ALUMNI RE-UNION SONG.*

STRIKE WARM YOUR CORDIAL HANDS.

AIR—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Strike warm your cordial hands,
Good Hearts, from many lands
Returned again—
Where years of yearning youth
Were spent in searching truth,
And framing fair, forsooth,
The minds of men.

Lo, where, in days of old,
Came brows of brune or gold,
Come now the gray;
Yet, like the laurel tree,
Our Mother's brow we see
Freshen eternally,
From day to day.

*From "Alumni Lirts and Other Lines," by permission.
We greet her growing fame,
We greet the men who name
Her Mother now;
With mind, with heart, with hand,
For her best weal we stand,—
And faithless him we brand
Who shames her brow.

And when the time shall be
We nevermore may see
Each other's face,—
Oh, then each name of ours,
Enwound with fragrant flowers,
On love's eternal towers
May memory trace.

L. R. Hamberlin.

WEALTH AND WANT.

No subject which invites the study and scrutiny of men is engaging more profound thought at this time than sociology. The growing complexities, ills, and inequalities of society are directing renewed attention to the vital principles of the social fabric. There is a widely-conceded necessity for some regulation in the strife among men; such that the strong may not survive by suppressing the weak, and the basis of organized society may be not a brutal struggle for supremacy, but harmonious co-operation for mutual good, regulated by justice.

Then the advanced stage to which we have attained in human progress has invested the social question with a momentous gravity. Progress always involves problems. The tall, spreading oak wrestles with many a stormy blast which the sapling scarcely felt. The swelling, rushing river's tide lashes many a rock and leaps many a precipice that never disturbs the unruffled stream at its source. Navigation on the broad seas is beset with a thousand difficulties and dangers unencountered by the early voyagers who never eclipsed the sight of land. The great industrial advancements and inventions, for which we extol our age and glorify the genius of man, have engendered new social and economical conditions and complications which may yet require new adjustments in society. Our railroads, huge factories,

Note.—Prize oration delivered in the contest for the joint orator's medal, 1892.
and other tremendous systems of machinery have greatly magnified the power of the individual, making the proprietor of immense operations the lord of thousands of dependent men, the possessor of accumulating millions of money, investing him with a potentiality for extortion and tyranny whenever his caprice inclines him to wield it. This enlargement of operations has crushed out small industries and created the few proprietors and the many employees. The masses are consigned to servitude, because capital is now essential to independence. A consolidation of industry has precipitated a confluence of wealth, and the tendency is fostered and accelerated by legislative discrimination for the rich in the nurture of monopolies, by the toleration of plunder and rapacity, by the self-perpetuating ascendency of imperial gold.

I do not, however, decry modern machinery. It is the repository of marvellous energies, the mighty leverage that has lifted industry to its high plane. But these improvements have not ameliorated the condition of society as they ought. If our fathers, with a vision of futurity, could have witnessed the multiplied facilities which now expedite all the operations of men, if they could have heard the roar of machinery which swells the din of our cities and the whistle of engines which breaks the solitude of our hills, if they could have beheld the stupendous productive capacities which have filled the land with unstinted supplies, they would have thought that the glorious day of plenitude everywhere had dawning; that the golden age of humanity, of which mankind have dreamed, had appeared; that the industrial millennium had burst upon the world, forever freed from the blighting pestilence of destitution. But why this unmitigated impoverishment, which still afflicts the toiling, sweltering masses amid such wasting profusion on every side? Where is the diminution of want and the amelioration of the poverty-pressed, squalor-sunken classes which our marvellous advance fully warrants? Gone to corporations and monopolies; gone to massed millions; gone to the surplus and superabundance of a fortunate or voracious few, who, in violation of the economies of nature, have turned into their own deluged reservoirs the streams that would flood the land with plenty. Diffusion and dispersion is the imperative demand of the times. The problem is no longer how to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but how to disseminate the blades already produced. Our markets groan beneath the burden
of nature's unstinted bounties. How can we abate want with this abundance? Great industrial victories have been won. How can we effect a more equitable distribution of spoils? Fountains of unmeasured wealth have gushed from the pregnant soil. How can they be spread over the land, and not confined to channels already overflowing? How can we manipulate modern progress for a wider weal among men; for the elevation of the lower classes, the sediment of society, with the wave of prosperity rolling far above their heads? These are the mighty problems that now challenge the best thoughts of all patriots and philanthropists whose bosoms have ever felt the throb of humanity.

Our growth in wealth has been phenomenal, but disproportionate and cumulative—millions and misery. Thirty years ago there were not three millionaires in the land. To-day half the livelihood of sixty-five million of people belongs to forty thousand—one-sixteen hundredth part of the population. Appalling fact—perilous portent—menace to liberty! If tendencies gather force as they operate, if money accumulates money, if wealth gravitates to its own centres, who can estimate the consequences of thirty years' more acceleration to the present drift?

Already thousands revel in luxuries too profusive for human sensibilities, while millions are repulsed in the unequal struggle with besieging poverty; scores live in palaces of gorgeous splendor while unnumbered multitudes languish in the huts of weary wretchedness. Alpine heights of wealth rise beside the yawning abyss of deep destitution. And what tremendous disparities will the next three decades witness! The culminating iniquity is that these colossal fortunes are created from the hard earnings of the impoverished people. From what other source can they come? Have they fallen from mid-air or sprung spontaneously from the earth? Has nature with discriminative hand lavished her munificence upon a few? Could they have produced such fabulous wealth with their own brawn and brain, though endowed with the wisdom of Solomon and the prowess of Hercules. It has been extorted from the pockets of arduous toilers. Laborers are forced to consolidate for their own preservation. The seclusive farmers have risen to proclaim the prostration of agriculture, the staff of the nation's life. Why this depression? Is husbandry becoming a lost art amid the spread of knowledge? Has diligence deserted the plowman, or fertility forsaken the soil when fertilizers
abound? Have tilling and transporting facilities decreased? Are
the rivers less willing and the roads less able to convey produce to
market? Have cities grown smaller and consumers fewer? Has
nature repealed her immutable laws, and the seasons become less pro-
pitious? Have the clouds hoarded their rain and the nights with-
held their dew, that agriculture should become a pauperizing pur-
suit? No! Wealth has been drained from the land. Farmers and
laborers have been fleeced to aggrandize the opulent.

This oppression of the poor is antagonistic to the purpose and
spirit of our free institutions. Before ever Columbus set sail in
search of unknown shores across the distant seas, mankind had
cherished a presentiment that heaven had decreed some fairer abode
for humanity than the land of feudalism and vassalage; some Utopia
where every man would be free and untrammelled in the struggle
for existence; where the dispensation of blessings would be as im-
partial as the sunshine of heaven or the incense of the morning.
The establishment of this nation, born amid the throes of despotism,
was hailed as the rising star of mankind's emancipation from all
serfdom. To this blest domain of equal rights, toward the setting
sun, the abused and crushed of every shore and clime have looked
to find amelioration from their ills. But America is losing claim to
her title as a land of equal privileges and the asylum of the poor—
the title designated for her by the immortal patriots who purchased
our liberty with the richest blood that ever dyed freedom's soil—the
title which has ever been her pride and glory. The evils of the Old
World threaten the New. Gold is usurping the throne, and the
people are no longer imperial. Feudalism is growing up in free
America. These lords of wealth wield the most despotic of all power,
because it lies in possessions, and not in positions, peerages, or
thrones. They control that which gratifies the most insatiable of all
human passions. They have a mortgage upon the bread of the
laborer. The tides of commerce ebb and flow at their nod, and
millions are wrung from the masses in a day. They can defeat the
will of the sovereign people and nullify our boasted democracy.
Heretofore the struggle of humanity has been for larger liberty;
hereafter it will be for fairer apportionments of wealth, and the evo-
lution of government must be toward that end.

This tendency to opulence and indigence is the greatest barrier
that impedes the progress and pervasion of civilization. Other ob-
stacles removed, superabundant luxury begets effeminacy and dis-
integration. Mental and moral decay, where abject poverty forestalls
every civilizing influence, breeds crime and vice. Three elements,
corresponding to the triune nature of man, enter into all civilization—
material wealth, mental culture, and moral development, to all of
which deep poverty is inimical. Its victims are literal exiles from
society, doomed to a social Siberia, a nursery of immorality, a com-
monwealth of degradation. Ignorance dwarfs their minds, squalor
stifles their moral life, “chilled penury freezes the genial current of
the soul.” Misery, want, and vice, trinity of despair, forever haunt
their heels. Their lives are as destitute of joy as songless birds, as
devoid of fragrance as scentless roses. Before these serfs of poverty
can ever be emancipated from their wretchedness and debasement,
before civilization and morality will ever diffuse themselves among
the polluted precincts of penury, there must be a mitigation of their
material conditions. The accumulation of wealth in the upper strata
of society and the concentration of poverty among the lower is now
the great impediment to a diffusion of civilization.

Will a panacea for these ills ever be found? Yes. I know not from
what source salvation shall come; I know not whether the present
protests and uprisings be but the muffled mutterings of coming com-
motions and convulsions; I know not what conquests still await the
triumphant march of mankind, or what fabrics the great loom of the
future may yet bring forth; but I am persuaded that in the progress
of social science and the evolution of social institutions the great prob-
lem will be solved. The equilibrium of society will necessitate it,
the growing enormity of the evil will compel it, as sure disease pro-
vokes remedies, as aggravated tyranny begets freedom, and the
swelling flood forces its own passage.

A part of society cannot always live by the sweat of the other’s
brow, and despise their fellow-men as the legitimate victims of their
prey and plunder. Extortion and distortion of wealth must have a
limit. The nation’s blood cannot perpetually flow to the head. The
breach between the rich and poor cannot widen forever. Not that
the Utopian visions of ideal reformers are to materialize, and the
land teem with milk and honey, full and free, and poverty be exiled
from human habitations. It would be as easy to silence the thun-
der’s clashing peal or stay the ocean’s eternal tide. Nor is wealth
to be equally distributed. As well undertake to level the massive
mountains and everlasting hills into a vast, unbroken plain. But present disparities will be mitigated by force of emergency. In the throes of every crisis a hero is born. I believe that some apostle of the poor will yet rise with a measure to arrest the sweeping trend of wealth to the coffers of the rich, and bring deliverance to the captives of poverty. And of all those whose splendid achievements have enhanced the happiness of mankind, of all the illustrious statesmen who have steered the course of empires amid the shoals of iconoclastic time, of all the epoch-making men at whose mighty touch the centuries trembled and the ages felt a new impulse, none can boast a grander benefaction to the race nor claim a clearer title to immortal glory than the philanthropic, exalted genius who shall devise means by which some of the gathering, festering surplus of wealth at the top of society may be applied for the amelioration and redemption of the bottom from the bondage of ignorance and wretchedness, from the thraldom of dearth and beggary.

HERBERT F. WILLIAMS.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC-FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HOLLAND.

Thirteen days in a microcosm, where no new-comer ever arrives and no effort is required in order to exist, what rest it brings to tired brain and body! To walk the deck in the moonlight and watch long, dark waves as they writhe away from the ship like huge serpents, or to study human nature in its manifold expression, affords ample amusement. There is the big-bodied, big-hearted, impulsive brewer from Kalamazoo, who enlivens many a dull moment by his common-sense remarks and shrewd observations. He has reaped a golden harvest in the West, and is going back to live in the land whose inhabitants declare: "God made the sea, we made the shore." Then there is the Catholic priest, my room-mate, with his snaky eyes and ways that are dark. I have roomed with a priest on both trips across. He reads his lessons two hours a day, and does not eat meat on Friday, but plays cards for money and beer, and drinks with the boys. Best of all, there is the pretty French girl on her way back to Paris. She is dainty as a dew-bespangled rosebud and pretty as a picture of Ruben's. She talks but little English and no German, so I act as interpreter, and so improve my French that before the end of the voyage I had rather talk French than English.
Such are some of the types. There was also the student from Johns Hopkins, who took six slices of ham on his plate at once; the fast girl from Buda-Pesth, the motherly old ladies from New York and Ohio country homes, quiet maidens with their relatives, etc., etc. Types enough to study for a year. Who could grow tired in two weeks?

For three days the waves swept across our decks, and some of our company looked like their chins were trying to crawl down to find out what was the matter with their stomachs. The only serious result was the suicide of a sea-sick old woman, who leaped into the ocean about five hundred miles from Cape Race. The ship was put about, but she was never seen again. Such happenings are not uncommon. On the last trip our steamer made from Europe two people took their lives in a similar manner. In spite of this, however, there were the same number of human beings on board when the ship landed as when it started.

HOLLAND.

Since 1380 Holland has been a separate kingdom. The population is about four and a half millions, nearly half of whom are Roman Catholics. The present ruler is the girl-queen Wilhelmina, born in 1880. Her picture on the postage stamps shows a pleasant face.

I have been in the country only twenty-four hours, and so my impressions may not always be correct, but they are at first hand. Rotterdam, where we landed, is a city of 203,500 inhabitants, lying on the river Meuse, fourteen miles from the sea. It is much cut to pieces by irregular canals, which are crossed by numerous swing and draw bridges. Most of these canals are deep enough for ocean steamers, and are constantly crowded with all kinds of craft. Water traffic seems to be more important than that on land, for it is always the latter which has to wait at the bridges. Time is a cheap commodity over here, and human labor commands small pay.

Only the Dutch language is spoken. This speech reminds me of a little child walking between its parents. The father holds the right hand and the mother the left. When you look at the child you are reminded of its resemblance to the mother, but when the little one talks you think of the father. The father, of course, is German, the mother English. I have but little trouble in getting along. A tablespoonful of German, a teaspoonful of English, and
a pinch of French are the seasonings required to make Dutch pudding. The people look like a race of men-servants and maids. They are low in stature and ugly in face and form. I have not seen a pretty face yet, and I have been in nearly every corner of the city. Almost the only intelligent looking people I have seen were students of the city college whom I saw leaving school at noon.

The children amuse me most. I have not seen a single child barefooted, although it is quite warm here. They all wear wooden shoes—boxes, Mr. Gaines calls them. I saw a little girl jumping a rope today, and how she managed to keep her boxes on was more than I could discover. They can even run fast in them. The small girls seem to be wearing the dresses which were made for them two or three summers ago, while the boys wear pants which must have been intended for the next older brother.

Every one knows that the Dutch have the reputation of being the neatest, cleanest people in the world—and so they are, I suppose. At least, they are scrubbing and scouring so constantly that one has to be dodging sand and soap-suds and Pyle's Pearline all the time. They are so intent on wiping up and brushing away crumbs that they hardly give you a chance to eat when you go into a restaurant. All this being true, I was somewhat surprised to see a sign like this hanging from a window: "An inhabited room to hire." I wondered what sort of inhabitants were there, and whether they would welcome an additional lodger. Here is another sign I have noticed several times,—"Fire and water for sale." Such places are little stores where burning turf and hot water are sold to the very poor that they may prepare their frugal meals at small cost.

Milk and butter are just splendid here. I don't believe I ever did taste butter as good as I get in this country. They are cheap, too. I can get two cups of milk and two buttered rolls for less than the price of the single postage stamp on this letter. For supper to-night I bought the following articles in a neat restaurant where the marble-top tables were ornamented with vases of flowers: Two very large, high goblets of milk, two light rolls, with butter, two soft-boiled eggs, with seasoning. The charge for everything was 25 Holland cents, or in our money just 10 cents exactly. The standard Holland coin is the guilder—40 American cents. The guilder is divided into 100 parts called cents, and thus each Holland cent = 2.5 of an American.

My story would be too long if I should tell of art galleries, statues,
and public buildings. Of these, students in my classes will hear next session. I would like to write each Modern Language student a private letter, but that is impossible. I send them each one greeting with this hurried glance at the quaint Nederland. Especially do I wish to thank the Senior French and German students for the valuable letters they wrote me on my departure.

Fred. W. Boatwright.

Rotterdam, June 10, 1892.

THE CAPTIVES.

In years all spring-begirt and garlanded—
As yesterday it seems, though long agone,
She wandered, singing like the lark of dawn,—
My life awaking to her lilt, her tread,—
She wandered straight, low singing she,
Within the portals of my castled heart;
And Love, that she might nevermore depart,
Did fling away—he knows not where—the key.

But now she hath aweary grown, and would
Be gone, and ever 'plaineth, "Let me go!"
And ever up and down my echoing heart
Her pleading sounds. Ah, me! would I she could
Be free; but, lo, the key is lost, and so,
From out the prison ne'er can she depart.

And thus they twain, poor Love and pining maid,
The master and the guest, both bounden there,
Look mutely in each other's eyes, or stare
Through narrow casemates, from their prison shade,
Upon the outside world; and midst their sighs,
The maid will sob, and moan a piteous song
So chidefully of captive days and wrong,
Pearl-films of grief o'erdim Love's tender eyes.

But all in vain the yearning of their lives,
And grief-seas tiding o'er their tired eyes;
Though maiden would be gone, though Love would so,
Yet evermore—more fast than brazen gyves
Could ever hold, my heart, till nature dies,
With keyless portal shrines their hapless woe.

L. R. Hamberlin.
With the great advance which the English people had made in civilization in the eighteenth century, with the passing away of the debauched and licentious line of Stuarts, and the elevation of popular taste, a student of English literature might naturally infer that the vicious immorality, the violent and vengeful satire, and the sceptical misanthropy of the first half of the eighteenth century had been forever superseded by purer and higher literary types. But inherited tendencies and domestic infelicity tended to bring about and combine in one man the immorality of Wycherley and Congreve, the satire of Dryden and Pope, and the misanthropy of Swift. This man was George Gordon, Lord Byron, who was indeed, as he called himself, "the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme"; and there is some similarity between the meteoric rise of the first Bonaparte and the sudden splendor of Byron's literary career.

He was born in London in 1788, and was the son of an unprincipled profligate and a Scottish heiress. His mother's temper was so violent and capricious that at times she seemed insane. With such parents it was but natural that the son should at an early age exhibit the germs of those passions and irregularities which, being fostered instead of checked, afterward made him as notorious as his literary genius made him famous. When he was eleven years old his grand-uncle died, and he thus became heir-presumptive to one of the oldest and most aristocratic titles and to one of the largest but most encumbered estates in England. He went first to Harrow School, and afterward to Trinity College, Cambridge. After leaving Cambridge he went abroad and travelled through Greece, Turkey, and the East, filling his mind with the life and scenery of these countries, which he afterward so picturesquely described.

On his return to England he married Miss Milbank, a lady of fortune, but the union was an unhappy one, and in less than a year Lady Byron suddenly left him. The blame and disgrace of this separation deeply wounded Byron's proud spirit and embittered his whole after-life. He immediately left England and travelled through Switzerland, Italy, and Greece. He relieved the tedium of travel with misanthropical writings and violent satires directed against his wife. In 1823 he determined to devote his fortune and influence to
the aid of the Greeks, who were struggling for their independence. He arrived at Missolonghi at the beginning of 1824, where, after showing that he was as courageous and self-sacrificing as he was morally depraved, he died at the early age of thirty-six.

In 1808 Byron's first literary attempt, entitled "Hours of Idleness, by Lord Byron, a Minor," was published. An unfavorable criticism by the *Edinburgh Review* made him violently angry, and in fact made him a poet; for the mere opposition, which he could not brook, called forth in revenge the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which was exhibited a wonderful power in invective, caustic satire, and metrical skill. On his return from the East he published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." This work took the public by storm, and it was in regard to its wonderful popularity that he said, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." This poem is written in the Spenserian stanza, and consists of a series of monologues put into the mouth of a skeptical voluptuary.

At first he denies that he is the hero, and although he calumniates himself in so doing he certainly portrays his own character and feelings in the following:

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow-bacchanals would flee;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But pride congealed the drop within his ee:
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;
With pleasure drugged he almost longed for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

Further on he drops the mask entirely, and with pompous but potent declamation, and an endless train of figures, he tells the story as his own:

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!
The poem graphically and picturesquely describes the scenes and places which he had visited in his tour on the Continent. Although gloomy and skeptical in tone, in poetic harmony and richness of expression it stands alone in the language. Soon after the publication of "Childe Harold," he wrote in rapid succession the "Giaour," the "Bride of Abydos," the "Corsair," and "Lara," the materials for all of which he drew from the customs and scenery of the East. In 1816, while at Geneva, the sight of the Castle of Chillon, situated on Lake Geneva, suggested that poem so full of pathos and pitiable agony—"The Prisoner of Chillon." This poem is by no means a masterpiece. Lack of purpose and carelessness in several places is manifest. Here, however, he tries to the utmost his power of language, which power is remarkably displayed in the following stanza:

What next befell me then and there
I knew not well—I never knew.
* * * * *
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was scarce conscious what I wist,
As scrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray.
* * * * *
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

Soon after the publication of the "Prisoner of Chillon" he wrote "Manfred." This is a dramatic poem, "twin brother to Faust." Its gloomy and mystical tone is well indicated in the opening lines spoken by the hero:

"The lamp must be replenish'd, but even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch.
My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought.
* * * * *
But grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth—
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.
Mysterious agency!
Ye spirits of the unbounden universe!
Ye, who do compass earth about and dwell
In subtler essence; ye, to whom the tops
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things,
I call upon ye by the written charm
Which gives me power upon you—Rise! Appear!"

Between the years 1818 and 1821, while residing at Ravenna and Venice, he wrote most of his tragedies—"Marino Falieri," the "Two Foscari," "Cain," "Werner," etc. He also published during this time the first five cantos of "Don Juan." In this poem is reflected every varying phase of feeling, every change of mood of that voluptuous and licentious life which he led in Venice. "It is to this poem," says a contemporary critic, "that Byron will owe his immortality." Here he soars to the loftiest heights and sinks to the lowest depths. The fierce and bitter innuendoes directed against his wife in the poem show the vengeful and unrelenting spirit of the man, and the matchless wit and satire of the poet. Here also is displayed his insight into the motives of men and his knowledge of the rottenness of high life on the Continent. The occasional tenderness and deep feeling of the poem, and the disgustifying facility with which noble sentiments are combined with the ridiculous, is seen in the following:

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome, as we draw near-home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children and their earliest words.

* * * * *

Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize money to seamen;
Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old lady
Or gentleman, of seventy years complete,
Who've made 'us youth' wait too, too long already
For an estate, or cash, or country-seat.

* * * * *

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
FAR, FAR TO THE SOUTH.

To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
Particularly with a tiresome friend.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall.

Such a strange assemblage of contrary elements in this poem justifies Moore's criticism—"that it is the most powerful and, in many respects, the most painful display of the versatility of genius that has ever been left for succeeding generations to wonder at and deplore."

Probably the best epitome of Byron's life and characterization of his writings in general is that of Taine:

"If ever there was a violent and madly sensitive soul, yet incapable of shaking off its bonds; ever agitated, but yet shut in; predisposed to poetry by its innate fire, but limited by its nature to a single kind of poetry, it was Byron's."

That Byron possessed poetic genius of the highest order, and that he deserves to be placed in the first rank among English poets, no one will deny; yet his influence on literature, though short-lived, was for evil rather than for good; and his whole private life verifies the Iron Duke's saying: "Educate men without religion and you make them but clever devils."

"J. EMPTY."

FAR, FAR TO THE SOUTH.

Far, far to the South, to the dear land of dream,
My heart slips away like a sloop on the stream,
I float as a bark to a haven of bloom,
And harbor me there 'midst the flowers of doom;
The flowers of doom!—aye, the poppies are there,
The satin-weft poppies, soft-scenting the air.

They loll in the light like a cloud of perfume,
They gleam, as they swing, like the silk in the loom;
Oh, rare on their stems that uprise through the grass,
They sway, and they lean on the breezes that pass;
The breezes grow drunken and dazed with perfume,
And linger, caressing the blossoms of doom.
And there, 'midst the color and odor, is she,
The stateliest blossom and sweetest to me!
And I, like the breezes, grow faint, and remain—
To look, and to sigh, and to love, and feel pain.
O flower so perfect, the poppies die soon;
What fate will be yours in the glare of the noon?

L. R. HAMBERLIN.

STUDY OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION.*

In the *Atlantic Monthly* of June, 1891, Prof. Moulton, the well-known lecturer connected with the University Extension Movement in England, has an article entitled, "Classical Literature in Translation."

Prof. Moulton notices the failure made by the ordinary student to reach classical literature through classical studies, and the failure to find any sufficient substitute for these classical studies. For both these failures he finds only one remedy—the ancient classics must be studied in the vernacular. He then considers the objections which will be flung at such a proposal, and adduces arguments to show the advantages and necessity of the study of classical literature in translation. He illustrates the profit of such a study by the achievements of the University Extension Movement in England, where workingmen have attended with delight courses of lectures in the classical drama. The next great chapter of educational reform, he asserts, must be the restoration of the ancient Greek and Latin literatures to their proper place in all the education that claims to be liberal, and suggests changes, based upon the use of translations, that will bring about the desired reform. His ideal of a classical education can only be reached by the extensive use of English renderings of ancient authors.

With many portions of Prof. Moulton's article, which shows too plainly that his own classical education is largely dependent upon translations, we have nothing to do, but what concerns us immediately is the remedy he suggests for apparent shortcomings—the study of classical literature in translation; and this would not claim

3. Classical Studies, as Information or as Training. By a Scotch Graduate. New York, 1872.
our attention if we did not feel the force of his assertion, that classical studies, as conducted in our day, do not afford a sufficient knowledge of classical literature for liberal culture.

President Gilman lays down a knowledge of the great literatures of the world as one of the possessions which a liberally educated man should have; and John Stuart Mill says unless we know "the thoughts, feelings, and type of character of some other people than ourselves, we remain, to the hour of our death, with our intellects only half expanded," and that the best people to know are the ancient Greeks and Romans, who must be reached through their literature. Will not every one admit that a knowledge of classical literature is a necessary component of a liberal education?

"To disentwine the warp of the classics from the woof of our life is simply impossible." The labors of these early thinkers have exerted an untold influence on every feature of modern life—religion, science, politics, education, literature. Their methods and aims are presupposed in all our intellectual efforts. In some special lines of study, as in ethics, in geometry, and in logic, the work of the ancients is the basis of all modern investigation. Many of our modern theories of philosophy, of rhetoric, of education, are but chapters of antique thought. Our historians have used as models their predecessors on Greek and Roman soil, while our statesmen and orators have had as objects of study the orators and rhetoricians of antiquity. Since this is so, until we can separate the present from the past, until we can eradicate from our social structure all that is due to the far-off centuries, we cannot claim any high degree of culture without an adequate acquaintance with the life and thought of the ancients to which we owe so much.

Furthermore, the literatures of Greece and Rome are full of wise thoughts and profitable maxims which add to the culture of intelligent people. This has been well put by Mill: "The speeches in Thucydides; the rhetoric, ethics, and politics of Aristotle; the dialogues of Plato; the orations of Demosthenes; the satires, and especially the epistles, of Horace; all the writings of Tacitus; the great work of Quintilian, a repertory of the best thoughts of the ancient world on all subjects connected with education; and in a less formal manner all that is left to us of the ancient historians, orators,

†Liberal Education. Educational Review, February, 1892.
philosophers, and even dramatists, are replete with remarks and maxims of singular good sense and penetration, applicable both to political and private life."

Then, too, a knowledge of the classics is indispensable to the study of our own literature. Says Palgrave, the professor of poetry in the University of Oxford: "The thorough study of English literature as such—literature, I mean, as an art, indeed the finest of all arts—is hopeless unless based on an equally thorough study of the literatures of Greece and Rome. * * * To know Shakspeare and Milton is the pleasant and crowning consummation of knowing Homer and Æschylus, Catullus and Vergil, and upon no other terms can we obtain it."

The greatest masters of English literature have been saturated with the literatures of Greece and Rome. Milton, Spenser, Bacon, Macaulay have dug the material with which they build out of the quarry of the ancient classics. Shelley can be properly appreciated only by one who has Sophocles in his head. The music, sensuous and sweet, emanating from the "lyre of Gray" can be understood only by knowing that the poet's soul was filled with a "Pindar's rapture." Ancient imagination and ancient expression underlie the imagery, the allusions, the ornamentation of our most distinguished writers. The old critics, such as Dionysius and Quintilian, have much to teach us in the study of literature as an art. The charm due to the sensuous effect of sound in the poems of Gray and the melody of Coleridge are based upon principles thoroughly familiar to the ancients. In fact, our literature is inevitably intertwined with the literatures of Greece and Rome. "Suppress the matchless masterpieces," says Prof. Gildersleeve, "suppress the matchless masterpieces of classic composition, and with rigid consistency do away with all those who in modern times have studied and imitated them, and what a chaos of style we should have in a few years."

Literary study, to be at all thorough, must be comparative in its methods. "He who knows one language," says Goethe, "knows none." Similarly it may be said, "He who knows one literature knows none." It is necessary to compare the literary compositions of one nation with the literary compositions of other nations, particularly those of earlier date, to have any proper conception of literature. What a narrow conception of the Epos one must have whose horizon takes in only a study of Milton, who has never read
the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer, and the Æneid of Vergil, models for succeeding epic poets. The student of the drama who knows only Shakspeare, who is unfamiliar with the origin and growth and decline of the drama in Greece, its transferrence to Roman soil, its fitful and uncertain history during the middle ages, and its revival in England, has necessarily a contracted vision; and so it could be said of every other department of modern literature. May we not, therefore, conclude with Prof. Gildersleeve, that "the classics are not superfluous elegances, they are inevitable necessities"?

While the justness of this conclusion may be admitted by every one, some objector may urge that it is impossible for people of culture in general to acquire a knowledge of classical literature. Excepting classical instructors and specialists, there are few who can read with ease and appreciation Greek and Latin. People cannot devote to study the years required, by our imperfect methods of teaching, to become sufficient masters of the classic tongues. Their college course did not accomplish this for them—though every college misses its true aim if it turn out graduates after years of study without sufficient taste for classical literature to create the desire to read classical authors in the original. We must admit, therefore, that the knowledge of ancient literature is not going to be universally disseminated among people of culture by the study of Greek and Latin; hence, if they are to acquire this knowledge which they deem necessary to well-rounded culture, it must be, as Prof. Moulton suggests, through the study of classical literature in translation.

We admit without hesitation that translations are inadequate; that they fall far short of the original in many important particulars. To illustrate: If any one, with a fair appreciation of Greek, read the beautiful story of Nausicaa as told by Homer, and then read the renderings of Cowper, of Pope and of Chapman, he is sure to feel how far superior is Homer. The four principal qualities of Homer's style, as laid down by Mr. Matthew Arnold—rapidity, plainness in thought, plainness in diction, nobility—are not all brought out by any of his translators. The minute points of style of an author, his linguistic nicety—what contributes most to his personality, in fact—cannot be brought out properly in translations. "Not to speak of differences in construction, in imagery, in idiom, even words in different languages seldom cover one another; perfect equivalents are rare, and not only so, but every classic author is studded thick
with technical terms, as it were, which must be read by the light of that author's peculiar language, and which defy a strict transfer to another tongue. * * * Translations, therefore, are almost necessarily inexact, partial, or unbearably diffuse, very certain to reflect the individual views of the translator, if he be a man of thought, very certain to be opaque if he be a mere bookwright." Recognizing this, scholars would never be satisfied with translations, but would always seek for the more exact knowledge and the purer enjoyment gained by reading classical masterpieces in the original tongues.

But, yet, what translations cannot reproduce is immaterial to a knowledge of ancient thoughts and feelings. A translation fails to catch neither the facts nor the characteristic sentiments. Even various qualities of style, dignity, simplicity, naïveté, tenderness, may be reproduced to the life. In translations are rendered correctly "the deep or bright thoughts of a great author, his conception of a situation or character, the light he casts on our common human nature, his deft handling of plot or artistic moulding of story, his portrayal of the passions and contrivance of their conflicts, his mythological suggestiveness, his relation to history and literary development." The English Bible will always be a fitting illustration of what a translation can effect—a translation which has moulded our whole speech and thought; and the good English of the New Testament will always inspire a more devotional spirit than the bad Greek of the original. Now, if a person should make a study of approved translations of Greek and Latin masterpieces, while he would not have the exact and critical knowledge of one thoroughly familiar with classic tongues, yet he could have a vast and general knowledge sufficient for the general student. He would have a proper conception of antique life, a fitting appreciation of antique literature, a becoming knowledge of the wisdom of the ancients. His culture would be broad and his education would be liberal.

The existence of approved translations of Greek and Roman authors makes without excuse unfamiliarity with references to classic lore. Why should any intelligent person show a lack of knowledge of the masterpieces of antiquity when such translations exist as the Iliad of Chapman and the Odyssey of Morris, Morshead's Sophocles, Frère's Aristophanes, Jewett’s Plato and Thucydides, Dryden’s Vergil?

In advocating the use of translations, we fully realize that we are
on dangerous ground. Some college youth may see in our advocacy an argument for the use of his "pony" in the preparation of daily recitations, and some cautious college professor who cares more for the grinding of declensions and conjugations than for the general culture of his student may see rank heresy in what has been said. But we are now considering the general student—the student who has not the opportunity to become proficient in Greek and Latin—not the college youth taught by competent instructors. Professor Moulton indeed suggests to classical teachers that no work should ever be set in Greek or Latin without its having attached to it a prescribed course of reading in English. Thus, along with a small amount of Homer in Greek, he would combine for study in English the whole Iliad of Chapman and the Odyssey of William Morris. As this suggestion, while it is bound to impress favorably, involves many questions requiring for their solution wide experience in teaching, we leave it for the college professor to consider, and confine our observations, as heretofore, to the man of culture in any walk of life.

Professor Moulton testifies to the influence exerted by a study of classical literature in the vernacular on people of only ordinary culture, and, having heard a series of lectures from him on the Greek drama, we are firmly convinced that a conception of Greek and Roman literature can be given to people who do not know a word of Greek or Latin, such as is bound to enlarge their vision, to increase their love of literature, and to make liberal their culture. Hence we advocate most heartily the study of approved translations.

If a knowledge of classical literature is to become general, if the culture to be derived therefrom is to become the common possession of all educated people, it will only be the result of the assiduous efforts of classical instructors and lecturers, who will make known the beauty and grandeur of classical literature by lecturing on classic themes and by introducing approved translations. The University Extension Movement can contribute largely to this end. Every Hellenist and Latinist should welcome any means to spread the knowledge of his chosen subject, and rejoice at the day when it becomes general. It will mean an interest awakened in classic lore which will surely benefit all classes of people. Seeing such beauties in the translated literature, many an ambitious youth and maiden will be led to seek the greater beauties, the purer delights, the unalloyed satisfaction found in a thorough familiarity with the original tongues.
Every classical scholar must recognize the necessity of popularizing Greek and Latin. Any branch of study, if confined to the learned few, is bound to lose its hold on people in general, and the learned few will not receive the appreciation they deserve. The vitality, the interest gained by being in living touch with the world around us, is essential to a proper enjoyment of any chosen study. Hence every effort should be made to popularize the classics. What surer means could there be of accomplishing this than by convincing people of culture, by means of translations, of the hidden treasures of antiquity? 

A. MITCHELL CARROLL.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

It is a field of delightful and endless study to contemplate human institutions; to examine and acquire an insight into their various characters; to learn how each is fitted to its peculiar office; how all co-operate for man’s advancement. It is like wandering through the paths of nature, enchanted wherever we turn by the beautiful enigma of her works. But if we halt in such a voyage within the narrow limits of our own generation, there is wanting in what we see around us those endearing associations, those links between men—between epochs, which inspire us with reverence for principles, which aid us to realize the proper grandeur and scope of our institutions. We must carry the lantern of Diogenes back through the column of years and throw its light upon the labors of antiquity. There we must stumble over the smouldering wreck of decayed, obsolete institutions, fast being trodden under ground, while poet, orator, and historian go on to sing the requiem of their ruin. There we must discover some crude, structureless germ—see it begin to interweave the fibres of life, to strive with its unsledged might to accumulate strength and capacity; see it now hurled back and palsied by the hand of some pitiless foe; now concentrate all its energies and rally to the conflict with new zeal. Follow it through struggles—through storms of adversity; note every successive accretion of power as it tallies, perhaps, with the decay of some coeval institution.

Thus we may best discern and value the causes of human progress, the principles that give efficacy and vitality to our institutions;

NOTE.—Oration delivered at the joint final celebration of the Mu Sima Rho and Philologian literary societies.
in a word, the forces that operate the steady machinery of civilization.

Foremost among these forces, and perhaps antedating all others in organization, is the one which I have chosen for my subject to-night—"The Christian Church."

The influence, practical and visible, of this institution upon the workings of the human family is of a vastness of extent which the nineteenth century is proud to acknowledge as well-nigh universal. It is of a character which secures its efficiency as an effort of civiliza­tion by its system of communication with the individual, concerning itself with his spiritual life, yet not disengaging him from the temporal sphere within which that life holds its degree and kind of formative power.

Upon inquiry into the present life of the Church, it will be noticed that there is implied the complete separation of ecclesiastical and civil authority; religious liberty in its broadest sense; the existence of several established sects or denominations; and, lastly, it stands among us as a visible presentation of moral law, not assuming the unnatural authority to enforce submission, but consummating its earthly office in an effort to secure to this law that voluntary obeisance which is the outgrowth of religious association. This, then, is the state in which we find the Christian Church. And this is the demonstration of its triumph—its triumph over ecclesiastical corruption and vice, its triumph over the jailer of human thought and the persecutor of faith, its triumph over the Romish Church, the scourge of ancient Christendom, the firebrand of humanity. We are doubtless amazed that such epithets should ever have stood by the name "church"; yet they have been born—nay, succored, in the hour of distress, at its shrine.

The scene upon which the enactment of such a career begun was imperial Rome. The period of time over which it extended was nearly sixteen hundred years.

Since religion is a thing between God and man, and is inherited in man's emotions and intelligence, we might easily imagine the naturalness and spontaneity with which men first begun to mingle together in religious feeling and thought. And if we but recall the busy, energetic history of man at all times, we might affirm with certainty that out of such a state soon evolved system, order, and organization—the appointment of a priesthood, the erection of
church edifices, the institution of rituals, forms of worship, and laws. Now, in this, its primitive condition, the Church existed in simple co-operation with the secular government. There was no distinction between them. They were united in one common institution—the general government. Church officials were frequently, by virtue of such capacity, civil officials, and *vice versa*. But here the Romish clergy took their first ambitious step. They constituted themselves a body distinct from this Christian society, whose government, temporal and spiritual alike, they held in their hands. A step unwarranted and mercenary in itself, yet when the barbarian invasion occurred it was the only means by which this embryo of Christianity was enabled to stand without mutilation in the whirlpool of barbarian plunder, and to outlive the wreck of imperial Rome; for, in the political chaos and debasement following, the clergy recognized the incapacity of these peoples to govern themselves, and embraced the opportunity to enhance their own power by grasping the reins of secular government. Thus the Christian institution they represented was rescued by being clothed in supreme power. This became its condition.

But after a while the barbarian monarchs, who were rapidly becoming settled, awoke to the situation. They contended—and rightly, too—that a Church was not the proper repository of supreme power. The clergy vigorously maintained its position. And, meanwhile, there was fomenting between them an hostility which at last tried the invidious temper of the clergy. The lust of power, the ambition, with its incorrigible despot, the unsanctified and impious philosophies which had come to be the ingredients of this temper, were aroused to the pitch of madness; and, swayed by these, the clergy, in conspiracy, determined to conquer. They had the bold chivalry of Rome, the prestige of her civilization, the knowledge of institutions; in them centered the art, literature, and science of the age; the dearth of religious thought in the world at this time gave birth to a spiritual supineness and relaxation that made no resistance to their designs; the field was ripe for a harvest, and into it the reapers go.

Now, in this new beginning, the end coveted was well defined; the plans were laid with a prophetic wisdom and operated with a dexterity that lent romance to infamy; the several steps to dominion and power were made to follow one another in skillful succession,
and none failed of its designed end. First, they separate spiritual
and temporal authority—Church and State. Next, the clergy sepa­
rate themselves from the body of Christians—proscribe all inter­
course with the people of the Church save that necessitated in the
ministration of the sacraments. Having perfected these two—the sep­
aration of spiritual and temporal authority, and the creation out of
the spiritual of an empire in which they were the sovereign masters—they
now attempted to place all temporal authority within the thrall­
dom of this empire. What could be the animus of claims so vicious and
unnatural? Why, they believed, as they do to-day, that the Catho­
lie Church was of divine appointment; that as Christ had stood and
pointed out St. Peter as the superior of all the apostles, and dele­
gated him to lead the Church, so was the successor of Peter
appointed in the Pope of Rome. And the dilated Pope swelled the
monstrous strain by declaring that there must be but one head to
the Church. "Two heads," says he, "will make it a monstrosity." And
thus the way was paved for the last and most wicked of all—a
step in which lies the explanation of all their strength, and likewise
of their final ruin. It was an effort to subjugate the human mind—
to imprison thought within the walls of the Romish Church, saying
to all mankind: "Here are our dogmas; if your mind strays from
them, stop using your mind, or I will brand you with fire." And as
quickly as did minds stray from them, the Pope, discovering the lack
of power to enforce his flagrant scheme, leagued his cause with tem­
poral monarchs, whereby the heretics (so called) were committed to
the hangman of temporal crimes.

It was from this position, significant of mighty and erring power,
that the Catholic Church, its hand upon the infant crest of modern
civilization, placed the compass of Theocracy to describe the uni­
verse. And nothing, nor mountains high and steep, nor silver-
glistening sands, nor prosperous fields, nor ocean's pacific roar,
escaped its reckonings. Oh, unprofitable hour for man! The light­
enings flash and write the ire of God across the skies! The thun­
ders roll and trumpet His artillery!

The motives, the very ideas of human life, that would urge a
society of uninspired men to the amassment of such power is a suf­
ficient index to the unhonored chapter that history gives them. The
contemptuous disregard which it shows for the natural, ever-present,
and unmistakable lines drawn by a wiser hand between the catego­
eries of human life is a proof of sordid misanthropy and a prophet of universal disaster. But to the story as history tells it. From this on the Romish Church dates its supremacy and the long period of its unwonted prosperity. It readily began the work of extending its domains over the entire continent of Europe, arrogating to itself the headship of all churches, allowing no church or sect to live save by its appointment and sanction, no clergy to officiate except in total subservience and accountability to the Pope, and no church law to be issued without his consent. It forced itself over all civil obstacles, and frequently did it gain the actual support of monarchs, either by rattling its skull and bones at their crowns, or else by enlisting its own recruits in the unglorified army of imperial aggrandizement. In either case, the spoils of human liberty were shared. It instituted a system of exacting tributes or taxes for the purpose of strengthening its power and limits, which was practiced by the Pope and his prelates to a wicked and criminal extreme; and in many countries we find that this lawless plot was perpetrated in league with secular powers. Moreover, its character as a religious institution was totally ignored and forgotten in its incessant wranglings in political affairs, the sum of which was a constant endeavor to make the people subservient to the monarch, the monarch to the clergy, and the clergy to the Pope at Rome. It erected great towering cathedrals. It established its monasteries all over Europe. The several orders of the Camaldules, the Carthusians, the Franciscans, the Augustins, and a vast number of others, wherever they set foot, bound multitudes to the Pope, whose infallibility they proclaimed; caused the disintegration of civil governments, to whose independence they were constantly inimical, and in a thousand ways sought to destroy a growing allegiance to the idea of separation of Church and State. Directly and indirectly they caused social upheaval and peasant insurrection. They gathered together the youth, upon whose destiny everywhere depends so much, to indoctrinate them in the dogmas of Rome.

But there is yet a darker phase of its history—one that needs no mention now—its internal wickedness and debauchery; the scandals and abuses of the mendicants, begging in the streets for charity; the inebriety—nay, concupiscence of the monastery, with its arm around the nurseries of life; the bacchanalian lusts and joys of the great Pope, who stood with "his triple crown, his upright staff sur-
mounted by the cross," the infallible sovereign of the indiscriminate universe.

And, mind you, all this spiritual jugglery—this inferno of idolatrous sin—was not a system of science, of art, of economy or politics. No, no—a thousand times more dear and incorrupt—it was man's religion, which is that consciousness of his kinship with a higher nature, that precinct of his faith, his hope, his thought, against whose own communings, whatever be its sect, no feudal hand can strike and no blasphemous tongue can speak.

Already the forces were at work destroying it. Romanism had arisen at a time in the world's history when human society was in its most degraded and chaotic state—a state in which any joint concern, good or bad, could have made rapid headway. It had stood—the only institution of its kind. The people knew no other, and conceded the moral necessity of its existence. Thus, in all these years of its ascendancy, it had held Europe in captivity, as if by the magic of an incantation. But the fabric stood upon false, unnatural grounds that, somewhere in the course of man's development, were destined to become odious and crumble beneath it.

Now, its stronghold obviously lay in its claim to authority over the human mind. At the very earliest date that this claim was put forth it was impracticable, for then there were existing within the walls of the Catholic Church itself varying sects, showing that men thought as they chose on religious subjects; and gradually and increasingly did these sects begin to comprehend a wider sphere; and the Catholic Church admitted the impracticability, the human inconsistency of their claims, when they opened their eyes to the necessity of calling in the stake, the flail, and the gibbet to enforce those claims. Here it is: The extent to which the mind of man can be imprisoned—can be confined within a circle and challenged to move, to receive, or to reject—is measured by the degree of his civilization; and while we admit that, in the most savage state in which we can imagine him, it is peremptorily possible, yet in proportion as he advances above this state, as he improves in civilization, just in that proportion does the natural impossibility of such a scheme become apparent; and man had reached that stage when this characteristic of his development asserted itself and demanded recognition in the formation of his institutions.

Besides, the agencies that stimulate him to endeavor had become
operative, and had aroused him from that lethargy which overtook the world and retarded its progress for centuries after the destruction of Roman civilization. Education had been revived and placed upon a surer basis. Progress was being made in art, literature, science, invention, and all these forces that combine to eliminate error and evil from the social state. America had been discovered, evidencing the new thrift and zeal of the world and promising to add the brightest of all to its coronet of jewels.

As a result, or, better, as a further demonstration of this magnificent stride in the progress of man, we witness about the beginning of the sixteenth century the definitive rise of the Protestant Reformation. This movement had had a potential existence for many years, as may be seen in the various sects that had arisen, and even revolted against authority, though they had always been condemned by Christendom and suppressed. But now the movement takes definite shape and form. Its object was threefold, and has been stated thus: "A reform in doctrine, a reform in discipline, a modification of the then dogmatic teaching." These objects were enunciated and the actual work of the Reformation begun by the mighty Luther, whose memory we have all been taught to revere from our mother's knee. While engaged in the work of the monastery he became disgusted with the conduct of his fellow monks, as well as imbued with the conviction that the Romish Church was in serious error. And straightway this conviction found expression in what is known as his ninety-nine theses, which was tacked by his own hand upon the door of one of the churches. At this great consternation was felt in the Romish Church; but Luther was enthusiastic, and went on with his work. He began travelling around the country speaking his convictions to great masses of people, and by his zeal, his sincerity, and definiteness of purpose he soon enlisted the cooperation of many learned men. Thus the work of the great Reformation began.

Appealing to the reason of men, and being conditioned on the advance of learning and study, this movement was not to burst forth like a meteor and in an instant consume the world. Its progress was to be gradual and, perhaps, slow; but its final success was inevitable. The very conditions that gave it birth were a guaranty of its triumph.

Catholicism long remained a power whose forces were material.
It had bound in its service the Jesuits, with their stealth, their conspiracy against Protestantism, and the Spanish Inquisition, with its horrible persecution. It exhausted every species of incendiaryism to suppress the reformers and maintain its hold upon Christendom. But in its very existence it was wielding an unwholesome influence upon humanity. It was giving authority and outward form to evil, and in the great march of civilization its decline was a simple necessity.

Religious liberty was not fully developed by the Reformation in Europe. This crowning fixture to the mighty temple was laid on by the hand of America. Inheriting the Established Church of England, and realizing that its tendency was to create and foster social disorder, she crossed the waters and begged of the fatherland that she might be allowed to carry back to her people the unqualified right to choose and establish their religion without civil interference. And so it was with all the earlier institutions of America. They were but the copy of English, with those modifications that resulted from a clearer conception of the natural rights of men and of the distinctive states in which human society exists. The name of Roger Williams is the synonym of this finishing stroke, and let us keep fresh upon the brow of his memory the immortelles of glory; for with that stroke was tapped the fountain-head of our civil liberty as well.

In our own country and in many others the triumph is now complete. In contemplating it we do not look upon frenzied battlefields for the flash of steel, the thunder of cannon, the tramp, tramp of foaming steeds. These are of a lower sphere. This was a triumph of the mind of man, illustrating in its broad entelechy the nobility of his dominion and the illimitable grandeur of his possibilities.

EDMUND C. LAIRD.

THE JEW.

The recent repeated and persistent persecution of the Jews by Russia, aided in some part by Germany, has attracted universal attention to this race, so unique in history. All the secular and religious papers have taken notice of them, and some leading magazines have contained discussions of questions pertaining to them.

It is not the purpose of this article to sound the philosophy of any
phase of Jewish life or character. This the author believes to be a
divine philosophy, of the nature of miracle, and for the most part
unappreciated or unbelieved by the average reader in this ration­
alistic age. It is merely desired to call attention to some phenome­
nal facts and suggestive phases of the life of a people whom all the
world recognizes as "a peculiar people," though it may not add the
further characterization, "chosen unto the Lord."

The Jew is remarkable in his origin. This alone of the nations
has a written history dating from the beginning—a history which,
however much its authenticity may be doubted, must be admitted to
be clear, concise, simple, and natural, bearing all the verisimilitude
of the records of the American Revolution. Other ancient nations
have their origin veiled in the mystery of mythology. Legends of
rare beauty and deepest interest, but of uncertain origin, take the
place of history for a time in the beginning of their records. The
Hebrews have no "mythical age." With others the work of critic
and historian has been to extract the facts from a mass of fiction—to
eliminate the fanciful from the real. In Jewish history, strangely
enough, the effort has been to plausibly reject the plain, straight­
forward statement of apparent facts—just such statement as the
critics were striving to obtain with reference to other nations. It is
freely admitted that the peculiarity, the marvel, indeed, of an ancient
nation with a written record reaching its very beginning, such as no
other nation has, is a thing to create suspicion. That it should bear
in itself the explanation of this peculiarity is a greater marvel, but, if
a marvel at all, one that ought to be taken as relieving very largely
the suspicion connected with it.

Overlooking for the time the strange history of the Jewish nation,
their present condition is a matter for much study. Much has been
written on this subject, and it may be considered with profit and
interest. This article does not seek to add anything new to the
stock of what may be read about the Jew, but will be satisfied to
excite an interest in the subject that shall call for an investigation
by some who now think little or nothing of it.

The Jews, as we find them to-day, are peculiar in their existence
at all, and in the manner of their existence.

For eighteen hundred years they have had no nation, and yet
they have to-day their nationality as distinct as when they recognized
the reign of David. Where are now the other nations subjugated
by the Romans? These never suffered a tithe of the persecution inflicted on the Jews, and yet they are now unknown. Where are now the Celts, who were a robust race when "the wandering Jew" had already become a hissing and a by-word? We boast of Anglo-Saxon blood and power, but where is now the man who can show his undoubted, unmixed Anglo-Saxon origin? On the other hand, where is the Jew who cannot prove his unmistakable nationality? No other race, mingled with all people as these have been, has remained unmixed. The Chinese are old, and still Chinese, but they have never, until recent years, known anybody else. Since their introduction into America they have developed or disclosed a fondness for intermarriage. That this has not been more prevalent is due to their lack of opportunity much more than their want of will. The Jew is different.

Speaking of Judea and the Jews, Davidson says: "Where is the other country in the world, and in what quarter of it, which lies so vacant, so thinly occupied, whilst its proper race are to be seen everywhere else; they and it divided; a solitary soil, and a displaced and distracted population, abounding anywhere rather than in their own land? In that divided state they remain, present in all countries and with a home in none, intermixed and yet separated, and neither amalgamated nor lost; but .like those mountain streams which are said to pass through lakes of another kind of water and keep a native quality to repel commixion, they hold communication without union, and may be traced as rivers without banks in the midst of the alien element which surrounds them."

Another author says, to quote detached sentences from him: "The Jew has wandered everywhere and is still everywhere a wanderer. How singular it is that among all people the Jew is an astonishment, a proverb, a by-word! All nations have united to oppress them. The laws of nature have been suspended in their case, and still the Jews are a people—a distinct people—capable of being again gathered into one mass."

The facts here pointed out are the more marvellous that the Jews now live in an age and, so far as we Americans see them, among a people peculiarly given to intermarriage. We hold that the highest development of man is secured by a union of nationalities. We derive our origin from Anglo-Saxon, French, German, and Celt ancestry, and mix the blood of many other peoples. In the midst.
of such an atmosphere the Jew remains pure but for the rarest exception. Do we ask why this is so? The only answer is that God made him so, and has a purpose in preserving him so. If the sentiment of the world toward the Jew be offered as an explanation, still this sentiment is unexplained. The Jew's sentiment toward the rest of the world is much more an explanation, however, and this cannot be fully comprehended. The Jew is proud of his nationality. So is the Englishman, but English alliances with Americans, Germans, and French are frequent; so is the Chinaman, foolishly so, but he does not resist the charms of his Caucasian Sunday-school teacher.

If it be said that the Jew hopes to return to Canaan, why this universal hope so strong as to overcome a tendency so powerful in every people?

Reference was made above to the sentiment of all men against the Jew. This sentiment is strong and prevalent; but why? Why should this nation have been punished beyond all others by the Romans? Why should England mar her history with the records of Jewish slaughter and banishment? Why should all nations despise the Jew? The Jew is shrewd in business, but his bargains help the Gentile. Nobody makes a better citizen. He pays his taxes, keeps his business places clean and neat, and adds much to the enterprise, push, and appearances of any city. He is reared with a supreme reverence for law. Since Sinai thundered forth the moral code, and the mountain flashed with the threatening fire of God, since pestilence and slavery on account of disobedience, a respect for and dread of law has been ingrained into Jewish nature, or precipitated into Jewish blood, so that in this trait he surpasses even the ancient Roman. Thus the Jews are law-abiding citizens. They are seldom seen in a police court. It is a rare incident to meet one in prison. Few of them pay the penalty of death for crime. We say they cheat us, but we cannot criminate them, and we continue to traffic with them. If opportunity arises a Gentile will "drive a bargain" with a Jew as often as vice versa. If the Jew's superior sagacity saves him, is he on that account to be despised by his equally dishonest neighbor whose wits do not serve him so well?

The Jew is remarkably industrious, as well as skilled in directing his industry. He is literary, scientific, and scholarly when he directs his energies in these lines. England found Disraeli as efficient a prime minister as Egypt did Joseph centuries ago. The Jew sits in
our own legislative halls with as much influence as Daniel wielded at the Persian court.

Yet, after all this, it must be admitted that we have a feeling of opposition to the Jew, which is stronger or weaker according to circumstances, but which is everywhere recognized. The prophetic part of Jewish history contained in the Bible declared that such should be the case in fulfillment of the purposes of the God of the Jews. Beyond that—if there be anything beyond—this author is ignorant of the philosophy of the situation.

An important question about any people, and that which really determines their right to life and prominence, is, What have they done for humanity? The poet sung, "I am heir of all the ages." What we inherit from any nation ought to determine our estimate of that nation. Judged thus, the Jew surpasses in importance any other people. We cherish the memory of ancient Greece for the literature, art, and oratory it gave the world. The actual works by Grecian authors must always remain among the world's masterpieces. But the impetus it gave in its examples and models to other people in the achievement of greatness is Greece's greatest legacy to the race.

Rome gave us law and love of liberty under just law, and so made for herself an eternal place in the galaxy of greatness.

Above all this, as the heavens are higher than the earth, is the Jew's gift of our religion. The greatest service of the perfected Greek language was as the vehicle of that Revelation which the Spirit of God gave through the Jews. Greeks furnished models of form and beauty, and taught men to fashion these from shapeless stones. Through the religion that originated with the Jews we have the perfect model of character, and learn to shape the rough materials of human nature into forms most like to the perfection of divinity.

Rome gave us law, but the Jew leads us to the source of law, and stands us face to face with the Law-giver. Rome gives us the cold, hard statute; Judea unfolds to us the principle.

Whatever the Christian religion is worth to the world, whatever Christian civilization is worth to a nation, whatever an adequate knowledge of the true God is worth to man, the Jew is to be credited with in much the same sense that we honor Greece and Rome for their achievements. In each case it was a nation fitted to be the means of blessing humanity, and through the Jews came humanity's greatest blessing.

W. O. C.
MY SWEETHEART—MARY.

I.
Eyes so blue,
Heart so true,
Feet like any fairy;
Voice so clear,
Sweet and dear,
Has my sweetheart—Mary.

II.
Ne'er a sprite
Treads more light,
No, nor half so airy;
Not a rose
Sweeter blows
Than my sweetheart—Mary.

III.
Many a lad
Would be glad
At her side to tarry;
Oh, may she
Love but me,
My own, my sweetheart—Mary.

IV.
Though no vow
Binds me now
To my own, my dearie,
From my heart
Ne'er 'll depart
The name there graven—Mary.

V.
And at last,
Life all past,
With its battles weary,
May she be
Eternally
My own loved sweetheart—Mary.
VALEDICTORY.

Now that the eloquent gentlemen that have preceded me have so befittingly laid the capstone and crowned the pinnacle of the session’s work of the Literary Societies, I come commissioned to bear their best wishes and—farewells.

Not farewell to you, ladies and gentlemen of the audience, for we hope that as you have honored with your presence our entertainments in the past, you may as generously inspire by your smiles and applaud the efforts of our successors. Nor to you, gentlemen of the societies, who, with the autumn, will return to these halls. Rather would we bid you anew, Welcome to the larger opportunities and greater responsibilities, that will meet you as you step forward to take the places left vacant by the loss of those who have been leaders among us. To your hands is committed a precious trust. On your administration of it will depend whether the societies shall continue to fulfill their indispensable function in our college training, whether real desert shall be rewarded and true merit shall be crowned, or whether they shall become merely the fighting ground of blind prejudice and selfish passion.

But it is upon that contingent who now feel the sweet sorrow of parting forever from active participation in college-boy life that your societies would bestow their blessing to-night, before that cabalistic word is spoken which shall break the bonds that have so long a time bound us with the fellow-feeling of kindred souls.

For many months have we followed the straight and narrow paths of knowledge. We have plodded up long and arduous ascents, or, astride our neighbor’s steed, have galloped gaily down the slope, to founder ignominiously at the bottom in what is expressively termed in college parlance a flunk.

Often has a treacherous Greek root tripped our unweary feet, and some unparsable Latin construction effectually barred our progress. We have wandered, lost and bewildered, in the labyrinthine incomprehensibilities of dialectic evolution and other portions of the Philosophical wilderness. We have passed over English Hills, and daily “tunnelled sand-banks” that intervened. The flourishing

Delivered at the joint final celebration of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian literary societies.
fields of Scientific Agriculture have yielded us their choicest flowers of eloquence, and our claims to genuine aristocracy have stood the test of that infallible detector of plebs, commonly known as sulphur-retted hydrogen. We have pursued the tricky course of the compound pendulum to the accompaniment of the theoretical music of the Physics laboratory. Mounted upon the asymptotes of the hyperbola, we have soared aloft in quest of the beauties supposed to invest the realms of higher mathematics, and have gazed even upon that marvellous country of infinity where all parallel lines meet and vexed mathematicians find rest for their troubled souls. With fear and trembling have we gone through the dread valley of the shadow of examinations, and now the golden gates of graduation open to many a tired traveller and he passes out into the broad world beyond.

Some of you now realize those fondest dreams whose hoped-for actualization has prompted and sustained the labors of toilsome days and weary nights, and next Thursday will witness the completion of your metamorphosis from the trembling "rat" of a few years back to the dignified degree man, adorned with medals, sheep skins, blue ribbons, and several letters of the alphabet; yet, after all, it is not strange that farewell should go out sighing, when you remember that this is indeed the end of all the joys and sorrows, the successes and disappointments, the ups and downs, the V's and zeros that have in varying proportions attended your sojourn within these never-to-be-forgotten walls.

You have drunk your last deep draught of learning from this "Pierian spring," and of lemonade from "Madam's" popular establishment just across the way. Never again will you enjoy the exquisite excitement of betting pies on the combats of gladiatorial jacksnappers, or experience the peculiar sensation of feeling your heart and your contingent deposit sink together at the crash of a broken window-light. Save only memory, nothing will bring back the hour when victories won aroused such joy and pride as the richest successes of after-life will never enkindle in your bosom, or when in failure and defeat, like the Indian warrior in the trial lodge, you learned to suffer and grow strong.

You will leave these halls, encircled with tender recollections and full of joyous associations, where, in the microcosm of the college community, we have nearly approached that Utopian state in which intellect proves right to rank and manhood is the title to honor; while
in the greater world without, upon whose bounds you now are standing, too often you will find that—

"Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

But you, gentlemen, who go forth with manly hearts to meet the shadowy future, are to be the little leaven that shall elevate the whole tone of society around you. You form a company of those picked recruits from every institution in our land, who are just now marching out to swell the ranks of educated intellect. Over them all the same banner greets the summer sun; in every heart is cherished the same faith in the influence of education to ennoble the aspirations, enlarge the aims, and enkindle among men the desire for higher ends and more honorable means. In the stillness of these quiet cloisters you have forged the weapons with which you are to do ceaseless battle. Your march will not be all a triumphal procession. Ofttimes will you be tempted to ask, with Lanier's knight:

"Is Honor gone into his grave?
Hath Faith become a caitiff knave,
And Selfhood turned into a slave
To work in Mammon's cave?
Will Truth's long sword ne'er gleam again?
Hath Giant Trade in dungeons slain
All great contempt of mean-got gain
And hates of inward stain?"

But you should also adopt as your own his declaration:

"I dare avouch my faith is bright,
That God doth right and God hath might.
"I doubt no doubts; I strive and shrive my clay,
And fight my fight in the patient modern way."

And as we bid you "farewell," we would have you forget the more saddening associations that cluster around this term, and accept it only in its original meaning, as an inspiriting God-speed and a heartfelt prayer that in this conflict you may indeed fare well and come out nobly conquerors.

For if in vatic vision I might draw aside the curtain that has not yet risen upon the drama of your lives, I trust that I should there behold the scholar, showing in his daily walk that he has not studied the wisdom of the ages in vain; the statesman, no petty politician watching to see which way public opinion is going that he may cut across lots and get there for a first share in the spoils, but a man of
independent convictions which he is not afraid to express, even at the sacrifice of his personal aggrandizement; the minister of the gospel, humbly breaking the bread of life to hungry souls; the successful man of affairs, who does not forget that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment; the author, whose idea of success is not measured by the shekels which the diffusion of popular and pleasing error may bring into his coffers, but whose burning pen, guided and impelled by the spirit of Truth, shall leave a faithful record on the scroll of time; the poet, feeling, perchance, himself all

"The hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,"

but whose songs

"— have power to soothe
The restless pulse of care";

the scientist, who, while he has peered into other worlds, has not failed to help this world along its way; the philosopher, with

"Thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues";

and in the background, the larger throng to whom fate has not assigned leading roles, but who in their humbler parts are no less useful than their more favored brethren, for "they also serve who only stand and wait." And when the prelude of college days has long since been played, and the last bold swells of earth's full orchestra die away in fitful strains, you will join that "choir invisible"—

"Who live again
In minds made better by their presence,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

If I may be permitted another change of figure, this is the launching of your barks upon the spreading main of real life. In a few short months you will in earnest plow the restless deep. To some it may be allotted—

"To sail enchanted on a summer sea,
Pause where you list, or spread your silken sail,
Waited before some soft propitious gale,"

while others will encounter the headwinds of adversity and the rough waves that the great deep flings up along its way, and its hoarse voices will almost drown the memory of many a strain of
youthful music. Remember that it is not the ship, nor the storms, nor the sunshine so much as the stout heart and the skillful sailing that will make a successful voyage.

“Fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee and make
Thy spirits all of comfort.”

And at last may your prows grate upon the golden shore, and your barks rest safely anchored in the blessed harbor of the better land.

GARNETT RYLAND.

ERINNERUNG.

On high,
In the sky,
The swallows fly,

Below,
Come and go
Soft zephyrs, slow.

And I
Idly lie
In lush grass high,

Till morn
Is long gone,
And ev'ning's born.

For sweet
Dreams come fleet,
On winged feet,

Of gay
Scenes, that may
Be dead for aye,

And glad
Voices, clad
In tones, that had

Of yore,
In their store,
Melody more,

Than rhyme
Of true time,
Or golden chime.

I gaze
Through the haze
Of bygone days

On rare
Faces fair,
That breezes bear

To me,
O'er the sea
Of Memory.

Unseen
By eyes keen
Of flesh, I ween

They're bright
To the sight
Of fancy light.

But fast
They glide past;
Too soon the last

Is flown.
While alone,
And graver grown,

Ah, me!
I can see
Now swiftly flee

Away
The last ray
Of dying day.
"Hi, M'sieu' Beau'ga'! I theenk you don' slip well in the night, no. I don' ketch you befo' the sun, lak now, ver' often, me. Ah, ha, you bin at the market, eh? Ma'm' Stap'e' will be soprise good w'en she see that. I bin at the market, me—down on my beach, weh I have ketch some fine shrimp. You wan' go feesh, M'sieu' Beau'ga', theh on the croak' bank? I theenk they will bite sem lak those mosquit' this morning. You will go, no? All 'ight. Sem time you git yo' beeg hat en' yo' lines, me, I go feex my skeef. Meat fo' breakfas', feesh fo' dinner—eh? Allons, I will be there queeck.''

With scarcely a break, thus ran on old garrulous Galle. He was what we call a Dago. He raised a few scuppernongs, caught a few fish and oysters, did a few odd jobs for the neighbors, was the good-natured butt of many of our teasings, and talked somewhat lispingly, because, in a little encounter with his cart animal, "the mule had push out three of that front tooth with those las' foot, yes."

Soon, impelled by the sturdy stroke of the Dago, our skiff was moving rapidly over the mile of blue bay that lay between our wharf and the croaker bank.

The morning air was crisp from the land breeze that had not yet ceased to slip down from the north. The tide was falling. We fastened our boat to one of the stakes that marked the bay channel—along which liquid beat I had seen a thousand sails, white, mildewed, brown, sooty, wander to and fro, with their fresh crew and cargo, with their tired sailors and leaky hulls, with their finny-laden boats and jolly fishermen, with their towers of coal and smut-black seamen; some, steering outward for other ports, blowing their horns for the drawbridge to swing open and let them pass to the high seas; some, returning from the gulf of gale and wave, singing choruses of glad song as they neared the harbor anchorage.

Our lines once baited and over, the tide turned and began to flow; then, for some ten minutes, Galle in the stem and I in the stern, hauled in the silver-sided croakers as fast as we could handle our lines. The fish seemed hungry, our bait was tempting, and the game was so easy, I soon began to tire of the slaughter.

I leaned my head back on my hands, on the rudder head, pulled my hat over my eyes, and, forgetful of my tackle, lay there watching
the graceful line of shore stretching before me in the fresh light of
the morning. The sun was just rising above and behind it, and this
darkened the picture a little into a half silhouette; but I knew, for all
that, where the sand was whitest, where the wild grapes hung the
thickest, where the magnolias bloomed the biggest, where the bayou
lilies floated the queenliest, where the shadows of noonday were the
deepest, where mosses grew the largest, where love-haunts were the
sweetest. I lay with my hands crossed upon my body, my eyes
nearly closed—painting anew in the picture-chambers of my heart
that dear old scene of my youth and my love.

"Mon dieu! M'sieu Beau'ga'! I theenk you gone to slip, yes,
w'ile yo' line come twis' wid me yeh. You ti' feesh?—'Ga'! look
that!" and Galle pulled into the boat four splendid wriggling speci-
mens of the finny tribe, one on his own and three on my line—a
tROUT, a sheephead, a croaker, and a cat, the last of which quartet
we tumbled back into the bay.

"Let us go back, Galle, and have our fish for breakfast; we have
enough for a hotel breakfast."

I kept my reclining position as Galle rowed ashore; he never
would allow me to use the oars.

On the way back, he caught sight of a large emerald ring I had
on my left hand. He dropped the oars, gasped, crossed himself
repeatedly, and tried to look away, but his eyes kept returning, as
if spellbound, to the green stone. I knew where his thoughts were,
but, with my eyes still nearly closed, I watched him and said noth-
ing. At last he broke out:

"M'sieu Beau'ga', pass that han' on yo' back. I don' lak that
ring, no! It mek me see that young mans, en' that old crazy
woman w'at walk by the beach, en' both of them dead. Push yo
han' at yo' back, M'sieu Beau'ga'; I don' lak dead peoples. That
ring is sem lak w'at those childs tek off that dead man's finger.
Sacre! I don' forgit that ring w'en I live, no!"

"This is the dead man's ring, Galle."

"Thass the sem ring?—you wan' enny of that feesh? Tek w'at
you wan'; me, I don' eat none, no; the res' I pass in the bay, yes."

"That's a beautiful lot of fish to throw overboard, Galle."

"I'fraid to eat that feesh, me; that ring mek le diable in them.
My gawd, M'sieu Beau'ga', w'at for mek you come feesh wid that
ring? now I git no feesh fo' breakfas', me. Thass pity, sho!"
We gave Galle part of our steak, and we enjoyed the enchanted fish hugely.

Many people would be disposed to doubt some parts of the story I am about to tell—some parts of which were in Galle's mind as he gazed at the emerald ring that morning I have just told about. I should doubt it myself had I not seen the things I shall relate. Sometimes even now, with the record in my diary before me, and the clear-cut memory of it all, to reassure me, I wonder if indeed it was not a dream. Yet, besides myself, there are a dozen people living who will testify as to the veracity of the statements that are soon to follow—these dozen people having been eye-witnesses of what I saw.

When I was about fifteen years of age, I passed through an epidemic of yellow-fever, came near passing with it, and to my father's wife it proved fatal.

After this breaking up of our homelife, I was thrown by favoring chance a good deal with a very delightful family living just out of the village, two families it was indeed—a grandmother, her sons and daughters, grandson and grand-daughters—ten females and four males, ranging in years from two to fifty.

The home of my friends was situated on a high bluff of the Back Bay of Biloxi, an inlet from the Gulf of Mexico, in the southern part of Mississippi.

Looking directly out upon our bay, you would face the sunset. To your right and north, the bay stretched nearly a mile, ending in a large bayou running east. Toward the west, it narrowed away into many rivers and bayous, and its waters could be seen from our bluff for six or seven miles. Half a mile to the south, a railroad bridge, one and one-half miles in length, spanned the mouth of the bay from its eastern to its western shores, the southern beaches then turning east and west. Three miles out, lay Deer Island, parallel to the bridge, seven miles in length, and shutting out the Gulf from our Bay Home view. Our immediate beach waved up and down, from bluff to bayou, white and beautiful all along the water line. Get five hundred yards out in the bay, look shoreward, and in the small ravine at the right a banana tree flaunts its long graceful leaves; by it, and above it on the rising ground, are spreading oaks and giant palmettos and great green magnolias, through which
peeps the front of one of the houses; just at the foot of the bluff, the grapevines climb the trees, and are a haunt for both bird and lesser beast; on the highest bluff are great, great oaks, whose mossy beard floats yard upon yard out upon passing breezes; at the foot of this bluff is an old stone spring almost covered up in the tangle of falling trees and brush; back of these you will see two other houses, one of which is surrounded with two galleries, each bigger than the house itself; all along, surrounding all these houses—though you cannot see this from your boat in the bay, are roses in profusion, grapes of all kinds, orange trees with their white sweet blossoms, and other fruit trees, all bearing, in their season, a perfume and a more substantial burden that render the place with its dear people, the place of all places to—me. Just north of our front, the beach was low, and a particularly broad stretch of sand was back-grounded with palmetto, gallberry bushes, a tall dead pine, and a sturdy little water-oak.

This sand-plot was a specially favorite spot with many of us children: here we waded, when the tide was high; here we gathered flags and lilies from the mouth of the small bayou that slipped down into the sea from back behind the house; here we wrote each others’ names on the treacherous sand and watched the waves roll up and erase them from the unretentive tablet; here our childish voices rolled out in merry shouts and halloos and yodels, and the echoes from four or five points of land, and the woods back of us, would come trooping back in mocking replies.

Since what I am about to relate happened, we never pass that spot—even to this day, fifteen years later, but we are silent a moment, and instinctively our eyes seek out a certain locality between the oak and the sea, where, although nothing now marks the spot, we all know, lie buried the remains of one who washed ashore there one stormy night in March long ago—the body of a suicide (most likely), or the victim of violence or accident. There were many conjectures, but nobody knew, save those, if there were any, who were concerned in his death. But the sea bore him up and left him there one morning, and our people wrapped a blanket about him and made him a grave in the sand, where the lullabys of our bay could sing aby him in the long dark lonesome nights.

Just at this time, some cousins of the family, two young men from Michigan, were visiting the Bay Home. One of them, George, who-
is now president of the American Association of Artists in Paris, France, was something of a medium; in fact, we were all given to low lights and table-rappings as a very frequent evening amusement, and some very startling revelations were made to us by such means. I always believed it to be a fraud practiced by some clever person at the table. One evening, however, a spirit announced that it was the ghost of my mother and desired to speak with me. Now, my mother died when I was two years old, and curiosity led me to question the spirit. As far as my early history was concerned, I was a complete stranger in that circle of friends; and here was the time, I thought, when I could make the would-be ghost-summoners confess their inability to make their spirits reveal anything more than they (the mediums) themselves knew. I was reassured by the table's rappings that my mother's spirit was present, and I asked if it could spell its name.

"Y-e-s!" distinctly and somewhat impatiently rapped the table.

"Tell it then," said I.

To my supreme astonishment and almost fright, the table rapped out in perfect order the letters of my mother's full maiden name, which I knew that no one on the premises, save myself, knew anything about.

I do not attempt to account for it. I cannot. I shall not attempt to account for another stranger revelation I am going to relate. I shall simply tell it as it happened.

Some nights later—perhaps the very next—it was quite cloudy and threatening. We gathered about our table, having turned the lights as low as would allow us to simply see the outlines of each other's figures, and the gleam of each other's eyes. The older members of the family, always interested in our sports, were disposed about the sides of the room on the chairs and sofas. Then we began our "foolishness," George being the master-spirit of the occasion, as was usual.

Now, besides the rapping, we had a way of allowing some one—never any particular one—of our number to hold a pencil which was supposed to write the spirit's dictations. We finally—as for many successive nights of late had happened—had a vile sort of spirit to visit us, and it did nothing but swear, both at us and in general. Whether by rapping or by writing, this spirit would insist on talking, and she was very blasphemous, no matter who questioned her,
or who held the pen. She called herself "Lil," and she disturbed us very much, and we often quit the table in disgust because we could not get rid of her.

At last I thought I should certainly test the ghostly character of these outrageous communications by this proposition: "Give Vera the pencil, and if that doesn't stop her mouth, I will believe in spirits."

Vera was a child between three and four years of age, and we all thought that the game was at an end, for Vera could not write. We were mistaken. Vera did write, and this:

"I have been in hell five years! Damn! it hurts! in flames five years!"

"Lil again!" everybody disgustedly echoed, and we made a move to leave the table. The table began to tremble; and baby Vera's eyes, with our own, were big with surprise at what her little hand had done, though all she knew of it (she could not read it although she had written it) was what we read to her. As if an electric current bound us, we sat with our hands touching each other's in the magic circle upon the table. The lookers on had gathered softly at our backs, and all eyes were concentrated upon the twitching pencil which was still in Vera's hand. The table became quiet. We were all thoroughly wrought up. The child's hand guided the pencil through a large, scrawling, but perfectly legible chirography which read as follows:

"Go down to the beach. Dig in the grave. I am his wife. My picture is in a locket in his vest pocket. On his finger is my ring. Five years in hell! I am Lil."

You may know our eyes were big as moons when that baby girl spread these words over the sheet of paper. We sat there silent and wondering. The silence was oppressive. Softly and together all of us were breathing as one person, and it sounded like the sweeping of wings through the room—

Clap! the thunder pealed close outside, and we shut our eyes as the lightning simultaneously with the peal seemed to strike through the very room. While our eyes were shut,

Whiff!—

Bang! sounded on our ears. A stiff gust of north wind had slammed to the south door. We all jumped to our feet.

"Turn up the lights!" shouted everybody. But the lights had
all been whiffed out by the gust of wind, and we all huddled together like sheep there in the middle of the room, the younger of us clinging to the older ones whose amazement and bewilderment rivalled ours.

"Curse the locket and the ring—and Lil—and the grave—and the table—and spirits—and all of it!" I heard some one mutter, I never knew who; all of our voices sounded strange for some minutes.

George struck a light (George smoked cigarettes), or I think we should have stood there in the middle of the floor until the next morning.

Unknown to, and forbidden by, the heads of the family, we children took spade and shovel on the morrow, and tremulously, yet darefully and determinedly, sought the mound we had seen a few days before heaped up above the body that had been washed ashore.

Right across the grave lay the dead and fallen pine—the interdict of nature against our intended desecration of the dead man's rest. An owl, which evidently had been sitting on some limb of the tree when the wind struck it, sat on the fallen trunk of the tree just over the mound, and blinked at us in the daylight. One of its wings was broken and dangled by its side. It must have been hurt otherwise also, for it made no attempt to escape. Our dog killed it, and after playing with it awhile, left it on the beach, whence the next tide took it out into the bay.

We cut the tree, rolled it away, and—how we dared I know not, but—we dug down, down, down—our breathing growing faster, our lips entirely silent—down into the dead man's grave.

"Aha!—thievin'! I'll report ye!" White and frightened nearly to death, we looked up and found an old crazy woman, known about the village as Crazy Nan, glaring upon us. She stopped but a moment, then kept on towards the village.

We prized the board from off the breast of the corpse. He was yet in good condition, having lain there in the cool salt sand but a few days only. We cut away the blanket that was wrapped about him, and on his clammy finger there was the ring—an emerald studded about with small diamonds, and in his left upper vest pocket there was the locket. We had them in our trembling hands when Justice M. and Crazy Nan, followed by Galle and the whole household from the Bay Home, came upon us.

"There! Guilty! Aha!" Nan shouted, pointing at our mischief.
"Aha-a-a!" Her fiendish laugh cut into our ears again and long. Then she sat down upon the log we had rolled away, and with her chin in her hands, her elbows on her knees, she grinned horribly at us in a sort of demoniacal glee, in thinking that we should suffer in the shadows of the village "lock-up," as she had often done for being "drunk and disorderly."

"Children, children," said the kindly voice of the justice, "what has made you dig the grave up?"

Vera, least understanding the situation, therefore fearing least, answered for us:

"Spirwits wote upon de paper for us to dig de dead man up, and us comed and digged him, Mister. Dis is w'at the spirwits wite," handing him the paper, whose directions we had followed to the letter."

The justice read the big baby scrawl, and he hastily asked for the locket and the ring. We delivered up the trinkets we had just taken from the dead man's hand and pocket. He gazed upon them in stupefied wonder for a while, then he sprung the gold lids of the locket open. A folded paper fell out. The locket contained in one side a picture, that of a wavy-haired, large-eyed, sweet-mouthed, sunny-faced young woman; in the other side was a lock of dark hair, evidently the hair of the woman whose picture lay opposite.

The paper had been wet and the ink had spread, making it a little difficult to read. The justice spoke aloud the writing as he deciphered it:

"Elsie Dale"—Old Nan rose stiffly to her feet, her grin turned into a look of horrible expectation.

"My wife—she was false"—

"I know," groaned the whitening woman"; "I know; it was my fault—my fault; poor, pretty Elsie"—and she sank, shivering convulsively, on the sands. None of us dared to touch her, for we were afraid; and this new link in the chain of mystery seemed to bind us truly to the Evil One.

While we were gazing, as if upon Lil herself, at the grovelling creature, a sharp gust of wind whisked the paper from the justice's hand and wafted it some yards out on the water. Before any one could secure it, a crab's blue arm rose up by it, and it disappeared. We turned a second time to the locket, when the old woman raised herself half way from the earth, and stretching one long, thin, skinny hand towards us, muttered:
"Give me—mine—my daughter—my sin—pretty, pretty, pretty Elsie!"

She pressed her quivering old lips to the picture in the locket which the justice had mechanically handed to her, and she kept mumbling to herself.

After a while she became quieter, and to our questionings, we gathered—

That her daughter’s baptismal name was Lily (the father’s name we could not induce her to reveal); that when the child grew up she had herself chosen to be called Elsie Dale, from a fancy she had taken to such a name in a story she had read; that the man in the grave was Elsie’s lawful husband; that the blue eyes, the fair promises, and the gold of a stranger—well, she, the mother, had urged the young woman to leave her home, and they two had fled one night across the sea with the stranger, where he said their home should be; but there was no home, only dissipation and riot, loss of fortune at the gaming table, suicide of the stranger, return of the two women, penniless, to New Orleans, where both had the yellow fever and Elsie had died of it, murmuring, as she died, something of Paris—love—lights—desolation—wrong—the sea—home—youth—orange-blooms—hell; that the mother had wandered, destitute, and on foot, from city to town, from town to village, until kindly people in our little village had taken her up and provided for her.

We had always thought her crazy, and I am sure her mind was unhinged, even in its soberest moments—she was ever in drink when she could secure means to get it with, but she had been sane enough never to tell her story—as far as ever I heard; and now, in this extreme moment of her fast-breaking life, we could by no means induce her to tell any names more than I have given. We did not doubt the story that in broken sentences fell from her lips—lips communing it seemed with themselves rather than talking to us, the thread of her mumblings being directed, as it were, by our questions—as she ran over in her memory the scenes that were called up by the picture she held and kissed and petted and muttered to.

What a strange fatality was playing out the threads of this tragedy there upon our quiet beach; how marvellously, through the folly of children, had these two ends of the story been brought together: the dead wronged husband and the avaricious and wickedly ambitious (I cannot call her mother) possessor of a child; the one free now, by what means we could not say, from the sense of desertion
and desolation, the other half-demented and racking her crazy brain over the fretful scenes of her terrible past.

The old woman rose from the sand, looked at the ring which George now held in his hand, put out her hand and turned her head as if to hide the jewel from her sight, cast one slow glance at the open grave, then clasping the locket with both hands close upon her old and shrunken bosom, strode with bowed head away up the beach. The east wind caught at her scanty raiment and her gray hair and flaunted them towards the sea—it looked like a premonition of her end.

Who can tell but tears and repentance came to her eyes and her heart, as alone with her memory and her God, she trod the white beach of that gentle sea? I hope so. For me, I only know that she looked like a departing evil wraith, as barefoot she slowly wandered up the sands. I was glad she was gone. Speechless, we watched her until she passed out of sight behind the trees; then we sighed, as if a burden had been lifted from us, and turned toward the grave. Galle was refilling it. We stuck a board at the head and one at the foot, and left the poor stranger with tears in our eyes.

He will not be disturbed again until that last day's trump shall summon the sea and the shore to give up their sleepers. He has lost his locket and his ring—accusers of his faithless wife; will he then, with these reminders gone, have forgotten all but his earlier love and his bridal vow, and take her to his arms again? The future is not ours. But there he rests by our lullaby sea, and many and many are the flowers that gentle hands have spread above his silver-bosomed grave.

—A great many fish are caught at the mouths of the bayous that empty into the bay, and the fishermen's dun-winged boats pass in numbers, at early morning, in front of the Bay Home.

Early next morning the fishermen brought their "catch" to the village, and a strange one it was, too. In the meshes of their long nets they had hauled up the body of old Nan, and in her grasp was held firmly, though in death, not the locket, but the broken-winged owl.

The ring?—Though many of us have worn it from time to time, the old woman left it with George that day, and he had it when I saw it last.

July, '92.

L. R. Hamberlin.
Editorial.

A Parting Word.

With this, our last issue for the session of '91-'92, we desire to express our thanks to those to whom the MESSENGER is under obligations for favors that have been received and appreciated; to the Faculty for timely financial aid, by which we are enabled to publish a double "Commencement number"; to several ex-editors and alumni for various contributions to the Literary and Alumni departments, and especially for the excellent articles, for which we bespeak an appreciative reading this month; to many friends for kind words of encouragement and interest, as well as for more substantial help.

We are truly grateful for past favors, but by no means content with them. Indeed, the fact that, as we believe, the MESSENGER has been already to some extent instrumental in the general advancement of the interests of our College prompts us to hope for an enlargement of its influence and an increase in its opportunities for usefulness. Actuated by this desire we ask for the assistance of every present and former student of the College in our efforts to realize these wishes. Will not each one who expects to return next session endeavor some time during the summer to prepare to the very best of his ability one article for publication? This may seem a rather sweeping suggestion, as, of course, we could not promise to print them all; but even if yours should be rejected, that would not one whit diminish the benefit you would yourself derive from the effort, while if a large proportion of our students respond to this request our magazine will at the very beginning of next session be put upon a firmer literary basis than it has ever before enjoyed. We ask also of you who leave College, especially the graduates, that you will send occasional contributions to our pages, for such pieces, by virtue of your maturer tastes, elevate our literary standards and strike a higher key for the undergraduate contributor to follow.

This number will probably fall in the hands of many old students who have not seen for a long time the friend of their college days. Would you not like to renew our acquaintance? If so, send in your subscription and an item for the "Alumni Notes," telling what you or any other "old boys" are doing.
And now, at the conclusion of one of the most successful sessions that Richmond College has ever experienced, we bid our readers for a time farewell, wishing them a most enjoyable vacation and eminent success in their studies, business, or profession next fall, when we hope to meet them all again; and we assure them that, although our editorial management may undergo the usual changes, the MESSENGER will continue unchanged as the exponent of the best literary culture and the highest interests of the students and of the College.

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THE TRUSTEES AND THE COLLEGE.

The last meeting of our trustees was sparsely attended and, if we may judge by appearances, was uninteresting. There seemed nothing of importance on hand to bring together all of that large and enthusiastic body, but the business transacted was of the merest routine character and excited little curiosity on the part of the boys. Even the lazy-looking fellows that may usually be seen rolling on the grass beneath a certain window deserted their places and permitted bursts of eloquence to come forth and disappear in the surrounding vapor without being sought to give up their hidden secrets.

After the exciting times of previous meetings, this session of the board may be called, from our standpoint, dull and unimportant. Yet "unimportant" is a term which cannot be applied to any meeting of a body invested with so great power and responsibility. Theirs is no slight task, and even the seemingly unimportant work is a matter of great magnitude to the college and the students involved. To be entrusted with the education and training of the future men of the country is no slight responsibility, and the trustee who is not alive to the situation is unworthy of his trust. Perhaps to the teacher there is the greatest responsibility; but how much less is that of the trustee who is back of the teacher, who holds him responsible for his work, who lays down general laws and plans by which he is to be guided? Does it not seem that the position of the trustee is one of more responsibility than that of the teacher? If not, can it be less? This, we think, is a point well worth pondering over.

Our trustees are to be congratulated upon the success with which they have managed the affairs of the College. From a once small and weak institution it has become a college of which we are all proud. In spite of many drawbacks and many disadvantages it has
gradually attained to its present height, and has an established reputation for thorough work—a reputation which will last so long as there are faithful men at the helm and the present course is pursued. To us it has always seemed that the size of our board has been a disadvantage rather than an advantage, but that has been overcome to a considerable extent by the appointment of well-selected committees for executive purposes. In the general body, however, prompt legislation must sometimes give way to oratory, and there cannot be the same concentration, the same unity of purpose, as would be possible with a smaller number. Then, too, as the number increases the feeling of personal responsibility decreases, and there are some who will wear their honor easily, looking upon it rather in the light of a compliment than of a position for deep study and solicitude. It is impossible to suppose that all will be intimately acquainted with the working of the institution, yet those who have not given the institution more than a thought may so hamper the faithful, active few as to be a serious injury to the cause they are trying to promote. How many such persons there are on our board we cannot say, but there are doubtless some, though few. Unfortunately our board cannot be decreased in number, but there are ways in which some wise man may plan for the future.

That the College needs money to carry out plans which would greatly enlarge its usefulness is evident to all who are acquainted with the institution. Money, we know, is not the only requisite necessary to make a great institution, but it can by no means be dispensed with. The College, it is true, is already blessed with a goodly endowment, but much of this was given for special purposes, and it cannot be applied in any other way. What is needed is more funds added to the general endowment—funds which may be used where they are most needed. We still hope that some liberal-hearted man may soon lessen, if not entirely remove, this barrier. Worthy of all praise are the noble men who have stood by the College in the hour of need, and have given it a place and a name of which they are proud. There are others who should continue and complete the work just begun.

One thing in particular, we think, is a serious drawback to the College, and it can and ought to be remedied. We think it is time the trustees were paying some attention to this and endeavoring to find a remedy which, we think, could be obtained. If Richmond
College is to be not simply one of the best colleges in the South, but the best, it is necessary that the trustees should make it possible for our professors to devote their whole time to the institution and its interests. To be sure, we are doing well under the present regime, but nothing, we think, would so benefit the College and broaden its field of usefulness as an advance in this direction. The College will become better known in the educational world, the students will be better equipped for life’s work, and the institution will grow in all of its departments. It may be urged, however, that in the matter of salaries Richmond College does as well or better than the average college. This is doubtless very true, and if Richmond College aspired to be an average college, it would be an unanswerable objection. But this has never been her aim. The policy pursued thus far has been by gradual steps to reach the top, and with continually an eye to thoroughness and excellence rather than numbers, her career has been one of which she may well be proud. We know that at present there are insufficient funds at command, but we believe this could be remedied by a little exertion. At least, the advantages to be gained are worthy of a decided effort. It was remarked by a trustee of a certain college, when questioned about the poor salaries of his teachers, that this would be remedied, but there were some “old fogies” whom they wanted to get rid of. This may be one way to gain the desired end, but it is not always effectual, though it scarcely fails to injure the institution which tries it. If a corps of professors are not worth to a college their whole time; they are not worth a part of it, and the sooner they are told so the better. Even if the same condition of things was to exist among us, our trustees could not be so short-sighted as to injure the best to spite the worst. Why, then, not more vigorous efforts have been put forward in this line is not ours to discover. We do not even care to guess, but we should like to see removed what we consider an impediment to the proper growth and development of the College. If we may believe what we hear and see, a teacher’s life is an arduous one at best. Professor Palmer enumerates some of the imperative duties of a professor: He must prepare lectures incessantly, and perpetually revise them; must arrange examinations; direct the reading of his students; receive and read their theses; personally oversee some of his men; attend innumerable committee and faculty meetings; devise legislation for the further development of his college and department; correspond
with other schools and colleges; "and if, at the end of a hard-
worked day, he can find an hour's leisure he must still keep his
door open for students or fellow officers to enter. ** It is useless
to say these things are not necessary. Whoever neglects them will
cease to make his college, his subject, and his influence grow."

This being so, there is an evident loss when a professor is com-
pelled to take much of his valuable time for other matters. If a pro-
fessor has to engage in extra teaching, in preaching, or whatever it
may be, his energies are scattered, he falls into a rut, is left behind
in the march of progress, and his college and students suffer. New
theories are continually being advanced, new ideas are continually
springing into existence; these must be examined and tested, if the
student is not to be led astray by a dangerous error. These are some
of his duties. Why need we mention the claim of his social sur-
roundings, his community, his denomination? In serving these he is
frequently but serving his college. We hope, then, that this point
may be agitated at every meeting of the trustees until some decisive
and active steps are taken, so that we may no longer have ten schools
manned by a part of ten professors, but ten professors, indeed, each
with his full time and best energies to devote to his department. We
have trespassed, perhaps, where we have no right, but what affects
the College and its faculty affects us, so we have dared to speak of
things which affect the College and ourselves.

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TAKE A DEGREE.

The MESSENGER sets forth on another page the results of the
year's work as shown by the diplomas, degrees, and other honors
won by our fellow-students. Turn to it. Count the number of de-
gree men. How many Bachelors of Science, Bachelors of Arts,
Masters of Arts—all told. A large number, says "an old student." Large?
Yes, and small, too. Large it is in comparison with former
years, but small compared with the number of degree men that
should go out from our walls every year. We have too few degree
graduates, and the MESSENGER, which considers itself, and is doubt-
less considered by all, as the embodiment of student wisdom, pro-
poses to use the influence which its exalted position gives it to
encourage its student-readers to go in for one of the degrees the
College offers. There are many reasons in support of this position.
A degree from Richmond College is valuable. It is an evidence of
solid work, of high attainments, of sound scholarship, of success as a student. It adds weight and dignity to your name. Think a moment. Would you rather be John Jones or John Jones, B. A.? A degree is also an augur of future success. It gives the self-confidence and affords the satisfaction which spring from the contemplation of duty well done. It has also a practical value. The name is legion of those students who, after taking an academic course, desire to fit themselves for entrance upon a professional career, here or elsewhere; but, unfortunately (or otherwise), the average student on completing his academic course finds himself in a state of more or less mild impecuniosity—strapped, so to speak. Is it not true? What is to be done to relieve the situation? You know the answer. Teach a year or two! And in this case it is never said that "salary is no object." The degree will help you no little in securing a position where the salary will enable you to prosecute your plans.

But perhaps the subjective value of a degree, if it may be so called, is as great as any other it has. If you go in for a degree you plan your work with a fixed purpose in view. You look ahead, and select studies which will harmonize, and take them in their proper order. The courses leading to degrees have been carefully arranged by the faculty with this point in view, and you will thus have the benefit of their combined wisdom and experience. If you take any of the degrees they have provided for, you will have pursued a well-rounded, symmetrical course of study, and will have received a liberal education. You will be more apt to succeed if you have this definite object in view. The temptation will come to a man not applying for a degree to "cut" an examination because he "hates Math," and has "got all the good out of it, anyhow." The man whose degree is at stake will not neglect his work on trivial grounds. The high aim, the fixed purpose, constitute almost a guarantee of success.

Think over it, gentlemen, and come back determined to go in for a degree; and see to it that the new man you bring with you starts out with the correct idea.

Just a word for the man who has not been convinced. Hold your ear and let us whisper. It is our honest belief that if our august faculty ever do feel tempted to perform so undignified an operation as that of "greasing" a man, it is in the case where he is applying for a degree! The MESSENGER knows a good many things, and
we do not feel that we are violating any confidence in saying that if a man were to get 79.99 on his examination, the necessary lubricants would be forthcoming—provided his degree were at stake.

SUMMER READING.

A student, the current of whose life for nine months out of each year has been confined within the narrow limits of special study, has an excellent opportunity of widening the current during the summer months by indulging in a course of reading.

Many young men—splendid students, too—leave our colleges every year without any acquaintance with Shakspere and the standard novelists. During the vacation period an acquaintance with them should be made. It will prove helpful to them during the next session. Its benefits will be manifest both in literary and society work.

It is a special work of our Virginia colleges that thorough regard is given to the substantialis of an education, in which the foundations of learning are laid deep down. We do not inveigh against this characteristic; rather do we commend it. Yet in pursuing this distinctive mark, we think that should not be neglected which makes for polishing, refining, and broadening the student. Such is the influence which a careful study of general literature will produce. Since the regular college work is herein to a certain extent necessarily deficient, it is the business of the student to take the matter in his own hands.

This is in line with an idea common to students, that with the approach of vacation they should have a free and full discharge from study, that a text-book should not be opened until the next session begins. Such a view we think erroneous, and justifiable only in exceptional cases, as, e. g., overwork.

An athlete having gone through a rigid course of training for some exhibition of physical dexterity is not harmed, but rather benefited, by maintaining a mild exercise from day to day when his feat is over. Special training is given some king or queen of the turf as the day for the race advances; yet that training is not entirely neglected when the race is finished. So it seems that a student would experience no harm, but rather good, if during the vacation period he would engage in mental labor of an amount commensurate with his health. Will you disregard your books altogether? Would it not be better to read a limited number of pages of Latin, Greek,
history, or philosophy, to familiarize yourself with some portion of mathematics, or form a more thorough knowledge of modern languages, than to spend three months in doing nothing, or in what is worse than doing nothing, reading trashy novels?

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ALUMNI LILTS AND OTHER LINES, by L. R. HAMBERLIN, Instructor in the School of Expression, Richmond College, &c, Richmond, Virginia: Richmond College Library. 1892.

This volume, as its title indicates, is divided into two parts. The first consists of "The Marble Heart," "Flossie," "The Original Bird" (three Richmond College Alumni poems), "The College Bell" (an undergraduate song), and "Strike Warm Your Cordial Hands" (Alumni reunion song). The second contains poems which, though generally shorter than those preceding, are more numerous, and have a wider range of theme. The filial spirit of the author is manifest at a glance, for he dedicates the one group of poems to his Alma Mater, and the other to his own loved father. The book is beautiful in its mechanical execution. In binding, paper, and type it is all that could be desired. The outward neatness is in perfect keeping with the correct literary taste displayed in subjects and treatment. Poet-like, Mr. Hamberlin draws his material from three main sources—legend, nature, and the passions of the soul. Of those legendary in origin, "The Marble Heart" is a conspicuous example; of those inspired by communion with outer nature, "August, 28, 1890," or "Niagara and the Natural Bridge" could stand as a striking representative; of those revealing the heart's deepest feelings, "A Song of the Seas" might be mentioned. The author shows skill in verse-making. His compliance with the laws of rhythm and rime is exact, but easy and natural; while in the character and number of feet employed the reader meets with a most pleasing variety. In reading the book one could scarcely fail to be impressed deeply by the poem, "What Is the Song?" Its happy combination of the poetic and the devout is well suited to call to mind some of Addison's religious odes. First our poet listens as if to catch the "music of the spheres."

"What is the song the bright spheres sing
As through yon shoreless depths they swing?"

Next comes a description of the song, unheard by "mortal ear,"
but as the poet imagines it to be heard by the Maker of all. Then follows this bold apostrophe:

"O! wild, grand song of the swinging spheres,
The song that the Great Eternal hears,
Fill my heart with your willing praise,
That I shall voice it through endless days!"

The poet now turns his eager attention earthward—

"What is the song the daisy sings—
The modest flower that summer brings?"

* * * * * *

Think you 'tis silent since you cannot hear?
Think you it has no song for his ear?
Nay; as it grows it sings to its God,
The tiny, frail flower that brightens the clod;
And I know the song that the angels hear
Is as welcome in heaven as the Peri's tear."

The "little flower" is invoked for inspiration, and then the poem concludes:

"Sphere and flower, far and near,
Singing to Him that surely can hear,—
Swing in your shoreless deeps and far,
Blow in your valley beneath the star,
Peal your bold anthems eternal in tone,
Sing your soft matin there growing alone:
I join you, and swell the great song to our God—
The mortal, the sphere, and the flower of the clod."

There is real poetry in the book. It reflects credit on Mr. Hamberlin, and on Richmond College, of which he is so loyal an *alumnus*. 
Locals.

Examinations.
Jollifications.
Commencement.
Orations and essays.
Medals and diplomas.
Ice-cream, lemonade, soda-water, and pop.

F
A
N
S!!!

Often heard during the Commencement—"Please lend me your fan."

Some of the boys who don't expect to return certainly do hate to leave their girls.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "I've flunked again."

H. says that the Professors here have very slippery memories, for they all forgot to put him through.

The second base-ball team holds the record of the College, not having lost a single championship contest.

Well! well!! well!!!
Who can tell
How that third-floor gang can yell!

"Lemon-ade,
Seren-ade,
Promen-ade.

"No wonder we had a pleasant time during the Commencement, with so many aids."

The perpetrator of the above feels secure from bodily harm, considering the fact that he is by this time over five hundred miles from the pun-hating crowd that infests the cottage front porch.
S.: "The chairman says he is going to take the stump."
R. D-nn-w-y F-n-s: "I knew he smoked, but did not think that he would take a stump."

The Mu Sigma Rho Society has sold its busts of Cicero and Demosthenes to the College. First time we ever heard of "busts" doing anybody any good, or being sought after.

Hand them o'er to us happy grads.''
Beautiful skins of sheep;
Let us carry them home to our dads,
Beautiful skins of sheep;
Dips we all have sighed for,
Dips we nearly died for,
Beautiful skins,
Worshipful skins,
Beautiful skins of sheep.

For the benefit of those who oppose the Jollification on the ground that it consumes too much valuable time which should be otherwise employed, we would like to call attention to the fact that four of the recent bachelors of arts were actively identified with the Jollification, and all were entirely successful in their studies. Besides these four, there were numbers of the best students in College in the Jollification.

A.: "I nearly caught a fish weighing sixteen pounds in the river yesterday."
W.: "How did you know what he weighed if you didn't catch him?"
A.: "Why he had scales on him."

B. (in burnt cork): "Say, C., why am I like certain flowers the poet speaks of?"
C.: "Can't imagine any resemblance."
B.: "Because I am born to blush unseen."

Mc.: "Ralph, who are the greatest transformers?"
R.: "Don't know."
Mc.: "Paper-makers."
R.: "Paper-makers! How is that?"
Mc.: "Because they transform beggars' rags to white sheets for editors to lie upon."
D. F.: "There's one thing I don't like about Prof. ——."
H.: "What is that, D. F.?"
D. F.: "I think he ought to wear a plaid vest."
H.: "Why?"
D. F.: "To keep himself in check."

B.: "Mc, who is the greatest jumper in the world?"
Mc.: "Big Boots."
B.: "Oh, no."
Mc.: "Who, then?"
B.: "Grover Cleveland."
Mc.: "Cleveland! What makes you think he can jump?"
B.: "Why, he is going to jump into the presidential chair over that great big Hill and carry the whole United States with him."

The editor does not consider that he is violating the sanctity of private correspondence by publishing the following communications, each striking in its own way:

I.
Abbevill Ala,
Richmond Virginia
College Messenger
Maye 12 '92
Dear sirs, I tak plesure in writing to you, gentleman I am at presant going to school & comencment is nere at hand and i want you to sen me a coppy or a speach will do as well and i wil setle for sam hopping to here from you

II.
Mr. R——, Richmond:
Receive this record of ratiocinations regarding a rare race, written rapidly riding on a rushing railroad, returning recently to the region of my rearing. Read, review, rectify, receive, or reject, relative to reason. Remember, I am, respectfully,

THAT SATIN FAN.
(An individual's version of the Commencement.)
Sunday night we had the sermon—
"Do thyself no harm, young man";
And I enjoyed the sermon greatly,
For I'd borrowed a satin fan.
LOCALS.

Monday night the two societies
Their final exercise began,
And it seemed to me far better,
Since I used the satin fan.

Tuesday night was the oration,
According to the 'customed plan;
And my safeguard 'gainst the weather
Was this same sweet satin fan.

Wednesday night another speaker,
As his eloquent course he ran
I was really captivated,
However, by that satin fan.

Thursday night saw many graduates,
Many a happy, gay young man;
But myself I called unhappy,
Fool-like, I'd returned the fan.

THE JOLLIFICATION.

On Friday night, June 17th, the boys held their usual, or rather, semi-usual, "Jollification," a humorous entertainment given for the benefit of the College Boat Crew. A number of tickets had been sold, and a large audience witnessed a very satisfactory performance in the chapel. The handsome stage settings and furnishings were obtained from the enterprising Cohen Company, which very kindly gave the boys the use of anything in their store for the occasion.

The curtain rose upon the accustomed minstrel ring of about twenty-five boys in burnt cork, with Mr. J. L. McGarity, decked in swallow-tail coat and white wig, as interlocutor, and Messrs. W. Ralph Clements and J. Hatcher Bagby, in exceedingly ludicrous costumes, with tambourines and mammoth fans, as the end-men, "Dogface" and "Bones."

After the rendition by the "ring" of their cleverly arranged medley, which we append, the end-men, each in his happy, original, and inimitable manner, began to bombard the "middle-man" with old "saws," local hits, etc., until we were really afraid that he would faint under the pressure. This was varied with solos by Messrs. Harwood, Young, and Cooke, accompanied by Mr. R. C. Williams at the piano; and the end-men also favored the audience with comic
selections appropriate to their costume and character, while the quintette, led by Mr. Childrey, made decidedly the hit of the evening.

The Musical Club gave several enjoyable violin, mandolin, and banjo selections, and then followed a specialty by Messrs. Bagby, McGarity, and Clements, entitled "Tell to Him; He Never Heard It." This was followed by a second specialty entitled, "The Ghost in the Pawn Shop," by the same parties.

The impersonations of dignity and authority by McGarity, that of mischief and fun by Bagby, and of greenness and credulity by Clements were the finest that have appeared before the Richmond College footlights for years, and kept the audience in a perpetual state of laughter.

Much credit is due to Business Manager McGarity and his assistants for their indefatigable efforts in overcoming many obstacles and making the entertainment so great an artistic and financial success.

A large amount was realized for the boat crew, which made possible the victory achieved by our oarsmen a week later.

MEDLEY ARRANGED FOR JOLLIFICATION OF '91-'92.

In the tower hangs a bell—
In the eastern college tower—
And it never fails to tell
There is duty every hour.
Oh! it wakes me every morn
When I long to slumber more,
And it seems that I was born
Just to listen to its roar.

Hear that bell—ding, dong!
Hear that bell—ding, dong!
It is ringing for you and for me!
Hear that bell—ding, dong!
Hear that bell—ding, dong!
It is ringing for you and—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well—

The miller's black dog sat in the barn-door,
Bingo was his name;
He winked at me as I pranced on the floor,
Bingo was his name;
B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go;
Bingo was his name.
I watched him closely to get my chance,
Bingo was his name;
As he made a break at the seat of my pants,
Bingo was his name;
B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go; B-i-n-g-o, go;
Bingo was his name——

My pony, 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Book of my flunking days,
Worthy of fondest praise,
Worthy of poet's lays,
To thee I sing——

Tidings of comfort and joy,
Tidings of comfort and joy,
What the Faculty says to you
Surely must be true,
Tidings of comfort and——

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's——

Zeros in a Professor's book
After recitation;
Mean when to your report transferred
Lack of preparation;
And when it is sent to Pa,
Then it is your duty
To sit down and write him why,
Write him why, write him why;
To sit down and write him why——
Only an English diploma,
Only this small souvenir,
To carry back home to my father,
To show for my labors this year;
A seal and blue ribbon adorn it,
But something more lovely is there,
And for that alone I shall prize it,
'Twas signed by Professor——

Listen to my croak of joy:
My father sent me off to school;
Listen, etc.
I studied not, broke every rule;
Teachers all took me for a fool.
Listen, etc.
After to-night at home I'll bunk;
Listen, etc.
I'm going down now and pack my trunk
And get along home where I shant flunk!
Listen, etc.

Hard trials had this youth when he got home from daddy's boot,
For honors which he had forsook, forsook;
Listen to my croak of—

Faculty have endeavored
To polish up our brains,
But it is too bad they've only had
Their trouble for their pains;
They say we all are dunces
And ne'er 'll be known to fame;
But like the bug we'll try and tug and get there
Like our cottage third floor (spoken by end-man).

Wait till our cottage third floor stop staying out late at night;
Wait till our handsome young lawyers stop getting so fearfully tight;
Wait till our honored professors shall all Republicans be,
And the Jaspers stop wearing short trousers,
Then, my bonny, I'll come back to—

Mary's the only girl that I love,
And I really can't tell you why,
Many weary years have past
Since I saw that old home last;
There's a place around that fireside vacant still,
There's a memory that is living,
And a father unforgiving,
And a picture that is turned toward—

The Wild Man of Borneo, etc.

THE COMMENCEMENT.

SUNDAY.

The Commencement exercises began on Sunday, June 19th, with the annual sermon, which was preached by Rev. Dr. B. H. Carroll, of Waco, Texas, and an immense audience filled the chapel to hear the discourse. Nearly all of the Baptist ministers of the city were present. Dr. Carroll selected as his text the words, "Do thyself no harm," and his sermon was a masterly effort and full of power and interest. It was directed principally to young men, and the preacher
urged them to look to the Gospel, which counsels and preserves intact our better nature—spiritual, mental, and physical.

His running comments upon Acts xvi, from which chapter the text was taken, were particularly enjoyable, and his splendid command of language and wealth of illustrations held the attention of a crowded house from the beginning to the end of an unusually long discourse.

Dr. Carroll has a magnificent physique, and his manner of delivery is most impressive. He is every inch an orator, and in this effort fully sustained the reputation for eloquence that had preceded him.

MONDAY.

This was the first night of the joint final celebration of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian literary societies. The chapel presented an unusually attractive appearance on this evening, with its hangings of "garnet and cream," and exquisite floral decorations in addition, to which a larger rostrum had been constructed, which was also elaborately decorated with the College colors. The weather was slightly inclement, but still the spacious hall was well-nigh filled to its utmost capacity, and we believe that few audiences more appreciative and inspiring have ever assembled at College to hear the youthful representatives of the societies.

After prayer, Mr. James C. Harwood, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, delivered the salutatory. He was cordially greeted when he commenced his address, and his remarks were frequently punctured with applause. He referred to the good work accomplished by the societies and the benefits to be derived from the student's connection with one of them, and mentioned several of the noted orators that have gone out from our Virginia colleges. After explaining the object of the evening's exercises, he welcomed the audience in graceful terms on behalf of the societies, the "Junior Calico Club," and the College at large. Mr. Harwood's address was beautiful and tasteful, being both bright and tender at times, and eminently appropriate to the occasion. After the applause which greeted his close had subsided, Mr. Harwood pleasantly introduced, in turn, Mr. Edmund C. Laird (Mu Sigma Rho), of Georgia, as the orator, and Mr. Garnett Ryland (Philologian), of Virginia, as valedictorian. The addresses delivered by these gentlemen appear in full on another page, and will speak for themselves.
The exercises were of an agreeable length, and were in every respect a thorough success. At the close of the entertainment an invitation was extended to the audience to repair to the library hall, and here many young people passed several hours in promenading and enjoyable tete-a-tetes.

The enjoyment of the audience was greatly enhanced by the music furnished by the Blues' band, of Richmond, which continued to fill the air with sweet sounds every succeeding night of Commencement.

TUESDAY.

So large an audience assembled to enjoy the second night of the societies' celebration that seats were at a premium.

After a fervent invocation of the divine blessing by Rev. Dr. W. W. Landrum, the opening address was delivered by Rev. Dr. James Nelson, president of the Richmond Female Institute. Dr. Nelson said that some of the most prominent men in our country had gone forth from the societies of the College, and that the young men who comprised its membership were to be congratulated upon their opportunities.

He then presented the orator of the evening, Rev. Dr. F. M. Ellis, of Baltimore. The speaker, after pausing until the applause which greeted him had subsided, expressed the pleasure he felt in addressing the students. He then announced his subject, which was "Christ, the Crown of Manhood."

Do not waste life in good resolutions, he said, but save it for God by sacrificing it for men. He most lives who thinks most and acts the noblest. The speaker told his auditors that now, at the conclusion of their college days, their future was dependent upon themselves alone. He said life was real and earnest. The meanest weed that has life rises far above the gem of a monarch's crown; the weakest insect surpasses the loftiest tree; the smallest child is grander than the largest animal, but Christianity leads in all.

The only thing we need ask of the world, said the orator further on, is, "Give me room to do my work," but it is our ability and willingness to do our duty which gives us a right to live. Patient, persistent efforts are the strokes by which we go through life. Work is man's duty and privilege as truly as prayer is. As we take Christ into our work it becomes a divine ordinance. God sets Jesus before us as an ideal, and when we imitate him we serve the Lord as well as man.

Deeds never die. It is what we do that make us what we are. Have a definite purpose in life, and make your work the shortest path to it.
The oration was a chaste and beautiful one, and the sentiments of the speaker were clothed in the most exquisite language, while his delivery was excellent. His lofty flights of oratory frequently evoked enthusiastic applause.

At the conclusion of Dr. Ellis’ remarks Dr. Nelson announced that the delivery of medals would follow, and that the prizes would be presented by Rev. Dr. B. H. Carroll, of Texas. This duty was performed by Dr. Carroll in a very felicitous manner.


WEDNESDAY.

The Alumni Association held its anniversary exercises, which were perhaps the most interesting and largely attended part of the Commencement.

Rev. Dr. R. R. Acree, of Roanoke, presided, and performed his duties in a very graceful and happy manner. After a fervent prayer by Rev. J. M. Pilcher, of Petersburg, the Glee Club sung “The College Bell” with excellent effect.

The orator of the evening, Rev. James Taylor Dickinson, of Orange, N. J., was introduced by Dr. Acree, and received a very cordial welcome. After a few words of introduction the orator said:

“Tender and strong is the picture which Thomas Hughes gives of the return of his hero, Tom Brown, in full manhood to Rugby, the school of his youth. Standing in the old chapel, amidst the shadows of the evening, and thinking of his old teacher, Thomas Arnold, Tom Brown yearns for the privilege of living over the past, thanks God for the lessons learned then and since, and prays God to make him worthy of the teachers he has had. Somehow so must be the feelings of the alumni gathered here this evening and looking once more into the face of our mother, a face somewhat worn and weary, and yet serene and benignant, with a ‘light that never was on land or sea.’”

The speaker then announced as his subject, “A Knight of the Sixteenth Century,” and proceeded to tell of the condition of the world in the time of John Knox, his career as a sensational preacher, the difficulties with which he had to contend, his hospitality to new ideas, and in conclusion said: “How many of us are open to the fresh thought and new light with which science and sociology and
theology are throbbing to-day? In their quest after truth great
Socrates and Plato, amidst heathen shadows, put us to shame. Once
more we have suggested a nation's noblest product—great souls,
men and women devoted to lofty, spiritual forces. Scotland is small,
barren, bleak, but through her great sons she lauds it over the world.
How much we need the lesson in this country. Our country is big,
but not great. We are confronted by gigantic perils. Devotion to
duty and God, discipline of mind and soul, allegiance to high spirit-
ual forces—here we have our hope, our possible greatness."

At the conclusion of Mr. Dickinson's remarks, and after music by
the band, the Glee Club rendered a dialect song entitled, "De Ole
Virginia Darky," and in response to an encore sung by special re-
quest "Love's Old, Sweet Song."

Dr. Acree then introduced Professor L. R. Hamberlin, who read
a selection entitled, "An Old Family Servant."

Dr. Acree alluded to Professor Hamberlin's services in connec-
tion with the College, and referring to the fact that he would leave
the institution next session he said: "Wherever he goes he shall still
be ours."

The handsome elocutionist acknowledged the compliment with his
accustomed grace, and then commenced the reading. His selection
was an excellent one and afforded fine scope for the speaker, who
never acquitted himself in better style. He mimicked the old-time
negro to perfection, and at times had his auditors convulsed with
laughter. When he resumed his seat the vigorous applause of his
audience clearly evidenced the extent of his popularity.

The Glee Club concluded the programme by singing "Strike
Warm Your Cordial Hands." The three songs they rendered and
the melodies of the first two were composed by Professor Hamber-
lin for the use and possession of the students and alumni.

After the exercises in the chapel were finished the alumni and, by
invitation, the Faculty and degree men of this year repaired to the
Thomas Memorial Hall, where an elegant banquet was spread.
Here they lingered late in enjoyment of the menu and social inter-
course. After responses by various gentlemen to calls for speeches,
the following officers were elected for the next year:

President, R. B. Lee; First Vice-President, W. A. Harris; Sec-
ond Vice-President, E. B. Hatcher; Secretary, A. J. Chewning;
Treasurer, R. R. Gwathmey; Poet, Jas. C. Harwood; Orator,
C. V. Meredith.
Promptly at 8:30 o'clock the members of the faculty and trustees marched in and took seats upon the rostrum. They were greeted with hearty applause when recognized by the students. A few minutes later, the graduates, all clad in evening dress, entered the chapel, and after walking up the aisles, took seats on each side of the platform. They, too, were cordially received.

Professor Bennet Puryear, the chairman of the faculty, presided. As soon as silence prevailed he introduced Rev. Dr. Fair, who invoked the Divine blessing.

Professor Charles H. Winston, after reading the list of distinctions in the junior and intermediate classes, awarded the certificates of promotion to those who passed in these classes.

The next thing on the programme was the presentation of the "Woods" and "Steel" medals. The former was won by Mr. Garnett Ryland, of Richmond, and the latter by Mr. Sam J. Young, of Manchester. Mr. F. F. Causey, of Hampton, an old student of the College, delivered the prizes in a very felicitous speech. Forty-four "certificates of proficiency" were delivered publicly by Professor Winston to those who had finished complete courses in French, German, Surveying, Physics, Law, or Expression. The Tanner medal, awarded to the most proficient graduate in the school of Greek, was won by Mr. Herbert W. Provence, of Monticello, Fla. It was presented by Rev. Dr. Fair in a most charming and classic address.

The chairman then delivered ninety-four diplomas to graduates in the various schools.

Dr. C. H. Ryland, as secretary of the Board of Trustees, announced that the title of Doctor of Divinity had been bestowed upon Rev. Samuel C. Clopton, of Richmond, Va., and the exercises closed with the conferring of degrees in the regular college course upon the following gentlemen:


Masters of Arts.—Ebenezer Emmet Reid, Princess Anne county, Va.; Garnett Ryland, Richmond, Va., and Charles Thomas Taylor, Chesterfield county, Va.

As the degree men stood before the chairman, he addressed them in words of sound counsel as to their privileges and duties, and eloquently urged them to prove worthy of the training they had received here; after which he announced the close of the session of 1891-'92.

THE SOCIAL SIDE.

The last Commencement was more enjoyable socially than any similar occasion for many years past. There were not, perhaps, so many old students present as has been usual, but the girls were there in abundance. Every residence on the campus had its quota of young visitors, and many families in the city that are more or less closely identified with the College entertained friends who had come to attend the finals. Most of the examinations were over before commencement week, and the boys, free at last from the cares of study that had infested them for nine long months, seemed to wish to carry away from the few remaining days the most enjoyable memories of the whole session.

The successful student was made doubly happy by the congratulations of those who were dearer to him than even his hard-earned honors, while the unfortunate found alleviation for his disappointment in the attractions of many bright eyes and sweet smiles.

The annual receptions given by Professors Pollard and Harris are always looked forward to with the greatest pleasure by their respective classes, and doubtless account in no small degree for the exceptional popularity of the schools over which these gentlemen preside. Professor Pollard was assisted in receiving by his popular and attractive daughters, with quite a number of other young ladies, and the
students in the school of English, the graduating class and other favored individuals passed several hours in a delightful manner at his hospitable home.

The "Greek Tea" was given his Senior Class and the degree men by Professor Harris on Thursday evening after the exercises had been concluded, and was, as always, eminently enjoyed by the congenial company. The Professor and his family were the most attentive of hosts, the girls were as pretty as possible, and, as one enthusiastic miss said, "the men looked just divine in evening dress." The entertainment was a fitting close to a pleasant commencement.

In addition to the alumni banquet, noted on another page, the resident chapters of the Phi Kappa Sigma, Beta Theta Pi, Kappa Alpha, and Phi Gamma Delta fraternities during the week held banquets in the city which were largely attended by the active members and alumni of these orders.

THE REGATTA—WE KEEP THE CUP.

There is, perhaps, no athletic sport so exciting and so well calculated to get one's nerves wrought up to the highest pitch as boat racing. The lovers of this sport were given a grand exhibition of oarsmanship in the race between the Virginia Boat Club, of Richmond, and the Richmond College Boat Club, for the "French" challenge cup of the Virginia Association of Amateur Oarsmen, which took place on the Warwick Park course, a few miles below Richmond, June 25th. About 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon both crews, with the judges, time-keepers, and press reporters, steamed down the James, on the tug Henry Christian, to the monitors, where, by the courtesy of Commander Pigman, the gigs were stored and rooms provided for the oarsmen. The crews are as follows:

*Virginias.*—Stroke, George B. Pegram; weight, 148 pounds; height, 5 feet 11 inches. No. 3, James W. Gordon; weight, 168 pounds; height, 6 feet 1 inch. No. 2, A. S. Petticolas; weight, 165 pounds; height, 6 feet. Bow, W. F. Broadnax; weight, 155 pounds; height, 5 feet 11 inches. Coxswain, Frank Smith; weight, 125 pounds; height, 5 feet 6 inches.

*Richmond College.*—Stroke, J. H. Read; weight, 175 pounds;
height, 6 feet 1 inch; No. 3, T. H. Athey; weight, 178 pounds; height, 6 feet 2 inches. No. 2, Charles Clement; weight, 185 pounds; height, 6 feet 3 inches. Bow, W. A. Grove; weight, 160 pounds; height, 5 feet 9 inches. Coxswain, Maury Anderson; weight, 110 pounds; height, 5 feet 4 inches.

At 6:30, one of the barges containing several hundred people passed by on their way to the finish. Just as they came opposite the monitor Lehigh some enthusiastic student caught a glimpse of the College crew in their navy-blue uniforms, and instantly the "garnet and cream" was waved, and the air was rent with:

"'Hulla-be-luck, Ko-ak, Ko-ak,
Hulla-be-luck, Ko-ak, Ko-ak,
Wo-up, Wo-up,
Diabolou, Richmond."

This was answered from the monitors by the boat-crew yell:

"Whoop-la-la, Whoop-la-lee,
Whoop-la, Boat Crew,
R. C. V."

Soon afterwards the gigs were put in the water, and at 7:20 Dr. C. W. P. Brock, aboard the starting tug, called out: "Are you ready? Go!" R. C. catches the water better than the Virginias do, and shoots ahead, but the others are only a few feet behind. At the quarter-mile post R. C. is fully five lengths ahead. But look at Pegram, the stroke of the Virginias! He is calling for a spurt. His men respond bravely; they gain over four lengths on the College men, so that their bow overlaps the stern of the "Boys in Blue." But, Mr. Pegram, that spurt, as beautiful and exciting as it was, has made its impression on your men; they no longer come forward with their former snap and dash. At the half-mile post Richmond College is slowly widening the space between the boats. The Virginias spurt again and again, showing that they mean to die "game," but in vain. The long, steady swing of Richmond College is carrying their boat farther and farther ahead. One minute those magnificent spurts of the Virginias narrow the gap by a length or so, but the next the distance is still greater. At last they draw near the finish, and there is a great shout as Richmond College crosses the line, leading the Virginias five lengths.

The time of the winning crew was 8 minutes 28 seconds. Both
crews rowed back to the monitors, the College crew being so fresh that they reached the gunboats before the tug could do so.

The cup was delivered by Mr. Bev. T. Crump, and was received on behalf of the College by Judge James C. Lamb, who in his speech remarked that though he had seen every regatta of the association, he had never witnessed a better race.

The boat crew committee has decided to name the gig the "James C. Lamb," in honor of Judge Lamb, who taught the crew the stroke by which they have won for two successive years.

We regret that the crew failed to have their photograph taken, as we wished to present it to our readers. As the next best thing, we offer an excellent cut of last year's crew, which was composed of the same men as our present crew, with the exceptions of the bow, where Grove takes the place of Rucker ('91), and the coxswain, in which position Anderson supplied the place of Judge Lamb, although the latter gentleman continues to act as trainer.

The subjoined correspondence, which is published by permission of the gentlemen who conducted it, is self-explanatory:

**RICHMOND COLLEGE, RICHMOND, VA., June 28, 1892.**

Judge James C. Lamb:

Dear Sir,—As one who feels a deep interest in whatever concerns our students, I write a line to express something of my high appreciation and hearty thanks for your kindly interest in our boat crew, and for the time and attention you have given them. All recognize the patent fact that their successes, both a year ago and on the 25th instant, were due even more to your skill and encouragement than to their pluck and muscle.

Hoping that similar success in all worthy enterprises may continue to attend both them and you,

I am very respectfully yours, &c.,

H. H. Harris.

**RICHMOND, VA., June 30, 1892.**

Professor H. H. Harris, Richmond College:

My Dear Sir,—I was very much gratified at the receipt of yours of 28th instant, and I thank you for your kind expressions.

The College boys deserve great credit for the manly way in which they met and overcame the difficulties which surrounded them on
both occasions. The mere fact of their success was, of course, very pleasant to me; but it was even more pleasant to note the manifestation of those high qualities which win success in the more serious affairs of life.

I am especially glad to believe that in this matter the students have the countenance and encouragement of the College authorities. It is good both for the College and for the students. That it "pays," in the ordinary sense of that word, is abundantly proved by the experience and practice of the Northern colleges. But its chief benefits are probably of a much nobler kind. Some years ago one of the professors at Oxford (if I could now recall his name you would recognize him as one of the most distinguished Englishmen of his day) used the following language on this subject, which I quote from memory, and with which I think you will heartily agree: "If, then, we are to rear, as the country needs and expects us to do, a race of men, strong, hardy, fearless, and self-reliant, we must leave them free to encounter the risks and the toil, as well as the pleasures, of sport."

But I must beg your pardon for imposing this long letter on you; I started out simply to thank you for your kind letter to me.

I am, sir, yours most respectfully,

JAMES C. LAMB.

BASE-BALL.

Since the somewhat discouraging report in the May MESSENGER of the three defeats suffered by our team we are enabled to chronicle pleasanter things. We met the Randolph-Macon team on their own ground, and defeated them by a score of 18 to 0, and we have also the pleasure of recording the fact that the tables were turned on the Richmonds, when we defeated them in an eleven-inning contest by a score of 13 to 12. Special mention is due Mr. W. C. A. Gregory, who played third base in the latter game, for his timely two-bagger in the ninth inning. Since these two victories we have defeated, by large scores, every local team that we have encountered, and have regretted not being able to get the Lynchburgs to come to Richmond, for we would certainly have repaid them for the defeat we suffered at their hands when we visited the Hill City in April.
So, during the season just closed, we have lost only three games—one with a sister college and two with professionals or semi-professionals—and when we examine into the causes of these defeats we find that in each case our team was not to be blamed, but the result was accomplished by extraneous circumstances. In fact, it would have been remarkable if the results in these three instances had been different.

The outlook for next session is encouraging. At least six of the old team will return, and we learn of several excellent players who will enter our College in September, some of whom have won reputations on the teams of the academies that have recently taken such prominent positions among the base-ball clubs of the State.

It is also the intention of the management to keep the team in practice during the summer, since a large proportion of them reside in Richmond, and by this means they hope to be in the best of condition at the opening of the next season.

This is in marked contrast with the prospect at the beginning of the session just ended, and as our team met with some degree of success this season it is reasonable to hope for an unusually successful experience next year.

At the last business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of the College the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, C. C. Crittenden; Vice-President, T. S. Dunnaway; Secretary, J. L. Bradshaw; Corresponding Secretary, W. L. Hayes; Treasurer, R. W. Hatcher.

The annual sermon was preached before the Association on Sunday evening, May 28th, at the Second Baptist church, by Dr. Thames, of Danville. The subject of his discourse was "Missions," and it was treated with a skill and earnestness calculated to inspire his audience with zeal for missionary work.

Messrs. Britt, T. S. Dunnaway, Hambleton Hart, Hayes, W. M. Jones, and J. S. Ryland composed the Richmond College delegation to the Summer Bible School held on the grounds of the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, June 18th–29th.

They report a most enjoyable time in every respect. The attendance was large and enthusiastic. Nine denominations, thirteen States, and fifty colleges were represented. Virginia held the second place in point of numbers, having forty delegates present.
Professor John Pollard represented Richmond College at the twenty-fourth annual session of the American Philological Association, which was held at the University of Virginia, beginning at 4 P. M. Tuesday, July 12, 1892. The president of the association, Professor Samuel Hart, of Trinity College, Hartford, delivered an address on Tuesday evening. Subject, "The Debt of the Classical Scholar to the Community." Professor Pollard was requested to present a paper.

The Spelling Reform Association met at 4 P. M. Thursday, July 14th, immediately after adjournment of the Philological Association.

The report of the Library Committee to the Board of Trustees presented the following facts and figures: During the past College year 342 books have been added to the library, most of them by purchase. The total number of volumes in the library is 11,382. The number volumes borrowed have been 1,962—by professors, 397; by students, 1,565. This exceeds the number borrowed in any preceding session by 461. In addition to those recorded as borrowed, there are 350 volumes of reference books in the revolving cases, and a great many books loaned for use in the Hall, of which no account is taken. Seventy of the best magazines and papers are found on the tables in the Library Hall, 40 of them monthlies, 26 weeklies, 2 quarterlies, and 2 daily, besides many which are provided irregularly.

The medals in the School of Expression were decided, as usual, by a public contest. The "Steel Medal" for reading was awarded to Mr. S. J. Young, by a committee consisting of all the members of the faculty. The "Woods Medal" for the best declaimer was won by Mr. Garnett Ryland. The judges were Dr. H. A. Tupper and Messrs. R. B. Lee and J. L. Jones. While there were not so many competitors for these medals as there sometimes are, the contests were universally pronounced the best for many years past. There were two candidates for the medal for greatest improvement in debate in the Mu Sigma Rho Society and five in the Philologian. The medals were given by vote of the members to Messrs. W. D. Duke and N. J. Allen, respectively.

The full report of Commencement which we give above necessitates the omission of the departments which usually follow this.