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The Messenger.

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VOL. XVIII.

MAY, 1892.

No. 8.

TIRED SOLDIER, REST.*

TO THE MEMORY OF SIXTEEN THOUSAND CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS BURIED
IN OAKWOOD CEMETERY.

I.

Tired soldier, rest ;
Virginia's breast
No nobler dust encloses.
Than yours, no name
Can better claim
Fame's everlasting roses.

II.

O brave and well
You fought and fell,
Your faith and honor showing ;
Nor e'er shall we
Unmindful be
The love you died bestowing.

*Read before the Oakwood Memorial Association, May 10, 1892.

III.

They erred who said
Your blood was shed
In vain on field and ocean.
While time shall last
The glorious past
Shall teach your sons devotion.

IV.

Is it in vain
The tiny grain
Dies ere the plant's appearing?
Of no avail
That blossoms fail,
To help the tree's fruit-bearing?

V.

Then sleep and rest,
Care unoppressed ;
The principles you cherished
Each son reveres,
And proudly hears
The way his sire perished.

JAMES C. HARWOOD.

CONCENTRATED WEALTH AND ITS EFFECT ON CIVILIZATION.

It is our privilege to live amid the closing scenes of the world's greatest century. We congratulate ourselves that fate or providence selected this wonderful age for our place and our part in the great drama of time. The multiplied facilities that we enjoy have invested life with loftier possibilities. So marvellous have been the achievements of this century that we are bewildered to know to what distance and to what heights the race will attain in the next hundred years. But progress always involves problems. The phenomenal industrial advancement of the age has brought about new conditions and new complications in society. Improved methods and machinery have revolutionized industry in favor of a confluence of wealth. They have enabled a single individual to prosecute immense operations and amass fabulous fortunes. They have made proprietors of the few and employees of the many. They have crushed out small in-

dustries and divorced the laborer from nature, the ultimate source of wealth. The poor now suffer servitude because capital is essential to independence. A consolidation of industry has led to a concentration of wealth. The old regime under which labor was the rule and luxury the rarity has given place to ill-paid toil and lucrative ease. We are not, however, to decry this age of machinery. It has scored a thousand triumphs for industry and imparted a quicker pulse to all life. Its magical power has rendered the forces of nature subservient to men. At the same time it has given rise to new social and economical conditions which may yet necessitate new adjustments to correct the evils that blessings have brought.

Generalization rather than advancement is the need of the day, both in civilization and wealth. Whole classes are ground into the dust of poverty amid wasting profusion on every side. Our markets groan beneath their burden. The question is no longer how to increase production, but how to better remunerate the producer. Great industrial victories have been won. What will secure a just distribution of the spoils? Fountains of unmeasured wealth have gushed forth. How can they be made to irrigate the whole land instead of being confined to a few channels already overflowing? Our facilities and supplies are sufficient to usher in the millennium of plenty, the golden age of humanity. How can this abundant prosperity be utilized for a wider weal in society and a more general elevation of mankind? This is the problem of the age.

Our rapid growth in wealth has been disproportionate and cumulative. We are confronted with the puzzling enigma of advancing wealth and increasing poverty. The situation is growing worse every day. Thirty years ago there was hardly a millionaire in the land. Now there are legions of them. Forty thousand people control half the livelihood of nearly sixty-five millions. If tendencies gather force with time, if money accumulates itself, if wealth gravitates to its own centres, what will the next thirty years witness? Already thousands revel in luxuries too profuse for human sensibilities, leaving millions to struggle in the unequal battle against besieging want. Scores live in palaces of imperial splendor, while unnumbered multitudes languish in the huts of weary wretchedness. Alpine heights of wealth rise beside the yawning abyss of deep destitution. Unless relief is found before many decades there is imminent danger of social convulsions. A part of society cannot always live by the

sweat of another's brow. The breach between the rich and the poor cannot widen forever.

This aggrandizement of the few to the impoverishment of the many is the most formidable barrier that now impedes the progress of civilization. Many other obstacles have been removed. The priceless boon of civil and religious liberty has been attained; the wasting pestilence of war no longer paralyzes the arts and activities of peace; the conquest of knowledge has spread into every sphere of research; industry has been lifted to higher planes by the leverage of ten thousand machines. Mankind seems girt for a new race and equipped for grander triumphs. The great hindrance now to a further progress and a wider pervasion of civilization is the tendency to extreme opulence and indigence, with their attendant evils.

Excessive luxury is perilous to social soundness and stability. It begets effeminacy and disintegration; it conduces to enervating dissipation, with mental and moral retrogression; it destroys those sterling and stalwart qualities which make a strong, aggressive people. Unnatural wealth is unhealthy to society. From it emanate influences, both in private and public life, derogatory to wholesome morality, without which a high type of civilization is impossible. It contaminates the public service; it debauches elections and nullifies democracy. It has implanted the most dangerous canker that now corrodes the vitals of free institutions—the great ally of civilization. Luxurious wealth caused the decay and precipitated the collapse of imperial Rome; it now threatens America with a similar fate.

On the other hand, abject poverty forestalls refinement and breeds vice. Material wealth is a necessary factor in civilization. Penury and squalor are fatal to the elevation of their victims. The environment is to the individual what matter is to mind. The surroundings of a people largely determine their mental and moral status; much of their ethical and intellectual culture is absorbed from associations. But all the circumstances that environ poverty are inimical to civilizing influences. There is little contact with thought or things to expand the mind. The cultivation of the æsthetic nature, with all its refining effects, is impossible amidst indigence. Surrounding corruptions stifle the moral life.

Three elements, corresponding to the triune nature of man, enter into civilization—material wealth, mental growth, and moral development. No one of these obtains in the midst of dearth and beggary.

These serfs of poverty are isolated from all the civilizing accessories of prosperity. They are literal exiles from society, doomed to a social Siberia. They enjoy no mirth to alleviate misery, no prospect of better days to beguile the hours of toil. Their lives are as destitute of joy as songless birds, as devoid of fragrance as scentless roses; ignorance dwarfs their minds. "Chilled penury freezes the genial current of the soul." Their horizon is no broader than the hill-tops that surround them; their contracted compass begets narrow conceptions of life. The nursery of crime and immorality in which they live vitiates the moral sense. They become animalized because mental and moral attributes are dwarfed; misery, want, and vice, trinity of despair, forever haunts their heels.

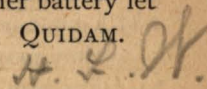
The most deplorable feature of the situation is that millions are annually born into this commonwealth of dearth and degradation for which they are in no way responsible. Encountered upon the very threshold of life by relentless poverty, the struggle for existence becomes a very unequal one. Ostracized by social codes and castes, they are doomed to ignoble associations. Inheriting only wretchedness and want, the road to success leads up a rugged steep. An improvement in the material condition of the lower classes is the first essential to their moral and mental amelioration. A more general distribution of wealth is now the great necessity to a wider diffusion of civilization. The demand of the age is a measure by which some of the gathering, festering surplus of wealth at the top of society may be applied for the redemption of the bottom from the thralldom of poverty. Hitherto the struggle of humanity has been for larger liberty; hereafter it will be for fairer apportionments of wealth. The evolution of government will be toward that end.

Several erroneous ideas must be eradicated before a solution of the social problem will be possible. This impoverishment is not self-imposed, as some maintain, but rather due to unequal chances in the race of life; to discriminations in favor of the rich, to the fleecing and bleeding of the poor by those who view their fellow-men as natural tributaries to their avarice. Nor is population outgrowing production. Nature does not overtax her own capacities. She has made ample provision for her children. But a fortunate few, in violation of the economy of nature, have turned into their own swelling reservoirs the streams that would flood the land with

plenty. Furthermore, this growing disparity in wealth is not to be defended on the ground of a survival of the fittest. Even if supremacy by suppression be the law of organic evolution, operating with blind brutality and recognizing no moral code, surely we are to expect higher principles of progress when we reach the sphere of moral and intelligent beings. Is the survival of the strong by the subjugation of the weak to be tolerated in organized society? Does not every instinct of patriotism and philanthropy revolt against it? Is not the operation of this unsocial law at utter variance with civilization, charity, and equity? The underlying principle of the social fabric is not a struggle for existence, but co-operation for mutual good, regulated by justice. Moreover, the fundamental function of government is to prevent a survival of the strong by crushing the weak. Darwin's famous theory is no legitimate law of social evolution, nor a sufficient apology for pronouncing the social question insoluble.

Finally, the disposition on the part of the American moneyed nobility to ignore this distressing destitution as the legitimate status of the plebian rabble, is to be severely anathematized. It is antagonistic to the genius of American institutions and repugnant to every humane impulse. Wherever humanity is oppressed let every patriot march a hero. Wherever poverty spreads desolation let wealth spread deliverance. Wherever adversity sets her battery let every human heart feel the thrill.

QUIDAM.



THE QUESTION.

By oft-plied questions does a child attest his desire for knowledge; by a continuation and increase of them, in youth, he manifests his mental growth; and in later years, as the hoary-headed philosopher, he develops the known and discovers the unknown by ever formulating, and ever endeavoring to answer questions. Thus in every period of life the question is the great instrument for the discovery of truth. But to see its highest importance we must look in another direction. What is the daily, even hourly, employment of all these myriads of teachers, from the busy public-school teacher to the learned college or university professor? All of them, great as well as small, spend their time in asking questions. Thus the question is not only the great instrument in searching for truth,

but also the main means for imparting knowledge. This view of the question raises it to high dignity and great importance in the problem of education, and renders it worthy of the teacher's deepest study. Ignoring this fact, many writers of books on teaching have given us whole libraries on discipline, ventilation, and arrangement of school-room, and the like, while they supply us with but a few arbitrary rules for properly asking questions. In fact, by many, are questions esteemed but common things ; as we often hear quoted, "A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer." This is true enough ; but we ought to add, It takes a wise man to ask a question so that a fool may answer and be the wiser for it. There is an art in asking questions which, if possessed, elevates a man from the place of a mere hearer of lessons to the position of a true and successful teacher, while others, though possessed of immense learning, fail utterly for lack of this art.

All questions fall naturally into two classes, according as their object is to inform the asker or benefit the person asked. Those of the latter class we here wish to discuss briefly. These may be again subdivided with regard to their aim, whether it be to benefit the student indirectly, by revealing his ignorance or knowledge of a previously assigned lesson, or directly, by causing him to make some new application or generalization of principles or facts already in his possession. This latter kind was carried to its highest excellence by the ancient philosophers, as seen especially in the dialogues of Plato. It was affirmed that from even an unlearned youth, by skillful questioning, could be developed all the propositions of plain geometry. By a connected, progressively arranged series of questions much may be brought out and impressed; for whatever answer may be given to any one of the series, its logical consequences may be followed out and shown false or true by more questions. Instruction by this instrumentality is all the more efficient since by it the conclusions reached seem to be the student's own ; and by giving him a taste of the fruits we cultivate in him the spirit of inquiry. The imperfectly comprehended thoughts of others pass easily from our minds, while those thoughts that we even seem to originate are apt to linger long. The so-called "rhetorical question" is but the extreme of this kind, and the secret of its great power is that it causes us to think for ourselves and reach in our own minds the conclusion that the speaker wishes to impress upon us ; and we may not grasp, or may hesitate to accept, the reasonings of Aristotle, but we never doubt our own.

Of what parts does a question consist? What principles apply to each? Some have considered that a question consisted of two parts—a subject given, for which a predicate is to be supplied in the answer. Let us take an example: "Cicero was what?" "A Roman," "an orator," "a popular philosophical writer"; yes, and many other things. In this we have all that is required by the above, namely, a subject given and a predicate asked for; but the predicate to be supplied may be any one of many, so the question is ambiguous—that is, not a proper question. It is one that you may understand if you know the answer. This is a very common type where a concept is given and one of its marks or predicates is required. Yet this is not the proper type, for all things with which we have to deal have more than one mark, and so a question which asks for but one mark, and does not specify which one, is ambiguous. Circumstances often render a question of this description clear, as for instance, if, in a discussion of nationalities, it were asked: "What was Kant?" the answer would surely be, "a German," while, if in a discussion of philosophical views, the proper answer to the same question would just as clearly be "the originator and expounder of such and such views." Thus we see that this type of question, at best, is elliptical, and to be interpreted by its connection. It is to be watched, if not avoided, as from being elliptical it often comes to be ambiguous.

In its ultimate analysis a fully-expressed question seems to consist of three parts—two ideas and their relation—two of which parts are given in the question, while the remaining one is required to be supplied by the answer. It is not a real question unless one of the parts be required. Many, seeming to forget that an answer supplied, or even hinted at, in the question, is worthless, often employ what are termed "leading questions." Teachers are sometimes led to this by a feeling of pity for the scholar whose ideas seem slightly misty. Teachers like to receive correct answers, and rather than to get a wrong one there is a temptation to put the question so "you cannot miss it." This is a waste of time, if nothing worse. Some even, I fear, anxious to flatter themselves by an appearance of phenomenal progress on the part of their scholars, resort to this method, that their scholars may seem to answer hard questions promptly and correctly. As this makes a false show, it is, of course, to be condemned.

For convenience, let us designate the first of the related ideas as the subject. Since in every lesson there might be considered many things

some of them of importance and some not, while others, though in themselves of importance, are entirely foreign to the present aim of the lesson, the teacher should not vainly strive to question concerning all, but should select only such as are of importance for the present object. To be lasting, the impression produced by any lesson should, as nearly as possible, be single. To make a single impression, there should be, in teaching each lesson, a definite, predetermined aim. For this purpose an analysis is often useful. If one be used, whether by the teacher alone, or by the class as well, it should be carefully adhered to, and each question put should bear to it a vital relation. Then, too—especially when it is attempted to develop or enlarge the statements of the text-book—all the questions should be carefully arranged in a connected series, each being suggested by the one previous and leading on to the next. Things arranged in a direct line always extend farthest. Suppose the subject for a question to be chosen, the next thing to be done is to render it clear. To be worth anything, an answer must be exact; but to require an exact answer the subject of the question must be definite. Some seem to be satisfied if they make their questions just so plain that the student may guess at the right answer; but this is not enough; no pains should be spared to bring the subject clearly and distinctly before his mind. The related idea should be alike definite. If it be supplied in the question it should be made clear; if asked for, it should be clearly conceived of in the teacher's mind before the question is asked, for there can be no definite relation between misty ideas. Especially, in teaching children, one if not both of these two ideas should be concrete, that they may be comprehended more easily and surely.

Of all the parts entering into the composition of a question the most important and most often slighted, is the relation of the two ideas. By those who care rather for ease than for accuracy this part is oftenest abridged or but carelessly expressed. In space and in time, essentially or accidentally, all things in the universe are related. The relations of any one thing with others are numerous, even numberless. Since anything is fixed in our minds only by its relations, the number and importance of the relations noted by us will determine how well it is fixed. We cannot even think the unconditioned, unrelated. We may be able to remember, but we certainly cannot recall anything except by its association with

something else. Then, since in whatever connection we put ideas they always remain, and are always recalled by us, this connection is of the utmost importance. Things must be taught and learned as related. They should be taught so as to be easily recalled—that is, with regard to the laws of association of ideas. From among the many relations which might be mentioned we should choose those most appropriate to the objects to be connected to the general aim of the study ; and lastly, to the student himself. Some things are most easily associated by contiguity ; others by contrast. Then, too, the general topic is to be regarded, as, for instance, in a geography lesson most attention is paid to spacial relations, and in history we are concerned more with temporal determinations ; while in chemistry we largely ignore both. Lastly, some reference must be had to the scholars themselves ; for it is for their benefit that the questions are asked. Only such relations as are within their comprehension should be taken up ; but from day to day there should be progress in the complexity of the connections noted. Objects are complex, and to comprehend them thoroughly we must view them in several lights. Thus the teacher often asks many things about one subject. The number of relations necessary to determine any object depends upon its degree of complexity, as two points determine a line ; while three are needed for a circle.

The answer of the question must of course be one of the above parts ; but something additional may be said about it. It is not so directly as the other parts, but none the less really in the teacher's control. Having put the question properly, the teacher may and must demand a proper answer. It is a wrong done the student to accept a slipshod answer. The fact is that teachers who do not accept such are rarely given improper answers. An answer may be exact though wrong.

Much might be said of questioning in general. Endless variety should be used. The question should be such that it cannot be answered in the words of the book ; else there is danger that the answer be more an act of memory than an effort of mind. In the whole matter, eternal diligence is the price of great success.

ISTE HOMO.

SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.

CONCORD, MASS.

The tired, methinks, rest passing well
In such a quiet, peaceful bed :
There, balm-breath'd pines in season tell
Soft summer idyls to the dead.

Then, spirits of the gone, I trow,
Come whispering through the rustling leaves,
To lull the slumbering forms below
To sleep more sweet than Morpheus weaves.

Or, there, the mutely-lisping snow
Steals down from heaven in feathery drift ;
Or, lilies raise their stems and blow
Or, winter-suns the cool frosts lift.

And thus, meseems, from treacherous cold
Good angels shroud the helpless dead ;
Or, wave-sprites flaunt their pearl-and-gold
Or, light shames rime to dews instead.

And what illustrious comrades there* !
It must be good to have them by,
And hand in hand with brave and fair,
Awaiting Gabriel, thus to lie.

And yet, and yet, for me, grim death
Hath naught of charm, where'er its rest ;
Life's restlessness and fought-for breath
I choose before earth's gruesome breast.

L. R. HAMBERLIN.

*Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Alcotts.

THE POETS OF THE SOUTH.

A new era of prosperity and power seems to be dawning upon the South. The sound of the miner's pick and the forger's anvil is hailed with joy as the augury of even greater wealth and influence than this section has ever known. Hand in hand with the revival of our present fortunes has spread an increasing interest in the conditions that existed and the achievements that sprung from them in the years of the past. The thoughtful observer gladly recognizes in this study of our history a desire to make both failures and

successes contribute to the laying of a broad and deep foundation on which we may build lasting future welfare. It is not strange that this attention should have been directed first to the institutions that were the distinguishing features of our former social and political life; but recently the successful ventures of our young authors have brought into prominence what had been before accomplished in the field of literature.

One corner, where blooms the modest flower of poesy, has been, as yet, comparatively little explored. Let us glance over this portion and briefly sketch the environments and productions of our Southern sons of song.

Because Edgar Allen Poe was compelled by lack of bread to follow the literary market northward, the attempt has been made to rob the South of the credit of his wonderful genius. Poe's sense of the beautiful and the mystical opened to him other worlds and experiences than ours. His spirit was little of the earth, earthy. But just so far as he belonged to the material world, to that extent he was essentially Southern, by virtue of blood and education, and even more in his personal characteristics. His verses breathe the luxuriant richness and perfumed atmosphere of a tropical clime as truly as Longfellow's reflect the sombre skies and warm firesides of bleak New England. The scenery of his boyhood's home is utilized throughout his writings. Every poem has its setting of—

—— “flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.”

Or if under the “mystic moon” there is an all-pervasive

“Opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the mystic mountain top.”

To the South, then, belongs the only American poet of marked originality. Others have been content to copy and adorn already existing English models, but Poe founded a distinct school and opened new realms in the domain of fancy. He struck from his lyre a note that blended a weird sweetness and an almost terrifying solemnity into music such as was never heard before. Poe was a master of the more mechanical features of his art; “The Raven” and “The Bells” show a conscious method. But it is that “fine

frenzy" of his imagination, his true poet's instinct, and fervid spontaneity that bind the silent spells of "Ulalume" and "The Sleeper." Where else in our literature do we find so mournfully sweet a requiem as that to his "Annabel Lee"? Never was insanity treated so imaginatively—and yet with the highest perfection of art—as in "The Haunted Palace." There is even a fascination in the utter despair of that "play of hopes and fears,"

"The tragedy 'Man,'

And its hero the 'Conqueror Worm.'"

But as original as Poe undoubtedly was, it was an originality confined to narrow bounds. His songs are in a minor chord and rarely rise above the sepulchres and the mists. This was a necessary condition of the close relationship between Poe's self and his poetry. His whole life was a contest with a world to which his nature was not attuned, and his verses are the expression of his most sacred experiences—his sorrows and his longings for the unknowable. The classic grace and sweetness of his early lines "To Helen" and the joyous exaltation of "Israfel" reveal the very opposite of a morbid and gloomy nature, but when "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster," his song, too, "a melancholy burden bore."

I would not review the fierce contest that has been waged concerning Poe's personal habits, but it is a noteworthy fact, when his life and his verse were so thoroughly interwoven, that there is not to be found in a single line a sensuous or unchaste suggestion. His poetry expresses only devotion to beauty, and his quest was ever for the ethereal and sublime hidden in the mystical world to which his spirit was closely akin.

The South owes much to Poe. He was the first to break her long silence; and despite the venom of hostile critics, his works have been largely the inspiration of her sons who have followed him in the paths of literature.

The same influences that drove Poe to the North continued after his death to operate to the disadvantage of literature in the South. There was no want of intellectual vigor or culture among her people, but the lack of large cities precluded the presence of strong and stimulating literary centres and of the indispensable publishing houses. The higher classes, from whose ranks the Muses should have drawn their votaries, were engaged individually in the complications arising from the direction of large interests in land and slaves, and the

section, as a whole, was straining every nerve to keep by force of statesmanship that pre-eminence in national politics which was essential to the safety of its peculiar institutions, but to which mere numerical strength would not entitle it. The hearts of the people followed their champions in the battle they waged for the life of the social order then in existence. Under such conditions poetry could hardly expect to find the sympathetic atmosphere essential to prolonged and sustained effort; and yet, despite these untoward surroundings, there were tributes laid upon Euterpe's shrine, not extensive in quantity, but remarkable at any time for their superlative quality. Wilde, of Georgia, in the leisure of political life, wrote down the lines: "My Life is Like a Summer Rose," known and admired far beyond the local limits of its author's reputation. "Florence Vane," pronounced by so acute a critic as Poe the sweetest lyric ever written in America, betokened a brilliant future cut short by the untimely death of Philip Pendleton Cooke.

Like the first bird voices of the early dawn these scattered minstrels were but heralds of the larger chorus that later awoke to life and song. The brilliancy of Poe's genius, bursting through the mists raised by defaming biographers, stimulated a *coterie* of talented young writers. Thompson of Virginia, O'Hara of Kentucky, Simms, Timrod, and Hayne of South Carolina, with an ardent devotion had dedicated their lives to literature, and their genius received acknowledgment even in the best literary circles of the Old World. Journalism lent its aid, and the magazines offered a field for native authors as well as a means of pecuniary support. It was a bright daybreak, full of promise of great results. But before the noontide was reached the skies were darkened by the gathering war clouds.

The war broke in abruptly upon the steady growth and development of poetry. Action is a substitute for the ideal, and the life of the thinker or dreamer seemed ignoble when the dearest interests of home and country were trembling in the balance.

Timrod sounded the "Cry to Arms," and with his brother poets hastened to exchange the lyre for the sword. Still the native spark often blazed up in spontaneous lyrics full of the intoxication of the times. The chords of a nation's heart vibrated alternately between the highest pitch of hope and the deepest tones of despair, and it would have been strange indeed had they given forth no

sound. The Southern war songs fill a considerable volume, and many of them possess genuine literary merit apart from their portrayal of the sentiments that gave them birth.

Two illustrious names, Timrod and Ticknor, belong especially to this period. The first has been already mentioned as a poet of considerable ability, but the war gave him new inspiration. So dominant and intense was his sympathy with his country that he could not consider complete so pure a pastoral as his picture of

"Spring, with her golden suns and silvery rain,"

until he draws her,

"Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves."

Timrod's idiosyncrasies of genius and manner are, noticeably, his sweetness and simplicity combined with strength of imagination and diction. In his own words, in him

"Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs."

His handiwork in the "Cotton Boll" shows a method which in happier days of peace might have produced a poem of more pretensions than the lyrics on which now chiefly rests his claim to fame.

Ticknor is best known as the author of two stirring war ballads and a sonorous "Cannon Song." The outbreak of hostilities found his intellectual faculties in their fullest bloom, and their ripest fruit was gathered during the conflict. What could surpass the fire of the "Virginians"?

"The knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold."

He is to be pitied who can read without a moistened eye the pathetic story of "Little Giffen," told with a straightforwardness that makes the effect all the greater because there is no apparent straining after it.

Ticknor reminds us much of Burns in the homeliness of his sub-

jects and the stalwart simplicity of style by which his poetry appeals to popular appreciation. Its bold swells of music capture the ear ; its directness and strong relief make it transparent to the simplest understanding, and its naturalness and pathos reach the inmost hearts of the people.

When at last the cause was lost for which soldier had fought and poet sung, and the "Conquered Banner" was "forever furled," one brave voice was heard through the gloom and darkness that had settled over the devoted South.

Paul Hamilton Hayne may have been excelled by some in depth and compass of thought, but none have surpassed him in fidelity to the "Muse" and loyalty to country. Reared in affluence, and educated for a profession where success would have been his by inheritance, he voluntarily assumed the vow of self-abnegation which the career of Poe had taught literary men would be required of them at the South, and enthusiastically strove to foster among his people an appreciation of artistic literature. In her supreme hour of need, both sword and pen Hayne brought to the service of his State. For his country he risked and lost everything, but in poverty and seclusion, an exile from his native city, he kept brightly burning his "spark o' nature's fire." Among his "immemorial pines" he served continuously at the high altar of Nature, drinking into his sympathetic soul the beauties of her sanctuaries and interpreting them with consummate faithfulness. Into his verses he weaves all "the aromatic freshness of the woods, the swaying incense of cathedral-like aisles of pines, the sough of dying summer winds, the glint of lonely pools, and the brooding notes of leaf-hidden mocking-birds." Despite the change from affluence to want, intensified by a delicate constitution and nervous temperament, he is always sweet and pure and wholesome, untainted by whining complaint or blasphemous "Byronism" of sentiment. Hayne never deserted his native land. He preferred poverty with her to the ease and fame that would have come to him elsewhere. And the love of his countrymen has gone out to him in greater measure than it has been bestowed upon any other of her sweet singers. To him they gratefully accord the title, bestowed first by his English admirers, "The Laureate of the South."

One name, that of the last and, next to Poe, the most gifted of the Southern choir, yet remains. The life of Sidney Lanier closely realizes that of the ideal poet—

“Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.”

The first four years of his manhood were spent in military service and in the confines of a Northern prison camp. From these he passed, in turn, to the uncongenial duties of the counting-room and the drudgery of a law-office. Yet even then he lived in sweet sounds which would break at his bidding into audible music.

When, after a weary winter of waiting, his summer came at last, he worked as if in anticipation of the early frost that blighted the promise of full fruitage. In the eight short years of his literary life, and in the face of a merciless disease, he mastered thoroughly the *technique* of his art and wrought out the beginnings of a new method of composition.

In his youth Lanier was in doubt as to whether he should adopt music or literature for his life work. When he decided for the latter, it was not with the intention of abandoning music, but by a proper subordination to make it subserve what he conceived to be the most perfect development of poetry. The adaptation of melody to enlarge the scope of verse was Lanier's ultimate purpose, in accordance with which his best work is executed. But he did not allow this design to make his productions stilted or seemingly theoretic. A naturally strong, logical faculty was kept in bounds by a poet's acute sensibility to beauty and fitness. The pure bloom of his fancy is rarely sullied by any savoring of the artificial. These qualities make Lanier pre-eminently an artist-poet. “The mortal part” of the glowing figures of his imagination is filed off with a true “Attic art” until every line is “polished as the bosom of a star.”

He has a fine appreciation of the natural beauties of sky and water, marsh and forest, the sturdy live-oaks and “the little green leaves.” The waving corn inspires him, and the Chattahoochee sings to him as musically as “The Brook” murmured to the English laureate. A marked idiosyncrasy of Lanier's style is his skillful use of similes and metaphors drawn from a mind filled to the full with Nature's images and steeped in Elizabethan literature. How exquisitely pictured this sunset :

“Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all.”

Lanier's life was so brief and ended so recently that the world has just now come to appreciate how rare a genius it entertained unawares. The recent collection of his poems has drawn an ever-widening circle under the charm of his flute-like cadences; and in coming years Lanier will be assigned to the foremost rank of American poets, not because of wide productiveness, for time was denied him to give expression to all the verse with which his soul was teeming, but by virtue of his content of the very essence of pure music, of exalted sensibility, and of original art.

All the Southern poetry worth preserving is by no means included in the works of those whose names have been mentioned, for the typical poet was long some lyrist whose memory is linked with a single song. Those selected, however, are noted not for a spasmodic outbreak, but for more progressive effort and steady development.

It may seem that, after all, the South has made but a scanty offering to the Muses. True, the productions of all her best bards could be contained between the covers of one volume. But it must be remembered that this section has been peculiarly unfortunate in the early loss of promising writers; and to a proper appreciation of the work and genius of her poets we should also note their limitations. "Brief swallow-flights of song" only, were possible to men whose days were spent in a hand to hand struggle for the means to live. The daily grind of a hard-worked literary hack prevented Poe from making "any serious efforts," as he says, "in what under happier circumstances would have been the field of my choice." Ticknor led the busy life of a country physician in full practice. The bar had the first claim upon Timrod, Hayne, and many lesser lights. Journalism, which afforded sustenance to O'Hara and Thompson, made equivalent demands upon their energies. Poetry could share but a portion of the time of an all-around man of letters like Simms; and Lanier came almost too late to his opportunity.

In some respects this might be considered fortunate. The scanty leisure enjoyed by the poet forced him to concentrate his powers that they might be utilized to the best advantage. The very fact that poetry brought little fame and less of pecuniary compensation, removed all sordid motives to forced productiveness. As with Poe so with his successors, poetry was "not a purpose, but

a passion," and this passion was held in the highest reverence. These circumstances account for the preponderance of the lyrical element, the most poetical of poetry, and also explain why their work, fragmentary though of necessity it was, is of an average quality to challenge comparison.

A distinguishing characteristic of the whole sectional group is the courtly and romantic flavor which pervades their verse. For many decades the feudal and provincial South was untouched by the materialism and disquiet rampant in the North. Disturbed by no inflow of foreign elements, she has loyally clung to her conservative thought, her sincere faiths, and chivalrous instincts. And her bards have caught from the people a knightly admiration for Truth and Honor, a scorn of the spirit of grasping trade, a high-minded love of country.

"Literature," says Lowell, "draws its sap from the deep soil of human nature's common and everlasting sympathies." Pre-eminently this is true of poetry, and above all, of Southern poetry. There is not a grief, a joy, or a high aspiration of the heart which does not find its echo in the verses of our singers. They voiced the best feelings of the people among whom they dwelt. In the halcyon years of peace their harps were attuned to idyllic love and beauty, but during the dark days of war there burst forth a volume of patriotic song, exhorting, cheering, and comforting, which the North did not attempt to equal, although it possessed, in their prime, several of the master poets of this continent.

Just now the South shares in the lull obtaining almost throughout the world, as the older poets are passing away and leave their places yet unfilled. Whether it will be of short duration, or whether the restless, pushing, aggressive spirit that has come in the train of a renewed material prosperity may long prevent the poet's "harvest of a quiet eye," we may not venture to presage. No one can doubt as to the abundance of material with which might be constructed in the Southland an altar to the Muses. Nature has bestowed upon us her fairest gifts. The passing years cast a halo over the happy life of the Old South, now but a memory, fast becoming a tradition. The lurid background of the war reveals tragic incidents and heroic outlines.

Let us hope that the revived interest in prose fiction which has aroused the imagination of a group of young novelists may be the

precursor of a not far distant day when the South, sure of life's bodily needs through an abundant wealth, shall crave the luxuries of taste and emotion, and that the demand may be supplied by some native poet, a worthy exponent of our bright present and glorious past. But whatever be the outcome of the future, whether a barren drought or a golden harvest of song, the poets of the South have already built them, not a lotty pyramid, but a "monument more lasting than brass," wherever genius, purity, patriotism, and unselfish devotion to art find sympathy and command honor.

'92.

JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden was born August 9, 1631, at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, and the house in which he was born, though the interior has been somewhat changed, is still standing. He was the oldest son of Erasmus Dryden and Mary, the daughter of Rev. Henry Pickering. Both the Drydens and Pickerings were distinguished families and strict Puritans.

Very little is recorded concerning the early life of the poet. It is quite certain that his elementary training was received at Tishmarsh, though we have no certain record of his life until we find him at Westminster School, and even the date of his entrance there is not known. It was while there that he wrote his first poem, which was occasioned by the death of one of his schoolmates. It was published in 1649, in a volume entitled, "Tears of the Muses, or, the Death of Henry, Lord Hastings." These lines are rough in their measure, and do not at all foreshadow such perfection of the couplet as that to which Dryden was destined to attain; but they even thus early very clearly revealed Dryden's tendency to philosophizing. In October, 1650, Dryden entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and in January, 1654, he was graduated with the degree of bachelor of arts.

After having spent three additional years in quiet study at Cambridge, Dryden went to London, and became the secretary of his kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who was a staunch supporter of the Protector. Dryden seems to have imbibed something of his kinsman's spirit, for in 1659 he published his heroic stanzas on the death of Oliver Cromwell.

In this production his versification was much improved, and while there was, as in nearly all of his writings, the lack of imagination,

yet there was a decided feeling after the poetic. Particularly is his immense intellectual energy seen in these stanzas. Notice the vigor of the following :

“ His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone ;
For he was great ere fortune made him so,
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem not greater grow.”

The Restoration took place soon after the publication of his elegy on the Protector, and Dryden, finding himself much persecuted on account of it, hastened to give to the world his “*Astrea Redux*,” a poem on the happy return of his majesty, Charles II, in 1660.

The theatres were opened by the restoration of the monarchy, and Dryden, being reduced to penury by the withdrawal of the support of Sir Gilbert Pickering, who still opposed the royal party, was forced to turn his attention to composing plays, though, as he himself acknowledges, he was not at all fitted for such work.

His first play that was exhibited was the *Wild Gallant*. The date of its publication is probably February 5, 1662. From this time until 1683 Dryden continued, though not exclusively, to write for the stage. Of the long list of plays that he published from 1662 to 1683, the following are among the best : *Rival Ladies*, *Indian Emperor*, *Maiden Queen*, *Tempest*, *Mock Astrologer*, *All for Love*, and *Spanish Friar*.

In 1670 Dryden was made poet laureate and historiographer, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year. The bestowing of these offices was a testimony to his growing popularity and a recognition of his superior abilities. As a result of this and other signs of his success he was violently attacked by party foes and rival poets ; but he, quietly bearing all their cutting criticisms, stopped the flow of his resentful feelings until the mighty tide that had been rising during ten years burst forth with irresistible power and swept all that was in its course from the very face of the earth. Where has there even been seen a more overwhelming flood of vengeful feelings than our author's *Absalom* and *Achitophel*? This satire was published in 1681, and was directed particularly against the faction of which Shaftesbury and Monmouth were the leaders. In 1682 Dryden published his *Mac Flecknoe*, which was designed to punish some miserable composers who had shamelessly and openly attacked him.

As was intimated above, in 1683 our poet ceased to write for the stage, and devoted himself to producing various translations, among them the Lives of Plutarch and portions of Horace and Theocritus.

Soon after the accession of James, in 1685, Dryden embraced the Catholic faith, which fact he made known to the world by the publication of his *Hind and Panther*, a didactic and satirical fable.

In 1689 a change in the succession deprived Dryden of his offices of laureate and historiographer, and he found himself suddenly again forced to turn his attention to composing for the stage. In 1690 his tragedy *Don Sebastian* appeared, followed soon by the comedy *Amphytrion*, both of which were favorably received and brought their author much needed remuneration.

Dryden's dramatic career closed with the publication of *Love Triumphant*; but we find him assiduously applying himself to literary labors from this time till the end of his life. This he was compelled to do in order to obtain a livelihood. His most noteworthy work of this period is his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, which occupied his attention from the summer of 1694 till the summer of 1697.

In August, 1697, at the request of some of his musical friends, Dryden composed his ode entitled *Alexander's Feast*, which was designed to be sung at the celebration of St. Cecilia's day. Lord Bolingbroke says that Dryden told him that he composed it in a single night.

Wednesday morning, May 1st, 1700, it was announced in London that John Dryden was dead. He had passed quietly away that morning at three o'clock. The body after having lain in state until May 13th was then with fitting funeral services put in its last resting-place in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

It is worthy of mention that the house in London in which Dryden lived and died is still standing, and is known as 43 Girard Avenue.

Dryden had one trait that kept him from being placed in the front rank of English poets, namely, his slovenliness. This trait is seen in nearly all of his work. It appears in his inaccurate rhyming, too frequent repetition of the same rhyme, and his ill-drawn similes. He never paid any attention to revising his works. He felt his own superiority, and was satisfied with the result of his first efforts. Native talent is essential to brilliant success, but native talent alone will not ensure brilliant success. There is need for patient plodding

This Dryden lacked. He had immense mental force, but he let it go unrestrained.

Dryden's resources were a gold mine of almost inexhaustible supply. He dug down into and brought up whatever he chanced upon ; but he knew little and cared less about the art of refining the virgin metal. Sometimes he would strike a well-nigh pure vein, sometimes one very impure.

One thing may be said in justification of Dryden : he lacked interest in his work, because he was forced to certain kinds of composition in order to obtain a livelihood. The secret of the perfection of the ode "Alexander's Feast" lies in the words that Dryden spoke to Lord Bolingbroke the next morning after he had written it : "I was so struck with the subject which occurred to me that I could not leave it till I had completed it." His heart was in this work, and the result was one of the finest odes this world has ever seen—in Dryden's own words, "A nobler ode was never produced, nor ever will."

As a dramatist Dryden attained to some degree of eminence, but did so mainly by catering to the tastes of his time. His plays are nearly all deficient in some of the most important features. His plots are generally ill-drawn. His propensity for philosophizing is constantly revealed. His characters reason when they should only feel, and accordingly you are introduced to characters that never did and never will exist. "All for Love" is rated as Dryden's best play. It is founded on and patterned after Shakespeare's Anthony and Cleopatra. In it the characters are, for the most part, natural ; there are striking displays of imaginative power, and though it is mostly a clear following of Shakespeare, yet Dryden's characteristic mental force and clear judgment are seen in the better arrangement of the plot and in the lopping off of incidents unnecessary to its development.

As a satirist, Dryden stands pre-eminent among all English writers. His happy selection of facts, his skillful arrangement of them, and his well-nigh faultless expression make his satire so forcible and cutting that it is seldom equalled and never excelled. Scott has well said : "He (Dryden) draws his arrow to the head, and dismisses it straight upon his object of aim." His most celebrated satire is "Absalom and Achitophel." We very naturally do not expect any extensive imagery in a poem of such a nature, but one would look for more in it if it had been composed by almost any other man of equal

genius with Dryden. There is, however, a marvellous display of skill shown in the plan of the poem, in his admirable portrayal of character, and in his perfectly modulated expression. What could be more perfect than the following characterization of Zimri?

“Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes ;
So, over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late.
He had his jest and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court ; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
For spite of him the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
Thus wicked but in will of means bereft
He left not faction, but of that was left.”

As a lyric poet, Dryden must be acknowledged to have no peer. His ode, “Alexander's Feast,” is enough on which to base this claim. Its masterly expression of varied emotion, its simple diction its vivid images at once claim and elicit the highest admiration.

TREBOR.

Editorial.

The *alumni* of Richmond College have never seemed to manifest the proper concern for their *alma mater*. We frequently read of banquets given in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York by the *alumni* of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Brown, and other institutions, at which the affairs pertaining to their respective colleges are discussed. As a result of such meetings, it may be stated that two years ago the Yale *alumni* determined to show their appreciation of what had been done for them, and last year presented to their *alma mater* the sum of sixteen thousand dollars. In doing such as this the *alumni* of our institution seem wonderfully deficient.

Cannot something be done at the approaching commencement to enlist the graduates of Richmond College in the movement now participated in by Yale, Harvard, Union, and Princeton, and which has for its object "to interest the *alumni financially* in the work of *alma mater*?"

We are gratified at the recent step taken by the Baptist ministers of the city, and are confident that their increased interest is a sure prophecy of good. It would be an immense delight, however, to see a rousing meeting in Richmond, participated in by such men as P. S. Henson, Josiah Ryland, M. B. Howell, and W. D. Thomas; Thomas Hume, H. H. Harris, and J. C. Long; W. E. Hatcher, W. S. Penick, and D. W. Gwin; J. M. Pilcher, William H. Williams, and C. F. James; Howard R. Bayne, James Lyons, and W. C. Bitting; Timothy Reeves, W. T. Hudgins, and Wyndham Meredith. Would they not make a strong team should they by a mass-meeting demonstrate their interest in behalf of Richmond College and lend a hand to further her interests?

* * * * *

The desire for success in whatever department of life one may engage is a strongly marked characteristic of the human race. Let the attention be directed to any of the avocations which men are wont to pursue, and whether they who are in them be of high or of low estate, one cannot fail to notice that they all are striving after a certain degree of success. We say, "a certain degree," because men by nature are not equally and similarly endowed. Some of us

are made on a smaller scale than are others, and therefore our ideas, our conceptions of things, will *ex necessitate rei* be smaller, more limited, than the notions of those who were made on a larger scale or formed in a nobler mold. We differ not in kind, but in degree ; we who are ordinary think the same thoughts, look with our "our mind's eye" upon the same things with extraordinary men ; the difference being that they think on a grander scale and look with a vision of greater scope ; the difference being that they "from above descending" stoop "to touch the loftiest thought." We dally upon the surface of the Pierian spring, while they, diving to its bottom, "drag up drowned honors by the locks." In fact, some one has said that the only difference between poets and them who are not is that the former know how to *express* what the latter can only *think*.

It is a recent remark of Philips Brooks that there is a place in the world for each to fill, a work for each to do ; in that place, wherever it be, there is success ; out of it is defeat. This being the case, the thing for us to do is to strive to get into that position for which we by nature are designed. We all agree that men have a willingness to do that which will insure them success ; they stand in life's struggle with willing hands and ready hearts, and their desire to do that for which they by nature are adapted is displayed in the evident ease with which they turn from one pursuit to another when their efforts are not successful. And why is it that they meet with failure ? First, because they fail to apply themselves with unswerving assiduity to the pursuit in which they are engaged, but principally because they are in a sphere to which they are not adapted.

Now the clamor is frequently raised : "Into what department of life must I go in order that the circle in which I am to move may broaden and deepen its influence for good, and, too, that my labors may not be in vain?" This is the cry : "Where must I go, and what shall I do?"

Now, it is education which answers the cry, and in so doing meets the demand. Give to any one an education, and there will not be so much doubt in that one's mind as to the place which he can fill. We mean to say that a true education gives to its possessor a clearer, and perhaps it would not be putting it too strong to say, a proper conception of his relations to the external world, and furnishes him a true estimate of the capacities with which he is endowed. We

mean to say that a true education, limited though it be, will keep a born farmer from being a lawyer, a born preacher from being a teacher, a born plowman from being a preacher. Then see what a mighty instrument for weal or for woe is this thing which we call an education. No wonder that a desire for it plays such a part in our social economy ; no wonder that parents will work so as to bring their children into a possession of it ; that young men and women too will separate themselves from all pleasures, will "learn to scorn delights and live laborious days," that they may put themselves on a higher plane and so make life a success.

Success, I repeat, is what we desire. An education is a most potent factor in attaining success, and a teacher who can estimate his value in assisting one to secure the education. Success is an impelling motive in life. Back of success stands an education, and back of an education stands the teacher. The teacher stands in about the same relation to the occupants of other professions as cause does to effect. The true teacher plays upon and develops the faculties of the human soul. From the pedestal upon which he is placed he can look down, as it were, discern the capabilities, the innate energies, the latent fire of those committed to his care. Suffer an illustration : It is in a New England country school-house ; the pupils, save three, are dismissed ; these three, at the request of the schoolmaster, have remained, and now present themselves before his desk. The teacher is serious, and these are his words : "Boys, I want you to take a college education ; do not plead your poverty ; you have good minds and willing hearts, and by trying you can secure it. Think over it and let me know." They decided affirmatively ; and when in after years these boys, grown to men, shook hands as congressmen upon the steps of the national capitol, doubtless they looked down the vista of the receding years and blessed the New England schoolmaster who had opened up to them new hopes and new desires when he asked them to take a college course. The teacher was the cause and these men as *congressmen* were the effect. Thus does the teacher make the lawyer, the doctor, the statesman. How evident, then, is it that his qualification must be of the rarer sort ; what a blending of the practical with the theoretical ; what an harmonious adjustment of the mathematical and poetical must be in him !

A very elegant writer, in discussing the remedy for the evils in our literature, uses the following language : "Looking," says he, "at

the variety and complexity of the evils to be overcome, where, it may be asked, shall we seek it? Human authority is insufficient and mortal wisdom is dumb." And so when we come to consider the qualifications of a teacher, "where," we ask, "shall we find him?" In view of what is required of him we can with appropriateness use the language of Scripture: "Who is sufficient for these things?"

* * * * *

We "the boys," have a grievance to which we have for some time submitted without complaint. We mention it only in the humble and respectful hope that it may receive due attention, and in the full assurance that nothing more than this is required in order to secure its speedy adjustment. It is this: the members of our faculty are in the habit of taking the magazines, periodicals, &c., from the tables in the library, where they are intended to remain, and keeping them out as long as circumstances may dictate. It is not infrequent that the *Forum* or the *Scientific American* is seized upon on the first and kept out until the twentieth of the month.

We do not know whether or not this is a special privilege accorded the members of the faculty. We dare say it is not, for such is plainly an illegitimate privilege, since its exercise involves much privation to the students. We hope that some notice will be given this.

Locals.

Right in "de" push!!!

Prof. P.: "Why did Aristotle favor the use of foreign words?"

Mr. H.: "Because he was a foreigner."

Editor to Mr. R.: "Do you wish to contribute something to the MESSENGER this month?"

Mr. R.: "What do you mean—pay my subscription?"

Prof. P.: "When was Chaucer born?"

Mr. S.: "1340."

Prof. —: "What century was that?"

Mr. S.: "The twelfth, sir."

Mr. B., a former student at the College, while reading the newspaper a few days ago, raised his eyes, and with the intelligent look for which he is famous, asked: "Who is John Quincy Adams? Seems to me I've heard of him before." A friend informed him that he was President of the United States about sixty years ago. Mr. B. responded: "The old scoundrel's living yet—up here in Nelson county." Here's material for another ghost story.

Prof. P., in Geology class: "What is a mammal?"

Mr. T.: "A kind of fish, sir."

Prof. —: "Mr. B., is that right?"

Mr. B.: "No, sir. A mammal is an animal that eats nothing but grass."

In Expression class—Mr. S.: "Professor, are we going to have the contest for the Dramatic Recitation Medal this session?"

Prof. H.: "Yes, sir."

Mr. S.: "Well, Professor, is Mr. Y." (who won the medal last session), "legible to it?"

Professor (reproachfully): "Mr. C., why are you so late coming into class?"

Mr. C. (who had walked some distance in a severe snow-storm): "Professor, I couldn't help it. Every time I'd take a step I'd slide back two."

Professor: "Well, sir, I am surprised that you got here at all at such a rate as that."

Mr. C.: "Oh, I just turned around and walked backwards."

We are in the midst of examinations! Let us divest our minds of every distracting influence. More particularly let us secure ourselves against the intermeddling of things that make us tired. Now, it would help wonderfully, the editor thinks, if every man on examination days would place in the band of his hat a simple placard saying whether or not he was "making it," or "slugging it," or "smearing," so that when he came out for a drink of water or a breath of fresh air, the necessity of repeating these answers verbally to the tireless multitude of inquisitors and the hazard of injuring the feelings of any sensitive inquisitor would be easily escaped. Let us try this. We think it would work well.

It is rumored that Mr. G., whose face has for some time been regarded with suspicion, was sitting in his room one day when he detected a small mouse nibbling at the refuse matter that had been cast into the fire-place. Quickly Mr. G. saw that some fun could be had. Striking a match, he ignited the scraps of paper. In an instant the flames surrounded the mouse, threatening its life at every second. How should it escape? There was but one way—to break through the room. This was risky, indeed, reasoned the mouse, but better than certain death. It must be done.

Here the story ends. The poor mouse had gained no more than midway the hearth, when it looked up and saw the face of Mr. G. !! Our suspicions are confirmed, and let this be a warning. With a shake of its little head, as if to exclaim, "Give me death—anything but this," the mouse turned and, like a martyr to faith, plunged into the pitiless flames, and was burned to death.

Professor Hamberlin gave a delightful entertainment at the Young Men's Christian Association hall on April 18th, under the auspices of the Richmond Cycle Club. The programme embraced a series of recitations from the "Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," and other Shakesperian plays, in which the Professor is always excellent, but the audience probably enjoyed most the last two selections. One of these was an original poem, a pathetic story in negro dialect, entitled "On Piney Prospect." The evening closed with Will Carleton's "A Wheelman's Adventure," which made a decided hit with the cyclists and their friends. Professor Hamberlin was complimented by the request of the morning's papers that he should repeat the entertainment.

The Boat Club committee were not able to make a satisfactory arrangement with the Warwick Transportation Company for the storage of the boat in their sheds. They have succeeded, however, in securing a place in the boat house of the Y. M. C. A. Boat Club, and have also obtained from this club the use of a practice boat. The applicants for the vacancies on the crew are doing good work training in the gymnasium and will soon be able to go to work on the water. It has not been definitely decided where the race will be held. A great many of the boys have expressed themselves as favoring

Alexandria, on account of its nearness to Washington City, and we think there is probability that this wish will be gratified.

At a recent joint meeting of the two societies Mr. C. W. Duke, of Virginia, was chosen editor-in-chief of the MESSENGER; Mr. H. Hatcher, of Georgia, business manager, and Mr. Charles Clement, of Virginia, assistant manager for next session.

In the Philologian Society Mr. H. F. Williams was chosen to fill the office of final orator, which has been made vacant by the resignation of Mr. W. C. James, of Texas. Mr. C. A. Boyce, of Virginia, was elected as editor of the MESSENGER, where for the balance of the term he will fill the position in the Literary Department left vacant by the transference of Mr. Childrey to the Exchange Department.

THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MUSICAL CLUB.

One of the most promising institutions of the College is the recently organized musical club. This club was organized on April 11th with the following members :

F. W. Duke, president and musical director; Meade Addison, Angus Nichols, Adolphus Blair, C. M. Cooke, Ernest Jacobs, Lorimer D. James, and W. D. Duke.

The music is entirely instrumental, and the instruments performed upon include the mandolin, banjo, guitar, and violin.

Thus far the club has appeared in public only once. This was on the occasion of the joint oratorical contest held at the Y. M. C. A. hall on the night of April 22d. Their performance at that time was greatly enjoyed by the audience, and reflected much credit upon the members of the club, especially when we consider the short length of time since their organization, and consequently the slight opportunity they had to practice together in preparation for the occasion. We predict success for the Richmond College Musical Club.

BASE-BALL.

The College team was formally organized on April 12th, with Mr. A. L. Moffett as captain. The members of the team, with their respective positions, are as follows: A. L. Moffett (captain), first

base ; Edmund Harrison, Jr., centre field ; E. Gold, third base ; Claiborne Robbins, right field ; H. C. Burnett, second base ; Joseph E. Taylor, pitcher ; Frank W. Duke, catcher ; W. D. Duke, short stop ; H. K. Ellyson, left field ; Geddes H. Winston, substitute.

So far the record of the team, as shown below, is not brilliant as regards victories, but we have every reason to believe that practice will develop the team work of the boys so that they may easily surpass this record, and the splendid individual playing that they have done in defeat will be more splendid in victory.

GAMES PLAYED—AT HOME.

On Saturday, April 16th, at Island Park our team crossed bats with the Richmonds in the first match game of the season. In this game we were a little discouraged by the absence from the field of two of our best players—Moffett and Samuels—as well as by the fact that we were to cope with professionals. However, this did not weaken the determination of our boys to play their best.

They played their best, but notwithstanding this the game resulted in a score of 22 to 14 in favor of the other side. The splendid batting of our boys deserves special mention. Eleven base-hits were made, two of which were two-baggers.

AT LYNCHBURG.

The second game was played on Friday, April 29th, with the Hill City boys on their grounds. The result of this game was a score of 15 to 3 in favor of Lynchburg. The features of the game were the three-base hit by Duke (F. W.), and the splendid playing of Burnett on second.

AT LEXINGTON.

The boys escaped being goose-egged until they met the Washington and Lee team, with whom the last game of this series was played—on Saturday, April 30th. As a result of playing a hard game the day before in Lynchburg, and being up a good deal of the night in travelling, they felt very much fatigued upon reaching Lexington. The game passed off pleasantly on both sides, with the following score : Washington and Lee, 11 ; Richmond College, 0.

The strong point of the Washington and Lee team was their battery, which is composed of two ex-professionals, and is one of the best in the State. Our boys succeeded in making very few hits, and these too scattering to avail anything. It may be some consola-

tion to us to know that Vanderbilt's crack team has been since defeated by Washington and Lee by exactly the same score as that by which we were shut out.

We regret very much that the game with the V. M. I. boys, for which arrangements had been perfected, could not take place on this trip, and hope that we may be able to meet them at another time.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On Friday evening, April 22d, the annual contest for the "Joint Orator's Medal" was held in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. We regret that on account of the critical illness of a fellow-student occupying a room in the College building it was considered most appropriate that the contest should not be held in the chapel.

Not one of the public entertainments that have been given by the College this session suffered so much from inclement weather as did this one. All during the day "the clouds consulted for foul weather," and at night the rain poured forth in an angry torrent that proved them unfit to make laws.

However, a much larger audience than was expected assembled in the hall, and at 8:15 the exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. L. A. Cutler. Then the presiding officer, Mr. T. Clagett Skinner, after rendering a graceful welcome to the audience, introduced the speakers, with their subjects, in the following order :

W. R. Keife, Might versus Right, or National Blunders ; C. A. Boyce, Life and Character of R. E. Lee ; H. F. Williams, Present Destitution and Discontent ; W. C. James, Prohibition ; M. L. Dawson, Christian Education, or the Republic's Future.

As we recognize a limit to our space we shall not attempt to express the praise that is due each of the speeches separately. Suffice it to say that each orator treated his subject in a clear, concise, and logical manner, and fully entertained an intelligent audience.

At the conclusion of the speaking the judges chosen by the faculty—Major Stringfellow, Mr. Edward Valentine, and Colonel John B. Cary—retired, and after a few moments' consultation decided that Mr. H. F. Williams, of Fairfax county, was the successful contestant, which decision the audience received with applause.

According to the action of a recent joint session of the two socie-

ties Mr. Williams thus becomes our representative in the Inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest to be held in Richmond about July 1st.

We are especially grateful to the musical club of the College, whose history is given in another place, for the indispensable part they contributed to the success and pleasure of the occasion.

FIELD-DAY.

The fourth annual Field-day, held under the auspices of the Athletic Association, took place on Friday, May 6th. The occasion was a complete success, and reflected credit on the association, the Field-day Committee, and the contestants.

Following is a list of the entries and winners in each contest, together with the records made by each :

Mile walk : Entries—A. D. Louthan, J. H. Read, C. T. Taylor, and S. P. De Vault. Winner, C. T. Taylor. Time, 7 minutes 9 3-5 seconds.

Throwing base-ball : Entries—Louthan, Young, Burnett, W. D. Duke, E. Harrison, and H. K. Ellyson. Winner, Louthan, distance 100 yards 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet ; Ellyson second, distance, 99 yards 6 inches.

As the rules of the association require that contestants who have won a prize before in any contest must beat the College record in that contest, and as Louthan did not add to his former score, Ellyson was given the prize.

One-hundred-yard dash : Entries—P. S. Boshier, Louthan, J. H. Read, and H. S. Corey. Winner, J. H. Read. Time, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

Sack race : Entries—Corey, Bradshaw, Moffett, W. F. Dunaway, Willingham, Lutrell, G. Harris, and H. Ellyson. Winner, Ellyson.

Broad standing jump : Entries—Louthan, Read, and Bagby. Winner, Read ; distance, 9 feet 8 inches. Broad running jump : Entries—Louthan, Read, and Bagby. Winner, Louthan ; distance, 18 feet 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Mile run : Entries—J. H. Read, C. T. Taylor, and S. P. De Vault. Winner, De Vault. Time, 5 minutes and 30 seconds.

Shoe race : Entries—Corey, Bradshaw, George Harris, and Willingham. Winner, J. L. Bradshaw.

The preliminary gymnasium drill now took place, and the following six names were chosen to participate in the prize drill, which occurred later in the day : Bradshaw, W. D. Blair, Cox, C. S. Dickinson, Long, and Reamy.

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most exciting, feature of the programme was the hurdle race, which took place at 12:30 P. M. The following were the entries : J. H. Read, Louthan, W. H. Pettus, and C. T. Taylor. Winner, J. H. Read ; time, 28 seconds.

The exercises for the first half of the day closed with the 440-yards dash at 1 P. M. The entries were : Louthan, Read, P. S. Boshier, C. T. Taylor, and S. P. De Vault. Winner, Boshier ; time, $57\frac{1}{2}$; Louthan second ; time, $58\frac{1}{2}$.

The afternoon sports commenced at 3 o'clock, and the attendance was much larger than in the morning. Many ladies were present, and the fair pupils of the Richmond Female Institute were well represented among the spectators.

The exercises commenced with a tennis tournament. Several days before the preliminary contest was played off by nine of the students, and from this number the three best were selected to end the struggle on Field-day. The lucky men were Edmund and Roger Harrison and Crittenden. This trio did some clever playing in singles, but Crittenden got the better of his opponents and won the laurels, while Roger Harrison came out second.

The six men selected from the gymnasium class had a final contest for the medal, and Bradshaw won first honors, while W. D. Blair came in second.

A. D. Louthan captured the laurels in the high-jumping contest, and made a record of 5 feet 6 inches running, 4 feet 6 inches standing.

The coal race, which was a grand "scuffle" and "every-man-for-himself" fight, greatly amused the spectators. The following were the entries : Corey, Bradshaw, Harris, Lutrell, Ellyson, Louthan, and Fairbanks. Louthan won, with Corey a close second.

Of all the afternoon sports the pole-vaulting excited the most interest. Those who took part in the contest were Louthan, C. T. Taylor, J. H. Read, L. B. Samuels, and H. C. Burnett ; and it took a considerable while for the list to be so narrowed down that the public could gain any idea as to who would be the winner. Finally, after a highly exciting struggle, Henry C. Burnett made the telling leap. His record was 8 feet 10 inches. Samuels made the next best record, jumping 8 feet 8 inches, while Louthan came in third, with a record of 8 feet 5 inches.

The elephant race, which was another burlesque contest, requiring

strength and nerve, closed the sports of the day. Henry Ellyson and his little brother Douglas were the victors, while Taylor and Corey came in second.

All the records made were very good, and those in the mile walk, 440-yards dash, and pole vault broke the College record.

Professor Winston, in his own inimitable way, delivered the prizes, as follows :

Mile walk, gold medal, gift of Mr. C. R. Winston, C. T. Taylor.

Throwing base-ball, fountain pen, gift of Hunter & Co., H. K. Ellyson.

One hundred yards dash, gold medal, gift of Mr. N. W. Bowe, J. H. Read.

Broad jump (best average standing and running), gold medal, gift of Judge Gregory, J. H. Read.

Mile run, gold medal, gift of McAdams & Berry, S. P. De Vault.

Shoe race, pair of shoes, gift of Baker Shoe Company, J. L. Bradshaw.

Hurdle race, rocking-chair, gift of Sydnor & Hundley, J. H. Read.

Four hundred and forty yards dash, pair of shoes, gift of Shuman & Bowles, P. S. Boshier.

Tennis, first, gold medal, gift of Constable Brothers, C. C. Crittenden ; second, tennis racket, gift of A. K. & C. E. Schaap, Roger Harrison.

High jumping (best average), gold medal, gift of Mr. T. H. Ellett, A. D. Louthan.

Gymnasium drill, first, gold medal, gift of Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity, J. L. Bradshaw ; second, gold medal, gift of H. M. Starke & Co., W. D. Blair.

Coal race, first, two-thirds ton coal, gift of Gay & Lorraine, A. D. Louthan ; second, one-third ton coal, gift of Gay & Lorraine, H. S. Corey.

Pole vault, gold medal, gift of Dr. C. H. Ryland, H. C. Burnett.

All-round athlete, gold medal, offered by Athletic Association, J. H. Read.

THE THOMAS LECTURES—"THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA."

As announced in the last issue of the MESSENGER, Dr. D. C. Gilman, president of Johns Hopkins University, was chosen to deliver

the "Thomas Lectures." They took place in the Thomas Memorial Hall on the evenings of May 3d, 4th, and 5th, and were attended by unusually large audiences from the city, and, it is needless to add, were very greatly enjoyed. The lectures were based upon studies and observations which were made during a recent visit to the Mediterranean sea. A diagram map, showing in bold outlines the physical characteristics of the region, hung above the platform, so that it was not difficult for intelligent listeners to recall the principal historical sites to which allusion was made.

The speaker began by describing the sea—its subdivisions, its dimensions, its tributary waters, and its area in earlier geographical eras. The adjacent shores were then examined, especially the four great peninsulas of the north—Aratolia (or Asia Minor), Hellas, Italia, and Iberia, and the three southern stretches of seaboard, which were spoken of as Phenicia, Libya, and the Atlas region. The islands, stepping stones of civilization, were briefly considered. So also were the four great portals by which the lands of the Mediterranean are made accessible to distant places. Toward the north heads the valley of the Rhone; on the east, the Bosphorus furnishes a waterway to the Black sea and beyond; on the south, the Nile and the Red sea, with the Suez canal, open highways toward Central Africa and toward the far East; on the west, the pillars of Hercules mark the entrance to the Atlantic ocean, and *plus ultra*. A comparison was made between the Mediterranean and other great inland seas, such as the Baltic, the Hudson's bay, the Gulf of Mexico, and the lake and St. Lawrence region of North America.

From the physical characteristics of the sea the lecturer turned to the origin of civilization in the adjacent territories. He spoke of the traces of primitive society as but scanty. The prehistoric remains are not numerous, and the indications afforded by mythology, tradition, and ethnology are so dim that they throw but little light on the early inhabitants of either continent. When the period of historic records are reached, there are two distinct groups of peoples, clearly to be recognized by their differences in language, residence, religion, and institutions. These antagonistic families of the human race are the Aryans and the Semites. Under the first of these terms the Greeks, Romans, Persians, Hindus, Slavs, and Teutons are included; and under the second, the Assyrians, Arameans, Phenicians, Hebrews, Arabs, etc.

In Semitic history the Phenicians led the way as explorers and navigators. Their harbors on the coast of the Levant were stations from which they sent out vessels, first coasting along the adjacent seaboard, then venturing to Cyprus, then along the coast of Africa, and finally to Spain, to the Scilly islands, and possibly to England. Their progress in the manufacture of embroidery and tapestry and in the decorative use of metals in architecture was renowned.

Their colonists and descendants, the Carthaginians, at length established a new Phenician empire near Cape Bon, on the northern shore of Africa, and perpetuated in new circumstances the old ideas of maritime enterprise. Face to face with these two Semitic nations were the Greeks and Romans. The ancient history of the lands of the Mediterranean is largely the history of the wars of these four great powers. Sicily, the fair island which separates the eastern and western basins of the sea, which acts as a connecting land between Europe and Africa, was the seat of incessant strife between the Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians. Finally a fifth force appeared among the Hebrews, a people of Semitic race. This force was Christianity. Gradually it spread through the Aryan races of Europe and affected their faith, laws, and institutions, and inspired new contests and new rivalries.

It took three centuries to establish the Christian religion as the religion of the empire. In three centuries more another Semitic religion claimed ascendancy. With rapid strides and with relentless force the followers of Mahomet spread the faith of Islam far to the east and far to the west, crossing over near Gibraltar to Spain, and were reaching for a moment the heart of France. Meanwhile there had been a new infusion of strong men into the lands of the Mediterranean. Successive invasions of Teutonic tribes overran the lands of ancient civilization, and were in turn overcome by the Christian faith. A thousand years after the birth of Christ the new European nations, inspired by the Church, undertook to drive the Moslem from the holy places of Jerusalem. The crusades, begun from religious motives, were proved efficient agencies in promoting a knowledge of the world and in expanding the ideas of European civilization. To their activities succeeded the ascendancy of great commercial cities, Italian and Hanseatic. The discovery of the route around the cape to India and Cathay and the discovery of America transferred the seats of commerce from Mediterranean to Atlantic harbors. For a time the eastern trade was largely oceanic, and not maritime. Barbarian pirates infested the sea. The growth of the Indian possessions of England finally restored to the Mediterranean its ancient prestige. It is now more than ever the great highway of nations; more than ever traversed by the navies of the world. The Eastern question is still dominant. Who shall control the relations of Europe and Asia? Who shall dictate the policy of Constantinople and Cairo?

The lecture concluded with a summary of American indebtedness to the lands of the Mediterranean, showing that it is to Aryan stock, infused with the Christian spirit, which has formed the institutions and established the political and religious characteristics of the new world.

A SOUTHERN NORTHFIELD.

The remarkable success of the yearly gathering of summer students at Northfield under Mr. Moody during the last half a dozen years led to the organization of a similar school in Wisconsin, and now, in response to a strong demand on the part of Southern students, the present year will see the inauguration of a conference of like character, which will be held on the grounds of the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, June 18-29. Prominent speakers, representing all lines of Christian activity, have already been secured, and others are yet to be announced. Provision has been made for the supervision of athletics, which ensures the usual interest in this department. The Bible classes are to be in charge of unusually strong men as leaders, and the missionary interest will be equally prominent. The grounds and buildings of the University of Tennessee are admirably adapted to the purposes of the conference, and the students who shall attend can hardly fail to be attracted by the brilliant and scholarly men under whose direction the sessions will be. Virginia is peculiarly honored by having more men to represent her than any other State. Prominent among the speakers will be Rev. John William Jones, Dr. McBryde, Dr. W. W. Moore, Dr. John A. Broadus, Prof. Francis H. Smith, of Charlottesville; Prof. H. L. Smith, Ph. D., of North Carolina; Dr. Lambert, of Japan; Dr. Sanders, of Yale; Dr. Torrey, of Chicago, etc. Before forming definite plans for vacation time our Southern students ought certainly to consider the great opportunities here presented. The advantage of coming into contact with so many men of great mental calibre, and learning a true piety and pure life, is one deeply to be coveted.

Alumni Notes.

Rev. J. H. Newbill ('71), who has for some time past had charge of the Chase City Male Academy, has resigned his position there to accept a similar position at West Point, Va., except (and this is a very important exception) the West Point institution is exclusively for the education of young ladies.

J. W. Hart ('68) is the pastor of some of the best churches in Essex county, Va.

W. R. Grimes ('72) is the chief civil engineer of Norfolk, and one of the most popular men in that city.

H. W. Tribble ('84) is the beloved pastor of the Central Baptist church of Memphis, Tenn.

J. A. Peak ('73) is coining money in an extensive trucking business near Norfolk, Va.

Richard Edwards ('89) has graduated at the Crozier Theological Seminary, and is coming to Virginia to take charge of churches in Richmond county.

J. R. Comer ('88) and J. H. Abbitt ('89) were at College recently. They were on their way home from Baltimore, where each had just received his M. D. at the commencement of the medical school of the University of Maryland. We wish them much success in their profession.

H. L. Watson ('91) has been elected captain of Company C, of the First Virginia regiment. His men showed their appreciation of his military ability by presenting him recently with a very handsome officer's sword.

Cupid seems to have been very partial to our old boys of late, and has made target for his arrows of several of them.

E. T. Wellford ('88) was married on April 12th to Miss Courtney Selden, of Seabrook, Md. Mr. Wellford is a recent graduate of the Union Theological Seminary, and is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Newport News, Va.

C. W. Coleman ('80), principal of the Churchland Academy, recently led to the altar a daughter of Mr. J. T. Grieffn, a member of our Board of Trustees. We extend our hearty wishes for the success of the Professor and his excellent lady.

J. W. P. Harris ('89) did the handsome thing for himself when he

decided that it was not good for man to be alone, and followed this out by joining to himself Miss Lizzie Percival, of Richmond.

J. J. Wicker ('89), pastor of the Kempsville Baptist church, and Miss Lizzie Pumprey, of Richmond, were married on April 15th. Mr. Wicker called on his friends at College while he was in the city, and was congratulated by them upon his good fortune.

Many of his fellow-students were deeply grieved at the announcement of the death on April 15th of JAMES D. MARTIN, B. A. (88). Mr. Martin was one of the most popular and universally respected students ever at Richmond College. Later he attained distinction as a preacher of marked power and an educator of ability. He served several churches in Chesterfield county, and filled the position of principal of the Chester Female Institute, and afterwards of the Bedford City High School; but a rapid case of consumption forced him to give up all work. Death came as a relief after many months of intense suffering.

Exchanges.

The *Mirror*, of Bucknell University, contains in the April number an article headed, "Should the Ministerial Student Preach." Thinking it would be of advantage to our students to give some thought to this question, we give a brief synopsis of it :

In the first place, the Baptist Education Society now discourages student ministry. Secondly, the minister's vocation requires a knowledge of theology in order that he may interpret the Bible for his congregation. Lacking this knowledge, the student often makes false interpretations. In other professions we allow only those to engage who are thoroughly prepared. And accordingly the minister also should be prepared thoroughly before he begins to preach. Thirdly, the student has not full time for methodical preparation, and is apt to acquire mannerisms and habits of gestures and speech that will be in after life a disadvantage to him.

"The strongest argument used in favor of a student preaching is that it furnishes many poor young men the means of educating themselves. This might, at first, seem to be a good argument; but many other occupations are more lucrative than the ministry, and means could be secured in that way. We do not desire to leave the inference that ministers should preach for nothing, but to preach for money alone is certainly wrong. No one labors more and receives less money for his toil than the Christian minister, and no one is more worthy of his hire. Nevertheless, it is wrong in principle for one to preach solely for money. That the 'ministerial' preaches for money in nine cases out of ten is proved by the fact that if he had the means he would not break in upon his college course by outside labor. The argument that it furnishes the means of educating himself conclusively shows that money is the object of the preaching."

Finally, the average student has not the powerful intellect required to keep up his class work creditably and at the same time preach good sermons. He accordingly does one of three things, viz: neglects his classes, or bores his congregation with poor sermons, or preaches good sermons by "shagging" bodily the discourses of some great minister.

The *Swarthmore Phœnix* (Philadelphia, Pa.) for April, in an able editorial on the benefits derived from association in college, says :

"Often a young man or young woman, leaving home possibly for the first time, enters college with a wrong conception of the significance of a collegiate education. Their idea is that they are sent to learn *verbatim* all that a text-book has to say on the subject of their study. They are rarely found commingling with their fellow-stu-

dents, take no interest in general college matters, and doubtless remain in the same lethargic condition through life."

We heartily endorse the above sentiments. If there is one thing that disgusts and discourages an editor or a manager of an athletic team it is when from a certain class of students he asks aid, either literary, muscular, or financial, to hear the same thing over again, "I don't take any interest in such matters, never get any benefit from them, and don't see why I should help you."

We have upon our table for the first time the third number of the *Budget* (Staunton Military Academy), neat in form and excellent in matter. It contains several readable articles; and also two poems, one humorous, the other amorous, both of which display considerable metrical skill. The Local and Athletic departments are well proportioned with regard to the Literary, and the general excellence of the paper is in inverse ratio to its age. Our best wishes to you for a prosperous and useful career.

After many months we are pleased to see again among our exchanges the *Southern Collegian*. The well-finished binding and well-filled pages do credit to those who have charge of the paper. Especially noticeable is the acumen, originality of theme, and extensive reading displayed in the "Man-servant in English Drama," and the simple beauty and pathos that one feels in reading "Sorrow." The number and merit of the literary productions prove Washington and Lee's paper to be as good as its base-ball team. We have enjoyed you. Come again with a little more regularity.

The *Georgia University Magazine* for April comes to us for the first time. A casual glance at the cover reminds one of some Northern monthly, but on looking inside this idea is soon dispelled, for more typographical errors in a college paper we have never seen. We would suggest (if the manager will pardon the presumption) that a few "deacon-word" appellatives addressed to the printer would result in a cleaner sheet. The faults of the "make-up," however, do not extend to the matter. The "Responsibility for the African Slave Trade" is an able and convincing article that proves beyond a doubt upon whom that responsibility rests. "National Songs" is

an interesting sketch of the authors and occasions of the Marseillaise, The Watch on the Rhine, and The Star-Spangled Banner.

For the consolation of some of our students who intend to follow the pedagogic art, from the *College Transcript* we clip the following:

"A large number of our seniors expect to teach next year, and are now experiencing the worry which attends such a desire. Some of them may begin to believe the truth of the sneer which says that the world does not need us, will never miss us. And yet despite the bitter sarcasm showered upon the college graduate by the so-called practical man, it is true that we are on a much higher plane than when we began. It is because we are conscious of our own fitness for higher and more responsible positions that the present difficulty meets us. Few would or could go back to the work which they did before beginning their college course."