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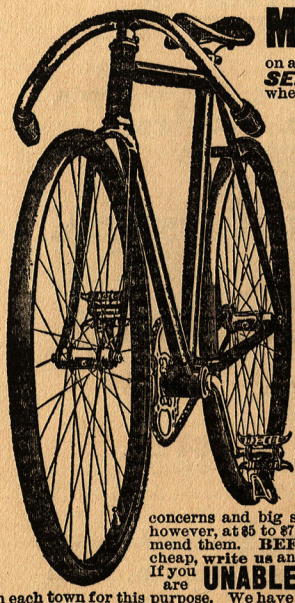

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## RICHMOND COLLEGE,

—PUBLISHED BY THE—

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VOL. XXVII. MAY-JUNE, 1901. NOS. 8 & 9.

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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXVII. MAY–JUNE, 1901. No. 8 & 9.

## Love's Answer.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

Why do I love thee, dear? I do not know.
Why does the mighty ocean ebb and flow?
Or morning wane to eve? Or night to day?
Some soul-tie binds me, love, close, close to thee;
And as the waves rush landward from the sea,
And know no bars to check their onward way,
So does the full, deep current of my soul
Flow, love, to thee, and dreams no other goal.

Why do I love thee, dear? I cannot tell.
I only know, sweetheart, that in me swell,
Like wave-throbs from the sweet Elysian shore,
Deep, subtle currents, whose resistless force
Bear me, a willing victim, in their course,
To thee. *Yet* why? Love, I can say no more
Than as the tide sweeps inward from the sea,
So set the yearnings of my soul to thee.

---

## Modern Rome.

BY C. A. JENKENS, JR.

ON the summits of seven imposing hills, whose inspiring presence from ages far remote has guarded the vicissitudes of a wilderness, poses the beautiful city of Rome. She sits alone, surrounded on all sides by the mighty campagna or

prairie, sea-like in its appearance. Triangular in shape, Rome's spacious mat extends its longest side to greet the seething breakers and warm undulations of the Mediterranean, while the lesser two terminate in the fertile valleys beneath the purple Sabine Hills and the towering snow-crowned peaks of the Albanian Mountains.

The picturesque Eternal City, in the heart of this immense rolling desert, which covers an expanse of eight hundred square miles, was, for many decades, deprived of the plough, because of its malarial effects. But, at length, men braved the mighty peril, and deserts gradually succeeded to waving corn-fields and flourishing vineyards. A weird thought evades a mortal's mind when he beholds, as far as human eye can see, far-reaching devastations and innumerable tombs which reiterate reminiscences of imperial Rome in an embryonic state of civilization and architectural adornment; the old moss-covered aqueducts, projecting with ceaseless flow across the desert plain; the distant green mounds and prolific valleys, illuminated by the bright and cerulean canopy of heaven, which seems to graze the silvery crown of the cold gray deep.

Though for ages all roads have led to Rome, the cradle and grave of empires, yet, until within recent years, the weary traveller, after crying "*Ecceo Roma*" from some majestic hill-top, made his joyful entrance only by the old Flaminian Way.

When the curtain first rises on the stage of European history, and for many subsequent centuries, we find Rome protected by an almost indestructible wall; royal palaces, whose haughty mien many generals strove to humble. Now see those great gaps in the once impenetrable walls, and bands of steel uniting Rome with all the commonwealths of Europe. Behold the palaces, converted into the most magnificent structures for the comfort of pleasure-seekers and foreigners. These hotels have all the modern improvements

and requirements, and many other ancient dwellings are being altered to suit the age.

Modern Rome has a milder climate than formerly, and, instead of a Tiber bridged with ice, we may admire the ermine-clad country, with its fountains gleaming afar with a myriad of jewels. Excepting mid-summer, the nights are quite pleasant, and the rays of a temperate sun are rendered less violent by a combined mountain and sea breeze; but the sirocco, that life-destroying blast, and the Tramontano wind must be guarded against. She is justly proud of her pure water, whose crystal streams gush forth from golden fountains, and, like Tennyson's "Brook," go on forever. Through the Eternal City, old Father Tiber, snake-like in appearance, hastens with vigorous stream and treacherous channel, sporting as it flows with perilous whirlpools. The yellow current has its bed between two royal walls of marble. The gates, once so tall and stately, are now the scenes of officers receiving municipal duties on everything imaginable.

The population has reached the number of four hundred and sixty-five thousand, and keeps steadily increasing, so that we are constrained to recall the old proverb: "While the Colosseum stands, Rome stands; while Rome, the world." Situated in the midst of stone and granite buildings, the Roman, holding himself aloof from all foreigners, yields his honor to none. Poor though he may be, yet with a peculiar dignity he tosses his cloak about his shoulders with an air that seems to say, "*Civis Romanus sum.*" The narrow, winding streets, lined with turrets, domes, and tile-roofed houses, which are dappled here and there with lichens of gorgeous colors, is a soothing spectacle to a weary eye spanning the spacious metropolis from the famous Capitoline Hill.

The citizens have at last learned that health is more important than picturesque mansions and misery, and we find the "City of the Soul" undergoing many changes. The Ghetto has been completely demolished in the recent reno-

vations. Because of long-buried mediæval edifices, the inhabitants of to-day encounter many difficulties in implanting foundations in the made soil. The houses are tall, some even extending many feet below the earth's surface.

The Appian Way, long ago immortalized by well-known writers, is guarded on either side by statues and monuments erected in honor of noble men. Of this number is the tomb of Seneca, which displays a most thrilling and impressive sight. Here the experience of Paul permeates the soul, and we are cognizant of the fact that, whatever changes have occurred, the still, cloudless nights, the paths, the undulating campagna, the verdant hills, and the azure sky are as then. Deviating slightly from this road, one may enter a catacomb, which is under the supervision of the Government, and be led by a guide, holding a flickering torch in his hand, up and down through interminable labyrinths.

The royal mansions are still decorated with the inimitable productions of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Murillo, and other great artists, also with many of the best statues of early Rome and Greece. Now may be seen life-like carvings of Michael Angelo, proudly perched upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and in yonder picture gallery his "Transfiguration," "the world's grandest production." Next pass to the Galleries of Sculpture, where a myriads of statues will immediately greet your vision. Here stands the statue of Nerva, of which the historian Merivale says: "It draws all eyes, * * * embodying the highest ideal of the Roman magnate, the finished warrior, statesman, and gentleman of an eye of varied training and wide experience." "Go see Laocoon's torture, dignifying pain—a father's love and mortal agony with an immortal's patience blending."

The hill country about Rome offers the most delightful and inviting excursions. To the west of the city, far above the avenues of traffic, stands Mount Soracte, crowned in winter with a wreath of snow, while in summer the tall fig tree

whispers to the pine. At once the far-seeing eye leaps to Tivoli, thence to that memorable battle-ground of Regillusto Frascati and Rocca di Papa, which the last rays of a summer's sun make resemble an endless chain of sparkling diamonds, whose dazzling radiancy dances on the Alban Hills and thence glibly glides away over the raging sea.

The tide of civilization has ebbed further and further, until now its retrocession seems irrevocable, while light, culture, and frugality everywhere prevail. If Europe will employ her strength and resources in repressing the power of destroyers, if Rome will completely give up Romanism for Protestanism, all danger of any future ignominious fate will ever be averted; but otherwise, possibly, like those bright lyrics of the poet Horace, which begin so blithely and end with so sad a strain, these pictures of a full and vigorous career may terminate in darkness.

---

## One View of Many.

BY L. B. COX.

IT is human weakness to pine for the unattainable and to ignore rich treasure within our grasp. "No opportunity," "no chance," is the cry everywhere. We long to sit at the feet of the learned, to converse with them, and yet seldom open our eyes or lend our ears to the great objective teacher by which we are surrounded, and of which we form a part. Nature affords for us the most beautiful, sublime, irresistible, and instructive examples. We may see the beauty and not the sublimity, the irresistible and not the instructive. But when we open our minds to all of these features, we receive a revelation, live and move in a new world, and become the favored of God.

Would you witness a grand display of Divine power, excellency, and wisdom, peer almost into the portals of

Heaven, catch its brilliancy, and have your soul stirred to its very depths? If so, stand at the gray of dawn on the shores of the broad Atlantic. Morning light begins to streak the eastern horizon; the twinkling stars are fading one by one, and the mantle of night, receding in the west, reveals an undulating line of sand-hills, suggesting in the gloom the Egyptian Pyramids. To your left and to your right, stretching in the dim distance as it meets the breaking billows and flying foam, is the gently-sloping shore, broken only by a fisherman's hut or the remains of some ill-fated bark. Glancing over the dark blue ocean, marked now and then by a foam-crested wave, you catch the brightness of approaching day. The cloudless sky is varied with lovely light from a rosy tint to a pink blending with the azure blue. Even the planets, as if ashamed to meet the god of day, have vanished, and suddenly emerges from the ocean's bosom, seemingly born of the deep, a fiery disk; higher and higher it rises, until it appears a faultless golden globe, resting on the billowy sea, and coloring the sky with radiant beauty. Lingering for a while, it seems by a sudden bound to leave the heaving surface and to stand full, imposing, and pleasing to the eye—the morning sun. Its first rays dance on the snow-capped waves, kiss your cheek, beautify the sloping hills, and speed away to brighten homes and gladden other hearts. Occasionally your attention is attracted by a huge swell, towering above all others, as if exultant in its might, mounting higher and higher and rushing like a mad race-horse, until its lofty crest totters, and, plunging in its own pathway, hurls at your feet feathery foam and dashes about you spray, sparkling as a shower of diamonds.

Save the dull thunder of the ever-approaching breakers and your own heart-throbs, all is silent. And amid such power, depth, grandeur, and beauty, like a panorama under the Divine presence, and illumined by the morning light, is your secret soul. Pride, conceit, envy, every self-retained

fault, and worthless idols fall into nothingness, and, in the presence of imposing Nature, you see your true self. Thus God has given us Divine manifestations to enable our conceptions to strengthen our faith; in His infinite wisdom, He has provided for His children an inexhaustible source of inspiration and holy truth, ever extending in unfathomed depth.

---

## A Natural Consequence.

BY E. P. BUXTON.

'TIS a novel sensation, that of returning as an old student for the first time to college. An air of self-importance pervades your whole being, manifests itself in your bearing, fills you with a new kind of satisfaction which is almost intoxicating. Try as you will, you cannot entirely throw it off; it is there to stay. That sense of mingled strangeness and awe which once dominated you no longer holds sway over your spirit, for is it not true that "familiarity breeds contempt"? The most timid man in his first year returns the next the bold and confident old student. In proportion to the degree of his former timidity is his newly-acquired confidence. What a welcome feeling, what a blessed relief, is this new sensation of *old-ness*!

"Who said I was a *rat*?" he growls, as with a fierce glare he turns upon a group of fresh arrivals near by, whom he had overheard discussing the probability of his being a new student. Behold what boldness he has acquired! Where got he those stentorian tones? A mighty change hath been wrought! No longer is he the poor, insignificant, down-trodden freshman. No! See how he carries himself! One would take him for a veritable "monarch of all he surveys." But hark! Now he is delivering his opinion in emphatic tones to a group of by-standers. Surely this cannot

be the same fellow who was never known to open his lips last session. Look! He hardly knows *you!*—you who first took him by the hand last year and directed him to the President's office. The secret of it all? Oh, that's easy. He's an *old* student now—that's all.

---

## A Dream.

BY W. R. O.

In a dream of lovely fairies, flitting thro' the Court of Beauty,
I beheld a haloed head of golden tresses in the stream,
And I knew the face was thine, dear,
For the face was all divine, dear,
And I saw thee, golden sceptered, Queen of Beauty, in my dream.

And again I saw thee smiling, rarest of those white-clad virgins,
Gathered where the moonbeams sprinkle on the chafing town;
I knew the face was thine, dear,
For 'twas pure as one divine, dear,
And I knew thee, for I saw thee blushing by the streaming dawn.

And I saw thee once at twilight, dying as the rays of sunset,
And I wept thro' all the darkness till my eyes were dry of tears;
I knew the face was thine, dear,
For 'twas radiant as divine, dear,
But the sunshine brought thy image, dissipating all my fears.

And no more I'll weep at visions, neither smile at passing fancies,
For they slip as slip the dying, dying hours of saddened time;
But I know a face—'tis thine, dear—
Radiant, pure, and all divine, dear,
And those fancies are forever fixed eternally sublime.

And in my fancies, in my dreaming,
Was a wondering, was the seeming,
Of a radiant, lovely maiden,
Of a radiant, lovely maiden;
Was a wondering, was the seeming,
Of a radiant, lovely maiden.

## To the One Seen in a Rose Garden.

A rose-bed's throne you justly hold;
You are the queen of all therein;
The stars do nightly concourse hold
Your charming grace and smile to win.

Your queenly brow, encircled round
With tresses such as Venus wore,
Bespeaks a sympathetic heart
Within your breast; and furthermore

Your cheeks surpass in radiant hue
The rarest petals eye hath seen.
Your lips' rich tint declares the truth
You are God's fairest garden-queen.

The dewdrops on the petals there,
Which linger on their tinted tips,
Are not so radiant, rich, and pure
As are your smile and perfect lips.

As fade the stars and e'en the moon
At coming of the light of day,
So fade the brightest, gayest flowers
Before the light those eyes portray.

Will all this beauty e'er depart?
Desert you as the petals there,
Which falling from the homely stem
Have left it sad when 'twas so fair?

No! Beauty such as you possess
Will last for me or God above.
Though petals from the rose may fall
Yet lives your beauty and your love.

# The House on the Hill.

(*A Tale of Old Culpeper.*)

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

(*Continued from Last No.*)

## CHAPTER II.

THE next day I rode down to Fairfax, and that evening the agreement, which my uncle had already acknowledged, was acknowledged by myself before Mr. Arents, the King's commissioner in the village. On the following morning, in the presence of Mr. Jameson, the clerk of court, it was admitted to record.

The air of mystery did not lessen at Lindon Hall in the days immediately following. I had hoped that I would become accustomed to the gloomy quiet of the place, but the leaden dreariness pressed me the heavier as the days passed. Each night I listened for the wild shriek to echo through the house, and sometimes my waiting was too well rewarded. On every occasion I would make some slight mention of it to my uncle, but so disturbed and irritable would he become that I feared to press the matter far.

My uncle became more and more of a mystery to me as the weeks rolled by. At times he was moody and excitable, refusing even to speak to me. Then for days he would be cheerful—cheerful almost to gayety—and strong hopes would arise within me that he was recovering. But after each period of brightness he would relapse into fits of melancholy, deeper, if anything, than those which had preceded. During all this time I set myself resolutely to work, trying to gain some insight into the cause of my uncle's strange actions. I now firmly believed that it was remorse for some great crime which was gnawing his soul. The solving of the mys-

tery became a passion with me. I read volumes on the subject of mental disturbances, delving far too deeply into such weird lore for the peace of my rest at night, and the more I read the more convinced did I become that my uncle's reason was staggering beneath the load of some dread secret.

I searched the old house from garret to cellar, measuring and sounding the walls. Though baffled at each attempt, my quest was renewed with increased zeal whenever I was startled by that wild unearthly shriek. Much of my searching was done at night. Once I remained in the lower hall until the day broke, and kept watch on my uncle's door, listening acutely for sounds within his chamber. Although the demon-yell startled me again as I waited, yet I failed utterly to locate its direction. Two things, however, I made certain of. My uncle did not leave his room during the entire night; and further, the shrieks which so often startled me came not from my uncle's throat.

The mystery increased, and I worked the harder. But my efforts were in vain. Although I carried on my investigations as secretly as possible, yet I am certain that my uncle perceived my designs, for I often caught his eyes fixed anxiously and questioningly on my face. But at every allusion of mine however slight, he always laughed me down, and in time I could see that he was gradually, almost imperceptibly, getting better control of his will power. I pitied him—pitied him deeply; for, though he hid his feelings from me, I could see the tremendous effort that it cost him. I remember distinctly that on one occasion I was questioning Jack, the giant slave, on the subject. "Sperrits, Massa," the old negro grinned in reply. My uncle approached at that moment and caught the slave's answer. He did not hear my question, yet its import was plain to him. A look of terror flashed over his face, almost convulsing his countenance. But he quickly recovered himself, and joked with me concerning the ghost.

The days passed into weeks, and as they lengthened, leaving me none the wiser in spite of my efforts, the mystery ceased to be the attraction for me that it once had been. My time became more and more taken up with other things. The innumerable affairs of plantation life occupied me completely. Then, too, I reasoned, the secret was my uncle's. It did not affect me. My sealed duty was to make life happier for him; and so I determined to effect his cure, if it were possible. I did not intend to close mine eyes entirely as to the mystery—nay, my decision was far from that. I believed that I could better my uncle's condition by diverting his mind from its morbid hallucinations. If I succeeded in this, although it would not solve the enigma, yet it would justify reasonably the assumption that my uncle was bowed down by some terrible secret. It is a well known fact that minds tottering on the verge of a collapse from such a cause may be greatly strengthened by genial companionship—indeed, brought to an almost complete state of recovery through such treatment. Such persons, however, ever rely, in a greater or less degree, upon the stronger will of their associate. Upon this fact I based my hope of the ultimate solution of the mystery. And so, for the while, I placed my curiosity in the background, and spent my entire time in an effort to strengthen my uncle. Thus, still clinging to my theory as to the cause of my uncle's state of mind, I bent myself to the task of entertaining him. Task, did I say? In time it became a pleasure, for my uncle was an exceedingly well-read man, had travelled much, and was deeply versed in more than one of the sciences. Ere long it gave me extreme satisfaction to notice my uncle's improvement; gradual it was, 'tis true, but none the less sure. A change passed over him. His violent spells became less frequent, and longer intervals elapsed between each attack. He was growing better, it was clear, and, as I watched the bitter struggle of his will to regain its independence, I realized for the first

time in my life to what depths a man's soul may descend. From my heart, I trust that it may never again be my fortune to witness such a combat. I did not let the opportunity pass. I redoubled my efforts, and most of my time was spent with my uncle. On several occasions I prevailed on him to accompany me on long rides. Everything that was possible I did to brighten him. I laughed, I talked, I jested with him. At nights we chatted and played backgammon together. Oftentimes our less distant neighbors would drop in for the night, and the hours were whiled away in games of cards. Never for a moment did I allow my uncle to become lonely, and I rejoiced to see that his health was rapidly returning.

Strange to say, the cries which once echoed through the lonely halls echoed no more. Their ceasing puzzled me deeply, and I tried in various ways to arrive at some tangible conclusion. But in vain. In truth, I was at times tempted to believe that my own imagination had served me a trick, and, had it not have been for the indisputable evidence of my senses, I would have attributed the whole affair to an hallucination of the brain.

I had been at Lindon Hall but a little more than three months when I congratulated myself that my uncle had completely recovered. He became jovial and light-hearted, ever insisting, though, upon my company. At times the frightened look would flash in his eye, and symptoms of the old trouble would show themselves, but a jog around the country with me would always set him right.

I grew to love the neighborhood. True there were no neighbors close at hand, but I was young and keenly enjoyed the long rides which I took. In Fairfax a great deal of my time was spent, and thither my uncle would accompany me. It was only upon rare occasions that he missed taking the trip. "By the saints, lad," he said to me one morning as we started to town, "thou hast saved me."

The spring and summer waned into the autumn, and, as the months passed, I became absorbed in the management of the plantation. I had a great deal of the land cleared and put in condition for cultivation; at my suggestion the farm was well stocked with cattle and horses. The wall around the court was repaired, and innumerable improvements were made on the house, my uncle even going so far as to let me remove the curtains in the library, and flood the gloomy old room with the blessed sunlight. I mention these few details but to illustrate more clearly the great change that took place under my direction. The plantation assumed a new air. It ceased to be regarded by the negroes as a place of awe, and their happy, careless singing rang sweetly through the fields as they tilled the soil. The revolution at Lindon Hall was complete.

My uncle went out more and more, mingled with the people, and acted perfectly the contented Virginia planter. The neighbors and country people were astonished. A thousand different opinions and a thousand varying solutions of the problem were offered. On the street corner at Fairfax and in the tavern the village gossips gossipped and harangued each other. Finally, when the matter became less talked of, it was generally agreed that I was "a monstrous sprightly chap to bring the old gent around so." This was the verdict of old Molly Burton, in whose fertile brain half the scandals and wild reports of the community had their birth. It was at a gathering of her cronies one evening that she solemnly announced this weighty decision, and the assembled dames just as solemnly assented, with stately inclinations of the head and half-whispered murmurs of approbation.

And so the days wore on. I came to know the people, and entered heartily into all the schemes of the young folk of the village and surrounding country. Pleasant enough was life. So pleasant was it that when my uncle grew strong and well

I rejoiced at the prospect of a longer stay in Virginia. It is said even to this day that to visit Culpeper is to become her citizen. The saying is truth itself, I warrant it. Only indissoluble ties bind me to England. It is the wish of my wife to spend her last days amid the old familiar places, and to rest at last in Virginia soil. I sincerely pray that her wish may be made possible, for the love that I bear the green hills and blue mountains of Culpeper is scarcely less fervid than that of my beloved wife. At any rate, before the years lean too heavily upon us, we intend to revisit the county, and linger again among the scenes we both love so well. I fear, though, that the country does not now resemble much the wild and picturesque beauty of the Culpeper which I knew in the years gone by.

The summer's tide had ebbed swiftly, and, ere I knew it, the forests had changed their robes of green for ones of crimson and gold. Then, when the dreamy Indian summer haze veiled the blue hills and wrapped the swelling country in mantles of mysticism, a new life dawned within my soul and thrilled me with its glad, sweet joy. My being throbbed with a consciousness new to me, throbbed with a nobler, diviner life, and that new life was love! Incomplete would my story be did I not tell you of my love, of the pure, sweet woman who even now sits at my side as I write, and who has so influenced and lifted my life that ever since I have called her "blessed" and "sent of God."

It may be that my story is without plot. But I console myself with the thought that some things in life occur without plots, and so I give you this account of the most eventful happenings of my existence, confident in my knowledge that I tell them to you as they were. Plot and logical sequence may be lacking, but the events occurred as I write them. I trust that I may breathe into the narration some little of the exhilarating excitement which animated me in those distant days.

It was at a dance given by the Singletons, who lived in a fine old mansion on the outskirts of Fairfax,* that first I met my Nina. I shall never forget that October evening. The memory of it will always linger with me—the memory of that moment when I was presented to her, as she stood surrounded by a group of admirers. Tall she was and stately, queenly in her gracefulness of movement. Her face was delicately, though strongly moulded, and her features told of a noble character—of a sensitive soul within. With her wealth of dark tresses, she reminded me of my sainted mother, and in the depths of her great, expressive eyes there flashed a fire that kindled a new feeling in my heart. I believe in love. I believe that it is divine—a thing born of heaven; something essentially spiritual. In the sublime mysteriousness of existence and in the melancholy loneliness of the soul, I know that the moment of true ecstatic happiness is that moment when one soul recognizes and greets another as its God-born mate. 'Twas thus when I met Nina. I recognized in her my kindred self. And she, too, felt and understood. That night, when I bade her good-bye, I knew that my fate was sealed; it was written plainly in the answering spirit-fire that flashed in the depths of her glorious eyes. Afterwards most of my time was spent in Fairfax.

But I shall not weary you with an account of my courtship, nor tell you of those far-away days in that quaint old Culpeper town, when Nina and I strolled along its winding, shady streets, or, happy in each other's company, watched the sun set from the hills west of the village. Then it was we learned to love each other—felt for ourselves the mighty spirit of that old, sweet truth, and realized that, though it is hoary in its hallowed antiquity, yet it is glorious in the ever-newness of its life. And so the days passed away. I loved her, and she knew it, though no word of endearment ever

*Perhaps it is needless to remark that the village of Fairfax is now known as Culpeper.

passed my lips. Too deep, too pure, was my passion to be voiced in words. In our unspoken love we were happy—my Nina and I. There is a language diviner than speech.

One evening, as often we had done before, we watched the close of day from the hill-top. Together we stood as the mists rose in the meadow below, as evening fell upon the drowsy land. The flush was dying in the west, tingeing the vapors low-lying over the purple hills, and all the world was sleeping. From the valley the deep murmurs of the brook came upward on the breeze, and the treble tones of the marsh-songster, joining in the divine melody, rose clearly above the stream's deep monotone. Over us stole the sacred quiet of the hour, the sweetly solemn spirit of the twilight. In the gathering shadows we stood, with hands close clasped, and as we lingered our souls communed.

"Nina," I said; "I love thee."

"And I love thee, my lord," was her half-breathed answer—soft, yet clear in its intensity.

Thus ended the day.

A month passed away—passed on golden wings. I could write forever of those days, but I must hurry on with the thread of my story, lest some cynic ask if I think all mankind as much interested in my love affair as I myself.

The fourth week had scarcely waned when an event occurred which very nearly ended my dreams of happiness. It was a senseless quarrel, and, as I look back upon the time, the foolishness of the whole affair strikes me deeply. But I was young then, confident of my skill with swords, and not averse to an occasional bout. I had studied under the best masters of Rome, and counted myself no ordinary swordsman. Indeed, I had already taken part in three encounters, in none of which I had received more than a scratch, though in my last affair, which had occurred in Paris, I succeeded in severely wounding my opponent, a close kinsman of the great Lafayette. In addition to my pride, I was headstrong,

and passionate, too, for the hot blood of Italy flowed in my veins.

The home of the Singletons was again lighted up in honor of guests, and many couples danced in the stately parlors. It was a scene of gayness and of mirth, one of genuine hospitality, such as one never sees but in old Virginia. Among the dancers there was a certain Captain Wiley, whom I had known in England, and with whom I had also seen duty in India, for he served with me in the Royal Guards. We had never been friendly, and I recall a quarrel which we once had over a game of cards. It happened in Naples, and, but for the interference of cooler heads, would certainly have terminated in a duel.

As the evening wore the Captain became slightly the worse from wine, and, as he says now, his conduct on that night was wholly due to liquor. But I have always had an idea that Nina was the innocent cause of our disagreement, for Wiley had paid her some attention since he had been stationed in the village. Be that as it may, the matter is passed now, and I have no truer friend that Robert Wiley, in spite of the fact that at one time we stood at sword's points. We were both hot-headed, both acted hastily, and in that little affair did our best to split each other. Afterwards we were heartily glad that we failed in our mutual intentions.

In the earlier part of the evening Wiley and myself had had a dispute over a horse-race, and in his excited condition he had attempted to strike me. Friends interfered, however, and a few minutes later he apologized. I have not much doubt, though, but that the bad feeling engendered by this slight dispute was at the bottom of all that happened afterward, for I can hardly imagine that the renewal of that old dispute at cards was his object in acting as he did. Wiley apologized to me in a gentlemanly enough style after his attempt to strike me, and the matter dropped from my mind, and would have never been re-opened had it not been for the

Captain, whose actions rendered it impossible for me to do otherwise than challenge him to mortal combat. It happened thus:

I had an engagement with Nina to dance the last minuet, and as we took our places I saw Wiley push through the crowd and approach us. His manner was excited and his face was flushed with wine. I saw that he was angry.

"Come," he said, addressing Nina; "we dance this together, do we not?"

"Thou art mistaken, Captain Wiley," she smiled.

"But I insist," he began.

"I beg thy pardon, Captain," I interrupted; "thou errest. I have the dance."

"Answer when thou art spoken to," he retorted angrily. "Miss Beverly, have I not this dance with thee?"

"Verily, Captain Wiley," returned Nina with spirit; "thou art persistent. I have told thee once I did not have the dance with thee! Come, Sir Edward"; and she placed her hand upon my arm.

"Once more," he began, touching her on the wrist.

"Captain Wiley," I said, striking his hand away; "thou hast the word of a lady and thou hast my word!"

Nina grasped my own arm tightly as she heard me speak, for she divined what was to follow.

"Thy word!" he answered scornfully; "thy word! Bah!" and, as he turned to go, he struck me full in the face with the tip of his handkerchief.

"At the tavern to-night," he called back. I bowed.

So quickly was the deed done that it was noticed by no one. I felt Nina's hand tremble on my arm, but otherwise she betrayed no excitement, and we finished the minuet without interruption. My blood boiled at the insult, and when I saw the Captain standing on the veranda, just outside the window, that delicate pressure on my sleeve was all that restrained me from leaping through and cuffing his face

before the assembled crowd. It was only when we were seated on the porch, after the dance, that Nina gave vent to her indignation.

"Oh! the coward!" she said, as she stamped her foot.

The night wind fanned my face and cooled my anger. The presence of Nina, too, soothed my wrath; but it surged almost beyond bounds when Wiley bowed to us on entering his carriage. At the time I thought the man's audacity amazing. The Captain afterwards told me that it was done in order to allay all suspicion that a rupture existed between us.

"Thou art mistaken, Nina," I answered; "he is no coward." I knew Wiley to be a brave and courageous man.

For a moment she looked surprised. "Thou wilt fight?" she asked. In later years I thought the duel well worth the fighting when I remembered the tears in her eyes and the trembling of her lips as she spoke.

"Yes," I said; "to-night; the moon is full. Nothing else can be done."

"He will kill thee, Edward," she whispered, half sobbing.

"Have no fears, sweet one," I laughed. "I am skilled in the use of the rapier. We shall watch the sun set to-morrow as we are wont to do." I laughed as I answered, yet my heart was not as light as my laugh. I believed myself the superior swordsman, but Wiley was no child in the art of fencing, and I knew it.

That night, when we parted at her home, Nina gave me her first kiss. "I shall pray for thee," she whispered, as she lingered a moment on my breast, "and keep my silence as thou hast asked me."

## CHAPTER III.

The tavern* was crowded when I entered, but Wiley had not put in an appearance.

* This hostelry was famous before the Revolution, and was owned by one Nathaniel Pendleton. The residence of Mr. B. C. Macoy now stands upon the site of the old tavern.

Over in one corner of the room I saw David Carruthers and Jack Royall engaged in bantering old Bud Whipple, the town wag, who had been released from the pillory not six hours earlier, and who was vehemently denouncing the magistrate who committed him. I called Jack from his sport and straightway told him all.

"Art thou in earnest?" he asked; "thy smile is too broad for so serious a business."

The pressure of that light form on my shoulder was still with me, and at Jack's words I laughed outright. In the happiness of my love I was light-hearted.

"The matter is serious, Jack," I answered, "in spite of my laughter. Wilt thou and David act as my seconds?"

"It seemeth to me a damned foolish quarrel, though the fault is not thine," he replied. "If he will not apologize, of course there is but one thing to be done, and thou mayest count on Davie and me."

I knew that Wiley would not apologize. He was thoroughly mad—mad through and through.

As we stood talking, I saw him enter with two companions. The Captain was energetic. He had not wasted the time. Glancing around, he saw me and approached.

"The next room is more quiet," he said in an undertone.

Jack and David followed me, closing and bolting the door behind them. The Captain stood idly drumming a table by the window. He turned as I entered, and bowed very low.

"Good evening, Sir Edward," he began in his smooth, bland way, "or should I say good morning?"

To tell the truth, I had expected to find the Captain considerably under the influence of his wine, and his cool, mocking tones surprised and fretted me. As calm, however, as was his speech, his black eyes flashed fire. They positively blazed. I knew then that nothing would satisfy him but to have me split upon his sword's point, and I was not loath to furnish him an opportunity to test his skill. As I stood, the

sting of the handkerchief came back to me, and my blood bounded at the recollection. I saw, too, that his self-control was rapidly giving way.

"Captain Wiley," I said, "it is useless for us to bandy words—in short, I demand an apology for thine exceedingly rude behavior to-night!"

"And I refuse," he retorted angrily.

"It is with due consideration that you act, gentlemen?" interrupted Jack, who played the peace-maker on all occasions.

"It is useless to talk further," the Captain broke in impatiently.

I bowed.

"Shall it be with swords?" I asked.

"As thou wilt," he answered. "Our seconds will now confer as to the—eh, surgeon?"

"Thou forgettest the undertaker," I retorted.

In these few words we finished.

Since that night Wiley and myself have often talked the matter over, and he has ever insisted—at the same time, however, acknowledging that he acted in the wrong—that the dance was his. How it is to be explained, I do not know, for Nina has positively denied having promised it to him. More than once I have thought that he loved her, and insulted me through sheer jealousy. But whether it was wine, love, or jealousy that moved him, Bob agrees with me that he hated me on that evening, and that only a slip on his part prevented him from finding my heart.

"Gentlemen," asked Jack; "are you determined to meet to-night?"

I preferred the sun-rise, and was on the point of saying so, when the Captain exclaimed:

"To-night! the moon is full—I insist upon it!"

"There could be no better time," I assented.

"Then, gentlemen," said Jack, opening the door, "let us

proceed. The meeting will take place in the Glade. 'Tis shut in by trees, and the turf affords a most excellent footing. I shall have the weapons there."

When Jack named the Glade as our meeting-place a thrill passed over me. 'Twas there that Nina and I had stood at sunset, not eight hours before—there I had heard her whispered pledge of love. "What better place than this," I thought, "whatever happens."

The full moon was streaming down from a cloudless sky when we entered the Glade. 'Twas but an opening in the woods, situated on the top of a hill just west of the village. It afforded a magnificent view of the surrounding country, and Nina and I had learned to love it. It was she who had named it.

I stripped to the waist, and, while our seconds were making final arrangements, I stood and mused. Below me stretched the mist-veiled meadow, and the soft murmurings of the brook fell as sweetly on my ears as at the sunset. The whole broad land lay bathed in the silvery haze, and along the west the dim outline of the mountains hung, a darkened fringe on the golden studded stretch of blue above. I fancied I could see my uncle's house in the distance. He was waiting for me, I knew, propped up in his great arm-chair before the fire. It was always his custom to sit thus until I came in, and it was on this account that I stayed out little at night. Then I turned my eyes toward the village. My heart leaped the faster when I saw a light burning in the corner room of the Beverly home. It burned in Nina's room, and I knew that she was praying for me. In my fancy I saw her as she knelt.

"Come," said Jack, breaking in upon my reverie; "art thou ready?" He spoke regretfully, for he saw that I was wrapped in meditation. And then, too, Jack loved me.

For answer I seized my sword and tested it. Then I took my place on the very spot where Nina had stood in the after-

glow of the evening. Our swords clicked. As I heard Jack call the words, "One, two—are you ready, gentlemen?—three," the wind stirred in a near-by tree, and it whispered, "I love thee, my lord."

For a moment we faced each other; then the play began. Wiley feinted and lunged, but I parried and laughed in his face. I was certain that I was the better swordsman. The feeling of confidence must have shown itself in my countenance, for the Captain's play became more guarded, though it lost none of its fierceness. Backward and forth we fought. Thrust on thrust, and parry on parry, followed each other with such lightning rapidity that the air was filled with the hissing of the steel blades, striking fire from each other at every counter stroke.

Wiley's methods of defence and attack were consummate in their skill, and I saw that the fight was likely to be long drawn out. It was on in earnest.

Backward I forced the Captain. My point was flying about his head, but his defence was perfect; I sought an opening in vain. Once, however, the keen blade tipped his cheek, and the blood trickled down on his shoulder.

"A scratch!" he said scornfully.

"A taste of what is to follow!" I retorted.

My answer maddened him—injected vigor into his play. I felt it in the leaping of his rapier, saw it in the tense play of his muscles. Before his onslaught I, in my turn, gave ground. The Captain's attack was furious, and I immediately assumed the defensive, with the object of wearying him. For a moment he pressed me, but the wary officer had fought more than one duel. He did not follow my lead. Up to this point I knew that our play had been merely to test each other. For a second our thrusts lost their fierceness, and we stood and studied. Only those who have dared death at the sword's point, or else have looked it squarely in the face at the pistol's end, can realize the intensity of a man's gaze at such a

moment. Suddenly I renewed the offensive with a series of plays that I had learned from the crafty Mascagni, at Florence. I have rarely seen them fail, especially the famous under-pass of the old master, and it was my fault that the fight terminated as it did. Zounds! What an opportunity! It makes my blood thrill even to-day—thrill with something of the old, wild fever. While convalescing I berated myself more than once for my momentary tenderness. Yet after all I am glad that I acted as I did, for it was against my grain to run a man through whose sword was pointed toward the heavens. I might have done so, and with all honor, yet I repeat that I am glad I did not—glad for more than one reason.

As sudden and fierce as was my attack, I did not catch Wiley off guard. My every stroke was parried with a skill that baffled me. Over the yielding turf we surged. Like lightning were my thrusts to enter the Captain's guard. About his breast my rapier hissed, but his defence was perfect. Then came the sought-for opening. Swiftly my point darted on its death errand, but the Captain side-stepped and parried with that same grace with which he had danced not two hours earlier. His skill amazed me. The Captain had certainly improved since our fencing bouts in India—marvelously improved. For once the under-stroke had failed me. Again as we fought the opening presented itself, and again my thrust was turned. Then came the opportunity which, had it been accepted, would have given a different ending to the affair. As the Captain stepped and parried, his foot caught and he slipped, his sword involuntarily flying up and leaving his breast exposed for the instant. I saw his face whiten in the moonlight. He expected the thrust. Toward his heart my sword leaped—leaped and quivered on his flesh. But he was powerless, defenceless, and I lowered my point. 'Twas not in me to press it home.

"Thou fool!" I heard Jack mutter from the trees.

"'Tis more than I should have done for thee," said Wiley, recovering his guard.

"I thank thee, Captain," I replied.

Scarcely had our play begun again when I repented of what I had done, for I saw that the Captain was bent on blood. His face was white and intense, and his bead-like eyes flashed the fire of the rapiers. Backward and forth we fought in the bright moonbeams, lunging and parrying, and our deep-drawn breathing mingled with the rasp of the blades. Round and round our swords swept, hissing, spitting, blazing circlets of steel!

Gradually I saw that Wiley was weakening, and I redoubled my efforts. My blade hovered eagerly about his guard, hungry to dart on the final stroke. As the Captain's breathing became more labored, I seemed to receive new energy. He became less guarded in his defence and his attacks grew flurried. A dozen times I could have spitted his heart, but I was playing with my victim, and I laughed as I played. A new purpose had dawned in my mind. I would weary the Captain—I would disarm him! I knew the trick well. I would hurl his sword from his hand, and force him to ask my pardon in true army fashion. Sweet would be the revenge—sweeter far than the mere drawing of blood! Moreover, since I saw that he was in my power, I did not hate him as thoroughly as I had done. To kill a man is no trivial thing, and it has ever been my purpose never to do so until absolutely forced to it. In all my long career in army life, I have sent but three men into the great beyond, and they were of that kind of whom the world is well rid. Then, too, the murmuring of the brook was on the breeze. Perhaps it was that. At any rate I spared him. And all the while my rapier flashed mercilessly before his eyes!

"Strike, thou devil!" he gasped wildly.

"No, Captain," I answered; "no."

And still my blade circled and scintillated about his

head. * * * Then came the moment. I feinted, and his weapon dipped to parry. The trick is an old one. * * * His point was under my guard. My arm straightened, and I saw his white face grow paler as the agonizing strain twisted his tortured wrist. "By the gods!" I heard Jack exclaim.

Then—well, I do not remember much—my rapier snapped and fell at my feet. The Captain's sword flashed before my eyes. There was a sharp, stinging pain in my side, and a dizziness came over me. * * * I remember looking at my blood-stained hands as I lay on the ground. * * * And I heard the music in the meadow too—faint, far away. * * * Then a darkness seized me and the moonlight grew dim. "The water," I heard Jack call. "Yes, the water," I murmured; "the water." * * * I felt the pressure of a hand upon my forehead. There was no mistaking that touch. For a moment I opened my eyes. Nina, as she was at the ball, knelt by me. * * * The surgeon was leaning over me. * * * "Upon my honor," I heard the Captain saying. * * * And then I knew no more.

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## CHAPTER IV.

On my brow I felt a current of cool air playing, and the fragrant odor of freshly-cut flowers was heavy on the breeze. I was also dimly conscious that some one was holding my hand. A voice—ah! her voice!—was calling me from afar. From out of the distance it echoed, calling me, calling me, and I strove to throw off the blackness that held me bound.

"Sir Edward," came her tones again.

My fingers twitched in the hand that held them, and the warm clasp grew tighter. I struggled to fight back the darkness—struggled to escape its suffocating embrace. My spirit was entangled in the yielding meshes of an enveloping net, of a darkened veil, that wrapped me about with its

leaden weight. Violently I fought the encircling gloom. Then the darkness rolled away, and I opened my eyes. Nina was at my side. Jack and the surgeon were seated across the room. Through the closely-drawn shades the sunlight streamed grayly.

"Nina," I said, faintly; "what means this—what am I doing here?"

At the sound of my voice Jack hurried across the room and stood above me—big, handsome, good-natured Jack. "At last!" he called out cheerily. "So thou hast come back to us, Sir Edward, and to—." He glanced merrily at Nina. "By the holy saints," he continued, laughing, "thou hast won the fairest damsel in all Culpeper. And thy progress has been most astonishing, egad, sir!"

The memory of the night before rushed upon me as Jack spoke—the moonlight, the Glade, and the deadly flash of the Captain's sword. My rapier—oh, curse the Frenchman that forged it! In those few seconds I lived the evening over again.

"Hold thy peace, thou chatter-box!" exclaimed Nina, as she flew out of the door. "Would'st throw him into fever with thy blundering tongue?" Even in the dim light of the room I saw her blush. The duel did not amount to much after all. "O pretty maid! O blushing maid!" Jack sang out to her. "Mind thine own affairs," came back the merry retort. I was better already.

"'Twas a close call thou hadst," said the surgeon, seating himself by me. "As it is, though, I shall have thee up and about in a week's time. A lucky star thou wast born under, lad."

"But my sword—" I broke in angrily.

"Tut, tut, my boy," answered Jack; "hold thy wrath. 'Twas made of the finest steel, and has fought many a good fight ere this. Some well-hidden flaw caused the break."

"Well, 'tis strange," I said testily. "And the Captain?"

"He left post-haste this morning to join his vessel at Norfolk. The 'Scorpion' sails for the Bermudas upon his arrival. Even while you were fighting a courier waited at the inn for him. He left a note for thee, though. 'Pon my honor, sir, he is a damned fine fellow after all."

I smiled at Jack's impetuosity. "Read it," I said.

To-day I have the note and my broken rapier framed together in a case, and they hang just over my study door, mute reminders of a tragedy that might have been. The note ran thus:

"Sir Edward Courtnay,—I owe thee an apology for my rudeness of last evening. I have not time to explain to thee now, but I trust that I shall see thee soon in England, and there I shall make thee what reparation I can. On my honor, sir, I ran thee through ere I realized thy defenceless condition. Hastily your obed'nt servt.,

Ro. Wiley."

"'Tis the truth!" exclaimed Jack. "His sword was in thee ere thine reached the ground."

The Captain's manly apology soothed me.

"Well," I said, wearily, "'twas a pretty fight."

"Yes," chimed in the surgeon; "pretty—moonlight, fair damsel, love—ideal! Truth, sir, I do not recall ever having seen a more romantic one. But thou hast talked enough. Turn thee and sleep."

I laughed out-right at the surgeon.

"Would'st have thy gentle watcher?" queried Jack.

"Go to, thou clown," I said. "But wait, tell me where I am."

"At Mr. Jameson's," he answered. "He met us taking thee to the inn, and insisted that we bring thee here. Thou art in kind hands, old fellow."

And they left me to sleep, though precious little of it I was able to do.

I have never had the opportunity of returning Mr. Jameson's kindness, but I trust that the privilege will some day be mine. The late unpleasantness between the Colonies and England has not altered one whit my affection for him. Indeed it has but waxed the warmer, in spite of the fact that he hacked off the arm of my favorite cousin in a battle near Trenton.

The days that followed my duel were pleasant ones. My wound was a dangerous one, yet one that would heal rapidly under the influence of restful quiet. I did not suffer much, and on the eighth evening I was allowed to leave my bed. Every morning my uncle came down to see me, eagerly insisting upon each occasion that I was well enough to accompany him back to the Hall. The old man's attachment for me touched me deeply. Each evening he would bid me a cheery good-bye with "I shall take thee on the morrow, lad," and at my continued excuse of weakness my uncle actually became nettled. To tell the truth, I did enjoy Mr. Jameson's hospitality for a few days longer than was absolutely essential to the speedy healing of my wound; I had several reasons for so doing. One was to observe the effect of my absence on my uncle's disposition, for I still had my theory as to the mystery at the Hall. But the principal one, I may as well confess it, and with all due courtesy to Mr. Jameson, was the fact that Nina came over every afternoon to read and talk with me. We discussed everything, and made bright plans for the future years, as lovers are wont to do. The result was, if such a thing had been possible, that at the end of my stay in the village I was deeper in love than I had been before. Happy were those days—happy and free. Indeed, to me the words "Culpeper" and "joy" are synonymous.

Nina and I had planned to keep our engagement secret until I was ready to return to England, or at least for a year or so. But after the night of the duel secrecy was no longer

possible, and our love affair furnished a fruitful source of comment for the neighborly villagers.

"What made thee, Nina," I asked her one day, "follow us to the duel? Or what made thee watch with the surgeon when I was wounded?"

"Because I love thee," was her answer. Did I press her for a better one? Nay; God bless her loyal soul!

Marvellous were the tales told of my estates in England, and the descriptions of my castle would have fitted excellently well into stories of Oriental magnificence. I would the hundredth part of the town gossip had been true. Had it been so, many a long campaign of after years would have proceeded without me. Nina and I took all the gossip good naturedly; laughed, and were happy.

But I was not always to linger thus in Fairfax town. One fine, clear morning my uncle drove up in a great, comfortable carriage, armed with a certificate from the surgeon to the effect that I was strong enough to go with him back to the Hall. My heart sank within me when my uncle drove up, for the huge pile of cushions on the rear seat told all too plainly what his mission was. I could not resist, and almost before I knew it I was bundled up amid that ocean of pillows, with my uncle on one side and Mr. Jameson (for he insisted on accompanying me) seated on the other. Old Jack, sitting upon the box, cracked his long whip, and we trotted slowly out of the village, "in a stately enough style," as my uncle remarked, stopping at the tavern only long enough to drink two toasts—one to the health of his Majesty and the other to mine. It must be told upon Mr. Jameson that he insisted upon drinking the two others, but my uncle proposing to postpone them until we reached home, he agreed to this. So eager was my uncle to leave town that I did not have time to whisper a "good-bye" to Nina, and for this I secretly berated him more than once on the journey. But the old man's good humor and

Mr. Jameson's innumerable jokes kept me laughing all the way.

We reached the Hall late that evening, and, as we entered the court, I could not but think of the mansion as it was when first I saw it. What a change had taken place in the short space of six months! What a contrast between the neatly-kept yard, the sparkling fountain, the stately mansion, with its wide-opened door and curtained windows, and the gloomy Hall that first had greeted my vision. My absence of three weeks had served to make the contrast the sharper. Even in that short time additional improvements had been made. My uncle was filled with a new energy.

The old gentleman was buoyant and light-hearted as he sat at my side. Indeed, it gave me genuine satisfaction to note the pleasure my return afforded him. "Ah, lad," he said, as I leaned upon his arm in alighting from the carriage; "I have missed thee much! Had that cursed Captain have killed thee, by the holy saints, I would have fought him myself. He is not half the gentleman Jack sayeth he is."

"Comfort thyself," laughed Mr. Jameson; "thou hast him back, and well on the high road to health. The letting did his hot blood good."

"Alack, alack!" cried my uncle; "he gets it from Italy. 'Twill be the death of him yet, and his old uncle as well. By the gods, he shall not escape my sight hereafter! What sayest thou, lad, to cards after supper—we three at cards? Old times, my lad! Ah, Mr. Jameson, it does me good to have the boy once again."

I could not but laugh at my uncle's enthusiasm. "We shall play until three in the morning, uncle," I replied, "if thou art willing."

Not much remains of my narrative. When I sat down to the meal that evening little did I think that my stay in Culpeper was so near at an end. But such was the case. Not a month from that day Nina and I trod the oaken decks of the

"Royal George," homeward bound beneath England's flag.

After supper we played—played to my uncle's content. Seated in his great arm-chair, he chuckled and talked, spun yarns, and laughed at his own witticisms. "Play!" he would call whenever we lagged; "Mr. Jameson, the time flieth." I do not think I ever saw my uncle in quite so good a humor. At ten we were playing. And it was thus at eleven. The clock struck twelve, and my uncle said "Deal." At one Mr. Jameson threw down his hand. "I protest," he cried; "court conveneth to-morrow, and I shall not be able to read the docket." "As thou likest," said my uncle, rising; "I dreamed not the hour was so late. Thou wilt sleep the sounder, though, friend Jameson. Come; I shall light thee to bed."

My uncle took the candle and led the way up the creaking stairs. I heard him open the door to my chamber. So Mr. Jameson was to sleep there. "I trust that Mr. Jameson has strong nerves," chuckled I to myself, "in even the ghost makes itself known again." I laughed at the idea—laughed so loud that Mr. Jameson called down to me from above. I would not could I have foreseen what the following hours held in store.

Though many years have lapsed between then and now, I shudder to-day at the recollection of that distant night—that terrible night, with its blood and its horror. On many a bloody field and in many countries have I fought since that night, becoming in a great degree accustomed to gory scenes. At Austerlitz I walked among the slain thousands lying mangled and ghastly in the ghostly light of the moon. And thus I passed among the dead at Waterloo. But the memory of that one hour spent in the lonely house on the hill stands out and against all in the vividness and intensity of its terribleness. Happiness came into my life in old Culpeper; but with it came something of the sad, for the tragic happenings of that night and the memory of my uncle's horrible secret have ever cast over me a certain bale-

ful gloom. A chill strikes me as I write, for the scene is before me again. I would that I could blot it from my memory.

"Nephew," said my uncle, entering the room, "thou wilt talk to me an half hour longer, wilt thou not? Thou may'st sleep until noon on the morrow. Tell me thine own account of the affair from beginning to end, and then to bed." My uncle drew his chair upon the opposite side of the hearth from me and next to the door. "Go on," he said, settling back on his cushions; "I am impatient." "Certainly, uncle," I said; "I am not wearied." And I gave him an account of the affair, omitting not a single detail of the duel. "Good!" he ejaculated, whenever I told him of a lightning play; "Good! I was young once myself." Thus we talked. And the clock struck the half hour.

I am not much of a believer in the theories which are advanced by certain eminent scientists in regard to spiritual phenomena and peculiar psychical influences, but I confess that since that night I have not been able to condemn utterly the belief in the premonition of the soul—in the soul's ability, under certain conditions—perhaps when strung to a higher tension and thus capable of receiving subtler influences—to fore-feel the coming of dire events. 'Tis a strange theory, fascinating in its weirdness, and in my leisure periods I have spent many an hour in study upon it—hours that I doubt not could have been spent to better advantage with other thoughts. Perhaps the theory is improbable, but it is not for me to say impossible. Life is a mystery, stranger to me than death, and we know not what unseen forces may influence the mystic current; nor can we discern the shadow-line between the material and the immaterial. Of that dim border-land we know nothing. In my own experience things have occurred—things which I have only been able to explain by this theory. But your or my belief or disbelief does not affect my story. After all we are certain of but one thing.

Philosophers may reason and analyze, but in the end, like that philosopher of old, they are compelled to admit that self-consciousness is the only absolute certainty. But I care not what you believe. I state the facts to you. You may ascribe these facts to whatever agency you please, and, in doing so, rest confident that the events which I narrate are facts.

"Nephew," said my uncle, "'tis time thou art sleeping."

"Yes, uncle," I answered; "but we shall dream in the fire-light a few moments longer."

"As thou wilt," he said.

My uncle settled back in his chair and closed his eyes. The flickering glow fell upon his snow-white locks and tinged his pale cheeks. On his middle finger the diamond gleamed—gleamed as on that first night. My uncle was a handsome man.

As I sat, I thought of my uncle as he was when I first saw him. In my mind I lived again the events which had taken place at the Hall, and I found myself puzzling once more over the weird mystery. Through my half-closed eyes I studied my uncle. He was sleeping. His breathing was low and regular, and his countenance placid. The peaceful majesty of old age was on his brow. One would not have thought, in looking upon his gentle face, that my uncle was possessed of a terrible secret. Yet such was the case. But my mind wandered to brighter things. I dreamed of Nina and of England. Pleasant were those dreams as I watched the shadows rise and fall in ghost-like fashion on the wall. The great clock was softly ticking the moments off. From without came the sobbing of the wind and the low moaning of the forest, and ever and anon the cry of the owl would echo from the night like the wailing of a lost soul. As I dreamed, a shutter in an upper story slammed to with a terrific crash. I half started from the chair. My uncle stirred uneasily in his slumber. Then I slept.

I know not how long I slept, for I was weary, and I slept the sleep of the weary. I know not how long I say, for when I awoke I looked not at the clock; but suddenly—ah! I shall never forget it!—through me there flashed a thrill that chilled me as I slumbered. Half horror, half terror it was, and yet not fear—something undefinable. That feeling has never possessed me but once, thank God! The nearest approach to it was at Waterloo, when I saw my brother and his company wither to the man before the flaming sweep of the French artillery. 'Twas just the second before the discharge, and I groaned when I saw their line hovering at the cannons' mouths. I knew that they were doomed, and he was my only brother, a lad of twenty years, and I loved him. The feeling was but momentary. It passed as the gun smoke drifted away over their mangled bodies, and grief took its place.

I threw up my hands and sprang from the chair. As I did so I fell back with horror. My uncle, one hand pressed to his brow and the other clasping the mantel, had half risen from his cushions. His face was livid and drawn, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Convulsion after convulsion was sweeping his countenance, distorting the muscles of his face. From his lips the blood was streaming down upon his vest of white. Horrors! He had bitten his tongue in two. For a moment I could not speak. Then I whispered hoarsely, "Uncle!" O, the dread in his gaze as he fixed his glassy, blood-shot eyes upon me! But he did not see me; he was looking beyond. "Uncle!" I cried, as my voice returned to me. His lips twitched and slowly his mouth opened. Into his lap fell the end of his tongue! But no sound came from him. I shuddered in my agony and was powerless to move.

Suddenly my uncle leaped higher and clung to his chair for support, with the red, red blood still running from his mouth. Again and again I tried to rise. I clutched desperately at a

chair near me, but my limbs were nerveless; I could not rise. My surgeon afterward told me that the attack was due to my wound and weakened condition. With that single exception I boast of having never been unmanned.

From my uncle a groan escaped. He was listening with his head rigidly extended. But no sound broke the awful stillness save the solemn tick-tick of the clock. I tried to take my eyes from his face, and I could not. Some strange fascination held them fixed. "Mr. Jameson! Mr. Jameson!" I called, but the sound died in my throat with a hoarse gurgle. My uncle stiffened. Ah! I can hear his fingers cracking now as they gripped the mantel. He swayed slowly to and fro, and then straightened again. From the cellar came sounds of a struggle, and the dull thud of a body falling heavily. A metal door slammed below, and its iron clang rang sharply through the house. Then, echoing from beneath, I heard a hoarse-drawn scream—the scream of one who feels the death-clutch at the throat. The wail came from old Jack. "O Gawd! O, Massa!" echoed the cry. Then all was still. My uncle dropped back in his chair. His head rolled to one side and the blood trickled down his beard. I heard the dull patter on the hearth! Had it not been for his roving eyes and convulsive movements, I would have thought my uncle dead.

Not a sound broke the leaden quiet save the clock and the wild throbs of my heart as it leaped. I was utterly powerless, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. And still the clock ticked away—tick-tick-tick. The sound was maddening, and I cursed it in my whispers. "Mr. Jameson!" I tried again. At last I heard him moving. Old Jack's cry must have roused him.

My uncle leaped forward. Whence came that sound? A groan went up from me as I watched him. He was panting, and his bloody lips were drawn backward over his jagged teeth. Then I heard the creaking of the cellar door as of some

one opening it. Slowly it was opened, and the weird screeching of its rusty hinges set my uncle frantic. His long fingers clasped and unclasped spasmodically about the rungs of his chair. His hands were purple from the strain. And still the glassy stare of his eyes held me fixed. Some one was creeping along the hall. Twice the boards creaked, and twice my uncle shuddered and groaned. At that moment the clock stopped. I verily believe I would have gone mad had not the devilish ticking ceased. All the while I felt the presence of some one in the hall. A sound came from without, and my uncle leaped and fixed his eyes on the door. The knob turned, and slowly—oh, so slowly—it was opened. Little by little the crack widened, slowly, slowly, and I heard a wild breathing, as of some mad beast. I sat rigidly in my chair. For days afterward my limbs ached from the strain. Would Mr. Jameson never come?

Suddenly the door was thrown wide open, and my uncle shrieked. I, too, found my voice. "Mr. Jameson—help!" I yelled. Shall I ever forget that moment? A wild figure leaped through the curtains, the figure of a woman, with long, tangled hair hanging loose about her shoulders, and her eyes blazed like coals of fire beneath her iron-gray locks. Her dress was of velvet of the deepest red. About her bosom there flashed great strings of jewels, and as her neckband fell apart I saw that her breast was tattooed. Cat-like, she crept across the floor, creeping, creeping, and in her skinny hand she held a slender knife, dripping with blood—the blood of old Jack. I strove to reach my uncle, but I was paralyzed. The old man had fallen back in his chair. His eyes were fixed in agonizing entreaty upon the face of the mad woman. And nearer she drew, with the crimson dress trailing about her gaunt form and the bright stones glittering on her bosom. "Murder!" I shrieked. For a moment she fixed her tiger eyes on me; then she crept onward. "Mr. Jameson!" I yelled again and again. At last he was coming—I heard

him bounding down the steps—he rushed in the door. Too late—oh, too late! With a fiend-like yell—the yell that had startled me so many times before—the tigress was on my uncle! Twice the keen blade was buried in his heart, and his bright blood spouted over the deeper crimson of her garment. Then Mr. Jameson seized her, and together they fell to the floor. Fiercely they fought, and more than once I thought the blade would be buried in him. Her demoniacal laughter is ringing in my ears even as I write.

The woman seemed tireless. Mr. Jameson held her wrist bent backward, but she clung to the knife. With her free hand she fought him—fought him as only the maddened fight. In the struggle the book-case was overturned and fell downward with a crash. At the sound my strength returned to me. I leaped up, and, grasping her by the throat, tore the knife from her fingers. Then I felt a pain in my side. I looked down. My wound had broken, and the blood was staining my undercoat. A dizziness came over me and I knew no more.

When I came to, Mr. Jameson was leaning over me. The body of the woman was lying stretched on the couch. "She is dead," he said. "Did'st kill her?" I asked feebly. "No," he answered; "while we were fighting I felt her hold relax; she was dead."

On the following morning Mr. Jameson and myself searched the cellar. The mystery was revealed. In the solid masonry at the back of the apartment we discovered an iron door, cleverly faced with bricks, for the double purpose of deceiving the eye and deadening the sound. The door opened into a large cell, and I shuddered to think of the long suffering of the woman who had been confined there. Though the room was splendidly fitted out, the confinement must have been terrible. No sunlight entered there, and the sound of one's voice fell flatly on the ear.

Two days afterward my uncle was buried, and by his side

we laid old Jack. We had found him in the cellar, with his throat cut from ear to ear. About him was scattered the food intended for the woman, and the evidences of a terrible struggle for life lay all around. The body of the woman we buried by my uncle's side.

It has ever been a mystery to me how I managed to escape noticing the door to the secret room. I had examined the cellar wall carefully, but so perfectly had the work been carried out that all trace of an opening had been done away with. The padded cell in which the woman had been confined was magnificently furnished, and all about were scattered books of late authorship. She had been a woman of evident refinement. In one of the volumes we found, traced in delicate handwriting, the name "Esther Van Dyke." That was all. But in this sweet name what a world of passion, of tragedy, was wrapped!

My narrative is done. I would that I could give you the history of my uncle's crime, with all of its blood-curdling details. 'Twas many years afterward that I came upon his confession—a confession written in his own handwriting and hidden in a secret drawer of his desk. It is a thrilling story, and reads like a weird tale of romance. I would that I could give it to you now, just as he wrote it. Perhaps some day I shall.

I remained at the Hall only long enough to regain my strength, and then I went down to Fairfax. There I lingered for two weeks, in order to settle up my uncle's estate.

On the last day of my stay Nina and I were married in the little vine-covered chapel. There we two were bound together in the earthly bond, though long before that eve our spirits had become one. All the gentry of the country side were present at our wedding, and they bade us God-speed through life with true Virginian sympathy. The next day we set out for Norfolk.

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The sun was sinking in a bed of glory as we sailed out between the capes. His golden beams hung caressingly over the distant land, and royally he glided to rest through the distant banks of low lying clouds, whose purple depths flushed gradually to a rosy red bordered with the lightning's flash. As the blue coast of Virginia dropped beneath the waves, and we felt the long swell of the restless waters, I turned to my Nina, and she was weeping. I placed my arm about her, but said nothing. "Farewell," she whispered. Then she looked upward through her tears and smiled. "I am happy," she said. Our lives were as bright as the gorgeous clouds that veiled the dying sun.

(THE END.)

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## Love's Song.

BY W. RUSSELL OWEN.

A minstrel singer came one day
And breathed into my soul a lay,
And asked if he might sing a song
Of lover's unrequited wrong;
And from the case I drew a viol,
With broken strings and quaint of style.
And, oh, the song the minstrel sung
Was such as sings no mortal tongue;
But soon the violin's tuneless throat
Resounded with the minstrel's note.
Then o'er my loveless soul there fell
The charm of some oblivious spell.
The violin melted into song
And filled the air full sweet and long
With Heaven's unseen choral choir,
Accompanied by a hidden lyre.
And then the minstrel's golden hair
Broke into flame, surpassing fair,

Which seized upon my lifeless soul
And gave it life as 'twere of old.
I cannot tell, but seems to me
This is the voice that speaks to thee
Whene'er my soul, in fancied flight,
Breaks into song when in thy sight.
I know this minstrel singer came
And brought from Heaven this loving flame.

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## An Ode.

BY R. F. STAPLES.

The mid-night air is rent in twain
By cries of men who work in vain
To check the speed of that hell-fiend,
The fire!

Oh, for the might from Heaven lent
To grasp the throat 'till life is spent
Of that red fiend on pillage bent,
The fire!

The walls as in their great despair,
As if to ask God's aid in prayer,
Stood white, stood mute, stood calm, stood there,
On fire!

Oh, Jefferson, once great, once fair,
Thy stately walls we loved so dear
Art made to totter in the air,
By fire!

Oh, daughter fair, let not defeat
Turn thee away from victory sweet,
But build again from jaws of heat,
Of fire!

# A Prospective.

BY W. H. CARTER.

IT is a trite saying that the world moves. The progress that has been made in the last fifty years is amazing. Could one of our great-grandfathers come back to earth, and see the changes that have attended the march of civilization, he would be lost in wonder, as though he had come upon a world different from the one he trod in by-gone years, and would probably shake his head sadly and desire to return to his place whence he came. It seems as though Aladdin had rubbed his wonderful lamp and brought about a great revolution.

A glance down the vista of the past half century fills the beholder with wonder and admiration for the minds that could conceive such wonderful inventions and discoveries in every line as those which have made the closing years of the nineteenth century an epoch never to be forgotten. But, in contemplation of the past, let not the glorious future that lies spread out so alluringly before the present generation be overlooked. The twentieth century lies like a great unexplored ocean of possibilities spread out before us, filling the scientist and inventor with wonder at the thought of its magnitude. There are marvellous possibilities in this golden era just dawning so auspiciously, and the people who first saw the light of day as the rising sun of the twentieth century tinged the heavens with his ruddy beams shall indeed see great signs and wonders before they start upon the down-hill side of life. As the years come and go, they will witness discoveries and developments far beyond the wildest expectations of the men of to-day. The field is already white for the harvest. The science of electricity, notwithstanding the wonders that have been accomplished

through its instrumentality, is yet in its infancy. This subtle, mysterious agent, that has so long baffled the wisest scientists of the age in their endeavors to pry into its nature, is destined to accomplish wonders in the development of the world. Already it has begun to supplant the time-honored beasts of burden, and horseless carriages of old Mother Shipton are no longer a wild fancy, but a sober reality. The time will come, however, when not only carriages, but even railway trains, will be driven by electricity, and steam, as a motive power, will be practically unknown, because of the manifest advantages of electricity—notably, the cheapness with which it will be produced. The much-agitated question as to what the world will do when its supply of coal is exhausted will find its solution here. Electricity, man's ready servant, will not only draw our carriages and send our trains flying along the rails, but will also heat our houses and furnish our kitchens with fuel. Electric ranges will banish all the dirt and smoke that must be endured under the present system, and thus the comfort and happiness of man will be much increased. The streams and rivers that are now tumbling over the stones, and are daily wasting millions of pounds of energy in their efforts to reach the ocean, will be harnessed, and, while the eyes of man are steeped in slumber and the world is wrapped in the sable mantle of night, will silently generate the mighty current of electricity that will be transmitted over the wires for miles, carrying light and heat and power to be distributed where it is needed.

Another potent factor in the wonderful industrial development that is destined to characterize the twentieth century is liquid air. This powerful agent, but recently discovered, has filled the minds of scientists with wonder at the thought of what will be accomplished by means of it. Here is a field offering even greater possibilities than that of electricity. The uses that can be made of liquid air are many and wonderful. In a few years refrigerating cars, instead of being

constructed with the time-honored ice-chest, will have reservoirs for liquid air, by which means the contents of the car will be kept in far better condition than is possible with ice. Our twentieth century dwellings will be constructed with liquid-air reservoirs in the basement, and by this means the fierce heat of summer will be overcome—indeed, the proper regulation of the temperature of buildings will be one of the greatest achievements of this magical age; for by means of an ingenious arrangement of stop-cocks connecting the electric heating apparatus and the liquid-air reservoirs, it will simply be necessary to set the temperature gauge at any desired temperature, and it will be maintained automatically throughout the year.

Not only as a refrigerant is this new giant to accomplish wonders, but the results obtained by its use for other purposes will be equally as astonishing. Doubtless the day is not far distant when its great power will be used in driving the pistons of our engines, and we shall no longer have steam engines, but air engines and electric engines. But the usefulness of liquid air will not end here. New fields of labor will constantly open before it, and the industrial development of the world will make rapid strides in consequence.

These are but a few of the many possibilities that are bound up in these two great powers. There seems to be practically no limit to man's ingenuity, and, with such fruitful fields of labor at hand, what may not be accomplished? These two great civilizing agents, liquid air and electricity, will go hand in hand, and wherever they go their advent will cause a revolution. Truly has the past half century been a wonderful age. Yet it was but the fore-runner of one still more wonderful, and one that will excite the admiration of all mankind, and cause the beholder, as he views the grand successes that have crowned the labors of man, to be thrilled with unutterable pride, and cause him to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?"

# Macbeth—A Character Sketch.

BY E. W. W.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

AT a period in his life before that with which the play deals such a crisis came to Macbeth. It was at the moment when, spurred on by his "vaulting ambition," he purposed within himself to sit upon the throne of Scotland, his country's king, whate'er the cost might be. This was the beginning of the triumph of evil in his career. Then it was that a seed was lodged within his heart, which sent out at first but tender shoots, then took deep root, flourished and grew, sapping the strength from the better side of his nature.

The play opens. Macbeth steps upon the scene. What sort of man do we find this Thane of Glamis? Let us look into his heart, for, true though it be that a man's actions are the outcome of his thoughts, in judging his character we must look behind actions into the workshop of the brain, where plans are concocted before they ever find their way into the realm of deeds. Glancing, then, at Macbeth, as he stands upon the threshold of the play, we see in him a man negatively good and passively bad; good, in that he has committed no outbreaking crime; bad, in that there lies within his heart a spark of evil just about to burst into flame—a plan, as yet unaccomplished, which is to seal his destiny forever.

From this time on there are two potent influences at work upon the life of this man, and it is interesting to note this part they play.

The first is the Weird Sisters. Macbeth, naturally a superstitious man, from the moment of his meeting the three witches and receiving their prediction that he shall be king,

centres all his thoughts, plans, and hopes around this prophecy and its fulfilment. Sometimes he acts in blind obedience to their dictates, sometimes he tries to act in direct opposition to them, but from this first meeting he is never entirely free from their power. The second is Lady Macbeth, his wife. Macbeth could form plans, but could execute them only under extraordinary pressure. To pause for reflection meant for him to lose the game; he must plunge wildly into deeds without counting the cost.

Since our first parents sinned in Eden there has been a tendency on the part of man to lay the blame of his evil doing at woman's door, so it is not surprising that many critics have attempted to throw the burden of guilt, in the murder of Duncan, upon the shoulders of Lady Macbeth. Now, that Lady Macbeth *suggested* the killing of the king, we cannot find proof in the play, but that it is she who holds her husband to his purpose, and nerves him up to the deed, we are forced to admit.

Macbeth was a soldier, but never had he so felt the fierce heat of battle as he did in the conflict which took place in his heart on the night when Duncan lodged within his palace. Here, for the first time, we see plainly the working of the man's *conscience*, in his hesitation and vacillation, and it is just at this point that Lady Macbeth, realizing her husband's weakness, steps in and fills up the gap in his will-power, and he, yielding to the persuasions of one whom he loves, rushes for the first time into crime, staining his soul with innocent blood. Lady Macbeth fitted into the niche in her husband's life. Their characters were exact complements of each other. Together they accomplished what neither could have done alone.

Macbeth's ambition is gratified. He wears the diadem of Scotland, but "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." Dowden says: "Macbeth retained enough of goodness to make him a *miserable* criminal, but not enough to restrain him

from crime." The man now becomes a prey to "compunctious visitings of nature." The "thousand tongues" of conscience lash him day in and day out. He knows no peace. Hear him speak.

> "Better be with the dead
> Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
> Than on the torture of the mind to lie
> In restless ecstasy."

He now adopts as his principle of action "things bad begun make strong themselves by ill," and, determining that his dearly-bought prize shall not slip from his grasp, puts out the candle of Banquo's life. Up to this time Macbeth's evil efforts had been attended by success. What is more apt to "turn a man's head" than success? What more humiliating than failure *after* success? In the escape of Fleance the sky of Macbeth's life is overcast with a cloud of failure, and the gloom deepens to the end. From this time on "the times are out of joint" for Macbeth, and no effort of his can "set them right."

Once upon the throne, Macbeth forgets that mercy "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown," and, feeling that what's done cannot be undone, he plunges deeper and deeper into crime, by the murder of Macduff's wife and children and many of the nobles of the kingdom. In his recklessness, he excuses himself by saying:

> "I am in blood
> Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Macbeth now takes a *fatalist's* view of life, as shown in his speech upon hearing the news of his wife's death. Conscience has been constantly at work upon him; he has been "cabin'd, cribbed, confined, bound in to saucy doubts and fears," but now "even-handed justice commends the ingredients of his poisoned chalice to his own lips."

Has he not snatched away the friends of others? He, in his time of need, is bereft of comforters. Did he not slay Macduff's wife and loved ones? *His* wife is taken away from him.

Contrast his utterance on the night of the king's murder—"I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people"—with his despondent, almost despairing soliloquy:

"I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

Macbeth's life was not like a tree in strength and beauty, felled at a single stroke, but one at whose heart the worm had been constantly gnawing, gnawing, gnawing, and when Macduff cut it down its leaves were "sere and yellow," within, all was hollowness and decay.

The story of his life may be told in three words—crime, remorse, punishment.

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## The Sources and Historical Basis of "Herman and Dorothea."

BY J. W. SHEPARD.

THE poem, "Herman and Dorothea," has its origin in a story connected with the expulsion of the Lutherans from Salzburg, in 1731–'2.

About three-quarters of a century previous to this time religious toleration had been greatly broadened by the treaty of Westphalia, which provided that the prince of each province should have it in his power to determine what type

of religion his own subjects should have. The rulers had used a great deal of discretion in the exercise of that prerogative, until Count Firmian, in 1727, became Archbishop of Salzburg, and went to work to extirpate the Lutheran heresy from his dominions. Thousands of honest, prosperous people were driven from their homes and forced to seek contentment in exile. In vain did neighboring governments protest on their behalf against the harsh treatment. Moreover, the heretics were firm in their beliefs, and could not be induced to deny their tenets; and, as a consequence, were driven out hastily and indiscriminately, at all seasons of the year and under all circumstances. They suffered many hardships in the pilgrimages which they were forced to begin without preparation and, sometimes, almost without notice. Their sufferings in many instances, however, were greatly alleviated by the glad reception they received from the inhabitants of the neighboring provinces, who were in full sympathy with them.

It was from a miscellaneous account of this movement that Gœthe obtained the germinal story which he so happily used in painting his inimitable picture of burgher life. In the original story are related the circumstances of the marriage of the son of a prosperous burgher of Alt-Muhl, together with the events leading up to it. The burgher, having an ambition to see his son prosperously married, frequently urged him to choose for himself a bride, and one who would bring, with other excellent things, a rich dowry. The son remained silently obstinate until there happened to come through his town a band of exiles, among whom was a maiden with whom he was very much pleased. At once he determined to marry her, and promptly made known his purpose to his father, who, thereupon, was very much troubled. In order to dissuade his son from this intention, he sent out and called in an " excellent " preacher and some other friends. But their united protests were in vain, and the young man

firmly declared that if he did not marry this damsel he would never marry at all. At length, the wise parson, seeing the vanity of their entreaties, suggested that God might have a special providence in bringing to the son this emigrant girl, and, finally, they all agreed to leave the matter entirely to the son's choice. He, accordingly, set forth and soon overtook the wandering exiles, some of whom he questioned about the maiden. Having learned that she was of noble birth, he at once sought to employ her as a servant in his father's house. She, being pleased to escape the uncertainties of vagrant life, at once accepted the offer to serve. They then returned to his home, and she, being asked by the father whether she liked his son and would marry him, was sorely grieved, supposing that he meant only ridicule. But when the father insisted, and the son declared his affection for her, she modestly consented to become the wife of him whom, from the first, she had loved very dearly.

Such is the story, in brief, which Gœthe has transferred and adapted to far different and more recent times.

In selecting a historical background for this excellent picture, he chose the stirring and eventful period of the French Revolution, the memories of which were vivid in his own mind because of the close connection which he sustained to it, being a participant in its dangers and a thoughtful observer of all its movements. Nothing could at that time give a poem more wide-spread interest than its connection with that phenomenal upheaval, which was even then shaking society to its very foundations.

In transferring the story to a different historical setting, it was appropriate to make some marked changes in its nature. In the first place, Gœthe did not desire to paint a picture of religious heroism, but one of patriotism.

Accordingly, the heroine is transformed from an exile for religious freedom to a fugitive fleeing the barbarities of

the rude soldiery of the invading French armies, which were pressing into the heart of Germany.

The relation of the new and old components in the poem is best explained in the words of the author himself. "The design of the poem, said he, was 'to separate in epic crucible the purely human element in the existence of a small German city from its slag, and to reflect at the same time, as from a little mirror, the great movements and changes in the theatre of the world.'" The beautiful picture of home-life and unconscious security, touched up with the delicate and refining tints of love, cast as it is upon a background of turmoil, insecurity, fear, and horrible invasion, presents to the mind a likeness to the glorious *bow* stretching across a background of dark and threatening clouds, which are slowly but surely receding in the distance, leaving instead the azure blue of the sky. The clouds covering the German sky had not broken away when the two French armies under Jourdan and Moreau, detailed to invade Germany, brought cruelty and devastation into the very heart of that fair country. Everywhere pillage and incendiarism prevailed, until the brave Archduke Karl succeeded in expelling them from his domains.

Such imposition had the people sustained at the hands of the invaders that, at the signal for the retreat of the French, the peasant class of the districts through which they must pass, and especially of Franconia, arose as a man, armed themselves with what weapons they could obtain, supplemented in many cases by the rude implements of agriculture, and inflicted a severe chastisement upon the retreating army.

Thus at last were the French driven forth, and peace returned to gladden the hearts of all, and especially of those who had but recently been connected by the indissoluble bonds of love.

# "Long Looking Multiplies the Stars."

AN ORATION BY J. W. KINCHELOE.

THE eagle is content when, as it soars aloft, its suspicious eye rests upon the rocky crags of the mountains beneath. The denizens of the forest are satisfied with their gloomy abodes in the rocks, hills, and fastnesses of the cliffs. But man, unlike all of these, is a creature of ambition—seldom satisfied, and ever on the alert for new experiences, new pleasures, and new conquests.

Man's ambition makes him restless, and often desperate, but, when impelled by it, and his powers are concentrated to operate along proper channels, who can estimate the extent of his accomplishments or the reward of his efforts? Men who have risen have not been without ambition, nor have their attainments been reached without continual calls for renewed effort. It has been well said that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and it is the hope of success that stimulates man in pursuing the ideal aims of his ambition.

Moved by his ambition and urged on by the hope of success, man looks for splendid results. But, together with this, comes the question, how are these to be attained? The past is to us history, but history is clothed in example. From the martyrs who have died for principle and religion, from the statesmen who have devoted their lives to the service of their countrymen, from the warriors who have bared their breasts to shot and shell upon the world's bloodiest battle-fields, there comes the voice of experience, and the testimony is that, where honor and fame have come, time first brought its struggles.

We stand at evening, when the last rays of the setting sun play in fantastic colors upon the clouds that hang in the western sky, and, as the shades of night fall upon the land, watch for the stars that twinkle above us. First is seen the

evening star, hanging low in the west; then one by one the planets and constellations appear, until the sky seems to sparkle with countless diamonds. The longer we look the more we see, until, beholding the vast sparkling canopy, one is lost in the depths of wonder and admiration.

The astronomer, with his mighty telescope from some height or observatory turned upon the heavens, beholds the countless jewels of the night. He looks for one invisible, but which he believes to be there. Days, weeks, months pass, and yet the star is not seen. Years go by, but the search continues until the object sought stands out before the observer in all its dazzling splendor. Hence comes the language, "Long looking multiplies the stars." It is not my purpose, however, to dwell upon the literal meaning of these words, but rather to emphasize their figurative interpretation as applied to the experiences of men and nations.

Persia led the East in wealth and grandeur, but the splendor of the Persian Empire was not the work of a day. She was small at the outset, but king followed king, war followed war, campaign followed campaign, and conquest followed conquest, until Persian wealth, Persian splendor, and Persian territory became the marvels of the Eastern world. Nor did Athens, like fabulous Athena, spring full-grown from the head of Zeus. Was Athens the product of a generation or of centuries? That city, whose crumbling walls and ruined temples mark the ancient seat of art and learning, was the result of energy, effort, and time, and thousands of the men who helped to make her what she was had long since rested in the sepulchres of her heroic dead when Athens reached the zenith of her glory.

No less is it true of the world's great powers to-day. The nations that shake the earth with tramp of hoof and beat of drum, like the child, have crawled before they walked, and, while their fleets and armies now furnish the music to which the weaker nations form their lines of march, yet, in their

infancy, they, too, were startled at another's bugle-call and fled at the sound of another's drum. Take England as an example—that power upon whose dominions the sun never sets. Wonderful is her prestige, great her wealth, magnificent her palaces, and splendid her dominions, but where are the men who laid the foundation upon which England's greatness rests? Her tombstones and monuments tell the story of her past. These men have folded their hands and passed forever from the world's great stage of action, leaving as a heritage to succeeding generations the fortunes of life's great struggles.

England, as she stands to-day, is not a country to be scorned. She has seen her kings and queens totter and fall; she has felt the awful shock of war and rebellion; she has had her monarchal structure shaken to its foundation-stone; but still she stands, and bids the admiring world look on while she holds at bay the destroying elements of empires, and hurls defiance at her devastating enemies. You ask what made her such? The thrift, ambition, energy, and long looking of the men of successive generations did it, and the same characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race made and multiplied the stars of fame and glory that adorned the crown of Victoria, England's dead, but world-renowned Queen.

But of America, whose interests are dear to the American heart, whence came her present potency? Did it settle like the dew of the morning, or did it spring from effort, struggle, and bloodshed? When the Pilgrims, persecuted and driven, through love of liberty, found a home in the wilderness of the West, I fancy that they dreamed of a future republic. Their dreams have materialized, and where once the wild deer and buffalo roamed, undisturbed save by the red man of the forest, there has sprung into existence the mightiest nation whose fleets have ploughed the seas.

We seem to have been rocked in the cradle of Divine providence; but is it not true that our republic is the pro-

duct of many generations? The men who witnessed the sunrise of the first day of our republic, and who, with thankful hearts, walked beneath the stars of its first night, while they trembled at the thought of its infantile weakness, they saw through the dim vista of the ages the scion of their own planting, now grown to gigantic proportions, and heard the echo of their own voices resounding through time, heralding from the shores of the Atlantic to the snow-capped summits of the Rockies those words which shall never cease to fall from true American lips, "Long live the republic." And, great God, prevent that there should ever be built, through the bribery and corruption of party leaders, an empire upon the ruins of this republic, whose multiplied stars were looked for by the grandest men that ever breathed the air of American independence! What America is to-day is the product of genius, character, education, and religion. She has her faults, but who is not proud of her history? And yet the men who struggled to make America what she is saw not the lustre of the stars of national glory, which have multiplied with successive generations. As the eye rests upon the American flag the heart swells with pride, but long looking on the part of the American people has given prominence to the stars that mark its beauty. Triumphant she waves over land and sea, and who would dare to haul her down? Wherever she waves American institutions do their perfect work, and the nations of the earth are stimulated by the thought of American liberty.

When I think of our prestige and contemplate our prospects for the future, I am reminded of the words uttered when our nation was in its infancy: "From the shores to the mountains, from the regions of frost to the valleys of eternal spring, millions of bold and understanding men are uniting to form a government of their choice, and to confirm the institutions of their own creation. Man looked in scorn, but Heaven beheld and blessed its branchy glory spreading o'er the

West. Like a giant oak, she lifts her lofty form, grows in the sun, and strengthens in the storm. Long shall she live, and every blast defy, till Time's last whirlwind sweeps the vaulted sky."

And this old Southland of ours is not without its stars. Men of the South, take courage! The South is not dead, and though she still bears the marks of war and devastation, yet the age of her activity is just begun; the morn of her prosperity is dawning; the stars of prosperity and glory, for whose rising our fathers looked, are shining upon their children, and it seems that the glory of the South will be witnessed in the future. Well may the Southern youth be proud of Southern history, Southern statesmen, and Southern warriors, for no history tells of nobler deeds, and none have risen in the galaxies of heroes grander than those men whose lights have shone forth in the South. Long have our fathers looked, and many are our stars. But is Southern ambition satisfied, or will Southern manhood be content with the glory of the past? The world may say what she will, but the time is coming when the long looking of our fathers will be rewarded by a new era, when the old South shall have emerged from the cloud of her sad experiences, to find shining upon her the lustre of a thousand stars of glory yet unseen.

As with the nation, so with the individual. From the men of Athens, who flattered themselves that they were smiled upon by the gods of Olympus, to the men of America, whose deeds have made their names immortal, it has been the energy, determination, and steadiness of purpose that characterized their career, which has given them rank in national affairs and their names the places they occupy in the hearts of their countrymen.

It is true that, by combined and mysterious circumstances, individuals at a single bound have gone from the realm of obscurity to the pinnacle of fame, but these are few in com-

parison with those who, in the school of adversity, by moral stamina and the pluck of true men, have risen to stations of dignity and honor. Nor is it the mere genius of men that gives them success, but genius appropriated by years of arduous labor. Men of Oxford, of Leipsig, of Harvard, and of Yale, whose keenness of perception and depth of thought excited the admiration of their fellows, have walked the streets as worthless vagrants, while boys like Stonewall Jackson, with seemingly sluggish minds, have scaled the heights which but few have ever reached. Among the peasants of his native land was born the world's great musician. Poverty haunted his home and obscurity marked his abode, but, as a result of diligent application through years of study, Wolfgang Mozart became the associate of princes, and made his name the key-note of the musical world.

The man who would discover gold must shoulder his pick and shovel; the man who would strike a vein of oil must listen to the thud of his steam-drill for weeks; and no less is it true that the man who would attain preferment in the institutions of men, and I might say of God, must seek his equipment in the school of adversity, for in this school has been developed the highest type of manhood and womanhood, and from it have sprung the grandest features that characterize human history.

We stand on the heights above some modern city, and behold in the distance ten thousand electric stars, throwing their soft light upon tower and steeple, affording a panorama that charms the human eye; yet the lightning had flashed through the heavens for six thousand years before it was harnessed by the genius of man.

On every hand we are reminded of progress. The hum of the wheel, the rattle of machinery, the shrieking of escaping steam, entertain us by day and disturb us at night. Everything, from the weapons of warfare to the implements of the farm,

bears the mark of progress—progress in invention, progress in education, progress in civilization. With the looking of men every decade has brought its blessings and every century its stars. New songs have been sung, new books have been written, new voices have been heard, but still the optimist looks for grander developments.

We review with pride the monuments that perpetuate the glory of the past. The history of a century has been recently sealed forever—a century whose progress has had no parallel in the history of the world, and which, in the records of eternity, will mark striking movements and developments of the human race. But who is so thoughtless as to forget the future? The new century has dawned upon us, and with it has come the demand for men and women. The nineteenth century could boast of the fairest daughters, the bravest sons, purest mothers, and noblest fathers the world has ever known. The twentieth century has begun with thousands upon whom the god of beauty has dropped his smile, the noblest giants of character, oratory, and human thought, statesmen and warriors of whom we are justly proud, and the mightiest marshalled forces that have ever stood for human weal, and yet the demands of the age are not supplied.

The men who tread these halls of learning, where hundreds of the wise, gallant, and true men of the South have found their equipment for life's struggle, will be called upon to appear upon the great stage of action. We are making history, and the youth of this generation will be responsible in a measure for the history of the twentieth century. As the stars of our national glory have multiplied with the looking of men, stars whose lustre brightens the world, let the youth of our old Commonwealth and of America turn their eyes in search of new stars—stars of virtue, stars of education, stars of character, and stars of culture—which shall protect the home, purify politics, and make powerful religion. Nor should restlessness characterize the struggling youth.

A cool head, a brave heart, a steady hand, will mark him as a man. The college walls, between which reverberates the sound of our footsteps, demand from men the essence of staunchest manhood, and, mocking, frown with unutterable dissatisfaction when we are base enough to offer them less. It was the long looking of our fathers that gave us the institution we represent. Years of strenuous effort and careful preparation purchased the honored professors at whose feet we sit, and it will be time, and time well spent, that will prepare us for the struggles of the future.

There are patients to be treated; hold a steady hand. There are sermons to be preached; weigh your words. There are cases to be pled; honor truth. There are books to be written; take your time. There are fields to be ploughed; plough them well. There are throttles to be held; hold them firm. There are nails to be driven; drive them home.

You may never be a Webster, with his force of argument and power of speech. You may never be a Henry, with the fire of his nature and his lightning-like oratory. You may never be a Spurgeon, with his depth of thought and persuasive voice. You may never be a Demosthenes, to captivate and sway the multitudes. But, as with continual looking the stars of heaven seem to multiply, so it is in the sky of human experience. Before the storms of human effort the bulwarks of unsolved problems tremble and fall, over which men pass, to lay their hands upon the purest gems that gladden the human heart.

Independence had been declared, but the sky above the American patriot was veiled in darkest clouds of despair. Sickness in the American camp and the extreme wretchedness of the condition of the American soldiers was trying the bravest souls and stoutest hearts. The leaders of the Continental army, tried to the extreme, were looking for a star of hope. All eyes were turned in one direction. And just as it seemed that the cause of American liberty was lost forever, that star

of hope sent forth its light. Lafayette, meteor-like, burst forth from the courts of France, anchored in American waters, and declared allegiance to the new republic. Did he happen to come? No! You say God sent him? Yes! But he came at the solicitation of men; he came after the most powerful of human efforts; he came when the American eye, in its eagle-like keenness, was tried to its utmost. In the language of another: "He came not in the days of successful rebellion—not when the new risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time and careered to its place in the heavens. He came when darkness curtained the hills, when the tempest was abroad in its anger, when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and the briars cumbered the garden of beauty; it was then that this one joined the ranks of a revolted people." There is a finger that points us to the glory of the past; there is a voice that is heralding the prospects of the future. Standing as we do upon the foundation laid by our fathers, stimulated by the inviting fields before us, backed up by a republic, the object of the world's fear and admiration, and urged on by the powerful demands of human society, what, I say, will hinder America and Americans from passing beyond the limits reached by our past generations. But let the past be what it may, I would not depreciate the success of those at the end of whose line of march the present era has begun. Profound is my admiration for the past, and the men who have contributed to its glory; but neither these, their blood, nor what they wrought, will guarantee to us the goal upon which we have fixed our eyes; "effort" must be the watch-word and "persistency" the predominating feature of a rising man's career. No man happens upon the best of the world's great treasures; they are attained when effort becomes personified in giant-like proportions, vanquishes its enemy, and tramples resistance beneath its feet.

Fortunate is he who inherits thrones, or who, from some mysterious providence, sways his sceptre over the world's

great empires; but richer is he who is born with that indomitable will which carries him on to success, making obstacles his stepping-stones, and the rugged road of poverty the way that leads him to the halls of fame. The king may die, and with him an ignominious name, but he who through honest effort writes his name upon the tablet of his nation's heart, though he, as other men, must die, yet there survives of him that imperishable past—a memory, lasting as the stars.

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## A Vision.

BY L. L. JENNINGS.

A dream I dreamed last eve. And lo! my soul,
Freed from the leaden body's dreary thrall,
Hung o'er a sea whose wild wave's thund'rous roll
Swelled deeply through the night's encircling pall.

And as I hovered o'er the blackened deep,
The storm's low croon moaned inward from the west,
And the weird lightning in its ghostly sweep
Illumed each maddened billow's frothy crest!

Alone my soul poised on the Stygian gloom,
And mourning dreamed that o'er that sunless sea,
Where sweet Elysian flowers ever bloom,
On that far shore we call Eternity,

There dwells my sister—she whom I did love
With all the strength that in my being lay—
Loved with a love like unto that above,
And worshipped in my warm, impulsive way.

Ah! Sadder have I been since that dim year
When seaward bound she took her lonely flight!
And as I dreamed, with many a bitter tear,
I drank the wild breath of the troubled night.

Alone, alone! my spirit rode the storm,
The palpitating storm, mist-laden, chill,
And hovering, felt through its ethereal form
The impulse flash of some Diviner will.

Responsive, quick'ning to the inward force,
O'er all the dreary sea on flew my soul,
O'er all the moaning waters held its course,
Until it wandered o'er the austral pole.

And there, 'mid gale-swept hulks and rot'ning shrouds,
Dark centered in the current's yawning dale,
My flight was held, and through the flame-lit clouds
I heard red demons shriek the widow's tale.

Full many a league they stretched upon the deep,
Foul bodies lit with phosphorescent gleam!
Whose sinuous folds rose with the ocean's sweep,
Like some wild comet in its fiery stream.

"Ah! sister!" cried my soul, "what means this gloom—
What means the weaving of this hellish bond?
Are these the blacken'd depths of dismal doom
Where dies the hope of all that is beyond?"

"O Life! O Death! O Trust that conquers all!
O Faith that lies not in the narrow tomb!
Is it the sum of being but to live and—fall?
O Nature! this the secret of thy womb!"

As answering pale-faced Doubt, from out the night
A trembling beam stole o'er the water's crest;
The sea was lulled, and in the gray born light
I saw the sullen ocean sink to rest.

Dim grew the shades. I looked, and looked again:
The last torn sail was settling in the deep.
Black doubts! And, writhing 'round with shrieks of pain,
I saw the fiend-forms in their terror leap.

Upward they soared with many a horrid hiss,
Then backward fell upon the heaving sea,
And, gurgling, down into that vast abyss
Were drawn—hypocrisies that are and are to be!

* * * * * * * *

Fair dawned the perfect day! The white-capped green
Of smiling ocean o'er against the flush
Of morn shone clear, and landward hung a sheen
Whose golden red half veiled the breakers' rush.

The purple hills—O glorious was the scene!
Rose towering o'er the mists, bright crowned with snow,
The blush of heav'n and oceans' blue between.
And e'er anon upon the zephyrs flow

Faint music swelled from off the happy shore.
Then felt my soul that same impulsive thrill,
As echoing came from out the Evermore
A voice—her voice! its cadence lingers still!

"O brother, canst thou doubt?" Like clouds that roll
Before the strong winds from the higher land,
My fears were hurled, and from my gladdened soul
A cry went forth, "Sister, I understand!"

# Editorial.


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## Business Manager.

J. W. DURHAM.


Burdened with the relentless necessity of hastening to the press the first issue of THE MESSENGER under the administration of the new board of editors, we relieve ourselves of considerable anxiety by evolving the following. Having our start in this first open month of the year, we feel inspired by the gentle blue skies and the balmy morning odors to commend most highly the faithful and excellent work performed by the retiring editor, H. Lee MacBain, and his co-laborers. Though they have had many dark paths to travel and difficult problems to solve, while winter's piercing breezes blew from afar life-destroying grippe, not even then did they halt in upholding the magazine of Richmond College to the standard. With this as a criterion, we aspire to the difficult task entrusted to us, with the determination to carry forward the efforts of our predecessors. Soon comes the warmer season of summer, when we may calmly pose beneath the shade of some majestic oak, inhale the invigorating breezes heated by a southern sun, with many a fragrant flower smiling serenely upon us, or, it may be, guide the prancing horse down the fertile corn furrow, keeping step with the melodious tune of the mocking-bird's fantastical song; but now we must be up and doing, for time flies with ever-increasing speed.

Being the first issue, and the most opportune occasion for the awakening of all dormant college spirit, can we not

all immediately inaugurate a forward movement? If we can plant our flag in the onset over the heads of ten thousand recruits, in the battles for increasing the public interest in our paper, for displaying suitable loyalty to our alma mater, for presenting a publication worthy of our institution, for affording much competition, and thus keeping from our columns all but the extraordinary, and forever being in readiness to execute whatever duty may devolve upon us—great battles they are—we shall be the more triumphant. General Forrest said the secret of war is "to git thar first with the most men." Now is the acceptable time for men to offer their services, and maintain the honor of our outposts, which are even now on the field of battle. The recruits may be considered under two heads: (1) Those who are too busy to even read what has been the object of unlimited anxiety and thought, but who seem to take time for peevishly picking the publication of their college paper to pieces; (2) those who cannot be induced to submit a single article for print, and voluntarily refrain from the arena of real intellectual development. They are capable; they ought. You can double the value of your college life, if you will but learn to express your thoughts clearly, and through this magazine the best means are offered.

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The most spectacular event that has yet interrupted the regular routine of our present session occurred on the night of April 19th. The College chapel was most artistically adorned with flowers, sufficiently beautiful to incur the envy of any queen. Besides this, there were present those who represented the best of Cupid's handiwork. Their smiling countenances dispelled all anxious thoughts, but inspired the participants in the oratorical contest to exert themselves to the utmost for the crown of honor.

The rooters were not at all negligent of their momentous

task. Like colors waved from kindred hearts, urging on their favorites who were now struggling in the midst of that fateful arena, where one Society must show its supremacy over the other—the Philologian or the Mu Sigma Rho.

President Sanford, of the Philologian Society, delivered the introductory address, which was most eloquent and cordial. All hearts were now "on the wing," as the dignified orators arose, one by one, each to baffle the efforts of his opponents, the enhancing music adding new lustre to every fiery heart. At times the deep voices would thunder forth as clear as does a cannon-shot five hundred feet away.

Scarcely had the contest ceased when the judges came forward with their verdict, awarding the first prize to Mr. J. W. Durham, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. President Woodward, of this Society, at this juncture, arose to announce the final words, bidding his hearers a happy farewell. "The die was cast," and all was over.

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The base-ball team of the present season has more than compensated for all defeats hitherto sustained by Richmond College.

On May 13th the team entered the field to fight its last great battle. It was with its most formidable antagonist, but, beginning with the determination that "Randolph-Macon delendaest," the result ended in a victory for us. Here we won the championship of the Eastern Division, and the silver cup will soon be with us.

All members of the team deserve the greatest praise, but space does not permit. Captain Sanford, with the co-operation of Manager Provence, has made the season most successful. White's pitching will be remembered as long as his compeers exist.

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To vary the order of events, a "Want Column" has been

introduced. Those implicated hope to have their needs supplied as soon as possible, and have but to impatiently await response. Five hundred dollars is offered to the one who may be so fortunate as to furnish all for which the advertisements are made. If anybody else is in want, let him not delay in entering his name upon the already long list, the price for advertising being one cent per word.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

Cuba's Natural Curiosities.—Because of the striking similarity of some of the curiosities of Cuba to America, it is exceedingly interesting to us. There is a cave very much like the Mammoth of Kentucky; a beautiful valley, the rival of our Yosemite, and an imposing natural bridge, comparable to that of Virginia. Besides this, there are birds of a most peculiar character, crabs whose idiosyncrasies far exceed those of our long-legged friend, lightning bugs which take the place of the electric light, many treacherous streams which disappear below the surface of the earth and come out no more, unless it is in the well of our antipodes, and many other curiosities in accord with the above.

The United States has to her credit $1,453,000,000 worth of exports for the year 1900, and holds the first place among the exporting nations. Great Britain is a close second, while Germany ranks third, with about two-thirds of our numbers.

The dreams of Darius and Xerxes will be fulfilled when the bridge over the narrow strait between Europe and Asia is constructed. The Suez Canal, the Nicaragua Canal, the Cape to Cairo railroad in Africa, the Trans-Siberian railroad, and this bridge bring into closer contact the nations of the earth.

The Delaware Legislature has passed a law making it a

misdemeanor to sell or manufacture cigarettes or cigarette paper.

For over two hundred years British sovereigns, on aspiring to the throne, have been compelled to take the Anti-Catholic oath. To this, in the case of the present King, the Catholics have seriously objected. Have they forgotten that this oath was made obligatory by the machinations of the Jesuits?

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## WANT COLUMN.

William Smith—A girl.
Andrew Walker Hampton Jones—A wife.
W. H. Carter—To be a man.
Student J. E. Oliver—To stop flirting.
Nickle—A change.
Master Mosby Seay—A wig.
M. E. Broadus—A salting down.
Dr. Kincheloe—Nothing.
Dr. Rock—The way cleared for No. 1.
R. O. Norris—An office.
Quiller S. T. Mathews—To be a lady's man.
Rival J. W. Durham—A show.
Moschetti—A nick-name.
Smiler J. H. Franklin—Another trip to West Point.
Abbitt—Another drive with his love in Hanover.
J. W. Jennings—A mustache.
Dunaway—Another walk.
Papa Ritter—A false face.
C. B. Wright—A rest.
Dunn—To play hands.
McConnell—A new laugh.
Co-Eds.—The earth.
W. P. Clark—Plenty of time to put on his Latin trousers, lest some Miss "harass" him.

Cammack—The *Chisel.*

Ed. Smith—A housekeeper from the "Slaughter" house.

E. H. Williams—His full growth.

W. R. Owen—A new joke.

Walton—To be "high"-minded.

Miss Co-Ed.—Another name.

Mr. Provence—More cheek.

Young R. Oliver—To eat and sleep at the same time.

Shepard, Fitzhugh } Sympathy.

L. B. Cox—Less competition, so he won't have to make engagements a month ahead of time.

Mr. Compton—To take his trunk down on Clay,
So he won't have to trot down every day.

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## MAXIMS OF OUR OWN MAKE.

Often students in preparing their lessons make the mistake of thinking that it is for the teacher's benefit or pleasure.—*R. E. S.*

Verbosity is the insignia of ignorance.—*H. M. S.*

A man with no ambition is like a bell without a clapper.—*J. M. H.*

The man who is truthful, diligent, and mindful of his duties has before him continually the big sign, "Wanted."—*J. M. H.*

The dog never tires of his own barking.—*D. K. W.*

We remember a thing by once forgetting it.—*T. E. H.*

A word of comfort in distress
Is a useful word at its best.
—*T. E. H.*

It is easy to say what you know; but to know what to say is different—*R. S. O.*

A working man never gets tired, and a tired man never gets work.—*R. S. O.*

He who drinks to the health of his family always has a doctor's bill to pay.—*R. S. O.*

What we do to-day will find expression to-morrow.—*J. J. J.*

It is only with the eye of others that we see our own defects.—*H. C. D.*

The wine-cup is Satan's missionary.—*C. W. McE.*

Love conquers where cannons fail.—*C. W. McE.*

Excuses are often curtains for lies.—*C. W. McE.*

Kings and paupers are the same size in judgment.—*L. L. G.*

A bad habit is like a dog-weed—quick to grow and hard to kill.—*M. E. B.*

The first truth a man runs down is a great epoch in his life.—*M. E. B.*

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## RULES FOR WRITERS.

Use paper not wider than six inches.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Write with ink.

Write distinctly, and place your words and lines far enough apart to be read easily.

Dot your i's and cross your t's.

Don't make your u's and n's alike.

Don't punctuate, unless you know how.

Number each page.

Be plain, but brief and to the point.

Never roll your MS. Always fold and enclose in an envelope.

Always read the above before beginning to write.—*The Helper.*

# Law Department.

Dealing, as it does, with the most sacred principles of liberty and happiness, and being the only earthly device for carrying out the Divine precepts as laid down in the Scriptures, the end of which is the peace and happiness of mankind, the law at once becomes, in its true sense, one of the highest callings in which man can engage. And the lawyer, embryo or otherwise, to be worthy of this profession, must of necessity be so imbued with the spirit of its high and lofty principles that he would scorn to stoop to things beneath its dignity. The name of "lawyer" is often spoken of as synonymous with "liar," and, when we remember the ways and means of some of our so-called "legal lights," and how far they are removed from the character of Cæsar's wife, we must admit that, from a layman's standpoint, it would seem as if the profession had a tendency to debase mankind, and we must further admit the justice of the charge.

And yet, the man who rightly pursues this study, desiring, like Solomon, an understanding heart, and is true to its ethics, must necessarily be raised above the sordid narrowness of ignorance and prejudice, and, from this vantage ground of higher intelligence, view the affairs of mankind in a clearer light, and, like a skilled workman, possess the knowledge and its accompanying power to manipulate the great machine of government. Living close to the great throbbing heart of humanity, the foreman in the struggle between the great army of litigants, the "go-between" and the one to whom appeal is made to untangle the most hopeless knots of human error, the lawyer at once becomes a public necessity, and in him, more than in any other class of individuals, rests the future welfare of our country.

In the light of the foregoing facts and conclusions, and, further, that a student's life is said to be an index to

his future career, we, the students of the law, having become disciples of these lofty principles, should weigh well our actions and words as we go in and out among the students of this college, and, being found always upon the side of loyalty and right, constrain men to respect us and our calling.

We have voluntarily placed ourselves within the government of this college, and the rules of good citizenship demand that loyalty and obedience to those in authority, irrespective of personal feelings, should be the motto of every student within the government of the faculty. It has been said that "he who cannot obey can never rule," and those of us who desire some day to be leaders of men should cultivate the sturdy principles of moral courage and fidelity to right, and upon this foundation erect the structures of our reputations. And it might be added that he who builds upon trickery and sharp practice, even though he boasts of the intellect of a Webster, builds upon the sands, from which the tidal wave of public disfavor will sweep his structure, and his post will know him no more.

"Trickery" and "pull" appear to be the chief factors in political success, and, while we cannot deny their utility and even necessity in the past, present, and future politics of all countries, we do most emphatically, though inconsistently, assert that, when they are made the sole basis of political success, ultimate defeat and the contempt of all good citizens are the sure and logical results.

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DeShields is said to have tried to convince the judge that he could see across the Chesapeake bay at common law, but by statute he could not.

# Literary Notes.

*Book Reviews* for April says: "The Southern newspapers have welcomed Mr. William Hannibal Thomas's new book on 'The American Negro' for as strong an argument for the repeal of the fifteenth amendment as has yet appeared. Mr. Thomas is a negro of ability and character, but rather supports the assertion that the intellectual and moral qualities of the negro have not advanced, and that his material advancement and well-being are not improved by the possession of political rights. His argument is in violent contrast to the optimistic view of Booker T. Washington."

Edward Gosse, in his development of English literature, places individualism first. He says: "If we glance at the most characteristic figures of the nineteenth century—Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Carlyle, Thackeray, Tennyson, Rossetti, Ruskin, Stevenson—whom we will—they are men who have written with more or less tactful show of retinence, mainly by samples of their own brain and blood, who have made self-study and self-revelation the starting points of all their adventures in the edification and entertainment of mankind."

Mr. MacGrath, a novelist of recent fame, said: "I am never satisfied with anything I write, but this gives me hope that, never being satisfied, I shall never write anything very bad." Write, then tear up what you have written, and write it over. Thus we may expect success for Miss Glasgow's next novel.

"A Step-Daughter of Israel" is the obscure name given to a book by Robert Boggs. *The Southern Churchman* says: "The readers who clamor for 'action' in novels can find all they are looking for in this book." Its scene is laid for the most part in a Spanish settlement of Florida.

"Black Rock" and "Sky Pilot," by Ralph Conner, are charming stories, with little or no plot, but full to overflowing with humor and pathos. They both deal with the people of the "foot-hills of the Rockies," and contain deeds worthy of imitation.

The *Ledger Monthly* says: "Many of our popular authors have made it a hobby to write in the sunshine and open air, claiming that they can do better work out of doors than shut up in a room." Let us follow the suggestion.

Miss Ellen Glasgow is reported to have said that she would not have taken $10,000 for her manuscript lost in the Jefferson fire. It is to be hoped that her book will be re-written to meet with great success.

Herbert Welsh, the friend of the American Indians, has written a book called "The Other Man's Conscience," which deals with the very perplexing question of the Phillipines.

# On the Campus.

## BASE-BALL.

All athletic interest still centers on base-ball. The season is now drawing to a close, at which time we hope that Richmond will hold the championship of this division. It is very true that at the beginning of the season our team lost several games, but, in most cases, there were extenuating circumstances. All our first games were with universities out of our class, but we certainly should have won the Lehigh game had it not been for one of those painful blunders, which we make haste to pass over in silence.

The first game with Pennsylvania was well played, and interesting, in spite of the rather one-sided score; but let us all forget the second game. We hope the result of the experiment tried in that game will be an eternal warning to the management. Richmond's redeeming feature in that game was Captain Sanford's fine pitching, and we certainly regret that he was not in the box from the beginning of the game.

The Randolph-Macon game was by far the most interesting yet played. That score—1 to 0 in favor of Randolph-Macon—is sufficient cause for breaking a certain well-known commandment. White was the cause of thirteen Randolph-Macon men ripping three consecutive ragged rents in the air, and yet, owing to another of those heart-rending accidents, we lost the game. Our boys showed a remarkable ability for not being able to hit the ball when a hit meant the game.

With William and Mary our boys, goaded to desperation by the rank decisions of the umpire, knocked two pitchers out of the box, and won the game in spite of the umpire. We hope that in the future all our opponents will furnish lop-sided umpires.

The game with Fredericksburg, taken as a whole, was prettily played, and resulted in an easy victory for Richmond.

## FIELD DAY.

The committee has chosen May 17th as the date for Field Day. This is a week later than the usual time, but the unusually cold weather makes even this date seem early. A great deal of interest is being manifested in various track events, and many entries have already been made. Although we have no bright stars this year, the events will be hotly contested, and be more interesting than if a large percentage of the men were out-classed.

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Mr. W. W. Gordon was married on April 10, 1901, to Miss Effie M. Bailey, of Norfolk. After a trip to Washington, Mr. Gordon returned with his bride to Richmond. A half dozen of the college boys are boarding at the same place as "Willie," and it is needless to say that they enjoy the situation. They all consider Mrs. Gordon to be just charming. "Willie," we wish you great happiness, old chum.

Rev. E. E. Dudly, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, of Norfolk, Va., and an alumnus of Richmond College, spent a week during April in Richmond, in behalf of his new church building.

Mr. Horace L. Dudly, who took the improvement medal of '97–'98 in the Mu Sigma Rho Society, has recently been called to the pastorate of French Broad Church, Asheville, N. C.

Rev. G. H. Sheriff, father of our student C. W. Sheriff, is assisting E. T. Poulson in a meeting at North Run Church.

Mr. McFarland won the "Best Debater's Medal" in a contest held in the Philologian Hall on the 10th of May.

On the 11th of May Mr. Sinclair, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, won the "Improvement Medal" in debate.

B. O. Hutchison, '97 R. C., has been offered a Fellowship of $520 by the Chicago University.

# Exchange Department.

The *University of Virginia Magazine* still maintains its high place among college and university publications. "Some Phases of the American Short Story" is an admirable essay, while "The Justice of Judge Cupid" and "A Question of Flirtation" are good productions of fiction. The poetry is of a high order.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* for April contains several philosophical essays, which show deep thought and careful preparation. The absence of poetry and fiction is to be deplored. We hope to see in the next issue more articles of this character, which are essential to a perfect magazine.

We welcome to our desk *The Chisel*, the bright and attractive representative of our sister college. Though sadly deficient in poetry, this is in a measure atoned for by the excellency of the stories, "Vale" and "The Story of a Love."

We are glad to have *The Gray Jacket* on our desk, but think that the April issue does not come up to its usual standing. The author of "Dr. Painter and His Literary Works" gives a good sketch of a great man and his exploits.

*The Furman Echo* reflects a good deal of credit on the institution which it represents. The articles deserving special mention are "A Tragedy of the Blue Ridge" and "What I Didn't Mean to Write."

We consider *The Southern Collegian* one of our best exchanges. The April number, however, is to be censured for its lack of poetry. "As a Tale That is Told" is a poem of considerable merit.

## TWO SIDES.

Said the mouse, with his tail all a-quiver,
If only I dared
Just to run in that room there and nibble—
But oh, I'm so scared!
There's that terrible person in bed, and
The scrap-basket's dreadful high;
The papers will rattle and crack, but
That cake looks so good that—I'll try.

Said the maiden in bed, all a-shiver,
If only I dared
Just to reach for my slipper, to throw it—
But oh, I'm so scared!
There's that terrible mouse in the basket—
What if he should *come in my bed!*
I'll never eat cake again—never!
Oh—*Scat!!* Now I'll cover my head.

And the mouse on a far-away rafter—
As to calm himself vainly he strives—
And the girl in her bed, are so thankful
To think they've escaped with their lives.

—*M. B. T., in Vassar Miscellany.*

## THE WONDERFUL "ATTRACTION" OF LOVE.

When he first came to see her
He showed a timid heart,
And when the lights were low
They sat this far apart.

But as their love grew warmer,
And they learned the joy of a kiss,
They knocked out all the spaces
Andsatupcloselikethis.

—*T. U. Magazine.*

## DRINKERS' COURTESY.

"He laugheth best who laugheth last"
Is a truth that none gainsay;
But he *smileth* best who smileth *first*,
For the last man has to pay.

—*Southern Collegian.*

---

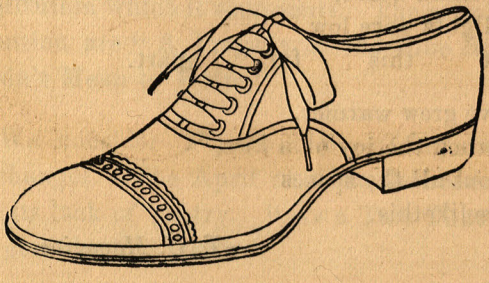
We don't want to buy your dry goods—
We don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.
You can't sell us any shirt-waists,
Four-in-hands, or other fads;
We don't want to buy your dry goods,
If you won't give us your "ads."

—*Ex.*

---

Imbibing his college "exchanges,"
That have come from far and from near,
Safe bound on his lofty Parnassus,
He, mercilessly, without fear,
Cutting and clipping at pleasure,
Holding the world in disdain,
Hands down an iron-bound judgment,
From which all appeal is but vain.

—*The Hobart Herald.*



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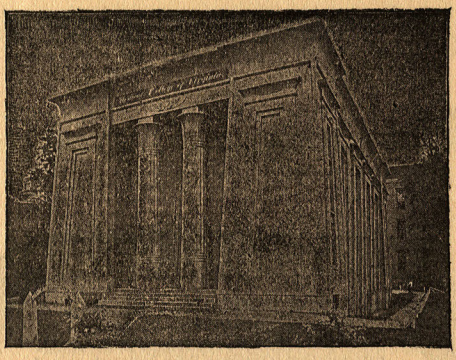

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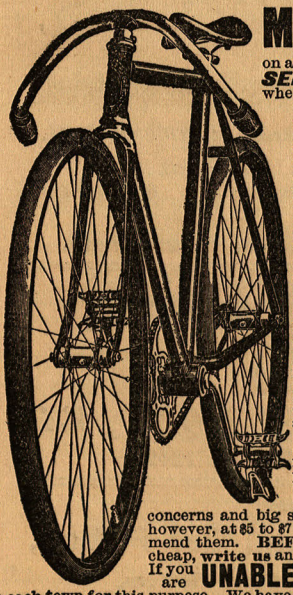

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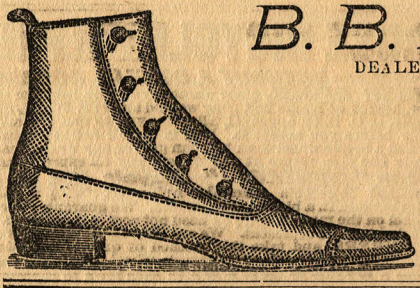

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