CONTENTS:

LITERARY.
Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water .............. 127
A Child of Nature .................................. 133
A Bachelor's Confession ............................ 138
The Plot that Failed ................................ 140
To Vesuvius ........................................... 144

EDITORIAL.
Liberty of Thought and Expression ................ 148
Spider of '99 ....................................... 149
Valedictory Remarks ................................. 149

COLLEGIANA.
More about Hazing .................................. 155

ATHLETICS.
Base-Ball ............................................. 160
Gymnasium ............................................ 161
Track Team .......................................... 162

BOOK REVIEWS ....................................

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.
Interlinear ......................................... 166
Doubt .................................................. 166
Fate ................................................... 166

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THE CONDITION OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY A PRIME CAUSE OF THE REVOLUTION.

In 1789 there swept over France the most awful social and political revolution that has been recorded in the annals of modern civilization.

We are prone to link with the names of the actors in this dire upheaval all that is base and wicked. But attendant circumstances in this instance bear out the statement that unmitigated monsters seldom appear on earth. Had these men enjoyed the peace and comfort that should have been theirs, their humanity and respectability would have been unquestioned.
It is well-nigh useless to attempt a defence of this enraged throng. Their furor cannot be justified nor their many violent deeds condoned in our century. Yet, if we bear in mind their long and patient suffering, their endurance of the many miseries laid upon them by both clergy and nobility, our criticism will lose much of its harshness. When we see them at last aroused what can stem their onrush? Like a mighty river it rises and bursts its confines and boundaries, rushes forth upon the land, bearing upon its stormy waters débris of every form of feudal restraint and oppression. When the flood subsides blank desolation soon changes to a bloom-laden soil, enriched by the force and energy so lately generated.

Moderation would have been a saving clause, but early in the struggle we find the party advocates of a middle course—the balance wheel—thrust aside by the ravening wolves.

The peasantry of France had lived in misery and extreme degradation for so long a time that every vestige of humanity had been literally scarred if not entirely obliterated. One hundred years before the Revolution—this length of time evidences the peasant’s patience—“certain ferocious animals,” wrote La Bruyere, “are seen in the rural districts, males and females, swarthy, luvrid, and sunburnt, and attached to the soil, which they dig with indomitable stubbornness. They have something like articulate speech, and faces resembling those of human beings; and, in fact, they are men. At night they retire to dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots. They save other people the trouble of sowing, ploughing, and reaping, and thus deserve, at least, not to lack the bread which they themselves have produced.”

These “ferocious animals” had by some means dragged out their miserable existence for a century longer—that their breed survived is a marvel. Each succeeding year saw them grow poorer, and the nobility grow richer.

Such a pitiable condition arose in the main from the cruel despotism of the tyrants ruling France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. All through these years this state of affairs was noticeable. One might easily observe on a trip
from Calais to Paris to what prodigious poverty the ambition and dissoluteness of a tyrant can reduce an opulent and fertile country. There were visible to a writer of the period all the marks and signs of a growing misfortune; all the dismal indications of an overwhelming calamity. The fields were uncultivated; the villages unpeopled; the houses dropping to pieces. At as early a date as 1708 England perceived her neighbor to be nearing a great crisis of unknown nature.

Throughout the eighteenth century there were famines and bread riots all over the land. Why could the toiling masses not procure the little they demanded to sustain their lives? Why should the tireless laborer lack the wherewithal to nourish his starving babe? We must look for the major portion of the answers to these questions in the uses and abuses and extravagances of the Bourbon monarchy.

Louis XIV., by his fatal war policy and mania for building, brought about this astounding state of affairs. For one of his wars the people paid $20,000,000, for another twice that amount. Taine calculates that the palace at Versailles cost $150,000,000. This monarch spent vast sums upon royal highways throughout his realm. Louis XV. was a worthy disciple. This spendthrift drew heavily on the treasury, spending on the Pompadour in one year 36,000,000 francs. Large sums were showered upon court favorites. His death was hailed with delight by the people.

His son and heir was of the same pattern as his father, licentious and luxurious, always keeping his ministers of finance at their wit's ends to furnish him means for his idle purposes.

These immense amounts were raised by a system of unjust taxation. A system by which the last hard-earned sou of the people is wrested from their claw-like grasp. From those who properly should have been the life-blood of the nation, who in 1789 probably numbered 25,000,000 souls, seven-eighths of the entire population of the state, yet holding only one-fifth of the land, while cultivating the entire kingdom.

Coupled with the extravagances of the court were the privileges of the nobility and clergy as a burden upon the Fourth
Estate. These privileges were a great tax and strain upon the peasantry. Freed from taxation, military service, and a thousand other feudal impositions we see the nobility and clergy scorning the toiling farmers, and adopting every measure possible to drive the last spark of manhood from their breasts. The unparalleled patience of the peasant only delayed the Revolution. "Suffering is subjective, and a man's belief that injustice is done him is as potent a cause of discontent as if injustice were actually committed."

That grave injustice was actually done the peasant is easily perceived in the matter of taxation alone. We find the tax-collector passing by the rich and beautiful palaces of the nobility and clergy, so able to pay, and taking his stand upon the little plot of the farmer, with outstretched hand, demanding, in the king's name, more than one-half the scanty crop. And if the demand is not forthcoming, the hovel-like home is sold, and the tenant cast into a loathsome prison. The collector has no choice in the matter since his own estate must pay what he does not get from the peasant.

Seven-eighths of the kingdom was farmed by the metayer. A system similar to that employed in the Gulf States of America, known as farming "on shares." The metayer was in some cases furnished with animals, but more often struggled along with inadequate means to ensure success.

In the early spring he got out his miserable plow and other farming implements to prepare the not over-fertile soil. Arthur Young in his travels through France just on the eve of the Revolution was greatly astounded at the crudeness of the agricultural implements.

Often before the wheat is ready for the sickle the farmer has to apply to his lord for a loan of black bread to tide him over.

After he divides his crop between landlord and tax-gatherer he finds that his share is but nineteen per cent. Nineteen per cent! Can he live on such a meagre supply? Yes, but the bad years come, when the field does not give its wonted yield. When the king has seen fit to gladden the heart of his miser-
ble subject with the sight of the hunting train of a thousand
or more rushing wildly through the ripening grain.

Probably the field had escaped the *Capitaineries*, the dreaded
scourge of the land-holders. The *Capitaineries* were rights
granted by the king to nobles to hunt upon lands other than
their own. In this we perceive the paramount idea of the
kings—that the whole land is their property, of the rights of
individuals the king can have no cognizance. One tyrant goes
so far as to exclaim, “The State, I am the State.” The privi-
leges granted were enforced by numerous edicts. At certain
seasons of the year no weeding or hoeing was to be done lest
the young birds be deprived of shelter. The farmer must
leave his fences down for the passage of the train, nor must he
drive the pigeons or deer from his field. In this way the
peasant was ruined, the bread taken from the mouths of his
children, and he himself became a smuggler and robber.

He is liable to arrest for the most trivial offence. There is
no justice. Brought before some man who pays for his office,
he is stripped of any stray francs he may possess, and is handed
over to the executioner or sent to the galleys for life. There
is no system of law prevailing throughout the kingdom. What
is law in Calais has no weight in Marsailles. Justice is bought
and sold as is immunity from taxation by all whose means
will permit.

These arbitrary systems of law and taxation grinding upon
the peasant, leave unmolested the nobility and clergy. We
see the latter classes occupying a far different sphere than the
peasant. They are the bright-hued fish, the sportive dolphins,
playing upon the crests of the waves, flashing their shining
scales in the warm, bright sun, all oblivious of the fish deep
down in the tide where the light of Heaven never pierces—those
queer fish, with neither eyes nor ears, who stir about with slug-
gish movement, living out their dreary round of tireless labor
and endless misery. But wait a while. A great storm is
arising that will stir the sea’s depths, and it will be vexed by
a tumultuous hurricane. The placid bosom will be sadly ruf-
fled and the gay swarm dashed in pieces, driven upon the rocks and shoals by the dull creatures at last aroused from their lethargy.

The plan of working the public highways caused no less annoyance to the peasant than did the compulsory military service. Under the former the peasant was liable to be called from his ripening grain to assist in building the magnificent roads that stretched throughout the length of France. Roads built entirely for the accommodation of the king in his numerous journeyings. Arthur Young comments again and again upon the absence of ordinary vehicles upon the highways, and remarks that the French people seem little travelled.

The compulsory military service was a thorn in the peasant’s side. Taken from his home and family, and made to serve in the king’s army, where he was ill-treated, ill-paid, and ill-fed. No chance for promotion, as the nobility held all the offices and drew one-half of the whole amount paid the army. Should he attempt to escape this horrible drudgery, he was hunted through field and wood like a wild animal. It is no marvel that at the crucial moment this vast body of malcontents side with the people, their brothers, against the king and nobles, their oppressors.

Misery surely begets bitterness in a man, and it is not surprising that all these oppressions embittered the Fourth Estate, and tended to sap the life of the nation, to weaken the government, and to undermine the pre-eminences of the nobility. "He who chooses to be served by slaves, and ill-treated slaves, must know that he holds his property and life by a tenure far different from those who prefer the service of well-treated freemen."

And the king chose to be served by slaves. The people existing for the sake of the government, not the government for the sake of the people. He forgot that a day of reckoning would surely come, or at least hoped it would not come in his life, and he swept madly onward with all the attendant pomp and hollow glory. He could not foresee that time when the
people would clamor for the heads of the nobles, and he along with the others would roll away in the tumbril to the guillotine.

Yet just such an event came to pass; the oppressed arose, and in their might resolved to suffer no more. They swept aside every vestige of the existing order of things, the ancient régime.

They burst the fetters so cunningly devised by the nobility and clergy, and emerged into the bright light of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

A Child of Nature.

CHAPTER II.

FEW places on earth are more dear to a man than those associated with his early stages of development. The juvenile's play-ground, the first school-room, and the mother church, all have a sure and permanent resting-place in his memory and affections. And if, in passing from youth to young manhood, there be a loss of sentiment for these early scenes, it is only that sentiment may give place to a more intelligent estimate of their influence on maturer life. It is quite natural, also, that grateful remembrance of the places associated with childhood should make us more appreciative of helpful environments less remote in time.

As I sat at the window to-day of my temporary Western home, looking aimlessly into the distance, I fell into a course of thinking—thinking of the past. Pictures of college days, at once joyous, sad, and amusing were presented to view. The last days of summer were gone; the crisp morning air and changing hues of the forest reminded one that the time of rest was past, and new duties demanded new life and energy. It was late in the autumn afternoon, and a lone student had wandered back to the old familiar campus to bid farewell to the historic buildings, wherein such marvelous changes had been wrought in his life; farewell to the spacious grounds, the
theater of athletic battles hard-fought and never-to-be-forgotten; farewell to the stately trees, standing like so many silent sentinels, and regarding with equal concern the victors and the vanquished.

It is always profitable and sometimes strangely pleasant to pause on life's highway now and then, and, with unerring eye, take a retrospective view of the distance covered; to take fresh warning on seeing again the spot where, with diverted attention, the pilgrim wandered from his chosen course and fell in treacherous by-ways; to sing again the song of progress while reviewing the smooth road; but above all, to recall with honest pride the summoning of new courage, the gathering of all faculties, and the indomitable power of will which enabled him to cross over the difficult places, and enter again upon the onward march. Let no man despise his own personal history. It is the one series of events which the most skilful pen cannot commit to writing; it is the one piece of subject-matter upon which he can vie with earth's shrewdest philosopher as expounder; it is the only mirror in which may be reflected exact images of himself, which are essential elements in every course of highest development.

I seem to be living in the past to-day, for it is the last I shall spend for many months on Old Virginia soil. This sweet communion with the scenes of college days just gone, or something, I know not what, has carried my thoughts into a melancholy strain, and they run on and on, far into the past. The dear old College is, in reality, the same that it was three months ago. The towers point with equal splendor, high into the heavens, and the gray walls of the massive buildings stand out with the same proud majesty. But to the mind of one at least, as he meditates alone in the twilight hour, there is a radical change. For him henceforth the great bell will not be heard, save as a reminder of duties long gone by; the hallways shall echo with new voices; new faces shall greet the visitor, and strange feet shall tread the inviting sod. Here it was that I entered first into the wide circle of seekers after truth; here I got the first glimpse of the great fields of knowl-
edge beyond; here were formed friendships that shall last as long as life, because founded upon an intelligent conception of the qualities embodied in each friend.

Thus I mused far into the twilight, when my thoughts were arrested by the city clock striking eight. With a long, sad, affectionate look, I bid farewell to the old grounds and buildings, and hasten to meet an important engagement, for this is a history-making day. It is long past the appointed time when I arrive at her home, but of course her sweet disposition will prompt forgiveness.

Yes, she is reclining in the same hammock, but no book is necessary now to furnish food for thoughts, while the new moon throws its soft light about her form, and she gazes far into the starry heavens. My nervous tread is discovered—she rises, and, with outstretched hand, comes to meet me, but not without a word of scolding. "Hello, little sweetheart," I whisper. But, with a reproving glance, she says: "Jack, you are awfully late to-night, considering that this is your last visit for so long a time. Aren't you ashamed to keep me waiting so long? It is now less than two hours before your train; tea has been served long ago, and I shall have to give you yours all by yourself." I stammered something about delay in getting off my baggage, but inwardly congratulated myself upon Annie's last statement; for it must be evident to even the careless student of human nature that it would be embarrassing for me to sit at the family table now. Not only this, but I am to have the pleasure of taking tea with her alone. If there ever can be a time when to the mind of a young man his fiancée seems more sublimely beautiful than any other, it must be when first he sees her assume the dignified rôle of matron, seat herself across the table, and, with womanly indulgence, administers to his culinary whims. It was the longest meal Jack ever ate, and yet it was scarcely enough to sustain an infant.

The time of parting was drawing rapidly near, and, to spend the few remaining moments, we turned naturally to the old hammock, where first I saw her. We ran hastily over our
plans again, and each tried to be bright and joyous, until there was heard the distant rumble of the 10:15 train.

"Good-bye" is always a solemn word. It is a single sound that summons ten thousand memories of the past, and brings an impenetrable wall between us and the future. Who knows but that this may be the last fond farewell? And if Fate wills it not, who can prophesy the changes that may come to me and thee ere we meet again? Changes, indeed, must come; storm-clouds, sunshine and shadow, but Heaven grant that the lapse of time may serve only to strengthen the ties which now bind two hearts that beat as one! With mutual pledges, too deep to be expressed, two lovers lingered awhile in fond embrace—then parted. One remained to cheer and brighten that model Old Virginia home; the other hastened to catch the "Vestibule Limited," bound for the West, whither he went to study his chosen profession.

Yes, changes have come, but right loyally have we kept our pledges. The long, historic three years are gone. Annie has changed, but only from the bright-eyed girl of eighteen summers to the maturer sweetness of one and twenty. Through all the cares, anxieties, plans, and prospects of my professional course, she has been a devoted friend and a worthy counsellor. And who can estimate the value of such a friend at such a time? Who but the woman of his choice can enter so fully into all the hopes and aspirations of a young American? If, by chance, the cruel world should come into possession of his secret aspirations, immediately it erects a cold interrogation point after each. But she who has learned to love him has unquestioned faith, and is not slow to lend encouragement.

Three years! It is not long to most men. But to him whose means and ways of thinking are undergoing radical changes every day, whose plans for the future are continually being readjusted to closer and closer approximations of real conditions, and who, in addition to these, struggles with an ardent desire to lay aside routine duties and enter upon his life work; to such a one three years is often equal to a lifetime.
"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The battle has been fought, the victory won. Like some spring morning after a stormy night, the sun shines clear and beautiful to-day, and everywhere there is peace. Yesterday I received my professional degree. To-day I am leaving for the historic "City by the James," whither I go to claim my own. Never were the streets so thronged with cheery faces; never did the Union Station seem more inviting; never shone the orange hues of the Chesapeake and Ohio's "F. F. V." with more resplendent beauty. Swiftly our train glides across the plains, but not more rapidly than travel the thoughts of one of her passengers, who, like the cars, leaves everything behind and hurries to the future.

Twilight finds us stealing rapidly around the Blue Ridge ledges, dodging now into a tunnel, now across a trestle, but, on schedule time, hastening to our journey's end. My Pullman berth failed to attract sweet sleep until far into the night, when I fell to dreaming of the long, long ago.

But hark! There is the long, shrill whistle of the locomotive! The whole train vibrates with the strong tension of "down brakes!" And now the noise of escaping steam rings out upon the morning air, as we are brought suddenly to a standstill.

"Here yo' fried chick'n, ham sanidge, an' hot kawfy! Nice lunch, boss?"
"Gordonsville," I said, "ninety miles from Richmond;" and lay back upon my pillow.

(To be Continued.)
A Bachelor's Confession.

A friend have I, spare and high,
With thoughtful mind and eager eye;
His hair is mixed with silver gray,
For of this life he's near half way.

'Tis true; and so I speak with dolor strong,
He's been a lusty bachelor too long;
I grieve, because I know what joy he's lost,
And peace, the life he's lived with so much cost.

'Twas eventide of clear October,
That season of reflection sober,
We lay upon the with'ring, grassy lawn,
And watched the sun sink down and say, "I'm gone!"

Anon said he, "Alfred, thy ear's concession
And I'll declare my soul's confession."
"Speak, then, my friend," I said, "supremely dear,
And had I twenty ears they all should hear."

He spoke; his words came trembling from his lips
Like drops, dew-drops, that fall from the leaf that drips,
When shook by morning's gentle breeze
That drives the dew from all the trees.

"My life," said he, "for years—yes, for years—
Has clouded up and filled with doubts and fears;
In vain I've sought my soul's desire afar,
But yet, not yet, is the door of hope ajar.

Perhaps you ask the object of my quest,
For what I've sought and sought with so much zest?
'Tis hard to say in words so cold as steel,
And image forth the thought I strongly feel.

"But know thou this: 'Twas not for sordid gold
That I went forth against this world so bold
To seek—it was not that; my constant thought
Was for a prize more charged with worth and fraught."
A BACHELOR'S CONFESSION.

"Nor was it fame, fair fame, that seized my soul
And led me forth in quest of the distant goal;
Although I've always tried to live and act
So that my conscience would ne'er say 'retract.'

"And so for twenty years, with fruitless art,
I've sought, I've searched, I've pined for my counterpart—
That one so fair, so pure, that would supply
My life with joy and peace or e'er I die.

"My eyes have often seen true maids and rare;
At first, I think—an angel she—so fair!
But soon she changes; lo, imperfection!
I hang my head; then follows sad rejection."

With this he stopped, he ceased to speak,
And tears, big tears, rolled down his cheek.

I left him there upon the lawn and went
Away—upon reflection deeply bent.
Thought I: So many there are from whom to choose,
Why, ah, why should he his dear prize lose.

Deep from my soul the answer came so real;
I listened; it said, he sought for his ideal—
No other one, howe'er so fair or true,
Would ever, could ever, suit him or you.

Thou'rt right, my soul; thou dost not, canst not lie;
And, since thou speakest true, how many die
Of heart-ache; nature's law they failed to obey;
In early youth they oft were wont to say:

"Thou'rt right, my soul; but yet, if I can't find
My mind's ideal, another will I bind
To my heart—yea, fast and firm; for I abhor
The thought of ever being a bachelor."

A. J. H.
“WELL,” he said to himself, as the last of the girls went upstairs, “now what am I to do the rest of the afternoon while the girls are asleep. Too hot to ride to town, nothing on earth to read, and I never could sleep in the day time. Confound afternoon naps, anyway.”

Thus grumbled Bob Withers, one sultry summer’s afternoon when left by the girls to amuse himself. He was staying for the summer at the country home of his aunt, and, as his cousin had a house full of girls visiting her, was enjoying it immensely, except the afternoons, which, as he expressed it, were “everlasting uninteresting.”

This afternoon seemed particularly unbearable. He had read the last novel in the house, and his customary drive was impossible. He was thoroughly miserable.

“I can’t sit here on the porch and bake,” he growled, “my room is worse than a furnace, and—oh, I know—I’ll go down under the trees and try to keep cool.”

So down he went, and finding an inviting spot beneath a large shrub was soon comfortably day-dreaming. He was roused from his reverie by the sound of voices, feminine voices, nearing him.

“Are you sure he won’t come down here?” asked one silvery voice, and Bob started when he recognized it as belonging to Blanche Moore. He rather liked that voice, and had started quite a flirtation with its owner the day before.

“Yea,” came the answer, his cousin this time, “Bob always goes to town afternoons. Oh, Blanche! here’s a lovely place where no one will ever see us,” and in a moment more the two had fluttered down beneath a tree just in front of him.

Bob stirred anxiously. What was he to do? It would frighten the girls to walk out and show himself. It would be better to keep quiet until they went to sleep. But a word from his cousin decided him. She had mentioned his name.

“Oh, Blanche,” she was saying, “isn’t it a nuisance having Bob around. If there were only girls in the house couldn’t
we have a good time out here on the lawn in our wrappers. We wouldn't have to dodge then."

"Umph! Listeners never hear good of themselves. I guess I'd better stop," said the man beneath the bush, but he strained his ears to catch the answer, nevertheless.

"Well, I don't know. It would be right bad not to have a man here. Besides, he has been very kind to me," said Blanche, and Bob blessed her for the answer.

"Yes, that's Bob's way. He has been kind to every girl in the house. He's a confirmed flirt. Has he made love yet?"

"No, but he seemed ready to. I thought he was really—but what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, Blanche! I have the greatest scheme. If you will just help me work it, we will cure Master Bob of his flirtatious habits. You let him make love to you; lead him on; get him in it bad; make him propose, and all that, and then tell him the joke. Won't that be a joke?" And the two laughed heartily. The man in the bush was afraid that his ears would set fire to the bushes. "What have I struck?" was his only thought.

"I'll do it," said Blanche. "We'll work it just right, and tell all the rest of the girls beforehand. Oh, won't it be a joke," and the two again went into peals of laughter.

When they had talked the plan over a little more they quieted down, and the listener had time to collect his thoughts.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! He certainly wasn't going to furnish the fun for the crowd, but how was he to avoid it? Quit paying attention to Blanche? That would frustrate the scheme, but not punish the schemers. There was but one course left. He would give Blanche the grand rush, and then bring off his *denouement* just before they were ready. Then it would certainly be on them. He would do it.

As the girls were perfectly silent now, a sure sign that they were asleep, he crept from his place of concealment, and, as soon as was out of sight, made a bee-line for the stables, and was soon speeding toward town.
As he wanted to give the plot full time to develop, he remained until late. Sure enough, when he rode up to the porch, the whole crowd seemed to be waiting for him, and they all wore the self-important air girls assume when they have a secret to keep. He was sure the plot was full-fledged, and that he could proceed with his counter-plot.

As soon as he started to talk to Blanche the whole bevy retired out of sight, if not out of ear-shot, as he perceived. The same thing happened after tea, and the two were left alone on the porch. "This isn't half bad," thought our hero, "it wasn't always this easy to get a tête-à-tête with any of you," and he smiled at the thought of his own plot.

And so matters went on several days. The two were always together, wherever the party went, and always had unlimited opportunity for conversation. Bob enjoyed it immensely, and flattered himself that he was playing his part finely. All was merry for him until one night he was sitting on the porch talking to her and getting more than usually sentimental, when he noticed the smiles on the faces of the rest of the girls who had just come up. This brought him up with a jerk, and when he went to his room a few moments later it was with very different feelings from those he had experienced several hours before.

The smile on the girls' faces when they saw the two, recalled to him the part he must play, and the same thought told him that he was not playing it. He knew to-night, it was the first time he had realized it, that he loved her. It came to him like a shock, but he was certain of it. He loved her, and his success in his part had not been acting, but reality. And with the thought of the love came the maddening thought of the consequences. He could not love her. He would not. He must keep up the farce. He must play the part. The love must not conquer, for conquest meant disgrace. And then and there he made up his mind to play the part to the end, even though his acting hid the reality and though his triumph over the plotters meant the death of his love. He must and he would.

Next morning he was fully master of himself, and for the next few days things went on as before. Beneath the mask of
the flirt he hid the heart of the lover, and played his part well.

At last the night before her departure came. The two were sitting on the porch together in the soft twilight. Then he told her the old, old story with a fire and passion that frightened him when at last he took her hand and, looking pleadingly into its owner's face, pressed the question. She started, drew her hand away and said, "You—you must give me time to think."

Now was his time. He nerved himself and laughed—a forced, nervous laugh—and said, "You have played your part nobly, Miss Blanche, let me congratulate you. You are a consummate actress."

"Actress? Played my part? Explain yourself, Mr. Withers."

"I mean," he said, "I mean that I know the plan you and cousin hatched. I heard it all, and I did not want to be the sport of the house, so I played my part the best I could. Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you, Mr. Withers, if I have done anything to be congratulated for. I thought—I had hoped—good night—I feel tired; excuse me," and she was gone.

He went straight to his room and threw himself on the bed. He had played his part, but at what a cost. Her last words puzzled him. Could she mean—no, impossible—he had heard—he was sure of it, and yet—no—there could be no doubt of it—and he gave the problem up in despair. He had won and lost.

Next morning he did not go down to breakfast until he had heard the carriage drive off with the girls who were leaving. When he got down his aunt said, "Why, mercy me! Here you are looking all broken up, too. What happened to you and Blanche? She didn't eat a bite of breakfast, and Dolly said she cried all night long, but wouldn't tell. Why, what's the matter?"

"Aunt, what time does that train leave town? Nine-fifty? Well, I have important business—sudden call. I'll go in the dog-cart. Good-bye. I'll wire you from Greytown," and he was gone like a shot.
The aunt, not nearly as much disturbed as would seem natural, walked to the window in time to see him turn a corner at a pace that threatened to throw the cart off its wheels, and then she sat down again.

"Well," she said, "if he doesn’t break his neck between here and the station it will come out all right. Why didn’t he tell me? Old people know lots more about young girls than young boys will ever think. But ‘the course of true love never did run smooth.’"

To Vesuvius.

We were a party of Richmond College men. Rather an unusual party, no doubt; at least, the street boys of the various cities we had visited seemed to think we were queer in appearance. We had left college a bright, green, neatly-attired lot of young Americans. We had roamed over Europe for three long months, and now found ourselves a jaded, well-informed (?), ragged collection of sight-seers, basking in the rather tepid August sunshine of Southern Italy.

We had followed Marie Antoinette from her gorgeous apartments at Versailles via le Palais du Justice (?) and la Place de la Concorde to her tomb at St. Denis. We had unfalteringly traced Napoleon from the siege of Toulon to his grand finale at Waterloo. We had sat a whole morning on the mound which holds the crouching form of the terrible British lion, and had looked sympathetically on the scene of that great soldier’s disaster. We had read every inscription in which the name of Bismarck could be found; had gazed intently at every piece of stone or bronze which was chiselled into a likeness of his features. We had inspected curiously the old-fashioned windmills in Holland. Had thought of the time when Peter the Great worked there. Had been awaked at early morn by the clatter of those wooden shoes on little Dutch feet. We had studied with Protestant zeal the career of the great Martin Luther from the time that he picked up chips,
played the fiddle, and drank beer at Frau Cotter's; through his perilous siege at Worms, his concealment and incarceration at the Wartburg, and on to the end. We had climbed every cathedral tower in Europe "to get a better idea of the city's topography," as our Professor explained to an inquiring youth when we were ascending number sixty-nine. We had uncomplainingly paid admission to every art gallery. Had then taken the guide-book and made believe that we were looking at the "madonnas," the "San Sebastions," etc., by Chev. Sciambatti or Senor Michael Raffeonino, while really we were wondering where we would meet our mail next, or if the Professor ever would get tired. But now we had reached Naples, and I think every one solemnly took a private and individual oath that no consideration whatsoever could prevail upon him sufficiently to induce him into another church, hall, museum, or what-not that could, by any possibility, have therein anything to look at. We had seen so many wonderful things succeed each other in such panoramic rapidity, that something on the order of a naval battle, thunder-and-lightning show, or volcanic eruption was necessary to quiet our nerves.

We decided on a trip to Vesuvius. So about nine o'clock one morning we started, when the sun was beginning to indicate that his debate with some other celestial body was warming up. They say that that is the same sun which casts his cherry beams over our grand republic, but we were all agreed (an unusual occurrence) that he must have his cold shoulder toward us in America. Well, we rolled along in our "shaky gigs" through the dirtiest, filthiest streets on earth, importuned on every hand by masses of the most squalid, miserable-looking beings known to us to bear the name of man. May be, though, they think that bay right by too beautiful to bathe in—only another instance of Teutonic America's lack of artistic instinct. After running past the batteries of organ grinders, flower venders, wine dealers, and hermits who wanted to bless us (for a penny), we began the slow winding up that famous old mountain. Through fields of lava, fuming sulphur, and on, with the smoking crest above ever in view. About half
way up we had to leave the vehicles and straddle donkeys, which jogged along totally unmindful of our vigorous prods and warmed-over language. "Wiseacre" Joe informed us of the why—being Italian mules, they didn't understand English.

Soon we reached the foot of the cable railway and found a restaurant, where a plate of soup, a piece of fish, and a bottle of wine apiece prepared us for what was to come. When the car started up that incline I am sure every last one of us wished himself back on the old Virginia farm and securely tied to mother's apron string. Talk about dreaming of street fights, burglars, toe-pullers, or falling in wells? Why, that is Sunday-school chat. We were being pulled right straight up in the air by a rope only a quarter of an inch thick. It was like going up an elevator with no house around you. Oh, it was awful! Each one looked at the other and tried not to seem afraid. But when the Professor took off his little straw bonnet and looked back down the mountain, as if he were picking out a softly-padded place on which to light, I think that even Moses had doubts as to whether he had lived just as he ought. The mercury went up and down my backbone at a Ben Hur speed.

The suspense came to an end, though. We left the car and struggled the rest of the way through the knee-deep lava dust, and remembered that—

"Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it and souls toiled and striven."

And our efforts were rewarded by several peeps into those monster, fiery jaws. A good many scientific and metaphysical problems presented themselves as we stood around that abyss which, by its roarings, and flames, and disagreeable odors, certainly suggested unpleasant localities. But the always mathematically exact and historically accurate Vivian took the wind out of our sales by reading from Baedeker that this was not the volcano which destroyed Pompeii and Herculanenum at all, but was only a little freak which had bubbled up
a few years ago. The famous one was now a quiet little mound of black dirt off toward the east. Silently we strode down the mountain, scorn depicted on each countenance. Who in that crowd wanted to bother with a volcano that had not covered any cities?

Out to sea we saw a white liner flying the German flag. We watched her as she gradually steamed into Naples. Unconsciously all of us smiled. To-morrow we would be aboard—going back to the land of the free.

W. S. McN.
LIBERTY OF THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.  

In our last issue the leading editorial was on Hazing. In this issue we publish an article from one who takes the opposite view from that held by the editor-in-chief. In this article the writer has interpreted our position wrongly in some instances, but we do not desire to continue the discussion, and, so far as we are concerned, it will be closed by the present article. We are very glad to publish this answer to our view, as we do not desire to deny space to any of the students who may differ with us on any questions.

And this leads us to put in a plea for freedom of thought and expression; for a broad-mindedness that will recognize that there are two sides to a question—a very trite saying, but one hard for us to learn; and for a generosity in mind which will enable us to respect one who expresses his convictions—even though he dare think differently from what we do. It is often the quintessence of conceit for us to become offended at opinions expressed by others, and to think them aimed at us; as the author may not not have done us the honor to even think of us in connection with the statements he has made.

In so far as we are able to agree with others, all right, but it does not follow that we must fall out with them as soon as they disagree with us on any point. The world would be dreadfully uninteresting if all of us looked at every question in the same way. We would not give much to hear or read the opinions of those who sought our views and then expressed themselves in harmony with what we thought. Let each one express his honest convictions, and then let us, with unprejudiced minds, weigh the arguments and try to form an opinion of our own. Our one desire should be to learn the facts in any case, to know the truth concerning any question. To this end let argument tread upon the heel of argument, that we may arrive at a right decision in the end.
EDITORIAL.

Let all of us, then, strive after a disinterested love of truth, and seek to cultivate that rare virtue—charity for those whose opinions are at variance with our own.

SPIDER OF '99. It is a big responsibility that the students have placed upon the business manager and the editors of the Spider in asking them to get out an annual for us, and it is the duty of each one of us to co-operate with them in their arduous undertaking. There are two ways in which we may help them.

It is asking entirely too much of our editors to expect them to do all of the writing and illustrating. So if we can do anything to help them we should do it without delay, as all the matter will have to be in within the next few weeks. Not all of us can write or draw, but there is another way in which each student in college can help, and in which each one of us ought to help—this is by placing our names upon the subscription roll. It is very necessary that we render this aid to the business manager if we expect him to made a success of our business.

Let us all work together for the success of the '99 Spider. We have gotten out creditable annuals heretofore, and by united efforts on the part of all we may this year surpass all previous efforts.

VALEDICTORY With this issue of the MESSENGER the term of the present Editor-in-Chief comes to an end. As he looks back over his year's work he is deeply conscious of having fallen short of what he planned at the beginning, but he hopes that the generous readers of the MESSENGER have been kind to any virtues they may have found, and to any faults, a little blind.

Our paper is not what it ought to be and is not what we can make it. It has been the lot of the retiring Chief to be forced to complain of the little interest that most of the students man-
ifest in our magazine. He would not in his last issue again touch upon so unpleasant a subject but for the fact that he hopes thereby to relieve his successor of the necessity of beginning with a wail. With a few notable exceptions the students utterly neglect the great opportunity for improvement that is offered to them in writing for the Messenger. But aside from failing to improve ourselves, there is another very serious consequence to be noted. The Messenger is sent out to all parts of our country, and from it many people judge of the merits of our school; and this judgment, whether just or not, is a most natural one. For this reason pride in our College should spur us on to greater literary activity. We may differ as to means of inspiring College spirit, but we all must agree as to some specific ways in which it is manifested. Surely, then, we will agree that any student who is able to support his College magazine and yet will not render this support—whether it be by subscribing or contributing, or both—is showing himself to be utterly lacking in one of the essential elements of College spirit.

The mantle of the Editor-in-Chief now falls upon the very worthy shoulders of James D. Gwaltney, of Virginia. In selecting him for this position we have placed great responsibilities upon him, and it is our duty to rally to his support in the discharge of them. Let each one do what he can, and the Messenger will take a new lease upon life and will equal what it used to be in its palmiest days.

Before laying aside the editorial pen the retiring Chief desires to extend his thanks to all who have helped him during his term of service. It has been his fortune to serve with two Business Managers—first with John Jeter Hurt, under whose wise management the Messenger's finances were placed upon a solid basis; and then with Allen W. Freeman, the present Manager and a worthy successor to Mr. Hurt. With both of these gentlemen his relations have been uniformly cordial, and he takes this opportunity of thanking them for their many helpful suggestions. For the associate editors he has only
words of praise. They have never hesitated to render any aid asked of them, and whatever of success the magazine has known is to be credited largely to them. Let us all rally around the new Chief and heartily second all of his efforts and the future success of the *MESSENGER* will be assured.
So much has been said about the great blizzard of 1899, that there is not even room for us to mention the fact that we also felt some of its touches. Those of us who read the papers have noticed the contention as to which was the greater blizzard, that of '57 or '99. We wish to close the dispute forever and for all by making known Robert's opinion on the subject, he says: "This weather aint knee-high to that we had in '57."

Spring is almost here. The birds are beginning to warble again, the buds will soon begin to spring out of the trees, baseball has awakened and much interest is being shown in the prospects for the team of 1899. Captain Bagby feels much encouraged, and wishes to enlist the interest and sympathy of all; he promises us a winning club.

The walls of the Science Hall are going up rapidly now that the weather permits continuous work, and we will soon see another stately building looming up on the dear old campus.

At the last meeting of the Trustees they decided to temporarily relieve President Boatwright of his duties as President and Professor and to send him "on the road" for the college; his field of work will be Virginia. Wishes for success attend him.

The formal opening of the second half session which was to have taken place on Thursday, February 9th, was postponed till Tuesday the 14th, but when that date arrived it was found that we had, as it were, "jumped out of the snow-shovel into the snow," the condition of the weather being much worse on the latter than on the former date. The postponement is now indefinite.
We wish to call special attention to the entertainment which is soon to take place under the joint auspices of our Athletic Association and the Virginia Lyceum Bureau. On Friday night, March 17th, the Star Trio of this city assisted by the Glee Club will be the attraction at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Part of the proceeds will go to our athletic funds, and it is earnestly desired that every man in college interest himself in this affair. The literary societies have adjourned for that night and we hope that every member who is faithful to his society will attend the entertainment in place of his society.

The public Debate of the Philologian Society will take place Friday night, March 10th.

Prof. S. C. Mitchell has been on the campus for a week or more; he has returned to Richmond for a short while in order to work up his thesis for degree of Ph. D. from Chicago University, the University having granted him leave of absence for that purpose. It is a great pleasure for his old students to be able to see him again, even though occasionally, and we envy the new men who will be under him during the next few years after his return to his professorial duties.

The work on the "Spider" of 1898-1899 is now well on, and the hearty co-operation of every student is earnestly desired by those who have the work in charge.

Mr. T. B. E. Spencer who has recently suffered such a long and confining spell of typhoid fever has improved enough to leave the hospital and go to his home. Owing to the great interruption in his studies and the length of time lost he will not be able to return to College this session.

We are glad to say that there is very little sickness among the student body now. Mr. Fred. Gochnauer has about recovered from quite a troublesome attack of "Grippe" and now is "hot" after the base-ball team; he has his eye on pitch, and will give somebody a race for that position.
Several black and red sets of eyes are seen about the campus as the result of snow-ball battles during the recent snow.

At a recent meeting of the '98 foot-ball team, Mr. S. M. Stone was elected captain of the team of '99. We are sure Sam will make a good one, but you all must help him. In foot-ball, as well as all college affairs, the more we stick together the more we can accomplish.

Mr. L. M. Ritter recently had the misfortune to sprain one of his ankles; however, we are glad to say he is now doing quite well.

Messrs. Rawls and Deans think they are equals of the noted Pillsbury in the game of Backgammon.

We are sorry to note the fact the Mr. John Alan Moore, one of our most noted lights in the Law school, has withdrawn from college for the second half. He expects to return next year; we hope he will. He is one of that kind of men who originated the sayings, "Never judge a man by his stature"; "Little but loud," etc.

The Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society will hold its annual public debate on Friday night, March 31st.

The heavy "thud" of the ball as it strikes the bat about four inches from the end, and which is such a joyful sound to the batsman's heart, is now a familiar sound on the campus. The opposing teams had better look to their laurels, we are going to have a team of "sluggers."

"Dr." Hall has returned to college after quite a spell of sickness; it was probably a fortunate thing for him that his position was recumbent during the late cold snap, for we little fellows thought it was cold enough down where we moved about, what must it have been at his altitude!!
We've all "got it in for" Hening!!

Prof. R. E. Gaines is acting in the capacity of President during Dr. Boatwright's absence.

The partakers of Bouis' bountiful board had a hard time, poor fellows, during the bad weather; some of them were driven like the robins to seek shelter and food from the kindly Fugate; others lived for days at a time on crusts, toothpicks and love; some lived on the fond but now bitter remembrance of when they boarded at Fugate's, and still others came very near starving from pride, and no doubt would have done so but for the fact that they had kind friends at Fugate's.

We must close, its time for the Bijou matinee.

MORE ABOUT HAZING.

The editorial article that appeared in our columns last month in defence of a mild form of hazing has occasioned a good deal of discussion. This article, of course, did not purport to be an expression of the sentiment of the student body as a whole, nor, indeed, of any class of the student body. It was merely the individual opinion of our editor-in-chief. He has been criticized—perhaps severely in some cases—by those that believe differently in this matter. But even granted that his views are not commendable, and that it had been better not to give expression to them publicly, still we must remember that our editor is entitled to some of the breadth of thought and liberty of expression that belong to the press in general. Possibly it would be fortunate if the views of our editor should always coincide with the views of the College as a whole. But if this should happen not to be the case, we must not quarrel with him for merely giving expression to what he believes, especially so long as opportunity is given to express the contrary opinion.
Now in regard to hazing; certainly a part of the editorial staff cannot by any means endorse the views of the editor-in-chief. Furthermore, we believe that in the eyes of a majority of our students hazing in any form whatever is contemptible. We say unhesitatingly that it is absolutely wrong at the bottom. As the editorial suggests, it originates in two ideas. The first is the inferiority and—in some cases—the freshness of the new student. Now we have no right to assume that a new man is inferior to even a Senior. Perhaps it is usually true as to development, but it is by no means true as to his rights and privileges as a student. No one will question that matriculation admits all students to the same rights and privileges, without any discrimination. It must be so. A college cannot exist if it fail to insure equal rights and privileges to all. On what ground, then, can the old students claim a right to those “certain privileges that the first-year men are denied”?

Then, if occasionally a new man is intolerably fresh, whence comes either the right or the principle of teaching him by force a lesson in Sociology? Why not leave such a lesson to be administered by Professor Gaines, Winston, or Mitchell? Seldom does it happen that a student retains much conceit after spending a few weeks in the lecture-room. But in this work of teaching the new man what is his proper sphere the student also may have a part. Here the Senior may and does employ a force—powerfully, but legitimately. In his casual relations he very soon forces upon the first-year man the idea that in a certain sense the Seniors are far above him, and that he can hope to equal them only on condition that he will submit himself to years of toil and drudgery. The poor first-year fellow cannot be so dull that he will fail to note how the Senior towers above him—not only in his classes, but in various other particulars. Students that have noticed this point will usually admit that, without the aid of the “toe-pullers” the new man very soon, as a rule, gets over his freshness.

The second idea in which hazing originates is the supposed right of one student to coerce another. Such a notion was not inconsistent with the general spirit of the Dark Ages, yet it
was intolerable even then to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers living in the wilds of Germany. Much less can even a thought of oppression be tolerated by the same people after many centuries of education in democratic principles. To-day, moreover, in the new light of the twentieth century, the eternal principles of right and justice are more radiant than ever before; and so it would be ridiculous for any one to argue for a moment that "might is right." But it is claimed that a mild form of hazing is so trivial a matter that it is out of place to connect with it the name of force. It is said that no force would be used if the intended victim would submit without it. That is true; but no student is so constituted that he will submit to having his toe pulled, for instance, except through fear of something worse. Now it must be admitted that merely pulling a fellow's toe would not be a very bad thing; in fact, if that were all, it might be even a good thing. The night airing might be good for the toe; and such a spectacle—apart from what is involved—would, no doubt, afford some really wholesome fun. But the idea of personal dignity, which, seriously, every one commends and admires, makes this small act a great matter. In every human being worthy of the name this feeling of personal dignity is a high sentiment. Consequently he would prefer bodily pain to the humiliation that comes with being made the victim of brute force. And such humiliation is inevitable to every student that is so obtuse as not to see a huge joke in submitting to have his toe pulled. This is true even in those cases where still less is exacted. The deed gets its importance not from the nature of the exaction, but from the mere fact that one student must bend in humble submission to another student.

Now such humiliation is the acknowledged object of hazing, according to our editorial. And the chief end aimed at, it is claimed, is the good of the victim. Now, granted that some good accrues to him, it may be maintained that the evil results are greater. The sense of an inherent manly dignity is in every individual a powerful incentive to right and noble action. Whenever this feeling is abased, the individual is in-
jured. Of course, we may except the case of those whose dignity is not of the genuine type, and which gives rise to pertness or freshness. But the friends of hazing admit that these cases are only exceptions, and that hazing extends to the new men in general only in order to reach the few fellows that need it. And so they humiliate, and consequently injure, many, while they benefit only a few. But this is not the worst. In every institution there is a class of students that cannot be persuaded that hazing is right. Antagonism will necessarily result from two such contrary positions on the question of hazing, and so the harmony of college life will be broken by friction between two classes of students.

Again, hazing is advocated for the sake of promoting college spirit. Considering this broadly, we may say that good cannot come from any cause that conflicts with the principles of right and justice. "Spirit," be it of college or what not, had better be eternally dead than to be secured by a feeling of dominion over others, or by any means whatever that are not in accord with the principles of strict right. But what constitutes college spirit? What constitutes national patriotism? Does not one of its essential elements lie in the feeling that our country is not divided, but that as a unit it possesses power, and is able, by virtue of common interests and common desires, to cope with any nation under the sun. Or is patriotism a feeling on the part of some particular class, section, or State, that it is superior to the rest of the nation, and that it can exercise authority at will over all the rest? Similarly, is college spirit worthy of the name when it exists among only one class of students? Obviously it is the college spirit of only the old men that is recognized by our editorial. Surely it cannot be claimed that the humiliation of a student by hazing contributes to the development of his college spirit. Nothing is farther from it. But granted that college spirit belongs exclusively to the old student, will he be so menial as to have it on no other condition than of being made the "guardian of old traditions and customs"? And though it is his priceless legacy, will he not permit the new man to have a share of so
noble a sentiment? Oh, let us admit that college spirit is the part of every loyal student, and that it can exist in its highest form only when all barriers are removed between classes of students, and when they are all bound together with a tie of sympathy, of common interests, and of high resolve to labor together for the good of their college, and for the spread of truth.

The idea of hazing could never have originated on American soil. It is absolutely inconsistent with the spirit of American institutions. Every true American glows with a zeal for keeping American principles and institutions in advance of the age, and worthy of being models for all the world. But in hazing we have a custom the spirit of which has come down to us from barbarism. It may be well enough in those colleges that are known chiefly on account of their athletics, and that are perpetuating the Spartan idea that the body alone is worthy of education. But what student of Richmond College does not rejoice in the fact that ours is a higher conception? Who does not rejoice because the founders of our institution recognized a dignity and worth of a higher order than that of the body, and because the one aim of our College to-day is to develop the highest possible type of Christian manhood?

Only may all students set before them an equally high ideal, and hazing will cease forever. Though they may be "fun-loving," and though it may be a "temptation" to pull some fellow's toe, yet any such desire will vanish in the presence of so lofty an ideal. It will give place to a higher conception of the dignity of a human being, and to a recognition of the common brotherhood of man. It will raise the student above the low plane where he can take pleasure in human degradation—especially in the abasement and humiliation of a fellow student. It will destroy the baneful notion of the superiority of one class of students over another, and bring them to a realization of the grand truth that the true mission of all students is the same—to purge politics and society of all that is impure; to disseminate knowledge and culture in their highest forms, and to inspire all men with a deep yearning for Truth.

S. L. M.
BASE-BALL. With the advent of warm weather the “Spiders” are beginning to crawl about and stretch their sturdy little limbs in the balmy sunshine. Affairs around base-ball headquarters are livening up. Captain Bagby is the busiest man in College, and the “cranks” are wild with interest. The old men are daily seen in groups talking over games past and gone—when “Baby” Phillips was the College idol, and big old “Puss” Ellyson was the senior’s pride and the freshman’s ambition. The new men are standing around with gaping mouths, anxious to catch any bit of base-ball history, and to learn any schemes that may further their chances for a position on this year’s team. The grounds are rapidly drying off, uniforms are being brushed up, new goods are coming in, and in a few days we shall see the insects getting into shape to bring new honors to our already enviable record.

Like an intelligent leader, “Cap.” has begun at the bottom, and will give his men sound bodies before the field practice is attempted. They are in the “Gym” each afternoon now taking the dumb bell and wand drill, working the pulleys and chest weights, going over the ladder, punching the bag, and ending up with a smart half-mile jog, a shower, and rub down. “Old John” has his rough towels out, and says, “if dem b’y’s don’t win I’se gwine t’ know why.”

Thus far about thirty applications have been handed in. They are: Boyd, Gordon, Withers, Hooker, Owen, Dunningway, Sanford, Robinson, Lowell, Leonard, Phillips, Lambert, Graves, Boston, Carneal, Barksdale, (not lazy Charles), Lynn, Howard, James, Whitehead, Stone, McConnel, Norfleet, Boatwright, Blundon, Duke, Kerfoot, Moore, Broadus, and others. The above list is incomplete, and could not be bettered, as Capt. Bagby was too busy to be troubled, and says he is more interested in results than press reports, and that this is the wrong end of the season to win games or to praise
ATHLETICS.

players. All of us have perfect confidence in his skill and judgment, and are pleased with his uniform precision. He will be assisted in the coaching by the city Alumni and some of the old men who are still in College.

That "heavy wagons make less noise," is typically true of Manager Gregory. His position does not afford occasion for hat-raising in response to enthusiastic applause. We never think of the trouble some one has had to arrange those games, while we look at them from a nicely cushioned box seat in the grandstand, and urge the fair one beside us to give evidence of that enthusiasm of which she spoke at the last German. Silently and "in the even tenor of the way," our manager fulfills his duty by meeting the astuteness of other managers with his inherited judicial sagacity. Truly his victories are no less renowned. By what we thought exceeding cleverness, we found out from him that the '99 schedule will be of unusual length and interest. A trip into North Carolina is arranged, several short excursions nearby for Virginia scalps, the usual games in Washington and Baltimore, and an exciting "At Home" card. Manager Gregory is too diplomatic, however, to reveal other deals which are in progress of formation. We are no little 'proud' to have a manager so well known in sporting circles, and are assured that he will secure the best appointments for our team, be it either at home or abroad.

Now then, you fellows of '99. We salute you, and wish you all hail! Be diligent, persevering, upright, and fair in all circumstances, and we will answer for the rest.

GYMNASIA M. Outside of base-ball, we have enough men to keep other branches of exercise going. The Gymnasium is a constantly increasing source of attraction. Director Williams is very skillful in his class work. His dumb-bell drill is a "corker." The evolutions of the running squad are a delight to rhythmic souls. The two assistants, Scruggs and Cammack, are very efficient and painstaking instructors. "Old Black Dobbins" keeps the bathing department in first-class and up-to-date order.
A special effort will be made to put out a strong track team. Several promising men are waiting for dry ground to begin vaulting, jumping, running, and so on. The Association has not yet decided to accept the invitation to the Georgetown meet, but some members are very anxious to go.

The Tennis teams will certainly be winners. The wire back stops are up again, and the "duck trouser" lads are much in evidence on the campus each afternoon. All things considered, we are on an Athletic boom.
Book Reviews.

Probably no book which has made its appearance in recent years has created such wide-spread interest among Southern people in general and Virginia people in particular as "Prisoners of Hope," by Miss Mary Johnston. It is the first attempt of a young authoress, and rarely has a more lovely story been told in a more artistic manner. A brilliant future is undoubtedly before Miss Johnston, and we look forward with great pleasure to the appearance of a second work.

It is a tale of Old Colonial Virginia, about the year 1663, just a few years after the return of Charles II. from the Continent. His Majesty is represented in the Colony at the time by Sir William Berkeley. Miss Johnston shows a thorough knowledge of the history of the time, both in England and in Virginia, and nowhere is there to be found a better description of the condition of the white slaves of that day. Her hero, Godfrey Landless, is himself a victim of the cruel laws passed soon after the return of Charles, condemning many of the Roundheads to serve terms of slavery in the colonies. The heroine's father, Colonel Verney, is a typical Virginia planter of the colonial period—a man of broad mind and of warm heart—a thoroughly aristocratic gentleman. In the heroine herself, Miss Johnston has portrayed a character worthy of careful scrutiny. She has defined a strong but decidedly feminine woman, whom we cannot fail to admire.

The book is strong in description; as for example, the Storm on the Chesapeake—a truly realistic word painting.

The story ends rather abruptly, unless the authoress intends to follow it with a sequel. We never really knew the fate of either hero or heroine, except in so far as she pledges herself to remain faithful to him to the end. It is much to be hoped that the authoress has such intention, although, after bringing them to the place she did, she made about the only reasonable disposition of them possible.
Among the distinctive features of the work is its utter freedom from the immoral strain so distinctly characteristic of the modern novel. Does the work lack interest on account of it? We think not.

Miss Johnston is descended from a long line of Virginia ancestry of Scotch origin. She was born in Buchanan, Virginia, in November, 1870. Here she spent a delicate childhood, revelling in the beauties of nature about her.

At sixteen, the family moved to Birmingham, Alabama, where they have since resided, and she with them, with the exception of four years spent in New York. Miss Johnston has travelled a great deal, both at home and abroad, but in recent years she has led a very busy domestic life, and her writing has been wholly recreative. It is a source of great pride to Virginia people that they can claim this young writer as their own.

H. L. Mac B.
The University of Virginia Magazine for January merits, as usual, unlimited praise for the excellence of its short stories. These are undoubtedly the most interesting feature of a college magazine, and we have noticed again and again that in this line that the Virginia Magazine holds its supremacy. There are faults, of course; as, for example, in "The Choir Boy of St. Mark’s" the author did not develop his plot sufficiently. It is the kind of story in which we expect to find plot rather than character. To leave an orphan of twelve years old sitting alone at the window, listening to the sighing of the wind, gives the reader too much exercise of imagination in regard to his fate. But the story is well written, as is also "Across the Way" and "A College Romance"—the latter a characteristic story of the Virginia Magazine—one of the kind which to people who are "au courrant" with the affairs of the University is especially interesting.


A true example of a characteristic American trait—hero worship—occurs in the Mercerian under the title, "In the Wake of War." It is an extravagant eulogism of Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson. The author spares no language to express his disgust at the comment the public has freely made about the action of this gentleman subsequent to the lionizing he received from their hands immediately on his return to the States. The author may be right, but I am afraid he has very few who will agree with him.
INTERLINEAR.

When a fellow gets a letter
   From a maiden he divines
Many a precious little secret
   Written in between the lines.

Funny too, in Greek and Latin,
   How we meet with like designs,
Strange how many happy meanings
   Oft are read between the lines.

---Ex.

They were playing, they said, at a practice game
   That they had oft played before,
And curious friends stood by and smiled,
   And wondered which one would score.
But Cupid, as umpire, called 'the game,
   With a clear and a cloudless sky,
And the minister smiled as he hung out the score,
   For the game had come out a "tie."

---Ex.

DOUBT.

Which shall it be, tired brain and aching eyes,—
   Do this small thing that’s easy to command,
And gain the plaudits of the fickle crowd,
   Or that high thing they cannot understand?

---Ex.

FATE.

I took my books the other day
   And studied in the Quad, alone;
But no professor passed that way,
   I wasn’t called on the next day,
That work was never known.
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Up on the road beside the brook,
One little hour we two beguiled;
I never looked inside a book,
But met each prof whose work I took,
And when I flunked he smiled.

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