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A STORM.

The orb of light had left his dazell'd way,  
And the plowman's weary tread was homeward bound,  
To laugh with eyelids clos'd at children's play,  
That round the hearth-stone glad, made merry sound.  
The huntsman, tired with his chase, had bent  
His course to the vine-thatched cottage in the wood,  
Where down he threw the game that chance had lent,  
And for a moment, glad with success he stood.

The stars, the sentinels of the skies were out,  
And the Milky Way arch'd the ebon vault,  
When o'er the western hills a sable cloth  
Arose, as if to mourn some secret fault.  
An unseen power rolled up the vail,  
Darker, darker, yet darker than the night  
Driving the merciless wind, hoarse with wail,  
Before the elements warring in their might.

Distant lightnings burned as smother'd fire,  
Now darkness reigns, and anon the skies are bright,  
Illumin'd with the flush of electric ire  
That told the fury of the coming night.  
The muttering thunder's ceaseless roar,  
As live, it leap'd in haste from cloud to cloud,  
Bade too the wanderer, quick find a shore,  
And hear within its pealings wild and loud.
The fury breaks fast in all its might,
Above the tempest-driven clouds stand high,
While the lightning, flashing its brilliant light,
And the sharp, quick voice of pealing thunders nigh,
Calls to the flying steeds of the chariot cease,
And spend their rage upon defying earth,
With structur'd things that boast their time's no lease,
For the world in need, would miss their worth.

The stately pine, plant'd on a hill-top near,
Heaved long sighs as of deepest grief;
Trembling fields paid homage to the tyrant fear,
And bowed as if to beg of him relief;
But the storm breaks, the world commotion is,
O'erhanging clouds fast weep down their vail,
And He who guides the moving spheres that are His Own, made wondrous grand that tempest wall.

"Notes."

DECLINE OF POETRY.

Why the noblest of the fine arts should decline, some do not understand; but that it has, all must acknowledge. But has this art lost its power to enrapture the soul and enchant the world—are men dead to the fire of poesy? Has poetry lost its charms, or have men lost their appreciation of the poetic and beautiful? Is the world dead to feeling and alive only to arid thought—has nature lost the beauty that once fired the soul and gave wings to the poet's fancy? Are heroes less brave, that the poet should no longer sing of their valor—have we no war-scarred heights, no sacred memories of our fallen fathers, that should animate the soul and cause man to give vent to his feelings in poetic strains? These questions we cannot answer in the affirmative; but a proper view of this subject leads to other considerations.

Truly, poetry is "simple, sensuous, and passionate." For the first condition, simplicity—we must look at poetry both subjectively and objectively. The first view distinguishes poetry from the arduous processes of science laboring for an end to be attained only by actual mental energy. Without subjective simplicity, poetry is
without grace and beauty. Poetry must gush from a soul appreciative of the beautiful, and susceptible of the most delicate as well as the most violent emotions. This view of poetry supposes a smooth and finished path, along which the reader is to pass, with murmuring streams by his side, and trees, flowers, human dwellings, to make the journey as pleasant as the end of it is desirable; instead of toiling with the pioneers, and painfully making the way along which others are to travel. Poetry is designed for the use and enjoyment of all; hence the importance of objective simplicity. The thoughts, images, and words of the poet must be readily comprehensible by those having attained, at least, some degree of culture. If much mental energy is necessary for the comprehension of thought, then the intellect must be very active, consequently the sensibilities will be less susceptible. But the poet must arouse more feeling than thought, or he fails to accomplish his purpose.

Poetry is "sensuous." It is not abstract, but eminently concrete. Sensuousness insures that frame-work of objectivity, that imagery, the vivid representation of the poet's thoughts, without which poetry flattens into mere didactic practice. Poetry should and must be "passionate." The simple and pictured truth must come from a soul animated with warm and elevated feeling.

If poetry is declining, of course there must be a cause of its declension, and certain results must follow. We readily grant, that with poetic decline the creative power will be less active, in a certain sense.

But we are living in an age of advanced thought, and the creative power sustains a most important and indispensable relation to thought. Now the question arises, is it possible for poetry to decline and thought advance, when the imagination is of great and indispensable service to both? We maintain that the progress of thought is in no way retarded by the decline of poetry. But with poetic declension is there not an accompanying loss of imagination? There is a loss to some degree, at least, of the poetic imagination. But there must be a clear distinction made between the poetic and philosophic imagination. While they are both species of the creative power, the activity of the one is not materially affected by the inac-
tivity of the other. There are instances of the combination of the poetic imagination with eminent philosophical genius. We mention Bacon, Newton, Plato, and Kepler. But some men are great philosophers and no poets. We name Descartes, Lock, and Hamilton; while Homer, Virgil, and Spencer were preeminently poets, but no philosophers. The two instances last mentioned seem sufficient to refute the argument that the decline of poetry must be productive of consequences, fatal to philosophical invention and thought. The loss above mentioned is not attributable to the genetic powers as such, but to the inactivity of these powers. Now, the inactivity of these powers is caused by the predominant activity of other powers of the soul.

All must admit that thought is progressive and the world is becoming more thoroughly scientific. But this scientific spirit of the world is detrimental to poetry, because thought is essentially analytic and poetry is synthetic. When the mind views the parts, the attention is less fixed on the whole and riveted on the parts. Consequently any process that transfers the attentive mind from the whole to the parts, and thought does, must interfere with poetry, for poetry is essentially synthetic. It is evident that—as in nature so with man—the law of supply is in proportion to the law of demand. The present urges extensive scientific investigation, which necessitates extensive analyses and profound thought. The human mind attempts to meet this urgent demand. But the attempt to supply the demand leads the bright intellects into elaborate analyses, and disqualifies them for the making of a "simple, sensuous, and passionate product," such as poetry must necessarily be.

Poetry is the natural forerunner of science, because the human mind naturally looks at things as wholes before it looks at the constituent parts. Moreover, it is impossible to proceed with an analysis until we have something to analyze. When one gazes upon a landscape, he does not first consider the trees, flowers, etc., and then look at them as constituting a whole. This would be perverting the natural order of things. His first act is to apprehend the landscape as a mathematical whole; second, to analyze, to distinguish the trees from the flowers, and observe more closely the outline.
Hence, it is natural for poetry, being synthetic, to precede thought, which is essentially analytic.

The events in human affairs are similar in all ages of the world. We further recognize the very important fact, that nature is uniform in her operations. Not to accept the constancy and uniformity of the agencies, operations, and laws of nature, is to reject much of our knowledge. Nature is unchangeable, and this invariable principle is the very basis of all our knowledge. Some argue that we cannot consistently adhere to this principle and at the same time maintain that poetry is declining. But there is no reason why the decline of poetry should necessitate a change in the uniform operations of nature. Poetry is the product of the human powers, and these powers may vary in their relative activity without destroying the principle of uniformity in nature at all. While this uniformity is and must be preserved, the mutual relation and activity of the psychical powers may vary without a corresponding change in the laws and principles of nature. Human powers and not the operation of natural forces make poetry. Human powers do and must vary in their activity, or we would have no new products, but simply the repetition of former activities resulting in old products. There would be no progress. But does nature have nothing to do with poetry? Truly, nature inspires the poet, and her beauties are no less to-day than in the past. But this truth is not discordant with poetic declension. If it can be shown that the human mind is giving more attention to the antithesis of poetry than to poetry itself, then all must concede the decline of poetry. Further on we shall attempt to show that the spirit of our age and the natural bent of man are productive of such a result. Men are susceptible. What we are, depends in no small degree upon the age in which we live. Man truly is the child of his age. This leads to us consider our age—its demands upon men. Being a day of advanced thought and scientific investigation, there is great mental activity. Thought, instead of feeling, is holding sway over men. But when thought is preponderant, feeling is less intense; and when feeling decreases, poetry must decline, for poetry is essentially "sensuous."

The decline of poetry cannot be founded on any native deficiency
of our age either to produce or receive the poetic. Men are born with native capacities for poetry to-day as much so as ever. We believe "poets are born and not made." But in the same sense is it true that doctors, lawyers, and preachers are born, and not made. To be born a poet, is being born with the natural capacities and elements of a poet undeveloped. To become a poet, is to exercise these native powers. What men are by nature must be distinguished from what they become by development. The age and external circumstances have nothing to do with man's native ability and capacities, but they do affect, very materially, the development of his native powers. If the plant is always kept in the cellar, it will not put forth strong branches. But expose it to the sun-light, in the open air, and it will be a healthy plant. The native vitality was the same in both cases, but the different circumstances under which the two plants were developed caused the great difference. So with men; they are born as much poets to-day as ever, but the existing circumstances so modify the development of their powers as to give them capacities very different from those of former ages. Thus we conclude that the decline of poetry is not grounded on a deficiency of natural resources. These are ever the same. Nor must we conclude that poetry is declining because we have no Homer, or even a Virgil. There never has been and never will be more than one Homer. But we have a Longfellow and a Tennyson. The Evangeline and Hiawatha of the former shall ever be read with pleasure, while the Charge of the Light Brigade shall never fail to impress the coming ages with England's poet-laureate. When will the world refrain from admiring the heart-touching and soul-reviving Poe? But we must not draw general conclusions from a few individual cases alone. The various operating forces must be considered. However, a comparative study of our age with any of the past, will clearly show, as a matter of fact, that poets and poetry are depreciating. It is not our purpose to show in this brief sketch the declension of poetry by a comparative process, but rather to indicate that poetic decline is an inevitable consequence, by virtue of the natural order of things. Because the world seeks for the practical, is not our reason for poetical decline. There is no reason why the
Decline of Poetry.

poet should not be a practical man, simply because he is a poet. In fact, the poetic genius frequently renders the most practical service to man. We think that the poetic is in perfect harmony with the practical. But enough for the negative; let us consider the positive ground of poetical decline.

The quite common and erroneous idea makes poetry the antithesis to prose; but prose is opposed to metre, and poetry is the proper antithesis to science. The object of poetry is the communication of immediate pleasure, but science acquires and communicates truth. The doctrine of the unity of the soul is firmly established and strictly adhered to. We ask the reader to hold this doctrine constantly before his mind as we proceed, for it is on this ground that poetic declension is to be established. We proceed on the assumption that all will readily admit that the world is becoming more thoroughly scientific. This scientific advancement necessitates elaborate analyses and comprehensive thought. There is another important truth to be observed in conjunction with psychical unity—namely, that each psychical state is characterized by some preponderating element. The characteristic element of a poetic state is feeling, but the predominant element, when the soul is engaged in scientific research, is thought. Ours is an age of scientific research; hence thought is the predominant element. The consequences must be evident to every mind. Not to conclude that poetry is declining, is either to be inconsistent ourselves or to reject a doctrine which is the very foundation of psychological research. To be consistent and treat the question fairly, we must conclude that the advanced science of this age is unfavorable to the production of poetry. If this be true, poetry must decline; for there are no reasons for believing that the world will ever become less scientific. The longer thought is the predominant element of the soul the weaker will the poetical powers become, for their comparative inactivity will render them less efficient. This conclusion does not warrant the total extinction of poetry in coming ages. To say that poetry is declining is not affirming that the time is coming when there will be no more poets and poetry. Such a conclusion would sanction the belief that nature is not uniform in the opera-
tions of her laws and principles, and force us to conclude that the soul must cease to feel and the beauties of nature fail to inspire. While thought is predominant, all the other faculties of the soul, alike, sustain a subordinate relation to thought; hence, to argue the total extinction of poetry is to argue the extinction of the poetic faculty. And on the same ground would we be forced to conclude that the soul would soon be capable of only one capacity—namely, intellectual activity. Such a conclusion would be absurd. No; poetry will never fail to communicate pleasure. The world may not have a Homer or Virgil to-day, but it has poetical genius of no mean rank.

The poet will ever be reverenced. Poetry can never become altogether a thing of the past, so long as men feel, which they must do, for a strong intellect must be stimulated by strong feeling. But we must not look at this question from a single stand-point, and then draw a general conclusion. The facts, which must be the premises of our conclusion, are clear. When we hold up the doctrine of psychical unity, and recognize the preponderance of some one element in every psychical state; and remembering that the world is becoming more thoroughly scientific, we must conclude that poetry is declining. Declining—not to die, but simply because men are more scientific to-day than poetic. The world will never see the total extinction of poetry. The universe is full of it. The air is alive with its spirit. The waves dance to the music of its melodies and sparkle in its brightness. The earth is veiled and mantled with its beauty. The walls that enclose the universe with crystal are eloquent with voices that proclaim the unseen glories of immensity in harmonies too perfect and too high for aught save beings of celestial mould. But the present age is scientific, and science is the antithesis of poetry. Hence poetry is and must remain in a declining state so long as the world is engaged in the acquisition of knowledge rather than simply in the communication of pleasure. That the scientist will ever retire and give place to the poet, is scarcely presumable. History seems to teach that one among the many designs of poetry was to prepare the world for science. Poetry ennobled men—gave them lofty aspirations; it gave reach
to the mind and hope to the heart. Men born with God-given capacities and swayed with the heaven-born inspiration of the true poet were thus to prepare for science. Hence poetic declension is not the device of man, nor indicative of retrogression, but is obedience to the laws of nature, which fact is confirmed by the past and present, and this is our only index to the future.

Q.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

Man, as he wakes from the dream-like state of the infant into conscious activity and passes through certain stages of development, finds himself in a world of life and activity. He finds himself, so to speak, on a great stage, among beings, like himself in many respects,—moving without order or purpose, seemingly, among each other; but as he observes them more carefully he finds that each acts in a particular sphere, performing definite functions with reference to definite ends. Thus he learns that man is designed for action, and the question very naturally suggests itself to him, What is my work on this stage of action? Such a question implies his own conviction of his peculiar fitness for some special sphere of activity, and the problem now confronts him, in a fuller form, What part shall I assume in life's drama in order to the possibility of winning for myself the praise and admiration of the world as an evidence of duty well performed, and of having the consciousness to myself at the close of the scene that I have merited such a tribute? This latter is, after all, the supreme test of success. Apart from the eulogies of an admiring world, there must be an inner satisfaction which comes only from an honest conviction of an appointed mission faithfully performed. Without this, success, as it relates to him individually, can never be fully attained.

These considerations lead us to remark that the desire for success is one innate in man. Whatever else may be acquired, this is certainly original. Observations of his actions from the impulsive, thoughtless, and apparently purposeless movements of childhood to the more mature activities of perfected manhood, guided by intelli-
gent purpose, all confirm the truth of this statement. A purpose
in view, along with the desire to accomplish it, is the source of
that ceaseless activity which characterizes the life of man.

According as this purpose is more or less perfectly accomplished,
he, in common with mankind, pronounces his life a success or a
failure. What, then, is essential to success? One of the prime re-
quisites is, that a man shall rightly understand his relation to this
world in which he finds himself living and acting. This relation
is strictly that of a part to the whole. He is merely a factor. Suc-
cess depends upon a recognition of this fact. To exalt himself into
the character of a central agent, thereby implying his ability to
control and direct all the complex and varied duties in the different
spheres of life, is to take an erroneous view of life and of his
own powers and possibilities, the result of which will be distressing
humiliation and total failure. So, then, we hold that each man's
work is definite and limited. A sufficient reason for this view,
were there no other, would be that his time of action is limited.
To perfect any work a certain period of time is required. As the
work is more or less complex and difficult, the time required for its
completion will vary proportionately, and only a few such labors
are accomplished, when the actor ceases to act, for his time of action
soon reaches its limit.

But there is a still higher reason. Men are endowed with dif-
f erent capacities, and hence are peculiarly adapted to special avoca-
tions. No truth is more apparent to one who has pondered the
problem of man, in all its phases, than that men are born to per-
form each a separate and distinct work in the world. Nor does
this appear to the man of reflection to be merely the result of
chance. He sees in it all a divine design—the thought and adap-
tation of a Divine Designer, the study of the creature thus lead-
ing him up to the wisdom and foresight of the omniscient Creator.
On this principle alone can we account for the multitudinous variety
of the products of man's thoughts and labors. Our wondrous
civilization, exhibiting a complexity of parts in a rapidly maturing
whole, stands like a structure, reared and perfected by different
workmen, each one having performed a separate and distinct part,
yet all the parts mutually essential to its completion, and itself a silent but significant testimony of the individual contribution of each agent in its perfection. The limitations of the human intellect forbid us to believe that so grand a result could have been achieved by a single individual. Every man contributes a part, and only a part, and the character of the contribution is determined by the character and capacity of the contributor. The fact of original and innate capacities, differing in different individuals, and unmistakably pointing to adaptations to different callings, must be recognized and accepted as an important and indisputable truth. There is, however, in the present age a growing and pernicious tendency among many to disregard and call in question such a position. They accept it in part, but deny its universality.

In support of their position they remind us of the expression, "Poetae nascuntur, sed oratores fiunt"—poets are born, but orators are made. To my mind this expression, in its literal significance, is little less than irreverent. Those who hold such a position come rightly under that class who would deny the evidence of design in the universe. It is true, their views are not absolutely extreme, but they evidently tend in that direction. They acknowledge divine adaptation as extending to man, in admitting that some are divinely appointed to a specific mission, while in other cases they make man

"Supreme master
Of his own fortune or disaster,"

therein recognizing no higher power as concerned with him. The deliberative and reflective mind cannot and does not accept any such theory. Adaptation is a law of the universe. Would you have an illustration of this fact? Contemplate the order and harmony which prevails among your glittering orbs, which move with majestic sweep through the boundless expanse of space. Each one moves in its own appointed orbit, and should one of them deviate therefrom for a moment, doubtless there would be such a wreck of worlds and crash of matter as would fill the whole universe with confusion and ruin. Look again, and behold it in all the forms of life around you. Each plant, each animal, is adapted
to a particular locality, and a violation of this law in the case of
the one or the other is either certain, and, in some cases, speedy
death, or, at least, is fatal to active and vigorous life. Look again,
and this time not at the world around and beyond you, but at your
own physical structure, and behold in every member, design and
adaptation. Each organ performs a distinct function, thus display­
ing a wondrous design; all are mutually dependent, and in this,
adaptation is prominent and unmistakable. What is thus known to
be true of physical life we may reasonably infer is pre-eminently
true of intellectual life.

It is true, in a certain sense, that every man is the architect of his
own fortune, but as the strength and durability of a building de­
pends radically upon the nature of the foundation, so the charac­
ter of every man's work, in whatever sphere of life he may labor,
will be determined by the motives which prompt him to the selec­
tion of his calling, because this is the corner-stone which sustains,
firm or insecure, the superstructure he may erect. A mistake here
is fatal. He may build carefully and skilfully, but he will never
rear a firm and enduring memorial of his toil. It must either perish,
or, which is worse, endure only in the scale of mediocrity. Hence,
he who would be a successful man, must recognize the supreme im­
portance of making a correct decision as to what shall be his work.
This decision each one must make for himself. As no one else can
know him as he knows himself, so no one else can make this decis­
ion for him. Of course, he should regard sound advice with due
consideration, but he should especially guard against being biassed
by it. Many a failure in life can be traced to such a cause. To
yield entirely to the opinion of another, instead of heeding the dic­
tates of that inner voice, which should always be the final criterion,
is to be false to one's self; and this necessarily and rightly involves
failure.

But there is still another liability to error in this decision. The
individual may decide too hastily—that is, before he has studied
himself with that careful attention by which alone he can gain a
complete knowledge of himself. A hasty or careless examination
must necessarily be imperfect. He who would know himself thoroughly must turn his gaze inward, and look deep, and long; must give due attention to every phase of his inner being. This every one can do; this every one must do for himself. All may not look with the intense and scrutinizing gaze of a philosopher, but every one can perform the act with sufficient exactness for the purpose in view. He who has made such an examination of himself is fully prepared to decide upon his work, and not until then is he prepared to decide. If his decision is determined by the silent but suggestive whisperings of the inner voice, that compass which points him to the polar star of destiny, it will be based upon a sure foundation—a deep and solemn conviction of his peculiar fitness for this work alone; and thus, with the consciousness of being in the position for which he was designed, there will be the stimulus to action which will finally conduct him to the goal of success.

A calling chosen from the promptings of a conviction other than this will necessarily be associated with inglorious failure, or, at best, with but partial success; for the most essential element of it will thus be excluded: namely, that of loving one's work. This is the great stimulus to that persistent effort which enables one to surmount every difficulty, for it arouses and summons to concentrated activity all the varied powers within him; but without it many of them must necessarily lie dormant, or, at most, be aroused to but feeble energy. Vain, absurdly vain, is the hope of success in any calling which does not command the sanction of sober judgment, or excite that passionate interest which is the source of that untiring activity which leads on to fortune. As well look for bright-plumed birds and beauteous flowers where winter reigns, like a king of terror, or expect desolate fields and snow-crowned mountains where Nature is robed in perennial verdure and sweet-toned songsters warble their melodies in tropical sunshine. Why is it that men so often give up the calling which they had chosen as their life-work? The explanation is obvious. They are false to their first convictions. Prompted by unworthy motives, they turn a deaf ear to the inner voice; its whisperings soon cease to be heard; and thus losing this, the only true guide, they are, like a mariner at sea without a compass, destined to lose
their true course, and perhaps to be wrecked and ruined both for time and for eternity. From such a danger they can only save themselves by referring again to this sure guide, which is ever ready to counsel an attentive enquirer. It shows such a one how far he has erred from his appointed course, and directs him thereto again; and following its guidance, he turns from his present course, and in so doing wisely gives up what he had once erroneously supposed to be his calling.

Another explanation is possible, which presents such an error in a more pardonable aspect. A man may have decided upon his work before making that thorough self-examination which we have insisted upon as being of supreme importance as an essential preparation for such a decision. The error in either case is equally fatal, and he who has not the manliness to turn from it when it is thus set before him, by giving up his supposed calling, regardless of the opinion of the world, is disloyal to himself, to his fellow-man, yea, to his God.

So, then, having viewed the evils attending an unworthy or hasty decision, we return with greater confidence to our former position, that such a decision must be based upon pure motives and solemn convictions.

But just here a fatal mistake may be made which will forever preclude one from attaining fully to the desired goal. Lured on by the bright vision of the future, which fancy paints in gorgeous colors, he may overlook or underrate the difficulties which lie before him, and hence fail to make due preparation before entering upon his work. To make such a mistake is to defeat by a single act the ultimate purpose of his life. It is to be so absorbed in gazing at the olive crown which some Athena holds out before him, as not to hear the significant words of Virtue, "Nothing without labor." Amid the stern realities of life, replete with perplexing problems, he will learn, but too late, that great success involves great labor. Of little consequence is it that he has entered the avenue of human activity for which he was designed, if he is deficient in this respect. An ocean steamer may weigh anchor and set sail, in the true course, for some distant port, but if the crew have failed to make the re-
quisite preparation for the voyage, they can never reach the desired haven. So he who fails to make due preparation for his life work by developing and disciplining all his powers, will find himself unable to grapple successfully with many of the difficult problems which will confront him, and thus much that might otherwise have been successfully accomplished, will be, at best, but imperfectly performed. Point not to a few men of towering genius who have risen to eminence without having had such training. Great as they became, may we not reasonably suppose that with such preparation they would have risen to far loftier heights of fame and celebrity? And even if we are not warranted in such a supposition, yet we must regard these, as they really are, exceptional cases.

As a general rule, the lack of such preparation will preclude such a one from ever advancing beyond mediocrity. So, then, we maintain that the importance of such training cannot be too strongly insisted upon, nor the neglect of it too strongly condemned. In this extremely practical age, there is a growing tendency to ignore it, but to give currency to such an opinion would be to bring about certain and speedy retrograde in civilization. Such are some of the errors to which one is liable in deciding upon and entering his work, and the importance of guarding against them cannot well be overrated. If they are carefully avoided, then success only depends upon honest and persistent effort. This will naturally follow when one's calling has been properly chosen, for then it will engage the intensest interest of his being, and thus all his toil will indeed be "a labor of love." Let him not despise humble beginnings, or be discouraged by rebuffs of fortune, but rather gain new strength from such experiences and take fresh courage for future duties and responsibilities, and then his progress will ever be onward and upward. Who, then, do we conclude will be a successful man? He who, after careful examination of himself, decides upon his work from a solemn conviction of his peculiar fitness for this work alone, prepares thoroughly for it before entering upon it, thus fitting himself to meet and overcome all difficulties, and then enters it, thus fully prepared, and presses forward with a hero's courage, his gaze ever directed upward, until at last the olive crown is placed
upon his brow, the world calls him blessed, for he has labored for its welfare and now receives its benediction, and passing to the scenes beyond, a greater One says to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant."
freedman. Let us look at both sides of the question, and speak of the real equity—that which recognizes the white man as well as the black.

Mr. Cable says: “It is the interest of the Southern States first, and consequently of the whole land, to discover clearly these equities and the errors that are being committed against them.” So far, so well; certainly nothing can be more true. It is our duty to recognize the rights of the negro, and to eradicate any errors that may be found in the system of equitable action proposed. But what are the equities? Will social equality be really equity? I answer No! a thousand times No! and every intelligent man of the South, who is not a fanatic or a dreaming theorist, will agree with me.

There is a line of distinction between the two races which is sharply and abruptly marked. The negroes feel their inferiority, and all of them, but those whose heads have been turned by Northern carpet-baggers and “philanthropists,” and Southern renegades, acknowledge it and proclaim it by their servility. This instinct of servility is one of the two distinctive characteristics of the negro race. The other is mental and moral inferiority.

Mr. Cable has taken as representatives of the negro a few of the more highly educated and aggressive as to their “rights.” I propose throughout, when I speak of the negro, to mean the laborer in our fields and factories, and not the polished theologian who twenty years ago was a slave. The laboring negro never thinks of social equality, or if he does, it is with a smile, for well he knows its impossibility. He is satisfied, and it is only his more cultured brother, who has had the light of Northern ideas shed upon him, that becomes dissatisfied when white people get better seats on the train. Can the master sit beside and converse with his slave of twenty years ago in so conservative a country as the South? Never; and it is useless to attempt to bring about such a state of things. If the movement in that direction is pushed too far, the red hand of revolution may interfere where nothing but peace and kindness should reign.

Nor could the two races live parallel and with equal rights, for either the one or the other would assert its mastery, or, what is
horrible to contemplate, amalgamation would take place; and I do not think it is reasonable to suppose that six million Africans could be absorbed into our American blood without causing the utter ruin and physical and mental prostration of our people. One glance at Mexico is sufficient. The idea is so repulsive that it seems hardly possible that amalgamation ever could take place, yet for all that there is danger of it.

I repeat the assertions made above: equality is not equity, nor is parallelism of condition and accommodation even possible. The servile instinct is in the very bone and fibre of the negro race. Some, indeed, say it is rapidly disappearing, but it is merely being concealed. It is only necessary for a white man to command, and the negro will obey him.

I agree with Mr. Cable, that justice is due these people; but what is justice? That which he would call justice would be far more detrimental to the real interests of the masses of the negroes than any other conceivable course of procedure. The South will never grant the equality that he desires so strongly; and if the negro ever obtains it, it will be at the expense of his Northern friends.

To again quote Mr. Cable: “To be a free man is his still distant goal. Twice he has been a freeman. In the days of compulsory reconstruction he was freed in the presence of his master by that master’s victorious foe. In these days of voluntary reconstruction, he is virtually freed by the consent of his master, but the master retaining the exclusive right to define the bounds of his freedom.”

This is false. The freedman is a free man—that is, free of every-thing but his own instinctive and constitutional inferiority. An ox cannot run as fast as a horse, and it is cruelly to try to make him do so. Neither can the negro comprehend the science of the white man, or live long under the social restraints and customs of the superior race. It is death to them to force them into subservience to cus-toms and manners entirely different from their own. By Mr. Cable’s own argument these people kept together as a distinct race in this country for over two hundred and sixty years, alienated, by their own brutishness and filthiness, even from companionship with the white man.
Twenty-five years ago they were slaves. Now they are worthless as servants, unbearable as our equals, incapable of being our superiors, and physically and morally worse than in ante bellum times. Look at the death rate in any Southern city or county and you will find it to be about twice as great among the negroes as among the whites. If the happiness of the freedman is to be considered, it is much better to let him quietly fill the place for which God intended him than to fill his mind with longings destined to be forever ungratified.

Mr. Cable is particularly anxious to have the freedman in the jury-box. His arguments in this direction are very easily met with the fact that not one negro in a thousand prefers to be tried by a jury of his own color. For twenty years the freedman, having the United States courts on his side, has had an opportunity to experiment with the condition in which he finds himself, and to seek and occupy his place. In Virginia he is not far from his true position in the social scale, and the result is peace and contentment. For an illustration of the evils attending his elevation above his true place, one has only to refer to the "Black Legislature" of South Carolina. The memory of that saturnalia of crime ought to rise up like Banquo's ghost and confront every writer who dares preach social equality and "rights" that are more like wrongs.

To conclude, if equitable treatment to the black man means social equality, either revolution, with its indescribable horrors, or amalgamation, which is scarcely less horrible, must follow. If, however, as I think, equity means in this case peace, contentment, and happiness for all concerned, then the problem is easier of solution. We have merely to let the processes now at work continue to their inevitable ends, and the two races will gravitate into their respective positions with scarcely a jar. The South is ready to give the freedman his rights, and is always ready to do whatever is just and honorable; but is it not expedient to first decide what equity means before dispensing it? The conduct of the South towards the negro since his emancipation has been honorable and irreproachable, and I venture to predict that, left with the South, the freedman's interests will be as carefully considered and his rights in equity as fairly administered as human possibility will allow. C.
IS LIFE A DRAMA?

The destiny of every man is determined, apart from his "Free Will," by his original nature, and the circumstances which shape that nature: that is, by the elements of his being, whether strong or weak, and by favoring or opposing conditions. Some men, endowed by nature with great power, are baffled by a succession of unfavorable circumstances, while others, deficient in native ability, float on the tide of favorable circumstances into power and eminence. Between those whose sustained dominance of will makes them, despite of circumstances, the architects, in the main, of their own fortune, and those who float idle and aimless on the current of chance, lies a large intermediate class, variously distributed between the two extremes.

Webster, it is to be suspected, ranks among the higher specimens of this intermediate class. He received from his mother, nature, a godlike form. The firm movement of his Herculean frame inspired awe and respect. His lustrous eye, when fired up, consumed, like the sun-glass, whatever it was concentrated upon. His mind, not specially quick, but immensely powerful, converged upon a subject under the momentary excitement of his will with the intensity of modern electric light; appealing more to the reason than to the feelings of his hearers, it rendered him not the idol, but the pride of the people. His intellectual and emotional endowments were of the very highest order, but his will, though certainly not specially sluggish or feeble, lacked that high-toned, persistent energy necessary to the greatest success.

This great intellectual giant was apparently, to an unhappy extent, the slave of circumstances. When called upon to speak at a dinner-party he would hesitate and repeat himself, like a child when called up for the first time to "speak for the gentleman." But when the eye of a nation turned to him for a reply to Hayne, his whole frame, which the night before rested as calmly as that of a weary child, now heaved with the emotion of a great soul. His whole person became a luminous barometer, indicating the storm that was raging within. His brow grew dark as the storm-cloud, while beneath gleam after gleam of lightning flashed from his blazing eyes.
These eyes, when in repose, Carlyle has likened to "blast-furnaces blown out." Now they are no longer in repose, but flash into a blaze, fanned by all the fury of an indignant soul, lighting home, to their destination, his massive thoughts. Peal after peal of thunder rolled and echoed through the Senate chamber, filling all with awe and solemnity. His mind now shone with all its intensity, argument after argument of his antagonist withered into insignificance under the mighty illumination given them. Every argumentative weapon that he had ever possessed, now came crowding into his mind, clamoring for the contest. Selecting the most effective, he stormed and conquered the reason of his audience. In his own language: "All that I had ever read or thought or acted in literature, in history, in law, in politics, seemed to unroll before me in glowing panorama, and then it was easy, if I wanted a thunderbolt, to reach out and take it, as it went smoking by." Says Mathews: "A defeat so terrible was never, except once, known before. It was when archangel drove Satan from heaven."

This display of will-power on the part of Webster was exceptional; for the greater portion of this intermediate class display no such will. It is true, their will occasionally asserts itself, bringing into prominence, for a time, the individual to whom it belongs, but seldom does it attain to that intensity of excitement which characterized that of Webster on this occasion. The great majority of this class are, in the main, aimless floaters. A few battle feebly against adversity; others strive only to take advantage of favorable surroundings; and still others never even make an effort, either to withstand adversity or take advantage of prosperity; while all, whether struggling or not, float largely upon the sea of circumstance. Now gloomy philosophers, and many poets, that had rather muse under chance impulses than resolve and act, viewing life in the light of such examples, and feeling themselves borne on by the steady flow of circumstances from which their will, so long dormant, is unable to extricate them, with despondent submission, conclude that—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."
And as the play is fixed for the actor, they imply that man is merely the helpless creature of circumstance. Man as thus regarded may be likened to a balloon without an aeronaut, lifted by its own comparative lightness into mid-air, it is drifted by the varying gales. This human balloon may be caught in the whirlwind of popular opinion and lifted to honor's dizzy height; but soon either the current's force diminishes, or it changes its direction, leaving the poor voyager without support. Then comes the strong, steady current of adversity, which bears it down. Being no longer supported by those gales which hurled it aloft, and the original force being almost exhausted, it sinks lower and lower until it settles down, with its kindred, will-o-the-wisp, upon the cold and comfortless marsh. He may be also likened to a rudderless barque upon the foamy-crested sea of life, plowing madly before the winds of circumstance. Being rudderless, it can only go whither the wind may drive, till disabled by repeated gusts, it sinks in mid-ocean, or is wrecked on the hidden rocks which line its shore. The sea recognizes its voyage and its wreck only by momentary ripples, and then heaves on as before, seemingly forgetful that such a craft was ever launched upon its treacherous waters.

On the other hand, "Free Will," steady and intense, energizes power originally strong to seize the favoring breezes of prosperity and to make head against opposing storms. He only, who realizes that Will is the imperial faculty in man, catches a glimpse of man's mission here on earth. The fatalist alluded to before sees everywhere in history unfavorable surroundings accompanying failure, and favorable surroundings accompanying success. He does not see, however, the adverse current through which the will has rowed the native powers into the smooth current of prosperity; nor does he see how those who are unsuccessful in life, when afloat with the tide of adversity running out, but with the winds of prosperity blowing toward the harbor, instead of hoisting the sails, thus making for the shore, idly float out upon the tide into the broad sea of destruction. Of the circumstances which surround the majority of men, the greater portion are unfavorable; so we have only to cease striving against adversity, consign ourselves to "fate," and failure is almost sure to be the consequence.
The capriciousness of Webster's will made him appear the slave of circumstances to a greater extent than he really was. He possessed a will which, although inconstant in its action, when aroused was capable of stimulating his powers to the highest degree—a will which disdained to excite his mental faculties, to promote the digestion of "fine ladies and pampered monopolists"; but which, when an opportunity was afforded, as in a reply to Hayne, for sounding every note in the gamut of eloquent debate, with a mighty effort aroused all the latent energy of his being, coining those ideas which have served ever since to illustrate to the American youth every phase of eloquent thought.

Webster's reply to Hayne was not the unperfected product of the occasion, as many would suppose. For years he had been answering in thought the arguments for nullification, and when the opportunity was afforded for giving these convictions to the world, he gave forth, not the crude, indefinite thoughts of the moment, but those thoughts which in the light of history, both amid the quiet of his study, and the easy motion of his pleasure-boat, he had shaped and sharpened at every point, so that when hurled by all the force of the great man, they cut their way into the very core of human reason.

When we study the mechanism of man in respect to the fulfillment of his life's mission, we are forced to deny his similarity to a balloon without an aeronaut. Within each human balloon there is the aeronaut "Free Will" who directs its course. It will be stormed by the winds of circumstance; it may be at times tossed to a giddy height, but the great aeronaut, realizing that the preservation of a "happy medium" is the only sure means of securing unvarying success in life, pulls the escape cord, by which act he allows some of the flighty gas to escape, and enables the craft to resume a temperate height. The winds of adversity may bear it down with a great rush, but the aeronaut, because those winds which bore him aloft have been exchanged for their opposites, and the original force has begun to weaken, does not submissively sink, but, throwing out the encumbering sand-bags, he flies upward. And that aeronaut who has an assurance that the voyage of this life is not the only
voyage which the human soul must take, so directs his course that
when the vital force shall have been expended, and he shall have to
alight, it will be in the eternal city of the redeemed.

Neither can he be compared to a rudderless barque, for there is a
rudder, "Free Will," attached to every human barque, enabling it
to bear up against the gale, to hoist the sails, and thus by the force
of the very winds which, otherwise, would blow the vessel on the
rocks, to sail in another direction, steering clear of the breakers,
and by the light of the gospel light-house, after crossing life's sea,
to enter heaven's harbor.

He alone is truly great—

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star."

"Vogel."

MAN.

Our subject takes us from the time when Adam walked with his
lone companion through the shades of Paradise up to the present.
He was created king of all living things, and though he has lost the
luxuries of his paradisiacal home, he has never surrendered his in­
vested authority, but still sways his sceptre of influence in a majes­
tic manner, and rules over the created universe. All thinkers and
writers upon the subject agree that he is an animal. But is he noth­
ing more? So far as he has attributes peculiar to other animals, he
may be classed as such, and if it cannot be shown that he has some­
thing more, the classification will be wholly correct.

If he is an animal, there must be certain characteristic features
that will prove his identity; but if he is something more, then a
study of those same features must show in what respect he is su­
perior to them.

Let us notice some of the characteristic differences. In some as­
spects the lower animals are far superior to man—as in instinct,
speed of locomotion, and sight.
The animal does not know that with each exertion of his muscles he causes a waste in his physical balance that must be supplied with food and drink. Yet he knows when he is hungry, and instinct tells him when and how to eat. The buffalo, while feeding in quietude upon his prairie home, will scent the enemy for miles, and flee in the opposite direction. The eagle, while soaring on his proud wings high up in the air, above the towering peak and thunder's home, directs his eye with incredible exactness upon his prey feeding quietly upon the bank of some gentle stream that flows through the valley far below, and in an instant descends and seizes it.

These give the superiority to the lower animals, but man has yet greater. That he is superior may be shown by the fact, that other animals are made in subordination to man's will and use; and by the universal law of condition and conditioning, by which all things of minor importance were made first, and those of the greatest last. Man is also superior in range of habitation. Animals are confined to certain latitudes, but man can live anywhere. He can dwell in the home of roses, within the sunny plains of tropical gardens, where the oranges bloom in profusion, and strawberries are always ripe. Or he can provide himself with the warm robes of the grizzly bear, and live in the polar regions amid icebergs and drifts of snow. How varied and unbounded his place of abode! Next, he is superior in his intellectual capacities. As man is the only being that thinks, so he is the only one that has reason. Animals never think, they live only in the present, and never have a thought of tomorrow. They never improve their intellects, while man is always making rapid strides in knowledge. He analyzes the sun-light and tells of what it is composed. He looks up and admires the worlds without number, and studies the laws by which they revolve in such harmony through the infinitude of space, and sees in them the handiwork of his God. He conquers the laws of nature, and makes them subservient to his will. He reduces stern problems to a science, and smiles at their simplicity. He has a will in connection with those agencies which he can control that produces a cause here, the effect of which is felt on the other side of the globe and through
indefinite periods of time. He utilizes those forces around him to do his work, while animals depend upon their muscular exertion.

Then, he is superior in his moral relations. The animal has no idea of worship in its strictest sense. The dog may evince some fondness for any one that will treat it kindly, though he may be a degenerate sot. So the dog's morality is only for kindness received, without thought for the moral value of the person from whom received. Whereas God is an object of worship only so far as His moral character is infinitely superior to ours. Man worships a being for his moral qualities—one whom he has never seen; "whom," says the apostle, "having not seen ye love." No mere animal can love a being it has never seen, nor can love at all on the ground of moral or spiritual excellence. A moral nature implies a knowledge of moral law, and obligations under that law. This prerequisite man has, animal has not.

Another distinguishing characteristic is that man has the power to choose his own supreme end. As is said before, the animal has no thought for the future, but lives in the present enjoyments of animal ease, and therefore has no particular acts to choose or sins to shun.

But man, knowing that his future destiny is dependent upon his present manner of living, is constantly being called upon to select between certain influences, and bid those of an evil tendency "be down," thus cultivating the good and shunning the evil. These facts make man far superior to other animals. He is a spirit embodied; his body is the home of the spirit or soul, and is the instrument with which the soul must accomplish its end. Although a man's soul may be inflamed with the most intense desire to achieve some great and noble end, yet if the body be weakened the soul must make a quiet surrender of its great aim and remain in a quiescent state. Let us notice his mission. He is created for some purpose; that purpose is to worship God as the great law-giver; to have absolute submission to his will. He is under the explicit command, "Go." "Go work in my vineyard." "Go preach my gospel." The sin-cursed world is to be redeemed, and that by man's agency. And he who fails to utilize his time and talents for this duty fails of his mission.
In the beginning, when the seraphic beings looked out, they saw the world with man its inhabitant, and pronounced it good. Then the morning zephyrs of creation's dawn wafted the sweet strains of music in praise of Him who created worlds from nothing—who spake and it was done. I will only mention the wonderful improvements man has made since he first gazed upon the sumblimities of blooming creation. In the primitive ages he could only lisp a few imperfect words to express the promptings of his mind; but now, by the aid of a small wire, he can whisper his sentiments in all the different languages through space immense, even through the foaming billows of the mighty deep. He can look out on the broad expanse of starry worlds and measure their distance. He can look back in the vista of unknown time and read the advancements in creation before there was an historian to record them. Take encouragement, oh, man! from your past achievements, and press on to the consummation of your divine mission until the wheel of time shall have completed its last revolution, and you shall be called up higher to receive the rewards of the faithful.

HOMO.

TRUE GREATNESS IMPERISHABLE.

I know of no subject more calculated to incite in us greater and more energetic efforts to improve our natural talents than the fact that "true greatness is imperishable." But how are we to become great? We must have an unlimited amount of industry and perseverance; must have an enquiring mind, and always be seeking to supply it with useful information; must have an indomitable energy that will triumph over opposing difficulties, and surmount every threatening wave on the ruffled sea of life; must take labor for our watch-word, and strengthen our determination for success with the belief that then we will have an imperishable greatness.

Some minds seem to create themselves by springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary way through many obstacles, and, as the rolling rivers, gather strength from their progress.
Let our genius be ever so limited, yet with a strong will it is within the reach of every young aspirant, whose aim is to be great to inscribe his name upon the tablet of fame, that will be lost to the world only when men cease to read.

There are names upon the records of history that will fill its pages and inspire its readers with new zeal and admiration so long as time shall last. Virginia has reared up sons who are a standing reputation to her, and who are known the world over for their great genius, courage, and loyalty. Can these men be forgotten? Nay! For in the halo of their visible greatness they sent forth such a course of rays as not only illumined brightly their time, but will be seen and felt in time to come. As the poet says of our great hero:

"Oh! Washington! thy name revered shall be,
As long as man shall glory to be free.
On every pillar of each rising state,
That name engrailed shall partake its fate."

And though these men in their greatness may, perchance, do and say small things, yet they will be remembered by their admiring friends, and handed down to posterity as precious and costly jewels that glitter as diamonds in the fond memory of their past greatness.

The world recognizes different kinds of greatness. Those now are remembered as great heroes, who defend their country from the invasion of foreign foes, and pour their heart's blood into the channels of public prosperity. Others as great, who with their wit and eloquence defend the reputation of their country, and impart a correct knowledge of right government to the people; and still others who give the benefit of their great learning to the public minds by the use of the pen. Consider the inexhaustible supply of knowledge stored away in the world's library by famous authors, who, though dead, yet live and breathe in the hearts of their countrymen, and whose productive genius has been looked upon by the astonished gaze of an admiring world. It quickens our aspirations and expands our minds when we contemplate the great host of authors, who stimulate us for greatness when, with their examples, they paint before us "what we can be."
The able general, as he leads to victory his invincible army, is acquiring a fame that will never cease to be remembered. See Hannibal leading his great army across the almost impassable Alps. Where is he going? Wait a moment, and we see him standing before the walls of Rome, disputing her right of supremacy over the dominions of the civilized world. Next, Caesar lived; his path was conquest, and dreadful was the fate of that army that disputed his rights. Napoleon “rose like a mighty giant from his slumbers. He pointed the thunder of his artillery at Italy, and she fell before him.”

His life was a short one, but, like the flash of a meteor across the starry heavens, it was brilliant, reminding us “that a short life has been given us by nature, but the memory of a well-spent life is eternal.” Turn you to Hollywood, and there behold the noble dust of a nobler people that repose in their quiet grave. But are these men dead? Is the light of their glory extinguished by their last expiring breath? Nay. The records of their past greatness answer, Nay. Unborn generations will rise up to perpetuate their glory, and as the vibrating sound goes flittering down the shore of time, they, with one accord, will exclaim, Nay. Can the memory of men expire who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters upon the pillars of the age? Nay, bury the rivers, the mountains; yea, bury this old continent in oblivion, but their memory will still live, surviving the relics of ruined worlds.

For that which made these men, and men like these, cannot die.

“These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o’er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die.”
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The base-ball fever seems to be raging fiercely at College this year. The weather has been of a highly extraordinary character, well calculated to keep the ball-players in doors, but they are irrepressible. Every afternoon, from four o'clock until the supper-bell rings, a parti-colored and coatless crowd of boys are collected on the north side of the campus, or in front of that classic institution which proudly stands overlooking the fertile field of Boschen. Whenever they congregate, they rend the circum-ambient atmosphere into hideous yells of how—l! Come in!! Three—ee bawls!!! etc. When the game becomes exciting—which, thank fortune, is rare,—the only description of the sounds which they emit is, that they are similar to those referred to in Milton's lines—

"The infernal doors upon their hinges creak
And grate harsh thunders ——."

Occasionally the ball, in its mad career, plunges through somebody's window with an appalling crash, or playfully comes into contact with the material portion of some unsuspecting student, who is almost always caused thereby to speak in several foreign languages and use exclamations of a highly incandescent character. All the various nines, for we have several, are in beautiful playing trim, as may be inferred from the fact that a home run has frequently been made on three strikes, and other brilliant playing of a similar character is not uncommon. These noble bands reflect great credit upon the college, and if they persist they will soon win the bright laurels of fame and go down to posterity as the most miserable organizations of the sort that the world has ever seen.

The faculty, after some deliberation, have decided to let us have the customary jollification. It will take place on or about Friday night, June 12th, in the chapel. We understand that admittance will be exclusively by tickets of invitation. If this be the case, the disagreeable crowding and pushing of the '83 jollification will not be repeated.
We Americans have the great advantage of isolation, and can look calmly upon the four wars now agitating mankind. It is true that one of these is in America—the Canadian revolt under Riel—but that is on British soil, and is not therefore very interesting to us. What we particularly referred to is the great war which seems imminent between England and Russia. We see in the distance a great war-cloud; read every day in the newspapers of the great preparations by both nations for the impending conflict; hear reports of a battle on the Afghan frontier. Seemingly, such great things must have some great cause, we think, and proceed to investigate, only to be disappointed. The cause of all the trouble is a piece of land not larger than Hanover county—and one of the most arid and deserted places in the world. Too poor to nourish vegetation, it is yet thought sufficient cause for a war which must mean death to thousands of men. It seems to be too unimportant a matter to refer to the arbitration of arms, yet England is ready to sacrifice her sons, not so much to settle the Afghan boundary, but to get possession of territory. It is our opinion that the grasping policy of the English Government will finally overthrow that government, unless the English are immeasurably superior to all the other nations of the earth. Her possessions are found in every climate, and she owns a portion of every continent, but the present crisis seems to demonstrate that even England finds a vast deal of trouble in carrying on three wars—one in Africa, one in America, and one in Asia.

The new hall in the second story of the new south wing is being pushed on to completion. This hall is forty-seven by one hundred feet and twenty-two feet pitch. The ceiling will be of oiled wood, and the trimmings of galvanized iron. It will be even more beautiful than the lower hall in the same building now used for the library and museum. As soon as the new hall is completed, the museum and works of art belonging to the college will be moved into it. It is to be dedicated to the late Jas. Thomas, Jr., whose generosity has added so greatly to the material progress of the college. If our lecture-rooms, dormitories, and gymnasium, were half so handsome
or well adapted to their purposes as these beautiful rooms, we would
have one of the finest college buildings in the country.

Write boys, write, write with care,
Write for the pages of the Messenger.

LOCALS.

Base-ball!
Examinations! E-x-a-m-i-n-a-t-i-o-n-s!!!

A few days ago Mr. S., who is the proud and happy possessor of
a new boat, invited Mr. X. to go with him in it and shoot the falls
of James river. "I would like very much to go," replied Mr. X.,
"but I haven't any gun."

One of the boys, coming home from the city at a late hour the
other night, accosted a lamp-post and inquired the way to college.
After several futile inquiries, he turned away disgusted, and re­
marked, "You needn't be so blame stuck-up if you have got on a
glass hat!"

About a month ago Mr. H. received a letter to which was signed
the name of his best girl, requesting him to call on her that day at
two o'clock, and stating that she had a highly interesting secret to
impart to him. Having attired himself in his best dyke, and with
a smile of anticipation upon his countenance, he wended his way to
the abode of the damsel. After conversing about an hour, Mr. H.
gathered up sufficient courage to ask for the secret which had been
promised in the letter. "What letter?" said the young lady in
great amazement; "I didn't send you any letter." Mr. H. drew
the letter from his pocket, and, flourishing it triumphantly, he
showed her the passage to which he had referred. "Why," ex­
claimed she, "this is not my writing; and see, it is dated April 1st.
Some of the college boys have played a joke on you." Hastily
gathering up his overcoat and hat, Mr. H. returned to college a sadder but a wiser man. He said afterwards that he didn’t mind the joke but for the fact that he got back too late for dinner.

We profoundly regret that some of the students are not more gallant. We are told that Mr. X., after taking tea with two young ladies, escorted them to the public debate of the M. S. R. Society. Upon reaching the campus gate he directed them to the hall by saying, “That is the way,” and disappeared in the gathering darkness.

The two literary societies of the college held their elections Friday night, April 3d. In the Mu Sigma Rho Society the honor of the final presidency was conferred upon Mr. E. B. Pollard, of Richmond. Mr. Daniel H. Kerfoot, of Clarke county, Va., was elected term president, and Mr. John V. Dickinson, of Louisa, vice-president. The other elections were: Recording Secretary, Mr. Nelson S. Groome, of Warwick county; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. P. Massie, of Amherst county; Treasurer, Mr. W. A. Edwards, of South Carolina; Censor, Mr. Benjamin F. Barrett, of Goochland county; Critic, Mr. L. L. Pritchard, of North Carolina; editors of the Messenger, Messrs. Jno. V. Dickinson, of Louisa county, and Charles T. Child, of Richmond; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. John N. Hume, of Portsmouth; Chaplain, Mr. J. O. Alderman, of North Carolina; Hall Committee, Mr. R. A. Tucker, of Amherst county.

In the Philologian Society Mr. John G. Paty, of Tennessee, was elected final president, and Mr. John H. Pearcy, of Pittsylvania county, term president.

The other officers are: Vice-President, Mr. W. A. Borum, of Norfolk; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. T. Noel, of Bedford county; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. L. B. Fontaine, of Norfolk; Treasurer, Mr. E. J. Woodville, of Orange county; Censor, Mr. Fred. W. Boatwright, of Smyth county; Critic, Mr. E. W. Stone, of Montgomery county; Editors of the Messenger, Messrs. Samuel V. Fiery, of West Virginia, and Mr. Robt. P. Lucado, of Tennessee; Chaplain, Mr. H. N. Phillips, of Nottoway county; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Robt. G. Austin, of Tennessee; Hall Committee, Messrs. W. E. Robertson, of Charlotte county, and Mr. J. H. Willis, of Culpeper county.

At a joint meeting of the societies, held the same night, Dr. I. B. Lake, of Fauquier county, was elected to preside at the final celebration, and Mr. Edgar Allan, of Richmond, to deliver the medals.
E. L. Scott, M. A., session 82-4, called to see us the other day. He is looking well; he seems now to be taking stock in calico, but whether that was what brought him to Richmond or not we will leave for others to surmise.

We learn that George Young, session 81-3, is now teaching school near Ripley, Tenn. Success to you, George.

Rev. W. S. Penick, session 55-6, the first president of Philological Society, and now pastor of a church in Baltimore, united his daughter in marriage to a noble young man in Lynchburg on the 15th instant.

We are informed that Messrs. Tribble and Rudd, session 83-4, are carrying on a revival meeting in connection with their studies at the Seminary.

T. J. Shipman and W. C. Tyree were both ordained on the 5th Sabbath in March, the former at Greenville, the latter at Amherst C. H., Va. They have good fields, and we predict for them much success.

J. H. Hall, better known as Solomon, returned last night after an absence of several days on a visit to his home. We were asked this morning what made Solomon go home so often. We judge from the many smiles that play upon his countenance, just after each visit, that he goes home to see his ———.

Rev. W. W. Landrum, pastor of Second Baptist church, and one of the best friends of the college, filled his pulpit last Sabbath after an absence of several weeks. During his absence he visited the World’s Fair at New Orleans. We welcome you back, Bro. Landrum, and hope you will soon honor us with your presence on the campus.

Rev. C. S. Gardner, session ’81-’2, is now pastor of a church at Brownsville, Tenn.

L. R. Hamberlin, session ’82-’4, is teaching in Brownsville, Tenn. We see in the Brownsville Democrat several excellent poems from “Clinton.”
The Blair Hall Literary Magazine shows evident signs of literary and scientific talent among its contributors. We have not found in all our exchanges a more interesting contribution to science than "The Weather and the Barometer." In fact, we are indebted to it for a knowledge of at least a goodly number of thermometers we never heard of before. The writer's description of the workings of the barometer shows that he is well up on the subject. The other pieces are all short but good. Next time give us more literary matter, and not so much in the way of Editorials, Hall Items, etc.

And here is the Hamilton College Monthly again. We are much interested in it, because it is a good paper. We are introduced to its literary matter by a poem, real sweet "Eighteen." Now, it is just like a parcel of nice school-girls to start off in that way. "Her Intercepted Letter," "American Aristocracy," and "Life is What we Make it," are all well written, readable articles.

The April number of the Fisk Herald is enlarged one half, and contains quite a number of very interesting pieces. The matter is well chosen and ably discussed. The Herald takes a bold stand, and by its "great faith" will doubtless surmount every obstacle.

The College Banner is the name of a paper published by the Female Institute at Brownsville, Tenn. It is a neat paper, and has a splendid motto—"Light, More Light." We were very much impressed with the appropriateness of this motto after we had scanned over its delicate pages in search of light and found none; and we were about to offer up a prayer to Phoebus to let the fair editors have his chariot at least for a day, but fear seized us lest the delicate hands could not govern the fiery steeds, and we changed our petition, and prayed that they might be permitted to wander in the groves of the Muses, and quench their thirst at the Pierian font.

We have seldom been more elated than when we tore open a wrapper and unfolded a paper—yes, to be sure, the Institute Gazette is before us—a neat, radiant, sparkling sheet, which really does show the influence of "dollars and sense." Its chief article is an excellent essay on language by H. O. These letters came near upsetting us, and carrying us from the domain of literature to that of chemistry. We were about to say, If this combination should take on another particle of H, we would have H₂O—not that the article was at all watery, but it did flow right fluently down the "Trench"—"as
some small rivulet which rises in a distant hill and glides peacefully along.” Fond sister, come again very, very soon. “Nulla vestigia rectorum.”

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of The Wake Forest Student, Vanderbilt Observer, Roanoke Collegian, College Speculum, Hagerstown Seminary Monthly, Bethany Collegian, Carsonian, Torch, Wilmington Collegian, College Record, Star-Crescent, Album, College Mirror, College Message, Fordham College Monthly, Indiana Student, Aurora, College Index, Seminary Leaflet, Occident, Lutherville Seminary, San Jacinto.

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