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No. 5

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WHERE CONCORD GLIDES.

[Inscription on the Minute-Man Monument.]

“ By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

Where Concord glides with placid flow,
Yet darkling, past the willows,
A hundred years and more ago
Ruffed Freedom's baby billows.

And onward from the rude old bridge
That spanned the listening waters
They fared along 'twixt fell and ridge
To tell the sea of slaughters.

The brine-swells caught the crimson word
And eastward, knelling, bore it ;
And wonder filled the sea that heard
Such message wafted o'er it.

And Britain shook as red waves lashed
That wild news on her beaches ;
And Britain stared as free stars flashed
Above these western reaches.

And ever to the kindly sea,
And thus to all earth singing,
Old Concord keeps eternally
Those April muskets ringing.

I stood upon the new-made span
That brows the darkling river ;
I felt the valley breezes fan,
I saw the willows quiver.

I closed mine eyes : That April came—
The dawn of daring Story,
The dusk of death to Tyrant's name,
The flush of Freedom's glory.

The Minute-man was on the field,
His half-ploughed row forsaken,
His farmer-breast his only shield,
His trust in Truth unshaken.

I saw the levin of the guns
O'erleap the Concord's rippling,
And fathers fell, and fell their sons—
The graybeard and the stripling.

But not in vain they fell, my land,
And we their deeds forget not ;
And, if their spirits understand,
That blood they now regret not.

How bounds the life, how burns the soul,
Back-riding thus Time's billows,
By Concord's dusky, dreamy roll
O'er cast with whispering willows !

And, as I turn to quit the place,
I linger yet a trifle—
To mark the Sentinel-Farmer's face
Between his plow and rifle.

EDUCATION—WHAT FOR?

Be not alarmed; this subject is not a danger-signal. You need not cautiously avoid reading, straight through, the few suggestions which follow. The pen of the essayist was not used in this writing—neither the pen of the professional educator; nothing but the plain, blunt pencil of one who believes in education. Education—what for?

There are two who ought to consider this question—the teacher and the student. The teacher should have clear in his mind the purpose of his work; what he aims to accomplish by education. The learner should, at least, have some conception of why he seeks education.

It is gratifying to every lover of the great cause of education to note the progress of the work. It is not questionable to say that there is more of attention and money given to education in our country now than ever before. It is a joy to watch the streams of happy children pour forth every morning till our large public school halls are filled with bright, eager faces. This sight one sees regularly in our towns and cities. Or, if he is out on the highway in the country, he also sees the school-house, standing as a witness that here, too, the good work moves apace. Then, there are all through the land scores and hundreds of academies. These are—and justly so—receiving a large proportion of the attention and encouragement of our best educators. Colleges, seminaries, and universities have multiplied in numbers and facilities for doing their work. Both male and female have the road open to them to the highest education. That great public-school system reaches all and gives an excellent start. The academy is next within reach of any one who has a determined will to obtain a better education. After this it requires just a little more will force, and the college and university can be reached. The most of our universities are open to both sexes. In fact, it seems, if any

one is worthy, he can get a thorough education. There need not be any "mute, inglorious Milton" in our land. But why all this outlay of money and energy? What is education for?

1. Is it for a living? Is education simply that one may know how to get food and raiment for the body? This bread-and-meat theory seems to be a regular *Pandora's box* to the cause of education. It has turned loose on us various short-cut systems, and a general impatience with the long and laborious course necessary for thorough education. The body must have time for its healthy development. So, likewise, must the mind have time for its healthy development. *Men* take time to grow. Whatever the soul is, and whatever be its relation to the body, we know that it depends upon brain and muscles for its healthy actions. To put, therefore, two year's work into one year is as unhealthy as to put two day's work for the stomach into one day. The man who overeats simply destroys his usefulness. The man who overloads his brain destroys his power for thought. On the other hand, if the short course does not over-tax the student's strength, it cannot have in it the work of the long course. In other words, it is a sham. Experience and observation both testify that, even for mere success in making a living, the thorough course, in the long run, is the wise one. It does not take much experience in the world to see the superficial man left in the lurch by his better-trained competitor. And one sees, as he looks back over a brief life, some sad wrecks made by brilliant men. They tried to make, in one year, the journey that older and wiser heads said it would take two years to make, and they fell by the way-side. The hare was left and the tortoise gained the race. It pays to take time for a thorough education, whatever may be your station in life.

2. Again the question, what is education for? To get

away from the plow-handles? This is the lazy man's theory. One who seeks education for such purpose will want education made easy. He is seeking ease. But real education is not easy, and never will be; mental work is hard. The best educator and the most approved methods we have to-day have not made it easy. He who thinks it is easy is deceived, and will never be well educated, unless he buckles down to the hardest work that he can do. The great bane of our race, next to unbelief in God, is laziness.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

We all desire the easy place, and there is no easy place for the man who does his duty. What means the flow from the country to the towns and cities? There is back of much of it the notion that it is easier to make a living in town. The restless condition in our country, strikes and bloodshed, finds much of its cause in the love of ease. We need a deeper, broader education—one that will show the sin of simply aiming at our own ease. Selfishness, like a mighty cancer, is eating away our very life. "Not for ease, or worldly pleasure," but for bringing out the best possible that is within us, should we seek education. For this we need God-fearing, conscientious educators, who will aim, above all things, to inspire, by their precept and example, nobler ambitions in the bosoms of the students than merely to have a good time. He who seeks simply to have a good time puts himself down with the brute. The hog plows the earth with his snout and grunts with satisfaction whenever he finds a sweet root.

3. Once more, what is education for? To out-wit your fellow-man? This is the rogue's theory. What desolations it has wrought in the land! Tricksters, speculators, defaulters, and all their ilk, have come in among us and spied out our liberty and abused our confidence, and cast a blight over our fair land. Men sit down and calculate their move-

ments for covering the market, or crushing out their fellow-men, as coolly as one moves his men on the chess-board. The question of suffering and ruin to others never seems to enter their calculations at all. The golden rule is a back number. It will not work among the children of this generation. Education is good, *if it is good*. But for it to be good, it must be moral development as well as mental training; and the moral must advance as fast as the mental. The education of a rogue simply gives us a bigger rogue. The educated rascal has a greater power for rascality. The church ought always to be in sight of the school-house. Divorce them, and the church will form an alliance with ignorance and superstition, and the school-house will become the mother of lawlessness and debauchery. Education is the handmaid of Christianity; but take away Christianity, and then what is education? One stops before many an invention and asks, is it an advantage? By all means, let knowledge advance; but let us remember that the devil knows a great deal, yet his home is hell and his work is the overthrow of human lives. "Knowledge is power," but power for what? If for evil, then the more we know the worse it will be for us and for all that we may in any way affect. For our wicked thoughts, turned loose from our hearts, fly abroad like birds of prey, but always come home to roost. Mere knowledge does not contain happiness, and, therefore, cannot impart happiness. True education—that which will bless and elevate our race—is the development of man, not mind merely. Man was made in the image of his Maker, and he who is truly educated has this image made manifest. Wherever he goes there goes God. His life is a constant inspiration to others for noble living. We are living in an age where the human is emphasized—even the human in Christ; but let us emphasize the divine. Let us rejoice that we are made after the fashion

of God, and seek to develop the highest and best elements in our natures. Let God and duty be our watchwords in all our efforts at education, then will our lives be truly sublime and our work immortal.

H. W. TRIBBLE.

THE COUNCIL OF TRENT.

The Council of Trent has been called "the watershed of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism." Certainly it was a climax, an end and a beginning. It put into the shape of laws and dogmas religious opinions and beliefs which had been, up to that time, more or less vague; it showed plainly that though the breach made by the Reformers in the wall of the fold of Rome might be built up, the part of the flock which had escaped would never return; it led the Catholics out from a defensive to an offensive line of action, bringing about what has been called a counter-reformation; it confirmed and strengthened the authority and supremacy of the Pope; since all this, and more, was accomplished, the Council of Trent may well be described as "the most important occurrence in post-mediæval church history.

Both Catholics and Protestants were anxious for a general council, but they asked for such a meeting again and again before the Pope granted their request. Martin Luther, protesting against the papal bill "*Exurge Domine*," hurled at him in 1520, appealed to a council which he counted as of higher authority than the Pope. Just before the Council of Trent did finally meet, Luther, being asked if he would attend, replied that he would; but by this time he had little faith that any good could be accomplished. Even after the Pope decided to call the Council, it was found hard to select a place of meeting which would satisfy all. The Germans insisted on some city outside of Italy, fearing, and as the

sequel proved with good reason, the preponderance in number and influence of the Italian bishops. After Milan, Mantua and Vicenza had been suggested by the Pope and "some large German city" by the Germans, Trent, a Tyrolese town, and so in somewhat neutral territory, was named by the Pope and accepted by the opposite wing. Still the plan hung fire; much indifference prevailed, and only after several abortive attempts did the Council finally begin its sessions on December 13, 1545. Once more there was delay; the first sessions, slimly attended, giving little promise of the work which the Council would do and of the fame which it would enjoy.

For six years the sessions of the Council went on, but not uninterruptedly. Under pretext of danger from a disease raging in Trent, and said to be infectious, the Council was transferred, after its eighth session, to Bologna. As some of the delegates refused to go, the question arose whether those in Trent or those in Bologna were to be recognized as the true Council. In 1549 the Council was suspended and did not meet again until 1551. After working on for something over a year, it was again suspended, owing to the war that was waging near at hand. After no less than ten years the Council met again, held nine sessions, and adjourned finally in December, 1563. In everything, save in name, there were two Councils of Trent. The Council which re-assembled in 1562 was radically different from the body which had adjourned a decade before. It was different in its composition and in the purpose and scope of its work from the first meeting, and its inferior in dignity and ability. In the first gathering hopes were entertained that steps might be taken and concessions made which would bring the Protestants back to the Catholic church, but before the second gathering the Protestants had grown so in power and numbers that all thought of bridging the widening

chasm had been abandoned. The spirit of what was, to all intents and purposes, the second Council of Trent, breathed defiance rather than compromise, throwing down the gauntlet and preparing to take up the sword in defence of a clearly formulated creed. Though no longer alive, Ignatius Loyola, through two of his followers, had probably larger influence in this second council than any other man, and it was all exerted to give Catholicism, through a counter-reformation, a new lease on life.

Only a small part of the work of the Council was done in the formal sessions. Here the decisions and deliberations of committees were received and confirmed. This plan of work reminds one of the method used in the Congress of the United States. In some other respects the famous religious assembly was like some of our political bodies. Let us not think that this church council was all peaceful and harmonious. Since it was composed of men, no wonder that there were factions and friction. Sometimes, however, the dissensions and differences passed all bounds. Think of the scenes which were witnessed in the streets of Trent when the most powerful parties made the echoes ring with "Italy, Italy," "Spain, Spain," their battle cries, when words led to blows and blows to bloodshed. Intrigue, manœuvre, and diplomacy played their part, or else the Council had never accomplished its work. Promises, concessions, compromises, ambiguity, cajolery, seem to have been necessary to secure united action. Nor was this all. Political influence was used. Representatives of several nationalities were induced to vote with the papal party by reason of suggestions from their sovereigns. These sovereigns had been interviewed by special messengers from the Pope. Perhaps unity of action would never have been secured in the closing sessions of the Council had it not been for the tact and skill, the perseverance and patience

of Cardinal Morone, who seems to have had, to a wonderful degree, a knowledge of men and the power of bringing things to pass. Think of some of the world-famous men and women, who, though not in the Council, influenced its work, or who were alive during its sessions. Ignatius Loyola and Martin Luther have already been mentioned; both died before the Council closed; Melanchthon passed away in 1560, and Calvin four years later. Charles V. was Emperor during the first Council; Philip II., his son, in whose favor he abdicated, was reigning during the second. England, ruled during the years of the Council by Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, had but one of her sons at Trent, Reginald Pole, a man of remarkable career, twice a candidate for the papal chair, and once for the hand of his country's queen. Francis I., the rival of Charles V., and two sons of that woman whose influence "affected and corrupted French history for half a century," Francis II. and Charles IX., the former the husband to Mary, Queen of Scots, the latter a boy-king with his mother as regent, were upon the throne of France during the years of the Council. No less than five Popes sat on the throne of the Roman hierarchy between the first and last sessions of the Council.

The Council of Trent proved a turning-point in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. Here she finally parted company with her "protesting" children and set forth afresh on a road more clearly marked out than ever before. The work of the Council, as embodied in its decrees, was mainly along the lines of doctrine, reformation of morals and education. To make mention of all the doctrines which were either formulated or acted upon, it were necessary to catalogue almost all the tenets of Roman Catholicism as we know them to-day. Take up any book in which Roman Catholic doctrines are discussed and see

how often the Council of Trent is quoted. Besides establishing the canon of Scripture, the Council issued decrees (to notice a few of the most important) in regard to Purgatory, the Mass, the Confessional and the Seven Sacraments, the awful words, "Let him be accursed," being pronounced against any who should venture to disobey these decrees. Next in importance to the doctrinal work of the Council were the steps taken for the establishment of theological seminaries, for nothing has done more since the Reformation "for creating that doctrinal uniformity which now prevails throughout the Roman obedience." Although during the sessions of the Council party-spirit had run high and unbrotherly and unchristian feelings had prevailed, when the time for final adjournment came there was among the 255 delegates, whose names were signed to the decrees, rejoicing over their finished work and regret even to tears over their coming separation.

To one who, like Dean Stanley, enjoys in travel those places famous for their historical associations rather than those where nature has been lavish with her gifts, a visit to the quiet town of Trent is full of interest. From Verona, where Romeo and Juliet lived and loved, Trent is but sixty miles away, northward. Though beyond the confines of Italy, Trent, with its cobble-paved streets, tile-roofed houses, with its fountains and churches, is a typical Italian town. Of the two chief churches, if size were the sign, one would say that the Cathedral or Duomo was the place where the famous Council assembled; not so, it was from the smaller and less pretentious church of St. Maria Maggeive that anathemas were hurled and decrees delivered by the church dignitaries. The building is probably little changed in these three and a-half centuries. Through yonder pillared doorway, doubtless, the legates and delegates passed, after each session, out into the sun-lit *piazza* and away along the nar-

row streets ; from yonder tall campanile the bells sounded, perhaps, each day to call the Council together ; upon yonder high mountains, skirting the town, these church doctors must often have gazed with pleasure, however full their minds of doctrines. This little Tyrolese town may have in these days few visitors, but having given its name to the great assembly of "grave and reverend signiors" which sat within its gates in the sixteenth century, Trent must forever be famous among students of church history the world over.

GEORGE BRAXTON TAYLOR.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

About the year 1629 a few literary friends in Paris agreed to meet weekly at the house of one of their number. There was no formality about these meetings, but literary topics were, for the most part, discussed. When one had composed some work, he read it to the rest, and they gave their opinions concerning it. They generally met at the house of one M. Courard, since this was the most centrally located. Their intention was to keep their meeting a secret, but in some manner it reached the ears of Cardinal Richelieu. The Cardinal was quite an author himself, and was one of the heads of the French Government, being Prime Minister. In view of his literary taste, he naturally took great interest in their meetings, and promised them his protection, also offering to incorporate them by letters patent, having, by virtue of his official position, the power to do this. Fearing the Cardinal's displeasure, and since by law all meetings of that sort or kind were prohibited, they expressed their gratitude for the high honor the Cardinal thought fit to confer upon them. They proceeded to organize themselves into a body, draw up the by-laws and constitution, appoint officers, and choose a name. Their

officers consisted of a director and a chancellor, both chosen by lot, and a permanent secretary, chosen by vote. A publisher was engaged who was not a member of the incipient academy. The director presided, his duties being about the same as those of the speaker in the English House of Commons. Thus in the year 1635 was the great French Academy founded with eight members.

The King's letters-patent, establishing and authorizing the new society, was granted early in 1635; but by the old constitution of France these letters-patent required the verification of Parliament. Now Parliament did not want to grant a charter to the new society, although this favor of Richelieu's was meant quite honestly. But Parliament was somewhat doubtful of this. It lacked the enthusiasm about letters and culture. This enthusiasm was in Richelieu. Parliament was jealous of the appearance of a new public body in the state; above all, of a body called into existence by Richelieu.

It is said that Richelieu had it in his mind that French should succeed Latin in its general ascendancy, as Latin had succeeded Greek; if this was so, his wish has, to some extent, been realized. The object of the Academy was to purify the French language, as is set forth in its statutes, as follows: "The principal function of the Academy shall be to labor with all care and diligence, to give certain rules to our language, and to render it pure, eloquent and capable of treating the arts and sciences."

The membership was limited to forty in the year 1639. The first undertaking consisted of essays written by all the members in rotation. These never attained any special prominence. The celebrated opinion on Corneille's *Le Cid*, delivered in 1637 by the Academy at Richelieu's urgent request, was the next great undertaking. This poem, which strongly occupied public attention and which had been

attacked by M. Scudéry, shows how fully Richelieu designed this new organization to do duty as a supreme court of literature. The crowning work of the Academy was a dictionary of the French language, commenced in 1639.

During the year 1793 the Academy was suppressed, but reorganized in 1795. It is a significant fact that nearly every man who has any reputation as a writer has been enrolled among its members. Molière was rejected because he followed the stage, but we cannot blame the Academy for a social prejudice which it shared with the age. After Molière's death the Academy caused a bust of him to be placed in its halls, with this inscription: "Nothing was lacking to his glory, *he* was lacking to ours." Descartes was never admitted, because he resided in Holland. Scanon was confined by paralysis to his own house. Pascal never became a member, because he was better known to his contemporaries as a mathematician than a writer.

It would be well to consider the influence of the Academy on the French language. It has corrected the judgment, purified the taste, and formed the language of the French meters, and to it we owe the most striking characteristics of French literature, its purity, delicacy and flexibility. Matthew Arnold has pronounced it, in a glowing panegyric, as a high court of letters, and a rallying point for educated opinion, as asserting the authority of a master in matters of love and taste. To it he attributes, in a great measure, that thoroughness, that openness of mind, that absence of vulgarity which we find everywhere in French literature, and to the want of a similar institution in England, he traces that eccentricity, that provincial spirit, that coarseness, which, as he thinks, is barely compensated by English genius.

We may now speak of academies in general. Academies consecrate and maintain open and clear minds, quick

and flexible intelligences, and, therefore, a nation with eminent turn for these naturally establishes academies. So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and to this extent to the human mind's general advance. But, then this evil is so far compensated by the propagation, on a large scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender; genius itself, in the long run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it that the general advance of the human mind is, perhaps, on the whole, rather furthered than impaired by their existence. How much greater is the English nation in poetry than prose! The power of the English literature is in its poets; the power of the French literature is in its prose writers.

An institution like the French Academy—an institution owing its existence to a national bent towards the things of the mind, towards culture, towards clearness, correctness and propriety in thinking and speaking, and in its turn, promoting this, but sets standards in a number of directions and creates, in all these directions, a force of educated opinion, checking and rebuking those who fall below these standards, or who set them at naught.

W. D. PHILLIPS.

ACQUISITION OR SEPARATION—WHICH THE DESTINY OF OUR COUNTRY?

In the introductory to a very popular American book we have this very novel and striking description of the present condition of society in our country. "The poor and ill-starred people are drawing a prodigious coach over a very rough and rugged road. Upon the top of this coach are seated the rich and fortune-favored. Hunger, the driver, mercilessly throws the lash upon the backs of those harnessed to the coach. But, are those on the top of the great coach perfectly happy and secure? No; for at every sudden jostle of the vehicle some of them fall to the ground, and then they, too, must grasp the rope and help draw along the great burden."

Perhaps the picture is somewhat overdrawn, yet it is a very good representation of our actual condition.

All along through our history momentous and perplexing problems have presented themselves for solution, some of which have been solved, others, which have in some way been disposed of for the time being, have presented themselves at subsequent periods with still greater difficulty of solution.

The question which we propose to discuss in this article is one of these *unsolved* problems, and it is, indeed, well worthy of earnest and thoughtful consideration; for I believe we can say, with some degree of certainty, that the destiny of our country hangs not upon the Chinese or Negro question, not upon foreign war nor foreign immigration, not upon high or low tariff, not upon the much-debated silver problem, not upon Socialism, Mormonism nor Roman Catholicism, but upon this question: whether we shall add more territory to our country, or whether we shall divide our already immense republic into two or more separate and distinct republics.

It is the opinion of some of our most able and influential statesmen that it would be advantageous to our country should we annex to it Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Hawaii, and some others. And all of these countries are more or less anxious to unite themselves with us.

Mr. Carnegie closed his "Triumphant Democracy" with a prediction of a new union of Britain and America. Says he: "As surely as the sun in the heavens once shone upon Britain and America united, so surely is it one morning to rise upon and greet again the reunited States, '*The British American Union*.'"

Then let us suppose that this union of Britain and America should take place (Canada, of course, coming in as a part of Great Britain), and Mexico, Cuba, Hawaii and some others be annexed to this union. The supposition is not at all wild or chimerical, for such a practical and business man as Mr. Carnegie has predicted this union; such a poet as Alfred Tennyson has dreamed of even more, and sung it to the world:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the visions of the world and all the wonders that would be,
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of men, the federation of the world.
Then the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

What would be the result of this great union of States? "Oh," say they who are in favor of this union, "we would, indeed, have a country on whose domain the sun would never set. A single flag floating over the whole galaxy would at once make us the richest and most powerful nation on the globe. No power, or combination of powers, could conquer, or would even dare to interfere with us."

But, let us pause, and spend a moment in calm reflection. All this pictured glory and splendor and power is but an air-

castle—like the music which the ancients supposed to be produced by the revolving of the spheres, it is fanciful.

For, should this union take place, the danger would be not what's without, but what's within. Indeed, no Vandals, Huns, Ostrogoths nor Visigoths could sweep over our plains like a mighty hurricane, carrying before them death and destruction, spreading terror and dismay, but grim death would walk among us in civil array. In this great confederacy we would have people of almost every race, class and condition, and therefore different in their manners and customs, different in their faith and creed—some trusting in the true and eternal God of the universe, some bowing in humble submission to idols of wood and stone, the handiwork of cunning man. What a great diversity of soil and climate we would have. How different would be the interests of the different sections. Then, how could we have laws in common? What a great wrangle and jangle there would be. Therefore, with these glaring and menacing facts staring us in the face, how can we, even for one moment, suppose that such a union could exist for any great length of time.

And furthermore, after we had united ourselves into this confederacy we would not be satisfied. We would want South America to join us. Next we would want the whole of Europe, and finally, with our long and voracious arms, we would reach out for the whole world. And then, yea, if not long before, downfall and ruination would certainly come. Civilization would receive a mighty blow. The "Star of Empire," which has been standing over the Anglo-Saxon world for so long, would move onward to other realms, and, like the mighty empires of the past, which were guilty of this vice—greed of territory—this union would be numbered among the fallen; her own would turn against her, and thrust the cruel poniard in her breast.

There are many in this country who seem to be greatly alarmed at the tendencies of our republic toward socialism, but in all their writings for the press, that I have read, in all their public speeches, they seem to utterly ignore *this*, the most friendish form of socialism—it is the monster in his hugest proportions! There is no more reason why five or six great nations should form one combination than for all of the citizens of any particular country to cast their lots in common. If one is advantageous, the other must be; if one is degrading and destructive to society, then the other must be.

This theory of the federation of the world may, indeed, be a fit theme for poets. It is beautiful, but as impracticable as the founding of cities beneath the mighty waters of the ocean.

It seems to me, that rather than acquiring more territory, or casting our lot with other nations, we should divide our *already* vast republic into at least three separate and distinct republics.

This policy is somewhat kindred to the one agitated by the South more than thirty-five years ago, now commonly called "*The lost cause.*" To such an extent did our fathers believe in the wisdom of this policy that they willingly entered into the very jaws of death in behalf of it, and so bravely and valiantly did they fight that to-day their deeds are the brightest gems that adorn the pages of history. Yea, their manly valor and noble deeds will roll down through the coming centuries to instill in the youths of other generations those true principles of patriotism and honor which make men true to themselves, to their fellow-men, to their country, and to their God. But, must we persuade ourselves to believe that the cause for which they fought is lost. No! it is not lost; it is not dead, but sleepeth in the heart of every true and loyal Southern boy.

We are standing on the threshold of the twentieth century, looking forward with an eager and anxious gaze, wondering what it will bring forth. Again and again our country is stirred from centre to circumference by some action of Congress, or by some great labor trouble. These mighty agitations are the precursors of some great revolution. What will the revolution be? How shall it be accomplished? By clanking sabres and belching cannons, by the blood and lives of valorous men. Almighty God, forbid that it shall be brought about by these means!

O! that some action might be taken, while it yet remains within our power, to bring about this *inevitable* revolution by a peaceful method. Why should we delay? Why should we give heed to those who tell us that all is well; that the "Star Spangled Banner" is waving in triumph over a nation firmly united in heart and purpose, while we ourselves can hear the underground rumblings of the approaching eruption. The atmosphere around us already grows murky and dull. Shall we imitate the people of Herculaneum and Pompeii, disregarding all warnings, linger till the great and awful outburst takes place? The inhabitants of these cities, perhaps, had warning after warning, but heeded not, and finally, when the old mountain opened its horrid mouth and belched forth ashes and burning lava, which descended like rain upon these cities, then they fled, but it was too late, too late; for there was no place of refuge. So will it be with us when the neighing war steeds are brought forth; when the spirit of war has seized the people, and the soldiers have marched out to the field of battle; too late, too late, will it be to cry for peace, and seek refuge; for "grim visage war" will have wrinkled his front, and must do his deadly work. The ploughshares and pruning hooks must be turned into swords and cannons, and Rachel must again weep for her children, and not be comforted because they are not.

There is no country upon which Nature has more lavishly bestowed her bounties than our own. We rank second to no nation in wealth; and yet where can we find so much poverty? While the paid musicians are filling the halls of the rich with soft and gentle strains of music, the piteous wails of hungry children are sounding, as it were, funeral dirges in the homes of the poverty-stricken parents; while the jingling sleigh-bells are making merry and gladsome the hearts of the well-clad, the cold winter blast is rendering life miserable to thousands of ill-clad children. Yes, we have our Vanderbilts, our Jay Gould's, but we also have our poverty-stricken, in such numbers that their names are not known to the world. Some of whom, indeed, have noble souls beneath their ragged bosoms, but they must blush unseen. But, why is it that we have so many money kings and yet so many paupers in this country? Why is it that we have so much poverty in the midst of plenty? If in this country, as in many other sections of the world, there were eighteen or twenty inhabitants to the square mile, it would not seem so strange that we have so much poverty among us. As a matter of fact, we have only five inhabitants to the square mile, and furthermore, as stated above, Nature has bestowed upon us her sweetest smile. Then, why is it that Lazarus must still lay at the gates of Dives, and desire the crumbs falling from his table? Why is it that gaunt *Poverty* still stalks in front of our doors? While there are many secondary causes, I believe the prime cause to be too much country.

On examining the pages of history we find that in proportion as an empire grows in area so does its wealth and privileges accumulate in the hands of a few; the rich grow richer, the poor become poorer. What better example could I give than the great Roman Empire. When this mighty state had acquired so much territory that she became un-

wieldy, a few rich and powerful houses exercised almost exclusive control of affairs. Money, and not merit, was the controlling influence in the elections. To such a depth of depravity did this empire sink that the chief magistracy on one occasion was put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder.

While this, our republic, has not as yet reached such an awful depth of depravity as did the Roman Empire, yet we can but admit that our wealth is rapidly accumulating in the hands of a few, and that our elections are very largely controlled by money.

In consequence of the great diversity of climate and soil in this vast republic, there is such a great diversity of needs and wants among the people it is impossible to have laws in common that will be to the interest of all sections. A law that is advantageous to one section is oftentimes exceedingly detrimental to another. For instance, it is believed that the South would be benefitted by free-trade, or a very low tariff, while on the other hand the North would be injured. To-day some sections are clamoring for the free-coinage of silver, others are striving against it.

Then, what shall we do? What policy shall be adopted? Many have been suggested, but the only one which, I believe, will insure permanent prosperity in our land is *division*.

Nature herself has made the dividing lines. North of the "Mason and Dixon Line" and east of the Mississippi there is a group of States, which, by virtue of their likeness in climate, soil, and manufacturing facilities, could be advantageously united into one republic. All of the sections of this republic would have kindred interests, and could, therefore, have laws in common. South of the Mason and Dixon Line we have another group of States, which, for the same reasons, could be united into another republic. West of the

Father of waters there is another group of States, which, for like reasons, could be united into a third republic.

The great argument used against this division, or, indeed, any division of our country is, there is strength in union—"united we stand, divided we fall." I have as firm a belief in this doctrine of unity as any man. I believe it because history furnishes numerous instances of its truth. I believe it because He, who spake as never man spake, and who taught as one having authority, said: "If a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand." But, *because I believe in this doctrine*, I believe that this republic should be divided into three separate and distinct republics. For when we say there is strength in union we mean *real* union, not merely union in name. Every thinking man must of necessity admit that this country as it now stands is united rather in name than in reality. The interests of the different sections of the country are so entirely different that our legislators can come to no agreement. Indeed, while Congress is in session, scarcely a day passes but that some impassioned Northerner or Southerner waves the bloody shirt in the faces of his opponents, and indulges in language which is hardly becoming the dignity and gravity of men of such exalted positions of honor and trust. We of the South, when we review the long pension rolls of the Federal soldiers, can but feel that we are unjustly dealt with. And furthermore, under the existing condition of affairs there is no more probability of a Southern man being elected to the presidency of the United States than some humble citizen of Greenland. And why is it? Is it that the land of the South, which, previous to the Civil War, was so plenteous in honorable and able statesmen, now has no man qualified to rule as the Chief Executive of this great nation? No! no! It is that bitter sectional feeling which rankles in the hearts of those north of the Mason and Dixon Line that bars

the presidency from the Southern man. Then, shall we of the land of Washington, Jefferson and Lee allow the North to rob the Southern boy of that noble aspiration of some day becoming the president of his country? But not only are the North and South divided, but the great and growing West is becoming more and more estranged from us on account of the great difference in her interest and ours. Yes, this country is divided against itself, and from the very nature of the case ever will be; and therefore, according to the doctrines of the Holy Writ, cannot stand.

When we draw aside the curtain of antiquity and take a retrospective view of the mighty empires that once flourished, but whose glory and splendor has long since passed away, a gloomy foreboding comes over us. The Fates seemed to have decreed that these empires should arise, one after another, run its brief course and perish; just as a brilliant meteor flashes athwart the heavens for a moment, fills the earth below with a resplendent light, and then fades away into eternal nothingness. What an ignoble and insignificant people now dwell in the land of the pyramid builders. The nations of the earth no longer tremble at the stern and cruel edicts of the haughty Babyloonian monarchs. No great Cyrus or Darius now sits upon the Persian throne and governs his people according to laws which altereth not. What a trivial and unimportant part are the descendents of Pericles and Socrates playing in the history of nations. Says the poet:

“’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.”

Mighty Rome no longer sways the iron sceptre over the nations of the world. Step by step arose this great empire till she reached a pinnacle of glory that was indeed sublime, but alas! she, too, must be numbered among the fallen empires.

Then, let us not boast too much of our own glorious country ; for who knows but the time may come when this vast land of ours, upon which now dwells a mighty people, over whose acres are scattered great and flourishing cities, prosperous towns and villiages—who knows, I say, but the time may come when it shall become a howling wilderness, a place wherein man shall not dwell, but dragons shall lie in our pleasant places, and wild beasts, owls and satyrs shall cry in our desolate abodes.

But let us turn from this horrid picture ! Understand me not to give forth much words as a prophecy, for I am persuaded that the future has something better in store for us. I believe that before the close of the present century, certainly before many years will have rolled away, our country will be divided into three republics. And when I think of the possibility and the probability of this division I can but exclaim, as did Sarah Drummond, “The child that is yet unborn will have cause to rejoice.” For then will prosperity begin anew. These three republics, though separate and distinct so far as laws and government are concerned, yet united by the powerful bonds of kindred ties and Christian love, will stand like three great and cloud-capped mountain peaks, and will endure while the ages pass away even till the fulness of time, when all the sovereigns of the earth shall surrender their sceptres to the glorious and eternal King.

C. G. Mc.

Scientific, Physiological, Toxicological and Moral Considerations Regarding the Tobacco Habit.

There is some doubt whether Columbus was the first man of the civilized world to behold a pipe-smoker. Some authorities claim that the use of tobacco is of great antiquity among the Chinese. But, in so far as authentic history goes, the use of it was first adopted in the East by the Spaniards from the North American Indians in the first half of the sixteenth century. In 1560 it was introduced into Italy. In the same year Jean Nicot introduced it into France. The generic title of the plant stands as a monument to his surname, Sir Walter Raleigh, who learned the qualities of the alluring weed from the Old Virginia Indians, introduced its use into England. The red man received in exchange "firewater," a blessing even more dubious than tobacco. European civilization gave it a warm welcome, and it soon became one of the leading dissipations. The appetites of men yielded at once to its allurements, but women were loth to accept it. Yet, sad to relate, she surrendered. In Turkey, Persia and India all classes and both sexes smoke; in both China and Japan the habit is universal. Even here in our grand republic some women are addicted to its use; but they are chiefly among the class who scarcely deserve the name of woman. Perhaps there are a few "Andromaniacs" who cherish its use.

The evil effects of the habit, both toxic and moral, have been recognized from the time of its origin. In the discussions *pro et con* tobacco, both moralists and medical men have elaborated. But few of the many contributions are of real value, most of them coming from moralists and clergymen, or medical men of the class who are ever on the alert to advance some new theory. Such medical talent as Dr. Richardson and Dr. Hobart A. Hare of England, and Dr. William A. Hammond of Washington, D. C., are among

the few who have given contributions of real worth. To these I am, in a great measure, indebted for the facts herein presented.

In the order of their deleterious effects, the tobacco habits are chewing, smoking and snuffing. In every country on the globe tobacco is now largely consumed. A greater number of people use it than any similar article, opium being second, and the hemp-plant third. In medicine it is used locally to relax muscular fibres; as an emetic, as an antidote to strychnine, and as a general motor depressant. For such no drug is more prompt or more efficacious.

Perhaps the most trustworthy analysis of the plant is that by Posset and Reinmann—viz: Nicotine (in 100 parts) 0.060; volatile oil, 0.010; bitter extractive matter, 2.870; gum and malate of lime, 1.740; chlorophyl, 0.267; albumen and gluten, 1.308; malic acid, 0.510; salts of potassium, calcium and ammonium, 0.754; silica, 0.088; water, 88.280. The proportion of nicotine in the analysis is undoubtedly too small, as later analysis show its presence in varying proportions from two per cent. in Havana to six per cent. in Virginia and eight per cent. in French tobacco. But, it is the analysis of tobacco smoke that is of special importance, because in it are to be found all the toxic constituents, freed from the ash which is about seventeen to twenty-seven per cent. First, in all tobacco smoke there is a certain amount of watery vapor, holding various substances. Secondly, there is present a variable quantity of free carbon which, in inveterate smokers, settles on the mucous membrane of the upper air passages, creating "smoker's sore throat" with secretion, which it discolors and which is expectorated as dark coaly sputa. Thirdly, a variable amount of ammonia is present. This gives the smoke an alkaline reaction, bites the tongue and imparts to the whole buccal cavity and upper air passages a dryness after excessive

smoking. Fourthly, carbonic acid is present, and to it is due the headache and general lassitude following prolonged exposure to the fumes of tobacco. Fifthly, there is present what is popularly known as the oil of tobacco, which, by further analysis, is found to contain nicotine, a volatile substance and a dark resinous extract of bitter taste. Nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is a volatile liquid alkaloid. It occurs in the leaf as the malate and citrate of nicotine. To it is due the tremor, palpitation and paralysis, which follow the excessive use of tobacco. The obnoxious smell of stale tobacco smoke on the smoker's breath and clothing and old pipes is from the volatile empyreumatic substance. The nauseous taste imparted to an unaccustomed smoker from a foul pipe is due to the bitter extract. To this is also due the vomiting following the first use of tobacco. Perhaps the comparative limitation of the tobacco habit to males is no doubt due to the great difficulty which females find in suppressing their first disgust for its odor and taste, but I think we should assign it to their naturally higher moral status.

Physiologically, tobacco acts as a depressant to the motor functions of the spinal cord and sympathetic system. It is a nauseant and emetic, a local irritant and a systemic depressant. The two most harmful constituents of tobacco are nicotine and carbon dioxide, the latter being present on an average of 9.3. The salts of nicotine are crystalline and diffuse into the blood rapidly. Nicotine has an acrid, burning taste, is volatile, inflammable, and has an odor recalling that of tobacco. Its toxic action is second only to that of prussic acid. Carbon dioxide is a transparent, colorless gas, of a pungent odor and sour taste; undiluted, it causes immediate death from spasm of the glottis. When diluted, it produces headache, muscular weakness, loss of sensation, vomiting and convulsions; if continued, death occurs without a struggle.

No tobacco *habitué* forgets the inaugural chew or smoke, and the nausea, giddiness and feeling of general wretchedness which attends it. The train of toxic symptoms which follow the excessive use of tobacco are: faintness, nausea, vomiting, giddiness, delirium, loss of power of the limbs, general relaxation of the muscular system, trembling, prostration, coldness of surface, clammy perspiration, convulsive movements, anæsthesia, paralysis and death. Other variable symptoms may occur as purging, violent abdominal pains, depression in the region of the heart, dilatation of the pupils, dimness of the sight, weak pulse and difficulty of breathing. One-fifteenth of a grain of nicotine has caused death in a human being and one-thirty-second of a grain is fatal to cats and dogs. Dr. Hare estimates that each American consumer of tobacco uses, on an average, 505 grains daily. Taking four per cent. as the average proportion of nicotine, we find that the ordinary consumer is daily exposed to about twenty grains of one of the most fatal poisons known. Only a small percentage of this poison reaches the consumer's system. Some of it is lost in the smoke, some is caught by the pipe and stem (in pipe smoking), and that which enters the system is largely eliminated by the lungs, the skin and the kidneys. But, having ascertained that tobacco habitues are daily exposed to virulent poisons, we must question, Does the constant introduction of these into the system give rise to injurious effects; if so, what are these effects; are they purely functional, are they or may they not become organic?

Locally, tobacco acts as an irritant, and as such produces inflammation. It thus directly gives rise to stomatitis, sore throat, post-nasal catarrh, and polypi, gastritis, intestinal catarrh, etc.; indirectly, it acts as an excitant to all pre-existing inflammations. By its local action, then, it is clearly seen that it produces organic diseases. Chewing is the most

deleterious mode in which tobacco is used. Here its local action is direct and its systemic effects are great, the poisons being directly absorbed or swallowed, and there is but one way of escape—that by the sputa. Systemically, tobacco acts as a depressant, and thus produces various perversions of function, some of which we may mention: changes in the blood composition; atonic disorders of the stomach and intestines; debility of and irregular or rapid heart action; disorders of the special senses, dilatation of the pupils, confusion of vision, vagaries, subjective ringing sounds in the ears; arrests of the brain and nerve functions, impairment of mind concentration and memory, motor paralysis and glandular oversecretion. The majority of tobacco *habitues* admit that its use produces in them one or more of these functional troubles. Alas! there are some who even boast of the habit. That tobacco by its systemic effects produces any organic diseases, it is hard to say. Yet, Prof. Osler asserts that in the young excessive use may lead to hypertrophy, dilatation, and even valvular lesions of the heart; and it is very reasonable that the rapid heart action produced by tobacco may lead, at least, to hypertrophy and dilation. Further, there is no positive evidence that tobacco can cause such diseases as insanity, epilepsy, or St. Vitus' dance, as some have claimed; yet, clinical observation furnishes abundance of proof that it acts as a powerful excitant to any predisposed or pre-existing disease. Again, it is evident that by constant, excessive use of tobacco the disturbances, that at first are purely functional, must of necessity, in many cases, lead to chronic derangements. Hence the subject acquires an impaired constitution with a train of chronic symptoms.

I would not have done the subject justice should I not have given in fuller detail the effects of tobacco upon the heart—describe the so-called “tobacco heart.” In this, as in all

other diseases produced by the systemic action of tobacco, we can furnish no exact pathology. The diagnosis of "tobacco heart" can be made only by exclusion. There are no physical signs whatever. We can only describe it as a perversion of heart function, due to the effects of tobacco. The possessor of the "tobacco heart" is apt to be a youth, or one who acquired it in youth. He presents variable symptoms. He is apt to have a pale face, an anxious countenance, tremulous muscles, and to be a chronic dyspeptic. In mild cases there is but little annoyance, occasional palpitation, a flutter, a dart or a transient sensation of depression in the region of the heart. In more severe cases, such as are seen in old *habitues*, the cardiac pain is quite severe. The subject may be forced to refrain from any muscular effort for a variable time, the face is apt to be ghastly pale, the surface bathed in a cold, clammy perspiration, the hands clasp over the offending organ, the arterial action rapid or irregular. It might here be judicious to state that the primary effect of tobacco upon the heart is to lessen the pulse rate, but it finally excites or produces irregularity of the heart action.

The using of tobacco is an acquired habit. Nature earnestly and admonishingly protests against its initiation. No one can truthfully say that the first taste or effects of tobacco are pleasant. The natural objections and primary effects have to be suppressed and overcome; a "tolerance" is thus finally established. This habit, as do all others, originates either from external circumstances or from an act of will. As the mind through nature sees that there is nothing good, but, on the other hand, something obnoxious and harmful in the use of tobacco, there are few, if any, who purely will to use it. It is by adapting ourselves to our associations and environments that we spontaneously form the habit, which, by repetition, becomes organized and constant. Yet,

no habit can be formed unless there is first performed the act which by repetition results in the habit. Thus, although the subject does not exercise any specific act of will or does not intend to form the habit, nevertheless he is responsible for its existence, in that he might have prevented it. Again, human beings are capable of disorganizing any and all habits by removing or refusing to fulfil the conditions which lead to the performance of the action. It is through the influence of association that the tobacco habit becomes a custom among certain classes, as sailors, sporting men and college students. Habit diminishes feeling and increases activity; thus, the butcher slays cattle, sheep and hogs by the hundred, but his commiseration is in no wise excited; and so, the "devotees of the weed" smoke, chew or snuff in any place or company, permit the cigar fumes to blow into the faces of passers-by, spit on the floor of the cars, hotels and the home hearth; it becomes automatic, thus the tobacco *habitué* may smoke or chew unconsciously or unintentionally, and it tends to become permanent and to exclude the formation of other habits. However, the exclusion does not include habits of like nature. Indeed, tobacco produces a general depression, and a dryness of the mouth which requires something more stimulating, and thus often originates or increases the desire for other narcotics, such as alcohol and opium. "Show me a drunkard who does not use tobacco and I will show you a white blackbird," said Horace Greeley; and, so far as I have observed, he is right; but we cannot, on the other hand, say that every tobacco *habitué* is a drunkard.

I have endeavored not to overrate the evils of the tobacco habit, not to picture it as the greatest of dissipations or to characterize the "devotees of the weed" as unrefined, degraded and ungentlemanly; but simply to present the true facts. I wish to appeal to the tobacco *hobitues* as rational,

thinking human beings—I wish them to query the toxic and moral evils of tobacco and to answer soberly: Is it wise to form or possess a habit which, is or at least may be, productive of so much harm? Should one allow himself to be under the bondage of a habit that may prove stronger than his will and that may marr his intellect and palsy his constitution? Should we not admonish the young people of to-day and warn the coming generations of the evils of this habit, which may victimize them by its allurements? It is among the young that the habit is most likely to be formed, and upon them the effects of tobacco are especially injurious. Investigators have proven that tobacco arrests the oxidation of living tissues. From this it is very reasonable that, in youth where there is constant growth, the development of both mind and body may be retarded. Since the habit of cigarette smoking has become so prevalent among the youth of to-day, it is a question whether it is not the greatest bane to the present and coming generations.

I do not wish to be understood as holding that the use of tobacco is always productive of injurious effects; because there are among adults and those of declining years, who have not previously been addicted to its use, cases in which the moderate and judicious use of tobacco is undoubtedly useful. Here it acts by arresting the oxidation of tissues and so relieves exhaustion, sustains the system and prevents retrograde metamorphosis. Even here, as in youth, it is very hard to establish or maintain a moderation, and we are liable to be victimized. Again, in so far as I have read, none of the scientific investigators or the most zealous moralists have been able to prove satisfactorily that either the physical or intellectual vigor of nations or people *en masse* has been impaired or degenerated by the use of tobacco; but, on the other hand, clinical observation furnishes an abundance of individual cases, proving beyond a doubt both the physical and the moral evils of this most useless habit.

W. J. W.

CITIZENSHIP TOO CHEAP.

[Semi-Monthly Oration before the Philologian Society.]

Notable among the characters in the popular dramas of Germany is the scoundrel, who is always represented as finishing his career in America.

Such a comment, coming from one of the most cultured nations of Europe, suggests to the citizens of this intelligent and powerful republic the question, whether we shall continue with outstretched arms to embrace and welcome to our shores the vilest products of foreign life. It seems that the time has come when it is more necessary to look after the future character of the American people than to the growth and vastness of its numbers, or to its territorial extension.

Our forefathers, only three million strong, won a creditable name among nations by martial achievements, by elevated statesmanship, and by stern devotion to moral and religious principles. The generation of to-day can ill afford to lose it, though it may leap beyond the aggregate of seventy millions. It is not enough that our country is numerically strong, and has unbounded wealth. It is not enough that its industrial activities are conspicuous, and that its brawn and bravery are undisputed by its foes. Other great and historic nations have waxed and waned. For many centuries more than half of mankind have remained irrevocably moored to Gothic barbarism, and European races only have made any noteworthy progress. A great nation can only maintain its claims by the greatness of its people, by brain power and intellectual development, and by work that confers honor upon our common humanity. True, our nation began its career under lofty ideas; personal liberty, freedom of conscience, civil equality and government in the interest of the poor and defenseless. But questions as new and radical as those

which engaged the founders of our government are constantly arising. We are finding out that we have too much liberty and too little restriction; enough law, but a vast amount of lawlessness.

Then we hear the cry: "It is a free country—keep it free; the asylum of the poor and oppressed; let them come, the refuge from tyranny; open wide the gates; the land of equal rights gives to every man an equal chance."

It will not be denied that these are brave words, full of noble sentiment. But this spirit, which was universal a few generations ago, is now giving place in thoughtful minds to solicitude before the startling facts of immigration and the transformation in social and political life that threatens to follow.

There is flowing into this country an immense stream of foreigners who are not only ignorant in every sense of the word, but who are worn out by poverty and oppression, exhausted in vitality, and sunk below all possibility of recovery, except by processes requiring as much time as has elapsed in making them what they are.

Statistics show that during the fiscal year 1894, ending June 30, 288,000 immigrants arrived in this country, of whom 285,620 were landed, and 2,380 debarred from landing because of being under contract to perform labor made previous to their arrival. Of the immigrants over sixteen years, 41,000 could not read nor write.

More than one hundred years of political training lie behind and enter into the American citizen; it has taken that time to teach men how to vote and govern themselves, but now we are creating their peers in only a few months. These foreigners are not simply here, but they are here, clad with citizenship, to act and to be used—to make weights to be thrown on the side of any party that may win them; the special tool of the saloon politician, open to

bribery, ready to be massed into labor troubles, and to become the chief factor in them.

The almost hopeless complications of the labor question are principally due to this foreign element, which not only leads and comprises the mob, but so widens the range of the price of labor that the American cannot endure the competition. Thus the foreigner first depresses the labor market, and then joins in a murderous struggle for its rise. He is simply becoming another fang of the serpent that is poisoning the life of the nation. If the labor question brings still greater trouble to our country the *role* the foreigner will assume is already indicated. They seek no rational way of correcting an evil. To them human liberty is to tumble order into chaos "even till destruction sickens." Then, theirs is the vulture's part. Nor is it strange that we have this class among us when we consider the fact that by adopting the policy of receiving foreigners without certificates of dismissal from their original citizenship, the United States has become the asylum for the outlaws of Europe. From our humanitarian standpoint we call together the outcasts of all nations and give to them national fellowship, though they come with curses for government—human and divine.

The Pole comes to us seeking refuge from the tyranny of the Russian Czar or Austrian Emperor. Having been buffeted by the whim of an absolute monarch from infancy, he is imbued with the idea that government is essentially wrong. He is as much a Nihilist here as in Poland. The Chinese are forming hot-beds of vice in our cities of the West. The Italian comes hither to sell his labor and his vote, cherishing the fond hope that one day he may return to live in idleness and die under the bronzing sun of his beloved Italy. Nor is this all. These foreigners are becoming an alarming factor in political affairs. We remember

during our late presidential campaigns how anxious our parties were to know how the Germans of the West and the Irish of New York were going to vote; recognizing the fact that they already hold the balance of political power. If they continue to increase at such a rapid rate they will soon own our mines, graze our lands, control our manufactories, and finally revolutionize our republic.

The policy by which these dangers may be averted is plain. The Government should be more chary of her privilege, and, when once extended, more summary in yielding her protection and vindicating her laws. R. A. A.

Crossing the Blue Ridge from Albemarle to Weyer's Cave, in Augusta, Va.

A summer evening in Piedmont Virginia is a time that every soul "to the manor born" loves to muse upon. As the shadows gently lengthen, the foot-hills of the blue mountains seem to be playing hide-and-seek one with the other; the gently sloping spurs begin to change from blue to ebony, and the giant peaks as sentinels they stand, wrap themselves in sheets of woven twilight; the unwearied sun has lost his last refracted ray behind the billowy heights; the cheery crickets, among the foliage of tobacco and Indian corn, reply to the plaintive call of the whip-poor-will pouring out the sadness of its heart as it hides in the overshadowed rabbit-path among the dark and silent pines; the oriole, the robin, the mocking bird, and the wren have tucked their heads beneath their wings, and sweetly sleeping among the green bowers of the oak, chestnut, locust, maple, and woodbine, dream of the aerial voyages of the coming day, when they shall bathe their plumage in the first sunlight of morning; one by one the nocturnal tapers of the ages are lit, and

" In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

Such was the evening of the 18th of July, 1894, when a happy party gathered at a typical Virginia home, situated three miles north of Crozet, in Albemarle. As the merry peals of laughter rang unrestrained through the halls; as couples tripped here and there over the emerald carpet of the lawn; as we glanced at the *tete-à-tetes* in dining-hall, drawing-room, and parlor, we could but soliloquize: You may speak of the social side of life on the Southern plantation in the "good old ante-bellum days," but we of this generation, who have been in homes of the Old Dominion as they stand with open doors all the way from the Potomac to the Roanoke, can hardly conceive of a reception more pleasant than that given by Virginians to-day to those that sojourn within their halls.

The members of the party retired early to their several rooms, but had sought their couches only a few hours before the blast of a fox-horn awoke them from their dreams. In a few moments the whole household was astir, and in a short while five horses had been hitched to as many buggies, two quickly stepping grays were saddled, and a double team was prepared in order to start on a trip during the wee small hours of the night. About 2:15 A. M. the breakfast bell jingled, and a party of sixteen blushing maidens and gallant lads gathered around the appetizing board. At 2:45 the bugle sounded once more and the happy couples were off beneath the peerless stars to visit Weyer's Cave on the south branch of the Shenandoah, in Augusta county.

THE HOME OF THE BROWNIES.

Through the little hamlet of White Hall, across Moor-man's river, up Doyle's creek and far into Brown's Cove

we went before we saw any one assailing the duties of the new-born day. "Who lives there, and there, and there?" the writer asked his companion, as they rode through the Cove. "Just ask what Brown lives there," he replied, "and you will strike it every time."

As we beheld mountains on every side, and saw the stream of silver rippling over the white pebbles and rounded sand-stones; as we looked at the hanging vines and delicate ferns along the way; as we viewed Nature's own coverings—the blue arch above and the emerald carpet beneath—and as our attention was called there in the early dawn to the cosy dwellings in the distance, all so modestly adorned, we felt almost that at last we had reached "the home of the Brownies." Just before dawn verged into the full light of day a former student of the University of Virginia was seen seated upon the porch of one of the houses. Why is "the giant centre of the team of '93" up so early? was a question that puzzled the writer. It was all explained, however, when in a few days it was learned that he was there to ask the hand of the "Belle of the Brownies," who that same evening became his bride.

UP THE PASS.

The ascent of the Blue Ridge was now begun by way of Brown's Gap, and far up the heights we had ridden before the golden sunlight bathed our brows. The two horsemen and the lovers in one buggy, having gotten some distance ahead of the main body, halted when they reached the mountain top, and there, far up among the clouds, fed their steeds. The writer lay down upon a storm-cloth beneath an aged chestnut and soon fell asleep, but in a short while the rumbling of wheels was heard, and he was aroused in order to follow the party down the pass.

A MOUNTAINEER.

Ere the horsemen, however, had mounted "Silver Foot"

and "Flora," they heard a voice near them exclaim: "Come up here, Fannie. Don't you hear me!" On looking around we saw a mountaineer with a colt trying to lead it through a by-path down the slope, but with all his coaxing and pulling he couldn't get it to budge. Upon his telling us that he desired to lead the young animal down to his home, we suggested that if he would put it out into the road that we would drive it for him. "Oh, no!" he replied, "she's broke. Come up here, Fannie!" And then forgetting its stubbornness for awhile, addressing the writer, he said: "You ain't got a colt what you want trade for a good mule, is you?" We had to admit that we had not, and then, with our "risibles" entirely overcome, we referred him to our companion, who was sitting on a stone about fifty yards distant with every rib in his body rattling to the tune of "Woa dar mule; woa dar, I say!" The young mountaineer again addressed his remarks and exertions to his colt, but all to no effect. Patience having ceased to be a virtue, he now broke a branch from an oak near at hand, and, swearing like a trooper and sailor combined, wore out the branch upon his coltship, which, at that stage of the proceedings, quietly moved off. As the rustic was disappearing in the undergrowth, with his face wreathed with the smile of success, he exclaimed: "I jes tell you, she knows when I cusses her."

THE DESCENT.

Adown the rough and rocky, wild and weird, winding way we went, until we reached a stream curving in and out among the hills at the mountain's foot. There we lingered for an hour, ate our breakfast, and fed the remaining horses of the party.

Now we are passing through the village of Shendun, situated on the Norfolk and Western railroad, and at high noon have reached "The Grottoes of the Shenandoah."

The boys now unhitched their horses, and, while waiting for the hour to enter the cave, the writer amused himself by talking with an old man that had for many years made his home under the shadow of the Grottoes mountain. When he was asked how the cave was lighted, he replied, "By electricity, sir. By the way," he continued, "I must go up toward the power-house now to see if the dynamite is runnin'."

THE CAVE OF THE FOUNTAINS.

The Grottoes include three distinct caves—Weyer's Cave, the Cave of the Fountains, and Madison Cave—quite near each other in the same mountain. We visited only the first named, but "The Cave of the Fountains," says another writer, "is vast, wild, rugged, and in places precipitous enough to increase the interest of the explorer whose enjoyment of the works of nature increases in proportion to the difficulties encountered in approaching them." The visitor begins his downward course the moment he crosses the threshold, and continues it until more than a hundred stone steps have been placed between him and the outer world. Retracing our steps until we reach the lowest depths of Pluto's Chasm, we see the 'Gates Ajar.' 'Tis only the blessed light of day streaming through the barred gateway of the cavern, but it has an indescribable effect on the beholder who has been for the past hour and a half wandering amidst the regions of eternal darkness. Standing a hundred feet below the entrance, surrounded by shadowy forms, dimly visible in the faint light which only serves to make the surrounding darkness more intense, is it surprising that a ray of sunlight should cause us to quicken our steps in that direction and to feel duly thankful when we finally emerge after a toilsome climb, and feast our eyes on the beautiful panorama of village, field and winding river, with its hazy mountain background stretching away in the

distance. Of the two, Weyer's Cave excels in the delicacy, beauty and richness of its formations, in its lighting and accessibility, and in the absolute security from accident, while the Cave of the Fountains appeals more strongly to the venturesome and the admirer of terrific grandeur. The reckless explorer has little business here, though there is no actual danger unless one deliberately courts it. The visitor to the Grottoes should see both caverns; but if this is not possible, the lover of the beautiful should visit Weyer's Cave, and the devotee of grandeur may well while away his time in the "Cave of the Fountains."

MADISON CAVE.

"Madison Cave," says a writer, "is now visited only by the very curious. It is small in extent compared with either of the others, and more difficult of access. It is known locally as the Saltpetre Cave, considerable quantities of this commodity having been mined from it, especially during the late war. Years ago it was one of the sights of the Shenandoah Valley, no less a personage than Thomas Jefferson having surveyed and mapped it in 1782, but the discovery of its more pretensions and accessible competitors destroyed its prestige. Its glory has departed from it, and the bats and the owls have taken it for a habitation."

WEYER'S CAVE.

Weyer's Cave is the best known to the tourist. Twenty feet, perhaps, from its entrance stands a stalagmite bearing the rudely written inscription, "B. Weyer, 1804;" the name of its discoverer and date of discovery. Near by is a group of human-like stalagmites called the Sentinels, while just above them is a gallery with other sentinel-like figures seemingly awaiting the coming of their watch.

NIAGARA IN MARBLE.

Leaving the Sentinels, we reach a cataract, a good rep-

resentation of the water at an old country mill-dam, which, while pouring over to the level below, has been clutched by the icy fingers of winter. It may well be called "Niagara in Marble."

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

We are now in Solomon's Temple. Just above us is the throne of him who said: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." The royal seat, canopied with richly-colored fluted curtains of stone, and studded with gems, reflects with dazzling brilliancy the rays from the electric lights and magnesium flashes. Near the centre stands a huge yet almost transparent pillar, which supports the grained roof. We pass by "The Zoological Garden" and the "Balustrade Room" to

"THE PERSIAN PALACE,"

which is more appropriately called "The Chapel." In this room, whose walls and ceiling are rich in sheet stalactites of white and brown, are the chancel, canopied pulpit, choir loft, pipe organ, and near its centre is a chandelier upon which electric lights are placed. Adjoining this room is "The Armory" in which the shield of Ajax is the most prominent of the war-like formations.

THE BIG DRUM.

In the Ball Room, which is one hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and varies from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, is an immense base drum, formed by a stalagmite-stalactite sheet perhaps fifteen feet in height, three feet broad, and one and one-half inches in thickness. By striking this sheet near the bottom with the heel the sonorous tones given out recall the sound of the big drum of the "brass band, to which we delighted to listen in our boy-

hood days. By this sheet and a second wall a dressing-room is formed.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

We descend "Jacob's Ladder" to the "Senate Chamber," beneath which is a crystal spring. Here we are looking into "The Robbers' Den" filled with massive boulders and surrounded by dark and repulsive recesses. Leaving this cave, we enter "The Inferno," which stretches away for 500 feet into "a deep and portentous gloom, unrelieved by a single star," but which contains some of the finest formations of that grand underground palace. "The Cathedral," a chamber 260 feet long, fifty feet wide, and varying from thirty to sixty feet in height, is next reached. Just within the entrance is a dark and seemingly unattractive rift in the wall, but a flash of magnesium thrown into it reveals a beautiful reproduction of a Virginia mountain sunset. Further on in the chamber is a confused display of banners, shields, tapestries, wing-like projections, pinnacles and towers, while from their battlements the "Enchanted Moors," clad in ye armor of olden tyme, look with contempt upon the pignies of to-day that come to disturb them after their rule for decades and centuries. The wilderness of spires and pinnacles and turrets form a weird scene of grandeur and beauty.

THE PARTY IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

In the "Bridal Chamber," with its magnificent bridal veil which seems to be hanging unsupported in mid-air, all white and spotless, with its diamond-like particles adding to it a peculiar charm, we paused, and cast a sly glance at the happy members of the party as they strolled, arm in arm, into "The Garden of Eden." The writer and his gentleman friend were saddened as they looked at the other lads so happy, and remembered that their own "Rachel" was far away.

LURAY AND WEYER'S COMPARED.

When the writer visited the Luray Caverns, in the summer of 1888, he was impressed by its marble-like formations—its frozen fountains and cascades—so beautiful and delicate. In Weyer's Cave the magnificent chambers and distances were the especially attractive features.

THE GRAND CANON..

We are now in the "Grand Cañon," whose walls rise to a height of ninety feet; the narrowness of the chamber in comparison with its height, and the forest of stalagmitic formations with which it is filled, bearing a strong resemblance to tree trunks stripped of foliage and limbs, gives the giant room its name. Its lofty walls and fretted-seiling cannot fail to attract the most absorbing attention.

JEFFERSON HALL.

The lowest level reached was in Jefferson Hall, 200 feet below the surface. Here are found some of the most massive formations in the whole cave. The "Tower of Babel," rising with its fluted walls to a height of thirty feet, and capped with a beautifully colored corniced crown, is a stalagmite eighty feet in circumference. In the rear of the Tower is the "Lady Chapel," rich in delicate formations. The "Natural Bridge," 100 feet in length and twenty feet in width, spans the hall about midway between floor and ceiling.

THE EXIT.

The party will long remember the "Golden Haired Child," as seen through a narrow opening, the crystal springs; the "Tower of Pisa," the "Piano," the "Frog," the "Sunflower," "The Calla Lily," the "Pompeiiian Baths," the "Magic Tower," and scores of other kaliedoscopic views that were upon every side. Over 300 electric

lights now illumine the cave, and the entire distance may be traversed without soiling a shoe. Its temperature is about 50° F. throughout the year. We now retraced our steps, passed through the "Shell Room," and once more were out beneath the heaven's ethereal blue.

AT SUPPER AND AT REST.

Upon the sward at the foot of the "Grottoes Mountain," and not far from where the crystal waters of the south branch of the Shenandoah gently murmur the love songs of the days that are gone, we sat down, and there enjoyed our fourth meal of the day. As the sun began to sink behind the western hills we drove into Shendun, and the party, like weary children, were soon sweetly sleeping upon downy couches at "The Grottoes" hotel.

The morning broke; we breakfasted early; the teams were hitched; the bugle sounded; we were off. Two miles westward we drove, then turned southward through the fertile and far-famed Augusta Valley. As we passed by pastures green and waters still, the sweet words of love that each had spake to the fair one by his side will be known, perhaps, only when, at some grand reunion toward the close of life, we shall meet once more to speak of the scenes and "unseens" of that day.

Crozet, Va.

H. T. LOUTHAN.

PRACTICAL READING.

The principle that "men must be taught as if you taught them not" must have been realized time and again by every true master of the teacher's art. It is remarkable how interested we become in anything said indirectly. A public speaker often holds his audience more firmly with something said "by the way" than with that which follows directly from the subject in hand.

Either the perversity of the races or the lack of an art of elocution that will some day come to light, must be the cause. No doubt, if modern thinkers would, like Pythagoras of old, speak behind a curtain, and, more than that, speak aloud their thoughts, unconscious of the presence of hearers, there would be more serious attention than is given to-day to the college and university professor or lecturer. Even men whose ambition is of the highest order, and who have entered our higher schools of learning with such aim as impelled Colet and Erasmus, are often found wearied with the daily routine of college work, and longing to take a course suited to their own peculiar tastes and according to their own selection. For our own part, we hold conservative principles along this line, and will be loyal to the modern methods of instruction which have not been found wanting by the great thinkers of our day. A student in college is not often found so well acquainted with life's needs and the mind's needs as to be able to follow a course of his own selection.

But as regards *reading*, we hold that one can more truly reap the benefits of reading by a varied and all-embracing course.

No one can afford to be entirely a specialist as regards his reading in this day. Not only cramped and narrow views confined to one line of work will be the result, but a distaste for other literature and a prejudice resulting from lack of acquaintance with other lines of thought. Enlightenment and development may be gained in a special line, but we will not attain that breadth of view and extension of thought that comprehends the sum of human knowledge, and with it appreciates the aspirations and activities of a manifold, changing world.

Is it right for a teacher to master the classics alone in addition to a rudimentary education? Will his power be as

great by devoting his time, as he may do, to all the literature of one language, as it would be from a thorough study of all that is most valuable in that language, supplemented by reading a great deal of all that is included between the extremes of light current literature and the most profound philosophy? Of what influence and power would be the discourses of a minister who had mastered most works on theology, without a large and growing acquaintance with biography, history, and we may add, fiction?

But aside from the incalculable benefits of reading in our education, has any man the right to be so one-sided that he shall be neither interesting nor communicative in company with men of all classes and professions? Here are ever-fruitful and stimulating effects resulting from a course of varied reading, that brings to our minds pictures of all that has passed, and is passing, over the stage of human life and action.

Our object, then, is to express the conviction, that the best course of reading is the wide and far-reaching one, that will bring us in touch with all men and all the ideas of men.

G. F. H.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell. Forget.
Ay, let
The fret
Of this hard moment die
Away in laughter.
I know
We go
To-day in pain apart—
Break off in laughter!
Set
Your eye
And heart
On joys to follow after.
Why
Allow regret
To fill
And sadden future days?
For him who will
The sunshine plays
The rainfall after.
Never
Be pain forever:
Some pain, then Laughter
After
And rest—
That's best.
A moment,—all
Is o'er.
Call
No more
That moment back
To rack
The heart. In Laughter
Let's break away
To-day.
Then, after
We say
Farewell,—forget!

Editorial.

THE literary department is somewhat fuller than usual this month, and still there are more articles which we would be glad to publish, but financial considerations forbid our swelling the size of the issue further.

It is a matter of much regret to set aside articles of merit, but under certain circumstances it must be done, and the editors are not responsible for it.

UNFORTUNATELY, through the carelessness of a former business manager, our complete exchange list became misplaced and has never been recovered. However, through the signal kindness of Mr. Burbage, business editor, *University of Virginia Magazine*, who, by request, sent us a partial copy of his own exchange list, we have been able to completely revise the old, imperfect sheet, and are now in a position to distribute THE MESSENGER much more judiciously among our sister colleges.

IT WILL be noticed that the "Campus Notes" are a little slim this issue. This circumstance is accounted for by the fact that the young lady who usually edits these "Notes" has been absent on an extended visit and thus the work has devolved upon us.

Mrs. McCarthy: "Yer wages is twinty cints short this wake, Moike."

McCarthy: "Yis, Mary Ann. We had an explosion on Toosday, an' th' foorman docked me fur the tim Oi was in th' air."—*Boston Woman's Journal*.

"TO GET" VERSUS "TO LEARN."

A distinguish divine recently said that one of the greatest perils to modern life and modern higher civilization was that the ambition "to learn" was swallowed up in the stronger, all-absorbing ambition "to get."

Men are rushing ever onward, wafted on the swiftly gliding tide of progress, with the one over-shadowing purpose ahead: To Get.

"Time is too precious" say they; "life too short to spend the bloom of youth, the strength of earlier manhood, in 'fingering' the history of the world's past progress in philosophy, in science, and in literature." "We must attend to the present, dip into the future; the past is gone, ever beyond recall; why awake dead echoes; why disturb the slumbering deeds of those who are no more?"

But *here's* the rub. A great many are being educated, more than ever before in the world's history, but their education is superficial, is incomplete. Men are striving to cultivate themselves by the light and 'between-times' reading of current literature, rather than by the laborious midnight research of the hidden treasures of the past.

Men are constantly entering professions whose mental culture has been of the slimest sort, and it is granted that some do well, the vast majority however begin life in the city but end their weary fruitless efforts in some God-forsaken country waste; many of them, perhaps, finding their graves 'neath the waving billowy herbage of the far West.

Like the seed in the Parable of the Sower—good seed, too—"which fell upon stony places * * * and forthwith sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth." "And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away," are the men who, being scantily equipped for life's war, yet at first making much show, but when the "adamantine chains" of

competition wind themselves about them and the scorching sun of adversity, the brilliant gleaming light of cultivated intelligence bursts upon them, wither away and are lost in the great mass of unindividualized humanity.

But we admitted, however, that, in some few exceptional cases, men, neglecting "to learn" for, perhaps, the greater charm "to get," have met with creditable success in their powerful strides towards their aim in life, but with the truth, readily admitted by all, before us, that "knowledge is power," we are prompted to ask what *would* be the extent of success reached by such men, if, when in the exercise of their indomitable energy and perseverance, there should be coupled a power-giving knowledge, a rigorously cultivated intellect, a mind into which have been instilled all the phases of human nature and human life since the "flight of years began."

The great gloomy mistake into which so many fall is that they try "to get" too fast. Their ambition is inordinate, but they have no patience to linger while unwearying industry and lonesome, wearing, midnight study bind upon them that impenetrable armor which shall protect from the arrow-headed thrusts a hard-handed world is ever showering upon them, and that keen sword which shall enable them to cleave the shrewd devices of men and cut asunder the web adversity and human weakness are ceaselessly weaving about their feet.

COLLEGE VS. NON-COLLEGE.

There is a constant conflict and competition going on between the educated and those who have never had, or, at least, have never taken advantage of opportunities permitting collegiate training.

It is our purpose, then, to draw a parallel, in a small way, between these opposing hosts.

There is no question in our mind but that a man thoroughly educated is far more capable than the same man with only meagre and incomplete training. But there may, perhaps, arise a question like this: Which of the two classes mentioned above, taken as a whole, are the better able to cope with the vicissitudes of life, and may, with greater certainty, be expected to reap the more glorious harvest at its close?

This inquiry is suggested by a seeming hesitancy, on the part of business men, to employ college graduates, alleging that the more highly educated men are not practical, and have not the push and shrewdness characteristic of men who have spent their earlier manhood in business and in elbow-touch with living humanity.

Now, we are almost inclined to admit the existence of some reasonable ground for this allegation. But, however, let us look further than the mere surface.

The college man is not very practical when he first begins the battle for a livelihood; still there is no very firm ground why this should be expected of him. He has never been trained in this direction, but he has the theory; and many are the times when he is slowly plodding his way with some practical problem, he is only trying to satisfy himself of his theory, only interlocking theory and practice into such a completeness of union such as he had never conceived of before. And when once he has convinced himself of this "completeness of union," he is immeasurably in advance of his less fortunate neighbor whose knowledge is only that taught by another, and learned in a merely mechanical way.

How much more valuable, how much more to be desired, must be the man who can give a reason for what he sees and believes than one who sees and believes but "knoweth not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth!"

Errors, gross, unpardonable errors, have come under our notice, in our own short experience, the sole ground for

which was that poorly equipped men were employed in positions beyond the scope of their powers to fill.

Furthermore, the college man only has developed in him those elements absolutely necessary for the perfection of practical shrewdness—the ability to protect one's interests.

Men without their slumbering powers, their inward natures, developed, are only half men. They may be able to learn the business tricks of the "sharpers," but the true insight into human nature, the piercing foresight into the indrifting future, must be bought with the price. This insight and foresight will, perhaps, come; but to the unfortunate class they come only late in life when the energies are becoming wearied and relaxed.

What, then, is this marvelous power, Education? It is that training, of the inward feelings and emotions, that brings man in closer acquaintance with himself and his fellow-beings. To educate is to "know thyself." Education is to know something, to be something, to do something. Without its power, without its brightening influence spreading over the mysteries of the human mind, than which nothing is more mysterious, superstition and ignorance would reign supreme over the dictates of man's heart and actions of his life. That conscious and irresistible presentiment, inexplicable otherwise than that its author is God, that there exists one Supreme Being over and above all would soon lose itself in a vast ocean of opinions and doctrines ruinous and heathenish.

It is this analyzing of self that instills into man that sense of dependence and obligation, neglect and fraternal love, due to his fellow-man, which is as essential to the peace and happiness of the mind as material food is to the growth and strength of the body.

All that is pure and holy in man; all that is grand and noble has its closest affinity with this mental cultivation so much to be desired by all who are ambitious to attain, in any degree, to the highness and nobility still remaining in man's inherited nature.

MEMORABILIA.

- APRIL 2.—University of Vermont *vs.* Richmond College. Game cancelled. Rain.
- “ 4.—Jacksons *vs.* Jaspers. Score, 35-15.
- “ 5.—Annual Public Debate of Mu Sigma Rho Society.
- “ 6.—Base-ball : William and Mary *vs.* Richmond College. Score, 3-20.
- “ 9-15.—James Thomas Endowment Lectures.
- “ 19.—Joint Oratorical Contest. J. C. Taylor successful contestant.
- “ 23.—Base-ball : Washington and Lee *vs.* Richmond College. Score, 6-16.
Meeting of G. and H. Society.
- “ 24.—Base-ball : Georgetown *vs.* Richmond College. Score, 18-5.
- “ 26.—Base-ball : St. Johns *vs.* Richmond College. Score, 4-12.
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CALENDAR.

- MAY 6.—Base-ball : Columbian University *vs.* Richmond College.
- “ 7.—Base-ball : St. Johns College *vs.* Richmond College.
Declaimers contest.
- “ 10.—Field-Day. Contest for improvement in debate medal. Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies.
- “ 14.—Meeting of G. and H. Society.
- “ 15.—Base-ball : V. M. I. *vs.* Richmond College. Washington and Lee *vs.* Richmond College. Place : Staunton.
- “ 17.—Best debater's contest. Mu Sigma Rho Society.
- “ 24.—Best debater's contest. Philologian Society.
- “ 28.—Meeting of G. and H. Society.

Athletics.

The athletic record for this month presents quite an array of victories and only one defeat, which was, perhaps, as glorious as any victory gained.

In every battle won, whether on the diamond or a field of Appomattox, two things must be taken into consideration: the resources from which the opposing hosts draw, and the individual pluck these hosts manifest. Now, when the defeat sustained by Richmond College from Georgetown is viewed in this light, all will acknowledge that our showing was not only not discreditable, but almost a signal triumph.

Of course, we were very glad to so gloriously defeat Washington and Lee University on April 23d, but we were none the less happy to extend to them the hospitality of the College for the several days they were with us. It was a real pleasure for us to have them, and in a small way we tried to make them realize it.

Since they have gone, a letter has been received from a Professor of the University, as an individual, thanking the College for kindness extended the Washington and Lee team.

THE MESSENGER wishes to express itself in hearty accord with the Professor's desire that instead of the rude, barbarous conduct too often present in inter-collegiate contests, a hearty, cordial and generous rivalry be established.

RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. WILLIAM AND MARY. SCORE, 20-3.

On April 6th we crossed bats with William and Mary at Williamsburg. This was easy fruit, as the score will indicate. The diamond was very rough and good playing was

almost an impossibility, but despite this fact our boys played a good game. Only six innings were played, as Richmond College had to catch the afternoon train. In the first inning three runs were scored on errors by William and Mary's short-stop and hits by McNeil and Ellyson. In the third came the Waterloo, when nine runs were piled up. The features of the game were the batting work of Ellyson and Lunsford, Phillips' three-base hit, White's three-base hit, and Lockett's two bagger. The following is the score by inning:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	Total.
Richmond College.....	3	1	9	3	2	2	20
William and Mary.....	0	0	1	1	0	1	3

RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY. SCORE, 16-6.

Washington and Lee was defeated by our team in an interesting game of ball on Tuesday, April 23d. Our boys played a listless game, yet this was caused by their knowing how easy it was for them to defeat their opponents. This is a fault with all teams, and it is quite a great one, since it causes the spectators to lose even faith and interest in the team. For Richmond College White, Ellyson and McNeill did good work. Ellyson's three-base hit was a beauty and came very near going over the fence. Lockett started in to pitch for Richmond College, but in the fourth inning, on account of giving two bases on balls, hitting one man, and having a two-base hit made with three on bases, he was taken out and Ellyson substituted. Only three hits were made off Ellyson during the rest of the game. It may be said, in justice to Lockett, that errors had been made in that unfortunate inning for which he was not responsible,

in the stead of which, if the ball had been fielded properly, the side would have been retired. For Washington and Lee the pitching and batting of Pratt was the only feature.

The following is the score :

RICHMOND COLLEGE.	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Philips, 3 b.....	5	2	2	2	1
McNeill, 2 b.....	6	3	2	1	4	2
White, c. f.....	6	1	2	1
Ellyson, l. f. and p.....	4	3	1	1	6
Lunsford, c.....	6	2	5	1
Leonard, s. s.....	5	1	1	2	3
Lockett, p and l. f.....	5	1	2	2	4
Binford, r. f.....	5	3	1	1
Edwards, 1 b.....	2	2	12	1
Total	44	16	11	26	21	4

WASHINGTON AND LEE.	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Meyers, 3 b.....	3	2	1	2	4	2
Campbell, s. s.....	4	1	1	5
Rosebro, l. f.....	4	1	1
Pratt, p.....	5	3	2	7
Faulkner, 2 b.....	4	1	5	4	2
Murzbach, r. f.....	4	1	1
Foster, c.....	3	1	11	3	2
Miley, 1 b.....	3	1	5	3
Webb, c. f.....	4	1	1
Total.....	34	6	7	27	19	15

Three-base hits—Ellyson. Two-base hits—White, Lunsford, Pratt. Stolen bases—Richmond College, 11; Washington and Lee, 1. Bases on balls off Lockett, 3; off Ellyson, 3; off Pratt, 6. Struck out by Lockett, 1; by Ellyson, 4; by Pratt, 7. Hit by pitched ball—Rosebro. Passed balls—Foster, 2. Time of game, 1 hour and 50 minutes. Umpire Mr. W. Duke.

FLY.

"Should I fly with Edwin, papa,
Would the bills be paid by thee?"
The old man sternly chid her
And replied: "No flies on me!"

—*Puck.*

RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. GEORGETOWN.
SCORE, 5-18.

On April 24th we met the Georgetown team, the strongest aggregation of college ball players to-day in America. When one considers that most of these men have played ball at Georgetown for about six years, that some of them have played on the best professional teams in the country, and that they defeated the Yale team twenty to four, they will grant us the honor of playing them a great game. Mahoney, of Georgetown, who pitched against us part of the game, is being watched very closely by all the National League clubs. Three of Richmond College's hits were made off this pitcher. One of them, a three-base hit, by Ellyson, was a beauty. In the first inning, Phillips got his base on balls, went to second on McNiell's sacrifice, and scored on White's corking single to centre. In the third inning a base on balls, hits by McNiell and Ellyson, gave us two more runs. In the seventh, hits by Binford, Edwards and Phillips gave Richmond another run. In the ninth McMiell got a base on balls, stole second, and on the wild throw went to third, and scored on Ellyson's drive to right for three bases. For Georgetown McCarthy did the best work at the bat, while McGrath carried off the fielding honors. Phillips, Lunsford and Binford carried off the fielding honors for Richmond College.

Below is the score :

RICHMOND COLLEGE.	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Phillips, 3 b.....	4	1	1	2	3	0
McNieli, 2 b.....	4	2	2	1	1	2
White, c. f.....	2	2	1	2	1	0
Ellyson, p.....	5	0	2	1	1	0
Lunsford, c.....	5	0	0	5	0	0
Leonard, s. s.....	4	0	0	1	2	0
Lockett, l. f.....	3	0	0	2	0	1
Binford r. f.....	3	0	1	3	0	0
Edwards, 1 b.....	4	0	1	7	0	0
Wilson, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0	2
Total.....	34	5	8	24	8	5

GEORGETOWN	A. B.	R.	B. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Harley, l. f.....	6	4	3	0	0	0
E. Mahoney, 2 b.....	6	3	2	2	0	2
Sullivan, c.....	6	4	3	12	1	0
Carmody, p.....	4	1	0	0	2	0
McCarthy, c. f.....	6	0	4	0	0	0
G. Mahoney, p and 1 b.....	5	0	2	7	0	0
McGrath, s. s.....	6	0	0	3	5	0
Murphy, 3 b.....	4	2	1	0	2	1
Reardon, r. f.....	3	4	2	0	0	0
Murphy, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
Martin, 1 b.....	1	0	1	3	0	0
Total.....	48	18	18	27	11	3

Earned runs, Georgetown 8, Richmond College 3. Struck out by Carmody, 8; by Ellyson, 7. Home run—Reardon. Three-base hits—E. Mahoney and Ellyson. Two-base hits—McCarthy and White. Passed balls—Sullivan, 1. Umpire, Mr. Mercer. Time of game, 1 hour and 35 minutes.

**RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.
SCORE, 12-4.**

We met the strong St. John's team at Annapolis, Md., on Friday, April 26th, and won a signal victory from them. Ellyson pitched a great game of ball, being very effective at critical moments. Lunsford caught an excellent game. McNiell's playing of second base was much admired by the spectators, as was also Phillips' playing of third. In the first inning Phillips led off with a double, and scored on White's single to centre. In the second the side was retired without a run. Edwards, the first man in the third, got his base on balls and went to second on Phillips' single to left field; McNiell got his base on balls, and all scored on White's drive to centre, which got by the centre fielder. Lunsford and Leonard singled, scoring White. Leonard was caught off first base. Larkett hit a hot one to the short-stop which he failed to handle, scoring Lunsford. Edwards singled and Lockett went to third. Both scored on Phillips' two-base hit to left field. Phillips was caught trying to steal third, but seven runs had been scored and the boys were satisfied. Richmond batted out four more runs in the remaining innings while St. John, for the most while, had to put up with "goose eggs." They scored two in the first on errors by Leonard and Edwards and Hillary's three-bagger. After this inning "Puss" pulled himself together and they were unable to touch him. In the eighth errors by Lockett, White and McNiell gave St. John two more runs. For St. John, Jones pitched a good game, striking out eight men, while he gave seven bases on balls. The battery of Maddox and Jones and the catching of Hillary were the features for St. John. For Richmond College the battery work of Ellyson and Lunsford, the fielding of McNiell, the batting of Phillips and White, and the general team work of Richmond College were the features.

Below is given the score by innings :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Richmond College.....	1	0	7	1	2	0	1	0	0	12
St. John's.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	4

Earned runs—Richmond College, 9; St. Johns, 1. Three-base hits—Hillary. Two-base hits—Phillips (2), White, Jones. Base on balls—Of Jones, 7; off Ellyson, 5. Struck out—By Jones, 10; by Ellyson, 6. Passed balls—Lunsford, 2; Hillary, 1. Umpire, Mr. Gadd.

RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. FREDERICKSBURG COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. SCORE, 8-4.

Saturday, April 27th, we played the Collegiate Institute at Fredericksburg. Only four innings were played, as it was raining very hard. During three of the innings played the rain was pouring down. Fredericksburg would not have scored had it not been so wet and slippery. Lockett and Lunsford were the battery for Richmond College. Richmond scored once in the first by a base on balls and White's hit. In the third, three bases on balls, a single by McNeill, a double by Ellyson and a double by Phillips, together with two errors, Richmond College scored seven runs. Lockett struck out seven men in the four innings played.

The following is the score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	Total.
Richmond College.....	1	7	8
Fredericksburg.....	1	3	4

Collegiana.

May—"In the spring a young man's fancy, etc."

Base-Ball: And didn't we beat 'em though?

Hurrah for Washington and Lee, but what *shall* we say for Richmond College!

H. C. B. says there is one consolation in having a cork leg—the doctors can *pull* but one now.

A bright chemistry class this: They talk of "dead cadovers, melted water and frozen ice."

Professor (in Geology): What are the three classes of stratified rocks?

Mr. H.: "Pugnacious rocks, or little rocks the "kids" fight with; brick-bats, and boulders."

P—(ordering breakfast): "Well, waiter, bring me an *omelet with eggs*."

Wh-o (with the ball team in Washington): "Say, do any you fellers know where the Jap'nese Minister preaches? I want to hear him."

The honey bee was not thought of in '94, says Mr. C. The three B's occupying our minds were Base-ball, Bona-parté and Breckinbridge.

The college baths, after considerable delay, have been completed, and are now in first-class condition. The reconstruction has been thorough, and expressions of satisfaction on the part of the students are heard on all sides.

Mr. R. says he doesn't believe the flood covered the United States. "How the thunder could it get across the ocean," says he.

Professor, (in French): Where was Napoleon born?

Mr. Q. (thinking for a moment): On the Island of Patmos, sir.

Professor (in Chemistry): Now, gentlemen, this substance acts, in ammonia, like the spider in the little piece of poetry which commences as follows:

"Won't you walk into my parlor," said the Spider to the Fly.

I have the prettiest little parlor that ever you—hem, hem, *saw*."

Mr. Jasper R-b-n-son, (in Latin): "Professor, what does 'Post nobills' mean? I saw it stuck up on a fence the other day."

Where to get *bald* statements and "*bald-headed money*": Wilson, Binford, Morriss & Co.

Mr. M. boards street car. (Little boy to his mother), Mamma, is that fellow (pointing to Tom,) the bald-headed man you read to me about who gave a little boy a quarter for calling him bald-headed?

"Hush, no; don't talk so loud."

"Mamma, may I see if he'll give me a quarter, too?"

Tom: "Conductor, put me off at *next* corner, please."
(Signed, "Fighting Editor.")

The Annual Public Debate of the Mu Sigma Rho Society came off with a boom. All the participants did well and were heartily applauded by the large representative audience in attendance. After reading by Mr. W. D. Phillips and declamation by Mr. W. R. Willingham, the question, Resolved, "That public opinion should be the standard of justice," was gracefully and ably discussed on the affirmative

by Messrs. J. C. Taylor and J. W. Gordon ; on the negative by Messrs. E. C. Folkes and W. E. Gibson. We are sorry that the lack of space forbids our reproducing some of the many convincing arguments adduced on each side.

The Joint Oratorical Contest was held on the night of April 19th, and many admirers of youthful Demostheneaus were present, often expressing their satisfied anticipations in vigorous applause.

The contest was participated in by Messrs. Franklin, W. R. Willingham, J. C. Taylor, Folkes and Wilke from the Mu Sigma Rho, and Messrs. McDaniel and R. A. Anderson, from the Philologian Society.

The fight was very close, and there was much difference of opinion as to whom should belong the prize. However, after quite a consultation among themselves, Dr. Hiden, of the judges, announced that the young lady who was to wear the medal must be the sweetheart of Mr. J. C. Taylor, of Richmond, Va.

The excursion to Yorktown, which was to have been given on May 3d, has been postponed indefinitely on account of the inclemency of the weather at that time. The students were looking forward to it with much eagerness, and the unavoidable disappointment was correspondingly great. We hope yet to have the excursion, and, if not the excursion, then certainly holiday. The fact that it rained on the day given us by the Faculty should not altogether deprive us of that boon, the promise of which, was used as an argument when we asked for holiday at Easter and were refused.

Professor (in Chemistry) : " Why should a chemist make a good debater? "

Mr. F. : " Because he always has his retort. "

PRIZE SONG.

Can be adapted to any other game.

[*Air: Clementine.*]

There's a team from Randolph Macon,
They are good as they can be,
But alas ! they are not in it
With that team from R. C. V.

CHORUS.

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling R. M. C.,
All thy hopes are gone forever,
Of ever beating R. C. V.

See that beauty six-foot twirler,
With his hair as white as flax ;
Alas ! for him he'll get this game, boys,
Where the chicken got the ax.

CHORUS.

Watch him pitch his outs and drops, boys,
But alas ! it is no go,
For our boys will always hit them ;
They have been there oft before.

CHORUS.

All our men are tried and steady,
And they understand the game :
What they'll do for you, old Ashland,
Will be nothing but a shame.

CHORUS.

—*J. F. Ryland.*

Mr. Mc. says K-y-r is certainly not two-faced ; for if he was, he would surely wear the other one.

Mr. R-n, being asked why he staid in his room so closely, replied : " I am studying the works of God, the works of the devil, and the works of George Washington."

PRIZE SONG.

[*Air: Sweet Marie.*]

We've a team to win the palm,
 You can bet ;
 A team that fears no harm,
 You can bet.
 Oh, those men so true and tried
 Are called " Spiders " far and wide
 And their praises we with pride will ever sing.
 When the " Spiders " 'gin the fight,
 Every one,
 They'll have poison in their bite,
 Every one,
 And they'll weave a little web
 'Round their each opponents head,
 And to victory we'll be led,
 So we will.

CHORUS.

" Spiders " true we'll back you ;
 We'll back you, " Spider's " true,
 While the orange and the olive wave for you.
 Play the ball for all you're worth ;
 Of the runs let's have no dearth ;
 With these men wipe up the earth
 —Just for fun.

They are fav'rites, so they are,
 Every one,
 And rooters true we are,
 Every one.
 Oh, you " Spiders " dressed in blue,
 We are here to root for you,
 And the girls are for you too,
 So they are.
 When at last the day is done,
 In '95,
 And ev'ry victory's won,
 In '95,
 We will gather round the boys,
 And with song and joyful noise,
 Drink the health of the victors
 Of '95.

CHORUS.

—J. H. Franklin, '95.

The Thomas Endowment Lectures were in every way a booming success. Night after night the flower of Richmond culture attended eagerly upon Prof. C. T. Winchester as he portrayed, in strong, beautiful language, the lives and characters of "Some Representative Victorian Writers."

True, Prof. Winchester has a good voice and a charming delivery, as was especially proven in his last lecture on "The English Lakes and their Poets." The description, in this lecture, of the homes of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, the "Lake Poets," was simply grand, abounding in beautiful pictures, painted in richest, purest, sweetest English.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

W. B. DAUGHTREY.

The services have been unusually well attended for the past month. Several Thursday evenings we had no prayer-meeting on account of the Thomas Museum Lectures and the revival at Grace-street Church, but now everything is working on smoothly, much to our delight.

Prof. Harris gave his last Bible lecture Friday evening, April 26th. The course covered the Pentateuch and Joshua. In every lecture Prof. Harris had something new and good for us. We esteem it a great privilege to be allowed to sit at the feet of so great a teacher.

Our Library committee have selected and ordered quite a number of valuable books. They will be here in a short while. The books selected are full of religious information, and will do any one good to read them. We hope the boys will take advantage of the opportunity. We have to know, or else we can't do.

At a called meeting of the Association, April 10th, Mr. John J. Hurt was elected president for the ensuing term,

which begins May 1st. He was elected at that time in order that he might attend the Conference of College Association Presidents, which convened at Lexington April 10th to 14th, inclusive, Mr. Hurt reports a great deal of work done, and a good time.

We note with pleasure that Dr. Gambrell, president of Mercer University, Georgia, was in one of our meetings recently.

One important factor that is lacking in the members of our Association is that we don't know how to overcome difficulties. Almost any little thing will keep us from having a meeting; will keep us from attending to our religious duties and obligations. This should not be. Why is it that we do not let obstacles bother us in our business, while we do in religious matters? It must be because we think too much of our own pleasure.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONFERENCE;

And Some Thoughts Resulting Therefrom.

The Second Annual Conference of Virginia College Association Presidents was held in Lexington April 10-14th. The organization of this Conference is one of the indications of the increased interest and progress in work among college men. Although the Presidential Conference was first held in Pennsylvania only four years ago, it is now recognized as one of the most potent factors in college Association work. Our recent conference was in charge of Mr. F. S. Brockman, of New York, College Secretary; Dr. R. J. McBryde, and Mr. H. O. Williams, State Secretary. Under the leadership of these consecrated, godly men, who live in closest touch with college students, the meeting could not have been otherwise than deeply spiritual and intensely practical.

While, as might be expected, most of the proceedings were such as are interesting to those present only, we cannot refrain from calling attention to some of the weak places in the institutions represented, hoping that they may be strengthened during the coming year.

The strategic time in college association work, the first three weeks is not fully appreciated. Immediately upon a student's entering college we should endeavor to bring him under the religious influences of the institution. This cannot be put off, for Satan keeps too many agents on hand to lead the innocent into ways of sin and temptation.

The entrance of a young man into college marks a new epoch in his life. The severing of home ties and the going out into a world of strangers renders the average young man very susceptible to any influences that may be brought to bear upon him, and he is usually glad to meet and make friends with the first to welcome him with a cordial handshake. This first should be a Godly young man. If our new student is not a Christian, we should influence him before his mind becomes saturated with other things, to "seek first the kingdom of God." It has been said that more can be done during the first three weeks he is at college to train a student in the right way than all the rest of the session. Then let us seize the opportunity.

It seems, too, that we do not sufficiently exert ourselves at the outset to interest Christian students in religious work in the institution. It is generally conceded that the future of a young man, and his power for good in the world is largely determined by his college career. Then every influence should be brought to bear upon the one who has taken a stand for Christ to enlist his sympathy and cooperation in our efforts to extend the Master's kingdom. Too many young men are allowed to enter and to graduate from college without having taken an active interest in any phase of Christian work.

The Bible-study Department appears to need some special stimulant. Most of our associations maintain such a department, but, judging from the reports, there is an apparent need of lasting interest in this vital part of association work. The interest in Bible study may justly be called the thermometer which measures the life and growth of an association. Out of the 2,590 young men in our Virginia colleges there is a total average attendance upon the regular Bible classes of only 309. Most of our institutions offer excellent opportunities for Bible study, and such opportunities should not be allowed to pass by unimproved. These classes offer the best means of arousing lukewarm Christians, and, if properly conducted, cannot fail to stimulate an abiding interest in the study of God's word. If we can, during the next and succeeding sessions, get the young men who gather at our colleges deeply interested in the daily study of the Scriptures, our religious work will receive a new impetus; years hence there will be more family altars, more men willing to conduct religious meetings, and those who are graduated from year to year will be better men and an honor to the cause of Christ.

The Study of Missions is pursued, but the number taking an active interest in this study during the past year is not as large as we had hoped it would be. The idea is prevalent in many places that only those who expect to labor on missionary fields should be deeply concerned about giving the Gospel to the neglected. Judging from the present condition of our Boards, there is a much greater demand for *senders* than for those to be sent. And so, for those who expect to remain at home, as well as for those who are considering the question of giving their lives to the neglected, there is need of a more intelligent conception of the cause of missions. Every well educated Christian man must be acquainted with the origin and progress of this great work.

And so it devolves upon us, if we desire to be aggressive, to extend the knowledge of this most progressive and important of all movements.

There are a great many encouraging things that might be said in regard to our last year's work, but this article attempts to speak of the "weak" places only, and a probable means of remedy. How are we to strengthen these and all other departments of our work needing attention? We should (1) thoroughly acquaint ourselves with the condition and needs of our own association; (2) find out what others associations, similarly situated, have done; and, (3), seeking divine guidance, set to work to build up the weak places.

In order to meet the needs of the various college associations, there has been organized the

Summer Student's Conference,

the Southern department of which will be held this year June 14-23d on the grounds of the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville. From reports already sent in it is expected that one hundred institutions will be represented. All Southern institutions should hail with great delight the reopening of this summer school, and should send as large delegations as possible. As we have recently heard from one of her alumni, Yale attributes most of her recent spiritual growth to the fact that each year she has sent large delegations to the summer schools. This has doubtless been the experience of many others. The advantages of being closely associated for ten days with the representative religious young men from one hundred institutions can scarcely be overestimated.

The committee having the Summer School in charge have spared no expense to secure the best possible men as speakers and leaders. The following list of names of those who will take part is, perhaps, the strongest recommenda-

tion: Dr. R. J. McBryde, Lexington, Va.; Mr. Frank Anderson, Oxford University; Mr. Fred O'Neill, Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland; Mr. L. Wilbur Messer, Chicago; Dr. James H. Brookes, St. Louis; Bishop Charles Galloway; Mr. David McConaughy, Madras, India, and Dr. Walker R. Lambeth, Nashville, Tenn. Abundant opportunity will be given for delegates to become personally acquainted with and consult freely these speakers.

Even, now, let us get together those who will represent us at this meeting, and assign to each man some line of study to which we wish him to give special attention. It is not enough that we give of our means to send delegates, but let us follow them with our prayers that they may receive a spiritual baptism, and return to us prepared to lead in Christian example and service.

J. J. H.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

R. A. ANDERSON.

For the past month the regular work has been going on smoothly.

The main feature of the meeting April 16th was a paper by Mr. W. N. Roper on Benedict Arnold's raid in Virginia. This paper was full of facts, clearly presented. As introductory, the writer dwelt upon Arnold's character and his life previous to his raid in Virginia. This called forth some discussion.

Prof. Boatwright said he never thought of Arnold without conflicting emotions; that in the face of Arnold's other traits he could not but admire his bravery. He dwelt upon Arnold's ambition, and how 'twas turned by unfair treatment from his superiors in command and from Congress, and by the wiles of Philadelphia Tory ladies, and especially by the belle of Philadelphia, who won and married him.

The interest of the members is kept up largely by the inspiring interest and zeal shown by Prof. Boatwright.

April 30th Mr. W. B. Doughtrey read a paper on "Virginia's Military Commanders in the Revolution." He did not dwell so long upon Washington as he might otherwise have done since he had recently been the subject of another paper. Besides "Light-horse Harry" and Charles Lee, an Englishman by birth and a traitor, he mentioned several leaders of worth but of less fame, and gave interesting sketches of each one's life.

As announced last month, we expected to make an excursion to Yorktown May 3d. Ample preparations had been made by the committee for a delightful trip. All of us were looking forward to it as a great day, and so were, we believe, our "cousins" at the Woman's College. But the rainy spell about the last of April made the committee believe that the fair or foul weather of Friday, May 3d, would not be such that we, and especially our "cousins," could enjoy the trip. So they postponed it indefinitely. However, being entitled to Historical Day, and having had to give up holiday May 3d, a spirit still urges that we keep trying till we succeed.

With a continuation of the kind treatment of the transportation company we hope arrangements can yet be made whereby we can, ere examinations have exhausted our energy and we have to say our mutual good-byes, feast our minds and hearts on pleasant rambles over the historic grounds about Yorktown.

Miss Janet Harris has just returned from Culpeper, Va., where she went to attend the marriage of her cousin, Miss Edna Harris, to Mr. B. P. Willis, a former student of Richmond College, and now a prominent lawyer of Fredericksburg, Va.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Mrs. Edmund Harrison and Miss Lulie are visiting in Boydton, Va.

Professor Thomas, after several weeks of severe sickness, is again able to meet his classes.

Miss Mary Stribling, of Fauquier county, is on the Campus, visiting Miss Annie Puryear.

Mr. H. H. Harris, Jr., a prominent business man of Lynchburg and formerly a student of Richmond College, accompanied by his wife and little son, H. H. Harris, Sub-Jr., is on a visit to his father, Prof. H. H. Harris.

To H. H. Harris, in the plural number, **THE MESSENGER** extends heartiest good-wishes and congratulations.

ALUMNI NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Harry Corey, B. A., ('92), is studying homeopathy in Boston.

Russell Acree, ('94), will probably captain the Danville (Va.) base-ball team during the summer.

H. R. Reed, ('93), is farming in Hanover county, Va.

Edgar Powers, ('94), is taking a course in mechanical engineering at Stephen's Institute.

John E. Loyd, ('94), is teaching school in Lower Ballyhack, Va.

S. L. Fletcher, ('94), is in business at Warrenton, Va.

We were glad to recognize the features of Dr. H. T. Allison on the Campus several days ago.

Harry Dickerson, ('94), is "Rusticating" in Louisa county.

William Gwathmey, ('94), *alias* "Buck," is raising race-horses in King William county, Va.

C. W. Dunstan, ('94), has gone West. He has a suit in the Indian Territory

Ned Garrett, ('89), was in the city a few days ago looking after his cases before the Supreme Court.

Joe Taylor, ('91), is practicing medicine in Chesterfield county, Va.

Hugh Bagby, ('92), a rising young newspaper man of Baltimore, was in the city a few weeks ago attending the marriage of his brother.

S. B. Carney, ('94), while on his way home from the University of Virginia, spent Sunday with the boys.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Thos. Sizer, ('90), to a young lady of Baltimore. Alas! poor Tom.

J. B. Baily, M. D., who distinguished himself at the Medical College a few years ago, is practicing his profession at Skinquarter, Chesterfield county, his old home.

We hear frequent reports from "Billy" through which we learn "he aint married yet, but still loving M—."

Bobby Boshier, ('94), was in town a few days ago on a visit to his home, and did not fail to "call on" his *Alma Mater*.

Always do the like and bring your little (?) brother with you, Bobby.

Rev. R. W. Hatcher, B. S., ('94), dropped in on us just as we go to press.

The "Doctor" is in fine spirits, but, *mirabile dictu*, he asserts that his girl has gone back on him. However, he winks the other eye, and we know what that means.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Lucy Hall to Rev. William Edward Hurt.

THE MESSENGER extends heartiest congratulations to Mr. Hurt, and wishes him and his bride success and happiness immeasurable.

CLIPPINGS FROM CONTEMPORARIES.

Attempted Wreck Failed.

Upon the railroad track he lay,
And there he slept in peace;
The locomotive passed that way,
And now he sleeps in—(*continued in our next.*)

A Particular Sitter.

Oklahoma Protographer (to strange sitter): Now, sir, please sit perfectly still. Fix your eyes on this handbill on the wall and look pleasant.

Stranger (heavily armed): Say, what does that thar handbill tell about? I'm too fur off to read it.

Photographer: It says that \$100 reward will be paid for the capture, dead or alive, of Panhandle Scrod, the desperado who—

Stranger: Huh! Do you know Scrod?

Photographer: No, sir. Now, please sit perfectly still for a moment while I—

Stranger: Hold on thar, young feller! Keep out from under that thar cloth, or you'll be mighty liable to git hurt.

Photographer: But, my dear sir, it is necessary for me to—

Stranger: Don't make no difference! It gives you too good a chance to git the drop on me from under kiver. I'm Panhandle Scrod!

A Minister's Son.

A small three-year-old is the son of a clergyman whose creed need hardly be indicated after the recital of this young son's vocabulary. He was in the hall when a maid answered a ring at the door. Hearing an inquiry if his father was at home, he forestalled the servant by calling out,—

"Yes, papa's up-stairs. Come right in, poor sinner, and take a seat."

The same Calvinistic youngster was heard warning his older brother, who was climbing a picket fence, with, "Look out, son of mortality; you'll get a fall."—*New York Times*.

Almost A Cyclone.

Old Lady: What a rapid time this is! Why, there's another society bride of a year who has become a mother at twelve——

The Sewing Bee (in consternation): What?

Old Lady: Yes, at twelve West Humpty-sixth street, and——

The Bee (faintingly): Oh! Ah! Oh! How could you give us such a shock as that?

Skeery.

St. Peter: Well, what can I do for you?

Arrival: I just wanted to suggest that you put up "exit" signs; you know how fire-proof places burn.

Recognized His Handiwork.

Mr. Gusher (a would-be suitor): What lovely teeth Miss Smiler has, eh, old man?

Mr. Forceps: H'm, er—really—modesty forbids my expressing an opinion, you know.—*Life*.



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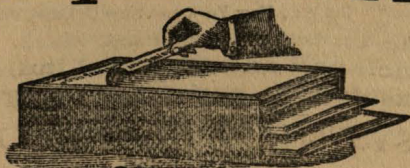
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