Chesapeake and Ohio Railway,
THE POPULAR AND COMFORTABLE ROUTE
BETWEEN
RICHMOND, OLD POINT, NORFOLK, PORTSMOUTH, NEWPORT NEWS, EASTERN SHORE, LYNCHBURG, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, MICHIGAN POINTS, COLORADO POINTS, THE PACIFIC COAST.

All Points West, Northwest, and Southwest. Perfect Equipment, Vestibuled Electric-Lighted Trains, carrying Pullman or Parlor Cars.

For Rates, Tickets, Schedule, and other information, apply at any C. & O. Ticket Office, or address

Orders Promptly Executed, and Best Work Guaranteed.

YOUNG MEN’S TAILOR.

HENRY HARRIS,
Merchant Tailor,
715 E. Main St., RICHMOND, VA.

SCOURING, DYEING, AND PRESSING
A SPECIALTY.
Fourquarean, Temple & Co.,

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

OUR SPECIALTIES:
Direct Importers of Irish Linens, Fine Silks, and Dress Goods,
Lace Curtains and Floor Coverings, Ladies' Tailor Suits
and Coats, Laces, Embroideries, and Notions.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
429 East Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

J. R. Sheppard, CORNER OF
FOURTH and
BROAD STREETS,
DEALER IN

CLOTHING

HATS and FURNISHING GOODS.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE ........
STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME.

DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE.
DISCOUNT OF TEN PER CENT. TO STUDENTS FOR CASH.

Salesmen:
H. C. SHEPPARD, G. C. POINDEXTER,
J. J. MITCHELL, L. N. MORECOCK,
J. B. MULLAN.

MILLER'S FOR MEDICINE.

FINE GOODS.
QUICK SERVICE.

We Solicit Your Patronage.

T. A. MILLER,
519 E. Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.
Fine Goods AT POPULAR PRICES

Diamonds, Watches, . . .

Jewelry, Sterling Silverware,

Novelties in Gold and Silver.

OUR MEDAL WORK IS THE BEST!

Ask for our Fall Catalogue.

It will Pay You!

C. LUMSDEN & SON,

731 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
L. FELLHEIMER,
\textit{Strictly One-Price CLOTHIER,}
HATTER AND GENTS' FURNISHER,
225 E. Broad Street, Corner Third,
A Special Discount of TEN PER CENT.
to College Students. \textit{RICHMOND, VA.}
DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE.

H. W. MOESTA,
\textit{Confectioner, Baker and Caterer,}
111 E. Main Street, \textit{RICHMOND, VA.}
Pure Ice Cream, Water Ices, Ornamental Cakes.
WEDDING SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.
Special Prices to Churches, Colleges, &c.

\textbf{THE S. GALESKI OPTICAL CO.,}
Ninth and Main Streets.
\textbf{THE LARGEST OPTICAL ESTABLISHMENT SOUTH}
Everything Optical, Photographic, and Graphophonc. Dark Room and Instructions in Photography Free.

\textbf{FOSTER'S}
\textbf{Photographs}\textbf{ARE EXCELLENT.}
Hence Foster is Always Busy.
SYDNOR & HUNDLEY,
LEADERS IN
Furniture,

711-713 East Broad Street,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
Ten Per Cent. Cash Discount Allowed.

TAYLOR & BROWN,
DEALERS IN
Ladies’ and Gents’ Fine Shoes,
918 EAST MAIN STREET.
Our Calf Shoes at $3.50 a Specialty.

STEIN'S ACADEMY ORCHESTRA. Music Furnished for All Occasions.

MOSES STEIN,
Violin Teacher,
714 East Franklin Street, RICHMOND, VA.

J. M. BLANKS,
The
Prescription Druggist
Cor. Hancock and Clay Streets, & Cor. Beverly and Randolph Streets,
'PHONE 799. RICHMOND, VA. 'PHONE 1269.

Notice! If You Want the Best
Plumbing, Tinning, Gas-Fitting,
Culverting, Furnaces, Ranges, Fire-Place Heaters,
Gas Stoves, and Gas Radiators in the City, see
16 Governor Street. Dalton & Chappell.
"Correct Dress for Men and Boys."

GANS-RADY COMPANY,
Clothing, Furnishing Goods, and Hats,
Entire Building, 1005 E. Main Street,
OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE. RICHMOND, VA.

Dabney & Johnston,
301 E. BROAD STREET, COR. THIRD.
—THE GRANDEST VARIETY OF—

Men’s Shoes
we have ever shown, ranging in price from $2.50 to $5.00.
DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.
DABNEY & JOHNSTON.

Crozer Theological Seminary,
UPLAND, PENNA.
Post-Office and Railroad Station, CHESTER.

Eight Instructors. Course of Extra Lectures. Tuition, Room
Rent, and Fuel free. Address

HENRY G. WESTON, D. D., President,
CHESTER, PA.
Southern Baptist Theological Seminary,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Next session of eight months opens OCTOBER 1st. Excellent equipment; able and progressive faculty; wide range of theological study. If help is needed to pay board, write to Mr. B. PRESSLEY SMITH, Treasurer of Students' Fund.

For Catalogue or other information, write to

E. Y. MULLINS, President.

---

J. J. COLLINS,

GROCERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,

STATIONERY, LAMP FIXTURES, CONFECTIONERIES a Specialty,

OILS, and STUDENTS' SUPPLIES,

1500 W. BROAD STREET, OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE.

ANDREW G. BRIGGS, Pharmacist

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

Agents for WHITMAN'S BOX CANDIES AND GIBSON'S FRUIT TABLETS.

Always in Stock a Fine Line of Stationery and Toilet Articles.

204 HOWITZER PLACE.

---

JOHN T. WEST,

Publisher Virginia School Journal, Warrock-Richardson Almanac.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL PRINTING A SPECIALTY.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

No. 7 North Seventh Street, RICHMOND, VA.

---

A. W. BENNETT,

Boarding and Fine Livery.

OPEN EVERY HOUR IN THE YEAR. SPECIAL CARE TO BOARDERS.

Private Ambulance Service Day or Night.

601 and 603 W. Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

Old 'Phone 551. New 'Phone 714.
School and College Text-Books and Supplies.

Teachers' Bibles, from $1 to $9.

Pocket Books. Writing Papers.

Fountain Pens, from $1 to $5.

HUNTER & CO.,
629 East Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

THE BEST-MADE CLOTHING, THE BEST-WEARING CLOTHING, THE BEST-FITTING CLOTHING, at the Lowest Prices, at

BURK'S CLOTHING HOUSE.

Being Manufacturers, we save all intermediate or Jobbers' Profits. It's worth saving, too. We would be pleased to show you through our stock. We know it will please you. TRY US!

Burk's Clothing House Clothiers, Hatters, Furnishers,
1003 EAST MAIN STREET.

HOMEIER & CLARK
MAKE THE BEST
Photographs.


D. BUCHANAN & SON,
Jewelers and Opticians,
111 E. Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

MEDALS AND BADGES MADE TO ORDER.
10 Per Cent. Reduction to Students.

OUR MOTTO: "REPUTATION."
A Pointer on "Economy in Dress."

We have studied the problem. We can give you good Clothes for the same price you used to pay for poor stuff. We can give you a perfect fit for the same price you used to pay for a misfit.

10 per cent. discount to Professors and Students of Richmond College.

O. H. BERRY & CO.,
Head-to-Foot Outfitters to Males.

Richmond Trust and Safe Deposit Co.,
N. W. CORNER TENTH AND MAIN STREETS.

Full Paid Capital, $1,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, 612,000

Offers its services to the friends and patrons of Richmond College, and solicits their patronage.

THINK OF THIS: You can open an account with this Company, check on it at will, and yet receive interest on your daily balances. Large and small accounts received. Nothing is too large, and nothing too small.

JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS, President.
JAMES H. DOOLEY and HENRY L. CABELL, Vice-Pres'ts.
LEWIS D. CRENSHAW, JR., Treasurer.
CONTENTS

The Confession of Sir Caleb Courtnay ........................................ Lewis L. Jennings. 309
My Petite Sue .................................................................................. A. M. 322
Tennyson as a Friend and Philosopher .......................................... P. W. James. 323
Rappahannock ............................................................................ Lewis L. Jennings. 332
Present-Day Tendencies of Southern Rural Population to Seek City Life ........................................................................ W. F. Dunaway, Jr. 333
Our Southern Women .................................................................. W. H. Carter. 335
O Sleep, My Lady ........................................................................... Lewis L. Jennings. 338
Editorial ......................................................................................... 340
On the Campus ............................................................................. W. P. Clark. 342
Exchange Department .................................................................. R. E. Ankers. 345
LITERARY SOCIETIES.

MU SIGMA RHO.

JULIEN GUNN ............ President.
C. H. DUNAWAY .......... Vice-President.
R. O. GILLIAM .......... Secretary.
G. W. FOGG ............ Treasurer.

PHILOGAN.

S. T. MATHEWS .......... President.
W. P. CLARKE .......... Vice-President.
B. P. ALLEY ............ Secretary.
W. D. BREMNER .......... Treasurer.

THE MESSENGER.

LEWIS L. JENNINGS ........ Editor.
THOMAS V. McCaul ........ Manager.

GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Dr. S. C. MITCHELL .......... President.
LEWIS L. JENNINGS .......... Vice-President.
S. T. MATHEWS .......... Secretary.
T. HUGHES ............ Treasurer.

FOOT-BALL.

R. F. STAPLES .......... Manager.
M. LANKFORD .......... Captain.

BASE-BALL—1903.

H. M. SMITH, Jr. .......... Manager.

C. A. JENKENS, Jr. .......... President.
H. DEANS .......... Vice-President.

Y. M. C. A.

L. M. RITTER .......... President.
J. M. THOMAS .......... Vice-President.
J. H. ROWE .......... Secretary.
F. W. PUTNEY .......... Treasurer.

FRATERNITIES.

CHAPTER. ESTABLISHED.

KAPPA ALPHA ETA. 1870.
PHI KAPPA SIGMA PHI. 1873.
PHI GAMMA DELTA RHO CHI. 1880.
KAPPA SIGMA BETA-BETA. 1885.
PI KAPPA ALPHA OMICRON. 1901.

LOCAL.

SIGMA PHI EPSILON.
A WEEK had passed since my father's departure, and had it not been for the jailor's girl, who sat with me for awhile every day, and often lingered a little longer than was absolutely necessary when she brought my meals, the time would have passed slowly enough. Wearily, indeed, it did drag its length, but what there was of pleasure in it Sally gave. Seldom did the jailor himself come to my room, and even when he did he was gruff and grum. But the girl atoned for all that. She told me the gossip of the town, spicing it with her own naive witticisms, and thus served to keep me in comparatively cheerful spirits, when otherwise I would certainly have been sunk in the gloomiest depths of melancholy. Thus we passed many hours. She had a bright and winsome way of narrating things, and I well remember how shocked she looked when I broke into a loud laugh at her telling me of mine expulsion from college. Charily she had approached the subject, and with delicacy, as if fearing to hurt my feelings, but her manner of reciting the pompous language of the edict was at once so piquantly grave and full of humor that I could not restrain my merriment, though, God knows, I fully realized how much of weighty import the news was to me.
"What, sire," she cried, opening wide her eyes in astonishment, "dost thou jest at such sober tidings?"

"Nay, sweet Sally," I answered, becoming solemn beneath the gaze of her great dark eyes; "twas not the tidings—'twas thou that made me laugh."

"And why, my lord, shouldst thou laugh at me," she said, as she ran, blushing prettily, to the door. "I shall talk with thee no more." The girl vanished down the corridor, but I smiled, for I had heard her mother call her.

Another week went by, and in the meantime a letter came to me from my father. "Be of good cheer," it ran; "thou hast friends at court who are making every effort to have thee released and permitted to come home. May they have success. Thy mother, with me, anxiously awaits thy coming. I have already dispatched a messenger to Konigsberg, there to await the arrival of thy cousin and the Marquis. My letter explains everything and urges upon them an immediate return to England. The messenger will reach Frederick's court first, for I glean that Devonshire is under orders to proceed leisurely, and is known to have set out by a round-about way. Indeed, it would not surprise me to learn that he touched at Vienna. Great schemes are afoot, but of them I know nothing."

So full of confidence was my father's letter that I grew easy in mind—that is, as far as fear of punishment went. The horror of the Duke's death was still upon me, but even that had lessened.

Yet another fortnight passed, and, no news coming meantime from my father, my impatience waxed the stronger. Not a word came from him, and the only outside doings I got wind of were those that Sally, gathering them from small gossip, had told me. Half a score times my classmates had called, but on each occasion I was denied the privilege of seeing them. Ah! the good 'twould have done me to have listened to dashing Jack Lonsdale's witty tongue! Hour by
hour I would tramp my quarters—I had left my bed good ten
days since, and my wound was practically healed—and rage
against the Fates, the King—all England, for that matter—
coming in for a share of my displeasure. Well, indeed, was
it for me that the walls had not ears, for I doubt not but that
this narrative would have ended at Oxford keep had His
Majesty have heard half that which the four sides of my cell
did. Sally often heard me, and would laughingly threaten to
report me, but there were dimples in Sally's threats. 'Twas
strange how the girl's presence cheered me. In the time
that I had spent in the keep I had grown fond of her, and on
more than one occasion I found my heart leaping the faster
when, listening eagerly, I heard her footsteps coming adown
the corridor. And the girl, too, felt an interest, for often,
when she should have been about other duties, she would
stay and talk with me, her dark eyes glowing with rapt
attention as I told her of the great world that lay outside the
walls of Oxford town. Strange was our acquaintance—I a
Carleton and she a jailor's girl. Yet the situation was
romantic, and this very fact lent a charm to the affair.

One day, when the girl brought me my breakfast, and after
I had roundly and impatiently abused my confinement, I
noticed that she was confused and stood shyly apart, quite
contrary to her usual manner of simple confidence.

"What vexeth thee this morning?" I asked. "And
whither has fled thy laughter and dimples?"

"I have done wrong," she said; "I have betrayed my
father's trust, and if the King—"

"Hark thee, Sally," I interrupted, amused at the sober
look that overspread her usually beaming countenance;
"hast thou freed the jail or caused the watch to trip head-
long from the ramparts? Come, thy smile is lacking, and
verily 'tis sunshine to me."

"Neither," she answered gravely, ignoring my jesting,
"neither. Against my father's will and the King's order, I
have brought thee a communication." She looked timidly up as she spoke, as if fearing to see a frown of displeasure on my face.

"A letter, Sally! Who gave it to thee?"

"Master Lonsdale," she said, drawing the parchment from her bosom and handing it to me, "brought it this morning. 'Twas nothing important, he said. My father came up at the time, but I hid it, though Master Lonsdale angered me so I came near disclosing the missive."

"Why, girl, Jack would not have wronged thee. What is't he did?" And I wondered what the scape-grace had been up to.

"This," she replied, flushing deeply, and holding up a golden coin; "he gave me this!" And she hurled it through the window bars, and I heard it ring as it fell upon the pavement below.

The note was simply one of gossip, just as dear old Jack would have talked had he have had the chance, and gave me no information. "There is no news," he wrote, "only a jolly lot of surmises." Dear old Jack Lonsdale! God rest his bones, for he fell in the great battle of Leuthen, dying in the last death grapple, and with defeat, not victory, ringing in his ears!

Full two sheets there were in Jack's letter, packed full of comments and caustic sayings, and the epistle closed with these words (strange words they were): "Art thou passing the time making love to the jailor's girl? Out upon thee, boy, for she is an innocent lass, and already thou hast the poor little maid heels over head in love with thee. Every time I see her and inquire after thee she blushes and stammers so I can get little from her talk, and this morning, her father coming up, she became so confused I thought she would have given my note away. Mind thy business, boy, for the girl is innocent, and, I have heard more than once, is of noble blood, though how she came to her present condition is a
tale too long for this writing." I dropped the note and fixed my eyes upon the fair, sweet face of the girl. Well do I remember how she trembled beneath my gaze, how the rose mounted to her cheeks, and how the fire deepened in her eyes. And I felt a new emotion tugging at my heart.

"Have I done wrong?" she asked. "Thou wast so gloomy I brought the letter. Forgive me, sir."

The girl's kindliness and sense of honor touched me. What was't Jack wrote of nobility? Surely that modest slip of womanhood was no offspring of John, the jailor. And the girl's remark, too, that her mother was a lady, came back to me. I thought to question her, but, fearing to wound her feelings, I let it pass.

"Nay, Sally," I said, taking her hand within mine own; "thou needest no forgiveness. Thou art good and kind and true."

"Then I have done no wrong?"

"No, girl; none will come of what thou hast done," I answered.

"I am glad," she said. Her fingers trembled in my grasp, and I lifted and kissed them. A startled look flashed in her eyes. "O, sir," she cried, snatching her hand away, "what is't thou doest?"

I wanted to take her in mine arms and kiss her. The realization dawned upon me that she had entered into my life. Sally was revealed to me. But I turned my head and strode toward the window, and with a leaden weight upon my heart.

"Go, girl," I exclaimed; "go. Thou dost not understand!"

And she went out and the door clanged behind her. A moment later I heard her father gruffly calling her. The girl did not come again that day, nor the next, nor the next. The jailor told me, upon inquiry, that she was ill, and had been sent to the country for a spell.

You are now requested, my reader, to skip over the next
two weeks in as many seconds. Would that I could have done so, for my quarters were not extra comfortable in that wintry weather of January, 1719. Moreover, time lagged, and I grew restless, since now I had no one to banter with and bring me gossip of town affairs. I missed Sally sorely, and not a morning passed but that I prayed that the next would again bring her cheery voice. Yet the period was somewhat brightened by two letters from my father. The first was full of cheer and fatherly advice. "Be of stout heart," it ran; "the Duke's family is powerful and is working against thee with all strength, but thy justification and release await only the return of thy kinsman." And the second told me that word had been received of the messenger's safe arrival at Konigsberg. But with all that, my heart was heavy and full of romantic notions, over which Sally presided.

The 20th day of January dawned clear and bright, and the golden cross on old St. Mary's, flashing in the genial rays of the morning sun, seemed to stand forth more than ever as the symbol of hope and triumph. So warm was it that I raised the window and stood there, a hundred feet above the ground, with my face leaned against the bars and drinking in the fragrantly-scented air, as it swept inward from the downs, a glimpse of whose wide stretch I could catch between two neighboring house-tops. Strange words were these to fall from my lips—cross, hope, triumph—but I had been thinking in my confinement.

Suddenly, as I listened, up the street I heard the clatter of horses approaching in a swift gallop. Onward the riders came and rode noisily into the court below, where they dismounted, and a boy took their panting mounts. Climbing upon the sill and craning my neck, I managed to catch sight of a bit of open pavement. A moment later the arrivals strolled across the space and I saw that they were guardsmen, and with them messengers in the King's livery!

That the new-comers had to do with me I never doubted
for a moment. Instinct told me so, and, throwing myself across my bed, I awaited in a fever of excitement the development of affairs. What scheme was the King up to? My curiosity was intense. And I did not have long to wait.

As I lay, I heard some one creeping down the corridor. Then, ere even mine own ears had time to recognize the footsteps, Sally, her face red with weeping and with hair tossed wildly about, appeared at the door.

"Sally!" I exclaimed, springing toward her.

"Quick, sir!" she cried; "I am watched. Thy liberty—maybe thy life—hangs on it. A note from Master Lonsdale. Destroy it when thou hast read. I shall come again in the evening." And the girl had gone, more quickly and silently than when she came.

Eagerly I read the missive. At the news my heart grew chill. But it was passed in a moment. Thus read the note:

"JANUARY 20TH.

"Dear C.,—Bad news for thee, my boy, but there is a way out yet. The Fates are sour-bellied and the devil's to pay generally. I have just gotten a message from thy father, saying news has been received that Devonshire and the Marquis have been waylaid and murdered in the forests outside Konigsberg, and also that the King has even now sent a troop to fetch thee to London Tower. With thine only witnesses dead, my boy, it means that if thou carest a rap for thy head thou wilt have to leave England ere forty and eight hours. I would not know what to do but for the jailor's girl, who has promised all aid. But I hasten. In thy loaf for dinner thou wilt find a file. See to it that ere twelve tonight thou hast three of thy window bars ready for breaking. Wrap the file to deaden the sound. Listen well, and when thou hearest an owl's cry—at ten after the stroke of twelve—from out the shadow of St. Mary's tower, come down the rope, which the girl will bring thee—God bless the lass!—and
thou wilt find me waiting at the base with friends. Thou wilt flee to London, keep in hiding there a day or so, and wilt then go on to Gravesend, where a ship, under strict orders of secrecy, awaits thee. Thy father has sent me a man—he has already procured horses—and he will conduct thee safely. All things will be prepared for thy flight.

"Hastily thine, Jack."

My reader, I believe I say it truly when I assert that 'twas upon the reading of this letter that that spirit of the devil, which afterward tossed me about like a chip in a hurricane, first made itself known. Seated upon the edge of my bed, I thought terrible things as I awaited the bringing of my dinner. The certainty that my hopes, so quickly and gloriously raised, were absolutely shattered, and the black despair of the future, darker than need be for the moment, hung over me and oppressed me like a pall. So I sat brooding. There was nothing to do but wait. 'Tis out of such moods that the hellish things of earth are born. But 'tis better to pass those moments.

When my dinner came a lackey brought it, and I had no message from Sally. 'Twas wise on the girl's part, however. All depended upon her in the evening and 'twould have been a risk to come. As Jack had written, cleverly concealed in my loaf of bread I found a file of the finest temper. How my heart leaped as my fingers closed round its cool, rough surface! Here was liberty in a pone, if not in a nut-shell. And I spent the evening fondly handling the instrument. God bless the girl!

The red had hardly faded from the heavens when I commenced my work, so impatient was I. A bit of coat sleeve around the file served to drown the rasping, though 'twas not much danger of the noise being heard, at any rate, at such a height above the ground. And thus I sawed patiently away, and the sound was music to my ears. The soft iron bar was
thick, yet in an hour's time I had it cut through, and, bracing myself, bent it up, hook-shape, until the end reached the wall above the window's frame. Thus I did the second, but I was compelled to rest my wearied hands ere I attacked the third. By the stroke of twelve, though, the last was severed and bent into place by its fellows. The opening was ready, but Sally and the rope had not appeared. Barely ten minutes remained, and, throwing myself across my bed, I anxiously listened for the girl. Was it possible that she had failed?

Suddenly I grew very cold all over. Tremulously and softly I heard the owl's call from the shadow of St. Mary. And Sally still had not come. A second time the call, yet the girl came not. A third—but ere its echoes died away I heard footsteps in the corridor, barely audible, and a minute later I caught the sound of a key gently turning in the lock, and Sally glided into the cell.

"Softly," she said; "have they called?"

"A moment gone," I answered.

"Then wait," and going to the window she struck a faint glimmer and immediately extinguished it. "'Tis the signal," she said.

"Why so late?" I asked.

"The guard had to be drugged and methought the potion would never work. I had to wait until he was snoring soundly, since I had the rope with me."

"How much hast thou?"

"Good two hundred feet, though thou wilt need but a hundred. The other is for me to steady thee with."

The girl leaned to pick up the rope, and the wind, blowing in through the open window, caught her streaming tresses, and they brushed my face. Once more came the owl's cry, and its melancholy echo was taken up by the clear, full stroke of the half-hour. The bell's silver note vibrated and rose in unison with my tense spirit.
"Oh, Sally!" I cried, and I caught her hand as my heart, passed all reason, went out to her.

"Don't, sir," she pleaded, bursting into tears and endeavoring to tear herself away; "thou art killing me!" But I drew her to me, and as I kissed her broad, high forehead, all the pent-up torrent of my being rushed to her. My brain was dizzy with the love-sweetened essence of madness, and in a delirium of ecstasy I pressed her closer. Golden were those fleeting moments! In the background of my tempestuous life they gleam as I have seen the evening star shining in a rift of the clouds after a stormy day.

Presently she ceased to struggle, and lay, worn out by the tumult of her heart and clinging tightly to me, upon my great strong breast.

"Why dost thou wish to pain me?" she asked, piteously; "I, who would have—"

"Thou art wild, sweetheart," I said, still mad in my happiness. "'Tis because I love thee!"

"Love me," she repeated with a little sob in her voice. "Dost know what thou art saying, my lord?"

"Yea, Sally," I whispered, kissing her again; "thou art more than life to me." For a moment there was silence. We were both lost in the flood-tide of happiness. Our love, so long under constraint, was mingling, and we drank, drank, drank of it!


"I had rather stay," said I, releasing her slowly. And as I felt her form slipping away from me, I verily thought 'twas worth the price of liberty to remain and hold her.

"Hush," she half laughed as she picked up the rope's end; "'tis too grave a matter to jest upon." Then she cut the coil and gave me half. "Fix thine to the bars and let it escape through the window—silently as thou canst." And
while I did this, she fastened hers securely about my chest.

As I sat, all ready, upon the sill, she climbed upon a chair, and I took her in my arms again. "Little girl," I said, "God hasten the day when I may come for thee."

"Thou wilt kill me if thou dost not," she answered sadly. Then the call came again, and, with a heart heavy at leaving her, I took two turns of the rope around my leg and, securing a firm grip, slipped over the edge.

"Stay," she whispered, holding taut her rope; "thou hadst better leave thy note, saying where I may write thee, at Gravesend."

"With whom?" I asked.

"I have an uncle, named Warrington, who lives at the upper end of the old dock. Thou canst not fail to find him. But hasten." Then she added, as if thinking of the guardsmen below, "Oh, I could kill them!" And she leaned and kissed me as I slowly dropped down into the darkness.

Inch by inch I slipped, cautiously, lest the guard on the ramparts be warned. Luckily the night was dark—'twas still an hour of the moon—and my descent was in a shadow of the house; so, even had he heard any unusual sound, 'tis hardly probable he could have penetrated the inky blackness. I myself could barely see the wall against which I was dangling. Several times I was scraped a little roughly on projecting corners, but at length I felt my foot rest upon a man's hand and immediately I was seized and lowered to the ground.

"Hist," said Jack, in an undertone, cutting away the ropes; "take my arm and be quick."

"God bless thee, lad," I whispered, as I followed him. "But whither art thou leading? A sentry is posted—" Too late though. Jack advanced, and he and the man conversed for a moment. Then the gates of the keep were opened a bit and we hastened through them and down the silent
streets. "Jack, boy," I said, "thou art a wonder. How didst thou do it?"

"Thy father," answered he, "sent one hundred golden guineas. Fifty went to yonder rascal and the remainder to a guard at the town gate."

"The leader?"

"No, a guard simply. His master is sleeping the sleep of the dead, and just outside the fleetest horses of our country-side are waiting."

"Who drugged the captain?"

"By the gods, thou art dull. Who but the jailor's girl?"

"Then she will suffer," I said, pausing.

"Come, thou fool," Jack laughed; "'tis fixed so a drunken watch shall prove the scape-grace and the girl go free. No harm will come to her."

"She is a good girl," I said with feeling. Even in the darkness I felt Jack's eyes fixed upon me.

"Surely, boy, thou hast not—"

"Yes, lad," I cried impulsively, "I love the girl. Look after her—"

"A fool's trick," commenced Jack, as if intending to berate me, though his gentle tone of voice gave the pretence away; "thou wilt—"; but just then we approached the wicket, and he was cut short. The bribed guard came forth; a whisper, and in a trice we were outside the walls. At Jack's word the gate had opened as if by magic.

"Lad," he said to me, as I turned to my horse, "the man who conducts thee knows nothing of why thou art fleeing. He is an ignorant fellow, and thinks thou'rt but escaping college on account of some prank. So ask him no questions. His sole duty is to deliver thee safe and sound to thy father. I forget his name, but thou wilt become acquainted on the ride."

The horses were impatiently plunging around, so I turned to go.
"Boy," I said, gripping the hand of my old college-mate, and with a choke in my voice, "can I ever thank—"

"Tut, tut," he interrupted, as he wheeled toward the gate. "Farewell!"

Then the watch helped me to my saddle; a stranger, who had been waiting aside, mounted the other, and we set out in a gallop.

"May the saints protect thee, lad!" called Jack again—God rest his soul—and with a tremor in his words. "I shall watch the girl and write thee." The long race to London was begun.

For awhile, wrapped in musings, I rode onward, and had covered some distance at a goodly gait, when I remembered that my companion was unknown to me. I could but dimly see his form, for 'twas very dark, yet I could discern enough to notice that he possessed a well-built frame. He was wrapped in a heavy military cape, the collar turned up about his ears, and his face was completely concealed by the droop of an enormous soft hat. Steadily he rode onward, his sword jingling against the saddle trappings.

"Sir," said I, riding nearer, "my—"

"No need, sir; know thy father," the stranger interrupted. "My name's Dudley, Captain, at your service," he continued, "though I have the devil's own brand of toothache. Thou wilt pardon my glumness, young sir; but dammed if I can talk—Ow!" clapping his hand to his jaw. "Here I be ill to a degree, and hauling thee out of a college prank." And the gallant officer doffed his hat.

"Glad to meet thee, Captain," I replied, laughing at his bluntness, and vastly pleased that the ride would be a quiet one—as far as talking went—for the man could tell me nothing. Otherwise I was uneasy, for to escape the King's officers is no light affair. And perhaps my head depended upon it. So I prayed that, ere my start could be overtaken, I should be breathing the salt air of the broad Atlantic. So we rode in
silence; I with thoughts bent on Sally and the future, and the Captain's—as he afterwards told me—on the quantity of pudding that was awaiting him at his journey's end, and whether or not his aching jaw would allow him to partake of it. Thus I met the Captain, and a good-natured soul he was, too, though bear-like in manner. In after years we became warm friends, but his connection with this narrative ceased upon our arrival in London.

"At sun-rise," I mused aloud, after some minutes, "my escape will be discovered—"

"But nothing in God's world can overtake us," growled the Captain.

"Good!" I said, gathering my reins tighter as I felt the lithe body beneath me quicken into a sweeping run. "Good!"

Half an hour later, as the belated crescent arose flaming from out the east, we caught our last glimpse of Oxford town, with its towers, bathed in the glory-sheen of the winter moon, glimmering in the hazy distance, and around the base of the hill to the southward ran the dark line of Bagley trees, like a cord of black amid the silver tracery-work of the whitened fields.

(To be continued.)

My Petite Sue.

BY A. M.

My own sweetheart, my petite Sue,
With hair o' gold and eyes o' blue,
And dimpled cheeks—and ah, such grace—
O none, O none, could take the place
Of you, of you,
My petite Sue.
How much I love you, little Sue!  
Why, e'en your laughing eyes o' blue  
Would quit their play and solemn grow  
If all you knew! I love you so—  
Just you, just you,  
My petite Sue.

And your sweet dimples, dearie Sue,  
Would flee away—they sometimes do—  
And, oh, a grave, grave little face  
Would take the laughing one's own place,  
If all you knew,  
My petite Sue!

Oh, why, my 'witching, dainty Sue,  
In everything there's only you,  
And all the melodies I hear—  
The music of this gladsome year—  
Sing just of you,  
My petite Sue!

---

Tennyson as a Friend and Philosopher.

BY P. W. JAMES.

WHENEVER the word "friend" is used in connection with Tennyson, the mind turns to Arthur Hallam and the beautiful relations which existed between these two boon companions and bosom friends. A purer, a sweeter, a nobler affection never existed between two men; and it is our desire to bring before you, as one phase of our subject, Tennyson's friendship for this young man, hoping that thereby some one may be helped to live a sweeter life in an atmosphere of genuine friendship.

Life is too stern a thing not to be softened by the warm affection of a heart that throbs in unison with your own, and it is essential to your complete existence that your
pathway be strewn here and there with sweet flowers, and your walk cheered by the bright rays of congenial associations.

In this article we shall not restrict ourselves to the friendship which Tennyson had for Hallam. We shall cite other instances in which the life of the poet was distinguished as one of peculiar sweetness and one surrounded by an atmosphere of mellowness. Neither shall we fail to speak occasionally of his artistic talents as they present themselves in lines which we use.

While at the University of Cambridge Tennyson made numerous friends, most of whom, in after life, became noted. It was indeed a choice company of rare geniuses with whom he had the good fortune to be associated. Among them were Kemble, Brookfield, Trench, Thackeray, Gladstone, Carlyle, and other famous scholars and men of letters. In their company he found a stimulus necessary to the growth of his poetical talents.

Yet, however much he owed to these men, he owed most of all to Arthur Henry Hallam, a son of the historian. Soon after coming to Cambridge, Tennyson met Hallam, then a young man of unusual promise and ability. To the poet he became the warmest of friends—"more than a brother," Tennyson himself said. Their names will be forever linked together, and they themselves were inseparable. Together they stood upon the rough sea-shore and watched the noisy waves beat upon Scotland's jagged coast; together they gazed upon the limpid waters of the Bay of Naples; together they travelled over much of Europe, climbing the Pyrenees, scaling the snow-capped Alps, and even now, doubtless hand in hand, they are treading the golden streets.

In that beautiful record of their "fair companionship," "In Memoriam," Tennyson has erected a monument more enduring than any which could be wrought of bronze or marble. This elegy is the sweetest and most remarkable in
our language. The poet put his very best thoughts and work upon this testimony, and many of his choicest lines are found in "In Memoriam." For instance, here we find the following:

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

And—

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

And again one of his most often-quoted thoughts—

"This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

It is indeed singular that one life should have been so wedded to another. One cannot comprehend Tennyson unless he understands the firmness with which these two souls were knit together, and the mighty struggles which waged in the breast of the bard when, by the untimely death of Hallam, they were separated. The whole after-life and works of Tennyson were influenced by this sad event. An inexpressible sadness and melancholy sweetness is to be found in many places in his works—occasioned by his association and separation from Hallam. The pain and grief of a mother at the loss of her child was never more poignant than that which throbbed in the poet's breast when the ties of this friendship were rent asunder by death.

"Equally enduring as 'In Memoriam' is that 'melodious wail,' 'Break, Break, Break,' written shortly after Hallam's
death.” Tennyson was standing upon a cliff near the sea­
shore, overlooking a small bay. At the foot of the cliff, here
on the right, nestled quietly a little hamlet composed of fish­
ermen’s huts. The children were romping in gleeful sport
upon the sand. Out there upon the bay a sailor lad was
tugging at his oars as his boat rose and fell with the waves.
In the distance yonder is a port, toward which the white sails
are bulging. Here to the left the restless waves beat in
ceaseless thunder upon the jagged rocks. The poet is
dreamily gazing at this picture, when suddenly the spell is
broken, and he writes:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

O, well for the fisherman’s boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill.
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

It was hard for the poet to realize that death had really
separated him from his friend. Thirty-two years after the
event he writes the following as he walks through the valley
of the Cauteretz:
"All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walked to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead.
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me."

But we must not think that Tennyson and his poetry did not have a bright side. On the contrary, his life was a joyful song, in which, it is true, there were some sad notes, but these notes only increase the melody of that song.

His beautiful home, "Aldworth," was always thrown open to his host of friends, and here collected men prominent in all the walks of life—preachers, artists, authors, statesmen. Here he had his most intimate friends to stay with him months at a time. Notice the following verse from a letter of invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice:

Come, Maurice, come! the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime, or spongy wet;
But the wreath of March has blossomed,
Crocus, anemone, violet.

Besides illustrating the nice way in which Tennyson invited his friends to see him, this verse shows the touch of artistic genius. Did you ever notice a lawn early in the morning while the frost is still upon the grass? How "hoar with rime" expresses this! And then, when the rains and fogs of February come, did you ever notice the "spongy wet" of the grassy lawn, when it seems saturated and ready to burst with its burden of water?

And since we have mentioned him as an artistic genius, let
us notice some expressions, figures, and turns of thought which are especially good.

In "Lancelot and Elaine" the two knights, Lancelot and Lavaine, are approaching the lists to be held near the little village of Camelot. They have just ridden up over the brow of the hill and are looking at the scene spread out before them. Tennyson says:

"So spake Lavaine, and, when they reached the lists
By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes
Run thro' the peopled gallery, which half round
Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the grass."

Did you ever hear a more beautiful simile? See the gaily-dressed people sitting in a semi-circle upon the grassy hillside! Just take a great rainbow, tumble it over upon the grass, and you have the picture exactly.

In "In Memoriam" Tennyson, speaking to an old yew tree in a graveyard, says:

"Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibers net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones."

You have seen the knotty, gnarly roots of an old tree grasping and gripping at the stones or something about which they have wrapt themselves.

Then in "Locksley Hall" we have this splendid figure:

"Love took up the harp of life and smote upon the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Here we can see a throbbing soul shaken with a passionate love. As in the gorgeous splendor of an autumn sunset, when a glory of purple, and crimson, and gold fades into the
more delicate shades of twilight, so do the mighty chords of life, when smitten by love, change into delicate notes of music exquisite.

Now we must not get the idea that the poetry of Tennyson is composed entirely of these soft, lyrical lines, or beautiful fancies of a love-sick poet, picturing the muses reclining upon a bed of flowers beside a gently-murmuring stream, for he can express all the bitterness of the satirist, as is shown in this couplet:

"Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule! Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!"

He could express in his lines the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the clash of sabers. As an instance of this, read the "Charge of the Light Brigade," which some one has called "a trumpet note that rang through England and echoed around the world." And he could express all the life and joy of the happy birds at the return of spring, as is shown in the little poem called "The Throstle," recited so admirably by Dr. Van Dyke in his recent lectures here:

"Summer is coming, summer is coming.  
I know it, I know it, I know it.  
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"

Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.  
Last year you sang it as gladly.  
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new  
That you should carol so madly?  

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again";  
Never a prophet so crazy!  
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend;  
See, there is hardly a daisy.
"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

Now, let us hasten on and take a look at the second phase of our subject—namely, Tennyson as a philosopher. This sounds like a very big subject, but we shall treat it briefly, showing the poet's ideas of the metaphysical world more especially as related to human existence.

He believed in the divine imminency of God.
He believed that God sits upon the storm-cloud when it roars in all its fury.
He believed that God breathes in the tiny flower which nestles at the foot of the oak, and he believed that this flower holds within itself the secrets of the universe.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand;
Little flower—but if I could understand,
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

He also recognized the dualistic nature of God, for in "In Memoriam" he says:

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest, manhood thou."

He was intimate with Darwin, and was undoubtedly influenced by his doctrine of evolution. In fact, I think we can safely say that Tennyson himself was an evolutionist. He says:

"That God who ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."
It is indeed an interesting study to watch the progress in his spiritual inquiries and attitude towards things unseen. At one time we find him almost bordering upon atheism. When Hallam died and all the world seemed dark and gloomy to him, his soul was led through the valley of the shadow of death, and he almost wavered; he almost doubted the existence of a just and loving God. He says bitterly:

"Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made."

But, despite any doubts which he may have had, the spirit of the Christian philosopher triumphed, and triumphed gloriously. The Christianity of St. Augustine was not more perfect than the trust and faith displayed by the man who wrote "Crossing the Bar."

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no mourning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

Now, in closing, just one word in regard to the purpose of poetry as we find this purpose embodied in Tennyson. Some
say that the object of poetry is to give pleasure. Others state the same thing in different words when they say that its purpose is to entertain. We do not agree with this statement, and, furthermore, we think it is a very narrow view. Does Dr. Van Dyke mean to tell us that the function of poetry is the same as that of comic opera? The comic opera entertains, gives pleasure—real genuine pleasure; but it does not uplift and ennoble. Of course poetry should give pleasure, but this is by no means the highest goal of a poet, such as Tennyson. We firmly believe that Tennyson's purpose was to uplift, to help men to live on a higher plane, to point their souls heavenward. The realm of pleasure-giving is too narrow for him. Above and beyond his esthetical mission is his ethical mission. "He was a power for good; and his readers find him uplifting, helpful, stimulating, liberalizing."

---

**Rappahannock.**

**BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.**

Fair Rappahannock! How oft thy radiant view
Of smiling valleys and of sparkling rills,
Of purple mountains 'gainst the vaunted blue
And melting in the distance down to hills—
How oft, I sing, has cheered and lifted me
When faint! So, now that I have drunk of pain,
To thee, O Rappahannock, back to thee,
Thy truant lover gladly comes again.

Green are thy slopes and bluer yet thy peaks
Far sweeping, dream-like, 'round my lofty throne,
Half hid 'mid clouds from whence the thunder speaks
In deep and mighty majesty of tone;
And, as in days gone by, I stand and gaze
Adown and cross thy vine-clad stretch of lands,
I see thy gentle cattle as they graze
And hear the singing of the farmer hands.
TENDENCIES OF SOUTHERN RURAL POPULATION. 333

Those inmost joys that swell within my heart
When roused by Nature's subtle touch of soul,
Of kindred being and of dual part,
Ne'er reach their full until some quiet stroll
Doth lead me far beyond the haunts of men,
All noisy, brazen, and with gain imbued,
To where thy mighty forests crown the glen
And leap thine azure mountains—solitude!

There 'tis, where hovers first great Orion's ray—
His warm, bright kiss upon his beauteous bride—
And lingers last the streaking of the day,
All glory at the ebbing of the tide,
My soul is freed from that which is of earth,
And, 'lone amid the fastness of the steep,
Communes with oak and flow'r and tangled girth
Of rock and bramble—and, o'er all, the deep!

Fair Rappahannock! happy land of rest,
Virginia's mountain gem, and daughter true
To all that was Culpeper's fond request
When, in the days that our grandfathers knew,
She gave thee being, my heart is ever borne,
Upon the waves of that great boundless sea
Where gales come not and sails are never torn,
Fanned by a thousand memories, back to thee!

Present-Day Tendencies of Southern Rural Population to Seek City Life.

BY W. F. DUNAWAY, JR.

In the years that have elapsed since the Civil War a marked change in Southern life is evident, even to the most careless observer. The palmy ante-bellum days are no more, and out of the chaos of reconstruction has emerged a New South, with new tendencies and new ideals. We have been passing
through a change, and find ourselves launched upon a career
undreamt of in the philosophy of our fathers. But while
such a change is noted in the South as a whole, the greatest
revolution in our civilization is observed among our rural
population. There is everywhere manifested a tendency to
drift to the cities. Let us look briefly into some of the causes
conducive to such a result.

Foremost among these may be noted the fact that the farm
has ceased to be profitable. The time has been when the
bulk of our wealth was centered in the hands of the planters,
and the raising of cotton, tobacco, and the cereals brought
large returns. But that day has passed. The existence and
growing importance of trusts has given the manufacturer the
"whip hand," and left the producer at his mercy. Hence
the great staples of cotton and tobacco have ceased to com­
mmand profitable markets. Again, the rapid development of
the West has so handicapped the producer of wheat and other
cereals in the South that these, too, have ceased to be profit­
able to the Southern farmer, who cannot compete with his
Western neighbor. Now, when the farm no longer pays,
rural industry is paralyzed. The country merchant, doctor,
and lawyer are seriously affected by the general commercial
depression, and discontent follows. Hence arises a general
tendency to drift to the cities, in hope of securing better
financial position.

Again, many are attracted to the cities because of their
superior educational and social facilities. The country
schools are not of a standard sufficiently high to command
the respect and patronage of a large number of our rural
population. The father sees his children growing up around
him with inadequate educational advantages, and conse­
quently begins to consider the advisability of a removal to
the city, where his children may secure superior school facili­
ties. Eventually he sells his farm or store and removes to
the city. Similarly the social advantages of urban life
attract a large number of country people. The ambitious mother wishes to "move to town," to get her children into "society." Whether this be a worthy motive or not, it nevertheless influences many.

Others forsake rural life, not merely for the reasons mentioned, but because, as a rule, the city offers larger prizes to the ambitious. The prosperous country merchant desires a larger field in which to display his enterprise; the young medical, dental, or legal graduates find in the city greater opportunities to reap the rewards of talent and enthusiasm. Cities are centres of wealth, learning, culture, and influence, and hence naturally attract those who desire to rise to the height of their profession, whatever it may be.

---

Our Southern Women.

BY W. H. CARTER.

HISTORY has transmitted to posterity the story of the virtue and bravery of the daughters of Sparta, poets have sung the graces and sterling worth of the mother of the Gracchi, and the words of the inspired writer have immortalized the grandmother and mother of Timothy. Indeed, the beauty, purity, and chastity of woman have been favorite themes for song and story from time immemorial, and many have been the accounts of woman's heroism that have graced the pages of history.

But there are none who deserve a higher place on Fame's immortal scroll than our own noble women of the South, and the story of their beauty, their chastity, and their bravery in time of peril constitutes a chapter in the history of our beloved Southland beside which the history of the deeds of the women of Sparta pales into insignificance. Whose heart has not thrilled with unutterable pride at the story of their heroism during the years of that great internecine strife that
tore the heart of the country but a few years ago, and who has not been filled with admiration by the story of the matchless fortitude with which they bore suffering and privation all through that memorable period of four years? While their husbands, fathers, and brothers were at the front they were at home filling the places of men, and depriving themselves of comforts and luxuries in order that the loved ones at the front might be sustained. And how like angels of mercy were they as they watched by the bedside of the wounded, the sick, and the dying, and ministered to the wants of those who were in need. Truly should the story of their deeds of mercy be recorded by the hand of some master historian on a spotless page in a golden era, as a shining example to generations yet unborn.

And, finally, when the great struggle was over, and the soldiers of Lee turned away from Appomattox with breaking hearts and discouraged minds, who was it that inspired them once more to begin life as they returned to their ruined homes? Who was it that stood by them so faithfully through the dark days of reconstruction, as they battled with poverty and the indignities that were heaped upon them? It was the true-hearted, loyal women of the South. How willingly did they who had been reared in the lap of luxury occupy menial positions, and gladly and cheerfully labor with more than Spartan will and fortitude for the re-establishment of the South in her old position of opulence and power.

Such heroism and devotion is truly worthy of an enduring testimonial, and a few years ago the United Camp of Confederate Veterans, as a testimonial of their esteem, voted to appoint a committee to raise funds for erecting a monument to the daughters of the South. But here again did the true women display their innate modesty and nobility. A formal protest came in from all over the South, saying that they did not desire a monument; they had simply done their duty, and all they desired was to be enshrined in the memory of the
true-hearted men of the South. Such a sentiment as this, in
the language of Wordsworth,

"Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made."

Southern women have ever displayed this sentiment. They
have, thank God, shown no desire to dabble in the filthy
pool of politics or to enter the arena as public speakers; nor
have they shown any disposition to take up the public pro-
fessions, and thereby bring themselves down to the level of
men, but they are content—nay, rather they esteem it a
privilege—to remain in the higher and holier sphere for which
God intended them, to be an inspiration to man and to lead
him to a higher and nobler plane of living.

Grand and glorious women of the South, ever hallowed
shall you be in the memory of the loyal manhood of the land
of Dixie, and generations yet unborn shall rise up and call
you blessed. Be this your glory, not that you can vote or
defeat a negro for Congress, but that, like the noble Roman
matron of old, you can point to your sons as your jewels and
the ornaments of the human race. Be this your glory, not
that you are "the head," but that you are the glory of the
man. Be this your glory, not that you can equal man in the
might and majesty of his intellectual domain, but that you
can surpass him in the divine mission of mercy to a fallen
world. Be this your glory, not that you can sit upon the
hustings or thunder in the Senate, but that you can wear the
ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of
God, is of great price, and that you can inspire man with
higher and loftier ideals. Be this your glory, not that you
can conquer and subjugate man to your will, but that you
can soften and subdue his rugged nature and win him to God
by the indescribable charms of your virtuous and Christly
life, and can adorn the home circle with those modest and
retiring graces that cause the breast of man to thrill with
admiration and pride. Be this your glory, not that you can imitate a Washington, a Jackson, or a Lee, but that you can educate and train the future Washingtons and Jacksons and Lees, and can instill into their breasts a noble and chivalrous regard for woman and a Heaven-born determination to honor and reverence her, and to ever maintain for her that respect and love which she so richly deserves.

---

O Sleep, My Lady.

BY LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

I.

The green is mantling yonder wintry hill
Near which the clear-drawn brooklet laughing gleams,
And budding flowers in my soul instill
A subtle gladness as of pleasant dreams.
And merrily, right merrily,
The wild birds sing,
And cheerily, right cheerily,
The copses ring.

But yet, with all that glory on mine eye
And all that music on mine ears,
My sight grows dim, for here, in springs gone by,
We wandered ere we dreamed of tears.

II.

Green is the turf o'er swelling waves of land,
Yet greener still where she, my lady, sleeps
Beneath the gentle crocus' drooping band
And heav'n-born honeysuckles' perfumed heaps.
Bloom happy flow'rs, ye joyous flow'rs,
O'er her lone grave;
In morning hours—in twilight hours
With sorrow lave
O SLEEP, MY LADY.

Her lonely couch upon the hillside there
In tears, dew-born, of gentlest love,
For she was kin to thee, so pure and fair,
And knew diviner things above.

III.

O sleep, my lady! How I envy thee
And yearn thee with a love so wild and fond!
For thou hast drunk of that vast mystery—
Those things divine we dreamed of as beyond.
My lady, sleep! O sleep, sleep, sleep!
Life's thread is short:
As from the deep, we face the deep,
And, glad, we ought,
When tired, lie down as if to radiant dreams.
So sleep, and when thou callest me,
Like flowers answering to the Dawn's bright beams,
Love, I shall hearken unto thee.
Editorial.

Editor-in-Chief.
LEWIS L. JENNINGS.

Assistant Editor.
PARKE P. DEANS.

Associates.
R. B. EAST, Mu Sigma Rho.
C. H. DUNAWAY, Mu Sigma Rho.
W. P. CLARK, Philologist.
R. E. ANKERS, Philologist.
P. W. JAMES, Philologist.

Business Manager.
T. V. McCAUL.

Assistant Manager.
C. H. DUNAWAY.

To a modern, broad-minded institution of learning the college magazine is a necessity. The opportunity for the cultivation of clear and forceful thinking and writing that such a paper offers to undergraduate men is one to be cherished and taken advantage of in every possible way, and one that college authorities should endeavor to make more comprehensive in sweep. The writer—and he believes his view is held by many others—is firmly of opinion that a student, by conscientious work, can obtain as much good from supporting his college magazine as from any class in school. Not that he is to neglect his studies, but rather that he shall use his paper as a means for gathering together and orderly—at the same time pleasingly—arranging all the best that he has gathered from reading and lectures. Such is the true function of the college magazine. Rightly taken, it will add a polish and finesse of finish that will bear its own strong, individual stamp.

The value of a college paper is proven—or better, conceded. Accepting, then, this proposition, we urge the point that it is of vital importance that such a paper be placed upon a firm financial footing—a footing that will enable its
editors to have creditably-sized issues brought forth at regular intervals. When a business manager has to depend upon such an uncertainty as advertisements—witness The Messenger—in order to publish his magazine, too often it is that readable articles are crowded out, and the issues, consequently, meagre in size and a month behind in appearance. How depressing such conditions are can be readily understood! Taking these things into consideration, the writer deems it eminently proper that such representative papers should receive support from college trustees. This support, in addition to money received from advertisements and such like, would enable the magazine to be regular in issue and non-dependent, and, therefore, able to establish higher literary standards. The scope of its influence would be increased ten-fold.

The above remarks are general, hence they apply to our own magazine. Naturally the writer's interest is more keenly aroused, for he wishes to see the day when The Messenger shall enjoy the reputation of being the leading college paper in the South. Therefore he would urge upon the trustees of Richmond College the wisdom—nay, the necessity—of making such an appropriation. An annual sum set apart for this purpose—the amount needed is not large—would accomplish infinite good.

Gentlemen of the Board, ye are broad-minded! Surely ye will say that the College's money cannot be spent to better advantage. The appeal is made to you, and the lovers of The Messenger fervently hope that some friend among you, at your next meeting, will press the matter to a successful conclusion. Let Richmond College take her stand with the progressive minority!
The annual Field Day exercises were held on Friday, May 9th. The occasion was quite a success, and all who attended seemed to enjoy themselves very much. At the close of the contests it was learned that F. W. Kerfoot had gotten more points than any of the other contestants, and he was therefore awarded the medal as the best all-round athlete.

Among our students the news of Prof. Hamberlin’s death caused profound sorrow. At his passing a man was lost to the world. The next issue of The Messenger will contain a sympathetic sketch of his career.

The Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society held its annual contest for the Improvement medal on Saturday night, May 10th. By the vote of the Society it was decided that Mr. James W. Kenny had made the most improvement, and therefore deserved the medal. On May 3d this Society unanimously elected M. S. Milton as business manager of The Messenger for the coming session.

The annual Best Debater’s contest of the Philologian Society was held on Friday night, May 9th. Owing to the unusually large number of competitors for this honor, it was a test of patience as well as of ability. The question for debate was: “Resolved, That Education is the Best Solution of the Race Problem.” Over this important problem the contestants disputed for about three hours, and then the committee of judges retired to decide who deserved the medal. So close was the contest it took an hour. However, the decision was finally rendered, and it was in favor of Mr. S. B. Cox.

The Jollification, which had been fondly anticipated for some time, was given on Monday night, May 12th. The
entertainment was a real success, although we could have wished a larger crowd. All who did attend, however, enjoyed quite a hearty laugh. The fact that this occasion was a success ought to be an advertisement for something of a similar nature in the future.

The news that Mr. J. W. Durham has recently taken the Orator's medal at the University of Chicago, and also only a few days ago won the State Orator's medal in Illinois, brings profound pleasure to his numerous friends at Richmond College. For several sessions past Mr. Durham was a student at this College, and last June graduated with the degree of B. A. While here he made many friends, and at the same time the reputation of a good speaker, winning the Best Debater's medal in the Mu Sigma Rho Society and the joint Orator's medal of the two societies. We heartily wish Mr. Durham much success in his career.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Dr. S. C. Mitchell was elected President, Lewis L. Jennings, Vice-President, S. T. Mathews, Secretary, and T. M. Hughes, Treasurer. Mr. H. M. Smith was elected as manager of the base-ball team for 1903.

Mr. Parke P. Deans' strawberry party was a complete success. It was given in his palatial quarters in DeLand Cottage Tuesday night, the 20th, at 12:30 o'clock, and all three floors attended. Miss Hughes' costume caused much favorable comment. Such a rare creation—sea-foam white with green stockings, to carry out color scheme, completed her make up—is seldom seen on the campus. Unfortunately, some rascal threw a bucket of water on Miss Hughes, whereupon she showed fight. The feast ended in peace, however.

Mr. Joseph E. Hubbard, of Charleston, S. C., has accepted the call to become Assistant State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., giving largely of his time to work among students.
Mr. Hubbard is a graduate of Harvard University, '98, and was President of the University Association. During the past year he has been especially helpful in the Charleston work, having taught a Bible class, one of the educational classes, and assisted much in the men's meetings, especially in the orchestra, as he is a violinist.
Exchange Department.

In *The Wake Forest Student*, for February, we find an excellent article, “A New South in a New Century.” In it we find sober thought, polished rhetoric, and variety of expression. “The Battle of Elizabethtown” furnishes a bit of history unknown for the most part, we judge, to the average American.

*The College Message* has a good assortment of material for April. We would specially commend “Wordsworth’s Conception of Nature.”

*The Davidson College Magazine* reaches us with a good lot of readable matter. The stirring editorial upon education is indicative, we take it, of the marvellous educational movement throughout the Old North State. We across the line watch with keen interest this movement, concurrent with the rapid development that is taking place within our borders.

The April number of the *Clemson College Chronicle* is the best that we have yet seen. We find in “Stonewall Jackson’s Valley Campaign” a faithful representation of the deeds of that hero, in whose splendid achievements we Virginians still have a pardonable pride. The editorials, too, are by no means a drag, but show good insight on the part of the editor.

We cannot say that the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is up to the average. However, we would be wrong to condemn everything, for “The Relation of Woman to Civilization” is worthy of mention, while the editorial on “The Value of Criticism and Its Need in Modern Literature” is of no mean merit. In it the right sentiment is expressed.

The April number of *The Ouachita Ripples* is the first issue to come under the eye of the present exchange editors.
We like its make-up very well, and find articles of real worth in it.


Clippings.

Mother.

Because thou art not with me every hour,
Because I do not feel thy presence' power,
Shall I forget
Thy tender love for me in childhood days,
Thy guiding hand that kept my feet from ways
With thorns beset?
And shall I wander down life's coming years
And trample under feet thy prayers and tears
Without regret?

Ah, no! the same sweet voice of days gone by,
Is whisp'ring still from out thy home on high,
"My boy, hold fast
The lessons taught thee at thy mother's knee,
And if at times into a troubled sea
Thy soul is cast,
Perhaps some little prayer of childhood days—
A prayer that kept thy feet from sinful ways—
May save at last."

—Will. W. Willian.
CLIPPINGS.

No Kisser.

A lovely young girl in St. Louis
Desired to kiss Admiral Dewey,
But, mindful of Hobson,
The Admiral bobs on
A trolley—and thus away flew he.

—The Tiger.

College girls are not very slow,
But they seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate
They do it by degrees.

—Ex.

A rather impetuous mr.
Called on a girl and kr.
Said she, "Go sleau,
You're not my beau;
To you I am only a sr."

—Ex.

As the strokes of the lash fell upon the incorrigible pupil,
his companions began to hum "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Seaboard Air Line

RAILWAY.

“The Capital City Route.”

ENTERS THE CAPITALS OF VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, FLORIDA, AND ALABAMA. POSITIVELY THE SHORTEST ROUTE to FLORIDA and the SOUTH and SOUTHWEST.

Double Daily Service to Florida, Atlanta, and Intermediate Points.

Direct Connections for NEW ORLEANS and all points in Texas, California, and Mexico.

FAST TRAINS—PULLMAN’S MOST IMPROVED EQUIPMENT.

“Florida and Metropolitan Limited” and “Florida and Atlanta Fast Mail.”

THE FINEST TRAINS IN THE SOUTH.

For full information, Tickets, and Schedules, apply to Agents of the SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY, or to

Z. P. SMITH, District Passenger Agent,
836 E. Main St., Richmond, Va. 'Phone 405.

J. M. BARR, First Vice-Pres. and Gen’l Manager.

R. E. L. BUNCH, General Passenger Agent.

Medical College

OF VIRGINIA.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

Department of Medicine, four years graded course .......... $65
Department of Dentistry, three years graded course .......... 65
Department of Pharmacy, two years course ..................... 60

For Catalogue and Information, address

CHRISTOPHER TOMPKINS, M. D., Dean,
Richmond, Va.
Woman's Exchange

It may be a convenience to visitor to know the Richmond Exchange for Woman's Work (Third St., cor. Franklin) is prepared to take orders for Home-Made Cakes, Breads, and everything made by good housekeepers. Elaborate or simple Suppers, Dinners, and Luncheons can be furnished on short notice. The most beautiful Fancy Work always for sale. Sewing of every description done. Gentlemen's Clothing neatly repaired.

Intercollegiate Bureau of Academic Costume

COTRELL & LEONARD, 472-478 Broadway, Albany, N.Y.

Caps, Gowns, and Hoods

To the American Universities and Colleges.

Illustrated Bulletin, Samples, and Prices upon application.

CRUMP & WEST COAL COMPANY, Phone 83.

Dealers in all kinds of Coal and Wood.

1719 E. Cary St.
RICHMOND, VA.

Kept Dry Under Shelter.

Students!

Decorate Your Rooms!

AN ARTISTIC POSTER FREE.

Send us your name on a postal card and we will mail to you free a new brilliantly colored Washburn poster (size 12x18 inches). This poster is the creation of the Viking's Head Studio, and has been pronounced exceedingly bright and clever. It represents a pastoral scene, a rabbit enamored of the music of a mandolin. Write today, this offer may not appear again.

LYON & HEALY, 23 Adams St., Chicago.
Makers of the World-Famous Washburn Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos and Zithers.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—This poster has been awarded first prize in the poster competition of 1901, held by the American Printer, New York City:
KIRKWOOD’S

LUNCH ROOMS,
1208 E. Main Street, 804 E. Main Street,
404 E. Broad Street,
FIRST-CLASS COOKING. RICHMOND, VA. POPULAR PRICES.

THE CRAIG ART CO., 115 E. Broad Street,
LEADERS IN—
Fine Art Pictures, Mirrors, Frames, Photo Supplies, Artists’ Materials, and Kodaks.
IMPORTERS OF FLORENTINE FRAMES.

ESTABLISHED 1845.
COMMERCIAL, LABEL, TAG, and RAILROAD PRINTING

J. W. FERGUSSON & SON,
PRINTERS,
4, 6, and 8 N. Fourteenth Street, RICHMOND, VA.

JERRY MORANO,
Dealer in Confectionery and Fruits,
SODA AND MINERAL WATERS, FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
ICE CREAM MANUFACTURER.
225 W. Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

W. E. DORSET, D. D. S.,
No. 211 East Broad Street.
Gold Fillings, $1.00 up. Amalgam Fillings, 50c. up.
Teeth Extracted Painless, 25c.

PARRISH BROTHERS,
Shoes, Hats, Trunks, and Satchels,
23 West Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.
MANN & BROWN, Florists,
No. 5 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
Old 'Phone 352. New 'Phone 1212.
Cut Flowers, Designs and College Decorations.

Virginia Navigation Co.
JAMES RIVER DAY LINE between RICHMOND, NORFOLK, NEWPORT NEWS, OLD POINT COMFORT.

Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company
OF RICHMOND.
Issues a short, comprehensive policy, free of petty restrictions, and liberal in its terms and conditions. Agents in every town and county. Correspondence solicited.

"THE ONYX," GEORGE PAUL & BRO., Proprietors,
427 East Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.
Best Ice Cream and Ices, Cakes, Candies.
SODA AND MINERAL WATERS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.
Phones: Old, 996; New, 501. Your Orders Solicited.
Lowney's, Allegretti's, Tenney's, and Our Own Fine Mixture.

Dr. Geo. B. Steel, Dr. Chas. L. Steel,
400 E. Main Street. 721 E. Main Street.

DENTISTS.

THE COLLEGE BARBER SHOP . . .

WANTED—Everybody to know that the only up-town place where they can get a First-Class HAIR CUT for 15 Cents and SHAVE for 10 Cents, is at

White Barbers to wait on you. . . . JOHN H. FELDNER'S, 316 West Broad Street.
Southern Railway

Peerless Service. Schedule Unequalled.

THE FAMOUS THROUGH CAR LINE,
Operating the Most Luxurious and Handsomely-Appointed Trains. Through
Sleepers, Through Coaches, Elegant Dining-Car Service.

THE WASHINGTON AND SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED.
THE UNITED STATES FAST MAIL.
THE NEW YORK AND FLORIDA EXPRESS.

Through Car Service daily between New York, Washington, Virginia Points,
Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga, Nashville, Asheville
("Land of the Sky"), Knoxville, Texas, Mexico, New Mexico, California, and
Pacific Coast Points; also Columbia, Augusta, Alken, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick,
Jekyll Island, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and all Florida Points, with
through connection for Nassau, N. P., and Havana, Cuba, via Port Tampa and Miami.

Students to and from Richmond College will please see that their tickets read
via SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
W. A. TURK, Ass't Pass. Traffic Mgr.,
920 E. Main Street,
Washington, D. C.

S. WARE & DUKE,
New 'Phone 221.
Printers,
No. 9 Governor St., RICHMOND VA.

We print this Magazine, as well as all other classes
of work in our line. Give us a call.

GEO. W. ANDERSON & SONS,
Carpets and Curtains, Window Shades, &c.
215 E. Broad Street, — RICHMOND, VA.

Students are invited to examine our stock and get estimates
for furnishing their rooms.
SEND FOR ESTIMATE.
RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG & POTOMAC RAILROAD CO.
WASHINGTON SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.
THE SHORT LINE TO
Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Buffalo,
AND ALL POINTS
NORTH AND EAST.

THROUGH ALL-RAIL
Fast Passenger and Freight Line.

E. T. D. MYERS, W. D. DUKE, W. P. TAYLOR,
President, Gen'l Manager, Traffic Manager.
INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT

RICHMOND COLLEGE.

HISTORICAL

The College was founded in 1832. It was moved from the country to its present beautiful park in Richmond city in 1884. The value of grounds and buildings is $600,000. The value of endowment is $200,000. The endowed Library contains 10,000 volumes, and is kept supplied with the newest standard books.

INSTRUCTION

Full Corps of Professors in Twelve Departments. Courses leading to degrees of B.A., B.S., M.A., and Bachelor of Law. Thorough instruction. High standards.

EXPENSES

Tuition free to all students for the ministry. Endowed Scholarships pay tuition for twenty-eight worthy students. Donation Funds aid ministerial students from other States. The total living expenses of a student who pays all fees are less than $225 for session of nine months. Table board costs $7.50 to $10 a month.

LAW

A flourishing School of Law offers legal training at small cost, under the most favorable surroundings. Junior and Senior Classes. Fees for entire session, $61 to $75.

Students who enter after January 1st are charged for half session only. Postal-card request will bring catalogue, bulletin, and full information.

Address,  

PRESIDENT F. W. BOATWRIGHT,  
RICHMOND, VA.