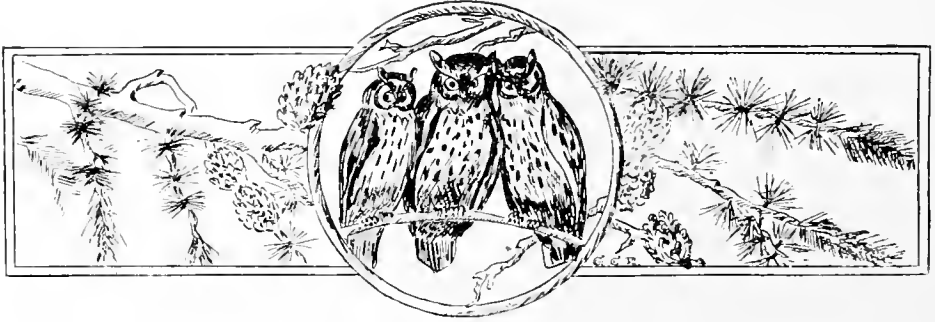
Among those whom we wish to thank personally for contributions to the literary department are Professors William M. Thornton, of the University of Virginia, George H. Denny, of Washington and Lee University, and Marcus B. Allmond, of Hampden-Sidney College, and the Rev. Robert P. Kerr, D. D. Among our younger alumni are Messrs. Don P. Halsey, J. D. Eggleston, Jr., Alfred J. Morrison, Eugene C. Caldwell, and W. Bruce Buford.

For valuable work in the department of art, we wish to thank Misses Jennie Tabb, Sallie Page, Rose C. Goode, Janie K. Watkins, E. E. De Turek, Irma Stahl, and Grace Sargeant, and Messrs. Littleton Fitzgerald, George W. Painter, George Fitzgerald, and W. B. Buford.

The time has now come for us to lay aside this work—to say farewell, and then take up the more serious duties of life. Yet, it is hard for us to realize that our work in connection with this volume is over and that it is to go before the public. We have an attachment for the book which has so firm a hold on the hearts of the students. It has won this position because it gives the life we lead—the college life as we see it; and if this number does not realize your expectations, refrain from harsh criticisms, for we have tried to please.



THE POPULAR LADDIE



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ROBERT EVELYN HENRY, '02, Assistant Business Manager

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P. BERNARD HILL, '02, Y. M. C. A.



MAGAZINE EDITORS

Epes (Bus. Mgr.)

Martin
Osbourne

Hill

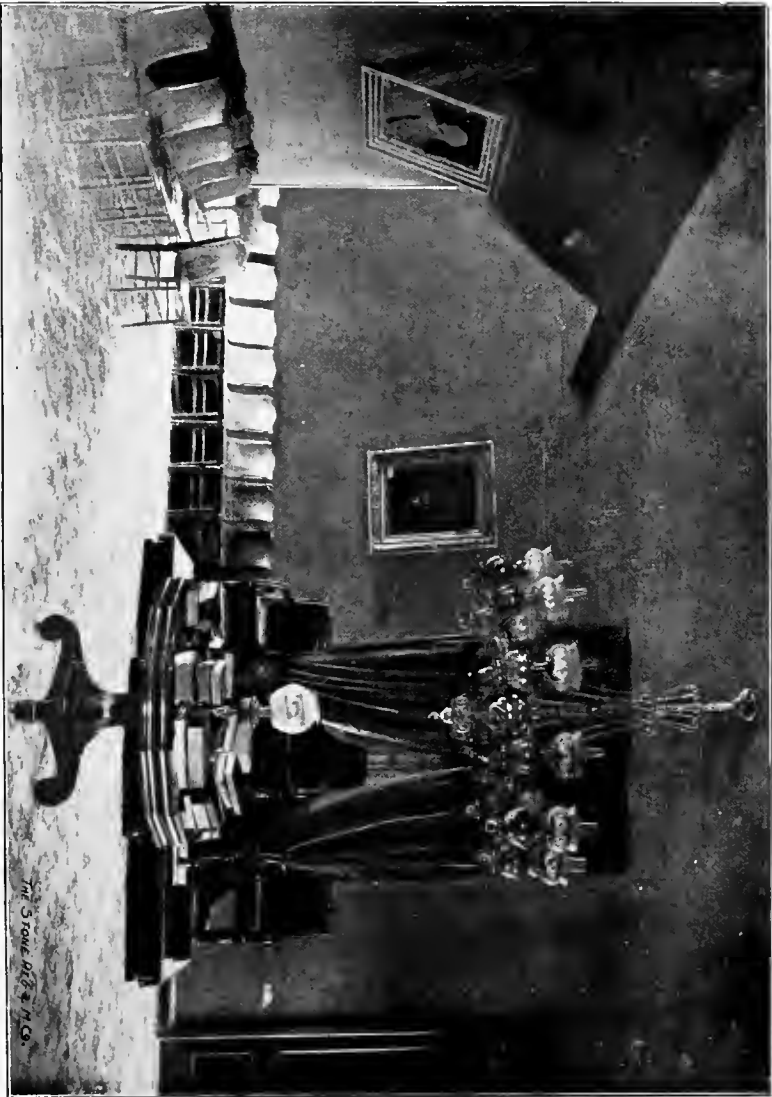
Cochran
Webb

Henry
Kemper (Ed-in-Chief)



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Pasco	English	Rudy	A. Martin	
Eversole	T. O. Easley	W. A McAllister	Pritchett	
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Reynolds	P. Y. Johnson	Akers	England	
L. R. Jones	Campbell	H. M. McAllister	W. R. Martin	
Edmunds	Preston	Cross	Bell	
Bowden	J. Martin	Spottswood	Langhorne	
Budd	W. F. Patton	A. F. Patton	Cabaniss	
C. D. McCoy	P. L. Clarke	W. M. Thornton	B. M. Hill	F. A. Brown



UNION HALL

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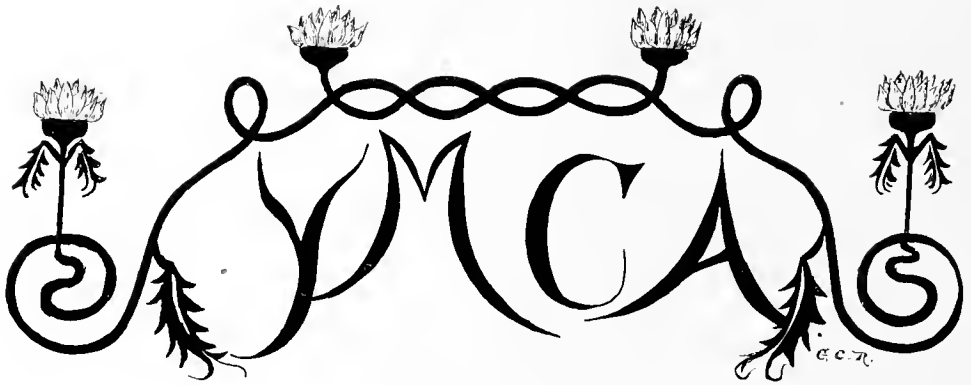
Philanthropic Literary Society.

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	Davis		Graham	Mann
		Zea		L. S. Epes
Allen		Daniel		R. D. Bedinger
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Doris : A Song.

BY DR. MARCUS B. ALLMOND.

Doris has a new frock
Pink as it can be,
And the roses on her cheek
With her frock agree ;
And her lips are rosy red
And her eyes are blue.
Doris, you are very sweet,
Are you true ?

Doris has a dimpled hand
And the softest hair,
And her skin is marble-white—
As a lily fair.
Doris has the cutest ways
And a smile to woo,
Doris, you are very sweet,
Are you true ?

Doris, doubt begetteth doubt,
I 'm afraid
You are only laughing at
What I 've said.
Doris, I would own I love
None but you,
If I only could believe
You were true.

Ducking at College.

DR. McILWAINE tells me that when he entered Hampden-Sidney in 1850, "ducking" was in vogue and seemed to be an ancient custom. Mr. R. C. Anderson, the oldest living graduate of the College, writes me, "I was at Hampden-Sidney in '34, '35, and '36. During that time there was only one case of ducking that I can remember—old Professor McViecar, an unpopular man and teacher."

When I left College in 1886, ducking was a feature of college life that brought rapturous joy to a boy's heart in exact ratio to the amount of water that fell upon the victim. Whether the ancient custom still exists I do not know.

There were certain rules about ducking that had to be observed unless an ugly fight was desired. One of these rules was that a boy "on a dike," or dressed in his "Sunday best," was exempt. Another was that only clean water could be used in ducking. There was no rule as to the quantity of water; any amount from a spoonful to a barrel would answer. The spoonful was rarely used.

Human nature may have changed since I left college. About that I have my serious doubts. But when I was there, very, very few boys could resist the temptation to duck if the victim and the water were so situated as to make a close connection; and even yet, when thinking of college days and some of the humorous incidents of college life, there comes to me a bit of that old feeling of joyful anticipation that formerly filled my heart when I saw a boy under the window of a room or passage. Imagine, if you will, the unsuspecting youth under the window; the quick and noiseless tread of the ducker as he runs for the gourd or bucket, or tub if there is sufficient water in the nearby rooms; the sly looking out of the window to measure the angle of throwing; the sudden splash and that feeling of the victim, usually expressed by the word "oosh;" and the immediate disappearance of the culprit's head in order that the compliment may not be returned at some future date. Sometimes a boy sitting in his room at his window was ducked by the boy in the room just above or below him. This was done by tying a gourd to a long stick and accurately measuring with the eye the exact distance to the victim's window. The ducker would sometimes lean out of his window to throw the water, but many of the boys were so expert that they could remain in their rooms, shove the gourd of water out by means of the long handle, and throw the entire contents on the boy above.

If ducking was wrong, some of us were very low in the moral scale. In this connection, I well remember how Dr. McIlwaine once cornered me at his hospitable table, greatly to the amusement of the many boys present. In some way the subject of boys' pranks became the topic of conversation, and after full discussion and many reminiscences, the Doctor, with a look of unusual innocence on his countenance, said, "There is one prank the students have that, for the life of me, I have never been able to see any humor in. To me it is a very silly custom. It is this throwing of water on each other, which they call 'ducking!'" Then turning to the young gentleman just at his left—who happened to be myself—he said, "Don't you think so?" I have often wished to ask the Doctor whether he knew my propensity and wanted to give the other boys some fun. If he didn't, it was a remarkable coincidence. To me the position was for the moment excruciating, and a kick under the table from some unfeeling idiot did not make it less trying. I managed to summon enough presence of mind to reply that the answer to the question would depend on whether I was the "ducker" or the victim. Tucker Graham and Gib Link hurled that question at me the moment we left the house, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it.

In my Sophomore year, one of my classmates—I think it was McKelway—had given me two or three good duckings, which I had taken in very commendable spirit because I felt sure I would find the opportunity to return with interest the attention that had been paid me. One day during the spring I had my plans carefully laid to "drown" him. The professor of Greek, Dr. Harding, now of Davidson College, North Carolina had his recitation room on the fourth passage, first floor, southwest corner. I had gotten a good supply of water from Cabell Flournoy's room on the second floor and had it waiting at the passage window. The intended victim had a new brown felt hat, so I determined to rush up-stairs after the recitation and, when that hat appeared, to wash it and its owner off the steps. Flournoy and I reached the recitation room a moment late. I noticed incidentally when I entered the room that Dr. Harding had a flower on the lapel of his coat and was dressed for something more than a recitation. It was evident to my mind that he had an engagement with some young lady immediately after the class, and the promptness with which the boys were dismissed confirmed the suspicion. Flournoy and I, who had taken our seats near the door, bolted up the stairway, taking two or three of the steps at every jump, and I had just gotten the water in hand and my head partially out of the passage window when I noticed a new brown felt hat appear below, emerging from the door. I washed the brown hat and its owner off the steps as I had intended, but it was the wrong hat and consequently the wrong victim! Through one of those coincidences which seem to show that we

are at times the playthings of some joking spirit of the air, our young Greek professor had that day purchased a new brown felt hat; and to the utter consternation of Flournoy and myself I had made Dr. Harding think Niagara had hit him! Flournoy at once yelled to me to bolt for his room and hide, but I refused, thinking it best to "face the music" and explain the mistake if the outraged professor did not attempt to throw me out of the window. Flournoy "looked not on the order of his going." He slammed his door, locked it, and, from the noise he made thumping on the floor as he scrambled under his bed, I wonder now that Dr. Harding did not hear him and suspect that he was the criminal. After the deluge allowed the Doctor to get his breath and collect his thoughts and his hat, he lost no time in reaching the second floor. Despite his damp condition he was warm as he approached me with the question, "Did you throw that water on me?" "It was all a mistake, Doctor," I answered; "I mistook you for a college boy." With admirable self-control he said, "Well, I hope you will never take me for one again!" We both laughed and I knocked at Flournoy's door and asked him to bring a clothes-brush. Flournoy thumped from under the bed, much to the Doctor's amusement, unlocked the door and opened it as if he were facing a battery. I explained to Dr. Harding how the mistake occurred and we were soon chatting very pleasantly. I have rarely seen a more excellent manifestation of true manliness under very provoking conditions.

One brisk morning in early spring the students were standing in scattered groups about the campus, awaiting the ringing of the chapel bell. John Rice, who lived about three miles from the College, appeared on the stile at the southeast corner of the campus. Some one spied him and in a moment there was a volley of yells. On Rice's head was a very tall beaver of the vintage of about 1860, which he had found in the garret of his old home and had concluded to wear over to College "in order to lessen the monotony of the daily routine of recitations." He succeeded in lessening it beyond his most sanguine expectations and hopes. As he neared the College the students gave him a royal salute of choice phrases, epithets, and questions. No Roman senator could have preserved a more impassive countenance. He gravely lifted the ancient headmark as he walked past the boys, moved slowly towards the chapel (where the gymnasium now is), and with rare absence of mind took his seat on the steps leading into the second passage. Then facing the guying crowd he calmly opened a book and began to study. It seemed to us hours, though it was really not over two minutes, before a denizen of the second passage slipped through the third passage to the rear of the College, crept into the second passage and up-stairs, while the crowd continued to guy Rice, to prevent his hearing any noise at his rear. Our impatience made us think the boy was taking an interminable time

and some of us wondered if he hadn't dropped dead. But he was preparing to "lessen the monotony of the daily routine of recitations" in a manner that lacked nothing in completeness, and when with hasty and stealthy glances we saw a large tub slowly lifted to the window of the fourth floor a prayer of praise and thanksgiving went up that for absolute unity of spirit has no superior in human experience. With a deliberation that Sergeant Jasper could not have surpassed, the ducker took a measure with his eye, adjusted the tub at the proper angle, then turned the tub up and hit Rice on the back of his neck with the entire contents! Tableau vivant!

Although each boy had the right to duck any one he pleased under the restrictions named, the residents on any one passage always combined against attacks from outsiders. No questions were asked when a yell from a resident sounded, for example, the alarm, "First Passage, to the rescue!" The student might have provoked the attack, but an assault on any member within that domain was a thing to be repelled, with no time lost looking into the merits of the case. One day in the early '70's, Graham McIlwaine had inveigled Billy Madison into a game of mumble-peg in front of the College, and McIlwaine's astuteness in counting was more than a match for Madison's simplicity and earnest playing. Soon a large circle surrounded the players and when McIlwaine dug the hole, drove the pin and had Billy on his knees making vain attempts to pull the peg with his teeth, the enjoyment of the on-lookers was intense, the laughter hilarious, and the interest absorbing. It was not surprising, therefore, that no one noticed Bob Wailes as he emerged from the fourth passage, a bucket of water in hand, and made his way towards the crowd. Taking good aim and giving the bucket a semi-circular swing, he caught an astonishingly large number, then turned and fled for his room, with a wild, howling mob behind him, bent on revenge. Darting into the passage and up the stairs, he yelled like mad, "Fourth Passage, to the rescue!" The boys on every floor, buckets in hand, poured out of their rooms and met the onslaught. The attacking party was at a disadvantage, but despite the drenching they grabbed Wailes and took him to the College well, the fourth passage boys following to see the fun and to assist their comrade. For at least an hour those idiots drew water, grabbed the buckets as they came up full, and drenched each other until not a dry rag could be found on any of them. With superfluous energy worked off they put on dry clothing, and quiet again settled over the College.

Probably the most famous ducking scene ever enacted on the "Hill" was a battle between the College boys and the Seminary students. It was in the fall of 1872, I think, the night of the election of medalists by the two literary societies. It was customary for the boys to have a bonfire or a calathump, or

both, to celebrate the election and the adjournment of the societies for examinations. The calathump included not only the excruciating music of cow-bells, pans, horns, and squedunks, but the lifting of front gates, and the Seminary students were never slighted by any lack of attention on the part of the College boys.

From time immemorial there had been a keen rivalry between the students of the two institutions for preferment in the graces of the young ladies. Not only so, but the College boys resented what they termed the dignified airs of the "Seminites." There had been for some years a feeling among the Seminarians that the calathump was an unjustifiable attack on their dignity. "Ike" Scott—now a distinguished minister in Texas, I believe—was boarding at Professor Holladay's and heard the boys talking about their plans. That year there was the largest number of students in the Seminary that had ever been within its walls, and a corresponding growth in dignity. When "Ike" Scott's information touched this feeling it was like putting a match to tinder. As Rev. J. B. Morton, of Tarboro, North Carolina, writes me, "The Seminary had always been honored, or dishonored, with one of the barbarous cerenades [the flavor of this spelling is quite too delicious to change] and the Seminites had all along considered it an unnecessary disturbance of their slumbers and an offense to their growing dignity. This ducking was their plan to break it up. Instead of the usual walk about sunset we devoted ourselves to carrying water; not only the rollicking among us, but the most sedate. I can see now Phil Hensley, our fine Greek scholar from Texas, and John A. Scott, now Professor J. A. Scott, D. D., not a smile on their faces, but a bucket of water in each hand, as though performing some grim duty which conscience demanded."

I am equally indebted to Rev. J. R. Bridges, now of Charlotte, North Carolina, then a college boy, for valuable details as to this battle. He writes me that the Seminary students "pressed into service every tub, pitcher and bucket in the building; and while we [College boys] were spending hours in the election, they were carrying water to the upper floor." The tubs lined the passage-ways and the buckets were placed in double rows around all the landings. Dr. George Ramsey, then one of the small boys in College, says he distinctly remembers a tremendous barrel that had been called into service and was used as a base of water supply. Mr. Bridges says the Seminarians "had spies out who cut across through the woods and reported the starting of the boys from the College." Mr. Morton writes, "We [Seminarians] were at our windows and lights were extinguished. It seemed later than ever when the societies broke up. The leader struck a discordant note upon an already battered pan. On they came, like waters over rugged rocks."

It is not to be supposed that the College boys had not heard of the interesting reception they were to have at the hands of their enemies. They knew all about it, and had determined to make an assault on this affront to their time-honored custom. Reaching the Seminary they got upon the long uncovered porch then in front of the building and prepared to charge through both passageways. Some one threw some water on the group. With a yell the boys darted into the building and started up the steps to the second floor. They found the stairs barricaded, but battered this down. While doing this "the floods descended." Says Mr. Bridges, "Harry Thornton, Buck Eggleston, and Rieke were half up the stairway when a stream of water swept them to the bottom." From that moment it was a battle royal. With an invincible charge and despite obstructions placed in their way, the boys reached the various floors, grabbed whatever buckets or tubs they could and drenched every one in sight. The darkness was thick enough to cut, every man took the form nearest him for an enemy, and the mix-up was amusing and disastrous. Everybody ducked everybody else and the affair came very near ending in a free-for-all fight. When a College boy emptied a bucket or tub he smashed it. Clothes were ruined, wood-boxes, buckets tubs, door panels, and lamps were smashed, tempers were lacerated, colds were contracted, the chapel walls were damaged and the hallways received such a washing as they had never before experienced. Mr. Morton says, "My room was near the head of the stairs and my old carpet was afloat. The now Rev. J. E. Triplett, then 'John Edwin,' had not taken part in the undignified performance and came to his door, with lamp in hand, to protest in a quiet but firm way against the destruction of his private property. He had hardly begun his speech when one of the attacking party struck the lamp a violent blow, leaving Triplett holding on to the base and commenting vigorously upon the danger of explosions. I am sure he obeyed a part of the apostolic injunction, for he was certainly 'angry,' and I hope he 'sinned not!'"

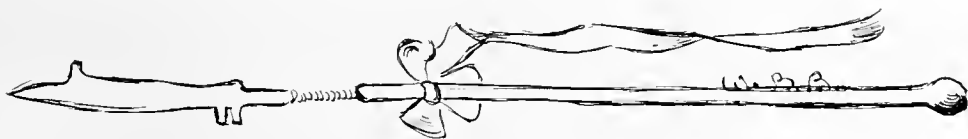
Some of the prominent actors on the College side were Harry Thornton, Pat Rieke, W. S. Green, John Jones, Watkins of Georgetown, D. C., J. Addison Smith and Bridges; and George Ramsey and Buck Eggleston were as prominent as their diminutive size allowed. I think the last named had a spell of pneumonia as a result of the drenching. If Asa Dupuy wasn't there, it was a miracle. Some of the Seminarians engaged in the battle were I. V. Scott, J. B. Morton, and F. McCutchan. I do not know whether to include Dr. J. W. Rosebro or not. I was told that he was in it, but when I wrote him for information, he replied that "Rev. Frank McCutchan was the leader and can tell you about it." I followed the trail, but Mr. McCutchan writes, "Brother Rosebro does me too much honor in designating me as the leader of the famous ducking. Like the Doctor I was one of the 'good boys' at the Seminary." He then

gives me some interesting and valuable details and adds, "I can not say who was the leader and promoter of the ducking, but am inclined to think it was Rev. J. B. Morton. I recall the Rev. J. R. Bridges as one of the College boys." This trail proved a good one, as the reader can judge from the quotations given. I must include this good one from Mr. Bridges, "McCutehan was so indignant that he wished to whip the crowd, but found the contract too large."

The Seminary students were assessed to pay for injury done to the plastering by the water, and the College boys offered to pay their part for any damage done the Seminary building.

With one other incident I close. It gave me more than ordinary pleasure to annoy my classmate, H. C. V. Campbell, now preaching at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. I was probably afraid he would injury himself by too much study and then, too, I resented his oft-repeated question to me, "Joe, what does make you such a Freshman?" One day, after I had goaded him beyond the point of endurance, he grabbed a bucket of water and chased me down three flights of steps. He wished to get up close to me so as not to waste any of the water on the floor. He wanted me to get the benefit of ever drop. "Brother Campbell," as we called him, was about six feet four inches tall and as thin as a rail. Just as he turned the steps on the first floor he made a desperate grab for me, slipped, tried to regain his balance, whirled around and sat down on the bucket of water! I could not refrain from stopping in my flight long enough to ask him with serious countenance and quiet tone why in the world it was necessary to come all the way from the fourth to the first floor to perform such a silly act!

J. D. EGGLESTON, JR.



To N. B. J.

Bewitching, she, as summer days,
Entrancing all by her sweet ways.
Love, playing with his dainty grace,
Lights up with flame her dimpled face
Enraptured by her winsome voice,
Joy comes, and all who hear rejoice.
Oh, what a witching smile she gives,—
Her eyes glance up and beauty lives.
No flaw doth mar this maiden's mind,
So rarely are her gifts combined.
Of all the things that may be said,
None can o'er-praise this gentle maid.

A Lost Love.

If violets grew so tall,
That angels faring through the vast, on messages for God,
Might kiss them as they passed;
If roses trailing o'er the gate of heaven,
Their fragrance floating through the purple even
 Through spaces dim,
 Might come to him
 That toiling waits aghast,
 For that dear hour, the last,
When life's dull, gloomy pent-house shall be riven;
And entrance to the halls of death be given;
Then might I clasp in woven dreams
The light that all of heaven gleams;
The love that lives her love beside the living stream.

A Confession.

Sweetheart, many faults I know,
But this I know, that,—'spite the halts,
And doubts and cares that long
Have clogged my ways in days ago,—
Since on my path the sunshine
Of thy life has fallen, and thou
Hast to me seemed an angel come,
To lead me on to nobler thoughts
And words and deeds,—to this
One thought I've striven to be true:
That I should live as thou
Wouldst have me live, and never
Aught should do or think, the which
I would not lay before thy feet,
That these same deeds and thoughts
Thy blessing might receive.
And have I been thus true? God knows.
For when the record open lies,
'Tis He shall judge that 't is
The honest effort—not results—
That must be weighed by His
Unerring hand.

Beefsteak Weather.

When the cold winds blow,
And the clouds hang low,
When the prophets tell
Of the coming snow,
When adown one's back
The shivers go—
'T is then we say the day is *raw*.
When the wind cuts in
Like a cross-cut saw,
Oh, then we say the day is *raw*.

When the skies are blue
With a dainty hue,
And the grass is bright
With the morning dew,
When the perfumed rose
The zephyrs woo—
'T is then we say the day is *rare*
When the air is per-
fect everywhere,
'T is then we say the day is *rare*.

When the mercury crawls
To the upper halls,
And the molten sun
On the housetop falls;
When the broiling heat
Our soul appalls—
May we not say the day is *done*?
Though the sun has not
His course yet run—
May we not say the day is *done*?



A Home.

I know a home that 's fair,
Beyond compare.
Its sacred walls enclose, in calm repose,
Sweet peace and joy and love.
The heavens above
Give forth no purer light—nor can the night,
With her star-studded dome,
Surpass this home,
Where deeds of thoughtfulness, its inmates bless
With radiance bright. Ah, where
Can home so rare
Be found—surpassing art—but in a mother's heart?

The Sailor's Constancy.

The tremulous needle may swerve from its path,
Deflected by currents that roll;
But deep in its being a something it hath
That turns it again to the pole.

So, darling may waver this wild heart of mine,
And quiver while others allure;
But backward again where thy constant eyes shine
It turns to its fair eyensure.



Schweizer Sonata.

WILLIE SMOOTH and I are both myopic. Not long ago we were sitting in the sample-room of Monsieur Jannoni's dry goods shop polishing our glasses, when who should come in at the back door but Teddy Doelittle.

"Hello, Teddy," said Willie, "you look like thirty cents. Come over here and have a look at some of this new stock of dimity, it might suit your refined taste, ain't it? Anyhow, you need some new pajamas."

"Just a moment," answered Teddy. "What, Monsieur Jannoni, is dimity in French?"

"Dimity in French, sir, is *donnez-moi*, sometimes contracted to *gimme*—how many, gentlemen?"

"Three," said Teddy, "and if you have a little Schweizer, put it on the side." When the goods were on the table before us, Teddy went on to say, "Well, my friends, here 's looking at the dimity; me socium summis adjungere rebus."

"Audeo sapere," said I, being more philanthropic.

"Hoch der Bock," put in Willie Smooth, quite irrelevantly, and with a very bad accent. After that there was a little pause, broken by a sigh from Teddy which I took to mean, "What 's the French for just one more?"

No sooner sighed than done, and behold us with a fresh batch of samples.

"Speaking of ginrickeys," said I, "last summer there was a fat man at the beach who took one every day before dinner. I noticed that he always had a big appetite, and I told Flammers about it. You know Flammers has a weak stomach, but Flammers said he thought he would try one, too. So he went to the

man who has these things for sale and asked for a ginrickey. The man put some ice in a glass, squeezed a lime into it, and shoved out a big bottle of watery looking stuff. Well, Flammers poured the glass about full at which the man said, 'Golly, you must be copper-lined.' Flammers didn't want to look soft, and saying that his was only galvanized, he turned on the siphon and gulped the whole thing down. Then he went in to dinner, feeling pretty spry. They took some time to serve him and when the soup came on, Flammers divided it into two portions—one he smeared over all the table-cloth in his reach, and the other he dripped over his shirt front. That wasn't nice and some girls near by began to turn red. During the fish, Flammers somehow couldn't manage the bones. First, he told the waiter he couldn't eat fish with bones; never could eat fish with bones; said he wanted some boneless fish, some potted fish, any old fish without any double-breasted, high-g geared rib attachment. The waiter said they couldn't make fish to order, and that made Flammers mad. He began to pull the bones out with his fingers, and as fast he pulled out the bones he would stick them in the olives, until he got a whole lay-out of little four-legged olive beasts around his plate. These amused him very much. He chucked them around and was awfully tickled when they couldn't stand on their legs. If one fell to the floor, Flammers would pick him up, and he found that hard to do, stick on his legs again and tell him he was boozy and ought to be ashamed of himself. Getting tired of this pretty soon, my friend said he didn't feel like any more dinner, made a sweeping bow to the table and began to steer for the door. The floor was slick and Flammers made a mess of it. He slipped about, knocked over a chair or two, and just as he was about to get clear of the room lurched against a table, balanced himself a minute, peered into a man's plate, and then tacked off again. The man might have made trouble, but he wasn't that sort, and when I came in a little after, he told me I had better look after my friend.

"I found it easy work tracing Flammers by the commotion he left behind him. He had gone along the piazza with the crazy notion that he must touch every chair in sight. If anybody was in the chair Flammers would apologize as stiffly as he could, reach for the chair and stumble on. He went down to the bathhouse, and was very much put out that the man wouldn't give him a bathing suit. He said he was going to take a bath if he had to drown for it; that a doctor had advised him to bathe by moonlight. When I came up with him, however, he was lying on his back gazing at the moon, his hands under his head, and his feet kicking away in the water as if he wanted to splash the ocean dry. There was no surf and that was lucky. I led him away to his room and put him to bed. The last thing I heard him say was, 'Hang my shoes on a hickory limb and don't go near the water.'"

"Flammers was a fool," said Willie Smooth, "but that doesn't prove anything about ginrickeys, and I don't think it would be a bad idea ——"

"Not at all," said I.

"As I was saying when you began that story about Flammers," drawled Teddy in his ponderous way, "I have a friend who was in the Spanish war at Jacksonville. My friend tells me that the younger officers of his regiment built themselves a sort of bungalow which they made their headquarters. Not caring much for the water in those parts, they got a barrel of XXX and put it in one corner of the billiard-room. Ice was plentiful, and when every man could make his own high-balls, the embalmed beef didn't cut much figure. One day the colonel came around, and seeing the barrel, wanted to know what it was for. They told him it was an improved filter. The colonel said that was a good idea and thought he would take a drink. They couldn't get out of it and told him to help himself. He didn't have to. As soon as he got near the barrel he caught on. But he sampled the filter all the same. After which he turned to the crowd and said, 'Boys, no wonder they call you immunes. This is too miraculous—Jacksonville water passing to this kind of thing simply by filtration. A sideboard doesn't matter, but a hogshead—it 'll have to go.' The campaign was about over, so it wasn't so very serious, but my friend told me his last state in Jacksonville was worse than the first."

"Wish I had been there towards the first," babbled Willie Smooth—"Hoch der President!"

"Es lebe die Facultät," said I

"Same thing, you bloke, give us something else."

"Well, conspuez chapel, then."

"Good, touch here."

"Don't think much of this cheese, do you?"

"Oh, it 'll do. It's made of peanuts, anyhow, so they tell me," remarked Willie, source of all wisdom. "By the way, wouldn't old Plugger like some of this cheese. You know what that man does? Why, in the winter time, to save fuel he buys him a big hunk of cheese, and when he feels chilly instead of making a fire he eats a little cheese. I don't blame a man for wanting to save money, but they tell me a man named Professor Atwater has got a much better idea than that. Why don't old Plugger do something like that? Gee, I should like to see him try! It would be great, wouldn't it? Think you 'll make chapel to-morrow?"

"Hear Alice on that score," observed Teddy.

"We don't have to go to chapel;
We have prayer-books all to home.
Do you notice on your lapel
There's a little fleck of foam?"

“ Es gingen drei Burschen wohl über den Rhein—was machen Sie da, Herr Wirth?—noch eins, Herr Wirth, noch eins!”

“ This cheese is no lobster,” said I, “ you remember the song—8. 8. 8. 7. 8. L. M.

Sing we our litany,
Praise we the cheese,
Choley O cheesy
Casiferous cheese.

Now, all together—

“ There 's a blis'ring southern breeze,
Makes you sweat ;
There 's a howling northern breeze,
You may bet,
That will make you quite to freeze,
Don't forget,
Lest you chew a little cheese,
Lest you chew a little cheese.
Dry or wet,
'T is much better than to sneeze
To have eat
Just a little chaw of cheese,
Just a little chaw of cheese.
Don't you fret,
It will put you at your ease,
Just a little chaw of cheese,
Little chaw of cheese,
Of cheese.”



Letters.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA.,

March 15th, 1901.

DEAR FATHER: Your last letter received some time since, and I would

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter received to-day, and as I am not studying have answered sooner had not my studies interfered, for it seems I have lately ing much these days, I will make an early reply. I think I have hardly opened been working especially hard.

a book for a month, and, consequently, father complains of my last report. But

I am certainly very much obliged for the check, and will try to make this I wrote him that you can't always depend on reports—and you can't, really. last me for a while—two or three weeks, at least.

Father always sends more money than what I ask for, and, consequently, I have

Of course, you must know I am as economical as possible: I often go so five or six dollars extra every time.

far as to "bum" cigarettes from other fellows—I meant to say borrow them—or,

It matters not what else I may not have, I always keep plenty of cigarettes, rather, I didn't mean cigarettes at all, for you know I don't smoke, don't you?

and I make it a rule never to "bum" any from any other boy.

The next time you send any money, please include enough to have two

The Easter exams, are near and although everybody else seems to be work-pairs of shoes half-soled. You see I am trying to be economical. My last report, ing for them, I have felt just as if work would not agree with me now, and so I know, wasn't so good as some, but yet, you know, you can't always tell much I haven't opened a book.

by a report; and I certainly hope you won't be misled by any report as to my

Father has intimated that I might write home oftener, but I think to write progress.

home twice a month to remind him of the check is sufficient, don't you?

I am studying very hard now for the Easter examinations, and of course

I know, of course, that I ought to do my best, but then there are so many can't write home as often as usual. But you must know I often think of all other things a fellow can do than study that I—well, I simply do not do my best. of you and would like so much to see you.

I haven't looked into a math. book for so long that I doubt that I could find it if I looked for it.

By the way, please don't forget to send me another check soon. Of course there are some professors that I like very well, but there are some who you know and appreciate I am doing my best while here at College. I am trying haven't a very good opinion of me, and so for that reason I haven't a special not to miss chapel so much this month, but you know it comes so early—nine liking for them.

o'clock—and I think I ought to be congratulated for being there as often as I

The president lectured me the other morning about "cutting" chapel so am. I think I had better study my math, a little more, so must close for this often, and of course I promised, as usual, to do better. But considering the time. You can't imagine how fond I am of the professors, and I think they are question now, I think I must have been greatly excited when I told him that, for all fond of me. By the way, how is everybody at home?

chapel "cutting" is one of the greatest pleasures I enjoy. Hoping for an early

Your affectionate son,
reply,

Your brother,

WILLIE.





2d Chronicles 1.

AND the clamorous tribe of Nineteen Hundred did evil in the sight of the king, and they provoked him to wrath by their sins that they committed above all that the tribes before them had done.

Now it came to pass, when the clamorous tribe of Nineteen Hundred had gone out, with great noise and much rejoicing, from the borders of the good king, and had been scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, that the tribe of Nineteen Hundred and One took the chief lead among all the tribes, and it was thenceforward called tribe of Seniorites. But there be some among them still which be fashioned after the manner of a Freshite.

As was the custom of the tribes of Seniorites before them, so spake they many and mighty words of wisdom which the other tribes needs must heed, else would their days in the land be numbered.

Now when the time had come for the tribe of Freshites to descend into the land, behold all the old tribes gat themselves together for to consider how that they should persecute the Freshites. And so when the haughty tribe of Freshites was within the borders, the older tribes began with one accord to persecute them with great persecutions, insomuch that the Freshites waxed sore afraid—a thing that was good to behold.

Now it so happened that there was among this tribe a youth of a froward mouth and a haughty spirit, whose manner was sorely displeasing unto the older tribes. And it were better for him that a mill-stone had been hung about his neck and that he had been cast into the sea, than that he should have come into this land with a speech that was as a tinkling cymbal and sounding brass. The Freshites were rewarded, each man, according to his deserts; and behold, this man received forty stripes save one.

Now it came to pass on the third day after the entering in of the Freshites, that the good king summoned all the tribes together to a place called the Memorial Hall, where he was wont to speak unto the people of their evil ways. And when they had assembled themselves together, the king commanded that there be silence; and there was silence. Then opened the king his mouth and spake unto them in words of thunder so that the Freshites did quake with fear, and the Seniorites, even the Seniorites, did gather their skirts about them and did wonder what evil spirit possessed the king. And these be the words of the king :

“O ye Greeks and Barbarians, ye smooth-tongued and hypocrites, give ear to my words. In the night, even last night, I dreamed a dream, and behold! while I dreamed I heard hideous shouts of the Sophites, and of the Juniorites, and of the Seniorites, and I dreamed that above all these I could hear the wail of woe from the most excellent youths, the Freshites. And immediately my heart went out for those sorely persecuted youths, forasmuch as I knew they are in a strange land, and among a people whose ways are not all ways of righteousness. And I gat me up early and prevented the morning with my lamentation for the Freshites. And when the day was come, I summoned unto me my chief counsellor and treasurer, James by name, an upright man and a stooped one. But behold! James, even James, could not discern the meaning of my dream, and so I am come unto you, O ye of little worth, to ask you the meaning of this my most mysterious dream.”

Then rose up in the assembly one of the chief men of the tribe of Seniorites, and spake unto the king, saying, “O most worthy king, thy dream was no dream, for verily, verily I say unto you that at night, even last night, the wicked men among the Sophites and Juniorites and Seniorites, did persecute the tribe of Freshites with great persecutions; and this it is that thou didst hear, and verily it was no dream.”

And when he was finished speaking, the king was very wroth, and he strode out of the house with great strides, insomuch that all the tribes were sore afraid for that they knew the king, what manner of man he was.

And there went a proclamation throughout the land in the name of the king, about the going down of the sun, saying, “Every one to his room at night and every man to his own work. Let every man cease from persecuting our new

friends, the Freshites, for they bring much rich silver into this our land." But the people made their hearts as stone, and would not so much as hear the proclamation; neither did they cease from persecuting the haughty Freshites, insomuch that the good king was exceedingly vexed.

Now, it came to pass that when the king ceased to vex about the persecutions of the Freshites, so also did the wicked people depart from their evil ways.

Now the king built unto himself and unto all his people a house of worship, which he called the Memorial Hall, and which be a mighty house and strong.

And the learned doctors of the land were wont to assemble themselves together there for to teach the people all things both seen and unseen—mostly unseen.

And this house, is it not the one that standeth to this day? Now these be the dimensions of the same: Thirty-three cubits the length thereof, and twenty-two cubits the breadth thereof, and twenty-five cubits the height thereof. And he built the house of bricks of gold, even of ten thousand, and threescore and six bricks of gold built he the house. And the house he ceiled with fir tree, which he overlaid with fine gold. And he garnished the house with precious stones for beauty: and the gold was gold of Parvain. The entry of the house was of gold, and also of gold were the doors.

Now it came to pass that in the ninth year and in the second month of the ninth year, that some of the wicked peoples among the Freshites and the Sophites and the Juniorites, did set up a golden calf in the house, even in the Memorial Hall; so that when the king would enter in on the following morning, he was astonished with great astonishment when that he saw the calf, forasmuch as he knew it was his, even the king's yellow calf. And when all the people did assemble unto the chapel, they all laughed with great laughter for that the king's calf had been stolen by night and set up in the chapel.

And it came to pass not many years afterwards, that the wicked peoples of the land wrote many strange inscriptions upon the entry and upon the outer walls of the house, for there were many wicked people then sojourning in the land.

Now there dwelt close by, at a place called Farmville, which had the appearance of having been created even before the mountains, a tribe of Farmvillites whose hearts were turned against these mighty tribes of the king. And the king did hate this wicked city of Farmville with his whole heart, insomuch that he did make a proclamation unto the tribes, saying that whosoever should journey to this wicked city of Farmville, without first making supplication to the king, should be straightway summoned before the king and his counsellors and be summarily dealt with.

And the king spake unto the people, saying, "Woe unto thee, thou wicked city of Farmville, for had the good works which have been done in thee, been

done in Hampden-Sidney it would have repented long ago. It will be better for Worsham and Pamplin in the day of judgment than for thee."

Now there dwelt in Farmville many queens of the tribe of Normalites; and to these queens did many of the king's people pay visits, for they were fair to behold and, moreover, very cunning and enticing withal. And so it happened that every Solomon among the four tribes had his Queen of Sheba among the Normalites.

All the other deeds of the tribes of the land and of the good king, are they not recorded in the book of the Chronicles of the Kings?





Junior Latin Lecture.

In the beautiful city of L—,
 There many mansions be
 And streets of gold, wrought wondrous well,
 And scenes of jollity.

In that dazzling city there
 Are men of great repute,
 Whose genius, learning, wisdom rare,
 None may dare dispute.

And schools of science there you 'll find,
 And teachers old and stale,
 Whose only pleasure is to grind
 Young students out for Yale.

And maidens beauteous, rich and fair,
 With papas very swell,
 And mamas cross, you 'll find out there
 In the golden city of L—.

And fields of grass of heavenly blue,
 And waters clear and deep,
 Majestic forests, there are too,
 Where sportsmen love to seek

The frightened doe, the maddened stag,
 No prouder state, know well,
 Contains, with ever floating flag,
 A prouder town than L—!

Rich fields of wave-like grain,
 Alas! a crime, I think,
 Are raised to turn the brains of men
 By the reeling, curséd drink.

Oh, Bacchus, what a curse thou art!
 What evil thou dost sow
 Abroad this earth, to play thy part
 In the tragedy of woe!

Alack! alack! for you fair L—,
 The truth is sadly told,
 On every corner is a hell,
 Alike for young and old.

I left that place to seek a home
 'Mid nature's beauties rare;
 'Neath perfumed bowers, now I roam,
 And breathe the fresh, sweet air.

Oh, youth, youth of the Junior Class,
 Of Latin think no more,
 Let German forms escape your grasp—
 To me they are a bore!

Let each and every one of you
 O'er Nature's text-book pore;
 Be manly men, upright and pure,
 And o'er Latin work no more.

(The bell rings.)



Commencement Season of 1901.

Sunday Morning, June 9th.

Baccalaureate Sermon—REV. R. L. TELFORD,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Sunday Evening.

Address before the Young Men's Christian
Association—REV. R. L. TELFORD, Lewisburg,
W. Va.

Monday Evening.

Union Society Celebration—MR. ALEXANDER
MARTIN, Presiding Officer.

Medals presented to MESSRS. P. Y. JOHNSON,
'01; R. H. BURROUGHS, '02; C. D. MCCOY, '03;
W. M. THORNTON, '04.

Orations delivered by MESSRS. W. A. McALLISTER,
'01; HARDY CROSS, '02; H. M. McALLISTER,
'02.

Marshals—MESSRS. R. S. PRESTON and L. D.
JOHNSTON.

Tuesday Morning, June 11th.

Address before the Literary Societies J. GRAY McALLISTER, Covington, Va.

Address Before the Society of Alumni COL. R. T. HUBARD, Buckingham County, Va.

Tuesday Evening

Philanthropic Society Celebration—MR. L. L. DAVIS, Presiding Officer.

Medals Presented to MESSRS. S. E. OSBOURNE, '01; P. B. HILL, '02; J. E. B. HOLLADAY, '03;
W. P. CUTTS, '04.

Orations delivered by MESSRS. H. M. ROBERTS, '01; R. S. GRAHAM, '02; P. B. HILL, '02.

Marshals—MESSRS. C. F. FITZGERALD and W. T. WILLIAMS.

Wednesday Morning June 12th.

Addresses by Members of Graduating Class.
Honors and Distinctions read by the President.
Degrees delivered to Graduating Class.

Wednesday Evening.

Senior Class Night.

SCANDALS IN CIGARS

OR, SOMETHING THE PUBLIC DOESN'T KNOW.

T WAS walking down Via Sacra the other day,—a three-for-five cigar in my mouth, and a borrowed cane in my hand—and had just arrived in front of the mansion occupied by our most distinguished poet and prophesier of the utterly impossible and vain—when I was roughly seized by the coat collar and dragged into the neighboring *Park*. Upon recovering my cigar, cane and consciousness, I glanced timidly at my captor and found him to be no other than our beloved curator—that man “*totus, teres, atque rotundus!*” I attempted to get up, when he struck me such a blow that I went whizzing through the air, describing what is known in Sub-Fresh. Math. as a parabola, at a speed equal to, well $s = \frac{1}{2} gt^2$ (you may work it out, kind reader). The ground struck me very forcibly on my—back, and I really imagined that I was cut out for an astronomer.

“*Mon Dieu!*” I cried, remembering the language of dear Monsieur de la Pêté Broké, “what is going to become of me?”

“Nothing at all,” came the well known, clear cut, and concise voice of our curator, “nothing at all,” he repeated, his tone gradually progressing, arithmetically, to a higher key, “if you will answer me a few questions. Now, my dear sir, I want you to be *exact*, say no more and no less, than is *absolutely necessary*. Will you do it?”

“Y—y—yes, sir,” I replied, quailing under the triangular gleam of his penetrating eye.

“Well, my dear sir,” he said, “my first question is this—who is the most popular professor in the Faculty?”

Fathers above! what an embarrassing question! Tell him the truth? I dared not, for then my name would have been Dennis, Esq., upon final exams. Tell him a falsehood? I hated to do it, but it suddenly flashed across my mind how many, many times I had “hollerd sick,” and I immediately answered, “You, sir!”

His next question was, "What is the favorite study?" My first thought was to equivocate, my second was that I would really and honestly be hanged if I would; so bracing myself against a tree, I boldly replied, "Bible, sir." Instead of a storm, he smiled complacently and patted the ground gently with his right foot. These contortions completed, he asked:

"What is the greatest need at Hampden-Sidney?"

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips before I cried out, "Money! Money!! Money!!!" and the woods and fields, mournfully echoed back—Money, Money. From the expression of his face, I knew that he heartily agreed with me. He paused a moment, and then said:

"Well, my dear sir, who is the favorite author?"

I winked my right eye, as I answered, promptly, "Charlotte M. Braeme."

He looked away, as if troubled, and I held my breath in awful suspense, then came, like a shot out of a cannon:

"Who is the hardest student?"

Here was a chance for me! and I was within an ace of answering in the first person, when I thought of one, who I knew far excelled me in the art of studying, so I meekly replied, "Campbell, sir."

Next came, "Who is the laziest man in the College?"

This was a stumper, because, dear reader, I have never, in all my life, been associated with a more energetic set of men, than these at Hampden-Sidney. It wouldn't do for me to "bust," in fact it was absolutely necessary for me to "bat," so, after racking my brain for a moment, I answered, scarce above a whisper, "Magee!" A look of compassion came into the curator's eyes, and he sighed softly.

"Now my dear sir," he said, "I must ask you—who is the dude of the College?"

Instantly two men came before my eyes—Stokes and Henry. It was a hard question to decide, but I remembered that Stokes wore his hat a little nearer to his left ear than did Henry, and so giving him the honor, replied, "Stokes, sir."

Then said he, "Who is the most popular student?"

Determined to get in the push some way or other, I answered at once "I am." (Kind reader would you like to know who the "I" is?)

The curator looked pleased, and smiled one of those spherical smiles, and when that had subsided, questioned, "Who, sir, is the best looking student?" and without delay I answered, "Henry."

Then came a host of questions and answers in quick succession. They were as follows:

"Who is the best all-round athlete?" "Hooper, sir."

"Who is the best actor?" "Roberts, sir."

"Who is the greatest calico man?" "Epes, L. S., sir."
 "Who is the best dancer?" "Kemper, sir."
 "Who is the most awkward man?" "Carter, sir."
 "Who is the biggest eater?" "Payne, sir."
 "Who is the most boisterous man?" "MacCorkle, sir."
 "Who is the leanest man?" "Robeson, sir."
 "Who is the greatest class-cutter?" "P. Y. Johnson, sir."
 (Dear reader, the curator's expression was awful!)
 "Who is the freshest man?" "C. L. Jones, sir."
 "Who is the funniest man?" "Cutts, sir."
 (The joker and the joke.)
 "Who is Farmville's most constant visitor?" "Osbourne, sir."
 "Who is the best reciter?" "Haven't any, sir."
 "Who is the Faculty's pet?" "Webb, sir."
 "Who is the best theologian?" "Brown, F. A., sir."
 ("God bless him," fervently said the curator.)
 "Who is the greatest poet?" "Have none, sir."

Then to my horror, he asked "What is the favorite drink?" Before I knew what I was doing, I answered "I. W. Harper." Immediately I felt the toe of his boot, and knew that I was again describing a parabola. When I at last came back to dear mother earth, the dear curator had vanished! Stunned and wonderstruck I tottered back to College, sat down to my table and wrote the following facts which I publish for your benefit, dear reader. When you have finished reading all this stuff, put me down as a consummate fool.

Of the students of Hampden-Sidney College—
 Seventy per cent. smoke.
 Ninety per cent. are members of the church.
 Thirty per cent. attend church.
 Forty per cent. attend chapel regularly.
 Eighty-five per cent. attend chapel during exams.
 Seventy per cent. play cards.
 Ten per cent. play dominoes.
 Twenty per cent. play checkers.
 And now, kind reader, my task is done.

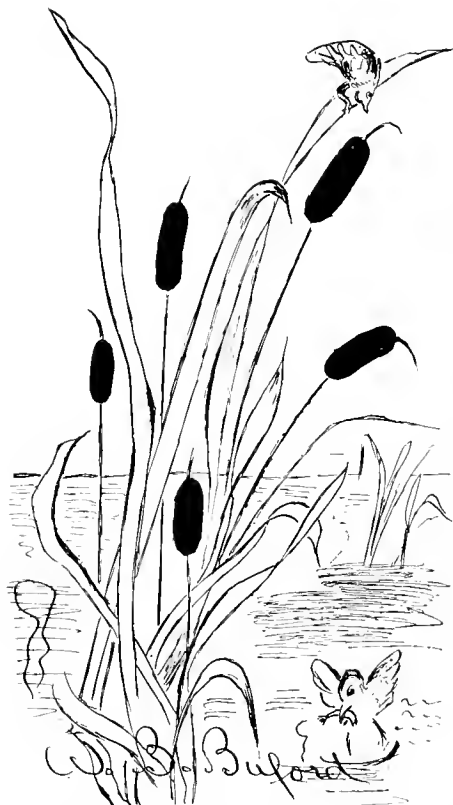


To Lesbía.

Yes 't is all beautiful, as thou sayest, dear,
The heavenly canopy so blue and clear,
The changing sea, treacherous, though now serene,
And Nature's bright aspect from sable Night
Set free by Phoebus in his glittering flight,
Smiling a glad good-morning. Thou, my queen,
Dost love these scenes. but I in loving thee
Love them and much more, too. For, love, thine eyes
Are not less blue and clear than Grecian skies,
And ah! I've found them treacherous as the sea.
And smiling, thou art like a summer's morn;
Thou gladdenest all that see thee. Hearts forlorn
Believing all things false, again grow bright,
And when thou 'rt near, I wish no other light.

To-morrow.

It was almost the death-hour of the year,
When 'lone a young man sat absorbed in thought,
In thoughts of the expiring year so fraught
With follies, aye, with crimes—a record drear.
A knock upon the door,—“Come in,” he cried.
There entered the Old Year, a feeble man
Who seemed weighted down by many years. Began
The youth: “Cast not on me accusing eyes. I've tried
But to be happy. If I've sinned, there 's more
Time still in which to turn from Folly's path,
Ward off my sins' results, escape God's wrath.
Look there! E'en now the New Year opes my door—”
He stopped, as suddenly he felt an icy breath,
Cried in despairing tones, “My God! 'T is Death!”



The Day Dream.

There 's a beautiful bird with glistening wings,
 And its song is a song eternal ;
 And softly and sweetly this song it sings,
 In a golden cage it sits and sings
 In an ecstasy supernal.

And the melody of this song divine,
 Through the cage's bars floats airily ;
 And the bars respond a strain sublime,
 Like Æolian harp or cathedral chime,
 And the bird sings on merrily.

The cage is the heart, and love is the bird
 That sings so sweet and soothingly
 The sweetest story ever heard,
 The love-song of the sweet-voiced bird,
 In ripples low and wooingly.

* * * * *

The vision has gone, and I am alone,
 Spectres dim and gaunt rove recklessly.
 The song has ceased, the bird has flown,
 The cage is empty, joy has gone,
 And a broken heart sobs hopelessly.

A girlish laugh that rang through "lang syne"
 In cadences sweet and enchanting,
 And a song she sang, that many a time
 Thrilled every chord in this heart of mine,
 Now bitterness there is implanting.

E'en yet, while I dreamed, that beautiful smile,
 And that song made my heart beat quicker ;
 But they now, down memory's gloomy aisle,
 Strike cobwebbed chords that moan the while,
 Sob out a wizard wail and wild,
 And sorrow's night gathers thicker.



“All our knowledge is, ourselves to know.”

Grinds.

- " All *Gaul* seems at last to be united! "—ALLEN.
- " How pleased is every paltry elf
To prate about that thing, himself."—BOYKIN.
- " The child is father of the man."—EASLEY.
- " The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But H. P. never deviates into sense."
- " Take thy grinning countenance hence, 't is too much like a skull."—CHRISTIAN.
- " A lazy, lolling sort, unseen at church."—PARSONS.
- " But Payne is perfect misery, the worst of evils, and excessive overtures—all
patience."
- " My only books, were woman's looks,
And folly, all they taught me."—SPOONER.
- " He bears his blushing honors thick upon him."—KEMPER.
- " Here 's a fellow frights English out of his wits."—HOLLADAY.
- " God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."—WEST.
- " Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the *mighty* void of sense."—M. S. MARTIN.
- " Alas for the rarity of Christian charity
Under the Sun! "—Y. M. C. A.
- " Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end, will have bald followers."
—A member of the Faculty.
- " What is happening on yonder little earth? "—H. M. McALLISTER TO ALLEN.
- " Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view."—REID.
- " May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney burning."
—R. C. STOKES.
- " Is it a corpse—or Harwell? "
- " Not marble, in the gilded monuments of princes,
Shall outlive this powerful rhyme."—WILLIAMS.
- " And a prophet came forth from the land of broomsage."—MANN.
- " From the bowels of the earth, there came a voice."—A. H. CLARK.
- " What? Where? When? How? Your proof? "—C. D. McCOY.
- " Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."—PRITCHETT.

- " I am ' lord ' of all I survey."—COHN.
- " Would to God, he 'd never created a KALEIDOSCOPE!"—COCHRAN.
- " He slept little, but that short sleep was deep."—MAGEE.
- " A wretched fellow, not exactly educated, not exactly ignorant."—G. F. BELL.
- " A month of its year resembled an hour of its day."—THE HILL.
- " Long live Zero, who leaves me (*not*) at peace."—Junior Math Class.
- " We are at the summit, so let us have the supreme philosophy."
—Senior Moral Philosophy Class.
- " He fears nothing, not even night."—PARSONS (" Cutey ").
- " They tremble, but let him alone."—BAGGS.
- " Far in a wild, unknown to public view."—HAMPDEN-SIDNEY.
- " Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow to follow glory, and confess his
father."—MARCUS BLAKEY, JR.
- " Then why such haste?"—ENGLISH.
- " He was the mildest mannered man."—PASCO.
- " O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you 're so young."—LAWSON.
- " 'Ave you 'eard o' the widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?"—KID MCCOY.
- " And Laughter holding both his sides."—W. M. THORNTON.
- " Content thyself to be obscurely good."—AKERS.
- " Some to conceit alone their taste confine."—H. M. McALLISTER.
- " A little curly-headed, good for-nothing,
And mischief-making monkey from his birth."—FITZGERALD.
- " Painting is welcome."—BURROUGHS AND S. A. MCCOY.
- " And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."—JOHN MARTIN.
- " Who pants for glory, finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows."—GILLIAM.
- " What imposition is this upon His likeness?"—BOWDEN.
- " His diet must be *pickles*."—ROBESON.
- " Whence come those rusty moss-backs
Who need strong brooms to brush 'em?
Oh, they 're no gaudy tacks—
They 're polished men from Worsham!"—Ode to Worshamites



Yet, 'tis our prayer,
That maidens far,
And all to whom these presents fall,
May read with care and patience, all
These pages thro'.

Our Task is Done.

The task is done!
The genial sun
From his golden chariot in the west
Looks down, and smiles, says—take your rest
O weary one!

Oh, do not think,
That pen and ink
Can altogether tell the life
So full of joy, so free from strife,
Of college men.

Nor poet's quill,
Nor painter's skill,
Can yet the picture full portray,
Which beauteous lands, where zephyrs play,
Can not excel.

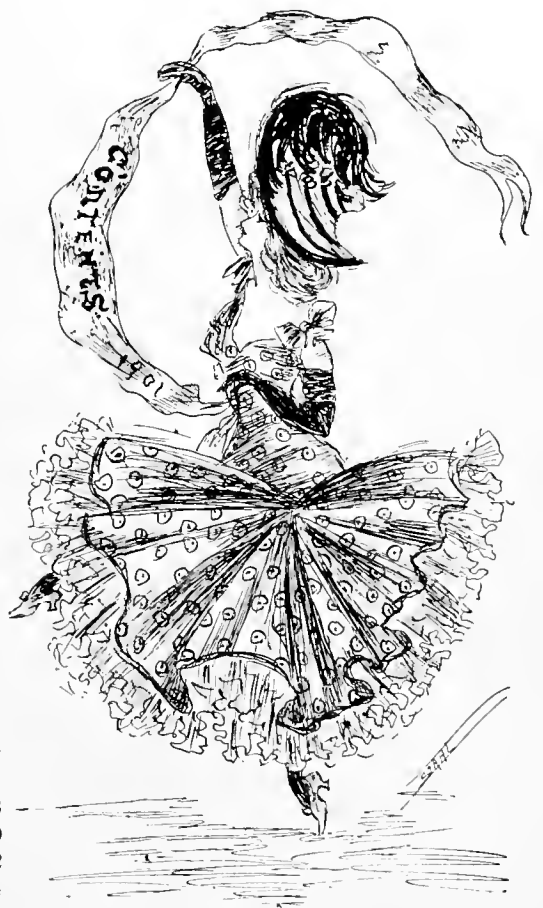
We've done our best:
We leave the rest
For readers 'tween the lines to find—
O gentle ones with hearts so kind,
O'erlook our faults!

With fears and sighs
We turn our eyes,
And thro' the foolish pages look,
Then say, we must, a book 's a book
'Tho nothing 's in it!



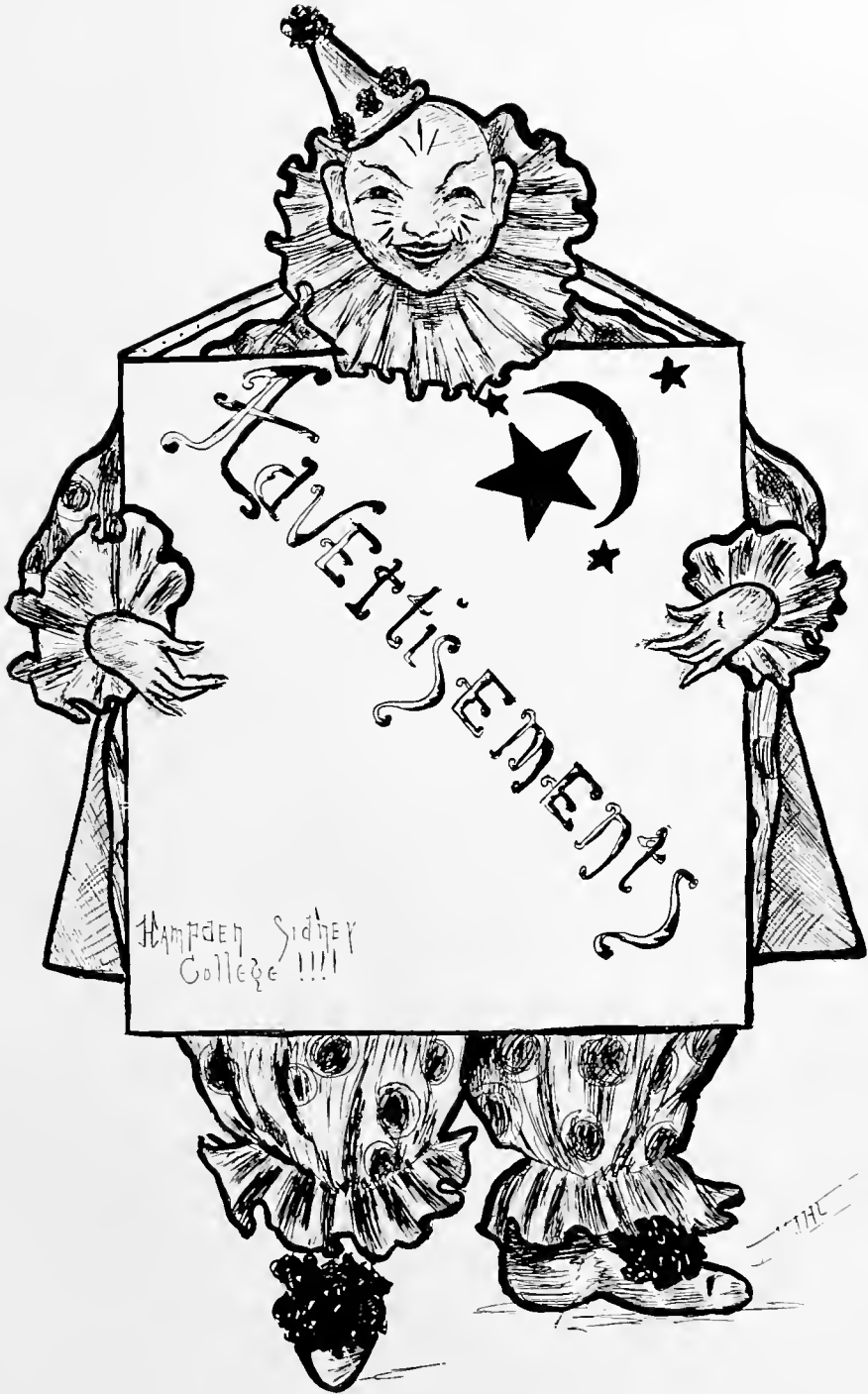
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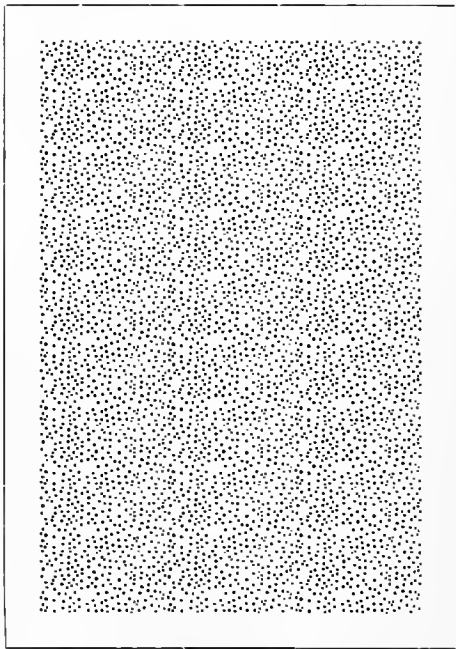
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