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## The Messenger, Vol. 16, No. 8

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# Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XVI.

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NO. 8

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## Songs of the Sea.

From the shore, when the tempest-tossed billows were breaking  
In foam wreaths and spray on the rocks at my feet,  
I looked out o'er the waves where the gray gulls flew, shrieking,  
Till lost in the mist where the sea and sky meet.  
And so weird and so witch-like they seemed that my fancy  
Would make them the wraiths of those lost on the deep,  
With their shrill cries complaining that, from their lone haunts, they  
Were roused by the storm-king so rudely from sleep.  
And the waves as they dashed unrestrainedly shoreward,  
Foam-crested, exultant, seemed chanting this lay ;  
While from each wave-worn cavern, each cliff bending forward,  
Re-echoed the notes of its wild melody—  
“Ha! thou fearest, O man, and well mayest thou tremble,  
Well mayest thou shrink from the wrath of the sea ;  
For no ship can withstand us, the cliffs even crumble  
Before us and mix with the sand on the lea.  
And thy fellows full often, ha! ha! how they strangle!  
How madly they struggle as downward they sink!  
While, too, back in their caves o'er whose doors sea-weeds dangle  
Like curtains, the terrified mermaidens shrink.”

\* \* \* \* \*

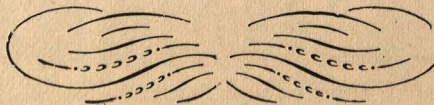
On the shore once again when the storm has subsided  
I stand, but how changed is the scene and how bright;  
For no longer the billows, unbridled, unguided,  
Assault the gray cliffs in their fury and might.



In their stead comes the soft, wooing splash of the wavelets  
Imprinting a whispering kiss on the shore ;  
Then lingering a moment as if loath to leave it,  
And ever returning to kiss it once more.  
Like some great white-winged spirit, a yacht swiftly passes ;  
The foam-bells behind give a silvery ring ;  
And, when caught in the gleam of the sunlight's caresses,  
The drops that are cast from the sea swallow's wing  
Shine like beads of pure gold for an instant, then vanish,  
Enclosed once again in the sea's mother breast.  
Half enchanted I gaze, and methinks, as I banish  
Far from me all thoughts that could waken unrest,  
That a ravishing strain seems to sweep o'er the water ;  
A song, soft and sweet, seems to speak to my heart ;  
(With such siren-like notes the old sailors were caught or  
The angels from Paradise woo'd to depart.)  
"From that far distant clime where the orange-tree flowers  
Exhale their perfume on the mild Southern air,  
From the snow-covered lands where the polar bear cowers,  
By Esquimaux hunters compelled to his lair,  
From the coral-reefed, palm-covered isles of the East where  
The curtains of day first are drawn by the sun,  
From the west, with its burden of gold scarce decreased, where  
He sinks him to rest when his day's course is run,  
We are come ; and a strain, care dispelling, we bring thee  
That mermaidens chant near a far distant shore.  
Come and listen the while we our whisper song sing thee ;  
Remember thy sorrows and troubles no more !  
Come, oh come ! child of earth, come away and we'll bear thee  
To lands filled with music and flowers—thy home ;  
And"—I started and rose ; but I still seemed to hear the  
Sweet notes and that strangely enticing "Come ! come !"

M. A. W.

*Richmond College, May 1, 1890.*





## The Spirit of Inquiry.

**I**N our language there is a vast number of interrogative words and phrases. It is evident that these are there not by mere chance but by positive purpose, designed to meet the needs of those who formed and of those who use the language. Words are primarily designed to aid the expression of ideas, and hence, by looking backward, we may to a certain extent ascertain states of mind by examining the words used to express ideas. Extending our observations to other languages we find that they are all alike, whether modern or ancient, spoken or written, abundantly supplied with these interrogative words.

Again, we observe that these words of questioning are among the first learned and most frequently employed by the prattling child. On his lips are ever such words as who? what? where? why? etc. Nor does maturer manhood or even age lay aside these early learned habits of inquiry, but with more skilful direction, these pursue them more earnestly.

By such observations we are led to recognize in the human mind a constant longing for knowledge, which for our purpose we may treat under the personification, *The Spirit of Inquiry*, ever operating to form new designs and devise means for their fulfilment, to actuate new investigations and to seek their satisfaction. Looking at History we find

that in man everywhere there has always been an anxious inquiry into what lay beyond, a constant longing for and striving after knowledge in every direction. Beyond the limits of profane history we take up the Sacred Record to find that with man " 'Twas ever thus." We are created with undeveloped powers, vast but unrealized possibilities, and with an actuating spirit causing us to strive for the development of these powers, the full realization of these God-given possibilities.

It requires but a glance at history to convince us that the great men of the world, those who have done most for civilization and for the elevation of the human race, those whose lives

"All remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,"  
have been those upon whom this spirit of inquiry has taken firmest hold and caused with indomitable courage and unfailing perseverance to exert all their energies in the pursuit of the purposes and on the plans which it dictated.

The achievements of this spirit have been vast and varied. In every sphere of human action, in every phase of human life, in every department of knowledge, in every step of advancement, is seen its powerful influence.

"Is the world confined to the narrow limits within which we reside?" was an interrogation



prompted by this spirit from the time when accurses. Cain commenced his weary wanderings until the true size and relations of the earth were learned. It was this that caused man to continually press onward until the land was occupied from sea to sea. This actuated him to pause not even where the waves seemed to hedge him in, but to take his pathway across the deep and seek for regions beyond. It was this that made Columbus reject the time-honored theory of the earth's shape; that gave him his daring and peculiar perseverance. Moved by this he trusted his feeble bark to the doubtful mercies of the trackless main and pressed on amid innumerable trials until success even beyond the highest hopes of his own daring imagination had rewarded his labors. The work thus begun was continued until the continents and all the isles of the sea had been discovered and opened to civilization. Then

"Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,  
And Hecla, flaming through a waste of  
snow,  
And farthest Greenland, to the Pole itself,  
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes  
out,  
The 'sailor' takes 'his' solitary flight;  
And hovering o'er the wild, stupendous  
scene,  
Beholds new seas beneath another sky."

In science its achievements have not been fewer nor less important. Implanting in man the idea of the possibility of improvement, it filled him with such a dissatisfaction with his manner of living and acting as has moved him to make a gradual advance until from living in dens and caves of the earth he has come to

inhabit mansions and cities, from shrinking in puny impotence before the beasts of the forest he has made almost the whole of creation his servants, from using rough stone implements he handles the tool of steel, from grinding his grain with rude rocks he eats his bread from mighty mills. The superstitious dread with which he once viewed the heavens and the convulsions of earth has been supplanted by a scientific knowledge of such phenomena. From the lowest imaginable depths he has gained his present high elevation, and seems to have but fairly begun his ascent.

This is the spirit that caused historians to delve into the mysterious labyrinths of legends and traditions of primeval man until they could come forth with the priceless gems of historical truth. Having learned from experience the wants of this spirit, men now record their own history for the satisfaction of succeeding generations, that the future man may devote his time to some new lines pointed out by this never-satisfied inspirer.

The record of its researches in every direction has filled the world with books and given to literature its power and perfection. Aristotle attributes Plato's success partly to the presence of "the Spirit of Inquiry," and this is none the less applicable to all other philosophers.

This is what prompts in man the anxious inquiry "whence came I here, and how?" which makes him feel, like the heathen chief of early Britain, that as a bird from out the darkness flies into a lighted tent,



pauses a moment, and vanishes again into darkness, even so is life merely a lighted tent into which we come from out the surrounding gloom, pause a moment, and plunge again into the deep darkness. Then he strives by dispelling the enveloping darkness to learn his origin and to know his destiny. Following the lights which God has given to direct his anxious efforts he learns at length to say: "Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word created me!" Having traced his origin to the great First Cause, he turns to find that he is destined to new worlds for which this is but the preparation. He learns that life is only a vestibule from which the door of death admits to the unmeasured halls of eternity. He learns more and more of the designs of man's creation and life, and in trying to accomplish that design he is led on and on to inquire further and further until he stands on the border land where time merges into eternity. Still feeling the movings of this spirit, with exultant cry for what has already been attained, he leans forward with listening ear to catch the strains of immortal music. Then with enraptured soul he soars away to join that music and, unhindered by material conditions, to spend eternity in inquiring into celestial glores.

In whatever sphere of life we look we find as leaders those who are most actuated by this spirit. These men of research and investigation are those for whom the storms of sea have subsided, to whom the earth has opened up her stores, to whom the

moon and stars have whispered their profound secrets, who have found and drunk deep of the clear Pieriau spring, with whom the Muses have held sweet and prolonged converse, to whom Nature has unfolded the pages of her great book and permitted them to read thence words that have enlightened them in every science and act. On the other hand we find those upon whom this spirit his never breathed, or who have doggedly resisted all its efforts to excite, moving on with a pitiable satisfaction with the present in the world of matter as in the world of spirit, with themselves as with all about them. They are content not because these things are all they would wish, but because in their self-imposed ignorance and lazy inaction they imagine things must remain as they are.

There is every encouragement to men of our time to yield to the entreaties and follow out the suggestions of the Spirit of Inquiry. The renown of its past achievements calls with loud and persuasive voice, inviting to the only paths that lead to the highest positions, the paths up which many great and good men "have toiled unceasing, till death cut the fetters and sent them home." Such men afford examples, bright with honor and brilliant with glory, for us to follow who would, like them, make our lives worth living not to ourselves alone, but to all the world around us.

The facilities for pursuing the course of the spirit are now so superior that we are much better



able to accomplish our desires and to inquire into the unknown than formerly. Others have given us the benefit of their knowledge. We need no longer spend the whole of life in preparing to investigate. All the advantages afforded by the work and experience of others is ours, and by using this we are prepared to go deeper and ascend higher than man has gone before. We owe it to those great minds that have made the way for us, to enter upon it. We must keep up the line of march that for so many years has been steadily advancing. We found civilization already far on the way to perfection, and it is ours to press on toward that high standard and leave to the next generation a system more perfect in all respects than that which we received from the last. He is unworthy to be called a fellow-being of Plato and Aristotle, of Archimedes and Newton, who is content to stand still in the way of advance. He who says with Franklin, "My fatherland," must do deeds worthy such a land, and must possess a spirit worthy such a distinguished brother. He who recognizes his Creator and the purposes of his creation must act in accordance with these purposes.

Think of the untold possibilities which open up before us. In the educational, the scientific, the political world, *impossible* is no longer a word of frequent use. Practically there are no bounds to what may be achieved in any legitimate direction. When we have expended our greatest efforts, we shall die on a comparatively low plain from which the

mountain summit is but dimly defined before our longing gaze. Here, at least, no man can presume to weep that there are no more worlds to conquer, for the conquest is but begun. Like Alexander might have done, he who imagines himself conquerer may look across a narrow sea and find proud Carthage and robust Rome, whose superior arms are still untried.

Has this spirit no legitimate bounds? May it go on forever where it will, regardless of all save its greed for more? Everything has its proper limits. Nor is it claimed that this spirit has not at some places overstepped its bounds. It has in its unrestrained enthusiasm led the eager follower into forbidden paths and left him in impenetrable gloom, beyond its power to help, where the only light was the deluding glare in his own too heavily strained eyes. Where, then, are its bounds? This spirit has led us to a knowledge of an infinite Creator and of our dependent responsibility to him. To him we owe our powers of investigation. The proper limits, therefore, are where he has placed them. Wherever we find evidences of His concealing, there we must reverently pause. Our puny strength, exerted in trying to open the door which he has closed, but shows our folly. Yield to the spirit so long as it keeps its appointed bounds. When it transcends these assert your superiority of will and refuse longer to follow.

Inquirers have gone backward in the investigation of the world's origin until they reached the limits,



But not content to pause "in the beginning" when "God created the heavens and the earth," they have tried to go beyond this beginning. Not satisfied with listening to the stars as together they raise the first notes of praise declaring the glory of God and showing His handiwork, they have tried to catch from the far beyond, though veiled from view by dark curtains hung by divine hands, some note struck by lyre of minstrel more ancient than those who ushered in the dawn of creation's first day. Such efforts have necessarily bewildered the inquirer and have sometimes led him into that awful state of skepticism in which a man, by trying to learn things designedly hidden by God, comes to doubt those first principles of knowledge which before he became otherwise were to him as axiomatic as precious.

In religion this spirit has sometimes led men who had an overruling greed for knowledge and failed to exercise wisdom in its acquirement, upon some new ideas whose origin and only support were in the minds that conceived them. "Making themselves wise they became fools;" and of all fools the worst is he who has reached his folly through paths of supposed wisdom.

Men often spend what were otherwise useful lives in the pursuit of knowledge which when acquired is of little service to themselves, of none to any one else. Yet all the while there were vast untrodden fields, undiscovered, mines of truth in which they might have spent these energetic lives and have secured for themselves glory and for the world a good that would never die. Men live and die unknown, but having exerted themselves, perhaps beyond what others have done whose praise the world sings. The reason is that they failed to appreciate the fact that they were pursuing courses of useless knowledge.

Press on after the guidings of this spirit and know that your laborious efforts will surely bring their rich reward. Only remember to pause where God's hand bars the way and to go not after the useless. No man can conceive what is yet to be achieved in the various fields for investigation; how many doors are to be unlocked, how many secrets revealed, how many treasures gained by those who feel the impulses and follow the guidings of the Spirit of Inquiry.

TENTANS.





## A Spring Morning.

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To me, indeed, there is no sound, no scene more sweet  
Than these which on this lovely morn my senses greet.  
Among the many tunes that stir my soul, I hear  
The songs of birds, in trees that bud and blossom near.

The Winter's past in which they find but scanty food.  
The Summer's near, each pair must rear a chirping brood.  
The God of nature o'er the world his sceptre wields,  
And clothes in living green the forests and the fields.

The flocks and herds now haste to hills and while away  
The time, nor linger long and low for cur'd hay.  
The lambs, I see, in play are racing one and all,  
Nor heed, indeed, their careful mother's anxious call.

The children, too, are light and free. They go to school  
And make their plans to meet and fish in neighboring pool.  
The farmers to their fields, with plow and harrow speed,  
First break the fertile soil, then sow their various seed.

Behold! I'm made to start by crashing thunder's peal,  
And blackest clouds, the erstwhile bluest skies, conceal.  
The clouds and wind and rain are here, all on a day  
That once was bright with singing birds and lambs at play.

'Tis but an April shower. Soon the clouds are gone,  
All is refreshed, and dewy eve's as clear as morn.  
So man, in life, may have his morning bright with joys,  
That cluster round a home of happy girls and boys;

But ere his balmy eve, or e'en his brightest noon,  
There comes a storm of grief. To chase away its gloom,  
He goes to Him who rules, and finds what seemed a rod,  
A strong, yea, mighty withe to blind him to his God.

ROLYAT ICHE.

*Richmond College, April, 1890.*



## The Influence of Public Opinion.

**T**HE positions taken concerning public opinion are often extreme. Some look upon it with disdain, and say that it is worth nothing; others resign themselves to its influence and are moulded by its power. Injustice is done to public opinion by those who hold that it is worth nothing; for the good it does is great. It appears to many who seldom pause to consider any other judgment, and who refuse to be guided by the Divinity that is in them. The day of final recompence seems to be far removed; whereas the restraining influence of this power is ever present, and tends to keep them within bounds beyond which they cannot go with impunity. There are many whose consciences are so dead that they no longer heed the voice that whispers above the din of passion, and yet they pause on the threshold of vice to consider what the world will say of what they propose to do. There are many who have long since ceased to feel the keen sense of shame that once came from violated honor, who are yet restrained from evil by a dread of public sentiment. There are writers who do not scruple to pollute literature with the obscene visions of an impure mind, who yet writhe under the lash of public censure, and there are scheming politicians and unscrupulous business men whose course of action is influenced more by the fear of a column of exposure in the public press

than by all the reproaches of conscience and all the warnings of Providence. This restrictive influence of public sentiment is one of the greatest safeguards of society. Hush this voice, and we loose in many the tongue of falsehood and slander. Remove this restrictive and we give a dangerous liberty to vice and villainy. But restraint to liberty is not much fancied. We feel that we like our forefathers must show ourselves independent of outside power that seeks to rule us. The opinion of the multitude is not altogether good, and we fly to the conclusion that it must be altogether bad, and so deny all allegiance to its power. We fancy ourselves free; but are not so. We have only changed masters, and are still slaves to an unrelenting despot. Self-will rules our thoughts and actions. This freedom from restraint is gratifying to vanity, so we are led on until we come to be thoroughly despised by the public whose opinions we so thoroughly disregard.

As an incentive to noble action this power serves a useful purpose. We naturally value the esteem of our fellow men, and are encouraged while we toil by their approving smile. But we must not labor for fame alone, for if this be life's highest aim we are apt to prove untrue to ourselves. Self-respect is worth more than the favor of mankind, and when the two conflict we can afford to make no compromise.

Public opinion is often altogether wrong. Prejudice seizes the popular



mind and leads men blindly into error and folly. It was this frenzied zeal that lit the fires of martyrdom and stood by exulting in the pain of those who dared to brook its vengeance. It was public sentiment that sanctioned the vices that led to Rome's downfall, and it was popular opinion that crucified Christ. To-day its requirements are not always seasoned with justice. It allows man to infringe upon virtue, it requires of woman a spotless purity. It leads a man to the very brink of sin and then when he starts to fall gives him a shove; then turns and brands him as a villain. There are many whose native power is overcome by its influence. They know what their duty is, but fear to do it. They have talent, but lack courage. An inner consciousness bids them rise up and assert themselves, but they fear the

laugh of the public and so drift on with the tide. Should men value themselves at so low a price as to be willing to give character for reputation? Was this God-given nature intended for such traffic? Most assuredly not. If we are to be men we must be true to ourselves. A good name badly gotten is poor comfort to a man. Reputation is the gift of the public, whose opinions change like the wind. To-day a man's name is sounded by an admiring multitude, to-morrow he is stripped of his fame and exposed to an unjust ridicule. But character, so long as it remains true to principle, is superior to the power of public opinion, and should never yield an inch of truth to the demands of error.

CARPE DIEM.

### **False Friends.**

O wretched day, when first I knew  
The friends so soon to prove untrue!  
A stranger then I came, unknown.  
From all I loved I now had flown;  
From all whose love and faith was  
tried:

I bade them all farewell, and sighed  
To know who now would ever share  
My thoughts, my hopes, my joy, and  
care.

I came my fortune then to try,  
To this my thoughts and work apply:  
But still, where e'er a man may go,  
He seeks for friends—God made  
him so—

With whom the social hour to spend;  
And who to him their influence lend;

To whom perchance, himself may  
prove

A friend deserving faith and love.  
Our life and gain are all in vain,  
Success a dark, unpleasing stain  
If still, alone to self they're known.  
Their sweetness all and beauty's gone,  
The pleasure that they might have  
brought,

If still for them none else cares  
aught.

For joy is not a selfish thing,  
Nor can success composure bring  
Unless at our success we know  
Yet other hearts shall pulse and glow.  
So friends I sought, and thought I'd  
found,



My heart made many a joyous bound ;  
 I thought my lot quite happy, too,  
 To find such friends, so kind and true.  
 For weeks and months their faith I  
     tried,

And still their truth was ne'er denied :  
 I came to trust them more and more,  
 Their truth, at length, I deemed was  
     sure ;

I learned, at length, to feel, indeed,  
 New friends supplied my heart's great  
     need.

But then at once there came a change,  
 My friends at once grew cold and  
     strange,

And doubtful now seemed what before  
 Had proven friendship o'er and o'er.  
 The doubt with days the greater grew,  
 As facts from time to time I knew,  
 Until no doubts at length remain,

But sadly now the truth is plain :  
 What seemed true friends were only  
     false,

And now upon me come assaults ;  
 They're secret, true—for that the  
     worse ;

Hypocrisy's direful curse.  
 A thousand foes, when fully known,  
 I'll meet ; but secret, only one,  
 While that a friend does yet pretend,  
 Can more my life asunder rend.  
 Again I found myself alone,  
 My friends were false and hope was  
     gone.

In silence then I sat me down,  
 And o'er my heart a cloud did frown,  
 A cloud of gloom so dark and deep  
 Awhile I felt I fain would weep.  
 Humanity seemed false, untrue,  
 And still the darkness deeper grew.  
 And shall it ever be, I said,  
 And lower now I bowed my head,  
 That friends shall false and faithless  
     prove ?

Shall none be found who truly love ?  
 I sat in gloom thus dark and deep,  
 Till worn with grief, I fell asleep.  
 A vision, then, my dreams did bring ;  
 I heard sweet music gladly ring ;  
 I turned to see ; it was my home,  
 Again to loved ones I had come :  
 My mother there, whom heaven has  
     claimed,

Looked round and smiled as each she  
     named :

Again I saw her lovely face,  
 And clasped her form in fond  
     embrace :

Again she smiled on me, "her boy,"  
 It filled my heart with rapturous joy :  
 Again I talked with her, my love,  
 As when a child she often strove  
 To teach to me the way of life,  
 Ere God had called her from its  
     strife :

A lesson now she seemed to teach,  
 Her voice was low and soft her speech.  
 "The world with foes is filled," she  
     said,

Upon my bosom pressed her head,  
 "Some friends you'll find who oft  
     deceive,

And faithless whom you most believe ;  
 Not all are so, but many true,  
 Who'll ever constant prove to you,  
 What most is worth," she gently said.  
 "Amid life's ills you're ever led  
 By one who knows how false are  
     men ;"

And sweetly now she smiled again,  
 "That one will ever faithful prove,  
 And lead at length to light and love ;  
 He'll lead to where things all are  
     known,

Where all His law of love do own,  
 Where none e'er, faithless, prove un-  
     true.

Take courage, then, He's leading you."



The dream was gone, and I awoke.  
 The words my sainted mother spoke  
 Are mine, and with me shall remain.  
 When I am sad they'll come again  
 With all their force and speak of love,  
 And turn my thoughts to truth above,  
 Where friends can ne'er again prove  
 false,

Where each faith, truth, and love  
 exalts.  
 Where all is clear, and glad, and  
 bright,  
 Deceit unknown and all is right.

TRISTE.

## The South in Literature.

**T**HE literature of the South is a new creation; it is one of the products of the new South. Along with the late rapid development of the Southern states in commercial and financial interests we find the rise and growth of a native literature.

It is a remarkable fact that, before the war, the South, which could show orators such as Henry, Calhoun, and Clay, produced few or no writers of equal ability. American literature had even then attained a high degree of excellence, but it was almost entirely the product of Northern writers. Irving, Motley, Emerson, Prescott, and many others of equal merit, had received cordial and well-deserved recognition among the most cultured classes of Europe, and the cynic's question, "Who reads an American book?" had no longer any application. If, however, we were to review the list of authors who were most influential in creating such a literature we would be surprised to find how few Southern names appear. We would be at a loss to find in the South writers who might compare at all favorably with any of the above named

authors selected at random from a list at once long and brilliant. Before the war, as it was the North that furnished the people of the South with clothing, machinery, and most of the luxuries and many of the necessities of life, so it was the North that supplied also most of the American literature that then prevailed. Occasional writers, such as Simms, Thompson, and Poe, would rise into prominence in the South, but not even all of these can be entirely claimed for the South, nor are they to be ranked with Longfellow, Hawthorne, or Bryant.

This dearth of literary activity in the South is not accidental, nor does it imply any intellectual inferiority among Southerners. It was the natural and legitimate result of the nature of the Southern country and the manner of living, temperament, and characteristics of the Southern people.

Literature tends to centre itself upon cities as the place of influence, knowledge, information, activity, and power. There are the great libraries, the great publishing houses, the great commercial centres; there, too, are men, and it is with men that literature must deal. These advantages, too



important to be neglected, are not to be met with in the country, and so it is that a great city is usually the resort of authors. So we find such assemblages of literary men as were to be met with at the Club in London, when the central figure in literature was Samuel Johnson, who found the world in the crowded walks of Fleet street. Nearer home we find another instance, when some years ago literary pursuits brought together in Boston such men as Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Emerson. In the South were few <sup>cities</sup> ~~cities~~, and, with the exception of New Orleans, none of them large. In the North were Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and many others of less importance. The population of the South was almost entirely rural, and so we find that its literary men were few and ~~isolate~~.<sup>d</sup>

Again: the nature of the occupations in the Southern States and the characteristics of the people themselves were unfavorable to literature. The South was strictly an agricultural country, with its population divided into two great classes—the very poor and wealthy. The poor, including the great mass of slaves, bending all their energies to the support of life, had little time <sup>to devote to</sup> for literature and less taste to appreciate it. The wealthy, composed chiefly of great slave-owners and planters, leading a life <sup>of</sup> comparative leisure, employed their time to the exclusion of literary pursuits in the round of social pleasure or in <sup>the</sup> hot turmoil of political debate. The Southern gentleman was a politician, and <sup>as</sup> such occasionally wrote creditable essays or even books on subjects of

state-craft, but rarely ventured into other forms of authorship. Literature was looked upon as an elegant accomplishment rather than a serious pursuit. We have seen that in any strict sense the old South did not possess a literature, and we have endeavored <sup>to</sup> show some of the ~~to~~ causes for this; now, before discussing the character of the literature of the new South, it would be well to consider briefly some of the conditions that gave it birth.

As there are styles in dress and manners and customs in modes of thought, so, no less truly, are there fashions in literature. The history of literature is a history of change. Thus in England we find now the critical and classic school of Pope, now the ponderous Latinisms of the Johnsonian period, and again the fierce introspection of the Byronic age. Not less has American literature passed through such periods of transition. It has been influenced or moulded by Indian and Western types as seen in Cooper and Bret Harte, again, it has been dominated by Northern characteristics as in Howell, Hawthorne, and Whittier; and now its general drift is decidedly Southern.

As it is the Southern scenes and manners that must be portrayed, so it is the Southern writers that are to-day attracting the most attention. The current magazines are filled with contributions from Southern authors on Southern subjects. The war <sup>the</sup> as a central feature of the country's history, is of course the chief and never failing subject for romance. The negro, the "poor white trash," the dashing



Confederate cavalryman, and the rich young officer from the North have become standard characters in popular fiction. It is not hard to discover the reasons for this change. After the war, which broke up forever the most distinctive features of Southern life, the literary unproductiveness of former times passed away to give place to a strong, vigorous, and unique literature. In the wake of victorious armies there came another invasion, whose effects are no less important than were the conquests of sword and bayonet. Northern ideas, customs and institutions have made their way into the Southern States and the South has lost her old individuality and conservatism and is becoming, day by day, more cosmopolitan. In no direction is this new condition of things more manifest than in the changed attitude towards literature. The survivors of the armies of the South, returning to their homes, found in place of cultivated lands and pleasant dwellings, barren waste and smoking ruins. The dismal picture of the South during the trying period of reconstruction has been too often painted for us to attempt it here even if it were consistent with our present purpose. We only wish to indicate in one direction the effect of this desolation upon the inhabitants of the South. Under the pressure of necessity and in the presence of grim want the people eagerly seized upon every proffered opportunity to retrieve their shattered fortunes. Occupations before unknown or long neglected came into prominence, and, under changed conditions, the South rose from its ashes

a new creature. At such a time it was natural that men of education and culture should look to their pen as a means of support. Poverty is a great stimulus to exertion. A great artist, once shown a picture by a person of rank, remarked, "You only want a little poverty to make you a great painter." In literature, no less than in art, poverty has developed great masters. Goldsmith, the booksellers, hack, wrote almost incessantly under the pressure of want; and it is probable that had Samuel Johnson been in more comfortable circumstances he would never have produced his *Lives of the Poets*. In more recent times, John Esten Cooke, one of the most successful of Southern authors, wrote always "for bread, not fame." From this we see that the literature of the South had its origin largely in the poverty of its authors, and in its development—as time passed on and the South lost more and more of its old ideas—it became in the South, as it was before in the North, not merely an accomplishment or pastime but a profession as well. Another reason that the fiction of to-day is in its origin and character Southern, is that the Southern cause was a lost cause. The sympathies of humanity are enlisted on the side of the weak and the struggling. The school boy as he reads in his history of Rome and Carthage does not consider the greatness of Rome in subduing a powerful enemy, but his blood boils with indignation when he thinks of the unhappy fate of the beautiful African city. As the Cavalier, worthless, dissolute, and unprincipled, it may be, though brave and



unfortunate, has more sympathy in literature than the stern, upright, sober-minded, and successful Round-head, so the ragged and half-starved Confederate soldier, sorrowfully laying down his arms at Appomattox, is a more fascinating subject for romance than is his no less brave but more fortunate opponent. "The downfall of empire is always the epoch of romance."

It is said that a nation's literature is the outcome of its whole life. This is noticeably the case with Southern literature. It everywhere reflects the life of the South. A Southerner would most naturally write of his own home both from feeling of patriotism and from the fact that the subject was familiar; so Joel Chandler Harris writes of Georgia and Father Ryan sings the songs of the South. In the story of "Meh Lady" we see the desolated Virginia home, and in "Don Miff" is depicted life and society in the Old Dominion when it was at its best. In the writings of Johnston we meet that most original and interesting type, the Georgia "Cracker"; and Miss Murfree introduces us to the simple and uncouth inhabitants of the Tennessee mountains.

Without the palm a picture of the desert would be incomplete, the Rhine must be painted with its ruined castles and Egypt with its frowning pyramids; so no representation of the South can be lifelike or complete that does not show the negro. In the negro the South has introduced a new character into literature. We of the South will hardly admit that Mrs. Stowe has given a true picture

of the Southern slave, for "Uncle Tom" is not a genuine type. He is, indeed, one of a limited class whose unfortunate existence we cannot deny, but he could scarcely be considered a representative of the whole race. The story of the negro has been often told by persons of more or less information, but it is refreshing to turn, from the highly colored tales of barbarism and cruelty in the works of Mrs. Stowe or in Dickens' *American Notes* to such types as "Ole Billy" or "Uncle Remus."

The old-time negro is fast becoming a creature of the past. With freedom, education, and the possession of property and office, the colored man of to-day is far different from the Southern slave of ante-bellum times. We would not now raise the question as to which character is to be most censured or commended, but simply wish to call attention to the fact that it is to Southern literature that we owe the preservation of a character unique and interesting if not always admirable. One of the services that Southern writers have rendered to literature is a purely philological one. They have preserved for the student of language negro dialects that are fast becoming extinct. Crude and barbarous as most of them are, these dialects are no less interesting and instructive than are the dialects of Cornwall or of Scotland. The brogue of the Irish immigrant, the Pigeon English of the Westerner, and the peculiar speech of the Yankee peddler have their counterpart in the negro dialects of the South. Numerous attempts have been made to



represent in print the speech of these people, but the most careless observer will see the wide difference between the so-called negro dialect of Cooper and other Northern writers and the speech in "Marse Chan" and "Uncle Remus."

Literature, to be true, widespread, or permanent, must represent life; it must depict real scenes, it must paint real characters. As in life there is alternate sunshine and shadow, joy and sorrow, comedy and tragedy, so the literature of the South abounds in humor as well as in pathos; it may bring tears or it may excite laughter. Where can we find more genuine or delightful humor than in the tales of "Uncle Remus," where a more touching picture of affectionate fidelity than in "Meh Lady," or where in literature are the comic and the pathetic more exquisitely blended than in the story of "Free Joe?"

The literature of the South has given a healthy and original impulse to literature in general; it has presented to the world a faithful and pleasing picture of the inner life of a great people; it has done much to make men better and happier, it has done something to make men wiser. The war has long since passed into

history, and the people of to-day stand on ground more or less neutral with regard to it. We are spectators of, rather than combatants in, that great struggle. Through the mists of a quarter of a century we see but dimly the bitter hatred and fierce antagonism that our fathers felt; we cannot feel as they felt, and it is well, perhaps, that we cannot. But the memory of those days through which they passed should be kept ever before the minds of younger generations in order that they may know that there were great truths in those days for which men fought and mighty principles for which heroes died. To whom shall we look for this service? For an accurate, complete, and life-like picture of Southern life during those trying times shall we look in the bare pages of history? shall we study the dry details and statistics of official records? We think not; rather would we turn to the pages of the novelist of life and manners, who tells of men not armies, of homes not States. This, indeed, is the peculiar glory of our Southern writers: they have been true to their country, they have told her story, and they have told it well. A.





## A View of the Blue Ridge.

Thy aid, O Muse, I crave, that I may  
sing  
Of what, to me, seemed beautiful  
beyond  
My power to describe. Shall I succeed,  
Unless thou dost thy sacred accents  
lend?  
A combination 'twas, of things below,  
And things that deck the azure sky  
above.  
As from a home of friends, with other  
friends,  
I wound my way around ravines,  
and up  
The hills, that from historic James's  
banks  
Abruptly rise, 'till I their top had  
reached;  
'Twas one of April's lovely evening's  
close.  
The grass o'er hill and dale was charm-  
ing green.  
The trees were putting forth their  
tender leaves,  
Enough to hide from view the King  
of Day,  
As far adown the western sky he sank,  
And gave to gentle eve a parting  
blush.  
When from among those bows I  
came, I saw

Horizon's face all tinged with crimson  
hues  
And shades of royal purple. Just  
above,  
The crescent moon was hanging.  
Not a cloud  
Obscured my long admiring gaze.  
The sun,  
I still saw not; but now 'twas blue,  
not green,  
That did his brightness hide. My  
eyes were fixed:  
For such a sight they ne'er before  
had seen.  
"Ah! What might be that grandly  
waving blue?"  
I asked, "Is that the Blue Ridge  
mountains' top?"  
"It is," the answer came, and then  
my gaze  
Was still more strongly bound by  
that so grand,  
Sublime, a view, which I for months  
and years  
Before, had longed and looked to see,  
but failed.  
I saw, admired, and inspiration drank  
From scenes on nature's vast expanse,  
displayed.

SIGHT SEER.





## Incomplete Lives.

**A**MONG the many monuments that arrest the eye of the stroller in a great cemetery none appeal more forcibly or tenderly to the reflective mind than those erected by loving hands to the memory of the young. On every side rise splendid and imposing shafts of polished stone and marble marking the resting places of wealth and greatness. However we may regard these memorials, it is with for different feelings that we contemplate the occasional columns that rise here and there in beauty and symmetry towards the sky only to be broken off ere they reach the capital. These fitly typify the lives they are to commemorate. How many lives are like these columns, starting out full of promise and hope but cut off before they reach maturity!

The solemnity of death is emphasized when it falls upon the young still in all their youth and vigor. We associate dying with the old and feeble, and our regret for the death of an old man is mitigated by the reflection that his life has ended full of years and labors. In these reflections we are liable to fall into a great mistake. Broken columns may apply to the old as well as the young. A life is not necessarily complete because it is long, nor is it always incomplete because soon ended. Nothing can be more melancholy than the long, empty life of an old man.

It may be compared to a building—vast and pretensions, with lofty walls and spacious rooms, but all unswept and unfurnished, inhabited only by the bats and owls, whose midnight flittings and cries sound all the more dismal in the magnitude of the building. How different with the short but useful and busy life of some who die young. Instead of a great, gloomy, empty palace we see the cheerful cottage with trailing vines and blooming flowers about the doorstep, and happy children shouting merrily at play. Such lives may be useful, unpretentious, and complete.

We may reasonably suppose that each one of us is placed in the world for some definite purpose, and the realization of this purpose is our life's work. How well we accomplish this purpose for which we were created will determine the perfection or deficiency of our lives. As men are created unlike in form and character, and unequal in physical strength and mental power, so, in like manner, are there diversities in the purposes for which our lives are designed. From this it follows that we cannot always judge men's lives by the same standard. Success for one might mean failure for another. The work of some may be accomplished in a few years, that of others may require the length of a long life. Some may accomplish their mission and die young, others may protract their usefulness into old age. One of these lives is no more



complete than the other—a circle is complete whatever may be the length of its radius. Surely no one would consider the life of Alexander incomplete, though he died at thirty-two. His life's work as a soldier was done when there were no more empires for him to conquer. When, therefore, we go to make up an estimate of a man's life, whether it has been long or short, we must not pronounce it complete or incomplete until we have carefully

considered what was the purpose of his life, and then how well that purpose has been performed. With the poet we might say:

“We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feeling, not in figures on a dial  
We should count time by hear-  
throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most—feels the noblest—  
acts the best.”

## Art Gallery of Peabody Institute.

**U**NDER the shadow of a monument of which Baltimore is justly proud, stands another grand and glorious; the one, a token of the love that the State of Maryland felt for George Washington; the other, an expression of the love that George Peabody felt for the State of Maryland; the one, the famous Washington Monument; the other, the Peabody Institute.

Not long ago we, with a party of students, enjoyed the pleasure of spending a few days in the Monumental City, and among the many places of interest we visited was the above-mentioned famous institution of learning. We might describe the magnificent library, the conservatory of music, and the various other departments connected with this institution, but we desire to give some idea of the art gallery.

In the lower vestibule is a marble bust of George Peabody, the founder of the Institute, by Jones, of London.

We passed from the vestibule up to the north gallery by means of a massive stairway. Pausing on the threshold, we took a general survey of the room we were about to enter, noticing that it was about one hundred feet long at least, one third as wide, and that the pitch of the ceiling was about the same as the width. As we stood taking a general view, the first work of art that we noticed was the frieze just beneath the cornice, extending entirely around the gallery, a distance of 264 feet. It is the frieze of the Parthenon, and represents the Panthenaic festival, which was celebrated every fourth year, beginning on the 7th of July and continuing fourteen days. The essentials of the figures are clearly brought out, the unessentials wisely disregarded. It is truly a fine work of art.

As we entered, Venus at Her Toilet, by Paccetti, first attracted our attention. Something concerning the origin of this statue is of interest.



It was fashioned of three fragments of different marbles, the head of one kind, the torso and base in another, the legs and drapery in still other marbles. We pass by Flora, found in Hadrian's Villa, Venus of the Capitol, Diana of Gabil, Bust of Ariadne, and stop next at a colossal bust of Jupiter. "This is the finest head of Jupiter known to exist, expressing the highest intellectual and physical power, controlled by infinite kindness and benevolence." We could but gaze with mute admiration upon this truly wonderful demonstration of what thought marble may, in the hands of a master, be made to express. The next statue that arrested our attention was Ariadne Deserted. The magnificent form of this statue is executed with masterly power, and cannot fail to excite the admiration of all who behold it. The sleeping heroine's restlessness is clearly brought out, and the face plainly shows the sad state of mind. We passed on, regretting that we had not time to longer contemplate this pleasing work of art.

Passing by Euterpe, Minerva, Hermes, Apollo, Sauroktonos, and many others, we next stop to admire for a few minutes the Laocoon Group. The story which this group illustrates may be found in the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*. Poseidon is excited to wrath against Laocoon, a priest of Apollo, by the injury inflicted by him upon the wooden horse and because he had advised the Trojans not to admit it into their city; and he sends two terrible serpents to destroy him and his two sons as they are sacrific-

ing at the altar. In the statue the serpents are represented as having twined themselves around the offending father and sons. The statue is not a very pleasing one, and only the perfectness of the forms and the wonderful display of genius in the production render it at all enduring.

Standing next to the Laocoon Group is the statue of Apollo Belvedere, and we derived much pleasure from beholding it. Faun With Goat, Faun With Kid, Athlete Pouring Oil, busts of Socrates, Homer, Alexander the Great and Nero, and Belvedere Torso were deserving of much more attention than we were able to give in the short time we could spend in the gallery.

The statue, Mercury Seated, was very fine, and is said to be "perhaps the most beautiful bronze extant."

The Dying Gladiator made a lasting impression upon us. The skill shown in this is truly marvellous. We stood mutely admiring it and thought of the well known lines of Byron concerning it. Venus of Melos attracted our gaze and called forth many admiring comments. This statue, and the Hermes of Praxiteles, are by nearly all art critics regarded as the finest statues in existence. Lübke, in speaking of it, says: "It is the only statue of Venus that has come down to us which represents the *goddess* and not the beautiful woman. The power and grandeur of form, over which the infinite charm of youth and beauty is diffused, is in harmony with the pure majestic expression of the head, which, free



from human infirmity, proclaims the calm self-sufficiency of divinity."

Achilles, the Wrestlers, and Fighting Gladiator, we spent some time in contemplating. Venus Di Medici, we specially enjoyed. It is one of the most universally celebrated statues now in existence. Next to Venus Di Medici, stands the statue Hermes of Praxiteles, holding the infant Dionysos on his arms. In almost every particular this statue is the perfection of art.

The last work we took special notice of in the North Gallery was a mask called the Dying Alexander. It is a head much larger than life and the degree to which it expresses pain and grief is something wonderful. Some one has said that it is one of the most marvellous remains of ancient art.

We then passed into the "Clytie Room." The original marble of Clytie, by Rinehart, is in that room. This charming statue was regarded, by the one who fashioned it, as his masterpiece, and it is truly a beautiful work of art.

The Second Ghiberti, or principal gate of the Baptistery of San Giovanni at Florence, in bronze, is a magnificent work. The copy in the gallery was by the celebrated sculptor in bronze, F. Barbedienne, of Paris, for the Vienna Exhibition of 1873. Michael Angelo said of the original: "It is so beautiful that it might well stand at the gate of Paradise."

After spending quite a while in studying the various scenes pictured on the Ghiberti gate, we passed on through the Rinehart Corridor, which

contains twenty-four busts brought from Rinehart's Roman Studio, into the South Gallery. This room is somewhat smaller than the North Gallery, being 90 feet long 30 feet wide, the ceiling 25 feet high. We can simply mention most of the famous works. Victory, a bas-relief from the Louvre by Matthieu Jacquet, a noted French sculptor of the sixteenth century, was quite striking and worthy of special mention. Venus by Canova, Venus by Gibson, and Venus by Thorwaldsen, displayed some originality on the part of the separate artists. The Two Slaves, or Prisoners, by Michael Angelo, are too well known for us to comment at all upon, but we must say that they are very fine. David, from the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, by Michael Angelo, is by far the most conspicuous in the gallery, being 19 feet high. It was cut from a single block of marble. The statue represents David about to throw the stone at Goliath. Lübke says; "It is the masterly execution of a rude shepherd boy, whose youthful age and undeveloped frame form a contrast to its colossal size. How characteristic the lazy hanging down of the right arm with the heavy hand accustomed to the sling!"

We then examined the Rinehart Collection, of which these are the principal ones: Latona, Endymion, Entering the Bath, Antigone, Strewing Flowers, and Woman of Samaria. His Sleeping Children are worthy of special mention. Tuckerman says: "The two sleeping babes on one pillow are full of nature and beauty."



There are very many interesting works in the Gallery that we have omitted mentioning. It was indeed a treat to spend a few hours there communing with the great minds of the past, studying some of the great

works of ancient and modern art; and we should advise all visiting Baltimore to spend at least one day in the Art Gallery of the Peabody Institute.

“TREBOR.”

## The Place of Patrick Henry in American History,

**I**T is now nearly a century since Patrick Henry died. The myriad myths that clung about his name have disappeared. The magic of his look and tone no longer charms. The rancors of private and party spite thank God, are dead. In the evening of a century the nation recasts its debt of gratitude and bids the historian declare anew the place of Patrick Henry in his country's history.

Few men have suffered more from the friendship of his friends. The story of his life, written when the grass had hardly sprung on his new-made grave and in the full glare of local brilliancy has sacrificed the hero to the orator, obscured the patriot in the Whig. Posterity has been taught that as a lawyer Patrick Henry was “ignorant of the law, unable to draw a declaration or a plea, lazy and incapable of the most common or simple business of his profession.” In your day and mine the stone has been rolled away and the old man bound hand and foot with grave clothes, comes forth to give the lie to senseless fallacy. His fee-books, lately discovered, give the witness of his own hand that he

was a lawyer of large experience, careful preparation, of unusual power and success—a lawyer commanding in his obscurest day twice the practice of a jealous Jefferson.

But not to Patrick Henry the lawyer, but to Patrick Henry the statesman, a people directs its grateful praise. Three generations have done him homage as an eloquent orator; an advocate gifted with power to lift men out of themselves, and bear them where he would; an intellectual necromancer, one touch of whose fiery wand made “Kings gods and meaner creatures kings.”

But in a day that witnessed a nation's birth, in an age big with a new world's destiny, in the councils of a State foremost in the march of freedom, the call was for knowledge not necromancy, reason not rhetoric, skill not subtlety. An experiment was making broad as the universe, mighty as the race. A single debate might change the course of history, a word entail a nation's loss. At such a time as this Patrick Henry stepped forth into public life, and took his place among the heroes. With a hand that knew no trembling,



he mapped out the course true statesmanship must take, and threw into its defence all the eager vehemence of his soul. He grasped instinctively vital principles, coined thoughts of fire, and spoke what others dared not think. His first act was his greatest. Let us look in at old St. John's church in this city. It is the 29th of May, 1765.

The morning sun comes glinting through the panes, filling the place with clusty radiance. No mitred priest is praying at the altar. No choir discourses melody. A few stern men are gathered in the pews. The Virginia House of Burgesses has assembled for the gravest discussion that ever vexed a people. The British Parliament, regardless of sacred rights, careless of threats and heedless of remonstrances, had passed the infamous Stamp Act, the first attempt to tax the colonies without their consent. The colonists faced a single choice—relinquishment of their cherished liberties, or resistance and a doubtful war. They were assembled to make the choice. A deep solemnity prevailed. Randolph and Bland were silent; Wyth and Pendleton held their peace. Men could almost hear their hearts beating their own death-knell. Suddenly a young man arose, and in a voice charged with the awful earnestness of the hour read from the penciled leaf of a law book these words: "*Resolved*, That taxation of the people by themselves is the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom; that the attempt to vest that power elsewhere has a manifest tendency to destroy American liberty;

and that any person who shall by speaking or writing aid in such attempt shall be deemed an enemy of the colony." The spell was broken. Confusion reigned. The timid counselled submission; the conservative, delay; the British party buried the young upstart in a torrent of denunciation and abuse. But he spoke to freemen, and his voice prevailed. The Virginia resolution passed. The first note of liberty's anthem had been struck. Its echoes multiplied themselves along the Virginia slopes; swept over the Blue Ridge and down the Sheanndoah into Mayrland; climbed the Alleghanies and the Berkshire Hills; rolled out of Massachusetts Bay and broke in thunder on the British coast. Patrick Henry had read the first chapter of American history, the prelude to the Declaration of Independence. With an eye that marked the sweep of centuries he beheld the end from the beginning, saw that a conflict was inevitable, and used his utmost power in preparation for the shock. When older men with petitions and remonstrances were patching a precarious peace, he moved the Virginia Resolutions, and set the country in a blaze of war. Ten years before a gun was fired or a drum was beat, his eye saw Lexington; his ear heard the music of Independence Bell, and in his heart there rang the answering note, the quick, the glad evangel of the free!

Our fathers taught us that he was an idle orator. Consider the further records of his deeds. In the second Convention a motion was required to



arm the militia against the crown.  
Patrick Henry made it in

Words that live and throb to-day,  
Words that were a Marseillaise,  
Freedom's battle-song.

Committees were needed to manage Indian affairs, to encourage arts and manufactures, to adjust the altered land tenures and the shattered system of finance; to encourage immigration and arbitrate the thousand complications of the day. Patrick Henry held a leading place upon them all. Is this incompetence and sloth? The first Continental Congress convened; Patrick Henry was a member. A council was called to frame a constitution for Virginia; Patrick Henry occupied a seat, and John Adams exclaimed, "Happy Virginia, whose constitution is to be framed by so masterly a builder." A commander was sought for the first Virginia troops; Patrick Henry was the choice. A governor was required for the infant State; Patrick Henry was *seventh time* elected to the chair. Are these the services of laziness and empty declamation?

The office of Chief Justice of the United States was vacant; Patrick Henry was summoned, but ill-health forbade. Washington sought a man for the foremost place in his second Cabinet. Patrick Henry was offered the portfolio of Secretary of State. A threatened war with France required envoys clothed with unlimited treaty power; Patrick Henry was vainly urged to be one of the three. If this be the portrait of an ignorant orator, then what should a statesman be?

The true statesman is at once radical and conservative. With logic irresistible and an eloquence pathetic in its earnestness, Patrick Henry pleaded for concerted action among the colonies, yet for delay of permanent organization until victory was secured. A century of constitutional government approves his statesmanship. The true statesman is above revenge; for he knows that "all revenge is crime."

Patrick Henry shook off the trammels of prejudice, rose superior to animosity, and followed peace with the amnesty of the British refugees and the freedom of British trade. Immediate action when prosperity was life, placed an enduring seal upon his statesmanship. But Patrick Henry fought the proposed constitution of the United States. This, say the thoughtless, is the error of his life, a blot upon the escutcheon of his statesmanship, a failure in his patriotism. Failure in patriotism? It is the crowning glory of it.

The storm-cloud of popular freedom that had risen in the German woods rolled its gathering blackness down the centuries, pattered its drops of blood on the fields of France, and burst in final fury at Runnymede, had swept away forever the claims of subversive dominance. Here, five hundred years after, was a new sovereignty proposed, a sovereignty of the people to be sure, but a sovereignty none the less. What had this constitution to say of religious liberty? Not a word! What of freedom of speech, freedom of the press? Not a



word! What of the great right of petition? Not a word! What had this new sovereign to say of his right to quarter soldiers in a private house? Of his right to seize and search the person and papers of his subjects? Of his right to use private property without consent and compensation? Not one word! What, in fine, of the elementary principles of personal liberty, exemption from unjust prosecution and the right of a speedy trial by jury? Not a solitary word! All these powers, wrested from monarchy in the great charter, were to vest once more in a monarch more formidable than Cæsar because a million strong, more obdurate than King John, because impersonal. Is it strange that a freeman, in the full heritage of Plymouth Rock and on the soil of Virginia, should cry halt? Is it strange that a liberty-loving statesman should withhold his support until these priceless jewels were placed beyond a risk? Mistake! So long as history is read; so long as

personal rights are dear; so long as purest patriotism shall earn its meed of praise; this one act in opposition to popular eagerness and at the risk of future glory, shall disclose, not the demagogue, the sweet-toned mouth-piece of a people's wish, but the honest citizen, the independent thinker, the fearless champion of sacred liberty.

For a century, men have thought Patrick Henry a mere orator. But if time builds man's tomb, Time writes the epitaph. To-day the nation pays its tardy tribute to the lawyer, the statesman, the patriot; the seer, whose prophetic eye saw through the clouds of poverty and war to victory, and exclaimed, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." The intrepid leader, who in the shadows of a scaffold and in the face of a dubious war, flung defiance in the teeth of kings, and uttered in a word a nation's genius, greatness, and glory—Liberty or Death.

SAMO.

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## SCIENCE NOTES.

[*Editor*—N. H. HARRIS.]

The greatest elevation ever attained by a balloonist was 37,000 feet, or about seven miles. The ascent was made in England in the year 1862.

twenty pieces of one-inch common round iron bars with rough ends were welded together by two men in thirteen minutes.

With a view of testing the rapidity of electric welding, a comparative recent application of electricity,

Baron Liebig, the great German chemist, says that "as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife



contains as much nutritive constituents as eight pints of the best and most nutritious beer that is made."

The highest recorded speed has been developed by the new express compound locomotive on the North-Eastern railway in England. At a trial with a special train of eighteen six-wheeled coaches, a speed of 88 miles per hour was attained. This speed, the highest by several miles, was carefully measured by stop-watches and mile-posts. The highest speed observed was just over ten seconds per quarter-mile run.

A GREAT GUN.—The largest gun yet manufactured at Krupp's works at Essen, which is intended for the naval fortifications at Cronstadt, is made of the finest quality of cast steel and weighs 270,000 pounds (about 135 tons), the calibre is  $16\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and the barrel 44 feet long, the core having been removed in one piece. The greatest diameter is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and the range about twelve miles. It will fire two shots per minute, each estimated to cost £300. At the trial the projectile, 4 feet long and weighing 2,600 pounds, was propelled by a charge of 700 pounds of powder and penetrated 19 inches of armor, going 1,312 yards beyond the target. It was carried from Essen to Hamburg on a car specially constructed for the purpose.—*Scientific American*.

THOSE WHO WILL FOLLOW US.—I imagine that, when we look back from our home in the unseen universe

ages hence, we shall see, without much doubt, a race of men differing from those of to-day as much as the man of to-day differs from his simious, perhaps simian, ancestors, writes Professor Thurston. The brain will be developed to meet the more complex and serious taxation of a more complex and trying civilization, the vital powers will be intensified, the man, reducing the powers of nature still more completely to his service, will depend less on the exertions of his muscles, and they will be correspondingly and comparatively less powerful, though they will probably nevertheless, I imagine, continue to grow somewhat in size, as they unquestionably have grown since the middle ages. The whole system must be capable of more rapid, more thorough, and more manageable, conversion of the energies of the natural forces to the uses of the intellect and the soul which inhabits it.—*Scientific American*.

A new and very simple method of measuring small elongations of a bar under any influence has been devised by Signor Cardani. To one end of a bar is attached a metallic wire stretched so as to give a determinate number of vibrations. When the bar expands the wire becomes less tense and gives fewer vibrations, and there is a simple relation between the number of vibrations and the elongation of the bar. The author cites a case in which a variation of one hundredth of a millimetre in a bar lessens the double vibrations from 99 to 96.5. Now a practiced ear will



appreciate a difference of one vibration per cent. With other methods of measuring change of vibration, elongations of thousandths of a millimetre may be ascertained.—*Nature.*

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HOW THE WOODCOCK FEEDS.—A writer gives the following account of the way he saw woodcocks "boring" for worms one moonlight night. "The birds would rest their bills upon the mud and stand in this position for several seconds, as if listening. Then with a sudden, swift movement, they would drive the bill its entire length into the soil, hold it so for a second, and then as swiftly withdraw it. Though I watched the birds carefully with the glass I could not detect the presence of a worm in their bills when they were withdrawn. But a subsequent process gave me the clew to their method of feeding. After having bored over a considerable piece of ground—a square foot or more—they proceeded to execute what looked comically like a war dance upon the perforated territory. They also occasionally tapped the ground with their wings. My intense curiosity to know the possible utility of this process was at length gratified by seeing a worm crawl, half-length, from one of the borings, when it was immediately devoured by one of the birds. Presently another worm made its appearance, and so on until as many as a dozen had been devoured by the two woodcocks. Then the vein seemed exhausted and the birds took their

leave. I have subsequently studied the philosophy of this method of digging bates and find that if you will make a number of holes in a spot, which is prolific with worms, and then tap on the ground for a few minutes, the worms will come to the surface through the holes which you have made. I account for it by the supposition that the tapping of the stick somehow affects the worms the same as a patter of rain, and it is a well known fact that worms come to the surface while it is raining.

The antics of the woodcocks were simply mimical and intended to delude the worms into the belief that it was raining in the upper world.—*Popular Science.*

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SMOKELESS GUNPOWDER.—The most extensive field-trial of this new powder took place recently near Paris and appears to have been attended with much success. The firing from cannon and rifles was continuous, but without smoke, and the military people were much surprised. It is said it will now be necessary to change the uniform of the French soldiery, to substitute subdued colors for the red pantaloons and other bright accoutrements, as the absence of smoke renders the gay figures of the men very conspicuous when in action.

One of the earliest forms of smokeless explosives is the well-known gun-cotton. Then came dynamite and other explosives, such as blasting geletine, the bases of which are nitro-glycerine, from



which the present smokeless power is directly produced. The improvement by which the nitro-glycerine compound or explosive geletine is made serviceable for military purposes is by Col. Hess, and consists in incorporating with nitro-glycerine a larger proportion of nitro-cotton than is used in making the blasting geletine, then adding camphor, which latter ingredient serves to promote the union of the two explosives. In appearance the substance called smokeless powder is horn-like. It can be rolled into sheets, pellets, or any desired form. It in fact resembles in many respects those well known forms of dissolved nitro-cottons popularly termed xylonite and celluloid; both of which, although highly inflammable, are not in an ordinary sense explosives.—*Scientific American*.

WHAT IT TAKES TO PLAY A PIECE OF MUSIC.—Science, says Sir James Paget, will supply the natural man with wonders uncounted. Mlle. Janotha once played a presto by Mendelssolu. She played 5,595 notes in four minutes and three seconds. Every one of these notes involved certain movements of the finger, at least two, and many of them involved

an additional movement laterally as well as those up and down. They also involved repeated movements of the wrist, elbows and arms, altogether probably not less than one movement for each note. As there were twenty-four notes per second and each of these involved three distinct musical movements, that amounted to seventy-two movements in each second. Moreover each of these notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force, at a certain time and with a certain duration. Therefore there were four distinct qualities in each of the seventy-two movements in each second. There were seventy-two transmissions per second, 144 to and fro, and these with constant change of quality. And then added to that, all the time the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place. Thus it would be fair to say that there are not less than two hundred transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain every second, and during the whole of that time judgment was being exercised as to whether the music was better or worse than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the emotions which the music was intended to inspire.—*Ex*.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

[*Editor*—E. E. DUDLEY,]

One thing we would be glad to see at Richmond College is a medal given for oratory. Our boys are encouraged

to work and put forth their very best efforts in reading, declaiming, writing, and debating—a medal being



given to the one who reaches the highest degree of perfection in each of these. We admit that the boys who attend Richmond College should work to improve in every direction and not simply because they may get a medal, but we all well know that men, especially young men who are just beginning to make themselves known to the world, are anxious to have these signs as outward manifestations of their excellency, and although we should strive to accomplish everything we possibly can, yet we must admit that no one can reach the top in everything at once, and the college boy, when he begins to look around to decide in what direction he is going to make his greatest efforts will in nine cases out of ten choose to begin on that course of improvement which has laying on its pathway toward perfection some little encouragement for excellence thus far. I think, and doubtless many old men will agree with me, that these things have quite a weight with boys. Knowing the importance of oratory, having seen how it has swayed the minds of men and caused them to rush forward with shouts of joy and of victory when otherwise they would have been despondent and probably overcome by the opposing foe, and at the same time seeing that it is not being encouraged—friends of Richmond College come to the rescue, and next session let us find that an Orator's Medal is to be given here. We all know how tiresome it is to listen to plain statement of facts although they may be arranged so as to produce a fine argument, while on

the other hand we would not have you think that our idea of power in a speaker does not consist by any means in simple flights of oratory. However, there is no necessity that either should be the case, but strike a happy mean. The only possible way to strike this that we can see will be to encourage both solid argument and oratory. Now, some of the warm friends of Richmond College would blush if we were to tell them that we heard some visitors who chanced to be present at a debate between our boys and the boys of a literary society in this city, say that the city boys beat our boys in point of *oratory*, while our boys beat in argument. This is enough to make us blush and actually feel ashamed of ourselves, but the boys are not so much to blame; they have been encouraged to improve in other directions while oratory has scarcely been mentioned. We have heard several of the boys speak of this and they think that we should have an Orator's Medal by all means. We think that the college itself could well afford to give a fine medal for oratory. So I hope the trustees and friends of Richmond College will take hold of this at once, and see that such a medal is given here very soon, and that within a few years the friends of this grand old institution may no longer have to wear the blush of shame on account of a lack of oratory on the part of the young men who go forth from her walls, but will be proud of her young orators.

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It seems that college boys natue



rally grow into the bad habit of using slang. There are many reasons why they should not form this habit. They attend college that they may learn how to use better language, probably study English day after day during the whole session, and still are making use of expressions which are not good English. Besides its marring the beauty and chastity of the language, it gets such a fast hold on the user, that often when he wishes to think of a nice rhetorical way to express himself, this slang which he is so constantly using presents itself before his mind's eye, and it is impossible for him to think of any other way to express himself; and we find very often he is not understood, as the slang phrases which he makes use of are understood only in a certain locality, while good English would be understood anywhere and everywhere. Slang has an evil tendency, and its influence is hurtful both to the speaker and hearer. But some one would say before having thought what it may lead to, that the use of slang seems to be a very harmless thing to condemn any one for. We know that we do many things which seem to us to be very harmless at the moment we are doing them, but notice those with whom you are associated very soon they begin to use the same, and if you are a man of good character they will possibly remark that if he can use slang and such foolish expressions as I heard him use a few days ago I can go a little farther, and soon he is making use of such language as will condemn his soul to everlasting punishment. Who

brought this about? You "brother good-boy," and still your aim in life is just the reverse. Then, boys, ministerial students especially, seeing the effect, let us put aside all such expressions and try, while we are at college to learn to make the very best use of the beautiful English language, and when we go out into the world, when possibly some will be looking upon us as fit examples, they may not be deceived.

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PROPER EXERCISE.—Our boys need not only to consider this well for themselves but to get advice from older and wiser heads frequently. The proper exercise to keep the physical frame in good condition should not be neglected, and I am glad that the Richmond College boys are being encouraged to take physical exercise. We recognize the fact that no one can possibly do efficient work who is continually racked by some pain or laboring under some disease brought on by want of proper exercise, and we notice that those boys who exercise generally make a better appearance when they come before the public; simply because they have more life and actually feel more cheerful. However, boys need to be reminded frequently that physical exercise and fun are not the chief object of college, but they need to be told of the mental preparation that will be necessary for real life, and to be encouraged to work constantly, earnestly, and zealously, that they may prove themselves mighty factors in shaping the affairs of our nation in the future. It certainly looks mean



for a boy for whom parents have labored hard and made sacrifices that he might attend college, to throw away his time, to fail to benefit himself, depriving his country of a good leader and saddening the hearts of his kind parents. Reflecting upon this for a moment, I think any boy who has either paternal or patriotic blood coursing through his veins will be prompted to action and caused to put forth every effort in his power. Boys while at college are too apt to forget how soon they will be ushered out on their life work and neglect to improve their time.

—

We think that one of our Societies have made quite a mistake in deciding to have judges to decide who is to have the best debater's medal. We

think this is taking a power out of the hands of the members which they ought to have. If the boys have to pay for the medal, it seems very unreasonable that they shall not have a vote to say who they think should have it. Some may claim that they can get judges more capable of determining who is the best debater, and doubtless they can find judges more competent, if the boys had to make their decisions from the last speeches and had not heard the contestants before, but as they have and we cannot always tell just what is in a man by hearing him speak one time, we think the boys to be far better judges, and certainly if the boys elect a man the majority of the members will be satisfied.

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## LOCALS.

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[*Editor*—R. E. CHAMBERS.]

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Base-ball.

Mr. H. : "No, they are too small for a fly to get on them."

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Champions.

—

When our "B. B." parade started, one fellow wanted to know if we were going to review the Governor.

—

Prof. : "What are mollusks ?"  
Mr. M., of Fluvanna : "Little bones."

—

Chemistry.—"How do you separate silver and lead?"

Mr. J. : "Boil 'em."

—

Mr. L. : "There are no flies on my medals."

—

FIELD DAY.—Saturday, April 19th, we had our second annual field day. The day was cool and bright, and with the exception of a quite uncomfortable wind, was as pleasant as any one could desire.

Lawn tennis was the first thing on the programme. In the preliminary contests played the day before, Messrs. Kincannon and King were chosen as the best players, and the final contest between these gentleman was very close, and much enjoyed by all who witnessed it.



F. W. King, of Florida, won the first prize; C. T. Kincannon the second.

Then followed the mile run, with four contestants; won by D. H. Rucker, of Virginia, in 5 minutes  $2\frac{3}{4}$  seconds. The mile walk was quite exciting and close; won by E. E. Dudley, of Virginia, in 8 minutes and 20 seconds.

The gnasium contest was begun by a large class, out of which tne were chosen for the prize drill. The first prize was won by Garnett Ryland; the second by W. B. McGarity. C. T. Taylor, who won the medal last year, received honorable mention for excellence in the drill.

Mr. T. H. Athey won in the throwing—base-ball contest: distance 104 yards and 3 inches.

The 100 yard and ~~440~~ <sup>240</sup> yard dashes were both won by H. S. Corey, the first in 11 seconds, the second in  $34\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

The run of 440 yards was won by H. T. Louthan in 61 seconds.

The pole-vaulting contest was the most enjoyable of all, and was won by W. H. Ryland—height, 8 feet  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Mr. Ryland's vaulting was very fine indeed.

The high jumping, both standing and running, was won by A. D. Louthan, at 4 feet  $8\frac{3}{4}$  inches and 5 feet  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch.

The hurdle race, 150 yards, 9 hurdles, was also won by A. D. Louthan, in 19 seconds.

In the foot-ball contest, a very close and interesting one, Captain C. T.

Taylor's team won the victory. Score 4 to 0.

A very fine game of base-ball was played between the College First Nine and the Virginia Brights, and was won by College Nine (Captaint S. S. Handy.) Score 7 to 3.

At the conclusion of the exercises Dr. Hatcher delivered the following gold medals: *First Gymnasium*, to Garnett Ryland; *Second Gymnasium*, to W. B. McGarity. *First Tennis*, to F. W. King; *Mile Walk* to E. E. Dudley; *Mile Run* to D. H. Rucker; *Best Running* to H. S. Corey; *High Jumping* to A. D. Louthan; *Hurdle Race* to A. D. Louthan; *Pole Vaulting* to W. H. Ryland.

One silver medal was presented; *Second Tennis* to C. T. Kincannon.

"Field Day" was pronounced a success. There was a very large crowd present. The students entered into the contests with earnestness and they were by far, better than last year, the records being raised in almost every case.

Mr. B. F. Johnson, the special patron of Athletics in the college, whom we all love, was on the ground and expressed his pleasure at the growth of the art in the college.

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"Never be haughty to the humble nor humble to the haughty."—*Jefferson Davis*.

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In the list of the newly elected officers of the *Mu Sigma Rho Society* E. M. Pilcher was reported as Recording Secretary instead of Wm. J. West, who was elected to that office.

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Prof. P. to M. K.: "How would you furnish a house?"

Mr. K., mentions various articles of furniture, &c., &c.

Prof.: "Mr. W., what would you add?"

Mr. W.: "A pretty wife and a piano, sir."

—  
ANOTHER WAR OF WORDS.—Our Literary Societies have this session inaugurated an interesting and profitable movement along the line of holding competitive debates with neighboring Societies. Mention was made, in a former number of the *Messenger*, of a joint debate between the Randolph Society, of the Y. M. C. A., of Richmond, and our Philologian Society, in which the victory was easily won by the representatives of the Philologian.

On the night of April 11th, the Mu Sigma Rho and Randolph Societies met on the field of polemic contest. The debate was held in the college chapel, in the presence of a select audience.

The committee on arrangements were fortunate in securing the services of two of Richmond's sweet singers, Miss Lilian Arnold and Mrs. Lockerman (Miss Katie Brown, accompanist), whose charming solos and duets were much enjoyed.

Dr. W. Lee Broadus, of King and Queen county, and Dr. Julian F. Wright and Mr. T. C. Garrett, of Richmond, were selected as judges.

Mr. J. E. Noftsinger, Vice-President of the Mu Sigma Rho, and Mr. C. W. Morris, President of the Randolph Society, jointly presided, Mr. Noft-

singer making an address of welcome, and Mr. Morris, appropriate closing remarks.

The question selected for discussion was: *Resolved*, That the United States west of the Mississippi river will eventually become the dominant portion our country.

Messrs. J. W. Gordon and C. M. Wallace, of the Randolph Society, spoke for the affirmative, and Messrs. E. W. Greaner and W. Owen Carver for the negative. Those who have had the privilege of hearing Messrs. Carver and Greaner on such occasion, do not need to be told that the negative was ably supported; and while the speeches for the affirmative were carefully prepared and well delivered, yet a large majority of those present were surprised when it was announced that the judges had decided in favor of the affirmative.

—  
Mr. M. (pointing to pendulum seventy-five feet long) to "Local Editor:

"Say, that thing will swing until it stops, won't it?"

We informed the youth of inquiring mind that we were rather inclined to think that it would unless some one stopped it.

—  
Prof.: "Mr. W. how many kinds of time are there?"

Mr. W.: "One, sir."

Prof.: "What is that?"

Mr. W.: "The time of day, sir."

—  
The Senior Physics Class are hard to satisfy. They even say that Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics are dry subjects.



Here is a letter that fell into our hands. It was written, sent, and received. This is an exact copy of it:

April  
the 27 1890  
Clifton  
ForGe

AlleGhaney Co Va

Miss Sallie

Dear Miss I take my pen in hand to Rite You a few Lines to in form you of my helth this Leaves Me well in helth But Low in Mind I have Rote to yue sometime a Go and yue dident thinke a Nough of Me to ancer My Letter tho the potrey saey if you try and ann dont succeed try and try a Gain upon those succeistance I will Rite to you a Gain tho I Guess you was so close in Gage with some other that you diden take time to Rite to Me I will Bage to Be excuse for Make my self so Bole Dear Miss I D Declard the truth to you please Be leave Me I have Bin Looking and Looking for a letter from you ever since I Rote the first letter please Rite to me and let Me Know whether you are Married or not excuse Bad Riten and all Me Staaks I will try and Rite Better nex time think I can Rite Better if I can hear from yue Yours Truly

Wilson Kurdy.

BASE-BALL.—*Champions of Virginia*.—Richmond College Base-Ball Team went into their work this season with a determination to make a first-class record, and their efforts have been rewarded with the grandest success. First, they, with the assistance of many of the trustees,

have obtained a nice uniform; secondly, they have won the championship of Virginia, having beaten the teams of the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee University, and the Virginia Military Institute. The following is a short account of each of the games:

On the 12th of April, our team played the University of Virginia, a game in which our boys led the score from the beginning, making one run in the first inning. In the sixth, seventh, and eighth innings the University team was not far behind, the score being 4 to 3, but in the ninth our boys pounded the ball, making 5 runs, the University making only 2. The principal features of the game were the battery work of Jones and McGuire (R. C.), the short-stopping of Lain and Thurman, and a phenomenal catch by Whitehead, (R. C.) Nine base-hits were made by the University team, while our team only made eight, but our hits were so arranged that almost every one brought a man home. Errors: Richmond College, 3; University, 5.

On April 26th our team, for the first time, played the Washington and Lee (White Stockings) and the Virginia Military Institute teams. The game with Washington and Lee was played in the morning at 11 o'clock. As it had rained considerably on the day and night before, and the grass that covered the field was very wet, there wasn't a very favorable outlook for a game, but our team thought they would not be thrown out on account of the weather, since they had come so far to play them,



So at the appointed time both teams were on the field. Our boys lead off with 7 runs the first inning, and kept a good way ahead the entire game. The "White Stockings" played a good fielding game and ran bases well amidst the greatest applause from their fellow-students, but it was of no avail when our fellows, though jeered and sneered at by their men, played a good fielding game and batted the ball all over the field. The main features of the game was our own battery work by Jones and McGuire and the catching of Marshall. Score: Richmond College, 25; Washington and Lee, 12.

On the same day at 4 o'clock and on the same grounds our team met the V. M. I. team and as in the other games our fellows made the first run and led the score the whole game, although they were playing under the disadvantage of having played in the morning, and besides they had to play the stronger team in the afternoon. From the 2d to the 7th inning the score stood 2 to 1, and it was thought the game would end with this score, but in the 7th inning the timely two base-hit by Taylor, which brought in 3 runs, changed the condition of affairs considerably. Then the V. M. I. boys saw that our fellows had them, but they held on like "Grim Death," and were rewarded with one more run; while our fellows scored three more, which made the score 8 to 2.

The principal features of the game were the battery work of both teams, that of McCormick (V. M. I.) and a catch made by the V. M. I.'s right-

fielder. Batteries: Shafer and Boulden, for V. M. I.; Jones and McGuire for Richmond College.

This was one of the prettiest and most pleasant games our team has played this season, and our team say that they have never met a team who have treated them more gentlemanly, not only outside of the game, but also during the game. There was not the least bit of "kicking" on either side during the game. Examinations have come so close upon us now (half our team being degree men) that we will not be able to play any more this season, yet we hope that it will be our pleasure to see the V. M. I. boys in Richmond some time in the near future, and hope to have a chance to show them that we appreciate the way in which they treated our fellows.

When our team got back from Lexington, the trustees, professors, and students gave them a right royal reception. We clip the following from the *Richmond Dispatch* of April 29th:

—  
WELCOME TO THE WINNERS.—RECEPTION TO THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONS—

RETURN OF THE RICHMONDS, &c. &c.

Richmond College asserted itself yesterday in the royal reception given the victorious Base-Ball Team No. 1. which on the tour just made won for itself the title of "Champions of Virginia."

When the club started away a few days ago to fight the battle that would settle the question who were entitled to this honor the students determined that if victory perched



upon the college banner the players should be given an agreeable surprise upon their return.

Well, they did come out victorious, and were made to feel their importance when they got home. The programme was well mapped out and was successfully executed.

*The Parade.*—The street parade yesterday afternoon was several squares in length, and was formed as follows: (1) Zouave drum corps, (2) marshals and mounted students, (3) students in hacks, (4) faculty and invited guests. (5) "Champions of Virginia."

The line of march was through the principal streets, and on all sides handkerchiefs, papers, and hats were waved at the victors.

*The College Yell.*—The yelling of the college boys was much enjoyed by the citizens. All along the line could be heard their "'Rah! 'Rah!—R—C—V—Rip! Rap!—'Rah! Tar!—Siss! Boom! Bee!" After the first hackful of students had given the yell it would be taken up by the next and so pass the line.

*The Girls Cheer.*—When the procession passed Miss Hamner's institute the cheering, yelling, and hurraing was deafening. The young ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the boys rose in their hacks and cheered.

This title of "Champions of Virginia" which has been won so well by the "Richmond College Club" is all the more of an honor as it is the first time since the war that any club has been able to wrest the championship from the University of Virginia.

THOMAS-ENDOWED LECTURES.—As we predicted, the people of Richmond enjoyed a feast of good things "served up" by Hon. Wm. T. Harris, LL. D., in the shape of a course of splendid lectures upon the great works of art.

The first lecture was delivered April 18th, in the Thomas Memorial Hall, and although the weather was very inclement, a large and appreciative audience of the intellectual people of Richmond were present. All lovers of high art very much enjoyed the Doctor's discourses upon the various master-paintings and felt fully repaid for having come out. His first subject for discussion was the Sistine Madonna of Raphael. In this master-piece of art the Madonna is represented as standing under a curtain, apparently just drawn aside, while in her arms the Christ-child, an infant of divine beauty, nestles against her bosom. "No tongue nor pen," said the Doctor, "can describe the exquisite features of the mother or the wonderful beauty of the child. In every touch there is an evidence of a master hand."

The second painting discussed were the Madonnas of Holbein. These groups, while they are magnificent works of art, lack that beauty of expression exhibited in the work of Raphael. Many interesting suggestions and explanations were made by the speaker, and the chief merits and defects of the group were pointed out. The first lecture closed with a discussion upon the St. Cecilia of Raphael, which represents the Patron Saint of Music as she stands sur-



rounded by several of the apostles and evangelists and Mary Magdelene listening to the heavenly chorus. The lecturer handled the subject in hand with great skill and in a highly interesting manner.

A large and brilliant audience greeted Dr. Harris the 22d of April. His subject was Michael Angelo's sculptures including the Moses and the Tombs of the Medici; Greek sculpture, including the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus of Melos, and the Laocoon Group.

As the pictures were thrown upon the canvas the speaker gave a history of them and the times and circumstances which furnished their setting.

"The Moses" was very vividly presented, and Apollo Belvidere was spoken of as the highest work of art the world has ever seen. The Doctor's presentation of the Laocoon Group was very fine.

Dr. Harris delivered his closing lecture April 24th. His subject was "The Last Supper" by Leonardo Da Vinci, Grotto, Del Sarto, Rosselli Luini, Holbein and others. His theme embraced the power of painting to exhibit high ideas by delineation of feature, by drawing of gesture, and by grouping of subordinate figures around a central one. Da Vinci was presented as the master of effect by combination of all three of these. The power of his famous composition was illustrated by contrasting it with the treatment of the same subject by other artists.

This course of lectures, so far above the ordinary line of popular amusements, were highly appreciated,

and has given many a deeper and truer insight into the nature and power of art.

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SELECTED.—Two things indicate a weak mind—to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.—*Persian Proverb.*

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.—*Beecher.*

God washes the eyes by tears until they can behold the invisible land where tears shall come no more.—*Beecher.*

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Dr. Ryland kindly furnished us the following Library Dots:

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, a man whose life and labor entitles him to the respect of his country, and who in his ripened years still devotes himself to active effort for education as President of the Peabody Fund, visited our Library recently, and expressed himself as greatly pleased with the excellent equipment of our college in this line of work. The Librarian received from him a valuable volume entitled "Massachusetts and its Early History" with the donor's autograph.

Among the new books just received we notice three volumes by Dean Stanley—"Historical Memories of Westminster Abby." These are rare and interesting books by an able author. They are well illustrated.

The "Memorial Volume of Jefferson



Davis" by Dr. J. Wm. Jones, has been purchased and is of great interest.

"Surry of Eagle's Nest" was the only volume of John Esten Cooke's series not in our collection. This has been now supplied and is very popular.

Nine volumes of "Notes and Queries" have been added to the excellent line of Books of Reference. Three of these are the "American" Notes and Queries, published in Philadelphia. The six are by the Gould Brothers of Manchester, N. H. Johnson's Revised Encyclopedia, eight volumes, will be in at an early day. Our Library is supplied with encyclopedias, lexicons, and other costly books which are especially helpful to students.

The last volume of each of the magazines has been bound and placed on the shelves.

The following is attributed to Wilkie Collins; "After more than thirty years study of art, I consider Walter Scott to be the greatest of all novelists, and the "Antiquary" is, as I think, the most perfect of all novels."

We take two verses from Thradthall's poem on Book Lending. They are up to life:

"I'll bring it back," said easy Jack—

I'll bring it safe and sound;  
And one fine day he brought it  
back;

The rest could not be found.

"I'll take the greatest care; do, *please!*  
Lose it? Why, no, my stars!"

(*Six month later.*)

What, that old book? Why, here,  
you tease!

I lost it—on the cars!"

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## PERSONALS.

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[*Editor*—N. H. HARRIS.]

R. M. Penick, who left college in the early part of the session on account of ill-health, is travelling through the State of Louisiana on business. His health, we are glad to say, is much improved.

Charles Dickinson, '88, has secured the position of agent for the R. F. & P. railroad at Rutherglen.

T. W. Dew, '89, is farming at his home in Spotsylvania county.

We are glad to state that H. R. Hundley and George Edwards, B. A's. of '88, now Professors in the Batesburgh High School, South Carolina, intend to be with us at the commencement.

R. L. Gay and L. P. Russell, '89, are pastors of flourishing churches in King William county.

H. A. Tatum, '89, is in business with Smith & Courtney, of this city.



H. W. Straley, '87, who won the best debater's medal here, is Assistant Commonwealth's Attorney at Princeton, W. Va., and is also attorney for the Norfolk and Western railroad.

F. W. Hawkes, '89, is attending Blacksburg College.

E. R. Chesterman, '89, has a fine position in the Chamber of Commerce, of this city.

Hardly a fortnight passes but what we hear of some Richmond College student who has taken to himself a better half. This time R. P. Rixey, of '88, clerk in the bank at Culpeper,

and W. H. Baylor, '87, a pastor near Portsmouth, are the ones.

Isaac Diggs, '82-3, a prosperous lawyer at Norfolk, Va., paid us a short visit lately.

We understand that J. W. Harris, '89, has accepted a call from the Baptist church at Pocahontas, Va.

J. B. Cook, '86-87, pastor in Lousia county, made us a brief call recently.

We were also pleased to see the faces of W. E. Robinson, '87, now attending the University of Virginia, and W. C. Barker, '83, doctor in the asylum at Petersburg.

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

[*Editor*—N. H. HARRIS.]

Major Robert Styles, on Sunday evening, April 20th, delivered a lecture in the college chapel upon the life and character of Saul.

Those in attendance, which comprised many both from the college and city, expressed themselves as highly pleased with this instructive lecture. This makes the second Sunday evening service which has been held in the college chapel, and it is hoped that the third is not far distant.

We are just in receipt of a letter from Mr. Geo. A. Fisher, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.'s, of Kansas, which informs us that on May 4th Chas. L. Helmrick, Frank M. Gates, Mrs. E.

Kingman, and Miss Jennie Dick, of Kansas; Jno. E. Zaderquist and W. J. Harris, of St. Paul; Roy G. Coddington of Nebraska, and perhaps one or two others, set sail from New York to carry the light of the gospel to that darkest of all lands—the Soudan, Africa.

Our readers will remember that in March we had the inspiration of a visit from Messrs. Helmrick, Jaderquist, and Coddington, and now we see that they are going forth to publish the glad tidings. Let us remember them at the throne of Grace.

EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF Y. M. C. A., OF RICHMOND COLLEGE.—On



Sunday night, the 27th, of April, the eighth anniversary of our Y. M. C. A. was celebrated in the spacious tabernacle of Grace Street Baptist church. After the Doxology and Invocation came a duet and chorus by college students, and following this were Scriptural readings and prayer.

Then the annual report by W. B. McGarity, President of the Association, was heard. Following this report was the introduction of Rev. J. S. Felix, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church of Lynchburg, who had been chosen to deliver the annual sermon before the Y. M. C. A. Dr. Felix, after being introduced in a few well-chosen words by Prof. H. H. Harris, who presided over the meeting, then preached an able sermon from the text, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," found in Romas, 8th chapter, 28th verse.

After this excellent and impressive sermon, a collection for aiding in the fitting up of the Y. M. C. A.'s new room was taken, which amounted to twenty-four dollars.

The following is a portion of the report of Mr. McGarity, showing the work done by the Y. M. C. A. :

"The object of our Association is to promote Christian work among ourselves and the most needy places in and around Richmond. We may speak of our work under three heads—general religious work, devotional at college, and missionary. In regard to general religious work, we have either greatly assisted or carried on work at four stations. Every Sunday morning an

average of four students go to the Soldiers' Home and hold a service with the old soldiers, seeking to encourage the weak ones and to point those so near their graves to a better existence. We have preached thirty-two sermons at their station.

"Immediately after dinner an average of fifteen students go to the penitentiary and an average of six to the City Almshouse. Those going to the State penitentiary have done a great work and eternity only will show results. Captain Moses, the superintendent, says that our work has more influence in preserving order than discipline and all other means combined. It is truly a grand sight to see twenty Christian workers lay aside social standing, forget past life, mix and mingle with four hundred convicts and point them to a higher, better life. Many go from the penitentiary with tenfold higher aspirations and a high, holy purpose in life. Up to this time nine sermons have been preached there. At the Almshouse the work is equally encouraging. During the past session, thirty-eight sermons and twenty prayer-meetings have been held there.

"In regard to devotional exercises at college, we meet every Sunday morning, as a preparation for the day's work, in a half hour's consecration service. On Thursday night we hold a regular weekly prayer-meeting, excepting one service per month, which is devoted to missions. We have had two sermons in the college chapel and hope to incorporate a regular Sunday night service in our work next session.

"As regards missions, we have a band of twenty-four, whose purpose is



to promote missions at college and throughout Virginia. You will notice that very little has been said about results. We recognize that results rest with a higher power, that it is our duty to sow the seed, to become the connecting link between God and fallen, unfortunate human beings. At the beginning of each session we have a grand reception for new students, which in part lightens the burden of the first few weeks of college life. There are many other interesting features in our work, but suffice it to say that we thank God for past blessings, present encouragements and an apparently glorious future of the Y. M. C. A. of Richmond College."

The Young Men's Christian Association of our college has been especially fortunate in having so many young men visit us this session in the interest of Christian work.

The most recent, and certainly one of the most profitable of these visits, was paid us by Mr. R. E. Speer, who is travelling this session in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

Mr. Speer is a young man of fine physical proportions, splendid intellect and earnest piety. He was graduated from Princeton in '89, standing highest in his class.

His address before our students embraced a general view of the entire missionary field, with a strong and manly appeal to Christian men to hear and heed that *last command* of the Master, "Go ye into all the world," &c.

A few thoughts dotted down in the course of his talk might prove of interest to our readers;

"Some one has well said that it is our duty first, to find Christ, and then to remind men of Christ. We should study His life, spent not among His own people, but in going from place to place proclaiming the great principles of the Kingdom of God.

"In Africa Mr. Stanley, during the 999 days he spent travelling 7000 miles, did not meet a single Christian.

"Out of every six children born into the world, one is born in India only to live in heathen darkness and die without hope in Christ.

"In China 12,000,000 die each year without a knowledge of Christ.

"In the whole of South America, there are not as many missionaries as there are ministers of the gospel in one of our ordinary cities.

"Upon the Christian people of our civilized land rests the burden of proof to show that it is not right to stay in this enlightened land while millions are perishing with no one to tell them of the Saviour who died for them."

Thus imperfectly have we given some of the thoughts advanced by Mr. Speer.

The visible and immediate fruit is, we trust, but a foretaste of the blessing attending his visit to us.

Our Mission band was strengthened and enlarged, so that now twenty-four of our boys are pledged to the foreign field.

The best wishes and heartfelt prayers will follow Mr. Speer in his work.

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DR. LANDRUM'S LECTURE BEFORE THE Y. M. C. A.—On Thursday night, the 10th of April, Dr. Landrum, of the Second Baptist church, of this city, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the



subject of foreign missions. His lecture was instructive and interesting in every way and held the attention of the large crowd of boys throughout. The following is only a brief summary of his entertaining remarks: "There are many reasons why the people of our land should take more interest in foreign missions. First, it increases the yield of the harvest at home. This is proved in several ways, one of which is that the Hardshell Baptists, whose doctrine differs very slightly from ours, except that they do not believe in foreign missions, are declining in numbers, while on the other hand the Baptists with their 30,000 churches and about 13,000 pastors have annually 100,000 additions. The second argument is, that the sending of missionaries into foreign lands is a good investment, as proved by the fact that the average harvest of pastors in this country is eight converts per year, while it is thirty-two per missionary in foreign lands. Again, churches in the foreign fields, when once established, very soon become not only self-sustaining but also send large contributions for spreading the gospel into other parts. The highest average contributions among the Baptists for missions is in Massachusetts, the next highest is in New York, while some Baptist churches in Burmah rank third, with a contribution of seven dollars per head. The interest taken by the Christians of the East is very great, large sacrifices sometimes being made in order to help on the cause of Christ. It is said that a Christian in Canton even sold himself into slavery that he might give the money to help save his

sinking brethren. Some people, not believing in foreign missions, raise the objection that it costs much more to support a missionary than a preacher at home. This is not the case, as proved by statistics. The average salary of ministers here is \$500 per year, while the average cost of supporting the missionaries is \$600.

The third and the greater argument is, that in pushing forward foreign missions we are simply "obeying the travelling orders of our master," when he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." The English race is a magnificent trophy to the worth of foreign missions. You only have to glance back to the time of the Druid priests to become convinced of this fact. The Doctor then proceeded to give the two main theories of the day concerning the second coming of Christ. First, the Pre-millennial theory or that Christ will come prior to his reign of 1,000 years, when the whole world will be converted before his reign commences. Second, the Post-millennial, or that the world will be converted by human agency in conjunction with the Spirit before His coming. Upon which of the above theories you accept and believe, depends the interest you will take and the aid you will give in helping on the cause of missions. The Doctor then spoke of the necessity for those going to the foreign lands being well developed both physically and mentally. The first, in order to withstand the climate, and the second so as to cope with the logic both of the natives and the well educated sustainers of the heathen religions. There are to-day 14,000 Mohamedans at their



college in Cairo, Egypt, preparing themselves for work among the natives of Soudan.

The Mohamadan college is a fine institution, and those that are graduated are as a rule very powerful in argument,

being so familiar with the Koran, and with such the Christian missionaries will come in contact. Again, it is a false idea that the Chinese are low down in the scale of intelligence; on the contrary, are an intellectual race.

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## EXCHANGES.

[Editor—GARNETT RYLAND.]

The general make-up of the *Roanoke Collegian* (Va.) shows careful editorial supervision. Its literary articles are quite numerous, though not so lengthy as we generally see. One can hardly consider brevity a fault, however, after reading some of the long-winded articles in the magazines from even our best universities.

We have been wondering why our nearest neighbor, the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, had not favored us with its presence lately, but just as we go to press here comes the March number, and a very interesting number it is. In a well-written editorial on the purpose of education, William and Mary is spoken of as "the first college in America." Isn't this a mistake? We thought Harvard had that honor. The *Monthly* suggests that the students of all the Southern colleges take part in the procession at the unveiling of the Lee statue on the 29th of May. The Richmond College boys expect to be there, and will be glad to have their fellow-students join them.

The literary department of the last number of the *North Carolina University*

*Magazine* is made up entirely of contributions from outsiders, not a single article from a student's pen appearing. Occasional contributions by alumni are always helpful to a college magazine, but when only eight pages out of fifty are furnished by the students, the paper ceases to be their production and has lost sight of what is generally considered the purpose of college journalism.

*College Chips*, of Luther College, Iowa, issues a supplement in the Norwegian language. We are not very well qualified to criticize it, but if it is up to the English part of the paper it is quite creditable.

The March number of the *Bethany Collegian*, with its attractive cover, is not the least noteworthy of our exchanges. Good literary articles and energy in urging changes for the benefit of its college are its strong points. We would suggest that the exchange department be made what its name implies and not merely a depository for clippings.

The Richmond College *Messenger*



changes hands with the March issue, and the April number will have new names at its mast-head. We welcome the coming editors and wish them, the *Messenger*, and Richmond College success in every undertaking. We haven't forgotten our trip to Richmond nor the kindness with which we were treated by the college boys.—*Wake Forest Student*.

The kind wishes of the *Student* for our success are greatly appreciated and fully reciprocated by the MESSENGER staff, while as to the visit here, we remember that as one of the most enjoyable instants during the present session, and will look forward to repetitions of it with the greatest pleasure.

After wading through the twenty pages of unassorted clipping varied by an occasional page of advertisements, which constitutes the "Exchange Review" of the *Vanderbilt Observer*, we found this about our paper.

"In the February issue of *The Messenger*, published at Richmond College, Virginia, appears an article on the threadbare subject of co-education. The *widely-informed* author of this article makes the startling announcement that it has been seen fit to adopt co-education at Vanderbilt University. This, we beg leave to inform the writer, is as false and as unfounded a statement as the rest of his illogical argument on this subject. The question of co-education is no longer a mooted one at Vanderbilt, her Board of Trust having decided some time ago that it is not for the best interests of the university to admit women here. For such egregious blunders as the above there is no excuse, and for the writer of an article to be so ignorant of the illustration he attempts to make in regard to one of the leading universities in the South,

only argues his own obscurity and general lack of knowledge."

If the widely circulated statement as to co education at Vanderbilt, which was accepted as true by the writer of the article alluded to, was false, we would have been glad to have been so informed in a courteous manner; but the above article appears to us as ungentlemanly as it is egotistical.

The University of Virginia has organized a base-ball nine, and will endeavor to introduce that game among the Southern colleges.—*College Transcript*.

Astonishing news, indeed!!!

We welcome among our exchanges the *Norfolk Collegian*, of Norfolk College, Va., and the *Harrisonian*, of the Southwest Virginia Institute. Neither is yet a year old, but in both press-work and contents they surpass many of their elders. We are proud of the rank the female schools of our State are taking in college journalism.

Many of our exchanges have contained translations in verse of the Latin poets, Horace being the favorite. Some have been very good indeed, and speak well for the ability of the authors both as translators and poets. Most of us find it hard enough to dig out the meaning and clothe it in decent prose.

The recent discussion on "Co-education" in the MESSENGER has attracted attention among our exchanges, and many have expressed their opinions on the subject. The magazines from schools where it is being put into



practice are especially zealous in its behalf.

A well-written paper may be said to resemble a gentle person; it is humorous, but not boisterous; newsy, but not gossipy; serious, without becoming

tedious; at times enthusiastic, but never to the extent of ranting; it censures evil, but not persons; it endeavors to be just and thoughtful of all, and hurts the feelings of none. It is this that gives dignity to a college paper.—*Ex.*

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## COLLEGE NEWS AND NOTES.

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[*Editor*—GARNETT RYLAND.]

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Sing a song of April, sing—  
 April is the Baby Spring!—  
 Crying, pouting,—see him frown;  
 See the tear-drops trickle down,  
 Till his little sister, May,  
 Tripping up so blithe and gay,  
 Shakes her daisies in his face,  
 Fills with sunshine all the place,  
 Tickles him with rustling grasses,  
 As she, softly laughing, passes—  
 Shakes him, saying, "Little Brother,  
 You must now your sobbing smother;  
 You must brush your tears away.  
 Come and play, come and play!  
 Come and dance with sister May.  
 Chase away the rainy weather;  
 Come and let us play together!"—*Ex.*

Rev. Christian Beard, deceased, of Waynesboro', Va., bequeathed by his will about \$10,000 to Roanoke College.

The Southern Educational Association will meet at Morehead City, N. C., July 1-5. Many prominent Virginia educators have places assigned them on the programme; among them Hon. Jno. E. Massey, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Prof. B. Puryear, and Miss Salley B. Hammer.

Hon. Wm. L. Wilson, member of Congress from West Virginia, has been called to the Presidency of the University of Missouri.

The average expenses at Yale per year have been for each freshman, \$783.96; Sophomore, \$831.34; Junior, \$884.17; and Senior, \$919.70. The largest expenses reported for any one was \$2,900 for the year, although it is believed that there were some who made away with a little more than that amount.—*Princetonian.*



At Rutgers three hours' work in the gymnasium is required of freshmen and sophomores, and all the students are tested and special lines of work recommended.

Professor Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, is the only prominent political economist who supports the doctrine of protection. The rest are free traders.

The Seniors of the University of Kansas have elected a young lady as President of Class Day.

Prof. William R. Harper, of Yale, has declined the Presidency of Dakota University, made vacant by the tragic death of President Olsen, who was killed at the recent catastrophe in Minneapolis.

Mr. S. W. Naylor, of Washburn College, Kansas, carried off the first honors in the Interstate Oratorical Contest, in which nine States, embracing nearly one hundred colleges were represented. His subject was, "The Puritan and the Cavalier in Our National Life."

The average age of those who enter college is seventeen years. A century ago it was fourteen.

Whilst the college men in the United States are only a fraction of one per cent. of the voters, they hold more than 50 per cent. of the highest offices.

Professor to hesitating Sophomore: "Sir, you seem to be evolving the translation from your inner consciousness." Sophomore: "No, Professor; last night in my devotions I read that by faith Enoch was translated, and I thought I would try it on Horace."

Three prizes of \$300, \$200, and \$100 have been offered by the *Cosmopolitan* to the students who obtain the largest number of subscriptions for them during vacation.

Oliver Wendell Holmes commenced his literary career as an editor of a college journal. His first verses were written for his magazine.

The greatest number of students in attendance at one college in this country is twenty-five hundred, at Ann Arbor.

The National University at Tokio, Japan, enrolls 50,000 students.

A glee club has been formed by the American students in the German universities, and the young men propose to make a tour of the European capitals, singing American melodies only. St. Petersburg is the place for holding the first concert, and the Czar, who has promised to be present, will be given a chance to hear "My Old Kentucky Home," "Way Down Upon the Swanee Ribber," and, if the Russian police permit, such liberty laden airs as "Star Spangled Banner," "America," and "Hail Columbia."—*Richmond Times*.

A Freshman knows everything; he has explored the universe and has proved all things. A Sophomore has the wisdom of an owl, but like that sedate bird keeps still about it. A Junior knows a little but begins to be doubtful about it. A Senior knows nothing. This is supposed to be the explanation of the fact that so much information could be found in our colleges. The Freshman brings in a good supply of knowledge and the Senior takes none of it out.—*Ex.*



## GRAMMAR AND SENTIMENT.

"A kiss is but a common noun," cried Sue ;  
"Yes, very common," artlessly cried Lou :  
"Yet, if 't is common, it is proper, too !"  
Cried Maud—a twinkle in her eyes of blue.  
"It can't be both !" said Mabel, much perplexed :  
And so they argued out the question vexed.  
To one thing each at last made up her mind :  
A kiss was something hard to be declined.

—*Davidson Monthly.*

## HEAVENLY LOVE.

If a body meet a body  
Coming through the sky,  
If a body hit a body  
In a body's eye,  
And all the worlds go smashing, crashing  
Round about the sphere,  
Pray don't you think 'twould beat all mashing  
Ever you saw here ?  
If the bodies kiss the bodies  
Up among the stars,  
If the bodies mad at bodies  
Go and tell their Mars,  
And the sewing circles then should fol low  
With celestial rows,  
Pray, don't you think 'twould beat all hollow  
Little Earth's pow-wows ?

—*Brunonian.*



There is said to be so much innocent love-making at the University of Pennsylvania that one of the professors calls the state of things that prevails there "coo-education."—*United Presbyterian*.

At Bluffton, Ala., is soon to be built by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, what is to be known as the University of the Southland, and to cost \$1,500,000.



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