

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

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## The Messenger, Vol. 25, No. 3

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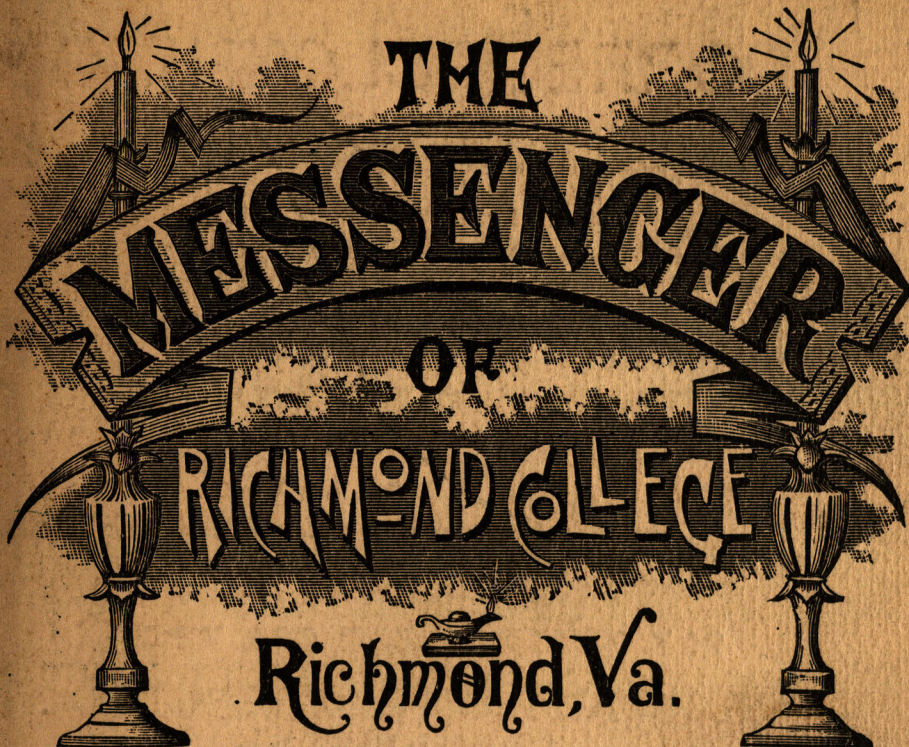
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JANUARY, 1899.

No. 3.

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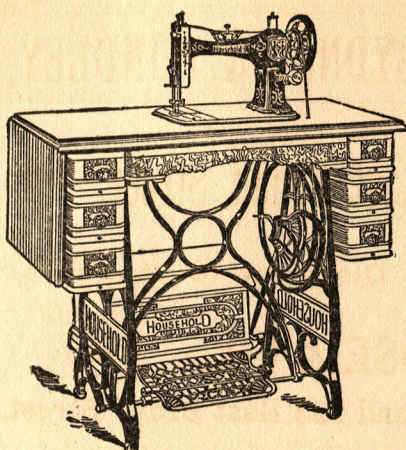
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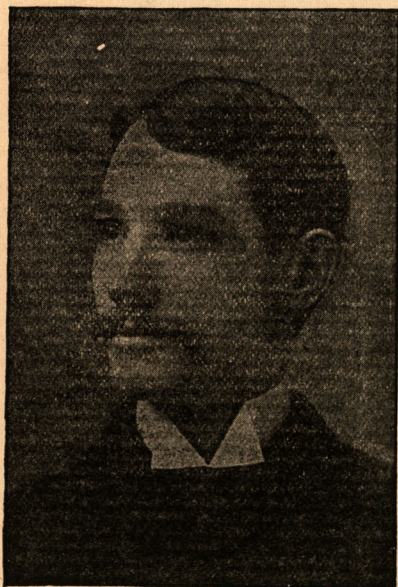
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# Richmond College Messenger.

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No. 3.

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## To a Picture.

I held in my hand a pictured face  
Of one that was far away,  
Of one that was far, but yet as dear,  
As throbs of my heart could be.

I held in my hand that pictured face,  
And thoughts, like the waves that roar  
And rush with a scream over the sea,  
Arose in my heart once more.

I looked at those eyes so full of thought,  
And gazed at that brow so grand,  
And pain filled my heart to think that she  
Had thought me truly a man.



O Annie, my heart, my sweetheart dear,  
I'll ne'er be the man you thought,  
But still I will love with love so deep  
That it will deserve thy heart.

I never will give to thee a crown  
Of fame that was won by me,  
But yet I will give a heart of love  
That throbs all alone for thee.

That throbs in the morn, the dewy morn,  
When life is all fair and true,  
That throbs in the night, the dreary night,  
When sorrow has come to you.

And if you are called away from me  
To sing in the realm of love,  
Each throb of my heart will be a pray'r  
That I may see thee above.

H. C. N.

---

## The Garden of Hearts.

---

### A FABLE FOR FOLK.

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful princess who lived in an ancient castle situated in the midst of a valley. Strong battlements and walls stretching round guarded the inmates from the ravages of their fierce neighbors. At the time of this story peace was dominant in the land, the most bitter enemy and rival of the king having just died.

Now the mind and thoughts of the Princess not being occupied with the news and happenings of wars and strife, sought within the castle walls some form of light amusement. The thought occurred to her that it would be a fine thing to have a garden of flowers.

As the Princess did not care for the blossoms of the commoner plants, she fashioned her garden on more modern lines. She decided that the soil should be two hearts, and



that hers should be one. She proposed to specialize, and at first to try only one species. This species she called *Flos Fidei*, or the Flower of Friendship. Her knowledge of botany being limited, she began by inventing names; a practice often found in later times when ignorance should rather have been admitted.

As she needed another heart before she began her gardening, she began to search among her father's courtiers for one that she thought would answer. A great deal of care was not necessary to be had in the search, for such an experiment most any presentable man would suit. After a little she decided upon a young knight.

This Knight was not handsome, though some of his enemies told him that he was. He had a certain attractiveness of manner which he mantled over with a youthful air of eternal boredom. He was not famous in war, having lately won his spurs.

The Princess called him to her one day and began the task of arousing the interest and activity of the Knight in the affairs of the world in general, of herself in particular. On that first day she planted the seed of Friendship. Of course she didn't tell the Knight about the garden scheme.

At first our Knight took little delight in her company, and the seedling was some days getting its small head above the soil to show the first expectant leaf. But after awhile he came oftener to the tennis-court, where the Princess was wont to water and tend the little plant, with some palatable flattery as to his fame and reputation as a courtier. You see she was no less a woman because she was a princess.

Now this young Knight thought, *if* he was inexperienced, one thing he did know, and that a maiden's heart. This knowledge, had he possessed it, would have made his name known as a philosopher of no mean dimension. He was wearing the vari-colored glasses which he got from the famous optician called *Conceit*, and what the Princess was pleased to tell him of his good qualities, looked through his glasses but the mirage of his own convictions on the subject.



No one must think for a moment that the Princess would mislead the Knight, but you see she was experimenting, and every scientist likes to see the twistings and turnings of the subject.

The flower grew, and when the beautiful days of spring came the green leaves spread from the slender stalk and the plant thrived wonderfully. The Princess was well satisfied with the growth, but the passivity of the plant was annoying; as yet there was no sign of a blossom—not even a bud. A further experiment must be tried.

She thought the Knight less interesting than ever, and wondered how she could have undertaken the scheme. About this period of the play the Knight began the assortment of his ideas and intentions in this horticultural business. As the summer came on he thought the Princess grew more beautiful and fascinating. And she did. She began to display more animation and feeling, she exposed the many sides of her character, and gave him some few chances to take sly peeps at her heart, that he might see how firmly the roots of the flower were imbedded.

The Princess undertook to make the Flower of Friendship blossom out into a gorgeous-colored thing called Love. As yet she was young, but she had all the inherent traits necessary to the culture of such a flower. The Knight decided upon botany as a profession and threw his whole soul into the study. His sword rusted in the sheath, his charger grew restless, idle in his stall. The days flew lightly by under cloudless skies while they waited for the maturity of the flower.

A large bud showed upon the cactus-colored stem, shut tight, showing no hue. The Knight became madly infatuated and watched it all day and late into the evening. As his ardor grew that of the Princess proportionately decreased.

He realized that the flower had devoured his whole heart, and prayed that he might have the blossom. She said that the flower was as much hers as his and that they would have to share it. This arrangement was entirely satisfactory to the Knight for he was quite sure that he loved. But the Princess



was not so sure of herself, yet thought she loved. For ordinary purposes this *thought* answers. She makes the best of lovers, but the continued strain sometimes proves too tiresome and she throws the whole thing off, declaring she was mistaken and is sorry. Of course the Princess did not think any such thing, just then.

The flower blossomed under their dual care; it came forth a tropical thing, warm, pulsating in every fibre, opening its petals to the balmy air. Passionate colors, mixed with Persian skill, mingled lights of happiness, were displayed. Blissful Ignorance was its heart, its petals were tinged with the roseate hue of the Soul's Desire. This huge exotic spread out its compellent fragrance, and all the world, to the maid and man, took on a brighter tinge; the darkest shadows seemed filtered through with light.

As time passed the flower reached the height of its beauty and maturity, and for a time it seemed they would attempt to perpetuate its loveliness. The Knight, with the assurance of youth, feeling that the whole affair was practically settled, rather ceased his open protestations and gave some little attention to other matters.

The Princess was enchanted with the charm of her experimental gardening, and her success rather made her ambitious. She thought to wait awhile before attempting anything further, and attended the flower with commendable zeal, to the entire satisfaction of the Knight.

Then came on the fall, and one of those gray days when we see things in a half-light, and their imperfections are surprisingly clear and show stronger than in the lurid light of a noonday sun, or in the no less deceptive gleam of a full-fashioned moon. On such a day they began an introspective study of the plant. Much to the dismay of maid and man the withering blight of an early decay displayed itself upon the once perfect bloom.

The Princess watered it with tears of impatience. She declared the Knight had cruelly neglected his duty toward the poor thing, and much more she said along the same line.



Now the Knight was patient if nothing else, and he heard her through. When she was somewhat at a calm—the Baltic freezes occasionally—he denied her charges of neglect and said that it was probable, and, indeed almost certain, that they had both mistaken the plant; the species was certainly a new one. Evidently his glasses were losing a few of the more brilliant colors. The flower dropped petal after petal despite the lavish care the Princess spent upon it, for what she was losing she was now quite certain was the only thing she ever cared for or could care for, and she was sure that she had not intended any further experiments. She wept for a day, sighed a week, and then resolved to forget him. How well she succeeded the Knight never knew.

He went away on a long journey into a distant land. Thinking much of the matter upon his solitary march he resolved to return to court and spend his time and energies in an attempt to revive the plant; not that he hoped for the brilliant bloom of Love, but that at least the stem might be nurtured and a few leaves of Friendship would put forth.

Upon his return he found that the Princess had lost heart in the gardening scheme, and was delivering lectures upon the teachings of Plato to the scullions. He met the Princess at the tennis-court one day and tried to put new life into the dying stalk. But the gorgeous flower, so lately fallen away, with its consuming fire, had sapped the life of the once luxuriant growth. He was rather surprised at this. He talked the affair over with the Princess, but understood less of it when she answered that he was no less incapable of understanding botany than he was of understanding the ways of a woman's heart. This was true. Upon this enigmatical reply the Knight left her and ever after shunned her as a puzzle not to be solved. He took up the practice of arms very assiduously. And when he meets a dear creature who avows her fondness for flowers of unknown species, he declares immediately that in the science of horticulture he is a veritable dolt, then the conversation lags and is soon ended.



All fables have morals appended. Men in general are somewhat like fables in this particular, as their morals are usually appendages with plenty of rope, so that they may never come near enough home to seriously incommode them. And as morals usually are such tiresome things, so badly congested, so loosely conjoined, it is best to codify them and leave the code at home, *perhaps*. Therefore, we will not draw any moral, but say after Friendship finds a path Love may come to stay, but Friendship is a sickly flower when Love has passed that way.

A. D. J.

---

### Longfellow.

Whose these poems and this music?  
 Whose these glad and joyous verses?  
 Who the author of these love songs?  
 And these sweet and happy wooings?  
 Who, inspired by God of heaven,  
 So to write and cheer and help us  
 On to nobler acts and doings?  
 And the answer, glad and quickly,  
 Wafted to me on the breezes,  
 From the birds of God's wide forest,  
 Whom he sang to and delighted;  
 From the beast and brook and forest,  
 From the flowers and hills and valleys,  
 Still echoing with his music,  
 Comes upon the evening zephyrs,  
 As in silence I await it.  
 And I listen to their whispering,  
 To the whispering of the breezes,  
 To the low voice of the zephyrs,  
 And the answer that they bring me  
 Fills my soul with sweet remembrance,  
 Fills my soul with recollections  
 Of the days long since departed,  
 When, sweet name! I learned to lisp it  
 At the knee of loving mother,  
 And the answer wafted to me  
 By the breezes and the zephyrs.



Was "The author of this music,  
 These glad songs and happy verses,  
 Was Longfellow the sweet singer:  
 He the sweetest of all singers?"  
 Sweeter than good Chibiabos,  
 Whom he wrote of in the wooings  
 Of the mighty Hiawatha,  
 He the grandest of the poets,  
 Grandest of all bards and singers,  
 Of the wide and new born West-world.  
 And the zephyrs, gentle zephyrs,  
 Told me how he taught all nature  
 Its sweet tones and voices joyful,  
 When they begged him as the brook did  
 In the woodland, "O Longfellow,  
 Teach my waves to flow in music,  
 Softly as your words in singing!"  
 And the blue bird, gay in plumage,  
 Envious, begged him, "O Longfellow,  
 Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
 Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"  
 And the whippoorwill, the night hawk,  
 Sobbing, begged him, "O Longfellow,  
 Teach me tones as melancholy,  
 Teach me songs as full of sadness!"  
 E'en the glad and cheerful robin,  
 Joyous, begged him, "O Longfellow,  
 Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
 Teach me songs as full of gladness!"  
 "All the many sounds of nature  
 Borrowed sweetness from his singing,  
 All the hearts of men were softened  
 By the pathos of his music."  
 When the whisperings of the breezes  
 Ceased and lulled themselves to silence,  
 Then I turned me to my duty,  
 Filled with joy and glad thanksgiving  
 That this poet and sweet singer  
 Once had lived among the mortals."

Jan. 9, '99.

LYNERADO.

*Adon A. Yoder*  
*Lynchburg*



## A Story?

---

*(Continued.)*

HE could not read it through. Tears quickly blinded his eyes and obscured the page. He thought, then gave up trying to think. He stood up, then sat down again. His compact chest heaved convulsively.

Soon the muscles in his face began to harden, the tears were stopped. He took down her photograph from the wall where it had hung so long. He put it quietly away. Now the struggle with hard, metallic, powerful, yet concealed, sorrow is on. He felt wronged, but he alone should know it. How many do we meet each day who are bearing like burdens, who are suffering like tortures? They greet you with a smile, a pleasant word, and pass on. Gentle reader, be considerate sometimes.

Willard answered the letter, asking one question, which, if answered, would explain everything. That is, whether Addie's affection had recently been disturbed or had she felt thus all the time. No answer came. That was too much, he submitted. But what a course opened before him! Addie false, nothing is true, so why trouble, he reasoned. Let things go. Like the Vandal king of old, he bade the wind direct his barque where it would.

The "tavern" again. The "boys" once more. He turned his back to the future, his face to the past. To study was useless; books were mushrooms. Man and all his busy endeavors were indeed vanity. Beer, wine, cards, theatres, races, all came in a whirling and ever accelerating mass. He knew that he must be engulfed, but much worse, he did not care. And so it went.

Ere long now Willard tired of Lyle and decided "to go 'round a bit." First he went to New York, and in a month or so took passage for Europe. It was a goalless wandering, but as the world goes, the most carefully arranged plans fail, while haphazard "wins in a walk."



In Paris he attempted the gay whirl. So many foolish Americans are bewildered by the glare and tinsel of that misunderstood city. Walking along the *Champs Elysées* he would meet one of those beautiful "*demoiselles*" with black hair, eyes of velvet, which sparkled like satanic fire, skin clear and transparent, attire neat and becoming, the whole giving that roguishness which always distinguishes *la parisienne*. Willard would ask the chic young lady and her chaperon to a cool bottle of "Simon." She would talk demurely for awhile, then like lightning kick his hat off, touch the tips of her fingers to his mouth with "*Adieu, Monsieur.*"

At the theatres, on the woody heights of St. Cloud, at the dances, concerts and everywhere, it was *bons mots*, and *vin blanc*, and "rot," as Willard afterwards expressed it. All giddy, nothing stable. Was that not a sphere for one so rapidly losing belief in the world's affairs? Thus the poor boy groped along far from the truth and was very unhappy.

Later in the summer we find him standing on the topmost peak of the Isle of Capri looking out on that bay about which poets have so often written. Immediately to the south lay Sorrento, then began that continuous chain of villages stretching around to Naples. The white stone houses stood in pleasing relief as they seemingly piled one upon another from the edge of the bay's blue waters on up the hill-sides with black, fuming old Vesuvius as a background. Countless white and brown sails dotted the waters, fishermen plying the means of a meagre subsistence. Back on the island he heard the tinkling of little bells as the herds of goats jumped from terrace to terrace, seeking a place protected from the ocean breeze, in which to rest that night. He was amidst the ruins of the great villa of Tiberius. How changed from the time of which Tacitus writes! Where there was revelry and feasting, now silence reigned supreme; where had been gilded halls, brilliant lights, beautiful tapestries, and fine works of art, now was a battered wall, heaps of broken marble, and piles of rubbish; where had assembled the glittering court of the world's ruler, now lived a shriveled hermit. Standing thus mutely, Willard recalled these lines:



"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave."

Willard little understood the soft Neapolitan tongue, but was pleased to find that the hermit spoke German; so, quite soon they were talking in a very friendly manner. Willard wished to learn something of this strange looking old man, so to arouse sympathy he related his own life story. The hermit, whose name was Delbrücke, became so interested in this little love affair that his mind went back to his own youth, and soon forth rolled the history of his sad existence. Curiously enough the two beings were suffering from causes strikingly alike, only the results had been different.

From blighted love, Delbrücke had left the world, had found this spot where few men and no women ever visit, and obtained comfort in simply gazing quietly at this beautiful bit of nature, which he said was never fickle or unjust, but ever grand and true; while Willard had sought solace in a listless wandering, though he was now becoming enthused over the hermit's choice, and spoke of taking up a like existence.

"Rather," said the hermit, his single robe falling from his bare arm as he pointed to Vesuvius, "go across yonder and jump into those fiery jaws. Life is never more perverted than when like mine."

"Take the advice of experience, my boy," he continued, trembling with emotion. "Go back to your far-away America and finish your academic education. In the meantime look about you and see if there are not some things worth learning. Does your government furnish a real utopia yet? Are all the poor fed and well clad? Are the wealthy all benevolent? Is everybody educated? Are the young men thinking of what they may have to do in the future? Is every historical fact explained? O, there are problems fairly bursting for solution!"

"I have a brother, Otto Delbrücke, yet a young man, who lectures on sociology at Heidelberg. Go to him later, open



your chances by assiduous labor, and if you are ever in any degree successful I shall thank God—if one there be—for having kept me on this rock for forty years so that I might meet you, a love-torn youth, and be able to show a better road than my own."

The old man sobbed the last sentences, turned away and walked into his lonely abode. Willard stared after him blankly for a few minutes then noiselessly crept down the mountain. The next day as he stood on the forward deck of the "Ems" as she majestically steamed out to sea, he tearfully gazed up toward the hermit's hut, but it was too far to be seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

In two years Willard was awarded a degree at Lyle. Then he was ready to begin sociology. That night after commencement he sat a long while thinking, thinking, thinking. No matter how *improbable*, still everything was *possible* before him. But that awful gnawing at his heart! He was now going to another side of the world. Must he leave without seeing her? Could he? Love left out, life were dreary indeed, he mused. No, he must go back and see ——— anyway.

One day later he was in Edgerton again. He had determined on an elaborate plan as to how he should approach the young lady. How carefully he would study her ways, graces, and character. How skillfully he would reconnoitre the avenues to her heart, and so on. But we all know how flimsy and bubble-like our schemes become under the heavy bombardment of two searching eyes. All of Willard's plans went into the air, and he was left the old, old system of manfully owning up to his trouble. Addie was kind but unrelenting. She felt that she would be a burden to him now that he was attempting such a long and improbable ascent, so she said "'Twere better not," to all his advances.

He was to take her to a dance one evening. The afternoon before he went down to make a final effort in his own behalf, but met the same kindly yet firm response. Then his native pride asserted itself. He realized the hopelessness of his suit, but determined that his "broken heart should brokenly live



on." Taking up his cap he bowed politely and left the house, expecting never to see her again. He hurried up the street, bade his sisters farewell, and left for Hoboken, whence he would take ship for Germany. All hope was gone. There was no tenderness in life for him. At Charlotte he wired:

"Miss Addie Furman, Edgerton, S. C.,

Excuse engagement. Called away unexpectedly.

W. M."

She was just ready for the dance when the message was delivered. She was amazed and speechless. She going to a dance with him, and he miles away and going farther! But she understood. She knew that her treatment had crushed him, and that he had feigned an excuse to leave. Seizing a time table she saw that the Atlanta Special (Willard's train) and the Southern Express met at Salisbury at 9:50 P. M. It was now 9:30. Instantly she wrote:

"W. Mahone, on b'rd 'Atlanta Special,'

Salisbury, N. C.

Come to Edgerton on Southern Express. Wish to see you.

A."

"Have operator hurry this right through. It's important," she gasped to the messenger boy. Then she went to her apartments, changed her evening toilette for a dress of heavier material, and called down stairs for them to leave a light in the library, as she might "wish to read some after awhile."

Then began her lonely vigil. Would he get her message, she thought. If so, would he come back, or was he too greatly offended? O, how sorry she was! A few tears, woman's great balm, soon consoled her, though. The train she awaited would reach Edgerton at 2:58 A. M. What a long, long time yet! Thus she passed the silent hours. Occasionally a belated pedestrian would stamp along on the cobblestones, a dray would roll by, then silence again. Just as the town bell struck three, Addie heard the dull, cold sound of the engine whistle echo against the mountains at the other end of town. She



heard the cars stop at the station, and in a minute or two move on again. All was quiet once more. The message must not have reached him, she thought as she arose to turn out the gas. A shadow flitted across the wall! She half screamed, and looked around. There standing at the window was Willard Mahone!

"O," she said, and sprang to let him in. "Come in and let's talk it all over. You were very bad to go away."

\* \* \*

Just as the first gray streaks begun to fret the dawn, the great double doors of the Furman mansion rolled open. There stood a great, gawky, grinning Sociologist. He was pressing a little blonde head to his own.

"It's all right now, isn't it Willard?" said Addie softly as she pouted up her lips for a last kiss.

"Yes, it's all right now," he replied.

W. S. McN.

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### A Meditation.

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I sat one morn, in the birth of spring,  
Beneath a spreading tree,  
The verdant grass around me lay,  
And the birds chirped merrily.

I sat and I thought—sad thoughts were mine—  
Of home and the loved ones there,  
Of a mother lost in childhood's hour  
And a longed-for father's care.

I thought of the hopes that around me I've sowed,  
Of my harvest, so barren and sear,  
I thought of the hours that were passed and gone—  
I sighed and dropped a tear.

'Twas early morn, and the grass was wet  
With heaven's sparkling dew;  
A little lass came skipping by  
On errand for mother true.



A happy smile was on her lips,  
 A smile so soft and bright.  
*I tried* to smile, and my heart grew warm  
 At the thought of heart so light.

She laughed—such a merry, gleesome laugh !  
 She laughed from her soul within,  
*I tried* to laugh, but the winds did mock  
 The thought that the laughs were kin.

I asked myself, as I pondered there,  
 “ O say, why is it so ?  
 Why is that child so full of glee  
 And I so full of woe ? ”

I answered, “ She is but a child,  
 And has not played her part;  
 Ambition foiled and trusts betrayed  
 Have not yet seared her heart.

“ She has not felt the weight of care,  
 And harsh perplexity;  
 Her heaviest cares, her greatest doubts,  
 Are solved at mother’s knee.

“ But wait till life’s hopes are blighted,  
 And scepticism dread  
 Has seized her, wracked her, tortured, crushed—  
 Her joys will then be dead.”

And then unto me whispered  
 A voice—my better part:  
 “ Fool! why rack you thus yourself  
 And crush your youthful heart ?

“ Sorrow comes not save when bid,  
 Of grief each has his share.  
 What is the rose without its thorn,  
 A life without its care ?

“ Do doubts and fears oppress? Then trust,  
 For trust you only can;  
 Leave tears to children, doubts to fools,  
 Arise and *be a man!* ”

CHILTON.



### "Old Things are Best."

Dwight Hillis was the most popular fellow at Miami University. He was a good student as well as an all-round athlete. He was the "social lion" among the girls at the Oxford Ohio Female College. He could both write and talk well on almost any subject. In a word, he was a fine young man in every respect.

Dwight was, on the second Sunday afternoon following the Christmas holidays, comfortably sitting before the bright and cheerful grate fire in his study-room. As he sat there alone in the Sabbath stillness thinking over the good times he had experienced during the late festive season, his countenance lighted up, his eyes sparkled with an intense brilliancy, and his entire nature seemed animated with an inward joy. While in this utopian mood he thought he was again enjoying the company of Miss Reatha Braxton on that most delightful occasion—the New Year's reception at the mansion of Col. T. J. Anderson. The more he thought of those soft and tender brown eyes, that sweet smile, the pleasant manner, her queenly and yet unassuming air, the more convinced he was that he had been charmed. He had not been able to apply himself to his studies after the holidays with as great diligence as formerly. He had also lost, to a certain extent, the longing after learning. Thus it is when a young man plunges into the great sea of passionate love, he soon loses all his desires and yearnings for a higher education. What were once the loftiest pursuits of his ambition will become the most intolerable monotony—the gaining of class leadership, the feverish and desperate chances of honor and prizes are to him dull and insipid when compared to that longing, yea, that craving of his love.

Dwight recalled, as he sat there in his easy-chair, the unhappy termination of the sleigh ride that they had on the most beautiful moonlight night during the gay Christmas week. It was an ideal winter scene. The snow-flakes had wrought themselves into wondrous forms of geometric grace and spark-



ling beauty; soft and pure and white as the down from off an angel's wing. And thus:

"In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight,  
Keeping time, time, time  
In a sort of runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulations that so musically swells  
From the bells, sweet sleigh bells."

It had seemed as if there was joy and peace and happiness all over the land as the sleigh bells chimed that winter's night, and the old, old forest rang with glee. But to one the bells and mirth were naught, for his soul with deeper joy was fraught; he was thinking of Miss Reatha sitting there beside him and of how best he could tell her of his love.

They had talked of many things while enjoying the ride, but Dwight could not find a suitable time nor the all important words in which to frame his heart's desire. Finally he did muster enough courage to say, as they were driving back to her home: "Well, Miss Reatha, I certainly have enjoyed myself this Christmas season, and I think I owe it all to you. You cannot begin to know how much I prize the friendship we have formed." He gave a quick glance in her direction; her sweet eyes and pleasant smile assured him of her approval. Strengthened by these signs he was much more able to proceed thus: "I hope that it has been equally pleasant to you. Since I have had the pleasure of your company I have felt a fresh impulse guiding me to higher and loftier ideals, and in the pursuit of these I have—well, to be candid with you, my dear Reatha—I love you most dearly." They were now nearing, and soon would enter, the large yard surrounding her father's mansion, and he knew the time was limited in which to finish, so he said in a soft and tender, yet strong and sympathetic voice: "Oh, my dearest Reatha, my heart is bleeding. As you thrust the dainty arrows there by your endearing manner,



you can now add the balm and take away the pain by giving me your promise to"—by this time they had reached the driveway leading to the house, and who should be standing there but Ralph Braxton, Reatha's oldest brother. He was asked to ride to the house with them, and thus Dwight did not get a chance to finish his last sentence. As it was late Dwight bade Miss Reatha and her brother good-night at the door, and as he returned to his college duties the next morning, he did not see her again.

As Dwight sat in his easy-chair and thought over this incident, how baffled he was! Success had seemed so sure. He thought that the fates had treated him harshly, but he was not going to be defeated in his purpose so easily; so he said: "Well, I will write to her this very afternoon and make the proposal in such strong terms that she cannot resist." He went to his writing desk and was about to begin, when lo! his eyes fell upon a certain picture placed above his inkstand. The picture was that of a sweet-faced young girl, with tender blue eyes, and with beautiful golden hair falling loosely about her shoulders. A broad-brimmed straw hat adorned with a few fresh flowers from the meadow completed the girlish air of the picture. It had been taken by Dwight about three summers previous, when they were out gathering wild flowers for her herbarium.

Thoughts of the past now rushed before him, and he could not proceed with his assigned task. He thought of the old farm house upon the hill-side, the walk beside the murmuring brook, the "old oaken bucket that hung in the well," from which many a time they had satisfied their thirst after returning from a summer ramble in the woods. Then he thought of the cosy seat beneath the arbor at the side of the house—here he had given his promise to the blue-eyed lassie that he would—oh! he dared not think of it. He had forgotten it all until this quiet hour of solitude. Now some magic hand seemed to roll back the curtain of time and show him how false he had been. He covered his face with his hands, and in silence bowed his



head upon the desk, and wondered what to do. He remained in this attitude for some time, and in the meanwhile he was thinking of his first love as he had not been thinking of her for days,

"Till over his eyes, there began to move,  
Something that felt like tears."

Then his tender heart was softened, and he thought of her, a spotless maiden, fair and beautiful and good, till his yearning grief and patience was at last complete, and he longed, with bitter longing, just to see her once more. His thinking of her, and the silent strain and the fervent love which he could not now express, had brought back all the incidents of childhood. His actions seemed to indicate that he was saying:

"I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little checkered dress  
She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress."

He now raised his head from off the desk. His countenance was indeed much changed since the early portion of the afternoon. But as he arose from the chair his face again lit up with joy, for he was conscious of having done his duty—remaining true to his first love. He for a moment thought of Reatha, and then said: "As for her—but I'll let that pass. She may love any one she pleases, and as for me I will be true to my old first love, for after all 'old things are best.'"

It was now the hour of twilight. The last delicate colored beams of the setting sun stole softly through the window, and, uniting with the flickering light from the dying embers in the grate, made the scene peculiar indeed, if not fascinating. And thus while everything was wrapped in the hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest, Dwight sank into the big armed rocker, and after having resolved that he would remain true to the love of his youth, he quietly fell asleep and dreamed of those happy days.

J. C. C. of Ohio.



## She, He and the Ocean.

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SHE.

"The ocean grows blue, I wonder why,  
As chilling autumn days draw nigh."

HE.

"The summer-girl to the city goes,  
That's the whole of the old chap's woes."

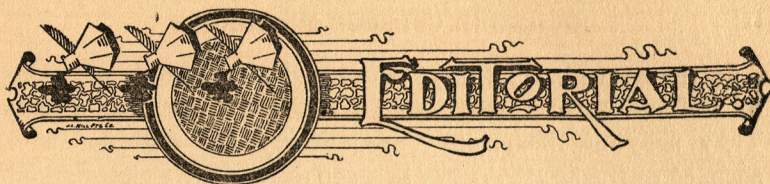
THE OCEAN.

"I'm blue, oh well ! I'll be bluer still,  
For a pun is indeed a bitter pill."

A. D. J.







**HAZING.** The practice of hazing is one that is unreservedly condemned in many quarters, and it is a common thing of late to hear long tirades against it. In our own College our attention has been especially called to it by the occurrence of Christmas week. At that time a few of the students thought to have a little fun one night, and started on a toe-pulling expedition. For this they were brought up before the faculty, and were suspended for five days.

With all due respect for the wisdom and good judgment of our faculty, we can but believe that they have made a mistake in this matter. Let it be clearly understood that we are not defending all forms of hazing. The wanton destruction of property and the cruel infliction of personal injury, we condemn in the harshest terms, and believe that those who are found guilty of these things should be severely dealt with. But we do not recall a single instance, during our acquaintance with Richmond College, in which personal injury has been done any one; and we believe that "The Midnight Order of Toe-Pullers" has served a good purpose here.

It is our purpose to try to show that, *within certain bounds*, hazing is a good thing; and we speak from an experience with a form of hazing decidedly more severe than that practiced here.

In the first place we believe that something must be done by the old students to defend themselves against unbearable *freshness* of some of the new men. When a man comes to College and takes possession of about *four-thirds* of the campus during his first week's stay, one or two visits from the toe-pullers rarely fails to show him that the College could run without him. In this case then a double blessing results—the old students are able to live in some peace, and the fresh one is taught a much-needed lesson—not to think of himself so much more highly than he ought.



In the next place let us consider that class of men who come to College with a very exalted sense of their own dignity. They are not fresh; they are entirely too dignified to be accused of freshness. They seem to draw a little circle around themselves and to defy any one to come within its circumference. They, like the others, have too exalted opinions of themselves, but they show it in a very different way. By their actions they seem to say that we jostle them at our peril. Now in the case of these the benefit from the toe-pullers accrues mainly to those pulled. If they are ever to amount to anything they must learn sooner or later that "No man liveth unto himself," and that they must expect to be jostled by the world. If they can be taught this in College, so much the better for them. We believe that in this case also good results to all the students—though not so manifestly as in the first case—in that a better relation is eventually brought about among the students by which all are profited.

It may be argued that the students have no right to set out to teach lessons to men who are in no wise bothering them. Perhaps not, but to a fun-loving lot of boys there is a great temptation to cause these very dignified fellows to bend from their pinnacle for once. Or again, it may be said, there are very many new students who belong to neither of the classes named, and yet they have to suffer along with the others. True, but these are always let off very lightly and besides they usually offer no objection to affording a little amusement for their fellow students for one time during their course at College.

Again, we maintain that hazing promotes College spirit. This may appear absurd to some, and yet we believe we can support this position with good arguments.

First, we believe that the old students are made to feel a deeper interest in the affairs of the College when they have certain privileges that the first-year men are denied. They feel that they are, in a special sense, the guardians of the old traditions and the old customs—found in every college—and they pride themselves on guarding them well. But where a



man who has been in school one week has every privilege of one in his senior year, this interest cannot be so intense.

Then, when the new man sees there are some things he is not allowed to do, he feels within him a longing for the time when he will be an old student and will be admitted to these privileges. No matter how trivial these differences are, to the one whose privileges are limited they look to be something of importance, and he longs for them. But on the other hand if he comes in and finds he has every right the senior enjoys, things become commonplace to him by the time he gets to be a senior, and he does not, we believe cannot, feel just the same interest in the affairs of the College he would feel if he had grown up to some of his rights.

Some form of hazing is the only way we see to create these distinctions, which we believe experience shows to be mighty producers of college spirit. The one objection we have always had to our "Midnight Order of Toe-Pullers" was that they allowed a new man to enter on any conditions.

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**ATHLETIC FINANCES.** Those who undertake to do anything in athletics at our College, always find themselves confronted with the great difficulty of raising sufficient money to meet the legitimate expenses connected with their undertaking. This deplorable condition has existed from the time when legend runneth not to the contrary.

The explanation of this is not far to seek. If the way to relieve this condition was as easy as the telling of why it exists, the athletic spirits of the College would have all the money they need. In a word, it is lack of interest that has brought it about. So many of the students never contribute anything at all to support foot-ball, base-ball, and other games. They neither join the Athletic Association and thereby help to the extent of the annual dues, nor do they ever attend a single game played by our teams on the home grounds.

We see no way to obtain from the students directly the amount needed. They have been approached from every side, but very few ever respond. One moment's reflection will



show to any the great help good athletics may be to any college; and further, it is perfectly evident that to have good athletics there must be financial support.

We desire to suggest a remedy that will unquestionably solve this problem. It is that the authorities increase the amount of matriculation fees—say three dollars—and turn this amount into the treasury of the Athletic Association. This plan has been found to work most satisfactorily in other schools, and we see no reason why it should not be adopted here. If this were done, then each student should be allowed membership in the Association and be given a ticket to all games played on the home grounds. This would not only bring in the money so much needed by our teams, but would also insure a much larger attendance on all games, and in this way our teams would be much encouraged—a big crowd of sympathizers engaged in judicious “rooting” means much to those playing.

We realize that this might seem a little hard on those working their own way through College for the first year—until they had gotten used to it—but we do not believe it would long appear this way, and in a short while both faculty and students would bless the day in which this measure was adopted. We hope it may be that *verbum sapienti* —.

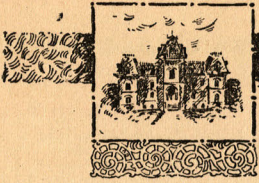
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The author of “A Child of Nature,” one of the continued stories commenced in our last issue, was unable, for reasons explained to us, to furnish us with the second chapter this month.

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We are sorry our efficient athletic editor has not been able to give us something for his department. He has been kept at home since Christmas by an attack of typhoid fever. We are glad to say that the last time we heard from him he was improving some.





## COLLEGIANA.

“A long pull, a strong pull,” from now until June, is what each fellow is making up his mind to. Be sure and see that your resolution amounts to something more than a mere resolving.

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Climbing down the fire-escape FOR EXERCISE seems to have been a popular diversion with some of the students who remained on the campus during the week of holiday.

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The “big five” who have just escaped from captivity extend their deepest sympathy to the late class of '99 of the V. M. I.

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Quite a number of new faces are seen around College since the holidays are over, and it is hoped that many more will come in during the second half. We extend a welcome to them all, and can almost guarantee them unmolested toes.

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It is with much sorrow that we mention the death of one of our fellow-students, Maitland G. Daniels, which occurred during the holidays as the result of an attack of pneumonia. By the sudden and unexpected death of our young class-mate the College was robbed of one of its brightest minds, and we are again sadly but forcefully reminded of this passage of Scripture, “In the midst of life we are in death.”

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Fletcher Jordan spent the holidays in New York. His sojourn in the gay and giddy metropolis does not seem to have corrupted his morals to any very great extent, though it must be said that since his return he is inclined to “get a trifle gay” at times.

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We hear that one of our law students recently received a dun for four cents which came from a distance of two hundred miles or more. We would advise him to pack that large amount of precious metal securely in a box and send it to his creditor by express, C. O. D.



Somebody said that Dudley had gotten his hair cut, but upon special inquiry the report was found to be utterly untrue.

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"Big" Duke has returned, and his ardour for the girls has by no means decreased. If you say "Girls," he'll say, "Where?"

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They say that Bagby and Norfleet have done some phenomenally fast walking lately. Ask them for the occasion of their trying to smash the State walking record.

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"Nimrod" has not yet returned to College. We suppose game is quite scarce in his neighborhood about this time.

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The fact that "Christmas comes but once a year," is perhaps a good excuse for a great many happenings of that "happy" season.

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The statuary for which President Boatwright recently made a special trip to New York, has arrived, and is being placed in the museum. Prominent among the selections are the master-pieces "Venus de Milo," and "The Gladiator."

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The members of Phi Gamma Delta were invited to a birthday dinner at the home of Allen W. Freeman on the evening of January 6th. The occasion was a most happy one to all who attended.

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Frank T. Shumate, B. L. '97, was in the city recently and came out to the College to see his old friends. He is now practicing law at Athens, W. Va. We predict for him a brilliant career in his chosen profession.

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Most of the boys who went home to enjoy Christmas turkey, fruit-cake, and — to see their charming little friends (not boys), seem to have had a delightful time. Some, however, are not so cheerful, and when you ask them about their girls, they drop their heads as if to say, "She's another fellow's now."



The Glee Club of this session is in many respects the best in the history of the College. With the exception of three all the members of last year's club returned. Also out of this year's material some valuable additions have been made. The Executive Committee has decided to increase the membership to five voices on each part. These places have been filled already on the first tenor and second base, but there are still several vacancies on the other two parts. The Club desires to have any who may be thinking of trying for these places to apply at once, in order that their voices may be tested and that they may become familiar with the music as soon as possible.

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Get J. W. McN. to tell you a "true story" of a turtle head that, after being severed from the body, caught and ate a duck.

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Dr. George Cooper, of the First Baptist church, conducted chapel exercises during the second week in January. We greatly enjoy the Doctor's visits; he always brings us something good.

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The following officers were elected in the Philologian Society at a recent meeting: S. L. Morgan, President; G. C. Durham, Vice-President; A. C. Harlowe, Secretary; William Smith, Treasurer. J. W. T. McNiel was elected Final Orator.

Participants in the public debate were chosen as follows: Debaters, C. C. Pearson, J. B. France, R. A. McFarland, and S. M. Sowell; Declaimer, — Howard; Reader, J. W. Cammack.

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James D. Gwaltney has been elected by the two Societies as Editor-in-Chief of the MESSENGER. His term begins with the March issue.

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At the regular election of officers in the Mu Sigma Rho Society January 6th, the following were chosen: Fred W. Moore, President; A. D. Jones, Vice-President; Julian Rawles, Secretary; J. P. McCabe, Treasurer; Parke P. Deans, Censor. Raymond W. Buchanan was elected Final Orator.



Well, boys, hope we'll all make our zams ; if not let us brace up and do better next time.

---

### MAITLAND G. DANIELS.

(Resolutions adopted by the students of Richmond College assembled in mass-meeting January 6, 1899.)

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His all-wise providence, to remove from us by death our beloved friend and fellow-student, MAITLAND GEORGE DANIELS, be it therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That while in this we recognize one of the mysterious manifestations of God's providence, we submit to the stroke, saying : "It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

2. That the students of Richmond College have lost a worthy and exemplary friend, one whose influence for good, although he was at College only a few months, was widely and greatly felt.

3. That, sharing ourselves the bereavement, we express our deepest sympathy for the grief-stricken mother and father, kindred and friends.

JAS. D. GWALTNEY,  
GILBERT C. SMITH,  
CULLEN S. PITT,

*Committee.*

---

### A HOLIDAY HAPPENING.

(With apologies to *Excelsior*.)

The shades of night had fallen fast,  
As through the college campus passed  
A crowd that bare, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Toe-pullers.

Their brows were gay, their hearts were light—  
Was not this Merry Christmas night?  
A social call they went to pay.  
A "smoker" for a student gay,  
From Toe-pullers.



In many rooms they saw no light,  
The boys were home this happy night.  
Above some doors the light shone 'round,  
But from the lips escaped no sound  
By Toe-pullers.

"Try not the door," the Captain said,  
"He's not had time to get to bed."  
At this the door was opened wide,  
And then a startled voice replied,  
"Toe-pullers!"

A moment paused, then back he sprung,  
In light array his garments hung;  
He found his trusty battle-ax  
And made some very vicious hacks  
At Toe-pullers.

He circled round in scant attire,  
He gained the hall, and yelled out, "Fire"!   
"O stay," the Captain said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon the breast  
Of Toe-pullers."

No shoes on feet, no hat on head,  
But to the window quick he sped,  
And as they stood, with mouths agape,  
He vanished down the *fire-escape*  
From Toe-pullers.

He slipped, he slid, the college lad,  
His manly form in "nightie" clad.  
Across the tennis-court he sped  
With battle-ax above his head.  
Oh! Toe-pullers.

He roused the peaceful Prof. from slumber.  
Upon the door rained blows a number.  
Judge of "Whiskers'" great surprise  
When ax and costume met his eyes.  
Poor Toe-pullers.



Here he was housed 'till early morn,  
Some "hand-me-downs" he then put on,  
And quickly to his "castle" sped,  
While plans for vengeance filled his head  
On Toe-pullers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beware, old Intermediate Math.,  
Beware the Faculty's fierce wrath,  
Take warning if it's not too late,  
And profit by the direful fate  
Of Toe-pullers.

This trip they got five days or more,  
Perhaps they thought that was a bore.  
A word : When next on pleasure bent  
Secure the Faculty's consent,  
My Toe-pullers.





# EXCHANGE DEPARTMENTS

We read with a good deal of amusement an article in one of the magazines which came to us this month, in which the editor of the Exchange Department severely criticises certain of the colleges for sending out magazines "not altogether prepossessing in appearance." The writer of the editorial goes on to say that there is no excuse for any journal going out with "ragged edges and unclipped pages." Deckle-edge is the latest, my up-to-date friend.

---

There are two, and only two ways in which the writer of fiction can make a book or a story interesting. He must either choose an exceptional plot or exceptional characters. A commonplace man in commonplace circumstances is of necessity utterly devoid of interest. On the other hand, a strikingly peculiar individual under strikingly peculiar circumstances, requires too broad a stretch of the imagination for most of us. It is an original character under ordinary circumstances which, as a rule, interests us most. Perhaps the most potent reason for this is that in this line the author has a broader scope than in any other, and has a better opportunity for bringing in to advantage original views—if he has any—on any particular subject. The most common fault to be found in college fiction is the utter disregard of both of these characteristics, one of which is undoubtedly always essential. "A Rebel Romance" in the Tennessee University magazine is an instance of this disregard. The plot is common-place, the characters are ordinary, and the gentleman has certainly failed to express any views at all. Perhaps he writes—and he does not stand alone in this—just for the sake of writing; at any rate his purpose was somehow left unexpressed.

---

The title of an ethereal article in the University of North Carolina magazine, "A Senior's Fancy," does not at all belie



the contents of the production—a wonderful conglomeration of would-be heavenly ideas in extremely earthly language. A kind of an imitation of Marie Corelli and her “Romance of Two Worlds,” only lacking in a marked degree her originality and genius of style and expression. Two articles in the same issue discussing the pros and cons of imperialism, are very cleverly handled and show careful preparation.

---

### EVE ACQUITTED.

Injustice deep has always been the birthright of our sex ;  
 We're twitted with our faults in long procession ;  
 But we won't submit to listen any longer to the tale  
 That records our fair fore-mother's indiscretion.

The story is a true one—there is no denying that ;  
 “But it points out woman's weakness?”—we refute it !  
 Nay, it rather shows her vast superiority o'er man.  
 We have arguments for those who dare dispute it.

For the serpent realized it as he wriggled through the weeds ;  
 (And with all his faults, you can't deny he's clever).  
 “If I give the fruit to Adam, he will eat it fast enough,  
 But is Eve to be seduced by Adam?—Never!

“Now Eve once won, my work is done,” the wily serpent said,  
 And he hurried through the shrubbery to find her.  
 Of the deep far-seeing wisdom of that wily serpent's words  
 The fallen human race needs no reminder.

So our brothers need not murmur if we glory in the fact—  
 After past humiliation 'tis but human—  
 That only Eve it took to bend the pliant will of man,  
 But the very Devil himself to tempt a woman.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

---

She said her lover was a dream,  
 But after they were mated,  
 She found, alas! unhappy maid,  
 Her dream was dissipated.

—*Yale Record.*



## FRIENDSHIP.

A truce, dear friend, to idle words of praise!  
Leave them for lovers and for maidens fair,  
Whose hearts have yet the sterner test to bear  
Of cold reality's all-searching gaze.  
True friendship's love treads not these flow'ry ways,  
Nor favor courts, nor shuns offence with care ;  
But soul with soul untarnished truth doth share,  
One aim uniting, and, with passing days,

Binding yet firmer. Waste not words on me  
To tell me what you find in me to love—  
What boots it ? Rather set before my view  
The fault that keeps me still unworthy you,  
And teach me for your sake to rise above  
That which I am, to that which I may be.

—*The Red and Blue Magazine.*

---

Thou hast not loved, young heart ;  
So naught of pain  
Hast known, not felt the dart,  
That ruthless, vain,  
Thy fondest dreams of happiness hath slain.

Thou hast not loved ? I envy thee  
The perfect sway  
Thou hast o'er joy ; for thou art free  
To have thy way  
And laugh at love and lovers all the day.

Thou hast not loved ? I pity thee  
For all of this ;  
The pain of love is joy to me.  
I know the bliss  
The warm ecstatic sweetness of her kiss.

—*Edward B. Kenna, Georgetown College Journal.*



"I draw the line on kissing, sir,"

She said in accents fine.

He was a foot-ball player,

And so he "hit the line."

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

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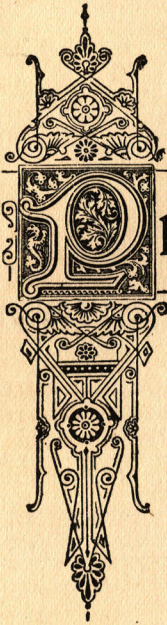
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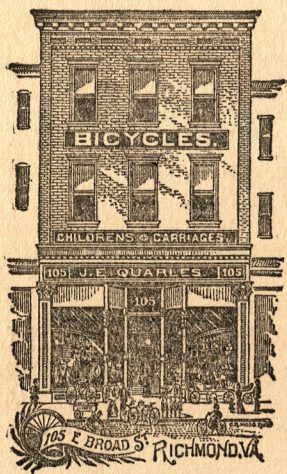
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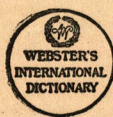
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