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New Year's Hymn.

Good hope through grace—II. Thess. ii., 16.

When the rough sea of earthly life
   With anxious care grows dark,
When rolling waves in angry strife
   Dash o'er my fragile bark,

A precious hope, through God's free grace,
   Calms down my rising fear;
Reveals on high a Father's face,
   And brings His presence near.

The "Good Hope," better than the frail,
   Loose trust of worldly man,
Which taketh hold within the vail
By Jesus' entering in.
McPherson’s Mistake.

BY V. B.

McPHERSON, the handsome Yale student, smiled placidly. He was aware of his good looks, and thoroughly confident of his charms.

"You see, old man," he was saying to his comrade, "it is just this way: Of course, I don’t want to break the little angel’s heart, but you know she needs to be taught a lesson, and I believe I am good enough man to do it. Why, she led my last year’s room-mate on, and fooled him nearly to death. The poor boy sent her violets once a week, Huyler’s twice a week, and took her driving every other day. I told the fool she was ‘jollying’ him, but oh! no, he would trust her until the sun failed to give light, until all the seas ran dry, until death should claim him; and when I tried to prove it, he swore at me in a fierce manner.”

"But," responded his comrade, "why do you wish to re-
taliate for the wrong she did James, and how do you propose to do it?"

"Why, easy enough. I will play 'devoted' beautifully, and declare that I love her better than life; and when she begins to care for me, I will drop her completely." And he stuffed his hands in his pockets with a gleam of victory beaming on his handsome features.

In less than half an hour the lady in question was seated by his side in a stylish run-about.

"She really looks pretty. Making love to her won't be as hard work as I imagined," he thought.

"Don't you know," he was saying, "I dreamt about you last night!"

"Did you? How interesting! I hope it was something nice." She smiled bewitchingly at him.

"Why, certainly. It seemed as if it was centuries ago, and I was one of the Crusaders, who had been wounded, and was lying dying in a great old-fashioned garden. I could smell the honeysuckle clinging around the walls, and could see rows and rows of damask roses, and all at once you rose up in their midst. You stooped down and bathed my bleeding face, and tied it up with your own soft handkerchief, and held my head in your lap while my spirit passed into another world. But somehow you followed me, and, even on that strange, mystic shore, your beautiful face was before me."

He looked up. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"I believe she loves me already. My! how like a girl, to let a silly old magazine story turn her head. She is dead easy."

"That was a sweet dream," she was saying. "Suppose we had lived centuries ago, and you had been one of those heroic knights who went to rescue the Holy Sepulchre!"

"And suppose you had been my queen, by whose fair hand I swore to do my best!"

She blushed a deep scarlet, and dropped her head.
"I am not capable of inspiring such nobleness. It would take a far worthier than I. Few women are. And, then, what is inspiring people to noble deeds compared with the doing of them? It always falls to the lot of man to accomplish the things that are worth accomplishing, while we women have to sit still, with folded hands, and those of us who are fortunate enough to possess beauty, charm, or wit can make it a little easier for you; that is all."

"Now, don't say such things. It is true we men have done more great things than you women, but then, you know, we are stronger, and have more chances."

He thought he must say something consoling, she looked downcast.

"Oh, if I could just be a man, how I would enjoy it. I would try to be popular, like a certain one I know." She peeped sideways at him. "And I would 'run' for some high office, and have courtly manners, be extremely fond of the girls, and fonder still of the boys."

"What an ideal man you would be," exclaimed McPherson.

"Not half so ideal as some men really are," she responded.

"I like girls very well, especially some of them; but it is every man's duty to stand by his own sex first. Don't you agree with me, Miss Gray?"

"I most assuredly do. It would indeed be a poor excuse of a man who would desert his own sex when they needed him, even for the defence of a woman."

"I'll tell you what, Miss Gray; you are the most broad-minded girl I ever saw. Why, I don't wonder that James fell head-over-heels in love with you."

"But—but that is a mistake. He was not in the least in love with me. He treated me outrageously. Did you not hear about it? He pretended to care for me, and he was such a sweet boy that I could not help liking him. I really did not want to, but he was so kind; and about that time the
beautiful Miss Long came, and, don't you know, Mr. McPherson, he just dropped me immediately. Of course I was humiliated. I don't think I shall ever get over it. Why, it nearly mortified me to death. Don't you think it was horrid of him?"

"The rascal; he deserves to be whipped. Did he serve you that trick?"

"He certainly did; but please don't mention it to any one, because you must know how I feel about it."

"Poor little child, how could I have ever accused this sweet, innocent baby of flirting," he said, almost angrily, to himself. In her anger, he thought, how beautiful she looked; it gave her so much color, her eyes sparkled. "By Jove," he thought he could love her himself.

They had reached the home. When he had seen her go into the house, he drove fast to the college.

"Why, boy," he said, as he slapped his comrade on the shoulders, "I made a mistake about Miss Gray. Don't you know that girl could not flirt if she wanted to. Why, man, she is the dearest and most sincere creature in the world, and I am going down to-night and tell her so."

"How suddenly! Do you think you have any show?"

"Show! What are you talking about? Do you think I would tell her if I was not sure of it? Just watch me."

Some two or three hours later the comrade was left alone, promising McPherson to sit up until he came home bringing the joyful news. He had not waited long when he heard his firm step on the stairs. The door opened. He walked in, but uttered not a word.

"Back soon, old man," ventured the comrade. He asked about a thousand questions, but received no answer. Finally McPherson said:

"You have more curiosity than a woman. If I want any peace, I suppose I may as well tell you. When I reached the house I saw a light in the library. She told me this
evening that she often sat in there alone, reading; so I thought I would tip in and surprise her. I cautiously opened the front door, and stood for a second outside of the room. I heard no sound, and concluded to walk in. So in I bolted, and, lo and behold! she was seated in a chair; a man was kneeling before her, holding both of her hands. Both looked like fools in the garden of bliss. I never was so confused in all my life. It did not disconcert her in the least, and, before I could recover myself, I heard the most familiar voice on earth: 'Why, Mac, old man, are you not going to congratulate me?' And James's hand was outstretched towards me. I could have killed him, but then I remembered he would suffer enough from her.'

"But"—and a sad smile flitted across his face—"I don't blame him for risking it."


BY PERCY S. FLIPPIN.

Standing in the shadow of the world-renowned statue which commemorates the loyalty of Virginia's most valiant sons, erected on the spot around which cluster so many hallowed memories in the historic capital of the Old Dominion, one cannot fail to be impressed with that statue the position of which, on the north, significantly bespeaks the fact that he who is thus uplifted before the vision of men, by his office and work, became the pole-star to the young and intrepid republic. Clothed in his judicial robes, with the Constitution of the American Government sacredly clasped to his breast, the noble figure of Marshall stands.

In the long list of illustrious men who have served their native land, whose heroic deeds have inspired the hopes and encouraged the hearts of their fellow-countrymen, none deserves more hearty recognition and more exalted honor than
he. In that brilliant galaxy no star is more resplendent in its effulgence than this Virginian, the great interpreter of the national Constitution. His name will ever be indissolubly associated with the struggles of the infant republic of America at the outset of its existence and during the days of uncertainty which overshadowed the new nation in that trying time.

To have his name included among those whose lives and deeds have merited a place in the Hall of Fame in the metropolis of the West is but a faint recognition of his invaluable services to his native land and an inadequate tribute to his personal attainments.

He attended the school in Westmoreland county rendered so famous by the boyhood of his greatly honored predecessor, Washington, and at an early age was distinguished for his precocity and familiarity with the literary geniuses of the world. But he was soon drawn from his books by the impending conflict with Great Britain, and, in his loyalty to the cause of liberty, he joined an independent company of volunteers, and devoted himself to the training of militia in his own county. When the news of the battle of Lexington was received he addressed his men in eloquent words, urging them to prepare for the great emergency.

The unmistakable abilities of the young Virginian soon placed him in positions of responsibility and trust, and in the engagements at Great Bridge, Germantown, Brandywine, Monmouth, and Stony Point his valuable services were recognized, for his heroic spirit needed only an opportunity to display the patriotism burning within his breast. In the memorable winter at Valley Forge, that has become proverbial for suffering and depression of spirit among the struggling colonists, the ever buoyant Marshall inspired with his sanguine hopefulness the failing courage and faith of the depleted and suffering troops. In his unswerving devotion to the great cause to which he had consecrated his young man-
hood, he gladly shared with others the endurance of the severe hardships of the times which tested the patriotism of those who had espoused the cause of liberty. He spent nearly six years in arduous military service, exposed to the dangers, enduring the hardships, and sharing the anxieties of that critical period; but the discipline of those years did not fail to strengthen the manliness of his character, to enlarge his knowledge of men, and especially to give him a clear understanding of the social and political problems of the new government.

Out of the smoke, turmoil, and devastation of the stupendous struggle for independence, the young republic emerged, to enter upon its marvelous career of unprecedented glory and renown. To the horrid din of battle, peace succeeded, and as soon as the courts were re-opened Marshall began the practice of law, and quickly rose to high distinction at the bar, for the benevolence and placidity of his temper gained him a host of friends, and that extraordinary comprehension and grasp of mind with which he met and overcame difficulties commanded the attention and respect of the courts of justice. Clear in vision, strong in judgment, and firm in action, he always won the confidence of his countrymen.

He was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses and to membership in the State Executive Council. He was a decided advocate of the new Constitution of the United States, and was elected to the State Convention to consider its ratification. His own constituents were opposed to its provisions, but chose him notwithstanding his refusal to pledge himself to vote against its adoption. The great question whether the Constitution should be strictly or liberally construed was the chief point at issue, and Marshall supported the Federal view with the calmness and moderation of tone which invariably characterized him, but with all the vigor which his friends had anticipated. So fearless was he in the expression of his convictions, yet so unassuming in his opposition to the
views of his opponents, that when he retired from so representa­
tive a body he left not an enemy behind. He spoke with such force of argument and breadth of view as greatly to affect the final result, and the acceptance of the Constitution and the Federal plan of government by Virginia was entirely due to the arguments offered by him and by Madison.

In Congress Marshall became the main-stay and reliance of the Administration. Washington, the great bulwark of the Federal party, was no longer at the helm of state, and the Republicans were daily increasing their sharp assaults against the Federal Administration. At this crisis Marshall appeared in Congress as the Federal leader, and in debates upon constitutional questions was confessedly the foremost man in the House.

The great event of his career in the national legislature was his speech in defence of the Administration in the Robbins case. The speech which he delivered on this occasion is that by which he is best known to the world, and demonstrated that the act involved in the case was an act of political power which belonged to the Executive. This speech silenced opposition and settled then and forever the national points of the law upon which the controversy hinged.

In 1800 he was appointed Secretary of War, but before entering upon the duties of the office was tendered the position of Secretary of State, and in this capacity he conducted several negotiations with Great Britain, during which he wrote some of the most important state papers of America.

In 1801 he was appointed by President Adams Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and in this tribunal of ultimate resort his influence is known to have been paramount. The same simplicity, the same modesty, which marked him as a volunteer militiaman distinguished the great Chief Justice. But as a judge his life was necessarily one of thought, study, and enforced retirement from the busy world. Then, dealing with results rather than with processes, the surges of the fac-
tions, the heat of passion, the madness of ambition, and the thirst for power reached him not in his high judicial station. The colossal questions in which the whole world was directly or indirectly concerned were decided by him. Unfalteringly his great intellect met the mighty problems and mastered them, and the influence of those decisions is permeating the enlightened nations of the globe, and upon those principles rests the perpetuity of human society. His Herculean hand struck the blow, heard around the world, revolutionizing the legislative and judicial systems of the earth.

It is the peculiar function of the Supreme Court of the United States to interpret the Constitution and to guard it from the encroachments of both national and State legislation. To this duty Marshall brought his great and just powers of reasoning, as well as those broad views of government which, during the thirty years of his judicial career, gave to the Constitution the liberal powers which were necessary to its durability. He found the Constitution a figure, and breathed into it power; he found it a skeleton, and clothed it with flesh and blood. Not in feeble words can it be told how, with his own inherent genius, he grasped the momentous questions as they arose; how his statesmanship lifted them to a higher plane; how his clear decisions dispersed clouds of doubt which others could not pierce; and how all that his wisdom could conceive and his reason prove was strengthened by a judicial courage unparalleled in history.

To specify and characterize the great opinions which he delivered would be to write a treatise on American constitutional law. Their most striking characteristics are crystalline clearness of thought, irrefragible logic, and a wide, statesmanlike view of all questions of public importance. In these respects he has had no superior in this or any other country.

"Justice" was the principal guiding star of his life, the aim and object which spurred him on to his duty, and for his
unfaltering allegiance to a lofty ideal he deserves a nation's gratitude.

He was a man of incorruptible personal and political integrity, a man of immaculate purity, with no stain upon his escutcheon, and no whisper of suspicion against his character. Thus he walked in perfect and noble self-control. He was a man who believed in the ultimate supremacy of the right, and had a profound conviction that the course of this world must be ordered in accordance with eternal righteousness.

To whatever Marshall's fame may be attributed, the greatness of his achievements, the patient and thorough study which he gave to the various questions thrust upon his attention, it is finally true that his success was due to his moral qualities, his deeply-ingrained sense of right, and his unassuming piety. These qualities gave him reputation, and made it possible for him to minister to the peace and welfare of human kind. It was out of the profound depths of his moral and religious character that the possibilities of that usefulness arose which succeeding generations have rejoiced in attributing to him. He has a record replete with brilliant achievements—a record that proclaims at once both his excellence and his energy. It comprehends both peace and war, and constitutes the most striking illustration of triumphant and inspiring fidelity and success in the discharge of public duty.

This great judge, the gift to the nation of the "mother of States and of statesmen," rendered in his vocation as great service to his native land as did the "Father of his Country." The work of the first President would have been incomplete without the potential influence of Marshall's versatile genius. As the new-born nation was recovering from the devastation of the Revolution, while the untried system of government was being launched, when the laws were even crude, when the national policy was unstable, Marshall stamped with the
seal of potency and permanence the fundamental principles upon which the republic was established. Without precedent to guide him, his master mind solved the gigantic constitutional problems which confronted the nation. Looking down through the vista of time, like a seer of old, with prophetic vision, he could speak with authority of the future needs of the nations and direct the enactment of legislative regulations.

The benefits accruing to mankind from the existence of law have been, from time immemorial, recognized and sought. Moses, the man of God, is illustrious chiefly because he was the medium through which the Divine law was proclaimed to mankind. Solon, Justinian, Alfred, and Edward I. are conspicuous upon the annals of the world's history because of their adherence to law, and of their untiring efforts to establish government upon inexpugnable legal bases. Men bow in humble submission to this majestic and undisputed power, and brutal and lawless methods are being rapidly superseded by the more enlightened and beneficial processes of law. It is to this Divinely approved power that men inevitably resort for protection and support. The inalienable rights of man are its first concern, the cause of the oppressed appeals to its protection, and the machinations of the despot are defeated by its power.

When the achievements of Marshall fail to play a conspicuous part in the Government for which he labored the mighty structure must inevitably collapse, for the perpetuity and existence of the nation itself rest upon the principles of that "epoch-making paper" for which he strove, and to the interpretation of which he devoted the best years of his long and useful life.

In all the marvelous development and growth of America, shall we forget those upon whom fell the responsibility of shaping the destiny of the young republic, and of giving to it an influential position in the family of nations?
these there is none who has merited greater praise for his inestimable services to the nation than Marshall. The work which his great intellect has bequeathed to posterity will stand the test of the ages, and future generations will rise up to do honor to him for his far-reaching, beneficial, and unselfish labors for humanity. He received the unbounded praise and admiration of his contemporaries, and is held in great and ever-increasing reverence by posterity. Enthroned in our hearts, as well as perpetuated in bronze and stone, his memory shall be commensurate with the existence of the nation that he loved and for which he gave the earnest labors of a life crowded with toils and sacrifice. A noble manhood, nobly consecrated to man, never dies, but his deeds will live in human gratitude forever, for we do honor to him whose achievements have heightened human aspirations and broadened the field of opportunity for all mankind.

While equity and justice prevail upon the earth, and truth and judgment command a place in the thoughts of men, Marshall will stand as the most conspicuous exponent of constitutional law, and especially of that state paper which is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man. The results of his wise labors have verified the most sanguine expectations of past ages, and, through him, “mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other.”

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The Withered Flower.

By Donald.

The flower which you gave me has faded,
The vows which you breathed were untrue,
The bosom whose peace you’ve invaded
Still sighs, but it sighs not for you.
'Twas the semblance of honor that won me,  
Not the wretch in that semblance arrayed;  
Now your spell has no power upon me,  
For I've found that I worship'd a shade.

Could the tears I have shed on this flower  
Its beauty and verdure renew,  
I might hope that repentance hath power  
To alter, to purify you.

But, alas! it is withered forever;  
No art can its freshness restore;  
And the name of its giver will never  
Be unsullied, and dear as before.

How Shall We Correct the Evils of Drunkenness?

BY O. B. RYDER.

THIS is a question which is agitating every civilized country. That drunkenness is an evil which needs to be corrected, no one will deny. Some extreme advocates of personal freedom, indeed, argue that we have no right to say what a man shall or shall not drink. They say that if we once begin to curtail individual liberty there will be no end to it. But it is axiomatic that anything which tends toward the degradation of public morals and private character should either be prohibited or regulated. For instance, gambling is prohibited in almost all of our States. Intemperance certainly works as much harm as gaming, and no silly interpretation of personal liberty should shut our eyes to the fact that the evils following in the wake of the liquor traffic need to be corrected. But those evils are inherent in the business, and it is the business that must be dealt with.

There have been many remedies suggested as a cure for the disease. Let us consider some of the principal plans.
First in importance is prohibition. The advocates of this plan tell us that the State or the nation can by law entirely blot out the evil by absolutely prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors. They seem to think that the taste for whiskey can be legislated out of men. The prohibitionist would make no compromise, and, forgetting the fact that all permanent reforms must come gradually, they demand the immediate abolition of the saloon system. But wherever State prohibition has been tried it has failed to prohibit—that is, the law cannot be enforced in communities where a majority of the people wish the saloon. No doubt in the country and small towns it is successful, but in the large cities, with their immense foreign populations, it is impossible to enforce the law. In some of the cities of Maine and Kansas, for instance, the whiskey-dealers are brought up at regular intervals and fined, after which they are allowed to conduct their traffic openly. Such was the condition of affairs which Mrs. Nation unearthed in Kansas, and which became so notorious in Bangor, Me. Thus, in actual operation, the law works about as local option would, the cities having virtually a license system. But disregard of one law brings all law into contempt, and breeds the spirit of lawlessness, which has been growing so rapidly of late.

Another proof of the failure of prohibition is the fact that, out of fifteen States which have at different times adopted prohibitory laws, only three—Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota—still retain them. In 1903, after fifty years of prohibition, both New Hampshire and Vermont abolished it, and adopted the local-option system. Thus, whether we like it or not, we are forced to the conclusion that State prohibition is not a remedy for the evil of intemperance.

Next comes the dispensary system. This system has many good features, such as early closing, the absence of treating, and the assurance of pure liquors, and it may do good as a stepping-stone to prohibition. But the principle underlying
it is bad, and the final result must be bad. The State or the municipality goes into the liquor business; every citizen is engaged in it, and every public institution participates in the profits. The people come to look upon it as a money-making and money-saving institution, and the standard of public morals is almost unconsciously lowered. The tax-payer, fearing an increase in taxes, is unwilling to see the dispensary abolished, and it becomes so firmly established that it is almost impossible to shake it off. Therefore, in spite of many good features, the dispensary, while useful as a temporary compromise, cannot be considered as an adequate remedy for the evils to be corrected.

Let us see what is the working of the latest popular method—local option. This system allows each community to decide for itself between prohibition, the dispensary, and higher license. It accomplishes a gradual abolition of the traffic, and forces prohibition on no city or town which is not ready for it. It calls for the education of public sentiment to such a pitch that prohibitory laws can be not only passed, but enforced. In other words, it is the law of growth applied to temperance reform.

In a city like Richmond, where probably a majority of the citizens drink—certainly where a majority of them favor the saloon—it would be impossible to enforce a local option law, should it be passed. Even if an honest effort was made, it would be impossible to keep down the "blind tigers," and the traffic would be only transferred to the dives and side alleys. If liquor is to be sold at all, let it be done in the open, where it can be regulated and, in some degree at least, controlled. On the other hand, in the country and small towns, when a majority of the people really want prohibition, and public sentiment is strong enough to see that the law is enforced, it can be made successful.

The local option system has been the most successful of temperance measures. By it the whiskey traffic has been
driven out of the rural districts and the small towns of our Southern States. In Georgia, North Carolina, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Texas whiskey has been banished from all but a few of the larger cities, while much progress has been made in other States. Here in Virginia about eight hundred saloons have been abolished as a result of the operation of the Mann law. Under the leadership of the Anti-Saloon League, elections are carried almost daily by the “drys.” Even in some of the smaller cities local option has proved successful. Thus, avoiding all the dangers of State prohibition, it accomplishes all its practical results. By continued education and agitation the situation in our larger cities will gradually be improved, and thus the saloon may finally be abolished and drunkenness disappear. The realization of this hope is far off, however, but it should be the goal toward which we strive.

Meanwhile stricter regulations should be imposed upon the saloons in our cities. They should be compelled to close early at night, and not to have any attractions, such as music, pool-rooms, and bowling alleys, in connection with them.

Finally, something must be made to take the place of the bar-room. There is much truth in the statement “that the saloon is the poor man’s club.” It gives him a cheap lunch, a pleasant (?) place to spend his evenings, and furnishes him with music and recreation. Christians and temperance workers should not have been so long in establishing a suitable substitute for the bar-room. Coffee-houses, with music and other attractions, should be established in all our cities; and in the slums something like the Subway saloon, dedicated by Bishop Potter, might do good.

But, above all, moral suasion must be used. Men must be brought to see the evils of the drink habit. All who wish to see the evil corrected should work together, no matter what their views as to the best means of accomplishing it may be.
Each should have tolerance for the opinions of others, and every plan should be given a fair trial. Then, too, the advocate of temperance must himself be temperate, both in word and deed, remembering that nothing is ever accomplished by violent abuse. "With love to all and malice toward none" should be the motto.

Saved.

BY J. T. FITZGERALD.

AUBREY HARVEY, from his dreary prison cell, was looking upon the setting sun, as he thought, for the last time. He had been tried for murder, had been found guilty, and on the morrow was to pay the penalty on the gallows. The world said, "Let him die; he is too vile to live." The Governor had received a hundred letters, begging him not to interfere with the sentence—that the prisoner was too far gone to ever be reclaimed. The minister also thought he was too vile for this world, but called around to inform him that the dying thief was saved, and so he might be.

While the prisoner is fast sinking into the gulf of despair, feeling that there is no love nor mercy on earth nor in heaven, a pale-faced woman, with her hair whitened, not by years, but by grief, whose life for the last fifteen years had been a life in death, was pleading before the Governor for the life of the prisoner.

"Oh, Governor, don't say that my boy is too far gone to be reclaimed. Don't you remember that I told you many years ago that no one is ever too bad to be saved."

The Governor, as a vision of his past life rose up before him, buried his face in his hands, and for several minutes was absorbed in thought. In a little while he had written out a pardon for Aubrey Harvey, sentenced to hang for murder in the first degree.
In the little town of Barton, which had more than its share of bad boys, there was one who enjoyed the distinction of being "the worst boy Barton ever saw." A pest to the town sergeant, a terror to smaller children, a wanton destroyer of property, a general disturber of the peace, was that boy Jim Marten." Had not his opportunities been limited, he might have been a second "Peck's Bad Boy"; but certainly he was as bad as he knew how to be under the circumstances. Drunkenness, gambling, swearing, fighting, and stealing were some of the habits he had acquired by the time he was sixteen. Every crime committed in or around Barton not otherwise accounted for was charged to Jim Marten. When rebuked for his waywardness, his reply was, "I don't keer nuthin' fer nobody, and don't nobody keer nuthin' fer me." It was certain that he cared nothing for any one, and, alas, it seemed true that no one cared anything for him. When told of the punishment that awaited the wicked in the other world, his reply was, "I don't 'spect to find nuthin' no tougher'n this, no matter whar I go."

Poor Jim had never known of father nor mother. Had a mother's voice taught him in his childhood to look up and say "Our Father," the story might have been different. He had lived nearly all his life with Deacon Evans, who had tried to impress upon the boy's mind this one great solemn truth—"If you live a hundred years, boy, you won't be able to pay me back for all that I have done for you." The Deacon, after Jim had done innumerable chores around the house, always took him to church on Sundays, and honored him with a seat in the "amen corner." Strange to say, Jim received little edification from the Sabbath worship. The good people of Barton took little interest in him, but they wondered how that boy could be so bad. Was it very strange?

The preacher was a special object of Jim's dislike. The Rev. Mr. Flannigan was one of the profoundest philosophers
and theologians of his age. He spent two years at college while he was pastor at Sweet Fork Church. The good people of that church were charmed with their brilliant young pastor, and, having never heard nor read Spurgeon, Fuller, Talmage, nor Moody, they thought his sermons both good and original. He remained at college for two years, and then left to go where people would be better able to appreciate his worth. His first pastorate after leaving college was at Barton. This learned gentleman felt that his mission at Barton was to prove scientifically the existence of God and the free agency of man. (It might be well to state here that, while at college, this gentleman had proved, in the domain of science, that the sum of the three angles of a triangle together make two right angles.) He believed also in the solidarity of nature, and in the transmigration of souls. He himself seemed to prove that a soul could be transmigrated from mediæval barbarism to the present age. During his two years at Barton, Mr. Flannigan had received two members into the church. One of these was from the world, the other from the Methodist Church.

Jim Marten one day overheard the preacher say that if Christians would stop speaking to that boy Marten, and let him know that they didn’t approve of his doings, he would quit his meanness. When Jim heard these remarks, it was not as the fool saith, but in the bitterness of despair, that he cried out, “There is no God.” The aim of the boy now seemed to be to destroy all the property he could before going to the gallows, as every one told him he would do.

One day, when Jim was about eighteen years old, an old man was robbed and murdered near Barton. No one knowing who did the deed, it was, of course, charged to Jim Marten. Learning that a mob was about to attack him, he fled from Barton to the mountains, and there fell in with a band of robbers. In six months he was a recognized leader among them, and they all predicted for him a career as brilliant as
that of Jesse James. Learning that his associates were plotting to deliver him to the sheriff for the fifty dollars' reward offered for his arrest, he left the mountains and beat his way on a freight train to Linden. Here a new chapter in his life began. Passing by a church in the village, he heard a song which attracted his attention. The words he first heard distinctly were:

"Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

Looking through the window, he saw the minister rise, and heard him announce his text—"A friend of publicans and sinners." A policeman passing by caused him to run away, but he never forgot those words nor the speaker. That night, like another traveler of old, sleeping with the earth for his bed and a stone for his pillow, he dreamed a dream. In his dream he thought that a voice, sweeter than any music an angelic minstrel could make, said to him, "My brother," and, looking around, he saw standing near him the form of one like unto the Son of God. When he awoke in the morning Jim Marten, again like the other traveler, "vowed a vow to the Lord." Going to a farm-house, he asked for a bit of bread, which the lady, without investigating his record, gave him. In giving him the bread she asked his name. The effect of this simple question on the soul of Jim Marten was very much like the effect produced on the poor demoniac when the Divine Healer asked "What is thy name?" In a little while he had told her the story of his life. She did not throw up her hands in horror that she had given her bread to such a character, but, as the blessed Son of God, she gave him her blessing, bade him go in peace, and sin no more.
James Marten from here made his way to another State, where he soon began the study of law. Within ten years he was judge of the county court. Before he was thirty-five years old he was elected Governor of the State. When Jim was a boy, and when his ambition was to be the meanest boy in Barton, he succeeded admirably; when he was a robber they all said a better one never trod the highway. So, when he was judge of the county, and when he was Governor of the State, the verdict was that the county never saw a better judge nor the State a better Governor.

Let us here speak a little of Jim’s benefactress. Good, gentle Mrs. Harvey was called around Linden “the angel of the village.” Her ministering to the sick, the poor, and the needy of her neighborhood had well earned for her this title. The people said that she could raise the dead to life and could convert the toughest sinner that ever lived. But there was one she could not convert. From many young men who sought her heart and hand, she had chosen a drunkard husband, and all her angelic goodness, all her weeping, and all her prayers could not save him from a drunkard’s grave. Nor could she prevent her sons from following in their father’s footsteps. Her youngest son had been away from home for ten years, when she recognized the photograph of the condemned murderer as that of her own boy.

Thus the incident with which our story begins.

The good people of Barton heard nothing of Jim Marten until, about three years after his flight, a number of Bartonites received letters bearing on them the name of James Marten, Attorney at Law. These letters contained checks for various sums of money, varying from five to twenty dollars. The writer explained that this was for damage done to property while he was in Barton.

An old deacon, hearing of this, said: “We oughtn’t give a fellow up too quick. I believe there is some good in everybody.”
Music.

BY HARRY M. BOWLING.

O, is it the violin's tremulous note?
Or the spring songster's heart-swelling trill?
Or the katydid songs that so dreamily float
When at dusk other sounds all are still?

Is it rustle of leaves or the bee's drowsy hum?
Or the lilt of the soft rippling rill?
Or the soul-stirring roll of the warrior drum
That, aye, gives to our heart such a thrill?

Do these make the music that wakes us to bliss,
And causes the heart to rejoice?
All these are but musical. Music is this—
The sound of my dear loved one's voice.

Lessons from Carlyle.

BY C. W. DICKINSON, JR.

The development of modern business, which gives the individual a power never before known in the world's history, demands the application of concentrated effort along one line to insure success. The man who mixes in various occupations makes a success of none. This is no less true in literature than in other life-work.

Then the first thing to be noticed in the study of Carlyle is that he was not a worker in anything but books. We have in him a man who hated eloquence, but loved actions; whose heroes were Cromwell, Wellington, and like men; who despised men of letters and detested the reading public; whose motto was "Silence and Action," and yet he spent his life in talking and writing, and his legacy to the world is thirty-four octavo volumes. Having decided where his life-
work lay, Carlyle was not slow to begin it, and, though confined to literature, he was not confined to any particular school or class of writing—indeed, he seems to have discussed every possible subject and written every class of books. Some claim that he could not be practical, not coming near enough in touch with the world. Let it be granted that this is true, yet do we not need men of thought as well as men of action, poets as much as leaders, authors no less than artisans, libraries at least as much as arsenals? Therefore, accept the works of Carlyle reverently; though the fact remains, had he had the shaping of his destiny, we should have had from him blows instead of books.

The accomplishments of this master mind in the field of literature are so varied that it becomes very hard to assign him to his proper station. He was a unique character, with a portentous estimate of the world; a great reformer, with no plans of reformation; a destructive critic of the existing manners and customs of the age. A practical philosopher he believed himself to be, yet his philosophy failed to offer anything practical. Excellent were his opinions and illustrations upon the face, but upon thorough investigation they yielded no practical basis. In a word, he was not substantial when it came to building up; he was a sentimentalist. Dogmatic, prejudiced, and narrow-minded, are all epithets which are justly applied to him. Carlyle was almost wholly governed by his feelings; too petulant and impatient of difficulties, and negligent of the advice of others; he often took his stand and bade defiance to the whole world. He disregards all circumstances and aims at the creation of his environment. He often takes narrow-minded views of questions, and is only more deeply grounded in his belief by opposition. In a word, we find Carlyle's principal characteristics are mysticism in thought, realism in description, and humor in both.

His duty, as he saw it, was the reformation of the world.
In striving to accomplish it he teaches us the necessity of action. The world had become to him a stagnant pool of vice, and, unable to cleanse it, he thrusts in a stick and stirs with all his might. Indeed, he was a great moralist, but he was an egotist along with it. He "would sooner be wrong with Plato than right with Aristotle." He was a mystic. Life is throbbing all about us, and we are unable to see its hidden soul. Carlyle must come and show us. We praise him for his penetrating vision, and censure him when he presents before our critical eyes some of life's shams disrobed of their pleasant features. He preached against selfishness, cant, and pretence; yet he is, in a sense, open to all these faults. He bitterly opposed revolutions; yet we know if some of the reforms suggested by him had been carried out they would have caused greater revolutions than any known in the history of mankind. He decided that he could best aid human society by waging a severe war of criticism; and with his double-edged sword he cuts right and left, not caring who suffers by his thrusts. He does not attempt to gain excellence of style and elegance of expression, but, rather, a deep and thorough research into the nature and character of the subject. He introduces us to the living soul which exists behind the background of the written message, and makes us sympathize with it in its troubles and glory with it in its victories. In a word, he gives us the spirit of the writer, and not his lifeless words!

Now we return to our question: What was his station among men? How has the world received him?

Consider his three principal historical works—"Cromwell," "The French Revolution," and "Frederick the Great"—and let us see whether he deserves to rank with our great historians. First, we expect from an historian absolute veracity, which implies not merely knowledge, but honesty. Easy is it for an historian to state facts of little importance and withhold greater ones, which, if told, would put an en-
tirely different light upon the matter. Secondly, he must have catholic views upon every subject. And, finally, we demand a good story-teller—that is, an interesting writer. Certainly no one can accuse Carlyle of inaccuracy. He is, if anything, too exact, oftentimes letting his details lead him into too great minuteness. With him, man, as well as God, is a spirit, and as such should be either worshiped or reviled. He is never himself until he has discovered or invented a hero, and, when he has got him, he fondles him as a mother does her babe. This is a terrible temptation, and few historians are able to avoid it. How easy to keep back a disagreeable fact and not spoil a beautiful hero! Yet Carlyle, above all men, never tried to conceal a single ugly deed done by one of his heroes. Is he writing of Cromwell? Everything is penned—letters and speeches, as they were written, as they were delivered! If Cromwell refers to the Barbadoes, Carlyle is on hand to tell you it means his selling people to become slaves in the West Indies. Read from his “Memoirs of Mirabeau” or his “Frederick the Great,” and find, if you can, one instance where you are left in doubt as to the action of his hero.

Having admitted his veracity, can we prove that he is broad-minded and possesses a wide Shakesperian tolerance? By nature he was tolerant enough. So true a humorist could never be a bigot. Yet we know all too well that from little beginnings, used in a humorous way, Carlyle gradually became accustomed to using the harshest and bitterest words that his imaginative genius could coin. He commenced naturally, but revolted against all ordinary methods of style, and proceeded in his own harsh way to develop his crabbed disposition. We pity him, yet this very brusqueness has a peculiar fascination for us, and, when we would blame, we find ourselves deeply interested, devouring every word that we would destroy. Though we must acknowledge his narrow-mindedness, we can yet plead that his narrative gifts more than over-
balanced his short-comings in that respect. It is gradually becoming evident that the man who wishes to teach thorough history must train his gifts of narration. All the odds are against the matter-of-fact historian. A history must represent living, active tendencies, not mere dry facts. It is the soul of the age that we are seeking, and the best portrayer of this is to be the lasting historian.

We know that in his youth Carlyle was a systematic and thoughtful reasoner; but, as he grew, he grew in strength and power of insight into the innermost thoughts of the human mind. He felt that cold-blooded reason was unfit to stir the moral depths of the soul and produce an awakening. No wonder, then, that, when he discovers a real man, his very soul should take fire and give its message to us in burning language. In this world of hard-hearted business-men he found little sympathy. His was the realm of thought. The plain, matter-of-fact style of writing had become ineffective. Must we then censure the man who had foresight enough to read in the future the needs of humanity, and was able to impart to souls some of his zeal, simply because at times he is offensive to modern taste? Then let us say, with all their faults, that histories written by Thomas Carlyle are exact, as well as intensely interesting, reproductions of the ages which they portray.

In politics, as elsewhere, we find two Carlyles, and we are sorry to acknowledge that the first was superior to the second. Until about 1843 Carlyle is usually considered a liberal. This is conclusively shown by the following selection from his "Chartism": "Who would suppose that education were a thing which had to be advocated on the ground of local expediency, or, indeed, on any ground? As if it stood not on the basis of an everlasting duty, as a prime necessity of man! It is a thing that should need no advocating. Much as it does actually need to impart the gift of thinking to those who cannot think, yet who could in that case think. This, one would
imagine, was the first function a government had to set about discharging." And, again: "Heavier wrong is not done under the sun. It lasts from year to year, from century to century. The blinded sire slaves himself out, and leaves a blinded son, and men made in the image of God continue as two-legged beasts of labor, and in the largest empire of the world it is a debate whether a small fraction of the revenue of one day shall, after thirteen centuries, be laid out on it or not laid out on it. Have we governors? Have we teachers? Have we had a church these thirteen hundred years? What is an overseer of souls, an arch-overseer, archiepiscopus? Is he something? If so, let him lay his hand on his heart and say what thing!" Sad, indeed, is the change when Carlyle has lost all faith in the ultimate destiny of man upon the earth. And we hear him hissing passages like this: "Inexpressibly delirious seems to me the puddle of Parliament and public upon what it calls the reform measure—that is to say, the calling in of new supplies of block-headism, gullibility, bribeability, amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have had from previous supplies of that bad article."

We censure Carlyle for his terrible English in such a passage as the foregoing, yet we cannot fail to see the method in his madness, so to speak. He is crying for personal reform, with harsh and bitter invectives against vice, and pleading for a world-wide regeneration of mankind. His moanings and groanings grate on our feelings; we are tired of his impatience, and he loses the sympathy of the world. But can we deny the truth of his prophecy, "Bankruptcy and death are the final heirs of imposture and make-believes"? Is it not proved that new democracy cannot stand upon ancient manners and customs? Where does Russia stand to-day? Nothing less than the revolution of the very lives of her princes themselves can save her from absolute ruin. How can we ignore a man who has put his whole soul
into the one effort to better humanity, when, as he lives, he sees his message ignored and himself cast aside because he utters words and thoughts not always pleasing to his audience? Oh, pity the man who sets himself up to criticise this noble soul when it begins to lose hope and cries its message a little out of tune with the frivolity and glitter of the modern world.

In religion we find Carlyle had no creed, yet his is the universal religion, founded upon "reverence and Godly fear." He teaches us to "love not pleasure—love God; this is the 'everlasting yea.'" Carlyle demands our sympathy more than our censure when we hear him raving over the shallowness of Christianity. It is the motive behind the utterance that we must look for in the study of Carlyle. We must not judge the soul that lay wounded and suffering from the harsh treatment it had received at the hands of the world by the last plaintive curses of an old man. Let us be merciful, and take him for what he is and the good he is doing humanity to-day. If you are tired of life's battle, go to Carlyle, receive inspiration, and make your life count for something in this world of iniquity.

The Clouds.

Sweeping with majestic motion,
O'er the vast expanse of blue,
Driven by the winds of heaven,
Ever tossed and tossed anew.

Or, again, on smiling breezes,
Lightly floating in the sky,
Casting shadows o'er the landscape,
Here and there they hover high.
In the one case or the other,  
Gloomy, dark, or peaceful white,  
In them is the hope of verdure,  
Through them is the earth made bright.

So may I, in storm or sunshine,  
Calmly labor, day by day,  
Knowing that the hand of Wisdom  
Guides me surely all the way.

Soliloquy of a Second-Hand Text-Book.

BY MC.

Late one night, when I reached my room and plunged into the darkness of my den, instead of finding, as I expected, the silence of night, I heard the low, strange murmur of voices, proceeding, as near I could judge, from the corner where stood my study table. Surprised, but curious, I quietly shut the door, took my seat in my easiest chair, and waited. A rare treat was in store for me, for I soon learned that a conversation was passing between my Greek grammar and a lead pencil that lay on my table. The grammar was a second-hand book, grown old in the service of the school. The pencil was speaking when I entered the room.

"I am sure your experience must be a most interesting one," said the pencil, "and, as the 'senior' and the 'rat' are both in dream-land by this time, I should enjoy very much hearing a bit of your life."

The Greek grammar answered: "I came to this school with a number of my brothers, and, as it happened, my first owner was a fair 'co-ed.' She was a beautiful girl, and as amiable as beautiful. She was most winning, and her conduct gained for her the respect of all and the friendship of many. 'Tis true that my brothers and I are not favorites among the students, but my mistress loved me and pondered
over my contents many hours of the day. As I lay upon the
table and looked up into her soft blue eyes, I could not help
but love her. My brothers would often tell me how the boys
would swear at them and fling them across the room in
despair, but to me it was always a joy to have my mistress
pick me up, and, before the home fireside, try to master the
tasks within my pages. Although very popular, my mistress
did not enjoy her life as a ‘co-ed.’ at a school where the girls
number so few, nor did I blame her. For this reason her first
year was her last. But I must hasten on with my story, for
the morning is drawing near. In the same Greek class with
my mistress there was a young man of noble character and
high ambition, who was spending his first year at college.
He was tall, broad-shouldered, and manly in every way, with
a pair of gray eyes that met yours with a gaze frank and
kind. He was the hero of the gridiron that year, having
played full-back on the ’Varsity team. He was an all-round
man, worthy of any man’s friendship or any woman’s heart.
I was with my mistress when she first met him, and as she
looked into his deep gray eyes, and he into her tender blue
ones, I knew each had read deeper than the mere depths of
eyes. I was glad, for, peeping from under my mistress’s
arm, I had seen Bob many times as he strode across the
campus, and had admired the young fellow. I had heard him
spoken highly of, and knew he was thought a good deal of by
both teachers and students. My mistress spoke often of him
at home, and as the year wore on he was often with her.
Being far from those he loved, she opened to him her home, and
in so doing made his life at college a very pleasant one. The
friendship between them seemed to grow into something more
as the weeks and months went by. The end of the year
came. Would that it never had come, for with it came separa-
tion from my mistress. She took me back to the dirty little
book-store, and I was thrust into a dark closet, to remain four
long years. I will not relate the uneventful routine life of
my long imprisonment, but will bring you to the sequel. One morning I felt a hand upon my dusty cover. A thrill of joy went through me as, with a number of other books, I was brought into the beautiful sunlight of a September morning. School had begun again. To make a long story short, I was placed on a shelf with many of my brothers of years gone by, and also many new members of the Greek family. Day after day the boys came in and out, buying their books for the year's work, and I enjoyed watching them, wondering to whom I should be given. It was one Tuesday afternoon that a lad entered the store. At first sight of him my every page and dilapidated frame shook with emotion, and before I could catch myself I was tumbling to the floor from my lofty perch. I had seen in him eyes like some I had known before, and the same expression of the mouth. These told me that this lad was the brother of my mistress, Ada. 'I shall like a Greek grammar,' said the lad. The clerk picked me up from the floor, and handed me to the boy. He opened to the first leaf and saw his sister's name, written by her own hand. I saw a smile on his face, and I was happy. 'I will take this one, if you please.' Can you imagine what took place in this book-heart of mine? My joy knew no bounds. Down the same old streets we went, up the same stone steps, and into the same cozy home which I had known four years before. The family were all seated around the dinner-table when we came in. I recognized all the faces, but was grieved not to see my mistress among them. The lad handed me to his mother, remarking that it had been Ada's the year she was at the college. All this time I kept wondering in my heart where 'Sister Ada' was, and, now that she was not in the home, I feared the worst. Mrs. Price laid me on the corner of the table, and my heart gladdened when she looked up to those about the table, and, with a beautiful smile, said, 'I wonder what Ada and Bob are doing to-day.'
EDMUND SPENSAER.

A Scene Revisited.

BY DONALD.

This is the brook that babbled long ago!
Lithe ferns still fringe the emerald bank,
And farther up the button-bush still blooms.
Naught much has changed since then, I know,
Save you and me, who must with each be frank
To own that loyal are these wild perfumes.

How much have we experienced and felt,
Since those young days when life was fair;
When here we lingered with some brilliant book,
Or watched the foaming waters fleetly melt
In the dark rock basin, where
Lay speckled trout that oft our tackle took.

Beyond recall! yet we may live again
In memory those hours so fleet;
Revoicing the dear vows unrealized,
Feeling the ghost-touch, with some nameless pain,
Upon our lips of those dead kisses sweet,
And all the hopes of life we highest prized.

Edmund Spenser.

BY L. C. W.

THERE is in English poetry a verse that has been used by many of the greatest writers. It was wielded eloquently by Byron, used beautifully by Keats, and well by many other writers of early and later times; but, to find the Spenserian stanza, as it is called, in its purest beauty, its perfect use, we must turn back to the sixteenth century—to the inventor and master of the verse, Edmund Spenser.

He was apparently not a product of his age. The time was one of activity and of gorgeous display, of brazen
women and of forward men; but, withal, Spenser was modest, even shy—a man entirely adverse to his surroundings. The age was of men who were continually doing things. Spenser was a dreamer, whose body was on earth, while his soul floated into the infinite, and there held solitary sway, a king of dreams.

He was a fanciful creator. The scene of his “Færie Queene” is laid, not on earth, but in mental space. It is truly “an embodied joy, whose race is just begun.” How can we compare Una, Guyon, Archimago, or Duessa, to the half-mad, vacillating Prince of Denmark, or to Othello, a life wrecked by his passion and jealousy? You ask why? Simply because Spenser met his own standard. He did not attempt any of the wonderful character delineation that did Shakespeare. He “gives to airy nothingness” a habitation and a name, for his presentations are merely vices and virtues under names. We cannot conceive of Una on our streets; she is a dream, and all things about her are but the woven dream-stuff that Spenser uses as a background. Una is all that is good and lovely in life—she is too much so to be human; we behold the divine. And, on the other hand, in the characters of Archimago, or hypocrisy, and Duessa, or falsehood, we almost think that we see the glowing trident of Mephistopheles, and catch the odor of sulphurous flames.

But the characters do not hold us. We shed no tears over the many misfortunes of Una, or the hardships of her lord; we are not moved to pathos when she is deserted. What wonder? They are not real characters. They do not appear to us as real men or women. They are the work of a great imaginative brain.

Spenser used nature as a background. It was not for love of her that he gave us so many beautiful descriptions; it was because his power lay in expansion. He took a subject and, instead of making it a condensed record of facts, lengthened it by beautiful description and lavish use of incidents.
The language Spenser used was beautiful and poetic; the soft melody of his measure floats you from the languid wash of the summer sea to the far-away snow-capped mountains of the North. The beauties of the West pass before you, then you glide to “where the Orient showers upon her kings barbaric pearl and gold”—all fantastic, beautiful dreams; a magnificent panorama of Fairyland. Take, for example, the siren song from “Færie Queene”:

“O thou fair son of Færie,
Thou art in mighty arms most magnified,
Above all other knights that ever battle tried.
O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile,
Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride;
This is the port of rest from troublous toil,
The world’s sweet inn from paine and wearisome turmoil.”

What exquisite, dreamy softness there is in the verse. Do you wonder that the Ithacan sealed the ears of his sailors and bound them to the masts to escape such charms? No one else has transformed the harsh English to a language as liquid as the Italian.

Again. What power there is in this verse:

“And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mix’t with a murmuring wind, much like the sound
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swounde.
No other noise, nor people’s troublous cries,
As still are wont t’annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careless quiet eyes,
Wrapt in eternal silence, far from enimyes.”

This could be ranked as one of the most perfect slumber songs in the language.

Spenser loved costly words. He loved to linger on the
beautiful, as the humming-bird, fluttering, tastes of the lily’s
dew.

Then, he does not betray us to ourselves. Some writers
have a knack of showing up the soul in such a manner that
we do not become enthusiastic over its goodness. But
Spenser is far from this. He often takes very homely things
and lifts them almost beyond recognition, entirely above re-
proach.

He was unpractical, but, as Lowell exclaims, “What prac-
tical man ever left such an heirloom to his country as the
‘Færie Queene’?”

Spenser has faults—many faults, indeed—but far be it from
us to attempt to criticise such a genius, to say anything in
derogation of the most perfect master of metre, of diction,
and of English verse, the true poet of poets.

A Faithful Negro.

(A story based on a real incident of the Civil War.)

BY J. B. H.

URING the last year of the Civil War many of the
Southern States were overrun by bands of deserters, or, as
they were more commonly called, bushwhackers. Having
been compelled to join the army against their will, and be-
lieving that further fighting on the part of the South was
useless, they deserted at every opportunity. On returning
home they formed bands to rob and plunder, and to avoid
being sent back to the army. Many who had not enlisted
fled to the woods and joined the deserters, fearing that they
would be compelled to take arms. These bands particularly
delighted in plundering the families of those who still re-
mained true to the Confederate cause. Almost every able-
bodied man was either in the army or with the deserters. As
the war drew to its close the bushwhackers became bolder, and, descending from their hiding places in the mountains, they plundered and burned without opposition.

Western North Carolina was filled with such bands. The valley of the New river, which was then, as now, one of the most fertile sections of the State, especially attracted their visits. Among the few men still left in this section was John Eldridge, for many years one of the county magistrates. At the outbreak of the war he had promptly offered to take arms, but had been refused, because he was physically unable to bear the hardships of military life. Soon afterwards he was appointed by the Confederate Government to distribute provisions to needy families of soldiers in active service. The discharge of this office involved much danger and responsibility. He was not allowed to furnish food or clothing to families of deserters. They often applied to him, making many threats when turned away, but he stood firm. In the last winter of the war his position became very perilous. As deserter after deserter joined the bushwhackers he was compelled by his duty to the Confederate Government to refuse to supply their families with provisions. The result was that they became very angry with him, and made many terrible threats. One bitterly cold day, just after Christmas, his negro slave, Sam, came to him and begged him to leave the county, at least for a short while. On being asked why he thought this was necessary, Sam said that he had seen the captain of the bushwhackers at a neighbor’s house talking with a recent deserter. He had overheard only one sentence of their conversation. That was, “All right, then; to-night at 2 o’clock.” The bushwhacker had spoken this just as he took his leave. Sam noticed that they had watched him closely, and had lowered their voices when he was near. He knew that this new recruit to the band of deserters had always been hostile to his master, and, as he could think of nothing else which
these strange words could mean, he concluded that a plot had been formed against his master’s life.

“Sam,” said the magistrate, as he heard the story, “what you say may be true, but it is impossible for me to go just now. After I have distributed what provisions I have on hand (and I think these will be the last that the Government can furnish), I will go over into Virginia, if necessary; but I cannot go now. Besides, they may have been planning to plunder somewhere else, or perhaps they have some midnight frolic on hand.”

Sam said nothing in reply, but he was troubled. He was very much attached to his master, for he had been associated with him from boyhood. As boys they had roamed the woods together, searching for berries and chestnuts, or, if it were winter, chasing the rabbits from their hiding places. In spring and summer they would often take an old dug-out canoe down the river to spend the day in fishing and hunting. They had helped one another out of many a boyish prank. Once Sam had a long spell of fever, and it was largely due to his young master’s care that he recovered. Ever after this Sam felt that he owed his life to his master’s attention, and he never forgot it. On becoming the master of his father’s farm, Mr. Eldridge made Sam his overseer. He could not have chosen a better or more faithful one, for Sam, in spite of the tempting offers made by the bushwhackers, never once deserted his master, as did so many of the slaves.

Sam said no more to his master, but went to his cabin, kindled a warm fire, and sat down to watch. The magistrate retired as usual, and thought no more of the matter. Sam kept his ears open, and went to the door occasionally to listen for the sound of horses’ feet upon the bridge up the river, for he was sure that they would come that way. The early part of the night passed quietly away. About 4 o’clock in the morning the chickens began crowing for day. Sam grew sleepy, and, deciding that the deserters were not coming, he
lay down to get a little sleep for the day's work. Suddenly he heard an unusual noise. He opened the door and listened, but could hear nothing but the water roaring on the rocks in the river below. He looked up the stream, and by the dim light of the moon he saw a black mass moving along the river bank. At first he could not tell what it was, but as it came upon the bridge he heard the dull sound of horses' feet, deadened, as if by blankets laid upon the bridge, yet still loud enough for his quick ear to detect. Instantly he turned, and ran with all speed to awaken his master. As he burst into the room he cried, "Run, Marse John, run; de bushwhackahs' comin'; hundreds uv 'em; run." Thus urged, the magistrate hastily put on his clothes and fled, but forgot his shoes. As he came out at the back of the house he heard the band burst in the house. He darted behind the stable, which happened to be near, and started for the woods. He was sure that he had not been seen, and felt sure that he could escape before they could find where he had gone. But after going about one hundred and fifty yards he found his feet so torn by briars and bruised by rocks that he was forced to stop and hide in a clump of bushes that grew near.

Meanwhile most of the band, on finding that their prey had escaped, turned to plunder. They took away everything eatable or in any other way useful to them, including the supplies of the Confederate Government. Only a few things, that had been hidden in the walls of the house or buried in the garden, escaped their search. After plundering to their satisfaction, they set fire to the stable and granary, but strange to say, they did not fire the house. While all this plunder was taking place the magistrate's wife stood looking on. At first she offered no resistance, not even when one of the thieves came out bearing a set of silverware that she prized very highly, as it was a wedding present. Finally she saw a rude fellow come out with a shawl around his shoulders
which she recognized as the last gift of her dead mother. Then she spoke, asking him not to take it away.

"You may take anything else in the house," said she, "but this was my mother’s, and I would not take the world for it; besides, it is worth nothing to you."

"Your angel mother’s gift," sneered the deserter. "We Unionists are God’s angels sent to punish you rebels for fighting against your lawful rulers. Be thankful that your life is not taken and your house is left standing.”

This true Southern woman had seen her house and farm stripped to feed Confederate soldiers, and had rejoiced that it was her privilege to do this much for her country. She had seen Northern soldiers carry off everything that could be of service to them, and had borne it as the necessary result of a great war, but to see her house plundered by such vagabonds, who, instead of fighting for their country, were dragging it down by plundering and murdering its best citizens, this was indeed hard to endure.

Meanwhile Sam had been seized and lead before the captain of the band. On being asked where his master was, he answered that he did not know, and, in truth, he did not. Finding threats of no avail, the leader resorted to more practical means. The slave was bound to a post and cruelly beaten, as slaves occasionally were when refractory. By the light of the burning buildings and of the approaching dawn the magistrate could see all that was taking place below. Every blow of the whip hurt him, as if falling upon his own shoulders. At last he arose, intending to give himself up, to stop the cruel beating, but just then the sound of the whip ceased. Finding the slave still unwilling to tell anything of his master, the bushwhackers took him into the front yard, where he could no longer see him, and ordered him to hold in his hand a piece of paper for them to shoot at. The deserters raised their guns and fired. The paper was riddled and Sam’s cap was shot off, but, as if by a miracle, he escaped unhurt.
Once more he was commanded to tell where his master was, and again he refused. "Then," said the leader, "we will give you two minutes to say your prayers. Your breast will be the next target for our rifles." Sam replied that he had no prayers to say; he had always served his master faithfully; he had never stolen a penny, and was not afraid to die."

The men raised their guns to fire, but the captain, seeing by the sullen and determined look of the slave that he would sooner die than betray his master, cried out: "Hold, boys, hold! I don't believe the negro knows where the old traitor is, and he is just the fellow we want to 'tend to our horses and chop wood."

The men lowered their rifles, and at once mounted and left, taking Sam along with them.

After they had disappeared the magistrate descended and gazed on the ruins of the burned buildings. Only the dwelling-house was left standing, and it was as bare as if it had never been inhabited. As the destruction of the Confederate supplies had freed him from any duty requiring further stay, the magistrate and his family immediately crossed over into Virginia. There he remained until Lee's surrender, and then returned with a body of veterans from his native county. They decided at once to put an end to the plundering of the bushwhackers. They collected a large company of returning veterans, surrounded the stronghold of the deserters by night, and set it on fire. Many of the deserters were killed while attempting to escape, and the few who succeeded left the State.

Sam was thus freed from their hands. His joy at seeing his master alive and unharmed was pathetic, for he had been told repeatedly that a party of bushwhackers had shot him while endeavoring to reach the Virginia line. During the terrible reconstruction period Sam remained with his former master, and exerted all his influence in quieting the younger darkies. He now has a well-kept little farm in the New
River valley, the gift of his old master, to whose grandchildren he never tires of telling stories of the soldiers and the bushwhackers.

The Monroe Doctrine.

BY E. M. RANSEY.

AMONG the many serious questions which confront American statesmen of to-day, probably none deserve greater attention than the application of the Monroe Doctrine. This policy, which was adopted by early statesmen of the infant republic, has been successfully pursued by our wisest diplomats from Washington's administration to the present time. The first advocates of this policy were Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams. It is a popular belief that the doctrine sprang from the brain of Mr. Monroe, but we shall see that this is an erroneous view as to the origin of the policy. It is not the work of any one man, and it did not spring up in a day, nor in a year, nor in a decade. On the contrary, it was a steady growth. It grew in the minds of the early statesmen as the times demanded a safeguard to American affairs. The first conception of the doctrine must have been floating in the minds of the fathers before the close of Washington's first administration. And even if these ideas had not taken form in the minds of the fathers before the arrival of Edmond Charles Genet, the French Minister, in 1793, then it is more than probable that his bold course aroused them in the minds of Washington and his Cabinet. This meddlesome Frenchman, who seemed to forget whether he was sent as minister or dictator, in order to be sure of the right office, concluded that he would perform the functions of both. The new French Republic had sent Genet to secure the co-operation of the United States.
Neutrality was proclaimed about the time he came. This he disregarded. He intruded himself into the political affairs of the country. Washington, who could not endure such familiarity, demanded his recall. This French interference resulted in the development of Washington's farewell address. It is significant that Washington began the preparation of his address about the time of Genet's interference. The following is an extract of the address:

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities."

No thoughtful person can read Washington's farewell address without seeing that it contains the substance of the Monroe Doctrine. But some critics may say that Hamilton wrote Washington's address. That is true in one sense of the word, but we must remember that Washington gave Hamilton very elaborate notes, with full instructions. The great financier wrote the address from these notes, and Washington very carefully revised Hamilton's work before he gave it to the people of America. The address was eagerly read by nearly every one, but it was very carefully studied by such statesmen as Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and J. Q. Adams. To these American leaders we must add George Canning, the great English statesman, to whom we are deeply indebted for the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine.

On the 20th of August, 1823, Canning, in a confidential
letter to Richard Rush, then Minister of the United States to
the Court of St. James, proposed concerted action. The
most material paragraphs are as follows:

"Is not the moment come when our Governments might
understand each other as to the Spanish-American colonies?
And, if we can arrive at such understanding, would it not be
expedient for ourselves, and beneficial for all the world, that
the principles of it should be clearly settled and plainly
avowed?

"For ourselves, we have no disguise.

"1. We conceive the recovery of the colonies by Spain to
be hopeless.

"2. We conceive the question of the recognition of them
as independent States to be one of time and circumstances.

"3. We are, however, by no means disposed to throw
any impediment in the way of arrangement between them
and the mother country by amicable negotiations.

"4. We aim not at the possession of any portion of them
ourselves.

"5. We could not see any portion of them transferred to
any other Power with indifference.

"If these opinions and feelings are, as I firmly believe
them to be, common to your Government with ours, why
should we hesitate mutually to confide them to each other and
to declare them in the face of the world? If there be any
other European Power which cherishes other projects, which
looks to a forcible enterprise for reducing the colonies to sub-
jugation on the behalf or in the name of Spain, or which
meditates the acquisition of any part of them to itself, by
cession or by conquest, such a declaration on the part of your
Government and ours would be at once the most effectual
and the least offensive mode of intimating our joint disappro-
bation of such projects."

Thus we see that Canning proposed a similar policy to the
Monroe Doctrine about three months before our President sent his famous message to Congress.

During the summer of 1823 President Monroe became very much alarmed by the re-actionary movements in Europe. He consulted his Cabinet, and, after much serious thought on the question, they were unable to arrive at any definite conclusion. In his despair, Monroe sought the advice of Jefferson and Madison. They both responded with the very ablest counsel. Mr. Madison said, in part, that the menace to the new republic was such as to call for our efforts to defeat the meditated crusade of the Holy Alliance. Mr. Jefferson wrote as follows: "The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. And never could we embark on it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to meddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom." Thus we come to understand the causes that led Mr. Monroe to frame his policy.

It is believed that John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State, played an important part in the preparation of the message; and it is supposed that he wrote a large part of it, especially that which relates to foreign affairs. It seems that it was difficult for the President to summon courage to send the message to Congress after it was written. The following is an extract taken from the diary of William Plumer, who
was a member of Congress during Monroe's administration:

"Adams said that the President had doubts about that part of it which related to the interference of the Holy Alliance with Spanish America; said he believed it had better be omitted, and asked him if he did not think so too. Adams replied: 'You have my sentiments on the subject already, and I see no reason to alter them.' 'Well,' said the President, 'it is written, and I will not change it now.' This was a day or two only before Congress met."

It was after deep thought and much deliberation, accompanied with doubts and fears, that Monroe formulated his famous message and gave it to Congress. It has thus been proved that the policy laid down by Monroe was by no means original.

In reviewing our discussion of the subject, we note that several valuable contributions, which outline the fundamental principles of the doctrine, had been presented to Mr. Monroe prior to his enunciation of the message. After carefully considering these several contributions, we feel that Washington deserves the chief credit for this doctrine, not only by reason of his early and timely assertion of its leading principles, but because he gave us the best advice as to sound policy at a time when our Government most needed it. Monroe simply re-stated Washington, Jefferson, and Canning's ideas, with a few additions, and carried off the whole honor. Is this just? One can hardly think so.

What is now called the Monroe Doctrine should be called the Washington Policy. This title would give greater dignity to the principles which our nation advocates and command greater respect abroad. It is nothing more than due the Father of his Country than that this policy should be named for him.

So far we have mainly considered the origin of the policy. We shall now turn to the events which caused Monroe to announce his policy at the time he did.
The Spanish-American colonies had long been struggling for freedom, and the United States had recently acknowledged their independence. With the downfall of Napoleon came the formidable arrangement known as the Holy Alliance, the parties to which were Russia, Austria, and Prussia—an alliance which was generally believed to be hostile to popular rights and to the freedom of nations. Our Government believed that the object of this alliance was to assist Spain in re-subjugating the Spanish-American colonies. At this time Russia, who was the leading spirit of the alliance, owned Alaska, and she was making encroachments on the Pacific coast. These were the circumstances which caused Monroe to re-state Washington’s policy and send it to Congress. Had it not been for these or similar conditions, Monroe would have had no occasion to announce such a policy.

Polk successfully advocated the policy in 1848, when plans were discussed for assisting the white population of Yucatan, who were hard pressed by the Indians. Adams applied it to Cuba and Porto Rico in 1825. Andrew Johnson applied it to the French occupation of Mexico in 1866. Grant adhered to the policy in 1873, concerning the capture of the “Virginibus.” Cleveland supported it in the Venezuelan boundary case in 1895. McKinley vigorously sustained it in 1898; and Roosevelt is adhering to it to-day with all the manhood of his independent spirit.

Hardly a President since Washington has failed to observe the principles of this policy. It was practiced by our Government a third of a century before Monroe announced it to Congress. Its principles have pervaded the minds of our statesmen from the first administration to the present day; and we are glad that a great deal of that feeling found its way into the minds of men like Roosevelt, Root, and Hay. The doctrine reached its flood-tide in 1898, when the United States assumed a protectorate over Cuba; and, as much as
the European nations protest against our policy, no one interfered while we were controlling Cuba.

There are some Americans who make a great cry against this doctrine. They say that we want all of North and South America, and wish to shut the Europeans out of the Western world. This cry is to be attributed to ignorance.

Such pessimistic views weaken our faith in the patriotism of him who advocates them. Notwithstanding the criticism which comes from Mr. Roosevelt’s political opponents, they cannot but admire the manner in which he supports the Monroe Doctrine. He is the greatest champion of the policy to-day. We, as a nation, cannot afford to abandon this principle, for more and more we are beginning to recognize the fact that “we are our brother’s keeper.” Our principles should rule the western hemisphere and protect the weaker republics to the south from European aggression. We all know with what rapidity a small piece of territory expands when a European nation controls it, and also the surprising manner in which the boundary of its neighbors shrink. It is for these and similar reasons that Secretary Hay couples the Monroe Doctrine with the Golden Rule.

Springtime Sonnets.

BY WALTER J. YOUNG.

All hail! Bright Springtime comes, a gracious queen,
Her rosy feet by golden daffodil
Caressed, or laved with ripples of the babbling rill.
Soft, dewy pearls bedeck her hair serene;
Her sylph-like form is draped in rainbow sheen;
Her eyes, like purple violets, do fill
With tenderness as looks she on the hill.
The brownish buds burst in resplendent green;
Athletics versus Ethics.

BY BOLIVAR GRIEFF.

THIS article, perhaps, has the wrong heading. It is a well-recognized truth that athletics are very important in college life, and that they are in no way opposed either to religion or to ethics. The man who is opposed to athletics does not belong to the twentieth century. The testimony of educators is that athletic sports build up the physical as well as the mental and the moral nature of a student. However, we cannot deny that there are some things in athletics that are opposed to ethics and that undermine character.

A few years ago, in a Southern college, a student, who was
prominent athlete, was caught in a crime that involved stealing and lying. Some believed that the moral welfare of the college demanded that he be expelled. When several students were discussing the matter among themselves one of the number surprised the others with these remarks: “You say he ought to be sent home in disgrace! In his country home that boy’s mother taught him to do right under all circumstances, and to remember that God’s eye was always upon him. Here, on the athletic field, he has been taught to slug, to kick, and to cheat in every way possible, but to be careful not to be caught. I ask you, gentlemen, if he has not been made a thief and a liar here; and I also ask you if this college has any right to send him home in shame and disgrace?” With shame, all agreed that he had spoken the truth.

I am not opposing athletics, but rather the spirit that prevails in games. It has been objected that foot-ball is attended with great dangers. The dangers to the body of the skilled player are reduced to a minimum, except, perhaps, to the star player, whom the opposing team tries to knock out of the game as soon as possible. The question for colleges and parents to consider is not the dangers to the boy’s body, but rather the dangers there are to his character in a game where no better ethics are taught than “don’t be caught.”

What would the average base-ball player think of a member of the team if he should return to college in the fall, and say, “Boys, I can’t play ball this year. I was hard up last summer, and I played for money”? Would it be better ethics for them to admit this, or to say to the other colleges, “Catch me if you can”?

If we ever hear of a college man cheating his partner in business, let us have the charity to remember that perhaps in college games he was taught to cheat all he could. If we should ever hear of his stabbing a man in the dark, let us
remember that he was taught to slug his opponent in football whenever he could do this and not be caught.

The college aims to build up the physical, the mental, and the moral man. The most important of these is the moral.

Some Dangers of Commercialism.

BY "HANKINS JONES."

The recent expansion of the United States along industrial and commercial lines has inspired, in the minds of a great number of our citizens, the belief in a glorious future for the American nation. In fact, the almost unlimited resources of the United States, and the awakening of her citizens to the possibility of attaining a degree of development heretofore unknown in the history of nations, would seem to furnish a substantial basis for such an assumption. Yielding to none in the boundlessness of her natural resources, and unsurpassed in the industry and energy of her inhabitants, it would seem that one could scarcely picture the pages of future American history too bright. This development is not to be despised, for it means added prestige and power to a great people. But such a spirit, when it comes to embody the narrower meaning of commercialism, which seeks only to get, and not to give, may well become dangerous to the welfare of the nation. But this method, let us hope, will never dominate the leaders in our national life, and will never become the incarnation of our progressive spirit. The premonitions of the dawn of a far grander age than ours are gladly welcomed, yet this unprecedented activity for commercial supremacy carries in its train certain grave dangers, which threaten to wreck the ship of state. No prophet's eye is needed to discern this. The time itself is beginning to give proof. For the sake of gain we bid fair to sacrifice much
that is noblest and best in our civilization—things without which silver and gold lose half their value.

A consequence—though, perhaps, not a necessary consequence—of our unparalleled activity for our share in the world's progress is the decline of home life. To thousands of our citizens at the present time home has lost its nearness and its charm. Especially in the great industrial and commercial centres, men, women, and even children are off early in the morning, and come home late at night to find a few hours' rest beneath a roof unhallowed by the tenderest memories of life. The sacred precincts of home do not mean what they used to mean. The quiet, meditative hour has become a thing of the past in the busy hustle and bustle of modern life. We live at too fast a rate, and young life does not have all the safeguards that it requires. The effects are seen in the shallowness of character and purpose which so often manifest themselves in youth brought up under the unwholesome influences of commercialism. Certainly it is an evil day for any nation when every precaution is not taken to surround the home with the best influences for the development of young life.

Disregard for the Sabbath has already become painfully apparent in many localities. Every one recognizes that a certain amount of labor is necessary on Sunday; but we should not fail to view with alarm every effort which seeks to secularize the Sabbath. Already a bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature to permit the loading and unloading of vessels in Boston harbor on Sunday. Thanks to the Massachusetts Law and Order League, the measure was defeated. Aside from the important fact that man needs a day of rest, in order that he may develop the best that is within him, Sabbath desecration marks a dangerous tendency in the life of the individual and the nation. Instances are far too numerous where individuals date the beginning of their downward course to violation of the Sabbath. Apart from home
life, there is no element which enters more largely into the development of true manhood and womanhood than a proper regard and veneration for the Sabbath. It is the focus about which cluster many noble constructive forces of our national life. The community is largely judged by its observance of the day of rest, and prudence warns that we should frown down every effort which menaces its sacredness.

Another result of our commercial policy is a rage for cheap things, and competition seems to render this necessary. It is not the fact that is to be found fault with, but its tendency to make men cheap. More and more the individual is pushed into the background and sinks into oblivion. It seems to be decided that the giant corporations shall continue to play the large role in our business activities. As this process continues the great mass of men will be relegated to subordinate positions, and only the man of exceptional force and power will come to the front. Under such methods the ordinary man receives little consideration, and bids fair to be esteemed as little more than a nonentity by the powerful corporations. Hitherto we have been taught to consider the common people as the bulwark of the nation, and any process which tends to obscure them needs to be viewed with anxiety.
All college students are democratic. 

**AS OTHERS SEE US.** They take all sorts of liberties with each other, and never stop to question whether such liberties are right or wrong. Generally the best of fellowship prevails, and seldom is one offended by the pranks of his fellows. This is because we understand each other.

But sometimes we take it for granted that those who are outside the charmed circle of college life understand us also, and this causes us to be misunderstood without our knowing it. We think of ourselves as college boys; others look upon us as college men, and wonder why we do not “put away childish things.”

It was our good fortune or misfortune (we have not been able to decide which) to be seated, during the recent Thomas lectures, near some good people, who did not understand us. A number of the students were applauding, in rather a boisterous manner, some of their fellows as they entered with young ladies. This seemed to worry these good ladies, who criticised the fun-makers severely. Admitting that they are mistaken, and that we are not “rowdys,” do we not sometimes forget the nerves of the old ladies and the feelings of the younger ones? It is surely not pleasant for a young lady to be ushered into a crowded auditorium by a shout from twenty young men, and to have the attention of the audience directed toward her, by continuous clapping, until she reaches her seat. Should we not think of her feelings in the matter?

The people of the city, with the exception of our especial friends, never see us except when they come to some entertainment on the campus, and then we are the hosts. They can only judge us by what they see and hear, so that we owe it to ourselves to create no erroneous impressions, even when
we do it innocently and in fun. Let us try "to see ourselves as others see us."

Why cannot the South have a first-class literary monthly—or, for that matter, half a dozen of them? Time and time again the effort has been made to launch such a venture, and time and time again it has foun-dered before it had got well in the water.

*The Southern Literary Messenger* is the only Southern publication of the kind that ever attained to anything like a national circulation, or that survived for a considerable length of time. For thirty years, under the editorial management of such men as Edgar Allan Poe, B. B. Minor, John R. Thompson, and George W. Bagby—one of the most gifted and neglected of all our writers—it flourished, enjoying a prestige surpassed by none at that time in this country. It died with the Confederacy, and has never since been success-fully resuscitated.

The causes of these failures are numerous and complex, but why should they be insurmountable? One of the chief of them, in the past, has been removed—to wit, our social and economic conditions. The Old South was not literary; it was political and aristocratic and sporty—to use the word in a sense somewhat different from its vulgar acceptation. We mean that the Southern people were too busy developing and worshiping statesmen, dispensing extravagant hospitality and social entertainment and horse-racing, to give much heed to those who aspired to literary honors. The mediæval state of society that existed in Virginia and the other Southern States fifty years ago is as dead and forgotten as its English prototype of five centuries before. The young South, industrially and commercially, catches step with its Yankee brothers. Why not intellectually?
There is one thing that is indispensable. We hear a great deal about the necessity of capital, but we have seen some capital-made magazines that lacked a good deal of being a capital magazine. What we want is literary martyrs—writers who are willing to sacrifice their personal interests for the cause of literature of the South—to "mount on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things"—to come unto their own, though their own receive them not. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." Until our writers can resist the clink of the Northern publishers' silver, and throw themselves, body and fortune, into such an undertaking as we are advocating, we will never have a magazine that the Northern publishers cannot outbid. As we said, they may, in the process, die in poverty and obscurity, as many another has done with whom they may well covet to be classed, but it is only upon such sacrifices and such martyrdom that great movements are reared.

But even this gloomy prospect might be avoided if only our writers could be induced to co-operate for the success of a Southern magazine. Did you ever realize that if all the Southern-born writers were to withdraw, there is scarcely a Northern magazine, of the first rank, that could maintain its present high standard? Who doubts that, with such a list of contributors as we venture to suggest, Richmond might have a magazine like to which the world has never seen? And this is but a small part of them: Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, "Mark Twain," W. P. Trent, G. W. Cable, Brander Mathews, F. Hopkinson Smith, James Lane Allen, John Fox, Jr., George Cary Eggleston, Thomas Dixon, Walter Page, Woodrow Wilson, Robert Bingham, Clark Howell, C. A. Lanier, John B. Tabb, William Hamilton Hayne, James A. Cabell, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Terhune, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Roger Pryor, Mary N. Murfree, Grace King, Julia Magruder, Mary Johnston, Ellen Glas-
EDITORIAL COMMENT.

We sincerely hope that Gov. Bob. Taylor’s effort may prove more successful than that of his numerous predecessors, and it will if he can secure and retain the support of our best writers.

ATHLETICS vs. ETHICS.

Every college man will do well to read “Athletics vs. Ethics,” by Bolivar Grief, in this issue. It contains both philosophy and truth. While perhaps we would not have stated it in quite such plain terms, we have to admit that everything in athletics is not so clean as it might be in some institutions, and yet that is no argument against athletics. If athletics are not clean, get in and purify things. Use your influence for good, and stand out boldly against the wrong.

It is a well-established fact that college morals are as high as the morals of the majority of the student body. If evil and vice stalk openly upon the campus, then “something is rotten in the State of Denmark,” and fortunate is that college which can detect and relieve itself of that class of men.

We do not believe that a coach should ever be employed who will teach anything except straight athletics. Tricks and unexpected plays are all right, but dirty foot-ball or baseball is unworthy of gentlemen. Again, we believe that men ought to refuse to play under a coach who treats them like corn-field negroes and swears at them like a fish-wife. A coach must have entire control of his men, but he should never forget that he is coaching gentlemen, nor should he forget that they expect him to be the same. We do not believe that bluster is the best method of getting a high-toned student to do his best.
William M. Black was called home recently on account of the illness of his mother. He will not return until next session.

We regret that Bremner was called home on account of sickness. His absence somewhat disarranged the base-ball interests. He will return.

On April 15th Tilman was called home on account of the death of his sister. The sympathy of the whole student body is extended to him in his bereavement.

Our team did not win everything while on the trip, but the boys can play ball if supported by the student body. The team was weakened by the absence of Dunaway and Handy.

Professor Winston lectured before a number of teachers and quite a number of would-be teachers in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, April 18th, on "Qualifications of a Teacher." This is the first of a series of lectures in the normal course.

The Y. M. C. A. is trying to send several representatives to the Student Conference, which meets at Asheville, N. C., in June. Every student should help in the good work. We should have at least five representative students and one professor at the Conference.

We are sorry to learn of the serious illness of Handy, at Salisbury, Md. He left College Saturday, April 15th, to return home; was taken seriously ill of appendicitis that evening, and had to be taken to the hospital for an operation. We hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

Prof. W. P. Trent, of Columbia University, lectured in the College chapel April 10th, 11th, 13th, and 14th, on "Eighteenth Century Literature." He dealt especially with Defoe, Samuel Johnson, and Cowper. The lectures were largely attended and much enjoyed. Dr. Trent is a native of Richmond.
Notes Literary.

D. M. SIMMONS, Editor.

We wish, in this issue, to call attention, very briefly, to four articles which any college man can well afford to read, and no one can well afford to miss. They furnish food for the mind along social, political, and economical lines. And if the college man will assimilate this, he will be better able to meet the problems that his life's work will present.

The first is in The Outlook of February 4th, and is entitled "Love's Second Sight." This is not a new process of loving that does away with the old idea that "love is blind" (while it attempts to show that love is not blind), but that a good deal of the so-called loving is done by blind folks. Is this fortunate or unfortunate for us? How would they love us if their eyes were open? Let us give mother and father, who would, if need be, love us blindly, a good reason to love us, even if our worst thoughts and actions were before their open eyes—love's second sight.

The second is in The Independent of March 30th, and is entitled "Naked Spiritualities." It shows how important it is to care for the physical man, as well as the spiritual. When the spirit of this article is applied to an institution of learning, it shows how the chapel services and prayer-meetings may be naked spiritualities, with no care for the bodies, in which the spirits dwell, while a well-equipped Y. M. C. A. building on every college campus would largely fulfill the spirit of Matthew xi., 5, by the preventive method.

The third is in The Independent of January 19th, and is entitled "The Cause of Manners." No one can help having manners, but most of us succeed very well in keeping them from being very good. Sometimes, when we feel a little better than some one else, we very kindly show him that his room is worth at least as much as his company. This, in
some instances, proves to be mutual, and he gets the better of the bargain without the trouble of avoiding us in any way. If we happen to know but little, some of us show off all of that easily enough, and thus disappoint our friends. If we happen to think that our special chums are the only people worth mentioning, every one soon knows our opinion on that subject. No matter how nice and polite we may be to those whose company we appreciate most, if we are not polite to all we want the key-note of gentility, and every one will soon know that, even if our immediate friends praise us loudly. While, on the other hand, we sometimes smile at what seems to be the blank face of the new-comer, and next we are surprised at his excellent achievements, because we were not able to see all that was in him at first—how "can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"—and, finally, we are puzzled to understand how he has kept cool and quiet in the face of our insolence. The truth is that he far surpasses us, in having a mind broad enough, on the one hand, to sympathize with the most lowly, and, on the other, to take no offence at those who have deceived themselves into believing that they are his superiors, and thus he is polite to all because he has the key-note of gentility—the cause of manners—good manners.

The fourth is in The Outlook of April 8th, and is entitled "Thou Shalt Not Think—In Russia." If the young lady who claimed that she said what she thought, and thought what she pleased, had been able to add that she was always pleased to think the best of thoughts, she would have been an ideal lady. What the world needs most to-day is a host of men with pure hearts, ennobling ideas, and truth-loving spirits, who will think what they please and then say what they think. Russia is simply boiling over with disgust for a law that criminations those who think and speak. We have no such laws, but we do have rich fields for the very best of thoughts, that are now white for the harvest, but, alas! the thinkers are but few. Read this article, and let the brave efforts of those Russian peasants inspire you to make a contribution to the freedom of thought in America.
"An honest confession is good for the soul," and so, before proceeding to render our august opinions upon the merits of the various exchanges before us, we shall own up that we do not possess the luxury of a "table," or "desk," or "chair," or "sanctum."

As we take our seat in an ordinary cane-bottom, we reach down and take up, at random, from our floor The Winthrop College Journal, a very neat, lady-like periodical, in a brown frock, trimmed with gold—most charming and becoming. We are not irredeemably addicted to the absorption of female literature—we find even George Eliot and Charlotte Bronte boring—but our fair contemporaries of the Old South State have acquitted themselves very creditably. Their stories and their sketches possess the highly commendable feature of brevity, which may possibly be due to the unwillingness of their fair authoresses to refrain for any length of time from the exercise of their conversational powers, in which we have found the sex far more richly endowed.

We confess to having obtained a good deal of genuine entertainment from the perusal of The Southern Collegian for April. The writer of "Should Young Men Enter Politics?" evinces no little ability in the discussion of a very important subject. He shows that the only hope for pure politics in America is pure men in American politics. It is perhaps not saying too much to aver that no field of human activity offers to the young American a wider and higher opportunity of usefulness than the realm of politics, and in no field is there greater need of real, true men. Whatever personal ambitions may be justly and wisely allowed to act as incentives, as spurs, to statesman-like achievement, unless one's prime and fundamental motives are purely patriotic, he had best, for his own as well as his country's good, stay out of
politics. Do not go into politics for what you can make out of it, but for what you can put into it. It has been said that poetry thrives on poverty, but the truth is rather that the man who will make a successful poet is the man who adopts the art regardless of whether it brings him wealth or not—the man who is willing to sacrifice himself to his art; and the same principle is applicable to politics. We should like very much to reproduce the entire article, if space permitted.

"Pauperism—Its Causes and Remedies," is another timely discussion, containing much interesting information, but a little inclined to be incoherent in some places.

The versification is about up to the average of college magazines.

The author of "A Pair of Golden Spurs," the only considerable story in the Collegian, possesses a vigorous narrative style and, if he is young, may develop into a tolerable writer of fiction.

_Hampden-Sidney Magazine._ We have always been inclined to regard that type of the product of literary evolution represented by Seton Thompson as no great improvement on the primordial Æsop. Nevertheless, the writer of "Tiger's Triumph" has succeeded in producing a readable story of "When the Critters Uster Talk Same as Folks." The leading article, "The China-Japan War," proved most interesting reading. But what in the world is the matter with the Hampden-Sidney poets, at this glad spring time, when a "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love?" We have enjoyed the much-to-be-coveted privilege of perambulating through the beautiful and poetry-inspiring region of Worsham and "College Hill," and had difficulty in repressing the spontaneous effervescence of our own stilted muse. Surely something must be wrong. Perhaps the printer got hold of the poetical waste-basket by mistake.
There is very little of the William Jewell Student for March. Its stories lack "motif," its verse is "bad to middling," and its single serious essay has a decided chestnutty flavor. No doubt the small-pox is to blame for it, for William Jewell is capable of better things.

The literary department of The Howard Collegian is contained in nine and a half small pages, while nineteen are given to other departments. "A Contrast of Wordsworth and Byron as Poets of Nature" was written for class, and fairly well, and came in handy in the dearth of better. Unfortunately—inspired by Professor Trent's lectures—we had been reading "Robinson Crusoe," and so may not have been keenly appreciative of the merits of "Adrift in Mid-Ocean." "A Hopeless Service" is the story of a young Indian who risked his life for the love of a pale-face maiden. An excellent story might have been developed from the plot; as a matter of fact, it was not. The narrative is not easy, and abounds in stereotyped phrases. It also lacks the Wild West flavor. The editorial department contains several redeeming articles.

The Georgetown College Journal and Blacksburg Gray Jacket come in, in gay Easter apparel, too late for review in this issue. We may have something to say of them next month, if their contents are worthy of their exterior.

We beg to acknowledge the following exchanges: Davidson College Magazine, Ouachita Ripples (one of the few college magazines worth reading for its own sake), William Jewell Student, Monroe College Monthly, Emory and Henry Era, Hopkins News-Letter, The Journal (Southwest Presbyterian University), Palmetto, Yankton Student, Lesbian Herald, Carolinian, Niagara Index, Winthrop College Journal, Kalogetic Chimes, Pharos, Gray Jacket, Howard Payne Monthly.
Irresistible.

Oh I wrote a poem to Polly,
And another one to Bess,
And I made some verse for Molly,
And again some more for Tess;
Oh a sonnet did for Letty,
And a rondel sweet for Nell,
And a quatrains short for Hetty,
And a song for Isabel;
Yet although they liked my powers,
In the most poetic arts,
Yet the man who sent them flowers
Was the man that won their hearts.

Saw I flowers growing cheaper,
Thought that I would go down deeper.
So no more I write to Polly,
And no more to pretty Bess,
So no verses send to Molly,
And no rhymes to winsome Tess;
So no sonnets make for Letty,
And no rondels sweet for Nell;
So no quatrains short for Hetty,
And no songs for Isabel;
Yet they say that I'm a "dandy,"
Know full well the best of arts—
Now the man that sends them candy
Is the man that wins their hearts.


Meditative Sophomore: "I wonder why cats purr so."
Smart Junior: "Because they are so purr-fectly happy, I suppose."—Ex.
In Liquidation,

“What would you suggest as a name for my new yacht?”

“Why, it seems to me ‘The Floating Debt’ might be appropriate.”

—Yale Record.

A theme on Swine, by a I. Prep.: “Swines are beautiful birds. They are not found much in this country, but are very common in South America. A black swine is a wonder, as most of them are white. They have beautiful soft feathers, a long, graceful, curved neck, and look very impressive when slowly gliding over the waters of some blue lake. They always sing before they die, and everybody who has ever heard a swine-song says it is very beautiful.”—Ev.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned. Now what could they do?
Said the fly, “Let us flee!”
“Let us fly,” said the flea—
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.—Ev.

Professor: “Mr. Grandy, what case is eine flesch bier?”
(Bottle of beer.)
Pete (waking up suddenly): "Make it two dozen, Professor."—Ev.

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it; anything but—live for it.—Ev.

“Mock modesty is the worst form of pomposity.”
During an exhibition of fireworks little Margaret seemed to be very nervous, particularly when a rocket was sent off. After one went up unusually high, she began to cry, and, when her mother asked what was the matter, she sobbed, "Oh, mamma, I'm afraid they'll hurt the Lord."—Ex.

Beal: "Say, Brooks, are you preaching at North Birmingham now?"
Brooks: "No; I am just substituting."—Ex.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it a "lie" and half of it an "if."—Ex.

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