Mathew Pratt, a second-class portrait painter of the last century, while on a visit to England, painted upon a large canvas the portraits of West and several other American artists, including himself. This painting he exhibited under the high-sounding title of The American School. The fact is there has never been an American School of Art.

The delicate flower of art, instead of being set out in warm, rich soil, and nursed by careful hands, was, when brought over to the New World, cast upon the barren rocks and left to the mercy of the bleak winds.
Our Puritan fathers had very little love for, and less knowl­of, the beautiful. That religion which forbade children to dance around the May-pole, and maidens to wear silks and jewels, certainly looked with an eye of disapproval upon art. Then, too, our forefathers’ struggle was one for existence. The savage had to be driven away and the forests to be cleared. Houses had to be built, and, when erected, the skins of wild animals were more useful and ornamental to the walls of their rude huts than the paintings of old masters.

The struggle for existence is now past. America has become a great nation with a glorious past and a more glorious future. Nor is it alone in wealth and power that she is great. Talent she also possesses, and no part of American history is more romantic and fascinating than that relating to the development of art.

That flower pining on the rocks was erelong planted in more congenial soil. War, the grim nurse of the arts, filled the soul with valor and the mind with noble imaginings. By degrees the hands, stiffened by labor, became nimble and dexterous. There were no art schools in this country, no beautiful paintings; but the Old World contained them, and the sea could not quench the artistic fires burning in the American mind. West, the first American art student to go to Europe, was kindly received. The ripe, full genius of the Old World gladly welcomed and instructed the budding genius of the New.

Photography and engraving, adorning the walls of our houses with copies of the finest paintings, gave art a helping hand. Our illustrated magazines, having engravings as a principal feature, and containing the lives of prominent artists, have been a most potent factor in developing the artistic sentiment in the minds of the people. The rich began to collect costly paintings in their palatial residences. Philanthropists, such as W. W. Corcoran, founded art galleries. The Philadelphia and Paris Expositions showed to the world that America possessed a few deserving artists. A great interest in the study
of the fine arts was awakened; schools were established in many of the large cities, and the Columbian Exposition not only made it plain that America possessed a great number of first-class artists, but it also caused the Old World to see that in the New she had no mean rival.

At the time when such an impetus has been given to the study of art, when our own artists are being given so much encouragement, when so much is expected and hoped for, it is interesting to rummage around in the fragmentary records and learn something of those that have toiled and are toiling in this field. Benjamin West was the first noted artist of this country. We all know how beautiful, romantic, and successful his life was. Though born in the wilds of Pennsylvania, yet the forests could not overshadow his genius. We see the look of ecstasy come over the face of the little fellow as he stands rocking the cradle of his baby sister; we see him run for paper and pencil to paint the face of the “little angel,” as he called her. One day he proudly exclaimed to his companions: “I am going to associate with kings.” We know full well that his boyish dream was realized. He studied in Rome, went to England, became the greatest historical painter in that country, and, though rebuking George III. to his face for oppressing the colonies, he always remained a favorite of the King. He never tired of lending a helping hand to young American artists, and richly deserves to be called the father and benefactor of American art.

His greatest picture is King Lear in the Storm.

Our next great artist was Washington Allston, of South Carolina. West was the great historical painter, Allston the great idealist. His southern birth gave him a warmth and richness of passion and feeling that made him a great colorist. His life was not the happiest, nor the most successful, and yet it was blameless. He withdrew from exhibition one of his best pictures because he thought he saw in it something that might injure a certain class of people. He visited England, but soon returned and devoted his life to American art. He
possessed a highly creative and poetic imagination, and was a great lover of nature. His best work is "Jeremiah and the Scribe."

America could boast of many excellent portrait painters at this time, and all have given us portraits of Washington. The best of these painters—and, indeed, one of the foremost portrait painters of the world—was Gilbert Stuart.

These three—West, Allston, and Stuart—stand out as the representatives of early American art. They compare very favorably with any artists that the Old World produced during their time.

The lives of many great men would convince us that only in the wild, passionate, ungovernable heart does genius dwell; but the pure lives of West, Allston, and Stuart, show us that Virtue and Genius are loving companions.

The number of American artists that in this day are winning fame for themselves and their country, both in this and in foreign lands, is numerous.

One of the strongest personalities in our modern art life, and a most potent factor in its development, is William M. Chase, of Indiana. He was born in 1849, and destined for a business career. He soon became dissatisfied, however, and after taking a few lessons from a Western painter, entered the Academy of Design, where he studied two years. On account of help rendered him by the portrait painter J. O. Eaton—to whom many young artists are indebted—he was enabled to go to Germany, where he studied several years. Upon his return to this country he was made president of the Society of American Artists. He is an optimist, an enthusiast, and artistic in everything, and a believer in the future of American art. His representative works are: "Alice and other portraits at the Columbian Exposition"; "Mother and Child"; "Wash-day."

Another great artist, who boasts of his American parentage, is John S. Sergeant. Born in Italy, educated in France and Spain, and a great traveller, he is pre-eminently a "man of the world." He is a member of the American Society of Artists.
One of his latest works is a large mural painting for the Boston Public Library. "Beatrice," which was so much admired at the annual exhibition of American artists in 1891, is his loveliest picture. It is the life-sized portrait of a little girl.

Other distinguished figure painters are Albert H. Thayer, "one of the most realistic of the idealists and most ideal of the realists," and Kenyon Cox, said to be the best draughtsman in America.

One of the greatest and most progressive landscape painters in this country was George Innes, who died in 1894. His art was distinctively his own. He painted nature alone, and that in every season, every mood, and every time of day. So rich was his imagination, so great and varied his powers, that he never repeated himself. His representative works are fifteen landscapes at the Columbian Exposition.

Other great American landscape painters are D. W. Tryon and Charles H. Davis (whose Brook is one of the most perfect landscapes ever painted).

The best marine painter in America and in the world is Alexander Harrison. His representative works are: "The Wave"; "Twilight"; "Sunset."

Before concluding, we may remark that as American literature developed something peculiar to itself—humor; so American art has its own peculiar possession—caricature. The history of American art has never been fully written.

The American character is not clearly defined; we have a great blending of races and civilizations. We hope and believe, however, that, in the near future, there will be developed a distinct American character, which, in turn, will develop a distinct School of Art.

Let us not say that the sordid and practical tendency of the American mind has crushed out the love and appreciation for the beautiful. Beauty crumbled not to dust with Grecian hearts. In whatever heart Nobility is king, there Beauty is queen.

Though Mount Blanc is the "monarch of mountains," though the skies are bluest that hang o'er sunny Italy, yet the
natural scenery of America—so little appreciated by Americans—with its lofty mountains, its grand cataracts, its beautiful valleys, is surely inspiring enough to arouse the genius of our artists.

Our country has not its land of the midnight sun, is not rich in legends as is the Old World, but Time, the great beautifier, will cast golden shadows over our heroes as they stand in the mists of years; and, in sounding their praises, the poet, painter, and sculptor will not only bind a garland around his own brow, but will also make more enduring the glory of his country. "America is to become the World Nation: talent is to be its rank."

J. H. B.

THE GREAT ATHENIAN POLITICIAN AND DIPLOMAT.

The Golden Age of Athenian history is the half century between 480 and 430 B.C. Athens played the leading part in the Persian Wars—the greatest military achievement of Greece. She was ennobled and enriched by these conflicts. In the Peloponnesian War following this period Athens lost her glory and supremacy.

This half century of Athenian history is noted for its men of genius and culture. Pericles was the most illustrious man of the age. In the art of ruling the minds of men he is one of the greatest statesmen of history, and as a patron of art and literature he has no superior. Athens at this time was "the eye of Greece"; Pericles was the first citizen of Athens.

A clear insight into his career makes us acquainted with the life and culture of the Athenian people, and at the same time reveals the policy of a crafty politician and successful diplomat. It is the purpose of this paper to give, in brief, such an insight into this man's life and acts.

We need, first of all, to notice some of the influences which shaped his unique and lofty character. He came from noble parentage. His father, Xanthippus, was for sixteen years (494-478 B.C.) a leading figure in Athenian politics. He it
was who brought Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, to trial. With Aristeides he opposed the policy of Themistocles in building a navy. He was the victor in the battle of Mycale (479 B.C.). It was at the very beginning of the popularity and power of Xanthippus, in 498 B.C., that Pericles was born. "In the evening of his life Xanthippus disappears from our view." He probably died in 478, when Pericles was a boy of fifteen years. Thus Pericles was left to choose his own career and determine his own policy—a fact worthy of note.

The mother of Pericles was Agariste. She was of the Alcmeonidae and a niece of the great Athenian lawgiver, Cleisthenes. Herodotus tells us that a few days before she gave birth to her great son, Agariste dreamed that she was delivered of a lion. It was through his mother that Pericles was connected with the royal family.

Pericles was instructed in music by the master Damon. Music included the intellectual and emotional, as opposed to the physical. Damon was a consummate politician, and sought to impart his political ideas to his pupil.

In philosophy and in the art of disputation Pericles was schooled by Zeno, of Elea; but the subtile and profound Anaxagoras was the master who, above all others, influenced the mind and life of Pericles most. Anaxagoras was superior in thought and dignity of manner to any philosopher of his age. Plutarch tells us that the young Pericles was charmed with the company of this philosopher, and from him acquired an elevated sentiment, a lofty and pure style of expression, dignity and gravity of countenance, stateliness of carriage, decency and taste in dress—all of which excited the admiration and love of the Athenians. Moreover, from Anaxagoras he gained a higher conception of religion than was extant among the people of Greece.

And still again, Anaxagoras supplied Pericles with notions of the orderly arrangement of society that appears later in his life. All of his teaching had a political end, and tended to give him will and power to become the ruler of Athens,
The influence of Aspasia on his private and public life, as well as that of the age in which he lived, will appear as we follow him through his career.

In early life Pericles stood in great fear of the people. On the one hand, in his countenance and in the sweetness and fluency of his speech he resembled the tyrant Pisistratus; on the other hand, he was descended from a noble and rich family and was in constant dread of the ban of ostracism. These fears tended to restrain him from entering politics, but he was destined to become the first politician, the leading diplomat of Greece.

The circumstances under which he entered public life are exceedingly interesting.

Themistocles had succeeded in building up the navy and in building the Peiraius and the walls of Athens. Aristides had formed the Confederacy of Delos.

In 471 B.C. Themistocles was ostracised, and three years later Aristides died. Cimon, son of Miltiades, came to the front as the most prominent figure in Athenian politics. He was generous and honest, but an aristocrat. Moreover, he was a friend to Sparta. Sparta had opposed the formation of the Delian League, and already the feeling of jealousy between Athens and Sparta was creeping out.

In 466 B.C. the Persian fleet was destroyed in the battle of Eurymedon, and the independence of the Grecian colonies was secured. The purpose of the confederacy no longer existed, and Naxus wished to withdraw. The right of secession was denied her, and war ensued. The character of the Delian League was changed. Its purpose was no longer to free the Grecian colonies; that had been effected. Hereafter it was to be the building up of a great empire in which Athens must be supreme. Naxus was reduced, and a heavy fine imposed; but in 465 Thasus revolted, asking for her autonomy. She, too, was punished two years later.

Meanwhile a rebellion of the Helots had broken out in Sparta. They took up their abode in the old Messenian citadel
of Mt. Ithone. This was strongly fortified, and the reduction of it was a task almost too difficult for the invincible Spartans.

In 462 Cimon, ever a friend to Sparta, proposed that Athens should help reduce Mt. Ithone. Opposed to this policy we find Pericles and Ephialtes. Cimon prevailed, and four thousand troops were sent to aid Sparta. The expedition accomplished nothing, and lessened the influence of Cimon while it strengthened that of Pericles and Ephialtes.

But little is known of Ephialtes. What he accomplished only played into the hand of Pericles, who was so soon to become the leading figure in Athenian politics. With a word we dismiss him and give our whole attention to the crafty, gifted Pericles.

Abroad Pericles began to bring the states opposed to Sparta into closer touch with each other. At home he sought to introduce certain reforms.

Why Pericles took the side of the people as opposed to that of Cimon is difficult to determine. It is one of the questionable steps in his life. Doubtless he was aiming at the supreme position in politics. His whole conduct was changed. He feared that his designs would be discovered and frustrated. He sought to ingratiate himself with the common people, yet he lived apart from them and refused to be one of them. He declined all invitations, and seldom appeared on the streets. He was dignified in manner, and guarded in his speech. Soon he became the master of a sublime oratory, adorning his public speeches with the richest colors of philosophy and of lofty imagination. In addition to these rare qualities it is said that he had a native genius for making use of all that he found in nature, and was full of energy and fire, with all his dignity and stateliness. He was called the Olympian in recognition of his superior powers of eloquence.

Plutarch tells us that when he had to speak in public he always first addressed a prayer to the gods "that not a word might unawares escape him unsuitable to the occasion."

Superior eloquence was the one thing needful in the one
who would gain the favor of the Athenian people. With this rare gift and with wonderful sagacity, together with a deep love for Athens, he set himself against the policy of Cimon. Many claim that he was actuated by jealousy, but this view is scarcely tenable. That Pericles was ambitious cannot be denied, but he had the deepest love for the Athenians, and perhaps it was prophetic insight that led him, as a noble, to espouse the cause of the people and ally himself to the democracy. Here he could best serve his countrymen as well as gratify his own ambitions.

Ephialtes led the attack on the Areopagus while Cimon was absent aiding Sparta in 462 B. C.

The authority of the Areopagus was curtailed; it was reduced to a mere court in which homicide was tried. When Cimon returned he opposed this policy, and it led to his ostracism in 461.

Ephialtes was assassinated, and Pericles was now the leading man in Athens. He pushed his foreign policy of forming a closer union between Athens and the states opposed to Sparta.

An alliance was made with Argos and Thessaly, both enemies of Sparta; also with Megara, the foe of Corinth. This led to war with Corinth and her ally, Ægina; the first war occasioned by the policy of Pericles, and the first naval war Athens had to wage after the formation of the empire.

The treasury of the Confederacy of Delos, now the Athenian Empire, was at Delos, a small island in the Cyclades. This was in imminent danger, and was removed to Athens, whether by the authority of Pericles or in compliance with a request from the Samians is a disputed point. The more probable view, and one supported by good authority, is that Pericles effected the measure as one helpful to Athens. Moreover, his policy afterwards supports this idea.

The famous "Long Walls of Athens" were built between 458 and 456 B. C.

The Athenians triumphed over Corinth and Ægina, and in 445 B. C. intercepted the Spartans as they returned from a
campaign in Bœotia. They were defeated by the Spartans, and, maddened by the defeat, poured into Bœotia the following spring and established a democracy. "The Five Years' Peace" was made soon afterward with Sparta.

In 446 Sparta renewed the war, and Bœotia, Euboea, and Megara revolted. Athens was sorely pressed by her enemies; only a genius such as Pericles could have averted the danger and saved the young empire from final overthrow. Both Bœotia and Euboea were reduced and the "The Thirty Years' Peace" was made with Sparta. It is said that Pericles gave a large sum of money from the treasury to the venal Spartan king, and thus prevailed upon him to suspend hostilities and enter into the treaty. By this treaty Athens gave up everything on land to Sparta and Sparta relinquished the seas to Athens. This was in 445 B.C. Pericles was now free to perfect both his foreign and domestic policies. He was now at his zenith; during the fifteen years following we are to see his grandest achievements, and yet his genius and sagacity scarcely appear better in carrying out his policy than in the successive steps by which he attained to the height of influence and power at which we find him in 445 B.C.

During the next few years his only opponent of note was the historian Thucydides. After the death of Cimon, in 449, the Aristocratic party sought to push Thucydides to the front. In vain did his followers "sit close together in the assembly" and oppose the policy of Pericles.

This persistent opposition led to the ostracism of Thucydides in 444.

First of all, Pericles set himself to work to complete his reforms. The complete vulgarization of the Archonship was soon effected; he sought to thoroughly democratize every institution of the State. The Ecclesia was made all powerful, and the poorer citizens were subsidized for their trouble in looking after the affairs of the State. The paid juries of Athens became a leading feature of the administration of affairs under Pericles. The work of these juries was largely
increased by the sending of criminals to Athens from the other states of the League. It was by means of these subsidies granted out of the treasury that the Athenian citizens became equally well versed in politics and equally skilled in the art of public speaking.

Public festivals were given out of the public treasury. These *doles*, perhaps, were granted to increase the popularity and influence of Pericles. But the principal way in which the public money was spent was in beautifying Athens. None of the acts of Pericles met with fiercer opposition than this use of the public treasury; yet he persisted until Athens became the most splendid city of all antiquity.

A brief mention of his public work is all that can be attempted here. Phidias was made superintendent of all the public edifices. The third Long Wall was built as stated above. The Corn Hall and Deigma, or merchants’ exchange, were built in the Peiraius. The Odeum, a music theatre, was erected at the foot of the Acropolis, on the southeastern side. It was modeled after the pavilion of the Persian king. Some writers claim the wood-work was made out of the masts of the ships which fought at Salamis.

The Acropolis was made a thing of beauty and pride. It had been the ancient fortress of the city, and was destroyed during the Persian Wars. The adornment of this was the highest object of Athenian ambition. It was made the site of the most splendid works of art found in the ancient world. It was a rugged cliff some 150 feet above sea-level and accessible only on the western side. Here the architect Mnesicles was set to build the Propylæa, or entrance hall of the citadel. It consisted of a flight of marble steps seventy feet wide, leading up to a double colonnade, through which the visitor entered the Acropolis.

Just within the colonnade and facing the entrance was the colossal bronze statue of Athene Promachos. This represented Athena as the guardian goddess of the city, clad in full armor, with outstretched spear and shield. It was more than fifty
feet high and was raised twenty feet more by its pedestal. It was the work of Phidias. Lifted as it was above the temple roof, the golden plume of Athena's helmet, like our own statue of Liberty, could be seen far out at sea, and served as a landmark to the sailors of the Ægina.

Beyond this statue was the noblest work of Pericles—the Parthenon. This was the largest and most beautiful of all the Athenian temples. It was the work of Ictinus and Callicrates as architects, and of Phidias as sculptor. It was of the Pentelic marble of northern Attica—a stone of fine grain and a yellowish tinge which deepened with age, giving a magical coloring to the glorious temple. This sculpturing was of three kinds—that of the pediments, the metropes, and the frieze. Much of the history of Athens was pictured on them.

The crowning work of Phidias was the statue of Athena in this temple. It was made of gold and ivory, and represented the goddess in all the majesty of complete victory, as mentioned by Longfellow in his Hyperion.

The neighboring temple of Athene Polias, or the Erechtheum, was also a splendid piece of architecture, and was more revered than the Parthenon itself. It contained the sacred wooden image of Athena, which, according to mythology, was very ancient, having fallen from heaven. This temple also served as the treasury. Poseidon shared the temple with Athena.

The Peristyle on the north was not completed till after the death of Pericles. The Parthenon was of Doric architecture; the Erechtheum of Ionic.

Further mention of the works of art would be tedious. This was the age of art, and, next to the literature of the age, is the principal contribution made by the age to civilization.

A mere mention of the writers of this period is sufficient. Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Socrates, Herodotus, and Thucydides—such is the catalogue! Drama, Comedy, Philosophy, and History all having the best representatives.
Pericles loved the beautiful and true, and was a patron of art and letters.

Having seen something of his domestic policy during the fifteen years of his supremacy, we come now to consider his foreign policy.

Very soon after he came to the supreme power in 445 B. C. he hit upon the happy idea of ridding himself and Athens of a troublesome element by sending out colonies. The principal of these were Amphipolis and Thurii. The former was in the Thracian Chersonese, the old patrimony of Miltiades; the latter was on the site of the famous city of Sybaris. Many important personages went out to the latter place—among them the historian Herodotus and the orator Lysias.

In 440 war broke out with Samos. It took nine months to reduce this island. The pretence for the war was that the Samians refused to arbitrate in the war between Samos and Miletus. Pericles was said to have been led into this war by the influence of Aspasia, the sagacious woman of Miletus.

No delineation of the character of Pericles would be complete did it fail to mention the influence of this woman upon his life. She was a native of Miletus, and is worthy of a place beside Cleopatra as a woman of the most bewitching charms and sagacious mind. She was peculiarly polite and witty, and full of wisdom and political ability. Even Socrates visited her, and many of her admirers took their wives to converse with her. Pericles made his court to her and was soon drawn away from his wife and lived much with Aspasia, by whom he had a son, Pericles the younger, upon whom the Athenians conferred honors at the close of the life of his father.

When the Samians were conquered and Pericles returned home he pronounced an oration in honor of the Athenians who perished in the war. Socrates and others said that Aspasia composed the celebrated oration. Certain it is that Aspasia had a strong influence on Pericles, and largely determined the course of his policy.

The colonies in the north and west were doubtless designed to strengthen Athens and help prepare her for the inevitable conflict with Sparta and the Peloponnesus.
After the conclusion of the Samian war and after the colonization of Italy and the Chersonese had been effected, Pericles called a congress to meet at Athens and discuss matters of interest to Greece. It was to be composed of representatives from the different Grecian States. It was another of the crafty politician's plans for strengthening Athens, but it signally failed. Pericles seemed to attribute the failure to Sparta, and ever afterwards was trying to rouse the Athenians against Sparta.

With matchless oratory he told the Athenians of the splendor of their city, the extent and grandeur of their empire, and how Sparta was seeking to depreciate her greatness and lessen her influence. The public treasury was full, Athens was strongly fortified; why fear a war with the Peloponnesus?

This policy met with opposition, but, as usual, Pericles prevailed, and Athens was led on toward that fatal conflict in which her glory was to be dimmed and finally blighted.

We need not pause to discuss the causes of this war. It was a conflict for supremacy. The estrangement between Athens and Sparta began when Sparta withdrew from the Persian War and refused to favor the Delian Confederacy. There can be no doubt but that Pericles purposely hastened the conflict, thinking Sparta's resources would soon be exhausted and she would be left to sink into oblivion, or be swallowed up in the Athenian Empire. As this paper only purposes to give an insight into the life and policy of Pericles, no account of this war is attempted. Throughout the two and one-half years in which Pericles engaged in it his policy was to restrain the Athenians from attacking Sparta or from even meeting her men in open battle. The first invasion of Attica was made in 431, but the Athenians simply defended their city when the Spartans came up to the very walls, devastating and destroying the country. The only aggressive movement made by Pericles was the sending out of the navy to harass Sparta and her allies.

The Peloponnesian War marks the end of the foreign policy of Pericles. Each time the Spartans withdrew from the siege
he led an army into Megara and devastated the country. These murderous raids are excused by some historians on the grounds that the Megarians had murdered the Athenian herald, Anthemocritus; but the Commedians claimed that it was the work of Aspasia, two of whose courtesans had perished by the hands of the Megarians.

After the first year's campaign was over Pericles availed himself of the custom of his countrymen and pronounced a famous oration over those who had fallen during the year. This oration is the greatest literary production of Pericles, and one of the noblest specimens of Athenian oratory. In it his ideas of government and citizenship are clearly set forth; also his views on social relations. It was from this oration that James G. Blaine drew his definition of the best woman in America: "She is the best woman who is most truly a woman, and her reputation is the highest whose name is never in the mouths of men for good or evil."

The second year's campaign was more discouraging than the first. A dreadful plague had broken out among the crowded population of Athens. It was introduced from Egypt, and was more fatal than the Black Death in Europe. One-fourth of the population perished.

The third campaign was still more dreadful in its results to Pericles. He was becoming unpopular; tales of his impurity were abroad; the dreadful plague was attributed to him; Aspasia was brought to trial, and Pericles was compelled to appear in public and plead with tears for her life. His two sons died of the plague, and soon the great statesman himself was stricken down, and the Athenian people were left in the midst of a fearful malady to contend with a strong and persistent foe without a leader. No one came to the front to take the place of Pericles. This was one of the mistakes made by Pericles—he trained no successor. Had Pericles lived to carry out his policy there is every reason to believe that the outcome of the war would have been different.

Pericles was Athenian to the extreme, yet he pursued a policy which plunged Athens into a war that proved her ruin.
He cherished high ideals; his greatness lay in this, but his private life was not in keeping with his lofty ideals; crowding Athens with so many people, he violated all sanitary laws and showed shortsightedness; he adorned Athens, but this use of the money of allies can scarcely be commended.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that the period in which he was the leading figure is the most splendid period in Grecian history—perhaps of all antiquity. Art and literature can point to no other period of greater progress. Oratory was perfected and the mind cultivated. All this in half a century, and purely creative. The words of Pericles are scarcely too highly colored: “Our institutions are not borrowed; they are our own, the creation of Athenian statesmen; an example and not a copy. * * * With us a love of what is beautiful is consistent with economy, and a man is a man, though he cultivate his mind. * * * * * * *

“From such a city the Hellenic world may take a lesson. Of all men the Athenian citizen is the most accomplished and versatile; his parts are many, and he is admirable in each. Of all cities Athens alone is even greater than her fame. She needs no poet to sing her praises; every land and every sea can furnish proofs of her enterprise and success. * * * The glory of her men will never die; their epitaphs are written in the hearts of mankind; and wherever there is speech of noble deeds their names are held in remembrance.”

E. F. Garrett.

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Living now in Calcutta, is an English gentleman whose life has been filled with adventures, and whose numerous exploits and hair-breadth escapes have rendered him an object of deepest veneration to the natives, and one of curious interest to the passing traveller. One incident of his youthful days, however, is an experience through which few would care to pass.

When quite a young man, he found himself bound by no ties of kindred or interest to his native land, and, being of a
restless disposition, he determined to gratify his roving pro-
clivities, before entering upon the stern duties of life. Ac-
cordingly, he took passage on the steamship White Wings, bound
for Melbourne.

His frank, generous nature soon made him a general favorite
with all on board, with but a single exception. He had unin-
tentionally antagonized one of the passengers, a Spaniard, by
some jesting remark, which, though innocent of evil intent,
was received as an affront. This antipathy was accentuated by
“a woman in the case”; for the careless, light-heartedness of
the one, and the amorous predilections of the other, were cal-
culated to engender this species of rivalry.

Thus matters stood until a few days before they were due
to their destination, when a crisis was reached. The Englishman,
not willing to part with any with feelings of animosity, deter-
mined that as he had given the offence, though unwittingly,
he would be the first to attempt a reconciliation. Going in
search of the Spaniard—who in other instances had exhibited
a vindictive, revengful spirit—he found him in an obscure cor-
ner, seated on a campstool, apparently buried in gloomy refe-
ction.

The Spaniard heard him coming, and, ignorant of his pur-
pose, felt a sudden, uncontrollable desire for revenge surging
up in his heart. He glanced around, but no one else was in
sight, and his face lighted up with a sort of malignant triumph.
The young man approached, and, holding out his hand, began,
in a friendly tone of voice, “——

Before he had time to utter a word, the Spaniard leaped to
his feet, a murderous fire blazing from his eyes, and seizing
him by the waist, drew back to hurl him into the sea.

We will let the Englishman tell the rest of the story himself.

“The suddenness of his attack took me so by surprise, that
for an instant I was powerless, but quickly realizing that with
me it was a matter of life or death, I exerted every energy to
free myself from his deadly grasp. Being a man of powerful
physique, he picked me up as easily as though I were a child,
and would have pitched me overboard, but was unable to loosen my hold. Now thoroughly infuriated, foaming at the mouth, his eyes red, fiery like some demon's—that image is so burned in my brain, I shall remember it to my dying day—he rushed to the railing, and held me over, attempting to shake me from his arms: but I, in the agony of my desperation, had clasped him around the waist, and thus succeeded in frustrating his diabolic purpose. As he held me out over the roaring waters, I, scarcely knowing why I did so, braced my feet against the railing, at the same time clinging more closely to him. In the struggle he lost his balance, and falling over the railing, we would both have been precipitated into the black billows beneath, had not my foot caught in the railing.

"There we remained suspended—I hanging head downward over the ship's side, he still in my arms, clasping me in the same deadly embrace. Below I could hear the seething waters as they rushed swiftly by, and as I looked down, I fancied the black waves yawned their cavernous jaws, eager to devour their prey. Oh, the horror of it! His hot breath was on my face, as it came in short quick gasps, and his murderous weight was dragging me down to my doom.

"We could not long remain in this position. The unequal struggle had already exhausted my strength, and the weight of his body was more than I could at any time support long in that position. I tried to free myself; but his arms were like iron hoops. My feet felt broken; I was already suffering untold agony; I could feel the drops of bloody perspiration dripping from my face. Nerved with the energy of despair, I made one last, desperate effort to draw myself up; but the tension had been too great, and the muscles of my legs felt paralyzed. My feet began slowly to straighten, loosening their hold, and I felt myself slipping, slipping. Ah, such a sickening sensation!

"I no longer look down: I look up; and the sky seems fading from my sight, as hope is receding from my heart. My eyes are strained; they are blurred, I can no longer see; my head is reeling. My foot finally gives way, and I am
dragged down, down, down, till, as the merciless waves close over us, his murderous grasp, too late, is loosened.

"I strike out blindly, wildly, frantically; I try to shriek, to pray, but the brine chokes me; it fills every pore; my head is bursting. Horrible! * * * I am sinking! I am tied! I can't move! Such a roaring in my ears! * * * The blinding flashes—'tis midnight darkness; snakes are wrapt around me; their poisonous tongues lick my face. They carry me down, down! Down! * * * Hell opens! Torments! Furies! * * * Lost! Oh—h—h!"

"My first recollection was that of lying in a bed, and everything seemed strangely still. It was sometime before I could collect my thoughts; and even then I was unable to locate myself. I remembered drowning, or thought I did; but where was I now? I could not understand it, until my nurse, a great, bearded, big-hearted fellow, explained it all to me.

"As I hung downward by my feet on that ne'er to be forgotten day, someone—the Spaniard's inamorata—in passing brushed against my feet just as they slipped off. Her attention being attracted by this, she looked just in time to see two men fall headlong into the ocean. Shrieking hysterically, she managed to make known the catastrophe, but not till valuable time had been lost. The cry, 'Man overboard!' was immediately raised, and as soon as possible, the ship was put about, and the search began.

"My body, apparently lifeless, was soon recovered; but that of the would-be homicide was never found, although a long and vigorous search was instituted.

"It was a long time before I was resuscitated, and even then for weeks my life hung by a thread. I had been delirious and my reason had been despair'd of. I raved about demons and monsters and tortures. At one time I was falling over the edge of a burning volcano; at another I was being crushed by falling mountains. Now I was falling through interminable space; and now suspended over some fearful abyss. The breath
of fiends was in my face, and the coils of serpents enveloped me.

"But at last reason regained her throne, and life was victorious over death.

"Does it seem strange that every since I have had a horror of the sea, and in the roaring of the waves I hear the cry of lost souls."

R. A. H.

THE GRACCHI AND THEIR REFORMS.

Let us pause for awhile on the busy march of a progressive age and reflect upon the lives of two noble Romans—men who, when their country was threatened by dangers created by turbulent factions, dared to speak for the right and to exert their energies for governmental reform. Such men were Tiberius and Caius Gracchus.

We must, however, if we wish to understand the lives of these two heroes, first consider the state of affairs in Rome, and then we can better appreciate the motives which actuated them. Rome, in conquering all the different tribes of the peninsula, came into the possession of a vast amount of land, which was allotted to discharged soldiers, leased at low rentals, or was left unused. This land gradually fell from the grasp of the poor into the hands of the rich, who alone possessed means sufficient to cultivate it. The slave-trade carried on at this time was very flourishing, and slaves were so abundant and cheap that these wealthy landowners found it to their advantage to use slave, rather than free, labor. These poor people, thrown out of employment, congregated about the capitol, and "Rome," indeed, "had become a commonwealth of millionaires and beggars." Such a condition of affairs must necessarily be attended with calamity to the government if allowed to continue."

It is at this point, about 134 B. C., that Tiberius Gracchus comes upon the scene and champions the people's cause. He was of a family renowned for valor, and he himself, living in
an age of great statesmanship, and just at the close of a brilliant succession of military achievements, had open to him a brilliant career at Rome, had he been content to close his eyes to the destruction that threatened his country. But as a virtuous and patriotic man he preferred rather to risk his life if by doing so he might avert the impending danger. Spurred on by the aggressions of the rich, the discontent of the poor, the ferocious treatment of the slaves, and the social rivalries of the capitol, Tiberius aspired to the tribunate, and was elected. Here he hoped to procure the passage of such laws as would benefit the poorer class of people. Immediately he proposed a redistribution of land, thus recreating a peasantry and stopping the increase of the slave plague. Broadly speaking, we may say that he struck at the very root of the decadence of the government, and if that would not cure nothing else could. This first measure of his was attended with beneficial results, and the poor people could again enjoy the blessings and privileges of homes of their own. In an oration in behalf of his agrarian law, Tiberius speaks thus: "The wild beasts of Italy have their caves to retire to, but the brave men who spill their blood in their country's cause have nothing but air and light; * * * the private soldiers fight and die to advance the wealth and luxury of the great; and they are called masters of the world, while they have not a foot of ground in their possession."

Naturally, however, the nobility became enraged at the attempts at reform made by Tiberius, and planned to wrest the power from him. Marcus Octavius being prevailed upon to oppose him, attempted to win the good-will of the people by his oratory, but he did so in vain, for Tiberius exerted an eloquence in his speeches that could be resisted by nothing.

A second time Tiberius was candidate for the tribunate, but the nobility and men of wealth concluded to defeat him, even if it should be necessary to do so by force. Tiberius and his loyal followers anticipating the opposition of the other side, armed themselves for the conflict which they thought to be
inevitable. On the election-day, when the people were gathered in the forum, the crisis came, and Tiberius was slain with three hundred of his followers. The acts of Tiberius in getting his laws passed were said by some to be the beginning of the Revolution, but if ever a revolution was excusable this one was, and if men will continue to brand Tiberius as a culprit they must also condemn our own beloved Washington.

The reforms of Tiberius were immediately taken up and put into execution by his younger brother, Caius. Cicero tells us that Caius steered clear of politics until his brother appeared to him in a dream and urged immediate action in behalf of the people. However this may be, we know that Caius had one great purpose, and that was to avenge the death of his brother and to carry out his designs. The people elected him to succeed his brother in the tribunate, where he soon took the lead. On account of his rare oratorical powers his name became one of dread to all the nobility, against whom he continued to let fly his philippics. “Thus the party which had slain his brother found itself again at death grip with an even greater and more implacable foe.” It was the custom of Roman orators to face the Senate when speaking, but Caius, in offering a certain bill, turns towards the forum, thus indicating that the orator should speak to the people, not to the Senate.

“The legislation of Caius is hard to understand,” says Plutarch, but its general scope was to overthrow senatorial government. He secured the passage of a law selling corn cheap to the people, which seems to have been an unwise measure; but there is no ground to believe Caius’ noble nature stooped to demoralize the mob from selfish motives. If he had had any selfish desires he might have realized those desires and gained power by pleading that he and his child were the last representatives of a noble line, that he had received the educational training of a Roman youth, and that he once had a brother whose life was lost in the people’s cause.

Besides his laws favoring the people, Caius took great interest in building roads, which were beautified exceedingly, and
the work of which was executed with so much celerity as to win the applause of all.

Soon, however, the secret enmity of the nobility burst asunder all bands of restraint, and the two parties were on the verge of warfare. Drusus, a man great in oratory, but without any sense of honor, was chosen to oppose Caius. About this time, also, Opimus, who was consul, decided to repeal the laws of Caius, because they had been the cause of discontent among the nobility. That one act of Opimus was the trumpet blast that summoned numbers of men from all parts of the peninsula to Rome, to ally themselves with the Gracchan party, and to fight in defence of the man who had been striving for the welfare of the masses. On the day appointed for the repealing of these laws some of the party of Gracchus were insulted by Autyllus, a Lictor. The men rising up, resented the insult and slew the offender. Immediately the Senate was aroused, and had it not been for the inclement weather the two opposing parties would have joined in combat. On the second day following Caius bids farewell to his wife and child, seemingly cognizant of the fate awaiting him, and goes to the capitol, where he meets his foes. In the conflict Caius was disarmed, and endeavored to avert the struggle, but seeing that his side was being defeated, was persuaded to flee. Invoking a curse upon the ungracious people, he fled to a grove beyond the Tiber, and there, at his own request, was slain by his servant. His death prolonged the misrule of the Senate for many years. Having had to reconcile so many conflicting interests, he may have swerved from his own ideal, but in a life so noble such a death was a sufficient crown. A man so eloquent, resolute, and energetic, conceiving such great plans and executing them in person, having for his immediate purpose the elevation of his countrymen, even though he himself should fall—such a man was Caius Gracchus.

Such, then, were the lives of these two brothers—heroes, too, they were—who, in the strength of their early manhood, were called upon to serve their country, and—
"For their country felt alone,  
And prized her blood beyond their own."

The rolling waters of the Tiber, beneath which their bodies were buried, and the seven hills of the Eternal City, and the voice of the people in succeeding generations, are witnesses that the lives of the Gracchi were patriotic and honorable, and that they died as martyrs to their cause.

VIVIEN.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

The student of history has to deal much with the rising and falling of empires and kingdoms. Ever since the foundation of this old world empires and kingdoms have risen and fallen, nations have become mighty and intellectual, only to drift away into decay.

So it was with the great Babylon; she rose to the very height of ancient civilization, and then in the glory of her power and influence she suddenly fell, leaving her history buried in the ruins of her great self.

Much has been done of late years to recover the lost portions of her history, and through the noble effects of noble men the wide gulf is being filled up. It appears in the cuneiform records that Babylon, the capital of Babylon, from the time of Agukakrimi (about B.C. 2,000) to the conquest of the country by Cyrus the Great (B.C. 538). This nearly corresponds with the Biblical chronology. Not much is known of her early history.

It seems from all accounts that part of her time she was under the Assyrian rule, and that at times she would rise up and shake off the yoke; but her freedom would not last long, for she would shrink back under the power of her sister nation.

But from what is known, her real true history begins with Nabopolassar who mounted the throne about B.C. 625. At, or near, this time troubles and misfortunes began to thicken about the Assyrian Empire, for the Scythian hordes had spread themselves over upper Mesopotamia and laid waste the fairest regions under Assyrian rule.
The Medes were beginning to make ready an attack from the East; and we also hear of a force threatening it from the South. Realizing the position in which he was placed, the Assyrian monarch, Saracus, deemed it necessary to send a viceroy to Babylon. Nabopolassar was accordingly sent, he was most probably an Assyrian, a nobleman of high rank.

He did not remain true to his king, but in B.C. 625 revolted and became the ruler of Babylonia. A short time after this he entered into an alliance with Cyaxares, king of Media, and arranged a marriage between his son Nebuchadnezzar, and Amyitis, daughter of the Median prince. He sent troops to Cyaxares who took an active part in the war which finally resulted in the overthrow of Assyria.

During the greater portion of Nabopolassar's reign, which probably lasted 21 years, the history of Babylon is blank. Upon his death Nebuchadnezzar succeeded to the throne. It was due to this bold prince that the kingdom rose to its great height of glory and power.

He succeeded in bringing her military glory to a higher standard than ever before; also by his marvelous military enterprises he added much territory to the kingdom.

He restored and enlarged Babylon, the old capital of the kingdom.

"With his unbounded command of naked human strength" he was able to raise those world-renowned buildings, which afterwards brought forth that great boast that cost him so much: "Is not this the great Babylon, that I have built for the house of my kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the glory of my majesty?" During this time, according to many eminent authorities, Babylon became about five times the size of London. Its walls were said to be 300 feet high, and so wide that you could drive three chariots abreast upon them. The city was built on both sides of the Euphrates, and it was generally supposed that there was a bridge across the river, and also a subterranean passage under the river, which was used as a private communication between public buildings—palaces, or citadels, built on opposite sides of the river.
The buildings were magnificent, built of stone and brick, the walls being adorned with many paintings; great winged bulls guarded the doorways and openings; the whole was a scene most imposing in its grandeur.

At the northern end of the city, outside the walls, an immense basin had been formed, to receive the overflow of the Euphrates, caused by the spring freshets. This basin was so large that it is said to have covered a space no less than fifty miles in circumference. But the most wonderful thing of all was the hanging gardens, built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his queen, who longed for hills instead of flat country.

They were built several hundred feet above the ground, supported by arches and walls. These gardens were filled with every kind of tree and plant and vine, which could produce fruit or flowers.

Gardeners of great experience and skill were constantly employed cultivating the fruit, pruning the vines, preserving the walks, and introducing new vegetation.

There was an engine constructed by which the water could be drawn up from the river and distributed over every part of these vast gardens.

The life at the Babylonian court was a busy one, the city being the capital of a large empire, and a great centre of commerce; the people lived industrious lives; boats came to the city from distant countries, far in the north, with their products; and for this reason she was brought into a more immediate contact with the manners and customs of other nations. The stern soldiers; the peaceful porters; the gorgeous chariots that rattled through the streets; the pomp and state of the royal palaces; the wealth and luxury; the poverty and crime; the pleasure and licentiousness—all had a great influence in bringing about her fall.

After the death of Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar held the throne jointly with his father, Nabonadius, the last king of Babylon. A short time after this Cyrus, ruler of the fast rising empire of the Medes and Persians, invaded the country,
defeated the army of Nabonadius, and finally besieged Belshazzar, who had taken refuge within the walls of Babylon. Cyrus began to besiege Babylon about 536 B.C. The siege lasted two years, for the thick and high walls resisted all the efforts of his battering-rams and scaling-ladders.

Belshazzar knew this, and, therefore, gave himself no concern; if Cyrus should stay there twenty years he would not care, because there was enough provision within the city for at least the whole of that time, and besides plenty of land to cultivate more. So he gave himself up to feasting and pleasure. But, notwithstanding all this, Cyrus had made up his mind to gain possession of the city. He noticed the great basin without the walls, and found that by breaking the dam, the water of the river would be drawn into the basin; and, therefore, leave the bed of the river comparatively dry. When these things should be brought about, he and his army could pass under the walls where the river had flown before.

So he sent a vast army of workmen to the dam to get everything in readiness. Cyrus waited until the night of Belshazzar’s feast, and then gave the command. The dam was broken, and the water of the river rushed into the basin, leaving the bed clear for him and his army to pass under the river-gates. Column after column passed into the city, killing all who opposed them. “Meet at the palace,” was the command. The noise was terrific, the lightning played in the sky, crash after crash of thunder pealed out on the midnight air until it seemed as if the earth would be shaken in its foundations.

The shrieks of the dying, the hoarse commands of the officers, the war-cry of the soldiers, the rattling of chariots and horsemen through the streets, the clashing of arms: all added to the terror. The lights along the river quays, mingling with the flames of the burning boats, presented an awful scene. During all this time, when the streets and gardens were filled with infuriated soldiers, those on the one hand wild with the excitement of triumph, and on the other, maddened with rage and despair; a party, headed by Cyrus, gains the palace, where
Belshazzar and his lords are feasting, unconscious of the approaching danger. Cyrus is discovered. "The Persians!" "The Persians!" passes from lip to lip. The King, with sword in hand and with a small body of his guards, faces the enemy, but all is in vain; his doom is sealed, and "that same night was Belshazzar, king of the Caldeans, slain."

"Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom passed away;  
He, in the balance weighed,  
Is light and worthless clay.

The shroud, his robe of state,  
His canopy the stone:  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne."

So perished the power of Babylon. From that time she was a province of the Persian Empire, and her glory faded. To-day she is a heap of shapeless mounds, scattered over a desolate plain, the home of wild beasts.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

The history of the world naturally divides itself into ages, each stamping upon man an everlasting principle, the outgrowth of which has made him what he is to-day—the ruler of the world, the king of God's creation. When we study his life we find that, in his primeval state, man, with the exception of a soul, was very little above the beast of the field. We find him the rough marble from whence by the chisels of time was to come the finest specimen of God's workmanship; the rude quartz from whence by the refining fires of the ages was to come the brightest ornament that adorns the universe.

The Rough Stone Age was his first step to civilization, his first round on the ladder to fame and renown. From that he has stepped from age to age, from round to round, until he has reached that degree of eminence in which he is clothed in majesty and crowned with immortal glory.
The Stone, Wood, and Metallic Ages have left knowledge in masonry and architecture, and skill in metallic arts, by which we beautify the earth and adorn our homes. The Golden Age of Greece has past, and ancient Rome has fallen to rise no more, but each has left a heritage as undying in its nature as it was unparalleled in its splendor. The learning of Greece can never die. The philosophy of Plato and Socrates, the oratory of Demosthenes, and the sweet songs of Homer, will ever live as long as there is left in the heart of man a love for the noble and good. Roman horsemanship made its indelible stamp upon the world, and so wonderful were the feats of Roman soldiery that it won admiration throughout the world, and set an example that has challenged rivalry among all nations.

Immediately following the downfall of Rome came the Dark Ages, a time in which the world seems to have had a rest from any great political excitement; a time in which man, unmoved by any sense of shame, unbridled his lusts, indulged in lewdness, embraced vice, and sank to the very lowest depths of degradation imaginable.

There has, however, been no age so bright but some mark of disgrace has marred its beauty, some canker has eaten away its brightness; and also there has been no age so dark but upon its horizon some bright star has appeared, some light that has guided mortals in fairer days.

To those dark ages may be traced the germs of many sciences that engage the attention of the strongest intellects of the day. The age of chivalry dawned upon those ages of lethargy, sensuality, and vice, and so glorious was its sun that the ever-changing scenes of centuries has not bedimmed its sky.

The word chivalry means horsemanship, but when we speak of a chivalrous man, we do not mean a man who is skilled in horseback-riding, but we mean a man who is gallant and thoughtful for the comfort of ladies. There was such a chivalry connected with the military and land tenure of Old England, but that destroyed itself. We wish to speak of that chivalry that comes to us in all its freshness and vigor of life.
Those who are acquainted with the history of England are also acquainted with the trial-by-battle way of settling disputes. This in itself was brutal and degrading, but underlying all its rudeness was an honorable principle which the best men of the world have cherished and cultivated. It was always believed that right would conquer, and prayers were offered for the success of the one who was in the right. Owing to this men fought harder, thought more of right and self-respect, and cultivated a spirit of dignity that is characteristic of every true gentleman. In these contests the wealthy fought on horseback with lance and armour, while the poor people fought on foot with clubs, etc. Ladies would have their champions to fight for them. Hence, ladies loved brave men, and in return men endeavored to court the favors of ladies by deeds of daring and of chivalry.

With what interest did the great concourse of people watch the contests! Picture if you will an open field, in which are gathered hundreds of human beings with eyes fixed on one spot, in which the principal ones concerned are stationed. On one hand the plaintiff and champion clothed in a coat of mail, mounted upon a fiery charger, in his hand a spear or lance, on his head a helmet of brass; on the other hand is the defendant and champion similarly clothed and equipped. At the word, they charge with maddened fury upon each other, dart after dart, thrust after thrust is given, until one unhorses the other. Sometimes the fight lasted all day, sometimes it ended in the death of one of them.

One might ask what good could come out of such brutality and such demoralizing conduct. We have to face the situation as it was. Civilization, as we have it now, was not known to the people of England. They had good motives, but no outward influence to govern the means by which purposes were accomplished. They had a conviction of what was right, but had no other influence but force to guide them; and, so far as they had power, they carried out their convictions, and during this period there was developed one principle that had
heretofore been neglected—the tender regard for women. The Greeks loved woman for her beauty; the English loved her for her virtue, and he learned to show her that respect and tender reverence that was never known before. As the ques-
tion of chivalry involved protection as well as honor, there was cultivated a spirit of individual interest and pleasure on the part of the knight for women. New emotions arose in his breast. He learned to be gallant and courteous toward ladies, a gift which every true gentleman of to-day possesses. He seemed to think that the flowers bloomed to remind him of her loveliness; that the cool shade was shed to invite him to repair thither and speak loving words to his "lady love." There was a new charm in music and song, an enchantment in the moonlight, a fascination on the water, and these thoughts so thrilled his mind that he thought of love by day and dreamed of love by night. Physical strength, skill in arts and war, eminence in the world of learning, fail to make man contented. Without love for woman he is a brute, and as this principle was stamped upon him in blood it can never die.

We are surrounded with the benefits of the ages that have past, but no age has left a heritage so dear, so rich in its nature, as the age of chivalry. Love for woman is the crowning joy of man's existence, and once stamped upon him it can never fade, for it is the thought of God.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

James Barron Hope, who has often been styled "Virginia's Laureate," was born on the 23d of March, 1829. The place of his birth was the residence of his grandfather, Commodore James Barron, then commander of the historic Gosport Navy-yard. He was fortunate in his parentage. His father, Wilton Hope, was a man of wealth and talent. Hope's mother was an attractive, Christian woman. From her he inherited many of his noblest qualities.
His early education was obtained at Germantown, Pa., and at the "Academy" in Hampton, Va. After securing preparatory training at these schools he entered William and Mary College, where he graduated with honor in 1847. It was while here that a trouble arose between J. Pembroke Jones and himself, which ultimately led to a duel. This duel was fought at Fortress Monroe in April, 1849. Hope was dangerously wounded. When the steamer which bore him back to Hampton arrived the flower of Hampton's youth turned out to meet it, and these bore the wounded man to his home. It is a noticeable fact, however, that after his recovery he and Jones were ever firm friends.

His life-work was varied, but we find him always following such pursuits as would most benefit humanity.

After his graduation he was secretary to his uncle, Samuel Barron, captain of the battleship "Pennsylvania." From this he was transferred to the "Cyane," and in 1852 made a cruise to the West Indies.

In 1856 he was elected Commonwealth's Attorney of that old historic town, Hampton, often called the "Game-cock town of Virginia."

It seemed, however, that he was destined to attain to something higher. During this same year, under the nom de plume of "Henry Ellen," he contributed several poems to the Southern Literary Messenger. These, on account of their great merit, attracted widespread attention.

We have now approached a most interesting event in Hope's life. We refer to his marriage, in 1857, to Miss Annie Beverly Whiting, an attractive young woman of Hampton, and one whose character was no less lovely than her person.

This period also marks great progress in his literary work. We find as a result of his labor about this time "Leoni di Monota and Other Poems," which were warmly praised by Southern critics of the time. The leading poem of this volume, "The Charge of Balaklava," was received by both English and American critics with great favor. G. P. R. James,
the well-known novelist, declared that it was unsurpassed by Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." A few of the verses show at once the beautiful rhythm and skill with which he handled the subject:

"Down went many a gallant soldier;
    Down went many a stout dragoon;
    Lying grim, and stark, and gory,
    On the crimson field of glory
    Leaving us a noble story
    And their white-cliffed homes a boone.

"And to-night the moon shall shudder
    As she looks down on the moor,
    Where the dead of hostile races
    Slumber, slaughtered in their places;
    All their rigid, ghastly faces
    Spattered hideously with gore.

"And the sleepers; ah! the sleepers
    Make a Westminster that day;
    'Mid the seething battle's lava!
    And each man who fell shall have a
    Proud inscription—Balaklava!
    Which shall never fade away."

In May, 1857, he, by appointment, delivered a poem at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement at Jamestown. In February of the following year he visited Richmond and recited a poem at the base of Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington.

When the Civil War broke like a terrible cloud over the South, Hope entered the Confederate Army and fought through the entire struggle for the cause that he believed to be just. He rose to the rank of captain.

At the close of the war he returned to Virginia, making Norfolk his home. Here he edited the Norfolk Day Book, the Norfolk Virginian, and in 1873 founded the Norfolk Landmark, of which journal he was editor-in-chief at the time of his death.
He declined a nomination for Congress in 1880.

By invitation of Congress in 1881 he delivered, at the Yorktown Centennial, his masterly poem, which was a fitting companion to the splendid oration delivered on that occasion by the renowned orator, Robert C. Winthrop. This poem, which has been styled "the flower of his genius," with several others, was published the following year. Its noble thoughts were revealed in their full beauty only to those who heard them as they fell from the lips of their author.

In 1883 the Confederate veterans of Norfolk elected him president of the first association of ex-Confederates.

Captain Hope was chosen by the delegates of the second district of his State as a delegate to the Chicago Convention in 1884.

The next year he was appointed Superintendent of Norfolk's Public Schools, and "under his administration they attained the largest enrollment of pupils, and the highest standard of excellence, since their opening in 1857." The same year he delivered the Portsmouth Memorial Poem.

He was again called upon by his State to weave among her annals the laurels of his verse at the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee Monument, erected in Richmond, October, 1887. The corner-stone was laid, but the voice of the poet had been hushed forever. Death came to him, as he had often wished, while he was in the midst of his work, in the high-noon of mental activity, having completed this ode only one day before his death. The same Hand that gifted Hope to take his place in the literary world granted him to rest from pursuing the weary journey up Age's chilly Mount of Snow, on the 15th of September, 1887.

Among the poets of the South, none have left a rarer, sweeter heritage than James Barron Hope. He sleeps in Elmwood Cemetery, Norfolk, beneath a stately shaft, fashioned from the stones of the State he loved so well.

Few of his poems have been given to the world, yet he is well remembered by his "Ode on Yorktown." A noted biog-
raper has said: "Certainly he touched with poetry the prose of daily living, and left behind, to those who loved him, the blessed legacy of a memory so sweet and rare that even death cannot take it from them."

J. Sidney Harrison,

TEST OF A COLLEGE ASSOCIATION'S LIFE AND EFFICIENCY.

(FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE THE STATE CONVENTION Y. M. C. A's.)

As a means of dignifying as well as defining our work, let us look for a moment at the College Association in its growth, general extent, and scope. Organized October 12, 1858, the movement has now extended to all civilized countries, and embraces forty denominations. It is not undenominational, but interdenominational, and there are not to-day five colleges of importance in the United States that have not a Young Men's Christian Association. Consider the Association's universal adaptation; not to a single institution, nor a single State, nor a single country, but to the college young men of the world.

Consider the object of this vast organization, as expressed in the simple declaration, "Work for young men by young men." Could the students of the world be united in any purer, nobler, and more unselfish work than in uplifting their comrades, and leading them into paths of usefulness? Then our spirits are renewed when we reflect that the organization, of which we are members, is not an experiment, but one upon which the Divine approval has been stamped; one which God has used as the means of converting and reclaiming thousands of college-men.

It is impossible to accurately apply the plum-line to each individual association, or to suggest methods practicable for each, and so I shall speak of some principles applicable to all, and without which there can be no fullness of life and highest efficiency. I offer five cardinal principles which should pervade the life of every Association.
TEST OF A COLLEGE ASSOCIATION'S LIFE.

There must be—

I. Wise Planning of the Work.

No great work has ever yet been accomplished that was not well and wisely planned. Religious work among students is no exception to this general rule. Indeed I have often thought that religious work in the average college is more difficult than in almost any other field. Here we meet men, no two of whom have been raised in the same locality, or under the same circumstances. Each one is the product of his own environment, and stands for himself. We meet them, too, just as they enter upon the arena of life, fascinated by the brilliant opportunities that lie out before them. We meet them just at the time when they are most susceptible to the various temptations peculiar to college life. But we also meet them, thank God, just as they leave the company of Christian friends and loved ones, and the parental roof where prayer and supplication is wont to be made. It is the work of the College Association to become thoroughly acquainted with these different characters, enlist the Christian students in religious work, become a friend to the friendless that he may be built up in the faith, and a brother to the unbeliever that he may be won for Christ. Christian student, think you that this difficult work can be most effectively accomplished without much thought and preparation? Plan; let officers and committeemen and members talk and plan together. Do not wait until the day of execution, and then adopt the first plan that suggests itself. Such practices will mean death to your work. I do not hesitate to say that the great hindrance to religious warmth and life and growth in our Associations is that Christian students are unmindful of the great work with which they are entrusted, and, therefore, do not give it the place in their minds and hearts it should occupy.

There must be—

II. Wise Organization.

This verily seems to be an age of student organizations. The number is increasing with each year. Students have
caught the prevailing spirit of combining forces, and realize, as never before, that "in union there is strength." God honors and blesses united effort. The forces of Satan are organized, his agents adapt their manœuvres to every individual place and circumstance, and the College Association that is not awake to its opportunities and difficulties, and, through its various agencies, is not continually endeavoring to counteract these evil tendencies, and point young men to the Lamb of God, falls far short of its mission. In order to meet the many obligations laid upon us, there must be a perfect system of organization. It is needless to say that the most devout and influential men should fill our offices and compose our committees. The desire to bestow honor upon a fellow-student should not be allowed to affect our choice of leaders. Let there be a sufficient number of committees, not too many, having specific work to accomplish.

I have mentioned the importance of efficient officers and committeemen. They hold responsible positions, but the success of our work does not depend solely upon them. It is said that the Association of a certain college in our State wakes up but once a year, and keeps its eyes open then just long enough "to elect officers for the ensuing term." In order that there be the most aggressive work in our Associations, every officer and every committeeman and every member must feel that success depends to no small degree upon his individual efforts.

There must be—

III. DEFINITENESS OF PURPOSE.

Which is three-fold—to deepen the spirituality, increase the efficiency, and seek the conversion of fellow-students. I refer to work in the college alone. Many Associations have undertaken mission and other work outside their institutions. Where this is done, great care should be exercised that in consequence our home-work does not suffer. Is it too much to ask that during the four or five years a young man is at college most of his work shall be among fellow-students? If our
colleges could send out year after year only consecrated, godly, well-developed young men, the day would not be far distant when "the kingdoms of this world would become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

To deepen the spirituality of fellow-students we must influence them to partake daily of spiritual food—God's word. No other literature, no other agency, can supply the necessity of this essential to spiritual life and growth. Some one has said that if a single test might be applied for the life of an Association, it would be the interest maintained in Bible study.

To increase the efficiency of our Christian students, the Association must, first of all, realize the great importance of men trained for service. There are those that come among us every year who have given their hearts to God, and only need to be encouraged and directed in order that they may develop into the most useful and aggressive Christian workers. Let the Association never forget that a young man's college course is his period of preparation, and whatever habits contracted in college usually pervade his entire after-life.

The third and supreme object of the College Association: to lead the unconverted to Christ. For the accomplishment of this end all the forces of the Association should be massed. We need to see in our unconverted fellow-student, not a good scholar, nor a poor scholar, nor a rival, nor a member of a different organization, but a soul for which Christ died, and which, by the transforming influence of the Holy Spirit, may become a mighty power for good in the world.

Our Associations must be pervaded by the spirit of—

IV. PRAYER AND PERSEVERANCE.

We have defined, planned, and organized our work. The machinery is complete; let us not forget the source of power. The electric car whose trolley is not connected with the wire is dead. That Association which is not impelled by the motive power from above is worse than dead. May we never lose sight of the fact that it is God's work in which we are engaged,
and let us seek daily God's will as to the methods of conducting his work.

Perseverance is often the secret of success. It is not sufficient that we start the year with a successful fall campaign, but this same enthusiasm and earnestness must characterize our work through the entire session. What a blessed thought, that while preparing ourselves for the sterner realities of life, God can, and will, use us to influence those with whom we come in daily contact. May we learn early in life the blessedness of waiting on the Lord. Let there be the inner circle of officers and committeemen, who shall meet, from time to time, to talk to God about plans for his work. There must be—

V. SELF-GIVING.

Even while in college, we must consecrate ourselves unre­servedly to the Master's service. We cannot be used of God for the accomplishment of great things until we have made a full and complete surrender, and are willing to be led by his spirit whenever and wherever he calls. May we see in our college course a preparation, not only intellectually, but also spiritually, for the life beyond college walls. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren that you present your bodies a living sacrifice." If ever the world is brought back to its God, it must be done through the efforts of God's people. A large portion of this great responsibility rests upon the college-men of this generation; those around whom have been thrown so many opportunities for intellectual and religious training. Oh, the possibilities that lie out before Christian young men of this age! No other generation has ever become heir to so rich an inheritance. Shall we be true to our mission? God grant it. Oh that we may be more fully consecrated to his service, that we may be led to give ourselves entirely into his hands. God can, and will, use us if we are willing. Fellow-students, let us pray for that all-consuming love for immortal souls which Christ had; that love which will break down every barrier, and make us willing to go out and bring the lost ones into the fold. Do not wait until graduation day to commence active Christian work.
There is work to do to-day, work at your very door, and God will hold you responsible for it. Then—

"Let none hear you idly saying,
   There is nothing I can do.
While the souls of men are dying,
   And the master calls for you,
Take the task he gives you gladly,
   Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
   Here am I; send me, send me!"

J. J. H.

Editorial.

FICTION PRIZE.

The Bachelor of Arts offers to its undergraduate subscribers $125 for the best original short story of college life. Each story must contain not more than 4,000 words, and MSS. must be received before June 1, 1896.

We trust that some of our story writers may be sufficiently interested in this offer to enter the contest.

GRACE-STREET CHURCH.

The students and alumni of Richmond College join, with thousands of other friends, in sympathy for Dr. Hatcher and his people in the destruction, by fire on February 25th, of their beautiful and commodious house of worship. It was one of the finest church edifices in the South, and represented years of united and persistent effort.

Dr. Hatcher has been officially connected with the College for many years, and his church has long been considered headquarters for college students. Many of our readers, therefore, will feel that this disaster is a personal loss.

The beautiful spirit with which pastor and people bear their affliction, and their unswerving devotion to duty in the midst of such calamities, have called forth the highest commendation of friends and citizens.
At a reception given at Jefferson Hotel a few weeks ago to the friends of Richmond College, a movement was inaugurated for building and equipping a Laboratory. The Board of Trustees and Faculty are united in their efforts to give us every advantage. The Laboratory has become an essential part of every institution of higher learning. In this practical age men clamor to have theories substantiated, and demand facts instead of mere speculations.

We all know the value of close observation; and when a student is brought into actual contact with the experiment performed by the author of his scientific study, his interest is awakened, he observes more closely, the real takes the place of the imaginative, and the impressions will ever be retained in his mind.

We hail with gladness this movement which promises to add so much to our already numerous advantages. It is but indicative of the energy and ambition of those who have this institution in charge; also it is indicative of the greater usefulness and more extended influence of Richmond College in the future.

Of the $50,000 needed for this scientific purpose, nearly $6,000 was pledged immediately. The Faculty gave $2,000, and the Alumni Association, $1,000. This spirit of liberality we feel sure will find a response in the hearts of many others.

The February issue of the MESSENGER will be postponed for a summer issue. This was not our first intention, but we feel sure it will meet the approval of all who are interested. The students and Alumni of the College will be interested in what is transpiring here during the summer, in knowing what their fellow-students are doing.

Those having invested materially in the MESSENGER, will receive the greater benefit. When the issue comes out in July or August, it will go into homes scattered throughout our Commonwealth, where it will also greet the city folk who have gone out to catch a breath of mountain air.
On January 31st, the Trustees, Faculty, students, and friends of the College assembled in the College Chapel to celebrate the close of first half-session. Dr. Hatcher, Vice-President of Board of Trustees, presided. The exercises were opened by a quartette rendered by the Glee Club, after which Dr. Willingham led in prayer. The president read a condensed and gratifying report of work done for the half-session. Drs. Wharton and Landrum made short but interesting speeches, which were enjoyed by all. The exercises were interspersed with College songs sung by the Glee Club.

Dr. Wharton closed the meeting with one of his favorite solos.

This is the first meeting of the kind that was ever held here, but we are sure that it is calculated to stimulate interest for the College.

We were very much gratified a few days ago to get a glimpse into the history of the literary societies of Richmond College. During the late war, along with other valuable property, the old records of these societies were destroyed. However, through the kindness of Mr. James B. Winston, of Glen Allen, a very highly respected citizen of that community, we were enabled to gather a few facts.

When he was here as a student ('46-'48) there were two societies, the Columbia and Washington. He was at one time president of the latter, and we are indebted to his good memory for these interesting facts. To the Columbia belonged the older and more advanced students. And these for the most part were ministerials. The younger students were members of the Washington Society.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society grew out of the Columbia. This change took place in 1846, and the name and motto of the new society were suggested by Dr. G. F. Holmes, then Professor of Ancient Languages. The Washington continued a few years, and then also merged into the Mu Sigma Rho.

The present Philologian Society was organized in 1855. The name and motto were suggested by our much-esteemed Dr. C.
H. Ryland. There has ever been since this organization was perfected a generous rivalry between these two societies. They usually have about the same number of members; this session, however, the Philologian has outreached the other in this respect. They each have a sufficient number for excellent work, and are doing it.

A third society has been organized this session. It is quite healthy, though in its infancy, having a membership of thirty.

We predict that the Law Class Association will train men competent to fill the highest positions at the bar. She now possesses men who bid fair for fame.

We can see the steady advancement made in this kind of literary work. And it is a most valuable training. A training, fellows, that we should take pride in, as it will be a help to us in all of life's work.

Miss Bessie Pollard has very kindly consented to give us the Campus notes. We are sure that these items will be welcomed back to our columns, and in behalf of our readers we extend to Miss Pollard sincere thanks for her valuable assistance.

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**Collegiana.**


What is the latest out?

Mr. McD.'s whiskers.

W.: "B—y, where is Math. lesson to-day?"
B.: "In two unknown quantities."
W.: "Algebra or Geometry?"
We All: ! ! !

"Mr. G—t, what does infatuate mean?"
Mr. G. (Int. Lat.): "That comes from two Latin words—'in,' which means 'in,' and 'fatuo,' to love; so the word means 'in love.'"
Mr. B—d wants to know if he can get an oil painting in water colors.

Mr. C—b is in a very melancholy mood on account of receiving a proposal from a young lady who resides in Texas. He thinks it is terrible to be so widely known.

Mr. H—(reading Old Eng.): "And God made two great lights—one to shine as the day, the other to shine as the night."

"Mr. St—l, In what State was J. G. Holland born?"
"Berlin! !"

"Mr. M—s—s, who was Cupid?"
"The goddess of love."

Prof. of Eng. (teaching Rhetoric): "Now Mr. Metaphor, here is a Ryland."

We felt sorry for Mr. G— when, before he received an answer to a long, elegantly written billet-doux, he received the following message from a friend: "She was married last week."

Mr. S—gs (at breakfast-table): "We have three topics of conversation—Hypnotism, Philosophy, and Love."
Mr. P—w (modestly): "And the greatest of these is Love."

It does not take the wisest man to tell why he replied thus.

"Spring would be but gloomy weather if we had nothing else but 'spring'!"—especially if a bent pin caused it.

"There's only one girl in the world for me," and she doesn't sign her name, but from the ribbon bows you would suppose she is "of high degree."

Mr. H.: "Say, N.; you are more like me than any one I ever saw."
Mr. N.: "Why? I never thought I resembled you at all."
H.: "You think you are smart, and afraid people won't find it out." Did you ever?

Prof. of English: "Mr. M—er, supply the subject to this sentence: '— shall clothe a man with rags.'"
Mr. M—er: "John shall clothe a man with rags."

Mr. R. (written recitation): "Professor, does that second question immediately follow the first?"

Mr. G. being asked what county his mother was from, replied: "I don't remember, but if you will tell me what county Charlotte Courthouse is in I will tell you."

Mr. C—— says he didn't know an anecdote for strychnine had been discovered. Did you?

Judge G—— (in law class): "Mr. W—s—n, in the reign of what king was this law passed?"
Mr. W—s—n: "In the fourth year of the reign of Caroline II.

Some days ago when fried oysters were being served in the Mess Hall, the bell was tapped for an announcement. Mr. W—— immediately rising said: "I offer $10 reward to any man who can find an oyster in these batter-cakes."

Mr. M—— (in Int. Greek): "Professor, who is the author of the New Testament we are going to read?"

Mr. M——, suffering somnolence during study hours at night, goes down town for some medicine. Entering a drug store, he says: "Doctor, will you give me some medicine for sleeplessness?"

Mr. M——n saw at the Soldiers' Home a relic from the old Libby prison, and says to a friend standing near: "That was the prison in which John Bunyan was confined, wasn't it?"
Mr. G—de (waxing eloquent in debate), "For instance, gentlemen, we all love our best girls, but we can see faults in them."

From Society: Groans of disapproval.

"The plants that enjoy a meeting: Tulips."—Chisel.

Suppose you make it four, and charge result to us.

Why doesn't Mr. S—ll either kill that cow, or take her bell off?

In Society: "Mr. President, may I ask the speaker a question?"

Speaker: "Sit down, brother; I'm running this machine."

Mr. H—st: Professor, would you say that "everything is fair in love and war?"

Professor: "I'm sure I don't know, Mr. H. Have you a very bad case?"

We are always glad to welcome the Woman's College young ladies to our laboratories, even though it be necessary to "view them from afar."

What kind of cake does Mr. H. like best? "My own make."

Many of the boys have received "leap-year proposals" from some friends who are too modest to assign their own names. To one of these an ardent youth made the following reply:

Dear Miss—:

These are times of anxious thought,
But words with sweetest comfort fraught
Come to us each fleeting day,
Some from lips so pure and sweet;
And some in written lines so neat.
From lady friends so true and gay.
Among these tokens rich and dear,
There comes a note with purpose clear,
With fancy ribbons neatly tied,
And 'neath each bow in language terse,
Are thoughts sublime expressed in verse,
For me between them to decide.

And while I pause to ponder o'er
Those words so sweet for evermore,
I scarce my inward feelings know.
I hesitate, I meditate,
I would that I could estimate
What value on them to bestow.

But now I come to show your fate;
If I should now not be too late:
Because I want you for my queen,
I send you back the bow of green;
Can you my ardent suit deny?

If this my answer suits your taste,
How dare you precious time to waste?
Be brave and rightly play the man.
How I would love your face to see!
Behold the one who cares for me.
So write me that I surely can.

Your way is clear, the sky is bright
Your prospects fair and full of light.
My love for you is ever true,
So pardon me if I seem bold,
My frank confession do not scold.
I send you back your bow of blue.

Fondly yours,

Prof. B. Puryear was on the campus a few days before Christmas.
Roger Harrison, '95, is teaching school in Rappahannock county, Va.

W. D. Phillips, '94-'95, is at Brown University pursuing studies in Academic department.

G. F. Hambleton, B. A., '95, is attending Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

W. O. Carver, M. A., paid us a visit a few days ago. He is taking post-graduate course this year at the Louisville Seminary.


Mr. E. T. Poulsdon was called home recently to the bedside of his brother-in-law. He reached his destination a short while before his brother-in-law died. Mr. P. has our sympathy in this sad bereavement.

We are glad to see our friend W. W. Edwards return to College much improved in health.

On the night of February 27th, Prof. S. C. Mitchell, the popular Professor of Latin, delivered a lecture on "The Greatest Man In All the World."

The Professor traced, in a most interesting way, the life and career of Julius Caesar, bringing to light the forces which he set in motion, and their influence upon contemporaries and subsequent history. The lecture was scholarly in the highest sense of the word. It was characteristic of the learned Professor, who is at home in any branch of knowledge.
There were a number of visitors at the houses on the campus last month.

The Misses Walker, of Durham, N. C., spent a couple of weeks with their aunt, Mrs. Carroll.

Mrs. Natalie Gregory, of New Kent, and Miss Lucie Woolfolk, of Caroline, were the guests of Mrs. Woolfolk.

Miss Beale, of Frederick, Md., and Miss Campbell, of Essex county, Va., visited the Misses Pollard.

Rev. Mr. Abrams, of Columbia, S. C., spent a few days with his sister-in-law, Mrs. S. C. Mitchell.

Miss Sallie Puryear stopped in Richmond on her way home from Kentucky, and was the guest of Mrs. Woolfolk.

Professor Pollard, who was confined to his room for a week with severe cold, is able to resume his classes.

Professor Mitchell supplied the pulpit of Immanuel Baptist church, Baltimore, on Sunday, March 1st.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

A man can be what he really wants to be.

What we shall be hereafter depends largely on what we are now.

It is very pleasing to note the thrifty condition of our Association this year. God has given us a wide-awake, energetic, consecrated man as president, whom we should support with our sympathy and prayers. Let every one of us realize that we are responsible to God for the part we take in his work, whether here or elsewhere.

Our morning prayers are well attended, and the singing is better, perhaps, than it has ever been. The consecrated earnestness of our beloved president impresses us deeply. Truly God has called the man we needed.

We are now having Saturday morning talks at the close of the prayer service. The first was delivered by Dr. W. W.
Landrum on "Little Things." Much wholesome advice was given us in a fatherly tone from a father's heart. Come to see us again, Doctor.

The religious condition of our College is steadily improving. Under the leadership of our gifted young president, who is an earnest, consecrated Christian, we have attempted great things for God.

During the month of February our Association had visits from some of the most earnest Christian workers in this country, who brought to us much good, practical advice and admonition, which God has abundantly blessed. Mr. F. S. Brockman, of New York, College Secretary of the South, made us a very forcible talk on "How to See, and the Importance of Seeing." The following brethren have talked to us from time to time during the month: Dr. F. C. McConnell, of Lynchburg; Dr. A. B. Dunaway, of Fredericksburg; Dr. L. G. Broughton, of Roanoke. All of these made sound, practical talks, which went right home to our hearts. We are always glad to hear such men talk, for we know the unselfish motive which inspires them, and the sincere desire to help us up in Christian living.

A deep spiritual feeling has pervaded all our meetings for some time, which has culminated in a glorious revival under the excellent leadership of that prince of men, whom we all love and revere so much, Dr. William E. Hatcher, of this city. President Boatwright, through all the session, has shown deep concern for the salvation of our unsaved students. Dr. L. G. Broughton commenced the meeting, but owing to his great work at Dr. Hatcher's church, found it impossible to continue it. President Boatwright conducted the service the next evening, and since that time Dr. Hatcher has been with us at every service.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

The twentieth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Virginia was held in Portsmouth from the 12th to the 16th of February. The attendance this year was
thought to be somewhat larger than formerly, notwithstanding that it was held in a city not very centrally located. The unusually large attendance may be accounted for by the fact that the convention promised to be more interesting than any preceding it, and then there was the additional attraction of the city of Portsmouth and her places of interest. The number of College students was quite large. It may be interesting to note that of the three hundred delegates in attendance upon the convention, over one-tenth represented the College of William and Mary and Richmond College, the latter sending seventeen.

The first meeting was called to order on Thursday morning by Mr. R. M. Smith, who was re-elected president of the convention. It was an honor bestowed upon us that the president of our association was chosen as secretary of the convention. The meeting opened with several addresses of welcome by members of the local association and the people of Portsmouth in general.

One of the most instructive and inspiring features of the whole convention was the Bible reading conducted each day by Mr. Miller, of Salem. He possesses the peculiar faculty of holding the closest attention of the audience as he reads from God's Word and makes an occasional comment.

The man who was foremost in the minds of the Portsmouth people during the convention was Dr. R. J. Willingham, of Richmond. On Thursday night he spoke to a crowded house on "The Men Needed for This Century." On Friday he again addressed the convention, having for his subject "The Call of the Ages." In his address he spoke of the beginning of modern missions, and its rapid progress during the past quarter of a century as exhibited by the numbers of missionaries and converts in foreign lands to-day. He also spoke of the thousands of young people in America to-day, awake to a sense of duty, and hoping soon to be sent as missionaries to foreign fields, thus to obey the call of the ages, which is the call of God.

Friday was the "College Day," and it was to some of us the best day of the whole convention. One very interesting feat-
ure was a paper on the “Test of a College Association’s Life and Efficiency,” by Mr. Hurt. In the afternoon the College conference was held, conducted by Mr. F. S. Brockman, secretary of International Committee. Mr. Brockman is an old friend to some of us, as he has been in the College work for several years, and has so endeared himself to us that we are always delighted to meet him. In the conference, the College-men met and reported work of the past year, and discussed plans for the coming year. On Friday night Mr. Brockman spoke to the convention about “Life Among the College-Men of the World.”

On Saturday afternoon a recess was given for a visit to the Navy-yard, which several of our members took advantage of, and were fully repaid for going.

In closing, we must make mention of the many kindnesses shown us by the people of Portsmouth. They are the most cordial and hospitable people in the world, and when we left they asked us to come again. Nothing was left undone on their part to make our stay enjoyable, and we shall ever look back upon our visit to their midst as one of the most pleasant events of our lives.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

Since our last issue there have been two regular meetings of this Society.

At the first Mr. John J. Hurt presided.

It had become generally known among the students that Prof. Mitchell was to address the Society on the Study of History, and a goodly number of both resident and non-resident students assembled in the Latin lecture-room to hear what promised to be the most instructive address of the year.

Prof. Mitchell, in his accustomed easy style, gave us a clear insight into what history really is. He said: “History is an organism, a growth, and a drama in which every man must act well his part. Every age has to rewrite its own history and must put its own interpretation upon history. The study
of history quickens our sympathy; it is the great epic of humanity, of which God is the author and man the theme. 'All roads lead to Rome,' likewise all lines of study lead to history. It is a unifying study. He is best cosmopolite who is best citizen of his own country. It is necessary to link study of the present with study of the past. We must read history actively and not passively. History is a revelation from God, and by no means the least important revelation."

Very specially did the speaker emphasize the fact that we do not make ourselves sufficiently familiar with the present, and advised us to keep pace with the questions that are at present foremost in the minds of thinking men.

"The tendency," said he, "is to over-estimate Pericles and under-estimate ourselves."

We feel very grateful to Prof. Mitchell for thus instructing and inspiring our members, and trust that this may be but the foreshadowing of much greater things for the Society, and that his coming among us may help make the Society a greater factor for real culture.

Prof. Boatwright, in a few well-chosen remarks, extended to Prof. Mitchell the thanks of the Society, and stated that it was the earnest desire of the best friends of the College to have, at an early date, a Chair of History. May this desire be realized!

On February 11th the Society was called to order by Mr. R. E. Loving.

A well-prepared and instructive paper on Virginia's Water Ways, was read by Mr. J. B. France. The writer spoke of several bodies of water in the State that deserve special mention on account of their varied historic associations.

Mr. C. E. Taylor, of Baltimore, next read a paper on Maryland, in which he accurately followed her course from its earliest settlement to its present prominent position among her sister States.

The Metropolis of the State was next described in a paper prepared by Mr. E. H. McEwen.
He spoke of Baltimore as a centre of commercial and intellectual interests, and in glowing terms pictured to us the "Baltimore of the future."

We hope much that our members will be more enthused with the spirit of historical research, and that our regular semi-monthly meetings may be well attended by men seeking culture along this line.  

Wortley F. Rudd.

CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

(Snap-Shots from our Class-Rooms and Lecture Platform.)

JOHN JETER HURT.

The best student is the student of men as well as of books.—Carroll.

Be sure you don't get tired too soon. Someone has said that every man's conclusion is the place where he got tired thinking.—Mitchell.

Don't use illustrations unless you know what they illustrate.—Thomas.

Good manners are minor morals.—Dr. Landrum.

Gentlemen, learn to look above. It is folly for a man to try to lift himself over a fence by his own boot-straps.—Carroll.

If the little things of life keep you from being the man you ought to be, better look after the little things.—Dr. Landrum.

The more I study the growth of men, the more strongly am I convinced that the career of a young man at college is the best index to his after-life.—Hunter.

It becomes an educated man to analyse and account for all the impressions made upon him.—Pollard.

Whatever else a young man fails to graduate in at college, he always graduates in character.—Dr. Hatcher.
Each man is making a history. Cicero realized that centuries were looking down upon him, and often wondered how succeeding generations would regard him.—Mitchell.

We sometimes call specialists narrow-minded; when, in reality, they are the leaders of the world, and we often get out of patience because we cannot follow them.—Gaines.

If Christ has faith in you, have faith in one another. About the only man I can lose faith in is the one who has lost faith in his fellow-men.—Dr. Hatcher.

Athletics.

W. Bonnie Daughtry.

As the changeable days of spring begin to come upon us, everything around the College puts on new life. The balmy sunshine makes us happy, and we can enter upon our tasks with more zest and earnestness. In nothing can this be carried out verbatim et literatim better than in athletics. Athletics always reaches its zenith during the spring, and for good reasons. The students have been cooped up all winter, the days have been short, and the weather unpleasant and entirely unfit for out-door exercise, so when Old Sol does show his placid face longer above the horizon, the most natural thing is to rush out-of-doors, and try to make up for lost time.

BASE-BALL.

The applicants for the team have been training for several weeks under the efficient leadership of Mr. S. T. Honeycutt. Heretofore we have not had our teams under rigid training, and it greatly handicapped us; but this year the boys are going to leave nothing unturned by which success will be debarred.

The diamond has been re-skinned, and an excellent outfit procured. Now whether we have a winning team or not depends-
S. T. HONEYCUTT,
(Trainer Base-Ball Team).

W. S. McNEILL,
(Captain Base-Ball Team.)
entirely on the efforts of the members of the team; no, not wholly, some of the responsibility rests upon every student in College. If we, as students, do not lend assistance; if we do not hold up the hands of the team, why they will become low-spirited, and not be able to play first-class ball. Fellows, if you want to see any team become disheartened, attend a game where but few of the students are. It is encouraging to have one's own fellows with them in order that they may cheer them on to victory. And by no means, just because your team does not always win, say that they are doing nothing, and that they cannot play ball; but sympathize, and do all in your power to make the record better.

Our boys are practicing well, and the practice shows that we have good material, better than has been here before in quite a number of years. One thing we admire is that every man is playing good, quick, and snappy ball. Every applicant will have to prove himself a ball-player before he can assure himself of a position on the team.

"Puss" Ellyson will twirl the sphere, while S. T. Honeycutt will act as receiver. With such a battery we shall be almost invincible, and shall not stand in great terror of our sister institutions. W. S. McNeill (“Irish”) will captain the team and play second base. He is much more promising than he was last year. R. D. White, who made such an efficient centre-fielder last year, will likely play the same again this year. His batting ability is wonderful. Wills, of Charlottesville, Va., is most likely to hold down third base. He is an earnest and quick player. Fleming, who played with Hampden-Sidney last year, will make the applicants for short-stop live hard. He somewhat reminds us of “Baby” Phillips. Decamp, of Ohio, is also trying for short-stop. He plays clean ball. Rea, Dehring, and Sutton are working hard for first base. The outfield has twelve or fifteen applicants; of this number three or four good ones are sure to be found. In general it may be said that the College team for 1896 is the strongest that ever did battle for it.
Here is a partial list of the games we shall play: March 23d, Randolph-Macon College, at West-End Park; March 23th, Richmond League, at West-End Park; March 31st, Lafayette or Hobart College, at West-End Park; April 11th, Petersburg League, at Petersburg; April 13th, Richmond League, at West-End Park; May 7th, University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, Va.

We also want to arrange games with the University of North Carolina, Washington and Lee University, Virginia Military Institute, William and Mary College, Wake Forest College, Georgetown College, and others.

TENNIS.

Tennis is one of our most interesting games, but has never received the recognition due it from the Athletic Association until at present. At a meeting not long since a committee was appointed for this special department. There are over a dozen courts on the campus, all of which are centres of attraction to the large number of lovers of this sport.

FIELD-DAY.

Very much enthusiasm is manifested among the students on the subject of Field-day. The men are already in training, and say that the records shall be something of which anyone will be proud. The prospects are brighter than any the College has previously had. Already more than fifty men have entered for the contests. Field-day will be held April 17th.

The athletic grounds are being improved, especially by the addition of a new quarter-mile track.

A basket-ball team will be organized in a few days. This is another feature of athletics that will be beneficial to students.
Exchange Department.

Noel J. Allen, Editor.

We received this month for the first time *Greeting*, from the Daughters of Virginia. We are glad to welcome this new visitor, and hope it will continue to be numbered as one of our exchanges. There is a pleasing variety and pithiness in the contents of *Greeting*, and we should judge from the ability displayed in all its departments that *Greeting* could be, as it should be, made twice its present size, and still be brimful of interesting matter. "Lilac Memories" is a pathetic and vivid story concisely told. "An Old Garret" is a well-written reminiscence, and one that glows with the tender sentiment which Clay used to express when he said: "Oh, the days that are past and gone!"

In the February number of the *Carson and Newman Magazine* is a decidedly good story under the title, "Jonathan Brewes." It is a brief tale of the disappointments of a luckless young man, who was disappointed in everything, but, bitterest of all, his intended bride married the wrong man. The unfortunate man bears his sufferings bravely, yet gives occasional evidence that the poisoned arrow of disappointment still rankles in his heart. Such an article as this is well worth reading several times.

"Snub's Love Case," in the last issue of the *Trinity Archive* is a good story of college life as it was lived by an uncommon mortal. These delineations of unique characters, such as are found in almost every college, are not to be classed high for their profundity, but to the average college-man they make "mighty interestin readin." Though no attempt should be made to injure the good name of any student by foisting his eccentricities into the college magazine, it is commendable to give pen-pictures (under fictitious names, if necessary) of such
oddities as insist upon being butts of ridicule and laughing stocks for the student body, or that are peculiarly interesting from any cause.

The editorial staff of the Gray Jacket are to be congratulated upon their constant success in getting out a really entertaining and instructive journal. Its literary contents are spicy, and its local and exchange columns are deserving of especial mention.

The editorials of the February Chisel are especially worthy of compliment. Among its leading local contributions are, "Need of a Revolution in Literature," "At The Oaks," "Sir Roger De Coverly," and "The Sultan of Turkey and Armenia." The Chisel is fortunate in having secured such an instructive contribution as "The Hand," by Dr. Tupper. Notwithstanding our occasional jars with the Chisel, we shall always welcome it as one of our leading exchanges.

The February number of the Brown Magazine, like the Chisel, contains able editorials. The editor, in commenting on the mumblings and grumblings which are so often heard from students regarding their college paper, states, with pungent truthfulness, that "no one can deny that those who cry loudest against the quality of college effort actually do the least toward effecting a remedy for the evil." "The Constable's Case," "Aunt Betsey's Burglar," and "Etchings," are worthy productions.

The Integral for last month furnishes a well-prepared article entitled "Mounds and Mound-Builders of Ohio." A subject so intensely interesting to students of history is a fitting component in the make-up of an Ohio college journal.

The Harrisonian and Eoline, which came to us quite recently, seems to be maintaining its high standard of excellence. There should be a strong fascination about the visits of this journal, since these much-prized visits occur but twice a year.
The editorial staff of the Harrisonian and Eoline evidently believe in the reasoning of the lioness in her discussion with the fox. "The Sun of Love Makes Day of Human Life" is the most superior contribution to this number. In this the writer, without at all stooping to puisne sentimentalism, sets forth in a broad-minded manner the infinite power of love as a promoter and conservator of the welfare of nations and individuals. We quote the following: "Love is the great harmonizer. In her hands she bears the olive branch of peace. When the rifle has utterly failed to settle family feuds, Love has linked them together with the silken ties of connubial affection."

Unless our observation has been faulty, the Wake Forest Student "out-Heroded Herod" in its last issue. Besides forty-seven pages of literary matter (none of which can be called bad), it contains numerous sketches of Wake Forest Alumni.

We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines, which we would like to mention at length, but for lack of time: Yankton Student, Hendrix College Mirror, Seminary Magazine, Earlhamite, Georgetown College Journal, Niagara Index, Davidson Monthly, Bucknell Mirror, the Illini, the Rogerana, the Guilford Collegian, Roanoke Collegian, Central College Magazine, Emory Phoenix, St. John's Collegian, Villanova Monthly, Daniel Baker Collegian, the Wabash Peabody Record, and last and best, the Semi-Annual.
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