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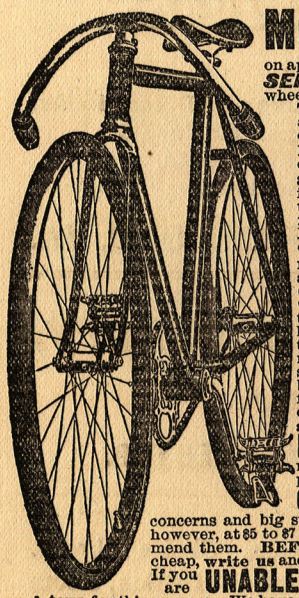

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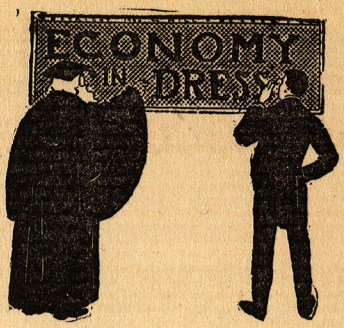

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VOL. XXVII. MARCH-APRIL, 1901. NOS. 6 & 7.

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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXVII. MARCH–APRIL, 1901. No. 6 & 7.

Star Dust.

BY E. B. K.

Long æons past primordial dust was wrought,
By God's design slow changing to this earth;
In minds of men, from simple dust of thought,
Vast worlds of weighty wisdom take their birth.

Virginians in Modern Fiction.

I. Thomas Nelson Page and His Place in American Literature.

II. The Literary Life of Marion Harland.

III. Ellen Glasgow—Her Work and Future.

IV. Mary Johnston's Career in the World of Fiction.

IV.

MARY JOHNSTON'S CAREER IN THE WORLD OF FICTION.

BY H. L. MACB.

NOT three years have passed since Miss Mary Johnston first came before the American public as a writer of fiction, yet there is scarcely a literary aspirant in the country to-day whose reputation for forceful conception and purity of style is more firmly established than is that of this young woman of Virginia. With the exception of Edward Noyes West-

cott, the author of "David Harum," no new writer of recent years has met with such universal and marvelous success as she, and we might, with equal mark of truth, add that none has so well merited the praise which has so freely been lavished upon her.

Miss Johnston was born in the little village of Buchanan, in Botetourt county, and there in the pure air of the mountains of Virginia was her happy childhood spent. Descended from a long line of illustrious ancestry, Miss Johnston has had the good fortune to be dealt the bounties of life with no sparing hand. During her earliest childhood she was of a delicate constitution, and her schooling was of no great extent. Her teachers were the beauties of nature about her; her recreations were her rambles with the kings and queens on the shelves of her father's library. Delighting in history, nature, and life, the environment of her young days was calculated to develop into the highest personality her sensitive and artistic nature. After the death of her mother, the household responsibilities and the care of a large family fell upon her as the oldest child, and it is only since the publication of her first book that she has dropped her domestic duties to make room for a more distinctly literary life.

More than ten years ago the business of her father, Major Johnston, who is a typical Virginia gentleman of the old school, took him to Birmingham, Ala., whither the family followed. Here they have since made their home, with the exception of a short while spent in New York. In spite of the fact that Miss Johnston does not at present live in Virginia, we feel that we may with all propriety class her among the illustrious men and women of Virginia, for it was on Virginia soil that she found birth and in Virginia that she lived until long after she had reached her womanhood.

Miss Johnston is described by those who know her as possessing a charm and almost subtlety of manner, while

she is at once retiring and unassuming. She is by no means a brilliant conversationist, though the superiority of her mind is strongly felt in whatever she may say.

Miss Johnston numbers many Richmond people among her warmest friends. She often visits here, spending most of her time with her uncle, Dr. George Ben. Johnston, one of the best-known surgeons of the city. About two years ago we recall with pleasure the visit of Miss Johnston to the campus of Richmond College. She has but recently left the city for a trip to Williamsburg, where she is gathering material for a new novel.

Miss Johnston was one of that brilliant coterie of novelists who gave such impetus to the recent run of historical novels. Her first book, "Prisoners of Hope," dealt with colonial life in Virginia. We will not go into any outline of the story, which has been widely read and criticised. The book is a faithful reproduction of the life of its period, and shows Miss Johnston to have made herself thorough master of the spirit of the early life of our country. Her characters are ably drawn and her plot forcefully executed. It is probably, however, in descriptive power that Miss Johnston excels. The one charm about the book is its freedom from that immoral tone which pervades so many modern novels. "Prisoners of Hope" was written, it is said, in odd moments that Miss Johnston could spare from her domestic occupations. It was published in 1898 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and its success was instantaneous. The sales of the book were enormous, quickly mounting into the thousands. The close of the pretty romance is somewhat unsatisfactory, and many looked forward eagerly for a sequel. Miss Johnston, however, announced later that "Prisoners of Hope" would not be followed by a sequel.

"To Have and To Hold" first made its appearance in *The Atlantic Monthly* magazine, and was published in book form only last spring. According to the statistics which

appear in *The Bookman* from month to month, it proved to be the best selling book of the year. This story also is of colonial life in Virginia, and we believe, on the whole, the book is stronger than its predecessor. At least, it is more brilliantly conceived and more deftly wrought out. There is a division of opinion as to which of these books takes precedence over the other, and this very fact goes to show the power and interest of both.

Miss Johnston's style is not at all masculine. It is at once pure and artistic, and, while it lacks nothing of force from the fact, the sympathetic nature of the woman can be traced through every line.

Miss Johnston's career in the world of fiction has indeed been most unprecedented, but, in the light of the merits of both of her singularly great efforts, it is scarcely to be wondered at. We are proud of her past successes and confident of the brightness of her future.

A Song of the Chase.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

Far over the moor, where the rose-tinted light
Hangs dim on the verge of the chasm of night,
As if to proclaim the glad birth of the morn,
Comes winding the blast of the hunter's clear horn.
O, swifter doth leap the dull blood in my vein
To hear the wild song of the chase once again!

The chase! Aye, the chase! O, the soul-touching thrill
I feel as my hunter sweeps over the hill!
The sweetest of music is the bay of the hound,
Echoing and filling the hollows around;
But clear above all sounds the call to the race—
O, deep is the joy of the glorious chase!

On o'er the green fields of the billowy land
We skim in the course of the fleet-footed band;
Deep drinketh my soul the red wine of the morn
And echoes again the clear note of the horn.
O, swifter doth leap the dull blood in my vein
To hear the wild song of the chase once again!

Discrepancies in the Character and Teachings of George Eliot.

ALTHOUGH a fair idea of George Eliot's relation with Mr. Lewes may be formed from reasonable conclusions drawn from undisputed premises, yet her own action finally determined the weakness of the bond between them. Within a year from the day of his death she was receiving lover-like attentions from a man young enough to be her son—a man whom she had declined to see, on the ground that she was "the perpetual mourner." She said her "everlasting winter had set in," and hers was "the grief that can never be healed." Considering how strangely and speedily she disproved her own words, this throws a cloud of doubt upon those other words of hers proclaiming the ecstatic happiness with the man she forgot so readily. Within eighteen months after she became a "perpetual mourner," she was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to John Walter Cross, a gentleman of independent fortune, nearly thirty years her junior. If anything in fact or fiction surpassing the grotesqueness of this marriage ceremony—this haggard, bent old woman of sixty-one, rushing into matrimony with this young man of thirty, the son of the man she had lived with for twenty-five years giving the bride away—let it be produced. The Spaniards have a proverb that the marriage of a young man to an old woman is the devil's own handiwork, and it certainly always looks like it. George Eliot wrote Mr. Cross' two sisters that but for them she hardly thought she could

have married Mr. Cross. This singular motive is chronicled with much simplicity by Mr. Cross himself.

The letters and journals following the marriage are given. The love-sick raving of this old woman over her boy husband would be ridiculous if they were not mortifying to every sincere admirer of George Eliot. Mr. Cross says immediately after her marriage she began to look much younger, but at sixty-one nature has no more youth in her alembic—art is the only resource, and that is painfully inadequate. The fatigues of this wedding journey, which was one laborious round of the hardest kind of sight-seeing, mingled with reminiscences of the dear departed, probably wrecked George Eliot's feeble frame. Soon after her return to England she was seized with her mortal illness, and on the 22d of December, 1880, died Mary Ann Evans Cross, leaving behind her the record of a most powerful and searching intellect, and a moral example that would bring shame and misery on all who followed it. In her language might be said: "An influential member chooses to omit an observance which in the minds of all the rest is associated with what is highest and most venerable. He cannot make his reasons intelligible, and so his conduct is regarded as a relaxation of the hold that mortal ties had on him previously. The rest are infected by the disease they imagine in him. All the screws by which order is maintained are loosened."

HER SELF-CONTRADICTION.

Let not any reader be amazed at the continual contradiction between her written thoughts and her acts. It is in her favor that she was too true an artist not to realize the ugliness of her own life, and in all her books there is no hint of a "union" like her own. In the main, the doctrine of her books is admirable, but her indiscreet biographers have kept up such an incessant howl and whine about her "moral teachings" and "moral influence" that it reacts against her.

She herself talked a little too much of morality—the genuine virtues are modest. She is especially anxious about the "moral influence" to be exercised over the Lewes boys by a tutor they once thought of employing. If the tutor had availed himself of the example of Mr. Lewes and George Eliot they would probably have objected sternly to him. George Eliot says, in another place, "Nothing can outweigh to my mind the heavy social injury of familiarizing young minds with the desecration of social ties." Taking all things into consideration, this sounds mightily like hypocrisy. Miss Mathilde Blind writes of the "moral self-government of her later years," and with true feminine logic proves it by the fact that George Eliot was careful to pay for a small dessert dish that had been broken during her occupancy of a furnished house.

HER VIEWS OF JEWS.

Mr. Cross has not been able, even by the most careful editing, to keep out George Eliot's glaring inconsistencies of opinion. The writer of "Daniel Deronda" wrote, in her thirtieth year, "To say Jewish philosopher is almost like saying a round square." About the same time she wrote a letter to Mr. John Sibree chiefly on the subject of the Jews, of which the following is an extract. She says of Disraeli:

"As to his theory of races, it has not a leg to stand on, and can only be buoyed up by such windy eloquence as you chubby faced, squabby nosed Europeans owe your commerce, your arts, your religion to the Hebrews—nay, the Hebrews lead your armies, in proof of which he can tell us that Massena, a second-rate general of Napoleon's, was a Jew, whose real name was Manasseh. Extermination up to a certain point seems to be the law for the inferior races—for the rest, fusion both for physical and moral ends. It appears to me that the law by which privileged classes degenerate from continual inter-marriage must act on a larger scale in deteriorating whole races. * * * Looking at the matter

synthetically, our idea of beauty is never formed on the characteristics of a single race. I confess the types of pure races, however handsome, always impress me disagreeably. * * * The fellowship of race, to which Disraeli so exultingly refers the munificence of Sidoma, is so evidently an inferior impulse, which must ultimately be superseded, that I wonder even he, Jew as he is, dares to boast of it. My Gentile nature kicks most resolutely against any assumption of superiority in the Jews, and is almost ready to echo Voltaire's vituperation. I bow to the supremacy of Hebrew poetry, but much of their early mythology and almost all their history is utterly revolting. Their stock has produced a Moses and a Jesus; but Moses was impregnated with Egyptian philosophy, and Jesus is venerated and adored by us only for that wherein he transcended Judaism. The very exaltation of their idea of a national deity into a spiritual monotheism seems to have been borrowed from the Oriental tribes. *Everything specially Jewish is of a low grade.*" All this is false reasoning, violent assumption, and shallow vituperation; but it is not falser than the apotheosis of the Hebrew in "Daniel Deronda."

OTHER VITUPERATION.

She wrote of royalty, dear to the soul of the British snob, thus: "We should have a hospital for them, or a zoological garden, where these worn-out humbugs may be preserved. It is but justice that we should keep them, as we have spoiled them for any honest trade." When she had met these "worn-out humbugs" she gushes like any other true-born Briton who dearly loves a lord. "The Crown Prince [of Germany] is really a good-looking man; * * * he is like a grand antique bust, cordial and simple in manners withal. * * * She [the Crown Princess] is equally good natured and unpretending."

She had said in 1853: "If ever I write a book I will make a present of it to nobody." Some of her eulogists have mildly

questioned the taste of her sending copies of her first work to Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Ruskin, Froude, Faraday, Albert Smith, and Mrs. Carlyle. Neither Tennyson, Thackeray, nor Ruskin appear to have noticed the gift. It is, however, rather startling to read in a letter to Miss Hennell, written in 1861: "I hate obligato reading and obligato talk about my books. I never send them to any one." This surprise is followed by the way she treated this practice on the part of other authors. She writes: "A gentleman has sent me his work—happily the only one"; and, to cap the climax, when Anthony Trollope sent her his "Prime Minister," she was guilty of the unpardonable rudeness of returning it, saying she did not read fiction upon what she was writing, or even thinking about writing! Apparently there was no time at all in which she could read fiction.

"AS EASY AS LYING."

She occasionally gives different reasons for the same action. She and Mr. Lewes took a house, Holly Lodge, at Wandsworth, in January, 1869, "driven into it," she says, "by haste and economy." Naturally they soon regretted their choice, but, as they had taken it for three years, they found some difficulty in getting rid of the lease. She wrote Mrs. Congreve: "I want to get rid of this house. I dislike Wandsworth, and would think with unmitigated regret of our coming here were it not for you." She wrote to Miss Hennell: "This place becomes drearier as the summer advances." They tried for some time to sub-let it before they were successful, and she writes: "Alas! No one comes to take our house off our hands." At last, however, they found a tenant, and she gives the following reason for moving away: "Will you tell Mr. Bray we are quitting our present home in order to be nearer town, for Charlie's sake?" (Charles Lewes). This is very like obtaining credit on false pretences.

HER LETTERS.

It has been claimed that she was an agreeable letter writer. Her epistolary style improved wonderfully after she wrote "Amos Barton," when Mr. John Blackwood pointed out to her the bad taste of the French phrases she was so fond of using. She then stopped writing such absolutely unjustifiable sentences as these: "When it rained *sans* intermission, I said *cui bono?*" And when the sun shone out she thought herself "a peculiarly fortunate *diavolessa.*" She left off writing about *sejours* from home, and abandoned *mal de cuisine*, giving up at the same time *laissez faire*, *au fond*, *bonne bouche*, *en rapport*, and other schoolgirlisms of language. It is, however, her letters of condolence that do most painfully set the teeth on edge. It recommends to Lady Lytton as balm for the loss of a beloved father "an independent delight in ideas," and solaced Miss Hennell for her sister's death by reminding her that "our stock of appreciable good can never be really diminished. It would not be well for us to overleap one grade of joy or suffering. Our life would lose its completeness and beauty." Her consolations to the widowed have a peculiar interest, in view of her practical illustration of her own theories. She offers to Mrs. William Smith this ghostly happiness: "You will think of things to do such as he would approve of your doing, and every day will be sanctified with his memory—nay, his presence. There is no pretence or visionariness in saying he is still a part of you." These shadowy and sublimated consolations did not suffice in her own case—she soon fell back on the more substantial John W. Cross.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

During the lifetime of Mr. Lewes, he regularly kept from her all unfriendly reviews. The wisdom of this may be questioned, but George Eliot disliked unfriendly reviews very much, and was uneasy when the *Times* did not give her a

good send-off promptly. From a violent aversion to criticism came a contemptuous opinion of reviewers. This in any other but George Eliot would be singular, as from her thirty-second to her thirty-fifth year she was a professional reviewer, and a very savage one. She writes at this time: "I have written a castigation of Brougham ["Lives of Men of Letters"] for the *Leader*, and shall be glad if your sympathy goes along with it."

Afterward, when the reviewers began to tickle her with the end of their lashes, see writes fretfully: "If a reviewer ever checked himself by considering that a writer, whom he thinks worth praising, would take some pains to know the truth about a matter which is the very hinge of the said writer's story, review articles would cut a shrunken figure." Again she says loftily of the profession in which both she and Mr. Lewes had passed a portion of their adult lives, that it was "a fugitive kind of work, which, in the present stage of human nature, can rarely engage a very high grade of conscience or ability." She had once looked upon reviewing as a powerful instrument of enlightenment. She particularly disliked criticisms on her poetry—that poetry which, when set to music by Miss Cross, and sung, affected George Eliot to tears, which caused her to love Miss Cross, as she afterward caused her to marry Mr. Cross.

MR. CROSS' BOOK.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Cross has made a valuable contribution to the sum of human knowledge in this book, although it falls under a criticism which George Eliot herself made: "Something should be done * * * to reform our national habits in the matter of literary biography. * * * It is something like uncovering the dead Byron's foot." It reveals what she never meant to reveal—what he never meant to reveal, but which, being truth, must be good to know. After a while great writers will begin to realize that they

must preserve a certain harmony between themselves and their works, and that the world will some time or other find out the true man or woman, and will say to them, as might be said to George Eliot in her own words in "Armgart":

> "Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
> Say rather the deserter's!"

History of the New Psychology—Its Aims and Methods.

BY JOSIAH MOSES.

THE new psychology began about 1830 with an article on "Touch, Sense, and General Sensibility," by E. H. Weber. This article, which was the result of several years' arduous labor, has been translated into Latin by its author, and is now regarded as a standard work. Following Weber came Fechner in 1850, with his "Psychophysic Law," which gave a tremendous impulse to the new science, and determined the rules and methods of psychological experimentation. Later came Helmholtz and his pupil and assistant, Wundt. Wundt's "Physiological Psychology," published about 1875, is the most important epoch-making work. It is now in two large volumes, and has reached its fifth edition.

In this country G. Stanley Hall, a pupil of Wundt, was the first to establish a psychological laboratory at Johns Hopkins University. Five years afterwards his pupil, Cattell, started a laboratory at Philadelphia, and later moved it to New York. Then followed Jastrow, another of his pupils, at Wisconsin. About this time Dr. Hall became president of Clark University, and fitted out a large laboratory there.

In close succession laboratories were started at Yale by Scripture, also a pupil of Dr. Hall, and at Harvard by Munsterberg. There are now about thirty laboratories in this

country, among which the laboratory at the University of California, under Angel, the one at Toronto, under Kirchman, and at Nebraska, under Bolton, deserve special mention.

Like all the new sciences, psychology has received its share of praise and abuse. Its admirers are frequently extravagant in their claims for the new science, while its opponents go so far as to deny its very existence. "But," as Professor Titchener says, "whether or not we admit the advent of a new psychology, at least we cannot deny the consummation of a great and far-reaching change in psychological aims and methods."

The new movement has developed along three main avenues:

First. The principle of parallelism—*i. e.*, there is no mental action without an action of the nervous system, or, as Huxley tersely puts it, "no psychosis without neurosis."

Second. Correlative evolution of mind and body. The mind, like the body, is an organism which changes and develops with the change and development of the nervous system, and, like the body, has vestigial organs and functions, in which the evolutionist sees the historic past.

Third. Introduction of experiment. Uniting with the older method of introspection and governing it by fixed rules, "experimentation has lifted the 'facts' of psychology from the plane of opinion to the plane of knowledge."

These principles and methods gave birth to "Psychology of Sensation," which has wonderfully increased our knowledge of the senses. Sight, audition, smell, and taste have each attracted patient workers, who have developed separate sciences from their knowledge of them. Even the skin, the most deceiving of all organs, has taken a place in the new psychology under the title of Haptics, "a younger sister of Optics and Acoustics."

After the senses were measured, the association times were

measured, then attention, then muscular activity, and then the will that starts the muscular activity. We also have a psychology of recognition, which shows that we recognize by a "feel," a twitter of the stomach, or a wrinkle of the forehead, rather than by recalling a memory image and comparing it with the original, as was formerly supposed.

Psychology of feeling, which shows that feelings are more numerous and manifold than sensations. Psychology of emotion, action, time, space, character, temperament, religion, and many others too numerous to mention.

Out of this movement has also been developed the following:

Genetic Psychology—Represented by Baldwin in two volumes on "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," by Ribot in "The Evolution of General Ideas," and by Dr. Hall in "Early Memories."

Comparative Psychology—Here all the animals, from the unicellular to the anthropods, have been studied by Bethe, Morgan, Thorndike, Small, and Kline.

Social Psychology has been worked up by Jarde, Baldwin, Royce, and LeBon. Under this head might be placed the now much-discussed problem of the relation of psychology to education, which is admirably treated by Professor James in his "Talks to Teachers on Psychology." Other direct outgrowths of the new psychology are the anthropometric measurement of children, and the child study movement, which is represented in many colleges and has four journals devoted to it in this country, and many more abroad. At Clark University Dr. Chamberlin has published a large volume, entitled "The Child," which sums up child study work to puberty, and is to be followed by Dr. Hall's work, which will sum it up from puberty to adolescence.

In addition to this there are two psychological societies—the American Psychological Association, founded by Dr. Hall, and which has now about two hundred members, and the

International Psychological Association, which meets every three years, and publishes a volume of proceedings for every congress.

There are also two psychological journals—Dr. Hall's *American Journal of Psychology*, which was first in the field, and the *Psychological Review*.

Pedagogical journals are published in different parts of the country by Dr. Hall's pupils and others. All these labors taken together have given a new approach-standpoint to philosophical problems and to the history of philosophy, and have so widely broadened the boundaries of general psychology that the most eminent psychologist of this country is forced to say that, after twenty-five years of study, he is unable to define psychology.

Thoughts of a Heart.

BY H. LEE MACBAIN.

They tell us that time can efface any sorrow,
  Can heal any wound that the heart may know;
That the dream of our love will vanish to-morrow
  As the golden lights of an after-glow:
They say that the years with tender compassion
  Will fill up the void of a hope that is fled,
And one by one bright garlands will fashion
  To place on the tomb of a love that is dead.

For just as the sun in its dying hour
  Breaks into a flood of gorgeous light,
Richer by far in its golden power
  Than the perfect splendor of noonday night,
So love, they tell us, when come to its death,
  Will be wreathed in a halo of roseate light,
And almost with its expiring breath
  Will boast its strength to endure the fight.

And just as the sun sinks low to its rest,
And silently fades the light of day,
While shadows steal over the purple west,
And drive every rosy color away;
So, so, do they tell us, our love must die,
The glad, sweet song of our love at last,
And over our hearts as a shroud must lie
The garb of forgetfulness of the past.

And I see how a lighter love than mine,
Tossed on the billows of life's rough sea,
Might aimlessly drift toward the danger line
And be wrecked on the shoals of eternity.
But I laugh at the skeptics, in maddening fashion
Taunting my love as a fleeting breath,
For a love like mine is the soul's grand passion,
And mine is a love that knows no death.

And although the world and calmer reason
Tell me my love is a grievous sin,
Tell me my joy is but direful treason,
Born of the treacherous heart within,
Yet I know in my heart 'tis the cup of gladness,
Drained but once in the bitter strife,
And I reck not a whit that its dregs are sadness—
I only know that my love is my life.

And if I believed that my love would perish,
And some day lie 'neath the cold, dark sod,
Despair would strangle the hopes I cherish,
And forever I'd turn my back on God.

The House on the Hill.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1774 there stood, in that section of the county of Culpeper which is now known as Rappahannock, a

large mansion, half castle in appearance, which was known throughout the surrounding country as "the house on the hill." It was situated on the summit of a steep eminence, and the upper portions of the house rose some little distance above the level of the forest, which closely shut it in on all sides.

The hill upon which the mansion stood was precipitous in places, and covered with a heavy growth of oak and hickory trees, the only avenue of approach to the house being a narrow roadway, which wound laboriously up the eastern side, where the ground was less rugged and the ascent more gentle. Around the western base of the hill there rushed a mountain torrent, which poured itself in a series of rapids through its rocky channel, and finally, after tumbling over a miniature fall, hurried on to the more level country beyond. Toward the west six or seven more peaks lifted themselves in a continuous chain stretching away until at last they merged into the greater range. The mountain upon which the mansion was built was the last of those constituting this crescent-shaped spur. The entire country was covered by a forest of gigantic and luxuriant growth, broken only in widely-separated spots by the plantations of a few settlers, for this particular section was not thoroughly opened up until many years after the time of which I write. Some of the trees were of enormous size, and majestically reared themselves above the ocean of leafy green which rolled for leagues around. In certain bare spots far up the mountain side vast upturned boulders lay, scattered in mighty confusion by Nature's lavish hand. The view was wild in its grandeur, and the house on the hill, which was the only visible sign of civilization in all the country round about, rather increased than lessened the magnificent beauty and solitude of the scene, while the music of the waters rushing beneath added still more to the solemnity which pervaded the spot.

It was late in the evening of the 21st of May, 1774, and in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of Sovereign Lord George III., that I first rode up the way which lead to this fateful house. This ride was a revelation to me, for on my way out from the town of Fairfax the splendor of the scenery, which increased in beauty as I drew nearer the mountains, continually awakened emotions of pleasure within me. I was from a thickly-inhabited part of England, where the country is as level as a drawing-room floor, and the sight of the great blue mountains which stretched along the west, rising king-like above the tangled, heaving mass of color, thrilled me with a feeling akin to reverence. The sense of the beautiful is strongly developed in me, and more than once on my ride I stopped and drank in the panorama which lay before my eyes.

As I entered the yard in front of the house the sun dropped to rest, and the gray shadows of twilight swept over the land. At the gate I paused, and my first view of the house on the hill remains indelibly impressed upon my memory to this day. Even as I write the dim picture of that old mansion comes back to me in all its gloominess and grayness of ghostly outline.

The yard was paved, and shut in by a wall some ten feet high, which had been demolished in places and was rapidly falling to pieces from neglect. In one corner there stood a marble fountain, but the basin was filled with moss and dead, gnarled branches; no sparkling rivulet gushed from the mouth of the upreared Pegasus. In the other angle an uprooted tree toppled against the wall, its dry, lifeless extremities scattered over the upturned bricks. The house was of a peculiar style, tending in certain respects to the Gothic. It might have been, at one time, beautiful, but it was now in a state of decay, and the heavy shutters, some hanging by one hinge and others entirely closed, added no little to the gloominess of its appearance. The utter loneliness of the place op-

pressed me. There was something in the very atmosphere which seemed to awe me. Not a sign of life could I discern; everything was wrapped in the silence of the tomb, and, as I gazed into the black depths of the surrounding forest, which began at a stone's throw from the wall, an involuntary feeling of dread swept over me. I walked up the pavement, and the echoes of my steps came back from the woods with a hollow, chilling sound, like the foot-falls of one treading the roof of a subterranean cavern. Going up to the door, I gave the knob two strong pulls, and a muffled bell pealed twice within. Presently, looking through the panel-glass, I saw an aged man advancing down the hallway, with a candle held high above his head. With a creaking sound the bolts were slid back and the door swung open, disclosing to me the form of the old man. He was dressed in a loose French robe, barely sufficient to hide his gauntness, and his long locks of silver hair fell in confusion about his pale, keenly-chiseled features. For a moment he stepped back, then he held the candle in my face, and I felt his burning gaze upon me. His eyes glowed in their deep-set frames—glowed until they reminded me of the frenzied gaze of the plague patients whom I had helped nurse in India some two years previous.

"My nephew—my nephew!" he exclaimed in tremulous, cracked tones; "my nephew!"

"My uncle," I said, as I seized the candle falling from his hand; "thou"—

"Tut, tut, boy," he cried, throwing his arms about me and bursting into tears. "Where hast thou been? I have expected thy coming these many weeks."

"I was delayed at Yarmouth"—

"Tut, tut, boy," my uncle again interrupted, nervously; "thou art here now. May the saints be praised! Come. Art thou not hungry?" Down the long hall he tottered, talking all the while, and I followed, clumsily stumbling over a chair in the dim, uncertain light.

"Thou dost not take thy gracefulness from thy father," he laughed; "he was the fleetest and surest of foot in the Royal Guards."

"I am not used to the light, uncle. I boast of nimble feet and unerring eyes."

"True," he answered, the laugh fading from his tones; "'tis the darkness—the darkness! Lad, thou wilt think strangely of thine uncle ere long."

All the while I was eating—and the long ride had keenly whetted my appetite—my uncle sat across from me at the table and kept up a running fire of comment. At times he would laugh uproariously, telling jokes of former times and anecdotes of college days, in which my father figured largely. A moment later he would weep, as if laboring under some great excitement, and his words would become unintelligible, while his eyes had the appearance of one gazing on some soul-terrifying sight, so deep was the look of dread which haunted them. Indeed, I began to doubt the sanity of my uncle—while at Fairfax more than one rumor that he was unsound had reached mine ears—and I did not at all fancy the idea of sleeping in the house with an insane man. It was pitiful to hear him talk, his tone often changing from its natural pitch to one of shrinking nervousness. I began to wish that I was back in Fairfax—nay, in England—in spite of my uncle's two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. At every attempt of mine to question him, he would answer: "Eat, lad. Thou shalt have ample time to talk later." Then he would ramble on. "And so thou art Harry's boy—Harry's boy. Thou hast his features, but thine eyes and hair belong to thy mother. I often wonder why thy father left English girls and sought a mate in Italy. I like not the race, my boy; but thy gentle mother, with her waving dark hair and glorious eyes all but changed my hate to love."

With like talk he kept up, and I finished the meal without having uttered a word.

My uncle's conduct puzzled me—nay, worried me. The weirdness of his behavior and his passing fits of excitement strengthened my belief in the truth of the reports I had heard at Fairfax. I could not understand him. The letter which he had written me in England was the letter of a sane man, gentle and pathetic in tone, but now his strange actions, coupled with the gruesome feelings which the house and its gloomy surroundings had produced in me, convinced me that he was unsound.

"Come," he said to me, after the meal was over; "come, we will talk in the library"; and he led the way down the long, gloomy hall, and into a richly-furnished room at the end.

A fire burned on the hearth. Drawn up before it was a huge reclining chair. From the light of the flame I could see that the heavy curtains were closely drawn about the windows—not a single outside beam could find its way through those darkened folds. The air of the room was musty—as stale as if it had never known the sunlight. The gloominess of the room preyed upon me. As my uncle dropped in the chair and stirred the logs, sending a cloud of sparks up the wide chimney and causing the fantastic shadows on the wall to leap wildly about, I pulled aside a curtain and endeavored to raise the window.

"What art thou doing?" he cried, leaping up and laying hold on my arm. "What art thou doing? No, no; I say to thee! They have not been opened in twenty years. Be seated. I shall not detain thee long."

"The air is enough to stifle—"

"No, no!" said he, leading me to a chair, trembling and shaking all the while. "I shall not keep thee long."

My uncle's agitation was intense. His eyes gleamed like a madman's, and his breath came and went in gasps. I had not believed him capable of exerting the strength which he had shown in forcing me into the chair, for he sat me down

so violently that I came very near tilting backward. For a moment he glared at me, then he sank back on the cushion and threw his hands despairingly across his lap. They were beautiful hands, with long tapering fingers, like marble so white were they. On one there gleamed a diamond, flashing back the flickering light of the fire.

While at Fairfax I had been told of the old man's seclusiveness. Indeed, a great number looked upon him as harmlessly insane, while all of the negroes and not a few of the whites spoke of him in awe, and declared that the weird old mansion was haunted. They related to me that he rarely ever left the house, and lived alone, with the exception of a negro slave. Many were the stories which were told me of unearthly sights seen on the hill, and of wild yells which sometimes rang through the forests; but I laughed them away and hurried on.

My uncle's last outbreak was so violent that I feared that I should have to use force to control him, but he relapsed into quietness again—the very picture of despair.

"Uncle," I said, "I beg thy pardon."

"Nay, nay, lad," he said bitterly, "'tis for me to ask thine. But," and he leaned and touched me on the arm, "never disturb those curtains. Thou hast the freedom of the place excepting this room. I will be master here."

"As for that matter," I replied, "I have no desire to control any part of the plantation."

"Nay, nay, thou mistaketh me. Thou art welcome to it. Did I not stipulate it thus in my letter?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then let's to business, for thou art weary and it were better to have the thing settled."

Mumbling to himself, he crossed the room and unlocked a drawer in the wall, from which he took a long roll of parchment.

"Yes, thou shalt be well rewarded," said my uncle, resum-

ing his seat; "well rewarded." His eyes scanned the parchment, but his hand shook so that I held the document for him. "Thou heardest strange things at Fairfax," he chuckled while turning the pages.

I was silent.

"Thou heardest the hall was haunted." His keen eyes searched my face.

I nodded in reply.

"Thou heardest also that I was insane." I felt his burning gaze still on me, and nodded again.

"They were both damned lies," he said peevishly. "Dost thou believe them?"

"Nay, uncle," I replied, in my most soothing tone, for I saw that he was becoming excited again; "'tis but the idle gossip of idle tavern go—"

"Nay, but thou dost believe that I am mad! I see it in thine eye," he said with his peculiar chuckle. "But listen! I am as sane as thou art."

I gazed in his eyes and I knew that he spoke the truth. The light that shone in them was of reason, not madness. I saw a man before me whose countenance betrayed the presence of some deep sorrow, soul-touching sorrow, or maybe of heart-piercing remorse. But let that rest. I knew that my uncle was a sane man, and my spirits rose accordingly, though his strange behavior puzzled me greatly.

"I am as sane as thou art," he continued; "'tis a nervous affection, which I cannot control at times, and which is hastening my end. It is why I wrote thee to come as I did—that thou shouldst be near me in mine old age. 'Tis not a pleasant thing to die in a land of strangers, with the ocean between me and my kin."

"I believe thee, uncle," I cried, seizing his hand.

"'Tis well, then," he laughed. "I knew not what thou mightest have been told in Fairfax yonder, and then, I did

act queerly. But the spell was on me—the excitement of thy coming. Now to the papers."

"Hadst not better postpone it until the morrow?" I asked. "The hour is late."

"No," he answered, "the matter burns me, or I would not have mentioned it to thee this evening. Listen! we may talk of other things to-morrow. The agreement is this: Thou agreest to reside at Lindon Hall with thine uncle, Caleb Courtnay, to oversee his business affairs, and conduct them in accordance with his wishes, and to be a companion to thy said uncle until the time of his death, and, in consideration, thou shalt then receive his entire estate, both real and personal, amounting to not less than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. This is the substance of what I wrote thee, is it not? Dost the proposition suit thee? Read," and he tossed the paper in my lap.

It was an agreement, written in legal style, between "Caleb Courtnay, of the parish of St. Mark, in the county of Culpeper, and his Majesty's most loyal colony of Virginia, of the one part, and Edward Courtnay, Baronet, of Tarleton Place, England, of the other part," and set forth in detail what my uncle had just proposed.

"Agreed," said I; "though, uncle, thou art liberal. I have brothers."

"I wronged thy father," he answered, reflectively, "and thou art the eldest. It is thine—give to thy brethren as thou wilt."

"Thou art kind," I said impulsively.

"No! no!" he cried, starting from his chair, the haunted, terrified look coming again over his face. "'Kind' didst thou say? Edward, thou liest!" His hand gripped my shoulder and the haunted look in his eyes burned my very soul. I said nothing, and he gradually became quiet.

My uncle's actions were more of a mystery to me than ever. I no longer doubted his sanity, as I had done at first,

and so I came to the conclusion that some great grief was preying upon his mind. I did not think it was caused by any injustice done my father, for I had always heard him speak of my uncle in very dear terms. I could do nothing but wait. Perhaps the mystery would be revealed, and I registered a vow to straightway attempt the unravelment.

"There I went again," said my uncle, "but thou wilt become used to me in time. Thou art weary—so to bed. In the morning thou wilt send for the officer at Fairfax, and the paper may then be sealed. The candle—I shall light thee to bed."

After I was between the sheets I lay for some time thinking of my uncle and the agreement which I had entered into.

At the longest it was but a few years away from England, I mused, and two hundred and fifty thousand was well worth the waiting. It might be a little wearisome—dreary at times perhaps, but the years would pass pleasantly enough; game was abundant and the women—ah! yes, the women were more than passing fair in Fairfax village.

I was almost asleep, dreaming of the black-haired beauty whom I had kissed "good-bye" in the distant tavern, when suddenly I found myself sitting bolt upright in bed, with my knees knocking together from sheer excitement. I felt a sense of undefined terror, and—although I was no believer in ghosts—all the weird tales which had been told me at Fairfax came rushing upon me. I listened intently. There was a death-like stillness; only the moaning of the forest outside broke on my strained ears. Then, winding and shrieking through the house, I heard a long-drawn yell, which seemed to express and sound in its blood-curdling terribleness all the agony and hatred of the demons of hell.

"Thou fiend! O God! Thou fiend!" came reverberating through the dark hall, and dying mournfully away as on the breath of the gale.

"Uncle," I cried, springing to the head of the stairs; "there is murder being done! Where art thou?"

The library door was open and the fire still burned on the hearth. I could see the long shadows rise and fall on the wall, but the reclining chair was vacant. Down the long stairs I started, and when I reached the foot I saw my uncle enter the hall from the opposite end. He was in his night dress, and the look of terror on his face sickened me. He walked to the door and, unlocking it, looked out. The night wind whipped the long hair about his head, and extinguished the candle which he held. With a low moan he relighted it from the fire.

"Didst thou hear it?" I asked, seizing his arm. He laughed in my face, but it was a forced, hollow laugh, with eyes wide staring. The spell was on him again.

"Didst hear what?" he demanded; "the wind in the forest, or a lone owl's cry?"

"No," I said; "that shriek."

"Thou wert dreaming," laughed my uncle. "Get thee to bed. May thy sleep be more sound."

I left him standing by the fire, and went to my room. Long hours passed before I slept, and, even when I did, in my dreams I heard that wild voice, maddening in its intensity, ringing through the building—"Thou fiend! O God! Thou fiend!"

(To be Continued.)

"Thou Shalt Not Kill."

BY W. RUSSELL OWEN.

I.

"*E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me.*"

ON the fifteenth of May, seventeen seventy-four, Janet Gray was seated on a rustic bench in an American city,

at which was garrisoned a British company. Towards dark a servant brought to her a note, written a month previously from Philadelphia. She interpreted the handwriting to be that of Stanley Hale, her lover. The last note she had written told him that she was growing tired, and his notes evinced the same truth. She tore open the letter and read:

"I am not tired, Janet. Here alone I think of you, and wish I were at home. I feel that you have grown weary of me, and the British lieutenant is loved instead. Do not write until, Janet, you can place your left hand upon your heart, and with your pen write, 'Stanley, I love you *all*.' I am not tired, dear, of you, but tired of other things and worried. STANLEY."

She placed it sacredly in her bodice, and looked on the purpling west. The sun was dying slowly and her love, she felt, was dying likewise. As she sat alone the young British lieutenant, second in command of the city's garrison, came into the grove.

"Do you know the colonists are falling into ill-favor with his Majesty? The Mohawk party angered him, and now I fear he shall order his soldiers to treat you all as rebels. Governor Hutchinson is removed in Massachusetts, and Gage is appointed commander of the American garrisoned forces. I hope this does not mean serious trouble. I would hate to think of you as an enemy. But the gathering clouds, I am fearful, are portentous. The sun is sinking darkly to-day, and I know not but that the morrow will find us foes."

A frightened glance fell over her at first, but then she smiled, regaining her calmness, and said, "But we must have our rights, you know."

The young officer bade her good-bye, and left. As thus in the grove she waited for the maid to announce the evening meal, she listened to a song. Two American apprentice boys were rowing their skiff back to their home. The day's toil

was done, and she heard them sing of King George, their mighty lord. The sun was set. The shadows were fast filling up the stream, and she saw the boat as a speck fading, and heard the dying song.

"Ah! Let them sing to-day. To-morrow's sun may make them foes."

She caught a dry twig and wrote "Stanley Hale" upon the sand, and then she wrote "King George," and rubbed the latter out.

II.

"*No more of that, Hal, as thou lovest me.*"

To-morrow's sun did make them foes in truth—of war and love. Janet was a rebel prisoner in the city—King George's red-coats her warden. The visits of the young officer were forbidden, and they were hardly friends. The song of yesterday had died away, never to be re-sung, and the rowers sang a love song instead. "King George" was rubbed—completely lost in the dust of the grove.

The city was besieged by an American army a twelve month later, and British soldiers swarmed its streets. Word was given late in the day that the Americans would attack to-morrow. A young officer under truce was in the city, and awaited an answer to his terms.

As Janet sat on the same rustic bench on which she had sat in seventy-four, the British officer came into the grove. She did not forbid him entrance, but spoke formally to his questions. He told her of his love—how that the war had made them foes, but love did not wish them so. He spoke of the lonely hours of posting the watch, and how he sorrowed so much that he must fight her friends.

"Wilt thou not speak to me, Janet? Wilt not? Then I must tell thee that I love." And with a frenzy in his frame he seized her and kissed her lips, then fell away in shame.

She was indignant at the move, but only sat and blushed. The Britisher had drunk of liquor, and his eyes flamed with the fire.

"How art thou, Janet?" a voice spoke, and, turning, she saw the Continental uniform and recognized Stanley Hale. "I am come into the city under truce, to offer last terms to the garrison commander. I have filled my mission and the die is cast. And now I am here to say farewell."

She pressed his hand and suppressed a sigh. "The lieutenant has kissed me, and he is drunk from liquor."

Better had she asked that he hate the British than to mention aught of an insult. Hale drew his sword and advanced to the seated officer. "Come, answer my sword." Quickly they were clashing swords and moving swiftly about. The fired brain of the British lieutenant seemed boiling with hate, and equally was the sting of his conduct pricking the American captain. Janet cried that they cease, but no appeal would now check these two, intent upon murder. The lips of the Englishman trembled and his mouth was contorted. With a convulsive twist he gasped for breath. Hale was quick to catch the gasp and adroitly sent his sword hurling, then rushed deperately for a plunge, when the voice of Janet cried aloud, "Thou shalt not kill, Stanley."

The day was waning, and but twenty minutes of the truce was left. With no shelter save the early peeping stars, Janet and Stanley stood a short distance from the American guard.

"Dost know, Janet, that on the morrow we separate, perhaps forever. Yonder on the hill-side the guns are pointing. I have finished my truce and must return. I come to bid you leave the city. I have come to kiss you before the morrow, and bid you dream of me. The sun is reddening and the west is gold. To-morrow will find the river crimson and the city smoke."

"I love thee, Stanley. I have sat in my room looking toward the west. I have kissed the pane and told the sun-

light streaming through it in the evening to bear thee a message from me. I have oft prayed that thou mightest have fire and bread, and when I wake in the dead of night I catch a couch robe and throw it about me and look far away at thy camp fire and wish that as a vestal I might stand and feed its flame. When thou firest at the city know that I am safe. Dost know I feel this farewell is for so long. The stream is quiet and slipping slowly along its bed. The sun is failing with its light. The morrow's sun, O Lord, I pray may sink as fair."

The soldier waved his hand to the guard, kissed the fair face of his betrothed, and walked under his white silken flag back to the American camp. Could human soul have walked with Janet Gray to her home, they would not have heard a word save the sound of a heaving breast and a prayerfully breathed, "Stanley." From the early days, when their hearts were young, these two had played. They had dreamed of war and love, and kissed each in the evening gloom as they ran for home. But a subtler cord than friendship and a bond more sacred than fancy held them now. They were to have married long, long ere this, but the war had taken him away and left her without sight or word.

When in the dusk she rested her troubled head in her hands, and looked with burning eyes toward the west, she thought of the lie she told, and resolved to stay in the city on the morrow and to bathe his head if perchance they found him wounded.

III.

"*Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.*"

The sun had risen fair. A low fog of smoke hung over the river, and the city was ablaze from afar. Squads of British soldiers were sallying as a lull fell in the fire. The infantry were numerous, but the cavalry were few. The plateau upon which the city rested served more than a double

strength of defence, and the city had not wavered in resistance at noon. The wood copse on the right was breathing with smoke and the guns ceased their firing. The small number of American horse necessarily threw the thick of the skirmish upon them. In the late afternoon Stanley Hale with a band of skirmishers rode on the right flank for a surprise manœuvre. They were met suddenly by a band of British, and a hard hand-to-hand clash came. Each American fought to sheer exhaustion, and as darkness fell about them a few reserves came from the English camp, and, rushing into the midst, the American line wavered. Stanley Hale fell from his horse. An officer's frail sword had pierced his breast and broken short. His wound bled but very little, and he lay quietly waiting for water. He turned and looked upon the British heights. A figure he could scarce distinguish appeared on a knoll and held her hands beseechingly to him. He raised up on his arm and peered well to catch the face. Visions of a purple bodice trimmed with white lace too often had haunted him that it might delude him now. It was Janet, and as he watched a British horseman rode up, drew her in his arms upon his horse, and rode away, waving his hand adieu. From one of his privates who brought him water he procured paper and wrote desperately:

"Janet, the city is smoke and the stream is crimson. My life is ebbing as the tide. I shall live until I draw the sword-point. The city is smoke, the stream is red, and the sun is set."

The morrow's sun had set, though not so fair as on yesterday.

IV.

"Call it not vain; they do not err."

A loud report but seldom breaks the quiet. The city's lights are bright at afar. The wounded speak naught of pain, but the revel of a host resounds in the British camp.

Upon a linen immaculate, Janet is asleep in a British officer's tent. She has swooned, and the purple bodice lies open and her breast is bare. Her hair is flowing upon her shoulders, and she smiles. A soldier upon his knees comes to the doorway of the tent, and, nearing, looks upon her. A drop of red falls upon the linen, and he awakens the sleeper. "Dost know, Janet, that I have come. My wound sorely pains me, and I am faint. Where is he who bore thee off?"

She turned and smiled and spoke: "He will return when he hath drunken well. He roused me from my faint and kissed me, and bade me sleep 'till the banquet ceased.'"

"Janet, dost thou love me? The stream is rippling with my blood and my breast is aflame. Wilt thou die with me?"

She lifted her eyes to his, rested upon her arm, and looked far, far away. Stanley kissed her and fell upon the floor of the tent. Quickly Janet drew the steel from the wound and plunged it deep into her breast. She kissed him and fell upon his breast. The sun was set and the river crimson.

* * * * * * * * * * *

He who said "Thou shalt not kill" said also, "Greater love hath no man than this."

Love Ever True.

"All violets were white as snow
When love was constant, leal, and true;
But love was false, then in their woe
They donned this sombre mourning hue."

—*January Messenger.*

'Tis true? Nay, nay, but on this wise:
"All violets were white as snow,"
But angels whispered from the skies
To them that blue means true, and so

They donned at once this emblem hue
In answer to the voice above.
Love always was and will be true,
For God, the truth, is also love.

J. W. CAMMACK.

An Anglo-American Exposition in 1907.

WITHIN the past few months the idea of holding in Richmond in 1907 an immense world-embracing exposition, to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent settlement in America at Jamestown, has been exploded upon the public, and has met with universal approval on all sides. The proposal found birth with that active and aggressive organization, the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, which, some time ago, determined upon a celebration at Jamestown in 1907, and ventured also to suggest in conjunction an exposition for Richmond.

The one hundreth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence met with an appropriate celebration in Philadelphia in 1876. Again, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus found worthy expression in Chicago in 1892. Besides these, numerous dates of minor and local significance have furnished opportunities for holding expositions of more or less national greatness. It seems, therefore, that it would be a matter for the most serious regret if we were to allow this auspicious date to pass without some display that would be of credit at once to the State, the nation, and the occasion. The enthusiastic reception of the proposal by the people, the Legislature, the Governor, as well as the press throughout the country, (for the movement has already attracted notice all over the land,) would seem to indicate that any fears in this regard are ungrounded. The idea is becoming thoroughly disseminated among the people,

and it is possibly not too much to say now that the exposition is a certainty.

There are many and sufficient reasons why Richmond should see to it that this proposed display materializes into more than mere speculation. Richmond within the past decade has made marvelously rapid strides in commercial and manufacturing directions, and the city has been widely advertised by reason of the many national conventions that have been held here. People beyond the boundaries of Virginia are fast becoming convinced of the fallacy of supposing that the sole pride and glory of Virginia is her illustrious past. We are indeed proud of our time-honored traditions and of the part which was ours in the formative period of our country, but we are equally, if not more, proud of what Virginia is to-day, and of her possibilities in the future in manufactures, in arts, in science, in education, in resources. A celebration at Jamestown in 1907, in conjunction with an exposition in Richmond, will offer an unparalleled opportunity for a striking contrast between Virginia in 1607 and Virginia in 1907. On the one hand, in Jamestown we have a present which is but an analogy of its past—primitive, undeveloped; on the other hand, in Richmond we have a present which is the evolution of its past—a marvelous development with a corresponding increase of potentiality. We quote from the *Religious Herald* of a recent issue, which, in an able editorial discussing the advisability of such a movement, says:

"The advantages—commercial, political, and moral—that will flow from such an enterprise are obvious.

"1. The exposition in 1907 at Richmond will exploit the resources of Virginia and the South.

"2. It will quicken unprecedentedly the enterprise of Richmond itself.

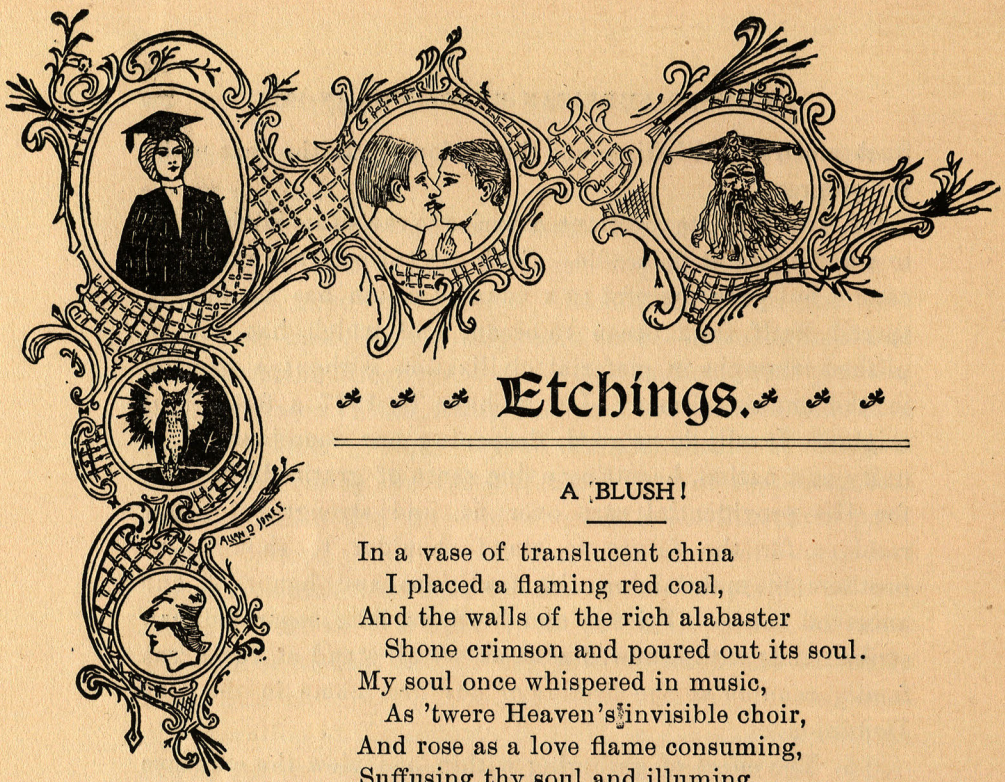
"3. It will furnish a fine opportunity to hold a series of congresses—religious, educational, legal, medical, social—in which the ripest thought of the world can find expression.

Such meetings will stimulate the various activities that make for progress.

"4. It will invite the giant America to revisit its birth-place, to stand again at its cradle. Such a retrospective experience cannot but prove helpful to a country which has so quickly spread itself from ocean to ocean, and which has accomplished triumphs in material civilization without a parallel in the annals of man. Let us have in 1907 a festival of origins. It will do us good, deepening our consciousness of unity as a nation, begetting a due sense of gratitude to God for His providential care over us, and strengthening our resolves for the future to stand shoulder to shoulder as brothers in maintaining the traditions and honor of our ancestral estate. Friends and brothers, long separated, can strike hands with renewed zeal, as we all stand at the great family reunion at the fireside of our first home in the Old Dominion.

"5. The effect of gathering within one view the evidence of the world's progress during the past three centuries, in art, science, invention, manufacturing, education, social reform, geographical discovery, and commerce, will be most helpful to the South, as it now is entering upon a new era of industrial development. Nothing known to us could have the same educational value within so brief a time."

It will naturally be said, on first thought, that the time is too far off for so active an agitation of the subject; but the enormity of the undertaking must be borne in mind, for it were better to have no celebration than not to have one of national and even world-wide magnitude. Gigantic plans will have to be originated and immense buildings conceived and erected, all of which takes time. Moreover, not the least of the early energy of the prime movers must be toward educating the public into the spirit of the undertaking. The time is ripe, the history and situation of Richmond advantageous; it remains to be seen what the ability and energy of her citizens can accomplish.



Etchings.

A BLUSH!

In a vase of translucent china
I placed a flaming red coal,
And the walls of the rich alabaster
Shone crimson and poured out its soul.
My soul once whispered in music,
As 'twere Heaven's invisible choir,
And rose as a love flame consuming,
Suffusing thy soul and illuming,
And thy blush transmitted its fire.

MY LOVE AND I.

BY L. L. J.

In days gone by, when happy youth was filled
With all the glow of love's dear, golden dream,
And life with that diviner passion thrilled,
We lingered long beside the murm'ring stream,
My love and I.

Then in those after years, more stern than yore,
When darker swelled the deep, on-rushing tide,
We bravely faced the mad gale and its roar,
And were content, for we stood side by side,
My love and I.

And now, as fainter grows the twilight glow,
Our hearts vibrate one pray'r in sweetest sound,
That hand-in-hand together we may go
Upon that last dim journey outward bound,
My love and I.

To JOHN B. TABB.

BY E. B. K.

A dew-drop bearing in its breast
The brightness of the sun,
The essence of the muse's best,
A thousand thoughts in one.

ON THE ROAD TO THE LAND OF TO-MORROW.

BY L. C. F.

Up from a valley of mist and dread,
Weary and fainting and almost dead,
A guide and a traveler came one day—
On the hill tops pausing to rest on their way
And view the road that before them lay.
Behind was the valley, all dark and still,
But there in front, just over the hill,
Was a smiling landscape before them spread.
The traveler laughed as he gazed ahead.
"Tell me, Sir Guide, what means all this—
The rainbow hues, the joy, the bliss,
The swaying forms of dancers fair,
With strange, sweet flowers twined in their hair."

Then low made answer the aged guide,
Yet paused to sneer ere he replied:
"Your fondest hopes are the dancers fair,
Your heart's desires, the flowers rare.

They tint the morrow with brightest hue,
But they fade and perish—and so will you."
The traveler shuddered and turned away,
Turned his back on the scene so gay.
On the other side, in the valley deep,
Was the ground thrown up in many a heap;
And over all there brooded a cloud,
As heavy and black as the folds of a shroud.
"The meaning?" the traveler's eyes did ask.
The other responded, "An easy task—
Your disappointments are buried there;
The cloud is sorrow, longing, despair."
"What call ye this place?" the traveler cried.
Then low made answer the aged guide,
"On the Hill of To-day
We stand to survey,
Before us, the Land of To-morrow,
Behind, the Valley of Yesterday."

Literary Notes.

The last direct male descendant of Daniel De Foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," has recently died in England.

James Whitcomb Riley says he waited twenty years before he had a manuscript accepted by a publisher.

Gen. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," which has been translated into many other languages, is now to be translated into Greek.

One of the most readable and valuable books on China and the Chinese that has been published during the past year is Consul-General Wildman's "China's Open Door."

When Stephen Crane died he left an unfinished novel, entitled "The O'Ruddy." The work of completing the story has been intrusted to A. E. W. Mason, and David Belasco is to dramatize it.

It is said that Mr. Lloyd got much of his material for "Stringtown on the Pike" from the well-known Hatfield-McCoy feud. It is a case, however, of the picture's falling very far short of the model.

"The Devil's Kite" is the title of a little booklet by the Rev. John Duke McFaden. It reminds one of the old Puritan days, when Baxter and his contemporaries used to issue such startling tales as "A Spiritual Snuff-Box" and "A Believer's Breeches."

We are happy to chronicle the literary success of two men

who, while not Virginians by birth, are at present making their homes among us. They are Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown, authors of "Eastover Courthouse," which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Charles M. Flandran, author of "Harvard Episodes," has recently published a new book entitled "The Diary of a Freshman." Mr. Flandran by his first effort established his reputation as one of the foremost writers of college tales, and it is said that this later work does not alter the public's verdict as to his ability.

The *Book World* of March throws some interesting light upon Robert Burns's famous song, "Comin' Through the Rye." They say that the Rye was not a rye-field, but the Rye river, through which the girls used to wade and hold up their petticoats, while the boys amused themselves snatching kisses, which the girls were unable to resist without dropping their skirts.

In answer to the criticism that "The Penitentes," reviewed in the last issue of The Messenger, is overdrawn, and that the attempted crucifixion, as described in the story, never did and never could occur in free America, *The Evangelical Herald*, of Cleveland, says, in a recent review of this much-discussed story: "The Penitentes live in the San Luis Valley, in the State of Colorado, and have attempted the practice of their peculiar religious rites in the last few years. One closely related to the writer of this review was witness to their practice as late as 1882."

Among the most serious disasters of the recent burning of the Jefferson Hotel was the loss of a number of important

and difficult chapters of a new novel by Miss Ellen Glasgow, a sketch of whose work appeared in the last issue of THE MESSENGER. Miss Glasgow had completed the book, and had sent a portion of it to the stenographer at the hotel to be typewritten before sending it on to the publishers. The manuscript was in the stenographer's desk, and was, of course, lost. Miss Glasgow is greatly grieved over her misfortune, as are her many friends and admirers.

MISS NANNIE WINSTON, a young Virginia woman living at Glen Allen, who published about two years ago a novel called "Waters That Pass Away," has written another book, which is to be published in the early summer. Miss Winston's first attempt, while written in a vigorous style and containing much of great merit, was hardly a success, and the probable cause was the subject with which she chose to deal. The central idea in the book was that the standard of morality for men and women should be the same, but the error Miss Winston made was in endeavoring to justify a woman's fall rather than to decry a man's. It is to be hoped that Miss Winston's second effort will meet with better success.

THE *Book World*, in its April issue, publishes the following:

"Some of the Warsaw papers give interesting particulars of the private life of the author of "Quo Vadis," which have been eagerly appropriated by the literary paragraphers of Paris, where the romance of Nero's Rome continues to be widely read. We are informed that M. Sienkiewicz lives in Warsaw, Russian Poland, occupying, with his daughter and mother-in-law, the second story of a tenement house. He is a widower. The rooms are very simply furnished, in old-fashioned style. Many pictures, the gifts of friends, cover

the walls. The study of Sienkiewicz is a large and airy room, containing a commodious writing table and many well-filled book-cases. A life-size picture of the deceased wife of Sienkiewicz hangs on one wall and hunting trophies on the others. Sienkiewicz begins his day between 9 and 10 A. M. He breakfasts on tea and a few slices of ham or roast beef. He then works till 2 P. M., but drinks a cup of coffee with two or three raw eggs in the interval. Sienkiewicz is not particular as to what he eats, but the table must be prettily laid out and the service elegant. A little white wine, mixed with water, is the author's general beverage. Often he takes no wine at all. From 3 to 4 P. M. Sienkiewicz receives visitors, but never returns their calls."

EASTOVER COURTHOUSE.—By Kenneth Brown and H. B. Boone.

Harper Brothers are publishing, during this year, a series of twelve novels, most of them the products of new authors. The first book on their list is "Eastover Courthouse," the joint work of Kenneth Brown and Henry Burnham Boone, two young gentlemen of Charlottesville, Va.

That they should have been preferred in competition in a literary contest which must have enlisted the efforts of a large number of aspirants for honors is in itself a distinction for these two young men; that their book should be the first to come before the public is another and a more marked compliment to its authors. The pleasing mention of their initial novel by periodicals and reviews of high standing, following hard upon its introduction, has made this introduction an unusually happy one, and must naturally create a popular bias in favor of the book concerning which such opinions have been expressed.

"Eastover Courthouse" enjoys the distinction of being the first successful Virginia publication of the twentieth

century. It is announced as being a picture of to-day, and professes to be entirely occupied with the problems of modernity, without reference to the distinctive characteristics of the past. Certainly it has the advantage of youth in its authorship, and it is perhaps well that an older generation should view Virginia's people, customs, manners, and localities through eyes that look mainly to the present and the future.

No book of to-day seems to be written without a purpose, and in opening that of Messrs. Brown and Boone the dis covery of such a purpose becomes an absorbing pursuit to the reader. The names, over which attention momentarily lingers, are frankly and out-spokenly Virginian. The dialect is next passed in mental review, and classified as excellent, and the locality is at once identified as being that of one of the counties on the upper James. "Eastover Courthouse" might be any one of half a dozen county-seats easily called to mind by lifelong in-dwellers of the Old Dominion.

It would seem, however, that Southern writers of the last decade are full of sudden and unexpected surprises. They have a Minerva-like trick of springing into existence full-armed and full-panoplied, with a style as finished and a manner as fine in their first expression as they might have after years of experience and training. The opening chapter of "Eastover Courthouse" is remarkable in every way—in its graphic sentences and vivid coloring and outline, in its picturesque description force, in its sharp contrasts, and in its ability to tell a humorous story and to tell it amusingly.

As we have said, the book purports to be occupied altogether with what is new and up-to-date; yet its best touches and warmest tones—whatever appeals to the reader most by force of sympathy and characterization—is borrowed from what has gone before or what has been left behind. Transmitted to us as this subtle moving power has been by the vigorous pen of heredity, the traces of it are everywhere apparent, to give individuality and charm to what would else

be dull, lifeless, and common-place. For, if the day should ever arrive when the leaven of the by-gone is altogether eliminated, and the spirit of heirship in tradition and romance is altogether wanting, in that day Virginia will have ceased to be the fruitful source from whence her children and the rest of the world draw inspiration and glowing themes to gild song and story.

The fashion of plots in books has gone out. They can scarcely be said in the twentieth century to even have plans, so slight is the thread of connection that binds the whole together. "Eastover Courthouse" is in the fashion—for plot it has none. Its originators, one would imagine, were not plot-makers. Instead, they are possessed of a much more valuable talent—the same that enables an artist to use his brush upon his landscape with a sure hand and paint his picture at first hand; the power of going directly to the heart of things, and extracting from the mass of every-day happenings in every-day life around one the salient and pertinent features that will survive.

The men and women who live and move and have their little being in the pages where Messrs. Brown and Boone have placed them are real and life-like. Their faults and weaknesses are not disguised; they are exhibited in frankest portraiture, but there is much in what they say and do that is recognizable and familiar. We do not fall especially in love with any one of them, but, for all that, we are impressed with the idea that they are men and women, and not ideals.

The one purposive point in "Eastover Courthouse," as the book interprets itself to us, seems the quick and sure fashion in which the race problem is met, summarily considered, and disposed of. In anticipation of the discussion which the settling process of negro punishment, as described by Messrs. Brown and Boone, might excite, their reviewers have assured the public, in advance, that whatever has emanated from

them on that source is a reproduction in print of what has come under their own personal observation.

This, of course, seems authoritative, and yet just here lies the failure and the weakness of "Eastover Courthouse." It would be very difficult for practical people—those who for years have labored to adjust themselves properly to the changed racial conditions which prevail—to believe that anywhere in this State, or, for that matter, in any State, such drastic measures and such overpowering force would be used to quell insubordination on the part of colored laborers as that which Hugh Carrington is said to have employed toward the overseer, Scroggs, and the thieving blacks on Major Tazewell's plantation. Whenever the relations between negroes and the whites are touched upon the twentieth century surroundings disappear, as if by magic, from the pages of Messrs. Brown and Boone, and we seem to be carried back to mediæval time and to the worst sort of feudalism. If there is a corner of Virginia where absolute despotism of one class over another prevails, that corner is unknown to the largest number of her citizens, who are both conservative and law-abiding and are not usually very zealous or prompt in the detection of theft. On the contrary, having been subject to depredations for many years, they often prefer quiet submission to what they often consider is an evil for which they can find no remedy.

Editorial.

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"A DIVISION OF LABOR."

It is known that for some time past the faculty have had under consideration various plans looking to a closer affiliation of students and faculty, and their earnest efforts found expression in a meeting held in the Assembly Hall on March 15th, at which time a definite plan was adopted. The whole student body was divided into five groups, and one group was assigned to each of the following Professors: Doctors Mitchell, Chandler, Hunter, Gaines, and Boatwright. These professors are to consider the men in their respective groups as being particularly under their supervision and care, and are to be ready at all times to help them in any way which they may need. Special office hours have been published at which each professor will receive the men of his group, to discuss matters either of a personal or general character with them. The plan is an admirable one, and satisfies a long-felt need in the college life—namely, that of bringing the faculty and students into more heart-to-heart contact. There is nothing so potent in developing character as the personal influence of strong men, whose characters have already passed through the formative process and have come out firmly established. The influence of the professor in the class-room is by no means to be belittled, but there so much

of his energy is of necessity taken up with the routine of class work that personal influence must become only incidental. We believe we are stating an honest, if lamentable, fact when we say that many a man comes to Richmond College, remains here through a number of years, and perhaps graduates and leaves it, without having made a single professor his warm and devoted friend, by having unbosomed his fondest hopes and ambitions, revealed the deeper aspirations of his life, and found that healthful comfort and solace which can be given only by those have trod the same rough path before. Now the faculty realizes this, and has taken the initial step to overcome the difficulty, but their efforts will be absolutely in vain without the hearty and sincere co-operation of the students, and this, we believe, they will get, for the students will not be slow to realize what is for their own ultimate interest in the matter.

THE WEDNESDAY CONFERENCES.

And just in this connection we would ask what has become of the "Wednesday Conferences." We all took a lively interest in these little discussions of matters of interest to us all, and it seems a pity that the program mapped out should have been left unfinished. The examinations of necessity interrupted them for a while, but we can see no reason why they should have been discontinued altogether, and we trust they are not yet past all revival.

THE BURNING OF THE JEFFERSON.

We feel that, along with the whole city of Richmond, we wish to express our deep sorrow and regret at the disastrous burning of the Jefferson Hotel on Friday night, March 29th. Since the opening of the hotel, in 1895, after a construction period of twenty-seven months, it had become a marvelous factor in the growth and development of the city, bringing,

as it did, to the attention of a hitherto unknown travelling public the beauties and advantages of the city. In the short period of its existence it had become well known throughout this country and Europe, not only as the most beautiful hotel south of New York, but as maintaining an unexcelled cuisine and general service. Moreover, the hotel, situated as it was in the heart of Richmond's residential section, had become an indispensable feature of the social life of the city. It was a living monument to that great and noble benefactor, Major Lewis Ginter, who spared neither expense nor trouble in making it the peer of any hostelry in the world. Its loss is a cruel blow, and it is not to be marveled at that a gloom has fallen over the whole city in consequence. It will doubtless rise from its ashes to its former glory, but that does not lessen the grief that now fills our hearts.

DR. WILLIAM E. HATCHER AND RICHMOND COLLEGE.

For years Dr. Boatwright has been struggling under the almost superhuman task of financiering, disciplining, and teaching at Richmond College, and we are delighted to see that, by a recent action on the part of the Trustees, his burdens are to be lessened. On Sunday morning, March 24th, Dr. William E. Hatcher, president of the Board of Trustees, tendered his resignation to the congregation of Grace-Street Baptist Church, to assume the financial control of Richmond College. The step is undoubtedly in the right direction. Richmond College only lacks money, and money they are determined to have. The efforts of Dr. Boatwright have been crowned with wonderful success, but it was unreasonable to expect him to carry on a three-fold work. No man is better fitted to carry on the work of raising money for Richmond College than Dr. Hatcher, he having been educated here and for years having been actively associated with every change in her policy. We are more than sanguine of his ultimate success.

On the Campus.

BASE-BALL.

Though it is very difficult to predict with certainty the prospects of a team before any games have been played, we would say, without any hesitancy, that the team of '01 will be superior to the one of last year, and, judging from the reports that have been afloat about the other teams of this division of the Intercollegiate Association, there is little doubt but that we stand a very good show for landing the pennant of the eastern division.

The weather has been unusually good for practicing during the past month, and a fair amount of progress has been made. For reasons which are hard to understand, the "scrub" pitchers have been pitching against the team every afternoon, instead of the first team pitchers. This seems to be a great mistake, and we believe will be noticeable in our preliminary games with the Northern colleges, as our weakest point, as generally among college teams, is with the stick. Any one who has been watching the practices in the afternoons can very nearly predict who will compose the team.

Kerfoot has proven the strongest applicant behind the bat. His throwing is hard and sure. He plays with a vim and spirit, which helps to make a success of any team.

White can always be depended upon to keep any team guessing at the bat. His own batting is above the average.

Shepherd, who pitched a few games last year, has improved both in speed and control of the ball.

Poindexter will probably play short-stop. He is a new man, and has shown up well in the practice.

Lankford, another new man, has shown up better on first base than he did behind the bat. We doubt not that when the season is over his averages will be among the first.

Captain Sanford has been playing at second. Judging

from his playing of previous seasons, we are not altogether sure but that he has made a mistake in leaving the initial bag—not that he does not cover his position satisfactorily, but there are other men on the team who are equally as capable of playing second, while there is none who could hold his own at first as well as he.

Broaddus, who has come to us with quite a reputation as an infielder and hitter, will probably play third. His throwing is good, but his fielding is rather slow at times. He will no doubt limber up after the preliminary games, and develop into a star player before the season is over.

In the outfield, we have three as sure men as any college in the State. Dunaway in left, Blundon in centre, and Staples in right are the trio. All three played on the 1900 team, and can be depended on to catch anything in their territory.

Without any disparagement to the first team, we can say that the "scrubs" are nearly as good as the first team, as is evidenced by the practices. It is a difficult task to name the substitutes. Among the "scrubs," the playing of Woodward, Ellyson, Collier, John Broaddus, and Gaines is especially good.

FACULTY LECTURES.

The first of the series of faculty lectures was held in the Assembly Hall on March 23d, Dr. Chandler delivering the lecture. His subject, "The History of the Suffrage Question in Virginia," was ably and forcibly handled. Dr. Chandler at present has in press a book dealing with this same subject, which he has thoroughly and exhaustively explored.

The second lecture was delivered by Dr. Hunter on March 19th, on "Some Considerations of Bread and Breadstuffs." The lecture was enjoyed by all present.

The third of the series was by Dr. Kellogg, on "Music of the Ancient Greeks." Dr. Kellogg was never more delightful and instructive.

There are to follow: "Legendary Forerunners of Dante," by Dr. Becker, on April 9th, and "Higher Education—Retrospect and Prospect," by Dr. Boatwright, on April 16th.

On Saturday evening, March 16th, Professor and Mrs. Gaines received very charmingly at their home the group of students whom Professor Gaines took under his supervision. The reception was a most enjoyable one. Among the young ladies who assisted in receiving were Misses Mary and Isabel Harris, Corneille Willingham, Rose Paramour, Grace Pollard, Edith Foster, Anna Brewer, of Boston, Julia Ryland, and Hughes. The gentlemen present were Messrs. Jenkins, Derieux, Fog, Dunn, Blundon, Lacy, Beale, Dunaway, Spillman, J. M. Hughes, L. T. Hughes, M. E. Broaddus, Franklin, Gaines, Lilliston, Hunter, Owen, Willingham.

There was a called meeting of the Board of Trustees held about the middle of March in the parlor of the First Baptist Church. The meeting was called to consider the resignation of Dr. Kellogg, of the School of Greek. The resignation was reluctantly accepted. It is rumored also that at this meeting the resignations of Doctors Pollard and Thomas were presented.

A fact that is worthy of note is that, of the five members of the Constitutional Convention from Richmond, three are alumni of Richmond College. They are Messrs. Charles V. Meredith, James W. Gordon, and John Garland Pollard. It is needless to say that no more brilliant and capable men than these will find seats in the Convention.

The faculty and their wives on Wednesday, March 20th, tendered a reception in the James Thomas Memorial Hall to

the Baptist editors of the South. The Baptist editors were at that time assembled in convention in Richmond.

The Hotel de la Bouis is no more. On March 15th a consolidation was effected between this well-known hostelry and the Refectory. Ninety-four students are now being fed (?) at the Refectory.

On Sunday, March 24th, J. W. Cammack was ordained to the ministry. Dr. Dunaway and Revs. J. W. Sisk and Baldy and Professor Kellogg composed the board of examiners.

Prof. S. C. Mitchell lectured at Hollins Institute Friday evening, March 22d, and on the following Sunday he preached at the University of Virginia.

About thirty-five of the students of the College cast their votes on March 28th for Richmond representatives in the Constitutional Convention.

Quite a number of the College boys will take part in the "Carnival of Musical Romances," to be presented at the Academy on April 17th.

Prof. J. Rufus Hunter contemplates going abroad during the coming vacation. Some of the boys will probably go with him.

On Saturday afternoon, March 23d, Dr. Boatwright and his wife delightfully received a number of students at their home.

Rev. J. P. Essex was on the campus Friday, March 29th. He was on his way to his new pastorate in West Virginia.

Exchange Department.

We hail with pleasure the arrival of the Hollins *Semi-Annual*. While it is deplorably deficient in fiction, it is rich in essays. The article "Miss Mary Johnston and Fennimore Cooper" is very good, as are also "Reveries Suggested by Tennyson's Idyll, Guinevere," and "Some Quaint Characters in the Old Miracle Plays." We congratulate the editors on the high order of the department work.

The *Emory and Henry Era* for February-March contains several excellent articles, both in poetry and prose. The piece of fiction, "Five Minutes Too Late," is well written and highly interesting. Other prose articles deserving mention are "An Oval Portrait" and "A Modern Priscilla." "Hope" is an admirable poetic production.

It is with pleasure that we take up the March issue of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, which we consider one of our best exchanges. It contains several essays of high order, but is sadly lacking in fiction.

Beneath the beautiful covers of the March *Mercerian* we find several short and spicy stories. Of the poems, "To Truth" and "To the Hermit Thrush" claim special mention.

The *Wake Forest Student* is an up-to-date magazine. The March issue contains a number of good essays, and the department work is especially to be complimented.

The *Wofford College Journal* for March contains three very readable stories, the best of which is probably "Why Is the House Uninhabited?"

We welcome the *Amherst Literary Monthly* to our desk. "The Story of a Shoe," in the March number, was read with pleasure.

The *Oaklandite*, though in its infancy, is a very creditable little magazine, and reflects much honor on its institution.

The *William Jewel Student* for March is quite an attractive magazine.

Clippings.

PRACTICAL TRIGONOMETRY.

BY A. FLUNKER.

One day in Trigonometry,
The master thus instructed me:
"Go make, out in the garden, sir,
An observation of the sun,
And then report when you have done."

I hurried out, resolved to do
My task, and wisdom to pursue.
But, ah! Before I saw the sun
I saw the neighbor's daughter fair,
Sweet Mary, in the garden there.

In whose black eyes a sign I caught,
And sines and co-sines straight forgot,
"In finding out an altitude,
What profit hath a man?" I cried,
And sat me down by Mary's side.

The sun made angles up above,
But in the shade we two made love.
When I returned the master said,
"Sir, you stayed longer than was need,
But tell us, how did you succeed?"

"Good master, sure I cannot tell;
I got a sign that pleased me well,
Succeeded fairly by degrees,
And hope that when my problem's done
'Twill finally result in one."

—*Ex.*

Before—

There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

After—

There are letters of accent,
And letters of tone;
But the best of all letters
Is to let her alone.

—*Ex.*

The Greek professor sat in his chair,
His brow was marked with dire despair;
"When," quoth he, "in this horseless age
Will the horseless student come on the stage?"

—*Ex.*

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp no doubt,
For soon as Mary's beau went in
The lamp, you see, went out.

—*Ex.*

Now since Eve tempted Adam,
Man has been a total wreck;
And the apple above his collar
Proves he got it in the neck.

—*Ex.*

They sat upon the garden stile,
The youthlet and the maid.
"The stars above are not as bright
As you," he softly said.

She lifted up her little hand
Toward Luna's golden light;
"The moon above is not as full
As you, my dear, to-night."

—*Ex.*

He who courts and goes away
Lives to court another day,
But he who weds, and courts girls still,
May go to court against his will.

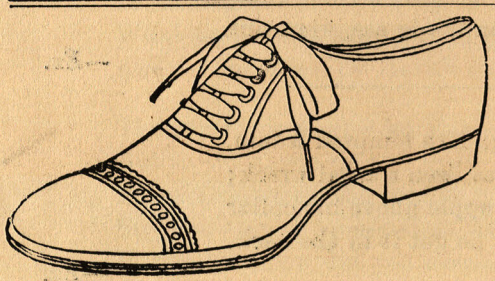
—*Ex.*

"Shall I brain him?" cried a hazer,
And the victim's courage fled.
"You can't—it is a Freshman;
Just hit him on the head."

—*Ex.*

"You're only a heartless tyrant,"
Said Johnny Jones to Sue,
Who always said, "I can't,"
When asked for a kiss or two.
"So now I'll kiss you just for spite;
So there, take that, young miss."
And when ended the sibilant fight
She only replied, "Sic semper tyrannis."

—*Ex.*



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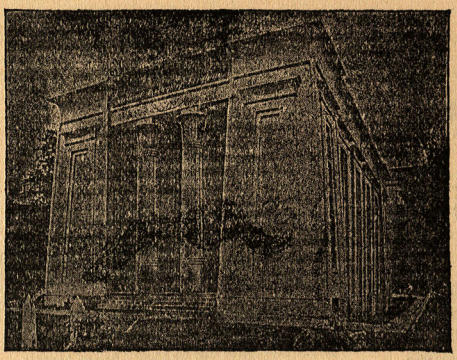

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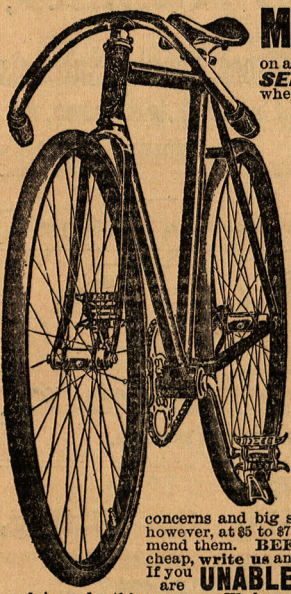

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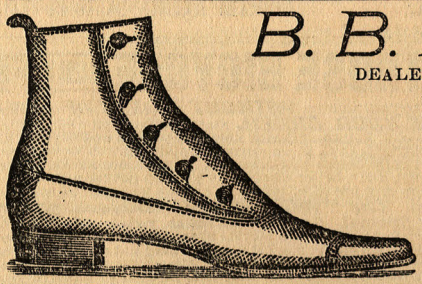

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