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EDITORS.


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AMATORY.

"Pain would I hear from thy lips the sweet story
That beams in the glance of thy bonny blue eye;
Tell me, my sweetheart, will honor or glory
Win me the confession for which I now sigh?"

Low drooped the head, till its mass of dark tresses
Half covered the blushes which mantled her cheek;

Dearer far to the eyes of my love than caresses,
Foretelling the answer before she can speak.

"I love you," she murmurs, and to my fond heart I
Enfold her, and press my first kiss on her brow.
Possessing her love, which shall never depart, I
Would never be richer or happier than now.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, March 1, 1891.

LONGFELLOW.

I attempt no legend of love, or of lovers who, walking hand in hand beneath spreading elms, or loitering by shaded brooks, forget the cares of to day and borrow no trouble from the morrow; nor do I sing of bold knights clad in steel rushing to battle heedless of death in each pointed lance, or of the illustrious heroes of the past whose praises have been chanted by both peasants and lords; but with hands that know not how to
strike a ruthless blow or inflict an undeserved wound, let us tenderly draw aside the curtain of the past and take a brief glance at the venerable poet, Longfellow, whose reputation is more than national and whose name is a household word wherever his poems are read.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in the year 1807, at Portland, Maine. He was of somewhat distinguished parentage, his father, Stephen Longfellow, being an eminent lawyer and United States congressman.

Longfellow's external life presents but very little that is of special interest. He spent his boyhood in his native town, which he never ceased to love, and whose beautiful surroundings and quiet life made lasting impressions upon him and lent deep sentiment to his writings in after years. Here he grew up midst tranquil peace which was disturbed but once, and that by the war of 1812, of which it is said he never forgot—

"The sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide,
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves overlooking the tranquil bay,
When they in battle died."

At the age of fourteen, Longfellow entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, situated in a region full of Indian legend and romantic scenery. During his last years in college he wrote several interesting poems, showing his early sympathy with nature and legendary heroism. After graduating at the age of eighteen, he remained at college for a short while in the capacity of tutor, and then entered his father's law office to study law. In a short time, however, he was elected to the chair of modern languages in his Alma Mater; but before entering upon his duties as professor, he spent three years and a half travelling in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England, studying languages and drinking in the spirit of the people among whom he travelled.

This visit must have wrought a considerable change in Longfellow, since it is said that "when in 1829 he returned to assume his duties at Bowdoin College, he saw the world and man no longer in the clear effulgence of nature, but in the subdued and tinted light that comes through painted cathedral windows, or in the reflected rays that fall from somnambulous moons."

At twenty-four years of age Longfellow was married to Miss Mary S. Potter, his early love, who died four years afterward while he was absent on a second visit to Europe. In one of his touching poems entitled "Footsteps of Angels," he speaks of her as

"The being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven."

In 1833 he published first a small volume of translations from the Spanish, and a few years later gave to the world his first volume of original poetry, entitled "Voices of the Night." This contained some of his best poems—for example, "The Psalm of Life" and "Footsteps of Angels." About the year 1841 Longfellow published a volume of ballads
and other poems containing some of his best pieces, and in the following year, on his return from a third visit to Europe, he wrote his "Poems on Slavery," which, it is said, "went far to wake in the youth of New England a sense of the great national wrong, and to prepare them for the bitter struggle in which it was wiped out at the expense of the lives of so many of them."

In his thirty-sixth year Longfellow was married a second time, choosing as his wife Miss Frances Appleton, of Boston. About this time he bought and fixed his residence in an old, unique dwelling, which was occupied by General Washington at the time he took charge of the United States army in 1776. This quaint old mansion, standing in the midst of a forest of elms, continued to be his residence till his death. Here, in communion with nature and nature's God, he gave lasting form to the pent-up feelings of his inmost soul, which have gone on many a mission of love, cheering the despondent, and lending courage and fortitude to the weak; for whose sky has not been made clearer in the reading of those patient strains?

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary."

In 1847 Longfellow published the greatest of all his works, entitled "Evangeline." Of the plan and nature of this poem, Thomas Davidson says: "At the violent removal by the British Government of a colony of French settlers from Acadia (Nova Scotia), in the year 1775, a young couple, on the very day of their wedding, got separated and carried in different directions, so that they lost all trace of each other. The poem describes the wanderings of the bride in search of her lover, and in her final discovery of him as an old man on his death-bed in a public hospital, which she had entered as a nurse. Slight as the story is, it is worked out in one of the most affecting poems in the language, and gives to literature one of its most perfect types of womanhood, and of 'affliction that hopes and endures, and is patient.'"

Longfellow chose his subjects both from America and Europe—from the colonial period of America and the middle ages of European feeling. "When he became tired of the monotonous light of American activity," says Davidson, "he took refuge in the dim twilight of mediæval legend and German sentiment."

In the year 1854 he resigned his professorship, which he had held nineteen years in Harvard College, and in the following year published "The Song of Hiawatha," which, in some respects, is one of his best poems. The metre is a trifle monotonous; nevertheless, the poem is quite popular and well worth one's while to read it.

Two events now occurred which cast a gloom over Longfellow's life, and interrupted his work for a season. One was the outbreak of the Civil War, and the other the horrible fate of his wife, who was burned to death.
In 1863 he wrote the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and his "Birds of Passage." Among the latter is a poem entitled "The Children's Hour," which affords us a glance into the home life of the forlorn husband who had been left with five children. Of them he writes:

"I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet;
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

"From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Alligra,
And Edith with golden hair."

In 1869 Longfellow again visited Europe, and upon his return published "The Hanging of the Crane"; and a few years later gave to the world "The Mask of Pandora," which is said to be a proof of that appreciation of pagan naturalism which marked his declining years. Longfellow used to say, "It's a great thing to know when to stop." But he could not stop, and did not stop, writing till that One in whom all power is, and who carefully measures the ebbing of life's tide, said, "No more, no more."

As a man, we can have but little to say of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, for in forming an estimate of him one is not obliged, as in some cases, to distinguish the poet from the man. Because, unlike many other poets, Longfellow wrote right out of the great deep of his warm heart, showing the man and the poet to be one and the same.

At the age of twenty-one he received of Bowdoin College the degree of LL. D., and, in 1869, of Oxford the degree of D. C. L. He died at his home on the 24th day of March, 1882.

Mr. Davidson says of him: "In person Longfellow was rather below middle height, broad shouldered, and well built. His head and face were extremely handsome, his forehead broad and high, his eye full of clear, warming fire, his nose straight and graceful, his chin and lips rich and full of feeling as those of Praxitelean Hermes, and his voice low, melodic, and full of cadences." His hair was originally dark, but in late years became silvery white.

Charles Kingsley said of Longfellow's face that it was the most beautiful human face he had ever seen.

The subjects of Longfellow are chiefly aspects of nature as influencing human feeling. He made it his aim to write something that should make a pure manhood shine, and to do this in a way that should best reach the heart; hence the subjectivity of his writings.

His poems do not reveal any new meaning in nature, or show any new spring of hope in man, but they make us love both better than we did before.

As to Longfellow's religious proclivities, he was chiefly a pagan, and was "brought for the greater part of his life," says Davidson, "to look upon the world of man and things either as the middle scene of a miracle play, with a heaven of rewarding happiness above and a purgatory of purifying pain below, or else a garment concealing while it revealed
spiritual forms of unfathomed mystery." He did not hold to any dogmatic or religious system of the past, nor did he have any deep convictions as to Christianity.

And yet it is said that he found sufficient satisfaction in the Christian view of life to make him indifferent to the restless, enquiring spirit of his day. It is also said that "he had no sympathy with either skepticism or formal dogmatism, and no need to hazard rash guesses respecting man's destiny," but was content with saying:

"I do not know, nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which holds
The story still untold,
But without rash conjectures or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until 'The End' I read."

In short, Longfellow was not a Christian. In this part of his life, therefore, there is nothing to admire. But he was a good man. His charity was remarkable. While Edgar Allen Poe was writing articles about him and accusing him of plagiarism, Longfellow was delivering enthusiastic lectures to his classes on the admirable qualities of Poe's poetry.

A certain writer has said of Longfellow: "As a man, Longfellow was almost perfect—as much so as it is ever given to human nature to be. A man in intellect and courage, yet without conceit or bravado; a woman in sensibility and tenderness, yet without shrinking and weakness; a prince in dignity and courtesy, yet without formality and condescension; a poet in thought and feeling, yet without jealousy or affectation; a scholar in tastes and habits, yet without aloofness or bookishness; a dutiful son, a loving husband, a judicious father, a trusty friend, a useful citizen, and an enthusiastic patriot; a thoroughly healthy, well-balanced, harmonious nature, accepting life as it came, with all its joys and sorrows, and living beautifully and hopefully, without canker and without uncharity."

Thus lived our beloved American poet—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

R. L. M.
them. Shakespeare's masterpieces of imagination and wonderful representations of human nature failed to meet the demands of the restoration period, and such men as Cowley, Denham, Waller, and Davenant, all of whom were inferior to the one destined to tower far above them, were the literary representatives of the age. Prose, too, had to some extent become an object of contempt rather than something to inspire the highest respect and admiration. Ever since the Elizabethan age the drama had been gradually declining in merit as well as in interest, and now it seemed destined to fall into a state of disintegration. A great blow had been the closing of the theatres under the Puritans. Their rigid and excessive ideas of morality had denied the drama a place among the people. They claimed that theatrical presentations had an unrefined, immoral, and damaging effect, and in great part acted as a powerful influence to preserve and encourage the deplorable state of morals prevailing at the time. The fact is, the state of society was anything but creditable to a civilized and cultivated people. Coarseness, vulgarity, vice, and the most corrupt and degraded immorality were a characteristic of the age. The times had changed in many respects, and, naturally enough, such productions as would picture accurately real life in all its different phases, making graphic representations of the existing state of society, mercilessly attacking the inferior political party, praising the superior party, whether deserving commendation or not, and sympathizing with the general drift of popular sentiment, would meet with favor and patronage from the people; and the man who could, by his literary compositions, fulfill these requirements would be welcomed by all who cared for literature or frequented the theatre. Such a man was found in John Dryden, who was born in the parish of Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631. Little is known of his early life, and in fact much of our information as to the dates and facts of his whole life is unreliable. His parents were of more than respectable descent, his father, Erasmus Dryden, being the son of a baronet, and his mother, Mary Pickering, was of a family of some distinction.

In 1642, he entered Westminster school, where, by his graceful translations, he became quite a favorite with the headmaster, Dr. Busby, whose effective instructions and free use of the rod made him famous as a teacher. While at Westminster his first poem was published—an elegy on the death of young Lord Hastings, a pupil at Westminster; but this is of little merit even when the age of the author is taken into account. From Westminster he went to Cambridge, in 1650, where he entered Trinity College and gave a portion of his time to the study of poetic composition. Two years after his entrance he became involved in some trouble with the university authorities, and was suspended for a short while. Little is known of his college career, but the lines—
Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother university;
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth
engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age"—
seem to indicate that he cherished no
very affectionate regard for his Alma
Mater. He took his degree of B. A.
in 1654, and remained at Cambridge
three years afterwards, though (for
what reason we know not) no fellow­ship was granted him. The degree of
M. A. was conferred on him some time
afterwards—probably through the
agency of some influential friend. In
1657 he went to London, where he
connected himself as a clerk with his
kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who
was at the time in high favor with
the Lord Protector, and probably
used Dryden as a help to his own
personal advantages. His father had
died three years before, and had left
him an estate with an income of
about £60 a year; but from this time
on, with the exception of a few short
intervals, he was repeatedly com­
plaining of financial embarrassment.
This was probably due to his poor
ability as a financier, for his sub­
sequent appointment as histori­
ographer royal and poet laureate,
his income somewhat increased by his
marriage, and the receipts from his
literary productions—not to speak of
the many and frequent presents from
influential friends and admirers—
ought to have been sufficient, with
proper management, to make him
comfortable, to say the least. How­
ever this may be, the fact that he
was continually pressed for money
seems to have affected in no little de­
gree the character of his literary pro­
ductions; for, dependent as he was
upon these for a livelihood, the pecu­
niary consideration often determined
the merits of his verses. His genius
as a poet was not displayed until
1658, when he published his poem
on the death of the Lord Protector—
the first of his attempts that brought
him into public notice, and gave
promise of his future success in verse.
In these heroic stanzas he praises
Cromwell in contrast with Essex and
Manchester, and courts the favor of
the Roundheads in his eulogy of their
cause. This seemed no more than
natural, considering that his parents
were both members of families of de­
cided Puritan principles; but he had
the then prevailing characteristic of
changing his political standpoint to
suit the circumstances of the times,
and in 1660, when Charles II was
restored to the throne, he celebrated
the event in his "Astrea Redux," in
which the lines—
"For his long absence Church and state did
groan,
Madness the pulpit, faction seized the
throne"—
show with what rapidity he could
alter the sentiments in his verses to
suit the popular demand. Before
censuring him for his political incon­
stancy, we should remember how
many thousands had set the exam­
ple and willingly thrown off the yoke
of oppression and the tyrannical ad­
ministration of the Lord Protector.
Charles II was enthusiastically re­
ceived by the greater portion of the
people, and it was only natural that
Dryden—a man of no very decided
political views—should take a promi-
nent part in the celebration of the King's return. He was, however, always wide-awake in looking out for his own interests, and to have sympathized with this great popular movement was decidedly for his own advantage, for to be in favor with the new king, who himself was of a literary turn of mind, was but a sure path to success and fame. The "Astrea Redux" was written in the heroic couplet which was afterwards the poet's favorite measure, and in which he gained such remarkable proficiency. With the exception of a few minor poems, the above-mentioned works, together with the "Annum Mirabilis"—which was written in 1667, and commemorates the events of the year 1666, especially the great fire of London and the Dutch war—constitute the principal fruits of the poet's labors during what may be called the first period of his literary career; and he was at this time held in such high esteem as to be regarded the first poet of his age; Milton alone excepted. From this time on he turned his attention exclusively towards dramatic performances, until religion offered suitable occasion to branch off in an entirely new direction.

He had assisted Sir Robert Howard in the composition of the "Indian Queen," and while engaged in this work he was repeatedly thrown in the society of Lady Elizabeth Howard, whom he afterwards married, and it is thought that the union proved an unhappy one, though there is no authority for the truth of the statement save, perhaps, some of Dryden's lines against matrimony: His first attempts in dramatic composition, in which he rather applied his efforts towards assisting others than wrote on his own responsibility, met with no very great favor, the "Wild Gallant," and the "Rival Ladies" immediately following, being comparative failures; but in 1665 his first original heroic play, the "Indian Emperor," met with great success, and became extremely popular, being regarded by some the best of English heroic plays.

His power in prose became evident in his "Discourse of Dramatic Poesy," which raised him in the eyes of the public to a high position as a prose writer. In this treatise he defends with argumentative ability and acute criticism the use of the rhyme in tragedy; but two years later appeared the "Rehearsal," which was written by the Duke of Buckingham, together with several others, and struck a severe blow to rhymed tragedy, ridiculing Dryden under the name of Bayes, and burlesquing him unsparingly in all his peculiarities, to which he made no attempt at retaliation, and continued long afterwards to write rhymed tragedies.

In 1670 he succeeded Davenant as historiographer-royal and poet-laureate, with a salary of £200 a year, to which was afterwards added another £100, though King Charles frequently neglected to pay it, and the poet's salary was generally behind. However, he had a small estate, and his literary labors were rapidly improving his financial situation, he himself at the same time becoming more and
more popular as a poet and literary genius. In 1681 appeared the "Spanish Friar," which proved a great success and became extremely popular. Probably this competes with "All for Love" and "Don Sebastian" for first place among his dramatic performances, though the author himself seems to have held "All for Love" in the highest favor, telling us it was the only play he wrote for himself.

The comedies "Marriage a la Mode" and "The Assignation" had both proven failures, which can hardly be attributed to the coarseness and vulgarity with which they were so pregnant, for it is not likely that the lack of refinement would have met with any serious opposition from the popular sentiment of the day. Dryden himself tells us that he was no wit, and "not fitted by nature to write comedy," and he of all men seemed to know and appreciate his own qualifications. The fact is, he seemed to be more successful in almost every line of literary composition than in comedy, and it would be unreasonable to expect from one man exhibitions of genius in every sphere of literary work. And now for the first time the poet appears in an entirely new and hitherto unexpected light. The same remarkable genius that had characterized him in his previous efforts took a new turn towards satirical and didactic verses, and in 1681 appeared the masterpiece of reason and satire, "Absalom and Achitophel," giving a series of political pictures, and piercing the hearts of his opponents with keen, unsparing shafts of satire and ridicule. The object of the poem was to overthrow Shaftsbury, and when the latter was acquitted of the charge of high treason, the poet, in "The Medal," attacked him with the most unsparing and merciless scorn, and in some passages challenges Swift in point of coarseness. Soon after this his antagonist, Shadwell, a man of some literary genius, assailed his private character, and in "Mac Flecknoe" he retaliated with great force and keen satire, mingled with contempt, and in the following lines represented Shadwell as succeeding one Flecknoe, an aspiring, though worthless poet:

"Shadwell alone my perfect image bears, Mature in dullness from his tender years; Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he Who stands confirmed in full stupidity. The rest to some faint meaning make pretence, But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

"Mac Flecknoe" was published in 1682, and soon after this appeared the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," containing a contribution from Dryden's pen. In this he makes a most unsparing assault on several of his enemies, among whom are Settle and Shadwell, and under the names of Doeg and Og he speaks of them as—

"Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse, Who by my muse to all succeeding times Shall live, in spite of their own doggrel rhymes."

His keen satire and supreme contempt for Settle may be seen in these few lines ridiculing Doeg:

"Let him rail on, let his invective muse Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse, Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense, Indict him of a capital offence."
But, probably, one of his most overwhelming pieces of satire and ridicule is found in the lines where, after representing Og as a brainless bulk "round as a globe," he says:

"With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue.
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing: 'Be thou dull?
Drink, swear, and roar; forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk; do anything but write.'"

Hitherto he had manifested no special interest in theological subjects. His time had been largely consumed in writing theatrical plays, and now he comes forward in his "Religio Laici" with arguments on the credibility of the Christian religion and on church government, &c.

Mr. Saintsbury says that it is more than remarkable that a man, having reached the age of fifty-one without showing any tendency towards theological subjects, concentrating his previous efforts for years on dramatical compositions, and hitherto expressing no very decided religious views, should have so suddenly branched off in this direction without some very apparent motive for the change, and he pronounces it as a fact that would nowadays be considered "something more than a nine days' wonder."

But it does not seem so strange when we are acquainted with Dryden as a man. One of his most noticeable characteristics was the remarkable rapidity with which he could change from one extreme to the other. We see him first composing short poems; then comes a period of dramatic activity, followed by compositions in prose. After this, without any sign of warning, he branches off towards translations, and concludes his literary career with a series of fables and odes. The truth is, he was a man of no very strong convictions and settled principles. If the popular demand called for compositions in any particular direction, he applied himself, without hesitation, to meet these requirements, and this may account for his being regarded as "the poet of the age." The "Religio Laici" displayed the author's power of argument in verse; but he was rather theoretical than practical, for when Charles II died, in 1685, and was succeeded by James II, he joined the Church of Rome, and two years later appeared the "Hind and the Panther," in which he defended his newly-adopted faith, and attempted to establish the superiority of the Church of Rome over the Church of England, representing the former by the "milk-white hind," and the latter by the "spotted panther"—inferior only to the hind. This seems to cast a dark spot on the character of Dryden, for only a short while previous to this he had maintained that the Church of England was superior to all others. The only explanation we can give is that he was courting favor with the king, and was insincere in his professions of religion. However this may have been, when the revolution came, in 1688, he remained true to his new faith, though by so doing he lost his position as historiographer royal and poet laureate, and was obliged to witness his
bitter enemy, Shadwell, as his successor. His last play, "Love Triumphant," had been a complete failure, and now his prospects looked anything but favorable for a man in his sixty-third year. He was obliged to labor hard with his pen to earn a living, and his translations that followed may be regarded among his most successful works. Besides quite a number of extracts from Horace, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Ovid, his portions of Homer and Juvenal, and the whole of Perseus, all of which were favorably received, constitute the principal works during his first period in translation. His translations from Juvenal and Perseus were pronounced by Scott "a version completely surpassing all before and all who have succeeded him," while Pope, in referring to his version of some parts of Homer, says: "Had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil." His Virgil was the greatest of all his translations. This was published in 1697, and was the product of three years' hard labor. It was dedicated to Lord Clifford, the Earl of Chesterfield and the Earl of Mulgrave, who, it is said, did not fail to compensate the author for the high compliment.

In the remaining years of his life his principal works are his short poems, his "Fables," and his "Alexander's Feast," which, says Johnson, "is allowed to stand without a rival," and of Dryden's other works if any one displays a higher degree of excellence, "that excellence must yet be found." These were published a few months before his death, which occurred in the sixty-ninth year of his age, April, 1700, and he was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Cowley, as a recognition of the great literary service to and immeasurable influence over his country.

Our knowledge of Dryden as a man is quite limited. His many enemies contemporaneous with himself, and others, like Macaulay, who, holding the party of which he was a member in violent hatred, would darken his fame as much as possible, render a large portion of our information extremely untrustworthy. That he was somewhat unprincipled, changing his views on various subjects according to the personal advantages involved, cannot be denied. With the same masterly pen he had employed in praise of the Lord Protector he warmly welcomes Charles II to the throne, and in such lines as—

"That star, that at your birth shone out so bright
It stained the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you"—

shows how powerful an influence personal interest could and did exercise on the character of his verses. His change in politics was, I believe, like his change in religion (such as he had), prompted by purely selfish motives. As soon as James II came to the throne Dryden, though he had never before shown any special interest in religion, adopted the new faith, and vigorously defended it in his "Hind and Panther," thus court-
ing favor with the new king in order to retain his position as historiographer royal and poet laureate. He was thoroughly aware of his own genius, and showing at times no hesitation in openly praising himself. As a friend, he was sincere and faithful, and, though reserved in manner and never intruding on the acquaintance of any one, he had many warm friends and influential admirers, some of whom remained true to him in times of trouble and distress. In conversation, he was somewhat dull and unentertaining, professing to have no powers of humor and grace of expression; and yet he must have possessed some indescribable magnetism in making so many seek and value his companionship. In spite of his supposed unhappy marriage, he was a kind father and faithful husband, and his consideration for people in general was noticeable. To young authors he was always encouraging and helpful, and equally ready to admit his own literary faults. Rarely if ever did he attack his opponents first, and often he would overlook their attacks upon himself. If, however, he was ever aroused to a spirit of revenge, his keen, biting satire and merciless ridicule knew no limits, and his efforts in this direction were invariably successful, and frequently conclusive of the combat. Among his mental characteristics may be mentioned his wonderful memory, his remarkable powers of suitable reproduction, his keen insight into things, his excellent judgment, and the great advantage to which he could apply his comparatively limited knowledge.

As to his literary genius, he excelled not only in poetry and in the drama, but also in prose and in translation. In fact, in whatever direction he turned his attention he was sure to make a success of his labors. Congreve, a man of considerable genius and of exceptionally good literary judgment, spoke of him in the most commendable terms, and said “that no man hath written in our language so much, and so various matter, and in so various manners, so well.” Scott pronounced his prose as on a level with the best in the English language, and Pope said that “he could select from Dryden’s works better specimens of every mode of poetry than any other English writer.” He was a great admirer of Shakespeare and Milton, both of whom had considerable influence on his works. Milton pronounced him “a good rhymer, but no poet”; but he was admired by Scott, praised by Johnson, and idolized by Pope, who, influenced by his works, became the greatest poet of the following generation.

Dryden was a master of rhythm, and had a most remarkable command of language, but his imagination was not of so high a character as that of Shakespeare, Milton, or Pope. It may be safely said that he did more towards developing English poetry and raising it to a higher standard than any other man for many years before or after him. His comedies are, many of them, of
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a coarse, vulgar, immoral, and even sacrilegious character. But the spirit of the age is largely accountable for this. The degraded condition of English society was such as to encourage these elements in theatrical presentations. His style is smooth, graceful, and varied, leaving no feeling of monotony or weariness upon the reader. The fact that he lent his genius to politics, and courted favor with the King, cannot account for his great success, for genius will rise to the top though circumstances have no favorable influence on its promotion. It cannot be doubted that the character of the age in which he lived was influential in making him what he was; but this was not all, else why did not some of his literary contemporaries who were more favorably situated in finances, social connections, and popular favor, compete with him for the first place in literary genius? When in literary warfare he exhibited nothing of delicate humor or refined wit. He knew nothing of these, and held in view only his object of crushing his opponent beneath the power of his sweeping, most unsparing satire.

Condemn his character, censure his lack of refinement, sneer at his self-esteem, ridicule his numerous errors—in all of these we may join the band of his many enemies, but we cannot, after unprejudiced study, fail to admire his wonderful genius, which shines as a brilliant light in English literature, and justly claims for him a place in the foremost ranks of English men of letters.

R. G. H.

EXAMINATIONS.

The editorial man, in the February number of the MESSENGER, opens his department with a bombastic tirade against the present examination system of our college. Some things he says about examinations are very good, and his general principles concerning education and the province of a college are quite true, even if not altogether new and original. As on most points, however, so on this one, there is some difference of opinion. Although "many" have "come to the same conclusion that the editor long ago reached," I venture this review of that editor's position:

"Is it," he asks, "the hard, honest student that passes always?" My observation attests that it is usually the "hard, honest student" that is successful, though sometimes a poor student, if he be brilliant—a rare thing—or a dishonest one, if he be sharp enough, manages to "get through." Again, "Is it the brightest and most worthy that takes off the highest honors?" The fact is, that at this institution, with the single exception of Greek medal, there are no "highest honors" in class work. We have no honor roll save the lists of graduates and proficients,
and those attaining promotions. In every case these lists are made off alphabetically; the public, nor the students themselves, no, not even the faculty, ever know the order of standing in examinations. Each professor knows the marks in his own school, but, except in special cases, is not concerned about those of other schools. One of the fundamental principles of our faculty, frequently enunciated by our recent honored professor of mathematics, is that it is just as honorable to make 80 per cent. on examination as it is to make 100 per cent.

It must be admitted that the Greek medal is not always awarded to the brightest or hardest (general) student, and that all members of the class are not on an equal footing in the contest. One man may have five classes while another has only two, as the records show. But the students themselves determine the matter. If a man is willing to sacrifice other and more important things to enable him to win a medal, that is his privilege. We might discuss the propriety or impropriety of an elective college awarding school medals, but that is not our present purpose.

Our editor says further: "These are questions that all thoughtful students are pondering now, at this time, when the entire college is in the midst of the intermediate examinations. Many a brain, tired, wearied, and driven almost to distraction, has come to the same conclusion that the editor long ago reached, that one of the worst, cruelest, and most depraving of customs ever perpetrated upon college students is the present unjust and unfair system of examinations." If a combination of abusive epithets proved anything, the gentleman might have closed his article with these words.

Perhaps now, when the burden of intermediate examinations is gone, these "thoughtful" students may have a more unprejudiced view of this matter. The conclusions of a brain tired, wearied (whatever may be the difference of idea in these two adjectives), and driven almost to distraction can hardly be taken as the opinion of that same brain when rested, active, and somewhat removed from the verge of distraction. The latter is more worthy of consideration.

No new information comes to us when we read: "The great work of Richmond College, and of all colleges of this class, is simply training. * * * It cannot make the young men learned and scholarly, but it can prepare them to become scholars." But can this work of training and preparation be fully secured without rigid examinations; especially can the faculty judge of the success of their efforts in these directions without these examinations? Would the editor have the honors of the College conferred upon those who have not been "trained" and "prepared" to become scholars? If we had here only men who properly appreciate the problem of life and who are determined to get the greatest good from a college course, we might well dispense with examinations, though in that case there would probably be
not so much opposition to them. As it is, we have men—and, unfortunately, a number of children—whose only reason for being here is their parents’ will, and others who have yet to learn to appreciate the efforts of their instructors in their behalf. Something must be done to compel these to do something, or to prevent their getting credit for doing what they will not do. How can this be secured better than by examinations—rigid examinations?

I must admit that I am not all observant if the editor is correct when he says: “Every observant student knows * * that however well he may apply himself during the session, unless he ‘crams’ and stuffs himself with ten thousand things that are without nourishment and many things that are * * absolutely injurious, he will almost for a certainty ingloriously fail on examination day; and that he may pass through the session, taking his ease and living at at his pleasure, but just before examinations go through the same cramming and stuffing process and pass the examination without any trouble.”

What an unbounded capacity for cramming he attributes to us! I fear that if the recognition of any great deal of truth in this statement is a test for observant students, most of us belong to another category.

I have known numbers of cases of students making examinations without cramming at all. It is rather puzzling to know how any one can cram for some examinations—e.g., the seniors in the languages—where the examination consists almost entirely in exercises and sight-reading. It must be admitted that in some classes a great deal of cramming may be done to advantage, so far as the mere matter of examination is concerned, and some cramming of useless stuff must be done. Such are exceptions, and furnish no ground for the condemnation of the whole scheme of examinations. It is rather hard to accept the statement that a man may idle all session and then cram up enough just before examination to “pass without any trouble,” or even at all. To satisfy the editor, however, the examinations could certainly be made so hard as to render such successful cramming an impossibility, and that, too, without altering the system at all.

“We enjoy seeing a man with his memory stored with many useful things, but that memory is only book-shelves, and perfectly useless unless we can take down the books stored away there and appropriate to ourselves the truths therein taught.”

My experience teaches that, as a rule, examinations are a test of a man’s ability to do just that thing, granting that he has something in memory and experience to take down. Some men do, indeed, make examinations largely by cramming, but that is not the only nor the usual way it is done.

Now, for his last question: “Is this the end of college life at Richmond, the passing of examinations? It ought not to be; but this is the actual end toward which the faculty and trustees are directing the students’ minds to-day.” The faculty
and trustees may direct our minds to any end they choose, but the real end toward which our minds act is determined by ourselves, and the man whose end at Richmond College, or any other place, is to pass examinations has chosen that end for himself, and is to be pitied for his folly. But is this the purpose of the faculty and trustees? It speaks very poorly for their powers to assert that this is the end of their endeavors when only about one-third of the students pass these examinations. It does, indeed, sometimes seem that these estimable gentlemen are very little concerned as to whether we pass examinations or not. Students have been heard to assert that "the professor's joy is to flunk a man."

It would seem, too, that with the end of graduating men, the faculty and trustees might contrive some means by which to present longer lists of bachelors and masters of arts at our annual commencements. No; in the light of the facts, some other and more worthy motive must be ascribed to the officers of this institution.

A fatal fault with our friend's article is that while he is very severe in denouncing our present system he does not suggest anything better. He is destructive entirely. He must mean, let us lower the standards. We do not need to "reform and revolutionize the present system of examinations," but only to modify in some instances the application of the principle on which they are now conducted. For one, I am opposed to lowering the standard. O. C.

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THE SWEETHEART AND STUDENT.

A college boy, or any other boy, ought to have a girl. The student has a great many of life's ills; why should he be denied any of its sweets. Why not mingle with the sterner stuff of philosophy and science some of the luxury of love. Man would be a very unfortunate creature if he were only pure intellect. Sentiment is a very important side of life. All our natures need the mellowing effect of love. If we suppress this during our student life and devote ourselves only to intellectual cultivation—to the cold abstractions of science and philosophy—we would become cold and logical. There is great danger of this anyhow in education. It is possible to educate the sentiment out of a man. It is a good thing to temper our logic with love. It will prove very beneficial to the aesthetical part of our nature.

Another good effect of having a sweetheart is the inspiration to be derived from it. Every one who has ever had a nice, sweet girl knows that she is a great incentive to earnest effort, to high aspiration. A student meets with a great many discouragements. He needs all the incentives possible. If a fair face would
make a knight brave, surely it will inspire a student to study.

But it is objected that a sweetheart diverts our attention from our studies. If a student can find time to play ball and engage in all sorts of field sports, can't he also find time for a little indulgence of sentiment and aesthetics? Furthermore, is there any necessary opposition here? Are love and learning incompatible? Are love and labor antagonistic? If so, love is a bane and not a blessing. If it precludes attention to study it must be left to idlers. We expect to be students all our lives, and will scarcely be less busy when we leave college and enter the broad arena of life than we are now. Then, must we renounce love and suppress all sentiment forever? Must we say that we will never marry because we are afraid we will not have time to love our wives? If it interferes with our work now, it will hardly prove less injurious in the future when the press of duties will be greater. Sentiment and study by no means preclude each other. Quidam.

For several reasons the question, "Is a sweetheart beneficial to a college student?" is by no means a trivial one. The question requires a far more practical, common-sense treatment than was given to it by the author of the article on the subject in the last Messenger.

There is no doubt that a young man, when he first goes to college, finds himself in a dilemma. If he decides to ally himself with that unfortunate, sentimental, dreamy class of individuals known to some as lovers, to others as fools, he must first decide where his heart is to be. He has two sets of damsels to select from. Shall he have a sweetheart at home or one at college? The innocent, artless girl whom the student leaves behind is likely to be entirely unable to resist the unopposed attacks of some other fellow's Cupid. When the student gets back home he finds that the other fellow's Cupid has won a bloodless victory.

On the other hand, the student may be ambitious to get a girl near the college. Now, the college girl— the heroine of a hundred of Cupid's battles—is lost and found again as the ranks of college students are depleted and recruited from year to year. The knowledge of the instability of "college girls'" love ought to be a sufficient warning to college boys.

Since the student cannot make satisfactory progress with his sweetheart at his distant home, and since he does not wish to continue the fickle love relations with a "college girl" whom he must soon leave, what is the use to cherish a love which hazards success in one's studies? Are the quarrels, the anx-
iety, the jealousy of him who has a sweetheart so pleasant that he cannot get along without them? Are college men generally so lightly laden by studies that they must encumber themselves with a sweetheart for ballast? A girl friend may be a blessing to the student, but the average college man becomes overloaded just as soon as he takes up a sweetheart.

The learned author of the article in the last Messenger, who is so strongly in favor of the promotion of sweethearts among students, and who so generously wishes to have us all supplied, says: "It is as natural for the heart of man to be drawn to the heart of woman as it is for the bee to gather honey from the opening flower." This may be true; but the writer fails to carry the analogy far enough. He seems to forget that the bees have a season for making honey. After this season, by instinct, the bees take a rest. His reason should dictate to him to follow the example of the bees and give the girls a rest. There is a time for all things; college life is the time for resting from conquests of love. If my friend would be more practical, instead of following the example, as he says, of "the Spartans of old," I think he might reserve enough energy to make a more effective struggle after leaving college. The student who has been spending his affections, along with his money, on girls all through his college career has not allowed enough of these to accumulate to satisfy the average girl when he gets out.

I admire the persistence more than the judgment of the writer who, when he has stumbled and fallen in his search for an emerald, plunges headlong over a precipice in a vain frenzy for a diamond. If he must have a prize it would seem more reasonable to seek next something less expensive. He grows eloquent when he asks if we must fail to bid on the diamond. He says: "The violet of the mountain-side unites with the lily of the valley and answers, 'A thousand times, No!'" This may be poetry, but it hardly seems common sense. Poor fellow, save up and do not go to the expense of hiring a diamond yet. Save up, and finally when you are ready to keep one, you may be able to secure a jewel for good, and for yourself alone. He who loves last loves best.

F. C.
YOUTH.

“There is a feeling of eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the immortals.” The above vivid truth is demonstrated by daily observation. Wherever gay-hearted youth disports itself, whether amid paths of pleasure, or in the more quiet walks of life, there is that characterizing mirth peculiar alone to juvenile ranks. Youth! Happy youth! Why should the furrows of age mar the loveliness of thy beauteous brow? Why fade the rose-tints of nature into the harbinger of early decay?

No period of our pilgrimage, from the time we are cradled in the arms of parental care till affection’s hand consigns us to our narrow home, is more fraught with engrossing interest than is youth. It is not only the season of life which favors the growth of wild flowers that flourish for a while and wither without fruitage, but it is also the season which germinates the scions that sprinkle fruit and foliage all along the track of the ages, so that coming generations may never seek in vain for vestiges of their worthy progenitors. Shall we not draw aside the veil from the modest face of youth, and learn some of its prominent characteristics?

Four well-directed glances reveal as many truths.

I. Youth is receptive.

By this we affirm that the functions of both mind and body are on the alert and ready for the inculcation of mental and physical graces that capacitate men and women for an unflinching stand upon life’s crowded arena. To this end may be traced the spirit of enquiry youth possesses, as an ancient heritage that has been growing old ever since the demise of our earliest fathers. This prevailing spirit should never be suppressed, since the future advancement and discovery in all fields of investigation will be commensurate with the diligent research therein expended. The season of youth is the one in which foundation stones are laid, upon which a human life is to stand for weal or for woe, in accordance with the skill and care that attend the founding.

It is the season for gleaning from precept and example, and the impressions that are stamped upon a youthful memory remain as long as the sands of life regulate and register the brief span of human existence.

Just as a photographer’s camera receives and retains a true profile to which an artistic hand may impart beauty, so flexile memory refers to her tablets and reproduces with remarkable accuracy that which is there outlined. That youth should be receptive entirely harmonizes with “the eternal fitness of things.” It is the morning of life, and the genial rays of nature’s revelations diffuses light through many intricate ways that loom up before the eyes of hopeful youth.

Were it not so, the indomitable will
and reliance which have distinguished the average youth of every generation, and nerved his soul to manly achievements, would long ere this have become forever abashed by the spectral appearance of insurmountable obstacles. But knowledge eludes not the grasp of those who seek it to wield wisely. The endowments of wisdom are numerous and liberal. Its youthful votaries are legion. They stand in serried rank, able and willing to obey the voice that shall incite them to noble accomplishment, and waft their names through the prospective cycles of coming ages.

II. Youth is recuperative.

So long as bright-eyed hope shall hold alluring pictures of the unattained, youth will draw inspiration from its dazzling beauty and form new resolutions, conformity to which will make life the better. Such resolutions are often made over the bier of lost opportunities, and at a time when moral and manly force of character have been dimmed by the contaminating influences of evil association. It is by no means an unusual occurrence, after the unequal and always decisive rebellion that some wage against conscience, and even against nature itself, that frail mortal awakes to an appreciative conception of life—the flickering flame that guides the immortal to its everlasting abode, or leaves it in the realms of endless night. Such is the harvest of thoughtless misdeeds that youth is sometimes dethroned by premature decay, and comfortless is the gaze of withered age upon the blurred features of a recreant past.

But true man never succumbs to the monster clutches of an uncompromising subverter—even failure—while youthful blood permeates his restless being and his eyes behold the proud eminence he may yet regain. Youth calls together in solemn conclave an assemblage of noble impulses, collects the maltreated faculties of a mind conscious of rectitude, and, propelled by determination, launches out upon a new career whose desired goal is stationed upon the ramparts of honor. Favored with the conciliatory balm of dawning hope that rekindles the flush of youth upon his weary brow, and imparts an impetus to his (now) sluggish spirit, he bravely faces the adverse tide of petty obstacles that confront every life. Were his hands palsied with age, his eyes dimmed by infirmity, and his soul burdened with care, he would be inadequate to such decisive action. When we review all these facts that support the affirmation, "youth is recuperative," and augment the testimony by the extensive experience and observation of every-day life, we recognize the truth and concede the point. If youth were not able to impart new life to its drooping laurels, tears of regret would profusely moisten many untimely graves, and there would be corroborative echoes attesting the verity of—

"The saddest strains of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

III. Youth is resplendent.

There are no natural reasons why it should be otherwise. All nature de-
clares youth the brightest season of life. We see evidences of this wherever nature is communicative. Potent are the murmurings of the little stream as it rises from its mossy couch and wends its way toward the briny deep. Impressive is each dainty little bud of spring that unfolds its beautiful petals to the eye of admiration. Rapturous is the song of the youthful warbler as it fits from tree to tree, and trains its pinions for distant flights. Prophetic are the infant lisplings that gladden the hearts of many fond parents. The wisdom of sages and the fancy of poets have entwined an evergreen wreath upon the brow of youth. One pen whose power has swayed a nation wrote the following lines:

>Youth is lovely, age is lonely;
Youth is fiery, age is frosty.

By this and many similar tributes paid to the glorious reality of youth we may interpret the glances of admiration all ages have lavished upon it. All nations look proudly upon their youths, and behold in them a part of their country’s future grandeur. Students of the classics have noted with enthusiasm the reliance that the ancients reposed in their youths. Upon the perusal of many pages of old-time lore, we imagine time’s intervening and obscuring veil uplifted, and ourselves upon the arena once adorned by gallant youths. It is worth while to add, however, that the modern youth figures upon an arena made luminous with grand possibilities by the mighty strides of civilization. On this stage of action the prolonged applause of an approving public proclaims recognition of all his worth. Youth is bright because it deigns not to halt at the foot of adversity and sue for terms. True, certain environments and fatalities of frowning mien sow seeds of uneasiness in well-nigh every heart.

It cannot be denied that thousands of promising youths with prospects fair have commenced life, but lacking the great element, strength, and piloted by their own wavering dispositions, have met ruin upon the quicksands and rocks infesting the highway from the cradle to the grave. Their lamented remains have bleached many dreary shoals and warned youthful mariners from dangerous regions. Let youth heed these solemn monitors, or a similar fate can scarce be avoided.

IV. Youth is retrospective.

When the swaddling attire of infancy is laid aside and childhood’s existence begins, there dawns a partial though imperfect realization of life. Many vicissitudes and varied experiences attend the formative period. The range of observation grows more extensive as realities are presented in quick succession. The great store-house of knowledge receives daily contributions.

Youth peers eagerly toward the future, builds lofty structures whose summits may never be scaled, and eagerly awaits the developments of unborn time. The ever-alluring apparition of unsated ambition is the motive-power which makes this terrestrial sphere resonant with the mighty clangor of busy aspirants.
Youth turns the eye of retrospection toward the glowing tablets of an illustrious ancestry, and becomes emulous at the sight of worthy criterions. Such retrospection causes the sinews of nations to pulsate with telling effect. The perusal of inscriptions upon the tombstones and monuments of departed heroes sends a reviving sensation through the lives of many, and awakens the spirit of emulation that has long been dormant.

Youth is retrospective because vital issues are often affected by the non-acceptance of passing opportunities. No one is able to review the past without noting blank pages in the great book of destiny. Many seek in vain the fabulous Eldorado, that their strength may be regained, their youth renewed.

Its mystic realms will never be explored. It is non-existent. The search goes on to no purpose. No discovery is made. Thus it is, we traverse life's journey "from thoughtless youth to ruminating age."

Infancy, youth, old age, and death
Does each proclaim its weighty truth;
While the millions with bated breath
Look wistfully on bygone youth.

R. W. G.

Editorial.

FRATERNITY NEWS AND THE MESSENGER.

It has been the custom of the MESSENGER to exclude all news or notices of fraternities. The reason of this is, of course, a fear of creating and nourishing too great a spirit of rivalry and contention, not only between members of the different fraternities, but also between fraternity and non-fraternity men. Than this there seems to be no other reason. But does this exclusion prevent rivalry? Evidently not. Will the opening of our columns to fraternity men increase this rivalry? We think not. It will rather tend to diminish it. Where men are naturally inclined to be prejudiced, nothing will so foster contention as ignorance. Ignorance is mother and nourisher of prejudice and unmanly rivalry. Enlightenment is its dispeller. No man is prejudiced on any subject about which he is enlightened, and no man who is honest with himself will refuse enlightenment on a subject in which are differences and prejudices. There is undoubtedly ignorance and prejudice on both sides and in both classes of Richmond College students (fraternity men and anti-fraternity men). Therefore, it is with a prayer for harmony and good feeling that we enter this year for open, honest, and fair-minded discussions; for an honorable, manly rivalry, instead of a spirit of contention and prejudice. We
believe that the great majority of the students at Richmond College are as noble a class of men as any college in the country is able to boast. Then why is there so much of this disagreeable and disgusting wrangling? Must we, fellow-students, confess to narrow-mindedness and littleness of spirit? Must we confess to a baser selfishness—a spirit of retaliation and revenge? It ought not to be so. No, at bottom, it is not so. The contention among us is due to a misunderstanding of one another, to an ignorance of the position of one another, and the only remedy is to clear away all the misunderstandings by free and easy discussions—by becoming acquainted with one another. The Messenger, by its course heretofore, has prevented that which it desired, and caused to a considerable extent that which it sought to prevent. Then let it change its course. But this is not the only reason why fraternity news should be published in the Messenger. The Messenger is for the interests and benefit of all the students, but about one-third of them belong to one or the other of the fraternities, and yet that which would be of most interest to them is (by custom, alone, it seems) prohibited them, and consequently when they have anything to say they must say it through one of its city papers. Is this just? Is injustice ever productive of good results?

HOW THE BEST DEBATER’S MEDAL SHOULD BE AWARDED.

The present “editorialist” seems disposed to think that one of the societies decided wisely when it decided to have judges, rather than the members, to say who should have the best debater’s medal. We agreed in our first article that we could get judges more capable to render a fair decision in the final contest, but we claim that the debater’s medal should not be awarded on one speech. We hold that a man’s power in debate is not really tested and cannot be known until we have heard him several times, under different circumstances and on different subjects, not only when he has prepared, but on the spur of the moment. The gentleman seems to have forgotten that some of our greatest men have been known to make almost complete failures. Does this not show, and does not our past observation prove to us, that it is impossible to tell how good a debater a man is by listening to him one time? The members, seeing his capacity under every circumstance, even when he is discussing the various measures taken up in the society, certainly (in my opinion) can tell nearer than any one else who is the best debater. His method, we believe, will soon take away that enthusiastic speaking among our best men which we have every year. Each man, knowing that he must prove himself the best debater, does his very best. We claim that the improvement gotten by these hot combats between the boys, even before the final contest, is worth a great deal more than any medal. The gentleman claims that there are some possibly who ought to run for the medal, but will not on account
of their lack of popularity. Never since we have been connected with a literary society at Richmond College have we heard of a member who had any chance for the medal failing to enter the contest, but, on the contrary, many enter whose chances are very poor. If there be such men in the societies they wear the very impress of cowardice upon their foreheads. I will admit that we are naturally inclined to think that our friend is better than any one else’s friend; but, taking all things into consideration, we think our plan the best. We are thorough democrats; we want a government in which the supreme power is lodged in the hands of the people.

E. E. D.

REPLY OF THE EDITOR.

In answer to the above article, we would repeat that we believe there is no plan by which it would be absolutely certain that the member possessing the highest merit in debate would receive the medal. Our object in provoking this discussion was to find the plan having the least objections. So we do not claim perfection for our method of award. We know it necessitates the awarding of the medal on one speech, and we admit this to be an objection, but it is one which the writer of the above article has greatly magnified. By a very singular process of reasoning he concludes that if the contest were decided on the efforts of a single night the student that is really the best debater would be very likely to make a failure and thus lose the medal he rightfully deserves. Mr. D. says “our greatest men have been known to make complete failures.” Of course they have (as is strikingly illustrated in the article to which we are replying). But with great men a failure is the rare exception; success is the rule, else they would not be called great men. We grant the best debater (great man or not) might make a failure; but when he knows that all depends upon the arguments of one speech, the probabilities are overwhelmingly in favor of his showing himself the best debater on the night of the contest. And as to failure or success in a single effort, the best debater will, to say the least, have an equal chance with the man that is not the best debater.

The second objection urged by our correspondent is, that “the method will soon take away enthusiastic speaking among our best men.” Singular conclusion, indeed! To assure a student that in awarding the medal his dialectic skill alone will be taken into consideration—will that discourage “enthusiastic speaking”? Still more may we ask: Will “enthusiastic speaking” be encouraged by perpetuating a plan that virtually says to a student, “you cannot hope to win unless you give much attention to promoting your own personal popularity, entering in combinations, &c., &c.”? The old method strongly suggests to a man that, instead of giving his time to preparation for “enthusiastic speaking,” he would be wise to give much of it to some other employments far less edifying and ennobling.

Those who sit in judgment upon
the respective merits of the contestants should possess two qualifications: 1. They should have the ability to reach an intelligent decision. 2. They should be free from partiality. These propositions even Mr. D. would probably not deny. Let us apply these tests to the members of the societies and see whether they are competent jurors. Have they the ability to decide this matter? To this question we answer both yes and no—yes, when we have in mind the more thoughtful students, such as our friend Mr. D.; but no, when we refer to some other members of the societies. Are they free from partiality? No. How can they be when they mingle daily with other students in the class-room, on the campus, and in the various relations of college life, and thus form their "likes" and "dislikes," from which they cannot emancipate themselves when they come into the society halls? It is well-nigh impossible for a student to make an estimate of his fellow-students' powers in debate without letting some outside consideration enter into his decision.

That we could secure judges from among our citizens who possess both qualifications mentioned we might indulge a reasonable hope. Thus far we have proceeded on the supposition that the members of the societies are conscientious in casting their ballots; but Mr. D. need hardly be reminded that there are men in our college who are always ready to form a combination, run on the "you-vote-for-me-I-vote-for-you" principle. Consequently, merit has often been a matter of small consideration. Proficiency in "wire-pulling" and "log-rolling" has been the only qualification of some of the men that have carried off the honors of our societies. In the name of right, let us have the plan that comes nearest to assuring the contestant that skill in debate, and skill in debate alone, will be influential in the award of the "Best Debater's Medal." Who can doubt that this is the way to encourage "enthusiastic speaking?"

THE "MESSENGER."

With this issue of the Messenger the present corps of editors lay down the badge of office and title of honor, to give place to more hopeful and aspiring men. And perhaps it will not be out of place, as we bow ourselves from the stage, to drop out a few hints concerning the general prosperity of the Messenger—in general to our audience, in particular to our successors.

First, let us return thanks to all who have assisted us by their kindly encouragement—sometimes by their applause, oftener by their respectful attention—for to them is due to no small extent the success of the Messenger for the past few months. But, fellow-students, whether our paper shall continue to prosper or not depends, not upon those who may have the honor of subscribing themselves as "your Ed.," not upon the audience, however appreciative it may be, but upon you. It devolves upon you to uphold the Editor's hands. It is for the audience to encourage him, but
for you to give more substantial assistance by sacrificing part of your time and pleasure to Messenger work. The time has come when we must pass from a campus-fun paper to a magazine of real literary merit; the time has come when we must pass from a mere sheet of jokes and fun—of interest only to a small portion of the students now on its campus—to a paper with a wide circulation among alumni and friends of the college, and not without interest even to an absolute stranger. We hope to see the day—and we make this appeal to that end—when the Messenger shall become the chain that will bind men closer to their Alma Mater and connect them more intimately with her interests and prospects. It should be your constant care to increase its circulation and influence by making it a neat, attractive, interesting, and instructive magazine. But, let us repeat, all this depends on you. The responsibility rests on you, fellow-students. What will you do?

And now only a word to you, gentlemen, to whom we are about to vacate this office, to whom we are about to surrender this the editor's chair and sanctum, and into whose hands we are about to deliver this symbol of honor and power (and hard work and much abuse), the editor's pencil. We would not dare give advice or instruction, for we perceive that there is not an object here strange or unknown to your eye. At the mention of dust and cobwebs, of shattered window panes stuffed with editors' old hats and pantaloons, of a poor fire and generally uncomfortable room, we perceive that shrug of the shoulders, that unconscious smile, as if to say "Oh, poor fellow! But come to see us to-morrow, and you'll see a transformation here." At the mention of black eyes and bruised bones, you certainly square yourself with the air of a man who knocks out in the first round. But allow us here, gentlemen, to express our hope and belief that you will fulfill your every intention; and yet it is with some feeling of sadness, for that very dust and those very cobwebs there in that corner have become dear to us. Yea, sirs, we would fain take with us some of those old hats and pantaloons with which that one sole little window is patched, as a memorial of times passed and as a souvenir for posterity.

But to be brief, sirs, whatever you do with this sanctum, this pencil which is now being put into your hand devote entirely to the Messenger, and make it the honor and pride of Richmond College.
"Thank you; no."
Arab, king of Israel.

"Please don't put any on me."

Very well, then; very well!

"Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine."

Mr. W., on seeing a bust of Bismarck in the library: "There is nothing like living after you are dead."

Mr. S. says that the source of the milky way is the cow.

When nominations were being made for commencement speakers, Mr. B. arose and said: "Mr. President, I nominate Mr. John Templegraves, of Georgia, Alabama."

Mr. B., growing sleepy, remarked that he would soon be wrapped in the arms of Morpheus," whereupon Mr. C. asked, "Why, do you take morphine?"

Mr. L. says that notwithstanding the high prices of things in general and flowers in particular, he is "still-in' de 'burg."

"I always considered him good, but never did think he was bright."

Mr. H., when visiting a young lady friend, thoughtlessly began to pull out the fringe of the lambrequin around the mantel, when the young lady remarked: "Mr. H., if you pull out a piece of that fringe every time you come here, it will all soon be gone." From this we judge he is quite a frequent visitor at said mansion. How about it, Mr. C.?

Prof.: "We make many changes in language for euphony's sake."

Mr. X.: "I never saw you funny."

Mr. L., in the turmoil of debate, spoke of the "smoke of ascending factories."

We hear that one of our professors went to the Union depot and waited half an hour for the Danville train.

Mr. D., one of the newly-elected editors, says: "I reckon I will have to commence calling myself we now, won't I?"

Mr. D., looking in the mirror, exclaimed: "Don't I look handsome?" "That's a mirricle," said Mr. B.

Mr. B. says a dynamo' is the only ever-living thing.

Mr. H., who has been studying permutations and combinations, says: "To put a veil over an evil is to live in a vile manner." How bright!

"Are you an invalid?" asked a young lady of another, of whose re-
ligious views she was doubtful. A mutual friend informs us that she meant "infidel."

"These French idiots are so hard," exclaimed a young lady in despair. We are sorry that she has such difficulty with the idioms.

We can see how a devoted maiden in her frenzied fancy might be led to kiss the lips of her adored, or even his hand, but how she could go so far as to kiss a picture of his—speak all we say it?—boots, is inexplicable.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, a beautiful setter dog, bearing around his neck samples of all shades and styles of ribbon, by which he may easily be identified. Any one having seen him will greatly oblige his distressed owner by informing her of his present location.

The climax of Mr. H.'s eloquence was gained when he reached the point "where the wolf howled and the eagle yelled with his voice unchecked."

Mr. L. says "many a deed is done where no eye can see and no tongue hear."

One of our new students who has not yet become familiar with all the advances of modern civilization, standing near the elevator in a downtown hotel, said, "Let's go up-stairs on the ventilator."

A young lady, watching a ball game, asked, "Why does that man wear that iron veil?"

Mr. B., in literary society: "Mr. President, I would like to ask the gentleman what sphere is higher than happiness."

Mr. C.: "The atmosphere."

Mr. M. was out visiting. The young lady asked him what time it was. After fumbling around some time for the watch which he never possessed, he managed to remember that he "had lent it to a sick boy." Compassionate youth!

"We 'lowed as we would like to go with you."

"That's a picture of Marie Prescott," said a fair maid, after gazing a long time at a court scene of Mary Queen of Scots.

Miss — had been telling how she enjoyed reading Pickwick Papers. Some time afterwards a friend who overheard her came to her and asked for "some of those papers to wrap a bundle."

Steamers had been the subject, and great had been the admiration expressed. Some one mentioned the Smithsonian Institute as another "lovely" object. "Is that a steamer?" asked an innocent miss.

"Whose yell is that?" she asked as her friend began repeating the Greek alphabet.

Mr. M.: "From the rising of the horizon till the setting thereof."

We were singing most melodiously, when some one rushed into
the room and excitedly inquired, "What's the matter here?" We are sorry our musical talent meets with no greater appreciation.

Mr. B., in his debate, spoke of "our opponents on the other side." The critic remarked that he didn't suppose the gentleman had any opponents on his own side; whereupon Mr. W. enthusiastically exclaimed, "Isn't he a good cricket?"

Surely Richmond College students are too deeply engrossed in their studies, and, we fear, have sustained serious results from their overpowering examinations, judging from the fact that we heard one say that "February 22 was Lee's birthday," and another ask "if February 14 was April fool's day."

"AULD LANG SYNE."

We may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

Owing to the bad management of the keeper and the enormous appetite of its patrons, the "Hotel De Rice," which sprang into existence soon after the opening of the session, two months later quietly passed away. It was deemed peculiarly fitting, as well as in keeping with the usual custom of the College, to have memorial exercises in memory of the deceased hotel. Accordingly, Friday, February 20th, at 11 o'clock P. M., was the time appointed for the solemn obsequies.

In order to insure success, some of the best oratorical as well as musical talents were secured to assist in the exercises.

The exercises were held on the second-floor hall of the college. The procession, headed by the master of ceremonies, Bishop Haberdasher, proceeded on the line of march from Room 39 to the centre of the hall, where they disbanded, the Bishop and the choir stationing themselves on the right of the stand. After a very eloquent address by Bishop Haberdasher, the choir, led by the Right Hon. Bishop Skundoodle sang a chant—"Taters Shall Rise Again."

After the reading of the litany by Bishop Skunburger, the following poem was read by Bishop Trundoodle:

For Your Own Sake,
Potatoes raw,
Potatoes in slaw,
Potatoes to bake
For your own sake.
Potatoes in pie,
Potatoes to fry.
Potatoes in cake,
For your own sake.
To gratify your wish
With this excellent dish,
The sacrifice I'll make
For your own sake.
The mandate obey,
"Have potatoes to-day";
Dispense with the steak
For your own sake.

The choir then rendered a very appropriate song, "There was a New Hotel in Town." Bishop Flymasher and others followed with brief remarks in behalf of the bereaved family (boarders).
These solemn services were concluded with the chanting of the very sympathetic hymn: "Shall this Old Hotel be Forgot."

**THE LONE PINE.**

I long have known the loneliness Peculiar to the pine, That never feels the warm caress And twining of the vine.

Nor in my spreading sombre shade Will welcome flowers intrude,— An omen that 'twere only made For dreary solitude.

But in the evening afterglow Amidst the shadows dim, I sing in accents soft and low A sweet JElolian hymn.

And this old crest that rears on high, These limbs that tempests toss, Will form, when seen against the sky, The outline of a cross. —Incog.

**PHILOSOPHIC.**

The Sceptic:

My doctrine is to doubt all things Beyond my senses' range.

Should one pronounce me void of mind, I'd hardly think it strange.

The Empiricist:

My knowledge is all limited To that which I can see.

Applying this great principle, There are no flies on me.

The Dogmatist:

By thought I've reached the infinite, And mastered Ueberweg.

I glide along with ease, while some Can't even move a peg. —O. C.

There are visiting at Prof. Harrison's Miss Austin, of Lafayette county, W. Va., and Miss Sarah Harrison, of Amelia county, Va.; and at Prof. Puryear's Miss Marshall, of Fauquier county, Va. The students are especially favored in having, besides the young lady residents on the campus, these attractive visitors in their midst; and, now that examinations are over, the boys can spend more time in social enjoyment and gladly avail themselves of the ladies' company. At the meeting of the Campus Cousins' Club at Prof. Pollard's, Friday night, February 27th, besides the above-mentioned young ladies there were present as visitors Miss Josie Pollard and Miss Sands. This was voted the most enjoyable meeting of the club yet held.

On Saturday, February 28th, a large detachment of Campus Cousins took a trip to Barton Heights, and, what with the little 'bus, the big wind, and the jolly crowd, spent a most delightful day. We didn't stop at the flower-garden, however, but hurriedly passed by. Some of the most thrilling incidents of the day were that Mr. B. "set up" to chewing-gum, Miss W. lost her veil and didn't find her dog, Mr. H. got some paint on his clothes, Mr. N. got lost, and Mr. D. sang "Annie Rooney." O! it was a day long to be remembered. Why, cert! in the language of the poet.

The Lombardy Literary Circle is in a most flourishing condition. The play now under consideration is Richard III. At the last meeting Mr. H. F. Williams was elected president.

The joint debate between the Philologian Society and the Franklin
Society of Randolph-Macon College was held in Ashland, Saturday night, February 28th. The question was unknown to any of the speakers until announced at the opening of the debate, so the discussion was entirely extempore. Messrs. Frank Williams and H. F. Williams ably represented the Philologian Society, and the contest was close and exciting, the vote of the judges being a tie. We congratulate both societies on not being defeated.

The annual public debate of the Mu Sigma Rho Society will be held in the College chapel on Friday night, March 27th. The following committee of arrangements has been appointed: W. F. Warren, H. T. Louthan, and W. M. Redwood.

The Philologian public debate will take place Friday night, April 10th. The gentlemen elected to represent the society on that night are: Reader, D. H. Scott; Declaimer, Garnett Ryland; Debaters, D. H. Rucker, J. M. Burnett, E. B. Winfrey, and C. T. Taylor.

The following gentlemen have been elected editors of the Messenger for the ensuing term: Mu Sigma Rho, Frank W. Duke, F. F. Causey, and T. C. Skinner; Philologian, E. B. Winfree, F. E. Scanland, and H. W. Provence. We wish them much success in the arduous duties and responsibilities which they have assumed, and can assure them that the field of journalism is one in which they will have ample opportunity to display all their energy and ability.


The societies may be congratulated upon having obtained as their orator at the Commencement Congressman C. W. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky. This gentleman has an enviable reputation as a speaker, and it is with pleasure that we announce his acceptance of the invitation of the societies.

At a recent called meeting of the students it was enthusiastically decided to hold our regular biennial jollification at the close of the session. The following executive committee was elected: F. F. Causey (chairman), D. H. Rucker, S. J. Young, J. G. Pollard, and J. E. Etchison. The other committees are: Music, W. Ralph Clements (chairman), Frank W. Duke, J. M. T. Childrey, and J. C. Harwood. Burlesque, J. G. Pollard (chairman), E. M. Pilcher, D. H. Rucker, Thomas Gresham, and F. F. Causey; Minstrels, E. M. Pilcher (chairman), H. T. Burnley, J. H. Bagby, N. Heaton, Jr., J. L. McGarity, Charles Bauch, and F. F. Causey; General Manager, J. E. Etchison, Jr.; Stage Manager, S. J. Young. These committees will go at once to work, and endeavor to maintain the reputation which our jollifications have always
had, of being the most enjoyable feature of commencement—certainly the most amusing.

The School of Expression commenced its second term February 23d. Professor Hamberlin met the students in the chapel February 25th, and after telling them of the many advantages to be derived from studying elocution, proved the truth of his remarks by giving a most enjoyable exhibition. It has been decided by the trustees that the Steel medal for reading and the Woods medal for declamation will hereafter be given only to students in the School of Expression. This fact alone should increase the number in that department, and it is to be hoped that many will take advantage of this exceptional opportunity of instruction under Professor Hamberlin.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held February 18th, it was decided to have our annual Field-Day on April 17th. A number of contests of various sorts have been determined upon, and much interest is manifested. The gymnasium classes have gone into regular training for their public exhibition on that day, and a good many of the students may be seen practicing every day for the running and jumping contests. We feel safe in predicting a pleasant time both for the students and their friends and one which will reflect credit on the College.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association the following amendment to the Constitution was adopted:

**Article V. — Medals.**

**Sec. 1.** The Association pledges itself to award a gold medal for all-round excellence in Field-Day sports, and to secure as many more as possible.

**Sec. 2.** Competition in all Field-Day contests, except gymnasium drills, shall be restricted to members of this Association who have paid all dues.

**Sec. 3.** All awards shall be made by committees selected by the Executive Committee.

Richmond College is to have a boat crew, and it means to do its best to win the cup in the State regatta July 4th. A number of students have signified their willingness to train, and we feel sure that a creditable crew can be secured. The Virginia Boat Club has kindly offered the use of one of its boats, and the crew will commence regular training April 1. The committee in charge are Prof. F. W. Boatwright, D. H. Rucker, and J. E. Etchison, Jr.

A class in the geography of Virginia, under the leadership of Prof. Boatwright, has recently been started. Quite a number of students have exhibited an interest in this departure, and we know that under such a trusty and energetic leader the class cannot be other than a source of both pleasure and profit.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society has decided to have its constitution and
a list of its presidents and members published. This has long been desirable, and will be greatly to the advantage of the members of the society. The committee to attend to its publication are H. T. Burnley (chairman), J. M. T. Childrey, E. J. Moseley, Jr.

The Dispatch of February 18th gave the following complimentary notice of Prof. Boatwright's recent lecture:

"Professor Frederick W. Boatwright was greeted by an unusually large audience at Richmond College last night when he delivered a highly interesting lecture before the Senior French class on 'The Romantic in French Literature.'

"A large delegation of our cultivated citizens were out and brought with them many ladies, who were most cordially welcomed.

"The Professor speaks well, has a good voice and manner, and his lecture showed much research. The theme was a new and taking one, and the fine attention plainly indicated the interest of the literary circle gathered about the young and ardent teacher on this his first appearance as a lecturer.

"LIBERALISM IN LITERATURE.

"The declaration of Victor Hugo, Mr. Boatwright said, gives a very good definition of what is meant by the Romantic in French Literature—viz: 'Liberalism in Literature.' As the prominent idea of the classic school is beauty, so Romanticism brings out most conspicuously the idea of life.

"Rapidly reviewing the history of the French people, the lecturer showed the rise of this school and its impress on the times. It now absolutely dominates the literature of this remarkable people. The writings of Rousseau, the founder of the Romancist School, of St. Pierre, Chateaubriand, De Stael, Lamartine, Hugo, Dumas, Balzac, Sand, Gautier, and others were rapidly reviewed, and with eloquent touches the speaker brought out the characteristics of each.

"INFLUENCE OF THE THEATRE.

"The theatre far more than in America exerts an influence in England and on the Continent, and as it is the custom of the more prominent of these French writers to dramatize their works, it can be well understood what power has been exerted by literary men on the masses of the country.

"The speaker drew a vivid picture of Zola and his confreres in their new line of work, and gave his audience glimpses of the rise and influence of their methods with a delicate skill which was admirable.

"In closing, the Professor well said there is a loftier principle than life. What is it that in actual life secures general freedom by restricting individual liberty? What in an artistic representation will secure proportion and beauty to the whole by restricting the impressiveness of the parts? The answer which the French "literateurs" have not been able to apply is contained in one word, Truth."

Professor Winston will give three interesting and attractive lectures on "The Old Electricity and the New" during the month of March. Professor Winston has an enviable reputation as a lecturer, and never fails to draw a large audience. The programme in detail is as follows:

March 3—The Electricity of the Machine.
March 10—The Electricity of the Battery.
March 17—The Electricity of the Dynamo.
FINIS.

Our duty is done. Whether well or sick we do not care to say. With this issue we vacate our chair and make way for our successor—our successor, did we say? How do we know whether he is going to be a success or not? We tender him our best wishes—but what are wishes? "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride." So we will change the method of expressing the quality of our inward feelings for him in his new occupation. We will tender him our heartfelt sympathy, for we know his heart felt sympathy for us when she kindly informed us that she would be a sister to us, and as we already had seventeen such sisters, we said in solemn sadness, "how can she assist er man in such sor-row?"

Yes, brother; we will bravely bear the burden with you, for a bird 'n the hand is worth two in the bush, and, unlike Mr. G., we don't often have an opportunity to go birdin'.

Good-bye, capacious comely college, campus cousins' candy-cooking club chums; we can't cease crying, considering concurrent critical circumstances coming crowdingly around us. But our tears are tears of joy, for no longer "from morn till dewy eve, from eve till dewy morn, we'll search for locals everywhere, and wish we'd ne'er been born." Like Christopher Columbus, that distinguished father of his country and mother of presidents, we bravely declare, "let the end come, and come when it will. We've written the locals and busted on Phil."

Finis.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

THE LYNCHBURG CONVENTION.

On the morning of the 12th of February our delegates left to attend the fifteenth annual Y. M. C. A. State Convention at the "Seven-Hilled City" of Virginia. On the train we met delegates from Randolph-Macon College, Hampton, and the Richmond City Association. As the train rolled on up the James we sang, "God is Calling Yet," and other sweet songs of Zion.

We reached Lynchburg at 3 P. M., we never saw such hills before. Rome will have to yield—and again we can say, "Virginia is ahead." A half an hour later the convention convened. The opening service was one of "prayer and thanksgiving," led by C. R. Towson, of Salem, Va. A. J. Helbig, of Lynchburg, read a paper on "Boys' Work—Its Importance and Expansion." He said: "Generally the first thing a boy sees to do he does. When should the training of a boy begin? A wise
man has truly answered, 'A hundred years before he is born.'"

The Bible Readings, conducted by Rev. C. P. Williamson, of Lexington, Ky., were truly instructive and delightful.

H. Thane Miller, of Cincinnati, Ohio, member of the Y. M. C. A. International Committee, was a power in the convention. He spoke upon "Our Spiritual Work," "The Young Men of the Nation," and other subjects. His address to the Sunday-school of Dr. Felix's church, and directly afterwards to his large congregation, were very touching indeed. Twenty young people of the school arose for the prayers of God's servants.

R. R. McBurney, General Secretary, New York city, greatly impressed all by his quiet but earnest presentation of "The Study of the Word of God in our Associations," and "The Association's Relation to the Work among Young Men in Heathen Lands."

All the College boys have a special love for Rev. Dr. R. J. McBride, of Lexington. In his address upon "The College Young Men's Christian Association: What Shall we Emphasize this Year?" he was pointed, practical, and powerful.

Judge G. G. Grattan, of Harrisonburg, was the popular president of the convention. State Secretary H. O. Williams and his assistant, E. T. Dadmun, were as busy and useful as the bee in the early May time. We know of no too men more earnest and consecrated than they are.

An early morning memorial service was held in honor of the late F. C. Johnson, member of the State Executive Committee, and T. D. Wilkinson, general secretary at Richmond. Many tender words were spoken of these two earnest men who were called away while they had on their full working harness.

There were more than three hundred and fifty delegates present. They will never forget the reception tendered them by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lynchburg Association. The good people of Lynchburg were so hospitable that they desired the convention to return there next year. The writer and several other Richmond College students were entertained at the sweet home of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Johnson. The memory of our stay with them will ever be as an "Oasis" to us.

The farewell meeting was held on Sunday night. As the delegates grasped hands and sang, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," tears could be seen even in the eyes of strong men. On the following morning, as we boarded the train for Richmond, we could but say to this beautiful city on the upper James, "God be with you 'till we meet again."

Our pleasure was not at an end, however. On the train we met a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the "Seven-Hilled City." With such helpers we can no longer wonder at the success of their association. We had often heard of the beauty and chivalry of this city beneath the shades of the Peaks of Otter; of her sons we had had occasion to know
before, but after being with one of her daughters—and of them poets even have been pleased to sing—we could but say, "The half has never been told."

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

The delegates at the Lynchburg Convention decided to send their worthy secretary, H. O. Williams, to the Y. M. C. A. convention of the world. This convention is held every three years. It will be held next summer in Amsterdam, Holland. As an appreciation of Brother Williams' earnest work since he has been in Virginia a purse is now being raised to defray his expenses.

Personals.

J. T. Noell (B. A., '88), who married one of Lynchburg's fair daughters, is banking at Greensboro, N. C.

R. E. Van Buren ('90) is in the wholesale grocery business with Gates & Brown, of Richmond.

Rev. P. S. Henson (B. A., '49), D. D., one of the first graduates of Richmond College, is pastor of one of the largest churches of Chicago. He is well known also as an editor.

To Prof. William D. Thomas (B. A., '51), D. D., M. A., who now occupies the chair of Philosophy, we offer our warmest congratulations. He has just entered upon his second "voyage of matrimonial bliss."

William F. Fox (B. A., '56) is superintendent of the public schools of the city of Richmond.


H. H. Levy (B. A., '69) is one of Richmond's most prominent physicians.

J. B. Turpin (B. L., '71) is the popular pastor of the Baptist church at Charlottesville, Va.

William Ellyson (M. A., '76) is one of the most successful lawyers of Richmond.

F. P. Robertson (B. A., '79) is the pastor of the Baptist church at Martinsburg, W. Va.

A. B. Rudd (M. A., '84) is a missionary at Paras, Mexico.

Mr. John W. Avery ('87) is practicing law in Atlanta, Ga.

Rev. J. H. Wright, who was recently pastor in Petersburg, Va., and formerly a student here, has resigned his pastorate on account of sickness, and expects to spend some time in Florida.

As we go to press, Prof. H. H. Harris and Student R. E. Chambers are in attendance upon the international Convention of the Students' Volunteer Movement for Foreign
Missions, which convenes at Cleveland, Ohio.

S. T. Dickinson ('89) gave us a call last month. He is now railroading, and making money like a good fellow. How is your guitar, Sam?

We were much pleased to see upon the campus a few evenings since S. L. Kelly and T. H. Edwards, both of '87. The former is practicing law in Richmond and the latter in "King Billy" county, Va.

Wheeler Boggess ('90), of West Virginia, has been called from college on account of the ill health of his father.

Baltimore sends us another student, Mr. J. A. Joyner, who has just entered for the second half session.

Whom does this department of college journalism interest? Or perhaps it would be better to ask, who reads it? Only the expectant and oft-times disappointed editor, we fancy, who eagerly tears the wrapper and proceeds to investigate the contents of the exchange department, to see if perchance it contains anything "nice" about his paper. Sometimes his selfishness is rewarded, but often, alas! he finds about himself that which is unpleasant and indigestible. This tendency has attained to an enormous growth, and the exchange department is often used solely to convey abroad the bitterest invectives of which its impulsive and irritable editor is capable.

In ransacking the accumulations of the past month our eye falls on several strangers:

The William and Mary College Monthly for the first time occupies a position on our table, and a very creditable magazine it is. We are very glad to see that this venerable institution is possessed with the prevailing spirit of progress, and is putting forth such strenuous efforts to keep abreast of the times. Much success to you in the publication of your paper, and in all your efforts to advance the interests of this time-honored institution.

The Cadet, of Virginia Military Institute, is also with us for the first time, but not the last, we hope, by a great many. The editor's salutatory is ornate and appropriate; in fact, the whole paper shows great enthusiasm and determination, and we feel safe in predicting a long and useful life for the Cadet. By all means, though, have an exchange department, and try to make it interesting. We shall most assuredly extend our sympathies if you undertake such a task.

We are pleased to note the arrival of the Harrisonian, of the Southwest
Virginia Institute. We already have the Harrisonian on our exchange list, and suppose that this is not its first visit; but it is the first time that the present ex-editor has had the pleasure of perusing its interesting columns. And in acknowledging the compliment bestowed upon the Messenger by the Harrisonian, we beg leave to reciprocate its congratulations, and furthermore, to add that it ranks high among our exchanges for its general attractiveness and sound merit.

Surely we are fortunate in having recently made so many new acquaintances, especially among the fair sex. The Semi-Annual, of Hollins Institute, in point of literary merit, is rarely excelled, and our only regret is that this interesting magazine is published only twice a year. A considerable portion of the Semi-Annual is devoted to tributes of respect to Prof. and Mrs. Charles L. Cocke on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. “Greeting,” a poem composed by Miss Fowlkes, a former pupil and teacher at this institution, is a beautiful and tender tribute. We would take this occasion to offer our congratulations and express the hope that Life’s declivity, as has been its ascent, may be strewn with fragrant flowers and glorious sunshine.

The Georgetown College Journal has a department headed, “With the Old Boys.” This, we think, is a splendid feature and one that the Messenger would do well to imitate. A great many distinguished men have gone out from Richmond College, and it would be very pleasant for us to hear from them occasionally through the columns of the Messenger.

On this occasion the ex-editor congratulates himself on not being called upon to say anything unpleasant about his contemporaries, for the time has come for the present incumbent to lay aside the robes of this kingly office and to deliver the sceptre to one who can and will more faithfully wield it; and so just at present he is pleased to note that all is calm and serene within his sanctum. To say that he has experienced no pleasure in the performance of his duty would be unjust to himself and to the papers which it has been his privilege to examine; for he who derives no pleasure from reading such papers as the Vanderbilt Observer, Virginia University Magazine, Wake Forest Student, Swarthmore Phoenix, and many others almost if not equally as interesting, is well-nigh incapable of enjoyment and is greatly to be pitied. If aught has appeared in this department seemingly unjust, unprovoked, or uncalled for, the editor is profoundly sorry and hopes that all such articles may be regarded as having been written with the most friendly feeling and respect for all.

Much success to him who shall next fill this somewhat responsible position, and under the coming editorship may the prosperity of the Messenger be unprecedented.