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ADDRESS OF SAMUEL B. WITT, Esq., BEFORE THE ALUMNI.

The years have glided by so softly, brethren of the Alumni, that I was startled to be reminded that the merry days of the campus were so far behind, and the joys and triumphs of the college boy had almost been forgotten in the toiling duty of the man; but yet, as I stand to-night beneath the shadow of these walls, which guard the shrines of my boyish worship, the past—the happy, happy past—comes back—the forms and features of other years are with me again, some toiling in this brave, busy world, and some in the procession of the dead. How sweet is the memory of this young life! Who that has lived its happy existence but sometimes feels like turning to the quiet of some secluded spot, and communing with the whispering spirits from this enchanting land? To men in all conditions they bring happiness to light up with its genial glow the path they are called to tread. To the public man they come when, wearied of the deceptions of every-day life, he turns to the quietude of home for rest and repose. To the outcast wanderer from duty and right, they ever appear as the smiling deity pointing to the influences which blessed in life's young day and beckoning to the paths from which he has strayed. So in fact, in every sphere of life when the mind seeks rest from the busy present in the dead past, the joyous college days with their freshness and bright hopes, their faces of youth and their hearts of gen-
erosity, their ambitions of honor and tenderness of friendship gush forth upon us like a sparkling rill upon a blistered plain.

It was a custom of the East, so the historian tells us, for the ruler of the land to summon the people in assembly once a year in the royal city, that not only should they celebrate the blessings of the past, but that by a knowledge of each other and a consulting together they should unify their efforts in the furtherance of the public good. It was wise, well-advised, and made a powerful empire, which, though long since passed away, is magnificent even in its ruins. Like that Eastern king, our alma mater sends forth her summons that upon her birthday the children shall assemble to rejoice in her honored past, take pride in her advancing present, and counsel together for her future progress. In her name I give you a comrade's greeting, and welcome you, brothers, to your school-boy home.

A subject suited to an occasion like this, is the difficult task of the representative. The libraries are filled with books which tell of the lives of men who were both good and great, and from the study of whose careers we might gather knowledge of duties well done, honors well worn, and faith well kept.

There, too, we may find the stories of knighthood and minstrelsy, from whose study may be caught a glimpse of that time of sunny ease when the day was joyous in the chase and the night was brilliant in song. But from the lives of those who were great amongst their fellows, and the times which ever give joy in retrospect, I turn away; and beg that you indulge me in a subject which, although alive in all ages and times, yet stands forth to-day challenging the grave consideration and careful thought of those who seek for a power to crush the appalling evils of the hour. Communism, with its horrid deformities, is endeavoring to poison the atmosphere of civilization. Its emissaries are abroad and its influences are treading the halls of legislation, from which should come the enactment of wise and judicious laws; its red-handed soldiery have
struck down the ruler of the Russias and stained the hand of old Ireland, ever white in the battle of freedom, in the blood of one whose only crime was his badge of office. In our own great republic, the gathering clouds betoken the danger of a storm which, if uncheeked, will burst upon us with all the fury of that which, under the guide of a bloody Robespierre, made every home in France to grieve and mourn. Already the drum-beat of this Commune army has been heard in our land. The streets of a western city have been slippery in blood drawn in riot and defiance of law, and the leaders are boldly proclaiming themselves the apostles of freedom.

These are but examples quoted to illustrate the dangers of the day, and the instances of disorder mentioned are merely brought out for the purpose of calling to the attention of those who are interested in the advancement of peace and the protection of life and property, the fact that an antidote is needful to suppress the evils that beset us.

I have therefore deemed it not inappropriate on an occasion like this, when we are to consult as to contributions which our foster mother is to make to the army of civilization, to choose for my theme what to me seems the successful barrier to the invading danger.

CITIZENSHIP.

The iron hand of the military law may shoot down for a time the turbulent crowd which meets together to avenge some fancied wrong, but the evil is not eradicated; the peace which it brings to the republic is not a peace, but a feverish calm, which, like the deadening of pain, is but momentary relief. The disease lies deeper, and can only be reached and cured by that treatment which removes the cause rather than attacks the effect. For the accomplishing of this end, every citizen should assume a share of the duties to be performed, recognizing that the only remedy known by which the ignorant fanatic can be cured is a wise, charitable, and enlightened citizenship, which tells of the false doctrines of those who teach that
law is oppressive and the punishment of evil-doers is but the torture of the unfortunate.

I would not be deemed a defender of that power which forgets the welfare of its humblest subject and seeks to perpetuate itself by oppression and corruption. Nor would I be a champion of that doctrine, which is so prevalent in this age, by which the demagogue seeks to make the envy of the successful by the unsuccessful a stepping-stone for place and power. But I would rather speak of that citizenship which constitutes a State, giving to man a guarantee of all natural rights upon the one hand, and upon the other, granting to government the power to curb those rights only when such abridgment is necessary and for the benefit of the nation—a citizenship which stands between license and oppression, reminding power of its own responsibilities, and telling Rabble of its own punishment, which is ready at the hands of those who seek the peaceful paths of national existence.

As I have said before, citizenship exercised properly and appreciated fully is the safety of the State, an intelligent citizen is a missionary of civilization, and in his hands alone rests the means of checking the fearful influences which come from the teachings of those whose principles are taught at midnight, with whispering voice, and whose proclamations are never known till they are hissed through the smoke of riot.

What, then, are the attributes of this princely man upon whom so much depends and by whom so much can be done? I answer, first of all, a courageous manhood. Times may come in our lives when the allurements of seeming success will charm like the fabled syren. Occasions may come when popular clamor will try the soul. These try the strength of manhood, but its power is never broken; its grandeur is never impaired, and its influences never fail of triumphant success.

The history of the world teaches us that no life is complete without it, I care not by what smiling fortune for a time it may be surrounded, or what other virtues may
bless, yet that grandest of all God's gifts shines high and above.

Mirabeau was learned and gifted; his knowledge made him the beloved of the cultivated, and his accomplishments commended him even to those who hated him. But never was he so great as that day, when standing in the French Assembly, he defied the combined powers of a cruel king, a haughty and envious nobility, a powerful and unscrupulous clergy, and with the battle-axe of truth struck down the idols which corruption had erected in the temple of justice. The splendor of his oratory and the persuasion of his logic had already made him famous; but when manhood gilded all this, the weak and oppressed lifted up thankful hearts that bravery and genius had united themselves in the person of their defender, who was then sowing the seeds of a happy and prosperous government.

Martin Luther was great and good and learned. His teachings come to us across the years which have passed. The memory of his pure and holy life still lingers amongst the hills and valleys of the Fatherland like a dream of romance; but the student of history who seeks knowledge of character by the study of his career will dwell longest upon that scene at Worms, when manhood, hand in hand with faith, tore asunder the bands which bound religion and published to the world the grand truths of the Reformation. Let him who falters when the demands of true citizenship stare him in the face, look upon the life of Mirabeau, the Tempest King, and then to that of him whom men call the High Priest in hero-worship, and from these lessons may be learned that which is needful to make us brave in the battle of life and steady in the paths of right.

Another prime essential of citizenship is a clear and thorough knowledge of the needs and necessities of the times in which we live. No man can deem himself suited to take a place in the ranks of progress who has not care-
fully and maturely considered the dangers to be shunned, the benefits to be attained, the course to be pursued by which a solid and substantial prosperity for the State is to be preserved. Of late in our country there seems to be a tendency amongst the people to leave too much to those who are called public men. They are to a certain extent permitted to do the thinking and acting for a great majority of the people. This is a fatal mistake. Citizens should have comrades, and not masters. Carlyle, in his Hero Worship, has said that the hero priest was the preacher who, however humble may have been his sphere, yet acquainted himself with the duties of his faith, and then eagerly sought to spread it abroad, standing side by side with the humblest follower of his creed. If this be true of that higher priesthood, how much more should the citizen strive, first, to obtain the knowledge of State, and then stand side by side with his neighbor in the struggle for advancement. In fine, knowledge is an essential of citizenship, and that government is the firmest and most lasting whose people are educated in its benefits, and who by that knowledge vie with each other in perpetuating a power under whose benign influence the dwelling of the peasant is as happy as the castle of the king. The ignorance of the people is the strength of tyranny, but the enlightenment of the masses is the shield of freedom. Show me a land where the inhabitants are educated, and I will show you a country where peace and plenty abide; a country where the teachings of socialism are spurned as honor would spurn dishonor, and where those who uphold and teach its bloody doctrines are deemed but highwaymen on the great highway of civilization. Close upon this requisite of citizenship follows another which is among the most important—an active participancy in public affairs, or, in other words, a careful attention not only to the election of those who are to fill the offices of public trust, but also keeping a watchful eye upon the discharge of the duties imposed. The State would be benefited by this, for none but men of character would then be elevated. How
often do we hear the better class of citizens rail against the mismanagement of those in power, and denounce the evil of elevating those who seek power for self and not for patriotism? If these would inquire of themselves what exertion they have put forth to prevent it, the question might suggest a remedy. Let it be known that all good men would engage actively in the canvass, and how much higher would be the order of men who seek popular favor. The low tricks of the demagogue would soon be lost in the earnest desire of the aspirant to stand upon the highest plane, and in the knowledge that character and capacity were the essentials of success would be found the assurance of pure and honest administration of law. Thus, too, would the ambitious youth be made to know that a pure and blameless life, a fearless discharge of duty, and a thorough understanding of duties to be performed, are more to be desired than the transient success which comes from temporizing, however politic it may then seem. Young ambition ever leans towards that path which holds out the appearance of earliest success. By the exercise of the proper duties of citizenship this pathway may be made one which leads to useful results. Let the true citizen stand guard at the public gate clad in the armor of knowledge and manhood, and none will seek for admission save those whose sword is shining white in the public good and whose lives have grown to maturity in the clear light of day, and whose characters can smile even under the cold light of truthful scrutiny.

The three essentials which I have mentioned are the main characteristics of citizenship. Time would fail me to speak of every virtue which enters into the perfection of our true citizen—a generous charity, a prompt discharge of duty, a high moral life and a generous heart—all these polish the citizen, and, like the plume in the helmet of the knight, form the graceful finish of the perfect man.

Having briefly spoken of the true means by which our country is to be saved from the disorders which may, if unchecked, ripen into revolution, is it needful for me to
impress upon you, brethren of the Alumni, the duties which await? Important changes are being demanded, growing evils are to be uprooted; and for this we need not idle dreamers, not clacquers of power or fawners of place, but live, courageous men who will wield the knife of reform with the skilled hand of the surgeon. It may be that success will not greet us at every mile-stone; but the duties of citizenship beckon us on—sometimes through pleasing scenes, sometimes through darkness and storm, but beyond is the goal where awaits the reward which justice gives to merit, and where, too, is the garland wreathed for the brow of the fearless, the true, and the good. May I not indulge the hope that on the grand muster-roll of citizens who fight for principle may be found the names of all the children of our alma mater, and in life's battle may their voices be heard ever proclaiming the great truths which were taught us here, never faltering as they go along, and at last, through the soft twilight of an honored life, pass to that great citizenship which is beyond.
ADDRESS OF HON. THOS. HARDEMAN, JR., BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

We stand to-day in the shadows of the eventful past, stirred within by its sacred memories, while over us hover the spirits of Virginia's illustrious dead. Prominent actors in every important era in the annals of this government, from its foundation to the present time, Virginia's dead will ever live in history and in song, and the influence of their lives will flow on, like the rivers, in ceaseless currents as long as gravity controls the waters, or heaven-inspired devotion sways the souls of men.

But I come not here to speak of her dead. The present would gladly pay tribute to the past—the living do homage to the departed; it is to her sons, her young men present, I would address myself on this occasion, with the view of impressing upon them their responsibility in maintaining for the old Commonwealth the proud position she has always occupied in the world of letters, of statesmanship, of eloquence, of heroism,—aye, of every element that gives honor to a people or character to a State. Virginia's past belongs to history; her future, like the statue in the marble, which assumes that position and form the sculptor gives it, will bear the impress of the characters of her sons and her daughters, and will assume that position alone which those characters will give her. What people have purer fountains of Christian example, of patriotic devotion, of unsullied statesmanship, of spotless patriotism, of nobility of purpose and of life, of private worth and public excellence, of heroic suffering and chivalric daring, from which her sons can daily, hourly drink, than those who live beneath the sunny skies, on the historic hills, beside the memorable streams, in humble hamlet or busy city, of the State that gave to the world Washington and Jefferson, Henry and Marshall, Lee and Jackson, as
exemplars of character worthy of the study and imitation of every civilization? It is true, the heavens which glowed and gleamed with stars of such magnitude have been overcast by darkening clouds of relentless fate; but night is passing away, and the watchman on her towers now responds to the hail: The morning dawndeth, while from valleys and hills, from woods and fields, from country and city, is heard the matin song of her exultant sons, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, oh, Zion! put on thy beautiful garments, oh, Jerusalem!" The winter of misfortune is passing away, and by brook and stream can be seen the budding vegetation of her new civilization, the unfolding flowers of future promise. Her skies have been darkened, yet the hill of her eminence was not hidden; for, like that mountain in the West (of which astronomers speak), over which hangs at midnight's hour the tempest cloud, it darkens not its summit, which "glows with its own brightness," when all above is gloom and all below is darkness and storm. Adversity is frequently the cradling place of fortune and independence. In the school of experience, joyful or sad, we learn lessons of wisdom. From the debris of the cyclone and the track of the storm, we deduce the laws of winds and the nature of tempests; so, from the overthrow of peoples and governments, we gain information of the rise, growth, and fall of empires. Amid the ruins of Rome, Milton became impressed with "the grandeur of her former glory and the melancholy evidences of her modern corruption." From the demoralizing revels in her temples and the debasing corruptions in the courts of Babylon, the character of her people was deciphered in "the writing that was written, Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." From the early grave of Grecian liberty, dug by the sword of unholy ambition and thirst for empire, comes a warning voice against immoralities in peoples and corruption in government. From the convulsive revolutions that have shaken France, history has collated evidences of the fatality of unbridled liberty and universal infidelity.
The history of the past furnishes lessons for the present and future. The wrecks along the shore are warnings to the voyager of the dangers of that sea. And these histories, these wrecks, should impress upon this generation the importance of purity of private character, the wholesome influence of an elevated public sentiment, and the urgent necessity of integrity in government. Upon these, society should build and governments lay their corner-stone; for believe me, Lycurgus was right when he asserted that "the happiness of his people must flow from virtue and self-consistency." And the parting injunction of Romulus to Patroclus, "Go tell the Romans, by the exercise of temperance and fortitude they shall attain the highest pitch of human greatness," is worthy of the consideration of the patriots of the nineteenth century.

Public sentiment is the type of public character, and the character of the people indexes their government. How essential, then, to progress, morality, and pure government is the character of those governed! Now, what are the elements of good character? I answer—dignity, temperance, industry, intelligence, fidelity to duty, love of truth and strict morality. Without these, character is without force or beauty, and man, as has been said, is but "a bundle of disorderly and ruinous propensities." The stately edifice, beautiful in its finish and commanding in its proportions, was constructed and fitted in its parts, under the skill of the architect, piece by piece. So with character—it is a combination of will, and energy, and conscience, and faith, and ambition, and passion, and habits, and associations,—regulated, shaped, and directed by the "soul of man, that createth its own destiny of power." In the formation of that character much depends upon association and education, for it is moulded in the social surroundings which God in his wise dispensation organized for man's happiness, his moral development, and moral government. Home associations, home influences, happy home government, are indispensable to developing that moral nature which gives character its strength, society its charms, government its position and life. Home is the cradle in which is
rocked the spirit of noble manhood, true honor, high-toned ambition, and incorruptible patriotism. Love of it is a heaven-implanted principle. The finny tribe, if unmolested, will return, after their wandering, each spring to the same waters to deposit their eggs. The hare, says the poet,

"Whom hounds and horns pursue,
   Pants to the place from whence at first she flew."

The eagle, if undisturbed, will build during life in the same eyrie among the rocks. If this home instinct (if you so designate it) characterizes the lower order of creation, how much more should man, to whom God has given superior attributes, be attached to that spot

"Where he learned to lisp his mother's name,
The first beloved in life, the last forgot—
   Home of his frolic youth,
   Home of his bridal eve,
   Home of his children." **

"Where angels find a resting place,
   When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth."

Mungo Park tells us that, to the native African, no water is sweet but that drawn from his own well, and no shade is refreshing but that of the tabba tree beside his native dwelling. Mrs. Hemans, sings in sweetest verse of the Indian youth who, walking in the garden of plants in Paris, discovered the bread-fruit tree of his own island home, and in the exuberance of his joy clasped it to his arms and wept, as he thought of his own bright isle, and of

"His mother's cabin home that lay
   Where featherly cocoas fringe the bay;
   The dashing of his brethren's oar,
   The conch note heard along the shore,
   All through his waking bosom swept,—
   He clasped his country's tree and wept."

The old Roman, proud of the renown of his Seven-Hill City, dwells with mournful pride upon the history of the Coliseum, around whose magnificent ruins cluster the evi-
dences of Roman grandeur and Romish power. The proud Greek is stirred with emotions of sorrowful satisfaction as he stands among the ruins of the sacred temples of his country, that so oft

"Had rung to choral melodies," all
"Covered with the dust of the race that reared their walls,"

and thrills the tourist with stories of Marathon and Thermopylae. The true son of Erin, whether upon the green mountains of Killarney, or among the lovely flowers of Avoca; whether bidding farewell to "Sweet Innisfallen," or treading freedom's soil in happy America; whether in liberty or chains, in sorrow or in tears, his big heart warms with love for Old Ireland, and his whole soul is infused with patriotic joy, when he sees

"His chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock"

And has Virginia no hallowed memories—no war-scarred heights—no memorable streams—no sacred Mecca, to which her sons can journey to show their love and fealty? Has the muse of her history shivered the strings and thrown her harp away? Has she no immortal names that were not born to die? Are not Manassas, and Mechanicsville, and Malvern Hill, and Fredericksburg, and Petersburg, and The Wilderness, as sacred to memory and as immortal in history as Marathon and Thermopylae? Is the sunlight of her mornings less brilliant because it shines on the deserted temples of her former glory? or her moonlight less beautiful, because it shimmers over the graves of her fortunes and her sons? Proud spirit of the past—bound genius of the present—burst the bonds that fetter the souls of your sons and bid them rise like the eagle upon strong wings, higher and yet higher, until their shouts are heard above the path of the cloud and the home of the thunder. It is for home feeling, home love, home elevation, I plead to-day. To establish and maintain this sentiment, this devotion, homes should be made
glad with the light of a cultivated intelligence—an intelli-
gence which ignores superficial sentimentalism in its effort
to establish society upon a basis of industrial training and
moral development.

I trust I will be pardoned for saying that the education
of the nineteenth century looks too much to artificial ac-
complishments, and not sufficient to that practical know-
ledge, that educational economy, best adapted to the de-
mands of the times and the life work of the student. This
is an age of stubborn necessities and practical require-
ments. Especially is this so in the South. The civilization
of the past is gone—a new one has dawned upon us, with
new demands, new social relations, new avenues of indus-
try, new obligations, new political economies, and those ed-
ucational agencies should be employed best adapted to the
requirements of society, and to the development of its
moral, social, intellectual, and industrial energies These
agencies will be found in that system of education which
gives the student an enlightened understanding of those
pursuits that shall occupy his life work—a system which,
looking to a high stage in practical and moral civilization,
will combine the moral and industrial with the theoretical
and cultured education of the college and the university.
He who studies society, will find that it is full of wrecks
of genius and character—the result, in a great measure, of
that educational system which ignores the industrial and
technical for the theoretical and liberal professions. We
require the solid foundation, upon which should be erected
the finished superstructure with its ornate appointments.
Combine with your colleges and universities schools of
technology and industrial training, and you will have an
educational system adapted to the culture and refinement
of the age, and to the development and necessities of the
people and the State. It will give you men for society—
men for the professions—“men for the Commonwealth.”
The welfare of your people, the glory of your State, de-
mand the combination of the system of education that
will be illustrated not only in those professions which
adorn society and elevate a State, but also in those which are adapted to the furnace and the forge, the factory and the work-shop, the field and the mine—those great factors of a people's character and a nation's prosperity. For, believe me, while classical culture polishes the mind, enlarges the field of intellectual pursuits, gives force to reason, power to genius, elegance to society, and character to a State, "educated industry is indispensable to the perfection of moral character," and is the major note in the song of social and material progress. It is the key that will open the gates to all advancement, to all elevation, to all honor. Power follows in its path, wealth smiles in its coffers, morality marks its advances, honor crowns its labors, while glory wreathes it with the fadeless flowers of immortality. Combine, then, these great educational agencies, for they are the oxygen and nitrogen of useful knowledge separated; the essential elements that give it life and being are destroyed, and its existence soon terminates.

Think not I underestimate the importance of classical culture or the intellectual appliances of the age. I know that science is on the wing, and that the learned pedagogue is abroad in the land, explaining every "ism," simplifying every art, teaching every science. Not confined to earth, he explores your deep, dwells among your stars, impresses the testimony of his visit upon the moon's pale face, and in the wantonness of childhood sports with the lightnings in the thunder's home.

Under his teaching, astronomy has been so familiarized and utilized that its stars now shine in the zodiac of a second-class drama or gem the coronet that encircles the brow of the girl of the period. The nature of the planets and their revolutions have been solved and subordinated to the demands of fashionable folly; for the lady of society, seen through the telescope of truth, evidences the fact that she has encircled herself with the rings of Saturn and enlarged her being with the satellites of Jupiter. Mechanics is illustrated in fashionable dancing-halls, where a young man's arm is used as a cog-wheel to turn
the whole machinery of the dance. Heliography, though in its infancy, can now photograph your features, though "thine eyes are as the fish-pools in Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim, and thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus." Psychology has so developed her mysteries that the spirits of the departed now gravely assure you your mother was in all probability a woman, and that the length of your days absolutely depends upon the time of your death. Navigation is taught in simple lessons, and Fulton's theory of steam is illustrated in the small craft that puff their smoke in your streets and at your church doors. Philosophy in simple rule and formula ascribes the sympathetic leaning of lovers one toward the other, to the irresistible laws of attraction and gravitation, and the appropriation of Caesar's goods to others than to Caesar, to the adhesive power of hope acting in concert with the forgetful attributes of memory. Well then, may I affirm, this is an age of intellectual advancement, and I demand that the practical and the useful should be blended with the ornamental and moral civilization of the times, and this can only be effected by a system of education adapted to the demands of the age and the talent and inclination of those receiving it. Why spend years in classic shades and on Parnassian heights if the student prefers rural retreats and business fields? Why hammer away in mechanics and polytechnics if the plodder in these sciences designs to frame a brief or dose a patient? Why keep a young man for years in squares and angles, whose taste revolts at a triangular suggestion, and whose body is racked at the thought that it must lie down forever in a repulsive parallelogram? Would you build an eyrie for a singing house-bird, or a wire cage for a storm-defying eagle? The one lives among the fruits and flowers, the other is most at home when he sails before the winds and follows the path of the clouds and the tempest! There must be fitness and adaptation of education to the wants, taste, and capacities of the student. Adaptation to the purposes of creation is
a law of nature. The stars have their allotted spheres, and they have revolved therein in beautiful regularity since they sang together at creation's morn. The cyclone that fells your forest and lashes the sea into fury has its appointed course. The young vine winds its tendrils ever in the same direction, regardless of limb or growth. So have the intellect and dispositions of childhood their course and channels in which they should be permitted to flow, for God so designed it, and a compulsory diversion will end in total failure, or, at best, in only partial success. If you desire corn, do you sow the oat seed? if you wish the peach, do you expect it from the pomegranate or pear tree? So, if you want your son a mechanic, school him in the mechanic arts; if you design him for an agriculturist, educate him in the grand sciences appertaining to that calling; if you desire him for professional duties and business pursuits, so educate him, and education will be a practical blessing instead of a theoretical adornment. And every college should be so equipped that young men can be fitted and educated for their special calling and profession.

Adaptation of education to the wants and capacity of the child insures success in his life work, because he will love the profession of his choice. Expect not success in any calling that does not command the approval of the judgment and the endorsement of the will. As well expect the corn leaf to green or the fruit to ripen when winter wraps the earth in a mantle of snow and nature sleeps in December's icy embrace. As well look for starry spheres and silvery moonlight while "battling clouds," like contending armies, meet, and angry storm-fiends unfurl their black banners to the tempest's sweep and march their legions to the music of the thunder's drum. As well look for darkness when morning unbars the gates of light and summons to his throne the king of day; or expect his smiles when evening sings her vesper hymn and night invites him to repose in her bed of stars. Adapted education inspires confidence, enlists faculties and affections,
excites genius and insures success. It makes man confident of his own ability, and stimulates him to press forward in that duty and labor which his own inclination and choice have made the work of his life. Away forever with the idea that the learned professions are man's only passport to honor and preferment. The child is a being of sensibilities and tastes and capacities, and will best succeed when those tastes and capacities are consulted in shaping his destiny. He is something more, as has been well said, than so many pounds "of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, calcium, and a few minor elements, combined in organic forms of bioplasm and organized in cells capable of locomotion, sensation, and cogitation;" he is a being with grand and noble attributes, which are in harmony with the design of his creation—as the ruler of earth and inheritor of heaven. Diversity of nature means diversity of pursuits; diversity of pursuits implies diversity of tastes and capacities; and these in turn require diversity of education—and to this diversified education I look for future progress, elevation, and honor.

The revolution which has taken place in Southern civilization is producing also revolution in our industries, and it is essential that we prepare for its changes and requirements by qualifying our children for the daily activities of life. And that qualification consists in a proper, practical education of heads and hands; for education, I care not how refined in theory or how comprehensive in scholastic detail, is incomplete unless it prepares the individual by a practical system of knowledge to grapple successfully with the many and difficult problems that daily present themselves in the avocations of life. In addition to the culture and refinements of the college, our necessities demand the element of a productive education. Our young men cannot and should not all be educated for the learned professions. These already have universities and colleges (and they should be well sustained and patronized) for their teachings and requirements; and are the productive industries of the State, those which underlie its wealth and prosperity, to be denied the assistance of schools of training for those engaged in them? If the object of education is to benefit society, improve the public welfare, and give tone, character, and growth to a State, surely those engaged in the indus-
tries which underlie the foundations of that society and the prosperity of that State, should be taught the elements of such knowledge as will "give ingenuity to the mind and cunning to the fingers," for, as has been said, "thought in the brain of labor is the alchemy of industry, turning everything it touches into gold." The young men of the country, tired of old methods and plodding systems, are clamorous for new channels for their labor and their intellect. They realize that changes are going on in science and in physics which, if disregarded, will compromise their stations and success in life. They ask for means and methods to avail themselves of their teaching and improvements. The avenues of distinction are multiplying. Open wide the gates that all may enter. Would to God I could more fully impress upon them that in industrial avocations are fields white with harvests of honor and distinction. The marble column may monument the statesmen and barristers of other days, but Agassiz and Lavoisier, Humboldt and Cuvier, will live in history when those barristers will be forgotten and their monumental shafts shall have crumbled into dust. Poets may sing in measured verse of the victories of conquering heroes, but the triumphs of Arkwright and Crompton and Cartwright will be sounded down the ages as long as a factory runs its looms, or steam propels its machinery.

Orators may extol in studied eloquence the fame of Fox and Pitt and Clay and Webster, but the starry spheres will hymn forever the names of Galileo and Kepler, the mighty engine wheeling across continents the commerce of nations, will carry to the generations the fame of Watt, and the bursting billow ploughed by the ocean steamer will dirge in eternal cadence a requiem to Fulton.

Open, then, to your young men, by a proper education, inviting fields in the trades and mechanical industries, and they will not resort to your already overstocked professions, nor live upon scanty salaries behind your counters. So elevate, by education, your industries as to impress society with the theory which all must yet accept, "that industrial occupations are a proper basis of social distinction." Heed the charge of Moses to the Levites, over three thousand years ago, that "all children should be instructed in everything which would qualify them for good citizenship," and you will inaugurate a system that will give your people happiness, and your State wealth, position, and honor. (For this system will embrace moral culture, industrial
training, and intellectual acquirements, and upon this system can be built the superstructure of permanent honor and position. "No amount of intelligence (says Prof. Seeley) ever saved any people, and the most costly educational system is consistent with and sometimes actually found in the most corrupt social state."

Rome, in the very zenith of her intellectual splendor, tyrannized over justice and religion, and in the cemetery of nations is written the epitaph, "Ilium fuit." France was in a blaze of intellectual light, and the fires of genius were burning with bright lustre, when infidelity and corruption destroyed the Church, overthrew her liberties and deluged her land with the blood of relentless revolution. All along the shores of empire are wrecks of governments whose rulers, unrestrained by the precepts of divine revelation and the stern teachings of justice and morality, "dissolved the fabric of society," and subverted the liberties and institutions of the people. Moral culture, industrial training, Christianized knowledge, should be the grand aim of parents and educators of youth. Without these, honor is a dream, and fame the shadow of a passing cloud. What availed the eloquence of Cicero, when he fled his country and perished under the stroke of the bloody Pompilius? What were honors and consulship, the tragic death of Caesar will answer. The sweets of office to-day are exchanged by Phocian for the fatal poison to-morrow. What are gifts of genius and powers of intellect, if Voltaire prostitutes them to reject revelation, if Hume debases them with atheistic ethics, if Rousseau obscures them with a philosophy dark as the gloom of the grave, or Byron wreaths them with the blossoming rosary of licentious verse? They are like shining glaciers, that lift their frozen forms above the green valleys below, their faces radiant with the Day King's smiles, their heads crowned with the glory of the morning, alluring by their beauty the unsuspecting traveller to the dangers and death of their inviting ascents. Yes, my hearers, education without morality, culture without restraint, character without principles, are silver vails hiding the deformity of false Mokamas; but character, stamped with the signet of truth and fashioned in the mould of integrity, is a leaf torn from the book of life upon which is written the title-deeds to imperishable honors. Fidelity to principle and to truth is the crowning glory of human excellence. It is the dream of the poet, the theme of the orator, the ideal of the sculptor. To commemorate the fidelity
of the Swiss regiment, the guard of Louis XVI., who lost their lives in his defence in Paris, at the close of the 18th century, Thorswalden designed and Ahorn cut as their monument in the side of a rock in Lucerne, in Switzerland, a monster lion—the fatal shaft piercing his side, yet stretching out in death his huge paw to cover the shield on which were the lilies of France. Had I, my countrymen, the genius of Thorswalden or the touch of Raphael in commemoration of that fidelity to principle which characterized Virginia’s heroes in their late struggle for independence, I also would monument their deeds by chiselling in the sides of one of your war-scarred mountains, the genius of liberty, not prostrate or dying, but standing erect and dignified, her form encircled with your abandoned emblems, her coronet a crown of twelve stars, pointing with one hand to humble Confederate graves, and with the other to a rift in the cloud that overhangs you, through which could be seen the mountain of the future glory of Virginia, God’s green upon its sides, his eternal sunshine settling upon its head. But this fidelity not only characterized your sons, but it was beautifully typified in the lives of your Spartan women. Meek, gentle, and confiding devotion and fidelity, sweet as the “fruits of the Amrita tree,” characterized their actions. Firm, inflexible, self-sacrificing, a patriotism pure as the waters from “Chindara’s fount,” enthused their bosoms and signalized their lives. The hour of man’s adversity was their hour of triumph. Did the storm gather and tempest sweep? Man, the Cedar of Lebanon, fell before the fury of the blast; but woman, the willow by the waters, flourished, lovely in her humility, when the tempest was over. Did the thunders crash and the lightnings strike? Man, the towering pine, was riven by the stroke; but woman, the lovely flower, nestling among the garden plants, emitted a sweeter fragrance when the thunders were hushed. Patriotic sons, lovely daughters, these men and these women have passed or are passing away, but Virginia is not dead. The old mother has been stricken, severely stricken, but thank God she yet lives, and could I gather those sons and those daughters to-day around some consecrated mountain, as Israel was gathered around memorable Sinai, while the lightnings flashed and the deep-toned thunders pealed in the cloud above, from that cloud the voice of the trumpet should sound long, and grow louder and louder until startled Israel should hear the fiery law, Virgini ans live for Virginia.
Victor Emanuel's last words to his son were, "My son, live for Italy!" It was the farewell injunction of a patriotic sire. Without any of the solemnity of a death-bed appeal, and related to you only by the ties of a common interest and a common destiny, yet in patriotic solicitude, as my soul trembles under "the deep syllables of its earnest utterance," I echo the sentiment of the dying statesman, Sons of Virginia, live for your grand old State. For she is grand:

Grand in her rivers and her rills,
Grand in her "woods and templed hills,"
Grand in the wealth that glory yields,
Illustrious dead, historic fields,
Grand in the Past, her Present grand
In sunlit skies, in fruitful land,
Grand in her strength on land and sea,
Grand in religious liberty,
Grand in her men, but grander far
In Spartan mothers, as her women are.

Young men, this is your State: yours to enjoy, yours to develop, yours to transmit. It matters not whether in the domain of science, in the world of letters, in the kingdom of philosophy, in the walks of civilization, in the paths of commerce, in the forum, or in the sacred desk, in the activities of peace or in the art of war, in the growth of independence or in the science of government, Virginia has reason to be proud of her contributions to the civilization of the age, and to be "satisfied with the brightness of the constellations" that shine in the firmament of her history.

To your hands will soon be committed the duty of levelling her hills, of elevating her valleys, of arching her streams, of developing her mines, of tunnelling her mountains, of directing her industries, of advancing her civilization, her society, and her government. Go forth with educated hands and heads and hearts to the duties to which she will call you. The great battle of the future is before you. Be not discouraged by defeat or awed by opposition. Learn a lesson from Marshal McDonald on that memorable field, when the destinies of France hung trembling on the daring of himself and his gallant band of 1,500—the remnant of the army of 16,000 that had gone out with him in the morning to battle and to death. Before him was the Austrian army in martial array, with cannon in front of him, cannon on the right of him, and cannon on the left of
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him; behind him were his dead and dying; in sight was his exacting Emperor, who had ordered the charge. Taking a last look at his dead, he turned to the living, and "Forward!" leaped from his lips as lightning from the thunder-cloud; "forward" was caught up by his braves, and transmitted along the lines, and "forward" they pressed, despite the rainfall of shot and shell, until the Austrian centre was broken, their banners lowered, and the Eagles of France were planted in triumph on the bloody field of Wagram.

Take your last look at the past, and forward to the duties of the present and the triumphs of the future. Here I know are the sepulchres of your fathers, the altars of your mothers, and here your kindred dwell. Among those sepulchres and around those altars, learn lessons of patriotic devotion to State and Country, and from sepulchre and altar let your prayers ascend:

"God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night."

And before you are gathered to your fathers you will have crossed your stormy Jordan, and in the rich Canaan of the future, which stretches out before you in endless perspective, like Israel's sons and daughters, you will be able to sing a new song, yea, upon a "psaltery and instruments of ten strings you can sing your deliverance song in strains exultant as those

"That floated over the waves
From Miriam's timbrel and from Moses' tongue."

COMMENCEMENT.

By the time this number comes under the eye of our readers those who were present at the commencement exercises, will have almost forgotten the pleasant time we had together during the last few days (or rather nights) of session '83-'84. Therefore we will give an outline sketch of the proceedings of the commencement in order to re-
fresh their memories, and also for the benefit of those of our friends who were unable to attend:

On Tuesday night, June 10th, occurred the public declamation for the "Woods" medal. The contest took place in the Philologian Society Hall. There was quite a good attendance in spite of the threatening weather. Three impartial judges were selected to decide upon the best declaimer—Col. Evans, Major Nash, Mr. Dunlop. Mr. T. J. Shipman was the fortunate contestant.

The annual sermon before the Young Men's Christian Association was delivered by Rev. R. R. Acree, of Lynchburg, on Sunday night, June 15th, at the Second Baptist church. A large audience was present, as the weather was clear and just cool enough to be pleasant. The discourse was upon the life of Daniel, the text being taken from Daniel xii. 13, and was divided into two heads—1, the promises of Daniel's boyhood; and 2, the promises fulfilled. Under these two heads the subject was ably discussed.

On Monday evening, June 16th, the Literary Societies held their joint annual celebration. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. R. R. Acree. The salutatory address was delivered by F. W. McKay, of Warren, president of the Mu Sigma Rho; orations were delivered on "Mythology" by W. J. H. Bohannon, of Matthews, of the Philologian, and on "Labor" by G. C. Bundick, of Accomac, of the Mu Sigma Rho. The valedictory was delivered by H. W. Tribble, of Caroline, president of the Philologian. The speeches called forth much deserving applause from an appreciative audience.

On Tuesday evening, June 17th, after prayer by Rev. J. L. Burrows, Gen. James G. Field, in an appropriate speech, welcomed the audience in behalf of the societies, and introduced the orator of the occasion, Hon. Thomas Hardeman, Jr., of Georgia.

Colonel Hardeman then delivered an eloquent address in which he paid a touching tribute to Virginia's honored dead. His address also contained much wholesome advice to the students.
The medalists were next called before the rostrum, and Mr. Ashton Starke, of Richmond, after a witty speech, delivered the medals as follows: For the best debater—Mu Sigma Rho, R. M. Ramsey, of South Carolina; Philologian, H. W. Tribble, of Caroline. For the greatest improvement during the session—Mu Sigma Rho, A. N. Bowers, of Hanover; Philologian, W. Y. Quisenberry, of Spotsylvania. The medal, given by the two societies jointly for the best article contributed to the Messenger during the session, was awarded to E. B. Pollard, of Richmond.

On Wednesday evening, June 18th, quite a large crowd was present at the dedication of the "Jeter Memorial Hall." After prayer by Rev. J. L. Carroll, Rev. Dr. C. H. Ryland read letters from several distinguished persons, expressing their interest in the college and their regrets at not being able to attend the dedication. Among these letters was one from Professor George F. Holmes, of the University of Virginia, (a former professor of Richmond College) and one from Gen. G. W. C. Lee, president of the Washington and Lee University. Rev. Dr. W. E. Hatcher, chairman of the "Jeter Memorial Committee," then transferred to Dr. Curry the key of the hall. Dr. Hatcher spoke in glowing terms of the northern friends of the college; he also said that not only were all the debts of the college paid, but that there was money in the treasury. Dr. Curry accepted the key of the hall in a fitting speech, and introduced the well-known orator and preacher, Rev. J. B. Thomas, of Brooklyn. Dr. Thomas then made a speech that was full of fine passages and telling hits. After the speaking was over the library was thrown open to visitors in order to show the public what the "Jeter Memorial Committee" had done by way of executing the work put into their charge.

On June 19th, the last night of the commencement, the exercises of the evening were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. J. B. Thomas. Professor Puryear then proceeded to read a long list of distinctions and promotions in the junior classes. After the reading of this list, Mr. A. M. Keiley presented the "Woods" and "Steel" medals with an appropriate speech, in which he paid a very pretty tribute to Richmond College, and in closing reminded the medalists that reading and declamation were "means not ends, instruments not
objects." We have mentioned before that Mr. E. B. Pollard, of Richmond, was the successful competitor for the "Steel" medal, and T. J. Shipman, of Richmond, that for the "Woods." The promotion from the intermediate to the senior classes and the diplomas in the various schools were next delivered. Judge Welford then delivered the "Tanner" and "Gwin" medals. There were two "Tanner" medals given this session, because the professor of Greek was unable to decide which knew the most Greek, E. P. Lipscomb, of Nelson, or Romer C. Stearnes, of Pulaski. H. W. Tribble, of Caroline, was the philosopher who carried off the "Frances Gwin" medal. Professor Puryear, after delivering the degree of B. A. to G. C. Bundick, of Accomac; J. W. Loving, of Fluvanna; E. B. Pollard, of Richmond; O. L. Stearnes, of Pulaski; W. W. Talley, of Lynchburg; H. W. Tribble, of Caroline, and T. L. West, of Louisa; and that of M. A. to Frank Puryear, of Richmond; A. B. Rudd, of Chesterfield, and E. L. Scott, of De Soto Parish, La., delivered an address to the M. A.'s, in which he complimented them on the way in which they had conducted themselves while at college. He also explained to the audience that the degree of M. A. was not conferred as an honorary degree upon graduates, but was obtained by hard work. Professor W. F. Fox next introduced Mr. Sam Witt, who delivered the address before the alumni. This address was very eloquent, and above all, not too long. This session the trustees of the college have conferred the following honorary degrees: LL. D. upon Professor C. H. Judson, of Furman University, Greenville, S. C.; Professor Robert C. Fox, of Columbian University, Washington, D. C.; D. D. upon Professor G. W. Riggan, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Well, college is over; so there is nothing left for us to do, before packing our valise and following the example of our fighting editor, (who, on account of over-work, has left town some time previous) but to bid our friends good-bye and wish them a pleasant vacation.