Love's Dream.

I dreamed of you last night. I thought you came
And took my hand in yours, and said my name
Over and over, until my soul was stirred
With that fine ecstasy that some wild bird
Might know when first it feels the blossoming
Or the keen rapture of the glad new spring.

To-day I almost feared to meet your eyes,
Lest I should find them suddenly grown wise
With a knowledge of my heart. I almost fear
To touch your hand, lest you should come too near
And, gazing up with some fierce inner light,
We both should cry, "I dreamed a dream last night."

"America Means Opportunity."

By Dr. S. C. Mitchell.

The greatest spectacle on earth is a stalwart man struggling with adversity. This is what appeals to the American heart in Franklin's fascinating "Autobiography"—his self-help, his slow climb from an humble place to power, intellectual and political. Among the treasures of Richmond College—the gift of that unforgetting friend, Dr. J. L. M. Curry—is a receipt for $3.50 given by Andrew Johnson, a Tennessee tailor, for making a coat. Georgetown College, Ky., likewise has a receipt for $5.00 for the conduct of a case in court, signed by Henry Clay, then just making a start in
the profession which he was destined so greatly to adorn. These are the seals of our greatness. That is the best government which gives every man a chance, and careers such as these are proof of the limitless possibilities of an American boy, no matter how poor or obscure he may be, provided he has ability, energy, and a noble purpose. Here is a concrete instance, the facts of which are known to me personally.

A MARKED MAN IN MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE.

When the writer was called, in 1889, to a chair in Mississippi College, much was heard on all hands of a student named O. M. Johnston, who had evidently made a deep impression upon the students, faculty, and community by his love of learning and by his mastery of difficulties that must have thwarted any ordinary man. Naturally, such accounts of him made me curious to see the man, and I remember distinctly the moment when he was pointed out to me. He seemed about twenty-three years old, of vigorous physique, with a strong, earnest face, that bore evidence of conflict as well as of noble self-control. He was then entering, so I learned, his senior year, and was easily in the lead for the honors of his class. The following day, he presented himself in two of my classes, and I soon found that an eye more voracious for learning it had never been my fortune to look into. It was easy to discover that he lacked an acquaintance with many elementary matters that more favored boys learn in their earliest years, they know not how. But his face, all aglow with enthusiasm for culture, was a source of inspiration to his teachers, and among his fellow-students his influence was unrivaled.

A BACKWOODS BOY PIPS THE SHELL OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

Some antecedent facts in Mr. Johnston’s life may be of interest. He was born in Morehouse parish, Louisiana, sixteen miles north of Bastrop. His aged father and mother
still live on the little farm, on which he worked until eighteen years of age. During these years he plowed or hoed in the day, and read at night by torchlight the four or five books to be found in the humble home. In the late fall, after his father's crop of cotton had been picked out, he would go on foot to the richer valley section and pick cotton far into the winter. It was by such aid that the family eked out a living. When he reached his seventeenth year a Mr. Williams came from Mississippi College to teach during the summer in the neighborhood. The school-house, however, was seven miles from Johnston's home. For a month and a half he walked daily to this school. In so short a time Williams could have taught him at best only a little; but, like every true teacher, he did for him something that meant infinitely more than a knowledge of the elementary text-book. He fired Johnston with a desire for an education. Perhaps, after all, it was only a case of the spark falling upon tinder; it shows at any rate the power that lies in such a spark. Poor Williams did not live to see the outcome of that summer's work. While studying medicine in Louisville, Ky., he died; and his body, on its homeward journey, was carried past Mississippi College at the very time when his pupil, Johnston, was nearing graduation. Yet Williams lives in his work.

Johnston, now resolved upon an education, asked his father to give him his time and turn him loose. No, that could not be done—at least, not yet. Another year, perhaps. Accordingly, when he was eighteen his father told him he might strike for himself. At last the world was before him. How could he make money enough to get to college in September? To this end he helped to build a gin-house and to drive a bunch of cattle to the Indian Territory, by which jobs he made in eight months sufficient, as he thought, to start to Mississippi College. There was then no railroad between Bastrop and Monroe; so for this distance of forty-five miles he took a stage-coach, in which he met a Mr. Bell,
from Starkville, Miss. This gentleman persuaded him to go to the Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Starkville, since, as he said, it made no charge for tuition. On Johnston’s arrival he was told by General Stephen D. Lee, then the president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, that, as he came from another State, he would have to pay tuition, and also that he must get a uniform suit. Sixty dollars would be needed. As this amount was about twice the sum of money which Johnston had left after paying his fare to Starkville, he felt forced to give up the plan of going to college that year. So, broken-hearted, he remarked to General Lee that he would go to the Delta to pick cotton that winter, in hopes of coming back the following session. Happily, General Lee suggested that on his way to the Delta he would pass by Mississippi College, at Clinton, and advised him to stop there to see if President Webb could help him.

THE STRUGGLES OF A STUDENT.

At sunrise on January 8, 1885, Johnston, on his way to the plantations, got off at Clinton, rather to make inquiries as to the expenses at the College than in the hope of remaining there. With scarcely enough money to pay his board for a month, he made straight for President Webb’s home, and told his purpose. To his surprise, the Doctor advised him to remain and study in the College. To the credit of this venerable teacher, permit me to add, what so many of the students present repeated to me, that, when on that winter morning they assembled in the chapel and noticed this awkwardly-dressed young man, Dr. Webb, in kindly introducing Johnston, alluded to his need, and said that he proposed to divide with him his last half-biscuit, if necessary, to enable him to educate himself. The spirit of this generous remark was faithfully kept, as Johnston delights to testify. Johnston rented a little room, now pointed out with pride by every student. He did his own cooking, living from January
until the middle of May on one barrel of bolted meal and two pounds of bacon, with neither lard nor butter, and selling for seventy-five cents the remainder of the meal when he left College in May. Friends from the town, it is true, occasionally sent him something from their tables. Having no bed, he slept on some quilts which a lady kindly gave him. He did any kind of labor obtainable—such as cutting wood and working gardens. Every vacation he taught a summer school, which was always reserved for him by a Jew, the county superintendent. (In after years, when I was on a visit to Johnston, then a noble man, he introduced me to this humble Hebrew with a deference that might have pleased a prince—not the least mark, to me, of his own nobility.) Thus making his way, even paying his tuition, he displayed as a student remarkable diligence and grasp. He had no second in his influence over the student body. The mention of "O. M.," as he was familiarly known, still stirs the blood of those Mississippi College men. In his third year at college he was converted, under the ministry of Dr. B. D. Gray, at present the Secretary of the Home Mission Board. Ere long he headed the religious as well as the literary forces of the institution, and was made a deacon in the Clinton church—activities in which he has advanced ever since. (When I met him, in later years, in Paris, he led me to the Baptist chapel, in which he had found himself a home.) In 1890 he graduated with signal honors, crowning a series of years with sacrifices that I have not the heart to relate, so sacred do such heroisms seem.

BECOMES A TEACHER.

Immediately upon his graduation he was made principal of the preparatory department of the College. The next year he was elected to the chair of English. In both of these positions Johnston's personality told powerfully, and his vital influence pervaded the whole institution. The presidency
becoming vacant three years thereafter, he was besought by many of the trustees to let them make him the executive of the College. To this he said "No," as he had made up his mind to push on to Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, to extend his studies in his chosen field, the Romance languages. There he remained three years, winning a $500 fellowship, and, in due time, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Meantime he spent his summers in Europe, making special investigations in Italy and in France. No sooner had he finished his course at the University than he was called to a chair in Bryn Mawr. From there, within a year, he was invited to Leland Stanford University, in California, where he is now a factor in the educational and religious life of the Pacific slope, as I was informed recently by a member of that faculty. He is a contributor to journals, both in Europe and America. Professor Johnston is just now in Europe, on a year's leave of absence, in order to make some special researches in which he is interested.

He was, so far as I could learn, the first person in his native county to go off to college. Since that time, chiefly through his personal influence, I know of fifteen boys and girls from that county who have gone to different colleges, so contagious has been his example.

While I have purposely chosen a man remote, and narrated the bare facts in his life, to illustrate, on the one hand, the possibilities of pluck, and, on the other, the splendid services which our colleges render to the world, there have been known to me in Richmond College, and like institutions in Virginia, many young men whose sacrifices have been as heroic and whose characters are as worthy as in the man just cited.
THE FETE OF THE FAIRIES.

The Fete of the Fairies.

BY B. D. GAW.

I.

On oaten reeds the sprightly Muse will play,
And thus forget she ever knew a day
Of thwarted love, regret, or bitter woe,
But only regal joy and pleasure's glow.
Light-hearted, will she wander with the bees
O'er flow'r-embroidered fields and sylvan leas,
Where amorous zephyrs fondle and caress
The buds in Nature's newest styles of dress;
Where butterflies, Spring's dainty debutantes,
O'er vernal glebes in air a polka dance;
Where sun-enamelled meres delight the eye,
Reflecting all the frescoes of the sky.

II.

Into such scenes the Muse will lead the way,
To pass a witching and enchanting day;
There will we take instruction from the birds
In thrills, while they in turn our warbled words
Will poise their plumed heads sidewise to hear,
Then sing again themselves with bolder cheer;
And farther in the bosky, fern-flanked glade,
We'll wake the Fairies with a serenade.
The mellow conch will sound, the elves come out,
Followed by fays and trolls, with merry shout;
And oufes and nixies, peris, wraiths galore,
Djinns, brownies, sylphs, and undines by the score;
And gnomes and nymphs and norns and pixies small,
Will join our Conclave International.
And others will appear—the kelpies, sprites,
Moss-people, kobalds, stromkarls, and queer wights;
Goblins and bogies, banshees, with weird mien,
Each of the latter puffing a dudeen—
And last, while all the bright assemblage waits,
Calmly will come the three exalted Fates.
When beams of Phosphor glimmer thro' the leaves,
And with them Luna on the soft turf weaves
Fantastic rugs of amber sheen and graced
With rich and thread-like shadows interlaced—
Behold! the nymphs are dancing to a strain
Pan on his syrinx plays, whose blithe refrain
Drenches with melody the fragrant wold,
As in Arcadia's green vales of old.
What grace of motion! With what subtle zest
Each foot upon the dewy sod is pressed!
Thro' robes diaphanous their forms appear,
Perfect in shape and lucent as a tear.
If they could glide within love's mortal thrall,
Gladly I'd be the lover of them all.
But now in languor, spent with exercise,
Each nymph to rest behind the ilex hies.
With childish chuckles, ambles off old Pan,
Wishing perhaps he were a full-fledged man.
A troop of dwarfs now lift their voices shrill,
And sing a ballad lambent as a rill;
The little men strike attitudes and chaff
Each other at the end to raise a laugh.

Such revels follow and such nameless glee,
As in New Orleans you will not see
In Mardi Gras, or when away from home,
You chance to see the Carnival in Rome.
Dawn's first faint fissure opens in the east,
When sit the Fairy Congress down to feast
Upon such viands as but they can cook,
From recipes in Nature's secret book;
And while they sip ambrosia divine
That far excels the oldest Massic wine,
My decorous Muse and I must steal away,
And get in-doors before the break of day.
VENGEANCE UNMERITED.

Vengeance Unmerited.

BY F. S. TOOMBS.

IT was the fall of '66, and the South was under the rule of the carpet-bagger and the negro statesman. The people had been left penniless, and what little property they had was taken away and given to negroes. Ex-slaves were given exalted positions over their former masters.

James Reed had been very wealthy, owning over a hundred slaves and a thousand or more acres of very fertile soil. His wife died during the war. Louise and Dorothy, his two daughters, were beautiful young women of nineteen and twenty-one. Walter was a mere lad of fifteen. This happy family lived on their farm near Mobile, Ala. The war, having ended, left the family without any money, and several acres had been taken away and given to negroes.

Mr. Reed had a slave, Abraham, who had been very unruly, and had to be whipped on several occasions. This slave, having been freed, intended to wreak his vengeance on his former master. Several times since the war had ended Abraham had been sneaking around the Reed residence after nightfall. Abraham was made mayor of the village by the carpet-baggers. He had no knowledge of municipal government, but was elected on account of his influence over the negroes of the neighborhood. He had the authorities on his side, and could be more open in his threats. Abraham was a big-lipped, broad-nosed negro.

Winter came and passed, and still the tyrannical hand of the carpet-bagger ruled the devastated South. Nature seemed happy and gay, but the hearts of the people were downcast, and to them happiness was unknown. Hatred against the North was even more severe than before the war.

James Reed went to the village one day to get some farm implements and provisions. There he saw the negroes, dressed
their best clothes, sitting around the stores, using uncouth and abusive language against the South. The fairer sex were the victims of indecent remarks, and the Northerners were praised to the skies. James Reed was filled with anger and despair at seeing such a sight as his eyes had just witnessed. He saw Abraham in the centre of the gathering, and heard his voice loud in the praise of the North and curses of the South.

However sad the condition of affairs were at the Reed residence, there was one happy person in the household. It was Dorothy. She made known to her father, on his return from the village, her engagement to Frank Caldwell. Crimson came to her cheeks as she broke the news to her father.

Young Caldwell was a tall, fine-looking youth of twenty-two years. The next night he came to see Dorothy. She dressed in a hurry and ran down the steps and into the parlor, with light heart and smiling countenance. Frank was standing in the corner, looking intently at Dorothy's picture on the wall.

She ran towards him and threw her hands over his eyes, saying: "Guess who it is!"

"I give up," he said, and kissed the little dimple in her cheeks.

Contrast this scene of happiness with the one being enacted in the chamber of James Reed. He was pacing the room with steady tread, and tears were in his eyes. Suddenly he burst forth in tears, and said: "My God, what is our fair Southland coming to—the land of flowers, sunshine, and happiness?"

The soft moonlight fell on the face of Dorothy as she stood on the front veranda watching the retreating form of young Caldwell. She gave a deep sigh as he passed out of sight, entered the house, and locked the door.

Old Abraham, who had been hiding in the bushes near the Reed residence, came out and followed Caldwell, club in
hand. Abraham knew that Dorothy and Frank were to be married in a few weeks, and decided to break the heart of Dorothy by killing her fiance. He had nothing against Caldwell.

Frank Caldwell was walking down the path very slowly, thinking of his happiness, when he received a heavy blow on the head and fell to the ground, bleeding. Frank lay lifeless on the sand until the east reddened and the sun cast its warm rays where he lay. Gradually he regained consciousness, and attempted to rise, but failed in the attempt and fell back exhausted. He made a feeble cry for help, but his voice was not heard.

Dorothy was sent on an errand to a neighbor's house, and happened to take the same path Frank had taken the night before. She came down the path singing in a clear, sweet voice. She passed a clump of bushes and came upon the deadly work of Abraham. She uttered a shriek, and fell on her knees by the side of her wounded lover. Frank opened his eyes and stared around wildly, for he did not recognize Dorothy. He was delirious.

"Frank! Frank! Speak to me! How did it happen?" she said in a pathetic tone, but no answer came. He had shut his eyes, and the wound was still bleeding. She took her handkerchief and went to a near-by spring, and, wetting it, returned and bathed his forehead. She then ran for aid, like one possessed.

She soon returned, and Frank was taken to the Reed residence and given the very closest attention. Frank lay unconscious for several hours. When he gained his wits he looked around the strange room, and uttered a sigh of satisfaction when he saw Dorothy sitting by the window watching the setting sun.

Night came on, and the lamps were lighted. Dorothy came to the bed-side, and, taking Frank's hand, told him how she had found him bleeding and groaning by the road-side. He
remembered nothing, and, placing his hand on his head, uttered a cry of pain.

The full moon cast its radiance over the earth, and the leaves in the tree-tops were moved by a gentle breeze.

Dorothy had been by the bed-side for six long hours, and was feeling a little fatigued. Frank being asleep, she went silently from the room to the front veranda. The clock struck ten, and she went back to the room and bathed the fevered brow of her lover. She then put on a wrap and went out of the house, walking around the yard, taking long breaths, in order that her lungs might be filled with pure air.

Frank suddenly awoke, having heard a scream. Mr. Reed, Louise, and Walter rushed to the front door, and saw the form of a man running towards the woods with something in his arms.

"My God, it's Dorothy," shouted James Reed, and made a dash for the woods. Frank had scarcely heard the words before he leaped from bed and made his way towards the door. His fever was burning him up.

The brute, Abraham, had been waiting for his chance to wreak vengeance. The chance had come. He had been waiting around the house for several nights, carefully concealing himself in the grass.

As Dorothy came towards the gate Abraham leaped from the rear, and, placing his hands on her throat, forced her backward out of the gate. Then he lifted her and carried her towards the woods. He had not gone very far before he saw he was pursued, and he dropped the limp form of Dorothy to the ground and made for the woods.

James Reed came up and found the motionless body of Dorothy lying in the road, with her throat bleeding where the brute's finger-nails had sunk. He lifted her and approached the house. Near the gate he saw a white object lying on the ground. It was the dead body of Frank Caldwell.
The blood had flowed out of the wound and covered his face and garments.

Dorothy was carried into the house and given restoratives. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and told her father not to make any noise for fear of awaking Frank. Louise broke out into tears and left the room.

The next morning Dorothy arose before the others and went to the chamber of her lover to see how he was faring. As she entered the room she noticed the unaccustomed sense of silence which pervaded it. She raised the curtain lightly, and tipped to the bed-side. She took his hand—how cold and clammy. She put her hand on the brow that had been scorched with fever, but it was free from fever now. She discovered that her lover was dead, and laid her head on his breast and burst forth in a volume of tears.

James Reed entered the room an hour later and found her in the same position. He attempted to rouse her, but found that she was cold in death. The excitement of the night before and the sudden death of her fiancé had been too much for her. It had broken her heart.

Abraham had been captured by a neighbor on the night of his dastardly attempt and placed in the county jail.

Several months had passed since the double funeral at the house of Mr. Reed. Court was convened, and the trial of Abraham was to take place. The court-house was a small square building in the centre of the village. A large crowd of whites and blacks had gathered to hear the trial. James Reed and his son Walter sat there with woe-begone countenances. The jury was selected. It consisted of six negroes and six carpet-baggers. The judge called for witnesses. Several bribed negroes testified that Abraham was in the village on that night. The jury was out only five minutes, and brought in a verdict of "not guilty."
To Helen.

BY T. G. BRADSHAW.

After the day has drawn to a close
And all Nature's gone to rest,
I close my eyes in sweet repose
And dream of her I love best.

I awake from my happy dreams,
Gaze upon the silv'ry night,
And the fairy, dancing moon-beams
Bring you to my longing sight.

As lightly floats from yonder height
The song of the mocking-bird,
Upon the airy wings of night
Thy voice like sweet music's heard.

And ere the east is tinged with gray
To tell of the morning's dawn,
Within me, soon to fade away,
Some new hope of thee is born.

And, so all the day long thou art
With me, though I be alone;
And ever aches my bleeding heart
To embrace you as its own.

But, though of all I love you best,
Dear, nor word nor glance nor tone
Of yours e'er fired within my breast
E'en the hope you'd be my own.

An Appreciation of Shelley.

BY ERNEST PERRY BUXTON.

No man, perhaps, was ever more misunderstood than Shelley; nor is it probable that a stranger being ever lived. Though the child of common-place parents, he early
manifested signs of possessing an entirely different make-up from theirs. From his very childhood up, even in his own home, it was his misfortune to arouse in the hearts of those around him a sort of antagonism by reason of his peculiarities of temperament. He seems from the first to have been rather unsocial in disposition, preferring the quietness of solitude to the companionship of his fellows. This fact brought down upon him the criticism and persecution of his fellow pupils during his early school-days and proved a serious drawback to him in after life. A truer or more touching picture can scarcely be found anywhere than the one Shelley draws of himself in *Adonais*. He speaks of himself as—

"A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell."

And yet we cannot wonder at his love for solitude, or, on the other hand, be surprised at the attitude of others toward him, when we reflect upon the wide difference in spirit between them and him. He lived on a higher plane, moved in a rarer atmosphere than they, and hence was not prepared to enter into the joys and sorrows that made up their life. He was lost in deep abstractions; his mind soared aloft in the realms of fancy, while they were absorbed in the ordinary affairs of life. Such being the case, there could be no congeniality between them. He was destined to live apart from his fellow-men, being indeed among them but not of them; but not for long, for in his thirtieth year he met death while at sea in a small sail-boat, being overtaken by a storm.

So much for the life of Shelley. Now let us turn from the contemplation of Shelley the man to an examination of his poetry, and try to distinguish those qualities therein that render him unique and, at the same time, one of the greatest of English poets. What are the characteristics of his poetry?

First, we would note his originality. Shelley is original,
both in conception and expression. He appears not to have seen things as other men saw them—by the light of common day—but to have viewed them through a medium of his own. To his strange fancy things were truly not what they seemed to others. It would be impossible to formulate a creed that would embody his ideas and beliefs, for they were never crystalized; they ever remained in a fluid state. Had Shelley lived to a ripe old age, it is possible, though hardly probable, that he might have evolved from the chaos of his brain a more or less complete system of philosophy. As it is, however, we are left in doubt as to just what he believed. One thing is certain—he was lacking in faith. This want of faith is reflected in all his work, and it is that which, more than anything else, lends such sadness to poems like Alastor, Epipsychidion, and Adonais. Though not concrete, Shelley's ideas are yet definite enough to indicate distinct originality of thought, while the weird, uncertain character of his conceptions serves but to enhance their beauty.

It is in Prometheus Unbound that Shelley gives the best and most comprehensive expression of his philosophy of life. Here he sets forth both his political theories and his theories concerning God and the universe. The story of man's development through the ages and of the evolution of society is told. The time had now come, thought Shelley, when the institutions of society had outlived their usefulness and needed to be cast off. Authority, whether secular or ecclesiastical, was in his eyes tyranny. In the following lines he attempts to describe the conditions, as he saw them, then existing:

"The good want power, but to weep barren tears.
The powerful goodness want—worse need for them.
The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom;
And all best things are thus confused to ill.
Many are strong and rich, and would be just,
But live among their suffering fellow-men
As if none felt—they know not what they do."
Truly that is a sad picture, and, unfortunately, there was much of truth in it. But the remedies Shelley proposed were not of such a character as to ameliorate those conditions. His impatience of authority led him to favor the doctrines advanced by the most radical of the French Revolutionists—namely, the suppression of all forms of government, and the substitution therefor of absolute individual liberty. Shelley's theory of liberty is beautiful, but, put in practice, it would result in anarchy.

In his treatment of the spiritual in this poem Shelley's uncertainty of position appears very plainly. The question that he causes Asia to ask—"Who reigns?"—he seems unable to answer himself. It was God, according to Demogorgon, who made the world and all that it contains; and yet there is an evil spirit abroad in the world against whom even God seems powerless. Here we have a sort of dualism, it seems. To Shelley, as to Demogorgon, there was "a voice wanting"—it was the voice of faith. Nevertheless the poet does not despair, for he believed in a Spirit of Universal Love that should some day prevail over all else. He looked forward to a time when absolutism, the curse of his age, should be put down; when man should be—

"Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise."

It was to just such a consummation as this that Burns looked when he wrote—

"When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

In his power of expression Shelley is simply wonderful. He seems always to say a thing in the most beautiful and effective way. In his use of epithets he is peculiarly happy. In this especially may be seen his striking originality. And
yet so appropriate, so natural, are his epithets that we wonder why no one else ever thought of them before. A dozen examples might be cited, but one or two will suffice here. In referring, on one occasion, to a mass of snow as, partially melted by the sun's rays, it breaks loose and rushes down the mountain side, he speaks of it as the "sun-awakened avalanche." How expressive is that adjective! Again, in the *Ode to Liberty*, he speaks of man as "the imperial shape." Could a happier term have been found anywhere than the one here employed? Then, in *Epipsychidion*, he says of Emilia, "Her spirit was the harmony of truth." What a beautiful conception is that—the harmony of truth! And what a tribute to the soul of Emilia!

Shelley is peculiarly a poet of the imagination. Marvelously gifted in this respect himself, he always allowed his imagination free play in writing. To this fact, more than any other, is due his success in handling the most abstract subjects. In his hands even the dry, abstruse speculations of philosophy become interesting. He succeeds in giving color to everything he touched, whatever its nature. This method of treatment, however, does not appeal to all alike. For the practical mind Shelley is rather too mystical to be appreciated; there is in his poetry too much of the vague, of the intangible. The very qualities that lend such beauty and fascination to his poetry cannot be appreciated by any but those possessing a kindred spirit. But to such minds he is indeed irresistible.

In his beautiful imagery Shelley has never been surpassed. Here the poet's fancy seems utterly exhaustless. He piles image upon image in richest profusion, as if borne on by some resistless flood of conceptions divine. There is no thought of effort, or strain upon his imagination; it is all spontaneous, bursting forth from his inspired soul as the spring of water gushes from out the hill-side. Can anything
be more exquisite than the following lines from *Prometheus Unbound*:

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside a helm, conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing."

Of Shelley it can be truly said that he was possessed of that "fine frenzy" which Shakespeare, in his characterization, attributes to the poet.

Even in his descriptions from nature Shelley is in no way restrained by what he actually sees—in fact, his descriptions are not so much the picture of what he sees as they are the creations of his own fancy; yet he is usually true to nature, though viewing natural objects in an entirely different way from Wordsworth. With Shelley they were merely accessories, while with Wordsworth they were frequently the subject of his meditations. But Shelley, after all, has given us such descriptions as Wordsworth could never have penned, for, of the two, he was far richer in conception and more skillful in language.

Finally, it is as a lyric poet that Shelley ranks highest. To this field of poetry he brought something new—namely, the lyrical drama, in its most complete and beautiful form. The lyric note breathes through all his poems, giving added charm to their other qualities. It is this lyric appeal that has revealed best to us the heart of the poet. Whatever may have been wanting in his character, we are made to feel that his spirit yearned for the pure and good. Who can read his ode to the skylark and not be moved? Take such lines as—

"Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine";
"We look before and after
And pine for what is not"

and then the last stanza—

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then— as I am listening now."

Could a common soul have given utterance to such sentiments? It is characteristic of the truly great to realize their imperfections, and hence they ever strive toward a higher ideal. Was this not true of Shelley? He was the victim of his own thoughts, which pursued him "like raging hounds their prey." Yet he yearned with all the intensity of his being for that "peace of God" which is the reward only of a deep and abiding faith.

The rhythm and harmony of Shelley's verse is almost perfect. He must indeed have had a marvelous ear for melody, for the musical flow of his words proclaims a master's touch. That he appreciated its power is shown by the numerous tributes he pays to music. For example:

"Music when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."

In another place he speaks of the "omnipotence of music." Still again he says:

"And music lifted up the listening spirit
Until it walked, exempt from mortal care,
God-like, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound."

The music of his verse does vibrate in the memory. His is not the sort of music that for the time being sets the blood
tingling and stirs one into movement. It is rather that kind which appeals to something deeper in one's being, and which, once heard and appreciated, abides forever.

A Poem.

BY M.

"Sing Goddess! Calliope sing! Sing Muse! Or by what name soever thou may'st choose, Only I pray thee sing, if but one lay, Or love, or war, or both—but sing, I pray."

Thus speak I; and in rapt attention wait What whispered words the goddess will relate; But 'stead of Calliope, in my ear Strange screechings of some imp me seems to hear.

Some imp satyric; such the Latins call
A fawn—though, surely, if it fawn at all, 'Tis an uncanny satire on the fawn— Young buck, that scampers heedless o'er the lawn.

"Call you for Calliope? Call more loud, And louder still, ere Callie's ear is bowed; For there the toothless hag sits in her den; We reach her deafened ears, the prayers of men."

"Long since has Charon ferried over Styx Clio, Euterpe, and the other six; Those nine foredoomed to poesy's abuse, Mnemosyne once bore to thundering Zeus."

"Near three decades of centuries are spent Since, in that town for vintage excellent Far-famed, first Homer wooed the Maiden muse, And of Achilles' wrath did long effuse."
Now at her shrine, like Baal's priests of old,
Do poets carve their hearts and serve them cold,
And cry 'Oh! hear us, Muse! oh! hear, we pray!'
Then, muse or no muse, yet they sing away."

"Cry louder! so I say; perchance, she sleeps,
Or in her croaking dotage, lonely, keeps
Wake o'er the shrouded carcass of dead past,
'Till she shall go to Hades' house at last."

"But, even hadst thou Jove's loud thundering voice,
To wake in her the deadened sense of noise,
And wert to win her will, yet well I wot
When she had sung thou didst wish that she had not."

"But make thy little poem, still, say I.
What Nature has denied let Art supply;
For what's a 'poem,' pray, but what is done?"
And I have done; so may be this is one.

The Hawaiian Adventure of "Donkey" Tremayne.

BY B. D. GAW.

FOUR well-dressed young men sat at a small table by an open window at "The Players," in New York City, half an hour before midnight. On the table stood a box of cigars, several ash-trays, and glasses filled with various liqueurs. The four had evidently dined together, and now sought to enjoy their cigars in the refreshing atmosphere of a cool spring night. Their bon hommie indicated similar and somewhat Bohemian tastes and occupations. One, whose weather-beaten face suggested a long sea voyage, seemed to be an object of solicitous interest to the other three. All New York knew his classic, fearless face, for Onderdonk Tremayne, or, as his associates in Bohemia called him, "Donkey" Tremayne, was the famous war correspondent of
that greatest of New York journals, *The Daily Enterprise*.

Only five years before, *The Enterprise*, backed by enormous capital, had arisen from the ashes of several lesser papers to become an aurora which dimmed the light of all contemporary journalistic luminaries. One of its first adventures was the building of three magnificent steam yachts to cruise in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans, and be present in theatres of international complications. To command these yachts, men were sought who possessed nautical knowledge, high literary ability, youth, courage, daring, and untiring energy. Thus it happened that Lieutenant Tremayne, of the United States Navy, was, by a liberal offer, induced to resign his commission and take command of the steam yacht "Journalist," destined for Pacific waters.

The "Journalist" returned to San Francisco after the Spanish-American War, and Tremayne was now on a flying visit to his paper to confer about a new field of enterprise. His three friends were immeasurably fortunate to get from him a disengaged evening and enjoy his tales of adventure, rarely told. Now, as he lighted his cigar and leaned back in a roomy chair, crossing one ankle upon the other knee, they evidently expected the *piece de resistance* of the evening, but the situation was interrupted by a district messenger, who brought the young correspondent a note from his paper. He tore it open with the abrupt indifference of a man whom nothing could startle, but laid aside his cigar after reading, tossed his dark hair back from his forehead, scribbled a brief answer across the face of the missive, then leaned back again and gazed out abstractedly upon the bright moon, high above the opposite house-tops. His three companions looked at one another in blank amazement, for "Donkey" Tremayne's eyes were filled with tears.

The note and its answer would have told them nothing. "Cresport *pomax*" it read in cipher, and his reply was "Publish."
"What the devil's up, old chap?" asked one, after some moments of total silence.

Tremayne turned to them with regained composure.

"If all three of you will swear to keep your mouths shut until to-morrow morning," he said, "I will tell you an adventure which The Enterprise and I have kept from the public for nearly four years."

"Good! I swear." "And I." "And I," each responded, and three uplifted hands attested their sincerity.

Tremayne laid aside his cigar, sipped his cool creme de menthe, then tapped a call-bell.

"Turn out those infernal lights," he said to the attendant who responded, and then to his companions:

"My adventure had best be told, as much of it occurred, by the light of the moon. Now, Talcott, you are nearest the door; lock it behind that varlet. I can't afford to have the story 'leak' before publication—some parts of it I can never publish.

"You probably know nothing," he then began, when he had resumed his cigar and all had edged their chairs a little closer into the window embrasure, "of a last expiring spasm of the Royalists in Hawaii some years ago, when our warships were temporarily absent from Honolulu for target practice. That little plan to overthrow the Dole Government might have succeeded, for more than half the National Guard was ready to revolt, had I not gotten warning of the plot and hastened in the 'Journalist' to Hilo, to hustle the warships back. When things quieted down after the fiasco, I felt convinced that annexation would take place in the most commonplace manner, and, as war clouds were gathering thickly over eastern Asia, I instructed a subordinate for Hawaii and cleared for Yokohama.

"On the eve of sailing I was induced by my friend Bab-bitt, of Punahou, to delay a day or two and go on a hunting trip. The sport proved wretched, and in forty-eight hours
we were on our way back by the trail around Makapuu Point, the eastern extremity of the island.

"As we rode in, on the afternoon of the second day, across the mesa between the main divide and that bare, high promontory known to mariners as Koko Head, I realized from the cloud effect that there was going to be a magnificent sunset. I therefore announced my intention of leaving the party and ascending Koko Head to watch the setting sun. Of course, I was laughed at and warned that I would have several fords and quicksands to cross after dark, but my mind was made up, and I was soon cantering alone over the bare, desolate mesa toward the sea. As soon as my companions were out of sight I became impressed with the utter loneliness of the trackless waste of country. Great was my surprise, therefore, as I neared the Head, to come upon a trail of fresh hoofprints crossing my route at a sharp angle. This trail I followed until it ended in a vast confusion of tracks, equine and human, close to the precipitous face of the headland. I dismounted to examine the vortex of imprints, and found that they surrounded a few burnt matches and some circular impressions in the earth which might have been made by the base of a lantern. With increasing curiosity I searched the whole neighborhood, and was rewarded by finding the scattered stubs of three theatre tickets. They were marked: April 27, D 19; D 21; D 23.

"This occurred on the 30th of April. I myself had attended the play on the 27th, and had occupied chair E 19. I therefore quickly recalled to mind the occupants of the three seats—three well-known men in Honolulu, believed to have been prime movers in the unsuccessful Royalist plot, but against whom no evidence had been found. In fact, I had just parted from two of them, for they had been members of the hunting party, and were the most solicitous in trying to keep me from visiting Koko Head.

"These three suspected Royalists, then, had ridden twelve
miles from Honolulu, after the theatre, on the night of the
27th, and had visited a desolate headland in the most
uninhabited part of the island, carrying with them a
lantern.

"I resumed my search, but found nothing more. From
the spot where the lantern had apparently been lighted men
and beasts might go in many directions, over rocky ledges and
boulders, without leaving a trail. Finally, I realized that the
sun had gone down, and I felt compelled to hasten back
toward the city. When I arrived on board the 'Journalist',
I had come to the following conclusions: First, there was a
new Royalist conspiracy on foot; second, the conspirators met
at or near Koko Head, and at night; third, I would delay
sailing a few days, visit Koko Head every night, and en-
deavor to watch the game."

Tremayne paused for another sip of liqueur, then resumed:

"On the following evening I borrowed a horse from my
friend Babbitt, who, being an ardent Annexationist, could be
trusted not to disclose my movements, and by 10 o'clock I
was again in the neighborhood of Koko Head. In making a
detour to approach from the eastward I came upon a strange
indentation in the coast—a small bay surrounded by a horse-
shoe ring of hills several hundred feet high, of ragged and
fantastic outlines, like the ruins of a vast Coliseum. Stand-
ing upon this encircling crest of moon-lit hills, and looking
down upon the dark, foam-crested waves as they rolled into
the arena below me, I was impressed with the perfect con-
cealment a vessel would find in that little bay, if engaged
upon any contraband business.

"I tethered my horse in that shadowy amphitheatre and
crossed to Koko Head on foot. Near the spot where I had
discovered the ticket stubs I found concealment behind a
large boulder, and, having with me a flask of 'Maryland
Club,' plenty of cigars, some ship biscuit, and a blanket, I
felt prepared to keep my lonely vigil in comparative comfort."
The only drawback was that I dared not smoke, for fear it betray my presence.

"I had scarcely been five minutes seated in my erie perch, contemplating the vast, ghost-like panorama of hills and shadowy valleys, of rock-bound coast and breaking surf, of placid ocean and cloud-belted horizon, when a most savory odor became apparent around me. I diagnosed it as the aroma of a chafing-dish stew. Nothing could have been more unexpected, more mysterious. I was prepared for almost any strange thing, but that Royalist conspirators should be cooking a Welsh rarebit, or a lobster a la Newburg, on Koko Head, was entirely beyond credence. I searched in vain for the source of the odor. A light southerly wind was blowing, which made me suspect that a boat might be near, but in the bright moonlight I was able to assure myself that such was not the case. Neither was it possible for any one to be cooking on a chafing-dish amid the chaotic silting of boulders on the precipitous face of the cliff. When I moved landward in my search the odor was quickly lost, and before long it became indistinguishable, even at the spot where first noticed.

"That little, inexplicable incident was the only one during the night, but it was sufficient to bring me back to the same spot on the following evening, and at about the same time. The atmospheric conditions were practically unchanged, but no savory odors reached my nostrils; so that, after nearly two hours of anticipation, I grew disappointed, disgusted, and drowsy.

"All at once I was startled from a doze, probably of brief duration, by faint strains of sweet, plaintive music. They seemed to come from no particular direction, but to hang in the air about me. As my senses grew more alert, I recognised 'Ainahau,' a well-known Hawaiian air, sung by a rich, true feminine voice, to the accompaniment of some sweet-tuned instrument. I sat for a time entranced by the sweet-
ness of the melody, and a little awe-struck by its mysterious presence. Then I arose stealthily and trod softly about, trying to follow the direction from which the sounds came, but they only grew fainter until lost, no matter in what direction I moved from my place of concealment. Utterly bewildered, I sat down again, and strove to think out some rational explanation of the phenomenon. The words were Hawaiian, and the song was a favorite among the Royalists, having been composed by Kapiolani, and being descriptive of their beautiful suburban home. The voice sounded very young and fresh, yet inexpressibly sad. By the time the song was ended I had concluded that the singer was a young Hawaiian maiden, and a most fervent Royalist.

"Scarcely had I begun to picture a dusky beauty concealed in some neighboring rocky crevice, when again the entrancing voice reached my ears, singing in purest Italian an aria from 'Lucia.' I can only describe my sensation as one of awful amazement. A cold chill ran through me, and I gazed upward, almost expecting to see some glorious, diaphanous creature floating in the air above; but nothing was there save the woolly trade clouds drifting across the face of the moon. Again I searched, and searched in vain. Nowhere was the music more distinct than at my hiding-place, yet even there, although so clear, it seemed a long way off, and at last it once more died away.

"My first theory was almost totally destroyed. Few Hawaiian voices could be so highly cultivated, neither could a Hawaiian, native bred, have such a pure Italian accent.

"As I speculated afresh the voice once more reached me, and soon I recognized Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn:

'Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.'
Involuntarily, I took off my hat and remained with bowed head until the hymn was finished. It was not alone sung, but prayed, with a pathos and earnestness I have never heard before or since. Was some lost spirit wandering in that wilderness around me? Had I drifted for a brief time beyond the confines of the material world? Might not the place be haunted by the soul of some beautiful young creature, once sacrificed there in the days of the ferocious predecessors of the Kamehamehas? I might have given way to some such belief but for the chafing-dish odors of the night before. I could not bring myself to believe that disembodied spirits required the nourishment of stews.

I was too excited to doze that night, yet, when the gray light of dawn warned me to return, nothing more had happened, and, although my head ached from thinking, I was farther than ever from a solution of the mystery.

Again Tremayne sipped his mint, then remained for some moments in reverie before resuming:

My anticipation was running high when, for the third time, I galloped along the lonely road to Koko Head. The weather was more unsettled than on the previous nights, and I alternately dashed through belts of gleaming moonlight and dark drifts of misty drizzle.

My rocky lair afforded so little shelter from the dampness that discomfort soon dulled the excitement of anticipation, and, as hour after hour seemingly passed away without incident, I grew weary, and finally fell into a troubled but heavy slumber.

Presently a faint, luminous glow seemed to steal in upon my unconscious sight, growing brighter and brighter until it culminated in wakefulness, and I found myself gazing, chilled, and fearful, upon a wonderful vision. Immediately over the cliff there seemed to hang a glowing white veil of mist, spanned by a brilliantly luminous arch of faintly iridescent colors. Standing under this glorious arch, in vivid relief
against the white background of mist, and plainly outlined in the moonlight from behind, was a slender girl, with arms uplifted as if in invocation. She wore an unbelted gown of some dark fabric, cut away about the shoulders, and with loose, flowing sleeves. Her long, black hair rippled down far below her waist and threw off glossy reflections of moonlight as its tresses were lifted by the breeze. She was facing from me, but I could see by the light brown color of her arms, from which the loose sleeves fell back, that she was Hawaiian. I also noted on the fingers of the small, up-spread hands the glitter of costly jewels, and around the dark throat a multiple circlet of pearls.

"I had scarcely caught the impression of that graceful pose when the little hands were clasped together and dropped, and the head bowed down. Then the vision was blotted out by a great drift of fog, which crowded ruthlessly about me and hung impenetrable for long, dragging minutes. When it lifted the cliff stood out bare against a background of dark sea, star-spangled sky, and cloud-cumbered horizon.

"I arose and stamped and shook myself, waving my arms to and fro, to make sure that I was not in a dream. I searched the cliff side for many paces in all directions, but found no trace of the mysterious creature. Then I returned and sat down to do a bit of very sober thinking. Was my mind unbalanced? Were these strange incidents merely hallucinations?

"Finally, I decided that loss of sleep might be producing vagaries of the mind. I had been up three nights from dark till dawn, and had rested little during the days, so I reluctantly, but resolutely, left the spot, sought my horse, and returned to town, determined to give myself a good night's rest before resuming my watch."

Tremayne shifted to an easier attitude, gently detached a column of ashes from his cigar, then continued:

"I might have spared myself the effort of determining to
omit a night in my vigil, for a violent storm arose next day. Rain poured down in torrents, lightning rent the heavens, thunder jarred the earth, and wind crashed about in frightful gusts, which threatened to tear the 'Journalist' from her moorings. Toward evening of the second day the rain ceased, and, although clouds hung heavily in the heavens and lightning flared about the horizon with an ominous accompaniment of distant thunder, my impatience could be curbed no longer, so, clad in an oiled coat, a 'so'wester,' and sea boots, I urged Babbitt's horse over a water-soaked road, through inky darkness, and once more stood upon Koko Head. The wild roar of the breakers, the shriek and lull of the wind, the vivid glare of the lightning, and constant rumble and jar of thunder made up a scene which alone was worth the journey. I stood upon my feet a long time, leaning against the ledge of rock which concealed me from landward, loath to sit down upon the rain-soaked earth. Suddenly a streak of lightning seemed to split the air almost in my face, accompanied instantly by a rending crash of thunder which nearly stunned me. Then, with horror, I felt the earth beneath me sinking. I wildly clutched at the rock, but too late. From the blinding flash I seemed to pass into a fathomless pit of darkness, with cold, heavy earth crowding and crushing upon me, until I struck heavily upon a rocky floor, pinioned, bruised, and suffocating. With a supreme effort I straightened up, and as the debris fell away from my head and shoulders I saw, by a dim light from an unseen source, that I was in an underground grotto, which opened at some distance upon a seemingly larger cavern, in which appeared to be the source of light. I dragged myself free from the encumbering earth, forgetting my bruises in my astonishment, and crawled cautiously toward the larger cavern. There I paused to gaze upon a scene which will remain one of the most vivid in my memory as long as I live. A rugged, spacious cave was revealed beyond the grotto's ragged arch,
lighted by a group of curious-looking lamps. A broad, low couch, such as were formerly used by Hawaiian chiefs, covered with grass matting, stood against the rocky wall opposite me. A table and some low chairs under the lamps also caught my eye, but other details were not for the moment noted, for the central figures in this strange scene riveted my attention—a graceful girl kneeling beside the couch, with outstretched arms and head bowed in prayer, and a comely young Hawaiian woman, clad briefly in a single garment, standing near, and wringing her hands in terror.

"Believing that they were terrified by the raging storm above, I threw off my 'so'wester' and strode forward, forgetting my uncouth appearance in earth-cumbered oilskin coat and heavy boots. Instantly the Hawaiian woman gave a piercing scream, and fled into the gloom of a distant part of the cavern. The kneeling girl started up and turned toward me with an inaudible gasp, pressing her left hand to her heart and clinching her right, as if for self-control. Then she stood at gaze in an attitude of regal grace, which only Hawaiian women can unconsciously assume. A *holoku* of soft white material hung from her shoulders to her feet and curved around the latter in a long lace-bordered train. Her pearl-circled neck was bare. Her wavy black hair covered her ears, and was gathered into one long braid down her back, while around her head rested, halo-like, a *lei* of yellow *oo* feathers. Like a Greek goddess in her temple she stood, her beautiful face turned toward me in haughty yet fearful inquiry.

"It was the Princess Komohana.

"Presently my wits returned to me, and I spoke.

"'I earnestly beg your pardon, Princess,' for my intrusion.

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*Hawaiian garment resembling a "Mother Hubbard."
†Wreath.
‡Hawaiian bird.
‡‡A compromise mode of address adopted when Hawaii became a republic.
The earth caved in where I was standing, and I fell into that
grotto."

"As I spoke the expression of fear left her face. We had
frequently met in Honolulu society, and she recognized me.
"'You are Mr. Tremayne,' she said, half assertively, half
questioningly.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'Why are you out here?' she asked.

"'I was guided by a newspaper man's instinct.'

"'You did not know that I was here?'

"'Upon my word, no. I believed you to be under surveillance in your home.'

"After a pause she resumed:

"'I presume you will publish your discovery in the morn-
ing, and return me to my jailers?'

"'I am not so sure that it is my duty to do so. But why
are you in hiding? No charge is to be preferred against you,
and you will be wholly free as soon as annexation is accom-
plished.'

"Looking at me with an expression of unutterable scorn,
she answered:

"'Do you suppose I am cowardly seeking personal safety? I
care nothing for that. I want to bury myself in some un-
known part of the world, where I need not endure the bitter
mortification of seeing your generous country mouthe over
our little kingdom, like a snarling dog over a bone which he
does not want, but is too greedy to leave alone! I want to
go where new and unfamiliar scenes will keep me from
brooding over the grievous injustice done to my people and
to me!'

"'Where do you expect to find such diversion, such obli-
vion, Princess?' I asked, after a pause.

"'Will you not be content to return me to humiliation
without prying into my poor, miscarried 'plans! ' she replied,
bitterly.
"'Princess Komohana,' I protested, 'newspaper men are as often men of honor as other men, and they are better trained in keeping secrets. I do not see that your departure from Honolulu can, in any way, affect the political affairs of Hawaii. Believing that God hears my oath, I swear to you that I shall not divulge what I have this night discovered, nor in any way interfere with your further efforts.'

"I had taken a few steps toward her, with uplifted hand and head bent forward, to look earnestly into her eyes. She must have noticed that I limped painfully in doing so, for, with a sudden expression of sympathy, she took my hand as I dropped it to my side, and led me to the broad, low couch, saying:

"'Forgive me! I am unjust and inhospitable. You have been hurt by your fall. Sit here and rest. I will trust you and tell you my plans.'

"She drew one of the low chairs nearer to me and sat down.

"'It was very simple,' she said, with a sigh. 'A little schooner was to have put into the bay near by and taken me away at night. I was going to Tahiti, to take a steamer from there to Australia.'

"'Why do you say was?' I asked.

"'Because the schooner was wrecked in last night's storm.'

"She then spoke to the cowering maid in Hawaiian, and in a few moments the latter brought a curious urn in a charcoal brazier.

"'I am going to make you a cup of tea,' the Princess said, with a sad smile. 'It is the only cheer I have to offer.'

"I watched in silence. Small talk would have been out of keeping with the weird surroundings. The earth still jarred at times to the rumbling thunder. I noted the traces of acute suffering in the dark, beautiful face bending over the urn, and my heart was filled with pity.

"'Does the loss of the schooner spoil your plans, Princess?' I asked, as I sipped my tea.
"'Alas! yes—utterly!'

'Tears filled her eyes. She tried to repress them, then buried her face upon her arms and sobbed. I stepped forward and laid my hand upon her shoulder.

'Princess,' I said gently, 'may I help you?'

'You,' she cried, starting up. Then, stretching her arms toward me, 'O, can you—will you?'

'We must have made a tableau, standing there—she like a Grecian goddess, I like a sea-coast smuggler.

'I can and I will,' I replied. 'I am about to sail on the "Journalist" for Japan. I can go to sea in the morning, put back into your little bay to-morrow night, take you on board, and leave again without discovery. Will you go?'

'O, willingly! Gladly! May I take Nuinui?'

'You may take whomever and whatever you wish.'

'A few simple details were arranged, then Nuinui conducted me to an exit toward the sea, closely masked by large boulders, and up a steep path to the top of the cliff. Next morning the 'Journalist' put to sea and disappeared below Honolulu's horizon.'

Tremayne refilled his glass with liqueur, and drank it off at a single swallow; then again took up the story:

'I put back into the little bay next night, and took the Princess and her maid on board and got to sea without detection.

'The next two weeks were the most ideal, unreal, dream-like, I have ever spent in my life. The weather was perfect; the sea remarkably smooth. Princess Komohana occupied the guest's apartments, and took her meals alone, served by Nuinui. I messed in my own cabin. She never suggested that I should join her at her meals. More remarkable still, she never appeared on deck in the day-time. Early in the first evening out, however, when I came up from dinner with my cigar, she sent Nuinui to ask me aft to take coffee with her on deck. After coffee, we had a long promenade together
and a pleasant, impersonal chat. That inaugurated our daily, or rather nightly, routine—first, an hour lounging in steamer chairs near the taffrail, sipping coffee and looking up into the star-lit heavens as we talked; then a brisk walk, arm in arm, if the yacht was at all unsteady, and, finally, a loitering here and there in some quiet deck corner, until we parted for the night. This last grew longer and longer as the days sped by, until we seldom parted before the small hours of the morning. Little by little our conversation became more of ourselves—our lives, ambitions, hopes, and disappointments. At times she was bright and gay, but more often so deeply melancholy that I feared she might even contemplate suicide."

Tremayne turned his head window-ward and gazed up into the moon-lit sky so long in silence that Talcott impatiently broke it.

"Come back, 'Donkey.' You are not aboard that yacht now, listening to a siren's voice."

"Alas, no!" he replied, with a sigh. "Well—let me see—what is a fellow bound to do when he spends two weeks on a placid sea, with a beautiful woman for his sole companion; who listens nightly, under star-lit heavens, to her entrancing voice, until, little by little, her deepest thoughts are exchanged with his? Even if I had not been too cosmopolitan to feel a prejudice against the dark tinting of oceanic blood, the circumstances were fatally sure to make me think myself desperately in love with that princess of Polynesia.

"Early in the cruise we had arranged the details of her landing in Japan. We had been discussing these details anew the next night but one before our arrival, and had then fallen into a strangely oppressive silence as we stood together in the darkness on deck, when suddenly, by irresistible impulse, I exclaimed: 'Princess, why need we part? Let us cruise always together.' Let us—' But here she left me with
a cry as though in sudden pain, and rushed to her cabin, appearing no more that night.

"Next evening she failed to come on deck. I waited an hour beyond the usual time, in desperate impatience, then tip-toed lightly to her cabin sky-light and looked down. She sat at a table just beneath me, her head and shoulders prostrate across it, her arms outstretched and hands clasped. On the table were writing materials and a letter addressed so plainly, in her bold, clear hand, that I could read my own name upon the envelope.

"With impulsive determination I went down the companionway and stood in her cabin. She started up and took a few steps backward, with one hand outstretched as if to ward me off. Her face was tear-stained and full of suffering.

"'Why have you come here?' she said, with forbidding reproach.

"'To finish what I was asking last night,' I said gently, but with a determination which I hoped admitted of no further protest. I caught her outstretched hand in both of mine, and strove to hold it until it rested submissively, but she tore herself away and rushed to a far corner of the cabin, cowering down, and covering her face with her hands.

"I started toward her. She rushed forward with outspread palms, as if to push me from the cabin.

"'Leave me!' she cried. 'You don't know what I am! See! See!!'

"She thrust her head under the glare of the lamp, pushing back her hair from her ears, then spreading out her hands upon the table in the light. I staggered up the ladder and fell prostrate across the companion hatch.

"The Princess Komohana was a leper, and I had helped her to escape."
To a Pansy.

BY J. COWARDIN QUARLES.

No pompous bloom is thine,
O pansy fair!
Yet in thy petals power divine
Doth brightly shine.
How wondrous rare
The velvet softness of thy cheek!
Let me, O flower, ever seek—
Be it my earthly duty
To bow before the floral shrine
Of modest beauty.

A Fancy.

BY A. D. D.

O, show me the isle where the soul grieves not,
Where the spirit knows no sigh,
Where the hungry passions are forgot,
Where painful mem'ries die.

O, show me the isle where the soul grows bright,
Where the songs of the spirit rise,
Where each desire is a sweet delight,
Each song a song of praise.

For my soul is weary now and sad,
With life's grim problems prest,
And I fain would find some peaceful shade
Where the weary soul can rest.

Then show me the isle where the soul grieves not,
Where the spirit knows no sigh;
On its friendly shores I will cast my lot,
And rejoice while the years roll by.
There is no real science which has not suffered greatly from false conceptions, false teachers, and ignorance of its true significance. Elocution is no exception. Possibly no real art has suffered more than has this, which, in itself, approaches the divine, yet has often been dragged to the lowest depths.

A genuine course of elocution will develop the individual who submits himself to it physically, mentally, and emotionally. It enriches the voice, gives true expression to thought and feeling, and renders the body obedient and responsive to the soul or higher self. It gives a readiness in the use of every faculty with which human nature is endowed. In its broader and more comprehensive sweep, it means the full control of the will, the emotions, the mental faculties, and the muscular instrumentalities through which these express themselves. Elocution considers, then, in its true sense, all sides of this complex being which is called man. It lays especial stress upon soul control of the body. It aims to view the soul or higher self as the real man and the body as his servant, under perfect control in all its parts and duties. Surely these acquirements will increase one's power and influence among his fellows. Then for the individual who has thus attained there is a blessedness of self-control—a joy unknown to him who has had no such experience.
This need is not only great, but varied. In the pulpit, at the bar, on the hustings, in the school, on the rostrum, and in the home, is found to-day ample room for true training along this line. It may not have been recognized as science, but, just as surely as that we have drifted away from the practice, the constant drill of the old-time teacher and the old-time parent in gentleness of manner, of voice, and grace of bodily motion, was in some measure a substitute for that which elocution aims to give to him who submits to its training. Awkwardness is ever repulsive. The bodily grace of the past was not an inheritance so much as it was the result of systematic training. Mental training and intellectual culture do not impart it. How often has an audience lost a noble thought beautifully expressed, so far as language was concerned, because of an uncouth gesture accompanying it or a harsh voice rudely giving it forth. Ministers in the pulpit lose force because they too often violate every rule of grace, and find that verily “bodily exercise profiteth nothing.” The graceless action, the muffled tones, the rasping voice, the indistinctness of expression make even the lovely story of the Gospel of no effect. The reading of the Scriptures in many churches is a trial to most people. It is done as a task, to be hurried through with, and both minister and audience seem relieved when it is over. This is true of many otherwise great and good men. Surely this which is a divine revelation needs to be so set forth that men not only may hear, but must hear. What is here said of the pulpit can also be said of much of our public speaking elsewhere.

Coming to the home and society, the field broadens. Many a homely face has been the most attractive because of its mobile features and its fulness of expression. The human voice is the most wonderful instrument of all God’s creation. It is capable of almost indefinite use and development. Man needs to study, to awaken to its complex use, to learn to play upon this matchless harp which is placed in his hands.
No master artist can ever hope to reach the perfection found in the human body. It seems the divine ideal of perfection. Yet possibly nothing else is so woefully abused. True elocution ends not with public speaking or reading, but seeks farther, and aims to take these wonderful gifts of the Creator and show us how to use them and enjoy them. The need for the training is as broad as the land. Wherever there is an awkward boy or a girl with graceless attitudes, a sharp and rasping voice, a nasal tone, a foolish gesture, or an uncouth position, there is work for this art. Wherever there is a failure to interpret the real meaning of a master's message to the world, through a poem or a passage or a book, the true elocutionist has a place as teacher and guide.

There are certain hindrances to true elocution. Prominent among these are the false ideas concerning it. A common notion among people is that the ultimate end of all elocutionary training is the stage. No greater mistake could be made. If one wished to adopt the stage as his life's work he would be admirably fitted for it by the study of elocution. But there is no field of work, from the highest to the lowest, wherein one would not be better fitted for his duties by a study of this beautiful art. Many others have been deceived by that which has been called elocution. An example will better illustrate what is meant. A college faculty and its president is approached by one who calls himself a teacher of elocution. The doors are thrown open to him, and he "gets up" a class, "drills" the young men in some "pieces," and there the matter ends. To many intelligent leaders such work, useful and harmful to the last degree to all true art, is elocution. With no more knowledge than is gained by such experience, is it any wonder that some of our strongest and best men fight shy of everything called elocution? In many of our Southern colleges it is customary to hold elocutionary contests annually. The students are not required to give the subject any thought until the time is at hand. Then they
make selections, practice them (perhaps breaking every law pertaining to the subject), finally get an audience together, and the one who happens to please that audience better than the others wins a gold medal. Forth he goes into the world, a medallist from a school of high grade, as an orator par excellence. Of elocution as an art he knows absolutely nothing. He has not studied the subject, and can know nothing of its philosophy and its meaning. The false is ever found close by the true, but it must not be classed with it, neither must the one be identified as the other. The demand for public exhibitions before the pupil is ready for them is another great hindrance, and detracts from the true purpose of the training. One of the very first principles of such a course of study is that the laws of nature must be obeyed. Hardly anywhere else would immaturity be tolerated, but here it is demanded. No one would expect a student, in his first term in geometry, to calculate the time of the coming of an eclipse; but how often has the honest purpose of an enthusiastic teacher been defeated by the clamor of some patron that his child, before its first immature steps are corrected, shall undertake the interpretation of some masterpiece? How often is the true teacher approached by sensible people who want their defects corrected, their voice toned, their awkwardness and lack of grace removed, and all that done in a lesson or two. Sometimes we are asked, in all seriousness, by excellent people, for some "points" which are supposed to be needed. How often is the real pioneer met by those who have had a three-months' "course" and are now full-fledged teachers of the art. This shows the rugged path through which the true teacher must pass before he reaches his goal. It has ever been thus with all pioneers in all fields. The plea for it lies in the need we have for it as a people and the power there is in it as an art. Whatever is best must be ours too. The cost must not be considered, but only the end to be attained. The new
awakening in our section along all commercial lines will demand—nay, is now demanding—that the choicest gifts shall also come to us of all other lines of development and growth. Our mental awakening is surely to be followed by our æsthetic awakening, and thus will art and commerce be once more in our midst, hand-maids to guide us as in the days of old. In this era elocution as an art should have its true place—nay, will have its true place. The false must be weeded out, and the true set up. As Æsthetics finds the laws of the Beautiful and bids her patrons follow them, so Elocution finds the laws of soul-control of the full man and bids us follow them unto a beautiful and glorious consummation. It goes farther, and finds also the laws of interpretation, and, seizing upon these, makes of us interpreters of the thoughts and emotions of master souls in their messages to the world. Of course this involves the moral as well as the intellectual and physical man. No man can have full control of himself and not be a better man in every sense. So, whether one looks at the subject from the standpoint of self, or others, this beautiful art appeals strongly to him, and asks to help him to attain to a completer and nobler manhood, physical, mental, and moral.

RESIGNATION OF EDITOR.

It is with sincere regret that we announce our resignation as Editor-in-Chief of The Messenger.

The editorship of The Messenger has been a source of great helpfulness and pleasure to us, and it is only because of a necessarily heavy College ticket, which makes it impracticable for us to continue the work, that we offer our resignation with this issue of the magazine.

We take pleasure in embracing this opportunity to thank our co-laborers for the valuable assistance rendered us in the conduct of the magazine, and to extend to our successor our sincere wishes for a successful career.
Alumni Department.

To the Class of '03.

Of vessels twain that fast at anchor lay
For many a day in goodly company,
One sails, at length, to cross the trackless sea,
And leaves its erstwhile comrade lone. But they
Who stay, with wishes fair upon the way
Their parting friends pursue. The sail spreads free
To fav'ring winds. From danger guarded be
Their voyage, till, on some far-distant day,

In harbor safe they rest.

O comrades true,
You from out this pleasant port have sailed
To travel seas unknown. Fair unto you
Be all the days of life; no adverse gale
Your course beset, until, the voyage past,
You reach the eternal haven, safe at last.

—'04.

Alumni Notes.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the way of "Alumni Notes" would be to know what has become of the class of 1903. Its members have been scattered to various parts of Virginia; some are in other States, and there are also representatives on another continent.

P. W. James, B. A., is in business.

G. W. Bowles is in Ontario, Canada.

E. P. Buxton, B. A., is in business in Richmond.

Schomberg, B. L., is plying his profession in this city.

Miss Mary Harris, B. A., is at her home, in Culpeper.

Rev. S. L. Morgan is now pastor at Fairmont, W. Va.
R. Holman Willis, B. L., will take the academic course here.

W. P. Powell, B. A., is to enter the Southern Seminary at Louisville.

Robert Gilliam, B. L., is practicing his profession in Petersburg, Va.

John W. Kincheloe, B. A., is pastor of the Baptist Church at Crewe, Va.

W. H. Sublett, B. A., we understand, will return for the M. A. degree.

Duncan Drysdale, B. L., is building a good practice at Rustburg, Va.

C. A. Jenkens, B. A. ’02, has returned to College for the M. A. degree.

J. H. Rowe, B. A., will enter the Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

C. H. Dunaway, B. A. ’02, is principal of the Sidney High School, this city.

W. P. Clarke and G. W. Fogg, B. A.’s, have returned for the M. A. degree.

W. T. Tyler, B. L., will enter the academic department of Richmond College.

Dr. J. D. Frazer is now located at Singer’s Glen, Rockingham county, Va.

William Thalhimer, B. S., has entered Johns Hopkins University to study medicine.

Abner S. Pope is making a specialty of Mathematics and Physics at Cornell University.

Mr. Percy Massie, student of ’99, was awarded the B. L. degree at Dennison University, Ohio.
Mr. Jacob Billikopf returns this month to Chicago University, where he will pursue his studies.

Julian D. Jones, B. S., is studying electrical engineering at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Messrs. W. A. Wallace and R. L. Hudgens have returned to the University College of Medicine, this city.

C. C. Pearson, B. A. '00, has returned to his position as Professor of Latin in the Richmond High School.

Rev. S. M. Sowell, M. A. '99, has recently sailed to South America, where he will enter upon the mission work.

L. M. Ritter, B. A. '03, will enter the Seminary at Louisville. Mr. Ritter was ordained during the past summer.

Mr. William H. Harrison, M. A. '89, was, a short time ago, elected to the presidency of Bethel College, Kentucky.

Rev. Walter McS. Buchanan, M. A. '91, who is a missionary in the Southern Presbyterian Church to Japan, is in the city, visiting relatives.

The following members of the B. L. class are practicing law at their native places: James Daniel, Southerland, Isador Shapiro, Marke Loyd, Hankins, and Nelson.

Rev. J. J. Taylor, M. A. '80, formerly pastor of the Freemason-Street Baptist Church in Norfolk, has been recently elected to the presidency of Georgetown College, Kentucky.

Rev. T. Ryland Sanford, a student of last session, married Miss Taylor, of Chesterfield, June 17, 1903. They make their home in Buckingham county, where Mr. Sanford is pastor of one of the leading churches.

T. T. Belote, M. A. '03, and W. Goodwin Williams, M. A. '02, are students at the University of Berlin. Mr. Belote is making History his special, and Mr. Williams is studying International Law. Both are doing well.
The following will teach: Miss Bertha Williams, B. A., at the Chase City Academy; Miss E. W. Williams, B. A., occupying the Chair of English in the Virginia Institute, Bristol, Va.; J. Edward Oliver, B. A., as principal in the High School of Houston, Va.; Lewis W. L. Jennings, B. A., at Fork Union Academy.

Rev. J. W. T. McNeil closed his work at Maryland Avenue. He spoke at the Conference in high praise of the church. During the year eighty-two members have been added, the church has freed itself entirely of debt, and peace, harmony, union, and consecration characterize its members. Membership is now 145. Mr. McNeil goes this month to Chicago University to renew his studies.

Special mention is due at this time to Professor A. O. Harlowe, known to many Virginians. He concluded in June several years of successful work as teacher of Greek and Literature in Broaddus Institute. He leaves Broaddus and West Virginia for the more responsible and enviable position of principal of Andersonville Institute, Andersonville, Tenn. He leaves behind him a good record as a teacher. But, better still for Harlowe, he carries off one of the most charming and accomplished of the Broaddus graduates of last session. He married her the very next day after her graduation.

Prof. C. C. Crittenden.

While Richmond College has had great cause for rejoicing because of the many gains along her various lines of achievement, she has also had causes for sorrow in the last year in the losses which she has sustained. Among these losses none has been greater than that realized in the death of Prof. C. C. Crittenden, of Wake Forest College.

Professor Crittenden, son of Dr. H. H. Crittenden, was
born in Chesterfield county, Va., August 7, 1872. He was prepared for college in the primary schools of his district, and entered Richmond College in 1890, graduating with high honors, as Master of Arts, three years later.

After teaching awhile, young Crittenden entered Johns Hopkins University. On leaving the University he took up again the work of teaching, and, after filling several responsible positions, was elected to the Chair of Pedagogy in Wake Forest College, North Carolina. This position he filled with distinction, reflecting credit upon himself and honor upon the institution which had called him into service. Soon after accepting this position Professor Crittenden married the daughter of Dr. Taylor, President of Wake Forest College. His sudden death brought not only a great shock to his many friends, but left a young wife and baby son to mourn a fearful loss.

Professor Crittenden’s life was one of singular sweetness and honor. He was a Christian worker from early boyhood, and in him the Lord’s work found a staunch supporter. Only too soon does it seem, was this useful life brought to a close; but, when considered in relation to the effect upon other lives, and what it contributed to their success and happiness, there is but one opinion to be rendered—God, who gave the life, recognized its completeness. Parents and loved ones have sustained a loss; our denomination and the Southern educational movement have sustained a loss; Wake Forest College, whose interests were being strengthened under the influence of this young mind and heart, has sustained a loss; but nowhere does the blow strike heavier than at the heart of Richmond College—that heart which throbs in the breast of each of her loyal sons.

—J. W. Kincheloe.
The College session of 1903-1904 is upon us. With the return of the men and the preparation for a year of hard work in the resuming of our prescribed studies, there comes a subject which will distract our attention to an extent which will disgust our tutors with their profession and convince our fathers of the absolute worthlessness of their sons.

This subject is foot-ball. What a subject it is!

How dear it is to the heart of every student of Richmond College, particularly so this year, in which we hope and have every reason to believe we shall have the finest team in the field in the history of the College.

Every student should come back enthused to the extent that we all were when we had captured the cup for 1902, prepared and wishing to support the team by their presence at every match game, and even at the practice games. We can't have too much enthusiasm. The team, as a whole and individually, cannot be given too much personal support and interest.

If to every student who takes up his abode at Richmond College this session the campus and the College buildings were to appear in the form of the spheroid; if for the first three months in the session, as we shall sit in our class-rooms, exciting every power to seem interested and attentive, the reverend heads of our able and honored professors should assume for our eyes the shape of the inflated oval—even then our enthusiasm should not be more than we wish, nor more than is essential to an eminently successful team.

The personnel of the team of 1903 is, of course, unknown as yet; nevertheless we do know how many of the old men have returned. However, to you "scrubs" of last year, who contributed so largely to the success of the team, and to you men who are in College for the first year, do not think for an
instant that, because the majority of the old players will be back, you will not be given every opportunity and encouragement to show your ability, and if you should prove yourself the superior of the "old man" you will certainly succeed him.

To return to the old men whom we have back.

Webster, who has played centre for the past two years, comes, we understand, with the desire of being transferred to tackle; but we hope to persuade him that he is too much an essential part of the machine where he is to be moved.

The guards, Powell and Anderton, both good and strong men, will again apply for their old positions.

At the tackles Hudgins will of course resume his excellent work on the left side of the line, but on the right side we do not know at present of even an applicant, unless Rowe should decide to return for his Master's degree.

On the ends we shall sorely miss Gilliam on the right, but we may console ourselves with the fact that Frazer will be found hovering around the left wing.

Behind the line great things are to be expected of Toombs at quarter.

At the left half L. Spilman, whose beautiful end runs were features of all the games last year, may be sure that his position awaits him.

Lankford, who at right half-back has been the star of the team for the three years he has been in College, is with us again, and will continue his efficient work.

A word to the second team—men whose work last year gave us reason to expect greater things of them this year. A position on the College team cannot be had for the asking, but must be won, and that by hard and persistent work, such work as a man can do only when he is taking the utmost care of his physical condition.

Do not think that, because you are a "scrub," it is not necessary for you to train, for, if you are ambitious for foot.
The very fact that you are a "scrub" is the greatest reason why you should train. How can you expect to cope successfully with a first-team man if your powers of endurance are inferior to his?

Another thing: Show by your appearance on the field promptly at the time appointed, by your willingness, and in other ways too numerous and obvious to require mention, that you are in earnest.

This last is just as applicable to the men who shall compose the College team. Do not have to be driven to do your work, nor consult only your own pleasure in regard to the time that you make your appearance on the field, all because of a conceited notion that no other man is capable of filling your position.

The regular hard-working man is much more desirable, and certainly infinitely more deserving, than the blase star—really capable of superior work, but doing it only when it suits his own imperial humor.

Our coach, as is generally known, is Mr. Fred C. Vail, of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Vail comes to us highly recommended by those at the head of athletics at Pennsylvania, and by those whom he has formerly served in the capacity of coach.

He is a man with a reputation as a teacher of foot-ball, accustomed to the implicit obedience of his commands and the strictest attention to his instructions, and only by this cooperation on our part can we expect him to accomplish the best results.

—H. M. Smith, Jr.

College Songs and Yells.

GOOD OLD FOOT-BALL TIME.

[To the tune of "The Good Old Summer Time."]

There's a time in each year that Richmond holds dear,
Playing Hampden-Sidney—
When the game is over, and we are in clover;
Hampden-Sidney's down;
When their team is leaving, and they grieving,
    R. C. V.,
They are goose-egged; oh! how they begged,
In the good old foot-ball time.

In the good old foot-ball time,
In the good old foot-ball time,
Playing Hampden-Sidney right through the line.
They make seven and we make 'leven,
And that's a mighty good sign
That we will win the championship
In the good old foot-ball time.

HOLD THAT "PIG-SKIN."
[To the tune of "Under the Bamboo Tree."]
If we play-a ball like we did last fall,
And we can do it—a-just the same,
We can-a say, this very day,
We will-a win the ga-a-me.
Then plow through their lines, and a-strike 'round their ends,
An-a hold them sure for down;
They can't play ball—they showed that last fall,
Out on the foot-ball ground.

LONG YELL.
Rah-rah-rah, three times three,
Richmond College, R. C. V.
Rip-rah, rip-rah, re-re-re,
Huzza, zip-boom, R. C. V.
    Rah!

SHORT YELL.
Hulla-baluck—Kowack! Kowack!
Hulla-baluck—Kowack! Kowack!
Woa-up, woa-up, diablu Richmond.
"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers—"

If the poet had been around College the first few days of
the session he would have had to pull down his dic-
tionary and hunt around for a few more adjectives. There
were never so many "rats" in the history of the College,
and their freshness is fully up to par.

Among other treasures, Dr. Foushee brought back with
him from Europe a fine Van Dyke beard and a most
glorious pair of "Kaiser Wilhelms." Quite naturally, these
have made no small change in the smiling countenance of the
Latin Professor, and when he arrived the other day the first
man to meet him was our friend Spilly. Now Spilly, as all
the world knows, has taken the Junior and flunked it, and
the Intermediate and flunked it, and the Senior and flunked
it. Perhaps he was meditating of these, and other losses,
when the tall figure of the Professor entered the door. There
was something familiar in the appearance of the gentleman,
but it was only after he had spoken that Spilly recognized
him. "Why, Professor," he gasped out; "I hardly knew
you." "Never mind, Mr. Spilman," said the genial Doctor;
"if you take my Senior class again this session I will make
you know me." Exit Spilly.

The following memorial was received by us, with the
modest request that we give it a page of our issue. The con-
tribution was unsigned, and would have been consigned, with
all other nameless treasures, to the waste-basket, had not there
been something about the paper that reminded us of our friend
Sugar-Cane Wright. It looked like Sugar, it sounded like
him, and so we are persuaded that he is the author of the fol-
following lines, which we give without further comment to our appreciative readers:

Sacred to
The Memory
of
Kitty French,
_Late_ resident of DeLand Cottage.

"Like a fair young flower he decked our College,
Teaching some, imbibing—knowledge;
Fate's cruel hand snatched him away—
Like all good things, he could not stay."

(Editor's Note.—If you want to thank Sugar-Cane for his article, you can still find him at his old stand in the cottage.)

The opening exercises of the Y. M. C. A. were altogether the most satisfactory in the history of the Association. Excellent short speeches were made by the President and Dr. W. R. L. Smith, with old Bremner to bespeak the kindly feelings of the old students, while the Governor of our State made what is generally conceded to be one of the best addresses of his career. A large number of young ladies were present, and refreshments were served in the refectory. The Association, by the way, is showing more life than for many a day. Students who have been in College for years and never knew of the Y. M. C. A. are now being pressed to join. This is a good sign for the spiritual advancement of the College.

The annual re-unions of the two Societies were held, as usual, at the opening of the session—the _Mn Sigma Rho_ on Friday, September 25th, and the Philologian on the following evening. Both programs were enjoyable, and the latter Society introduced music at their reception, having Mr. T. V. McCaul and Miss Madge Bowie to render solos, with Stein's orchestra "sandwiched" in between. Miss Bowie was easily the
favorite of the evening, and her "Madrienne" was roundly applauded. At Mu Sigma Rho, among others, Rev. M. Ashby Jones delivered a most choice little speech, which was greatly enjoyed.

Both Societies have also held their elections since the opening of the term. Of the Mu Sigma Rho J. T. Fitzgerald is President, with L. L. Sutherland Vice-President; and the Philologians unanimously chose S. H. Templeman President and J. B. Webster Vice-President.

And while we are on the subject, the "Phis." held their bi-monthly Orators' Night on last Friday, October 9th. O. B. Falls and B. D. Gaw were the orators, Bradshaw and Smith the declaimers, and Anderton and Flippin the readers.

The supper given by Dr. Foushee to the foot-ball authorities on October 5th was one of the most pleasing functions of the year. Besides Coach Vail, Captain Smith, and Manager Alley, the Doctor had ex-Captain Lankford as his guest, and with these authorities talked over the prospects for the winter. In our opinion functions of this style are conducive of undeniable benefits to all parties concerned, and are a strong factor in building up the Association.

Let us urge upon all the necessity of joining the Athletic Association. Not only does this apply to the new students, but there are some old students—students who glory in the records made by the College in the athletic fields and yet never contribute to the support of its team.

An innovation has been brought into the Psychology work also. Dr. Whitsitt has been given a neat sum by the Trustees wherewith to inaugurate a course in Experimental Psychology. This work is fast gaining a strong place in the Northern colleges, and we are glad that to Richmond should fall the honor of introducing this science to the South.

The catalogue on the library has begun in dead earnest.
Miss Elston, of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, has charge of the work, and a cozy office has been placed in the south-eastern corner of the building. The Cutter system will be employed, and in about a year's time we will have a catalogue complete in every way.

We regret very much to see Mr. O. P. Chitwood, who has been around the College for the past year, fold his tent, so to speak, and leave. His work at the Academy gained the highest commendation of the management, and we trust his course of study at Johns Hopkins will prove altogether successful.

The reception tendered the students of the College at Calvary Church on the 8th instant was decidedly enjoyable. Dr. Bruner and his flock are taking great interest in the student body, and their efforts are being rewarded by the increased attendance of the boys at the church.

All those fair dreams we have been cherishing for years about a Biology course have at last come true, and Dr. A. C. Wightman, of Randolph-Macon, has a class of seventeen busily engaged in what bids fair to become the most popular of the scientific schools.

The Senior Literary Class are also being exercised in literary research, subjects being assigned to the class on which they must bring in a report of the sources and bibliography. We believe this will give a most decided impulse to original work in this line.

In Harlie B. Schultz Dr. Winston has an assistant of no small ability. His direction of the Physical Laboratory will be eminently satisfactory, if the work done by him personally may be taken as a sign.

W. L. Ball has been assisting Dr. Charles H. Ryland for the past week in a series of services at Walnut Grove.
J. L. Mitchell, a student of the session of '01, is back again this year. Ankers, of year before last, has also returned, as has Jenkens, who is teaching at the Academy.

J. Tayloe Thompson, a William and Mary graduate, is taking the Law course. He is an eloquent speaker, and will doubtless win laurels in the contests of the year.

At the meeting of the Law Class on October 5th S. Burnell Bragg was chosen President. Bragg is a good man, and has many friends through the College.

The foot-ball team began the season Wednesday in Petersburg, where they laid the Y. M. C. A. of that city in the shade to the tune of 38 to 0.

N. Courtice Scott, remembered as the instructor in Mathematics years ago, is also a candidate for his M. A.

—DOUGLAS FREEMAN.

Campus Lore.

We are deeply indebted to Quiller McElroy for the following tender lines:

A ROSE SPRAY.

"The keenest pain a lover knows
Is that which kindles in her scorn,
For then he finds above Love's rose—
The thorn.

But oh, what ecstasy is born
When she a tender smile bestows!
For then he finds above the thorn—
Love's rose."

Dougherty—"Mind is sole possessor of the brain, and its best working hours are when the mouth is shut."
Ryland (Rat)—

"This man's slow to see a jest,
Unless it is antique;
And so believes that he laughs best
Who laughs some time next week."

Powell—"I am going to marry your daughter, sir, and I called to ask a few questions about her financial standing. How do you stand?"

Mr. B.—"How do I stand? On two good feet, sir. Try one—(zip). Try the other (zip). How do you like them, sir?"

Ramsay—"A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all the pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain."

Willis (Rat)—"Professor, I belong to one of the oldest families in the State."

Professor Gaines—"Well, never mind that; it may not hinder your advancement."

Co-Ed.—"I see they are going to place a tax on all bachelors."

Flippin—"And is there no help?"

Co-Ed.—"Yes; I think I can help you save money."

Parson Gwaltney—"Did you ever stand at the door after your sermon and listen to what the people said about it?"

Parson E. T. Smith—"I did once" (a pause and a sigh), "but I'll never do it again."

Batten—"Doctor, I fear I am beginning to wander in my mind. What shall I do?"

Doctor Boatwright—"Don't worry about that, young man; you can't go far."

Channing—"Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote."
Ish—“I’m dreadfully worried about my debts.”

Pond—“It is annoying to receive so many duns.”

Ish—“Hang the duns! What worries me is that I can’t get any more credit.”

Bowen—“If I should—er—ask you for just one kiss would you refuse me?”

His Girl—“Well, I guess yes. I’m not doing business on the retail plan.”

Frazer—“Yes, as soon as the High School girl turned ‘Dickey Brown-Eyes’ down, the new co-ed. collared him.”

Jenkens—“Ah, I see! What you might call a turned-down collar.”

Woodfin—“Hello, Snead! Back from the North? Any attachments?”

Snead—“The landlord attached my trunk.”

Garrett—“It is singular that the man who can always tell how it should be done never did it, nor anything like it.”

“Cocky” Thomas—“And little of this great world can I speak more than pertains to broil and battle.”

Franklin—“But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.”

Dunn—“If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be.”

Woodey—“How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour?”

Oliver—“Hand it to me slowly; I’m troubled with ingrowing nerves.”

Tyler—“He makes a lot of noise, but there’s nothing in him.”

Tyler—“That fellow Thompson reminds me of a bass drum.”
Jones (Rat)—“Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?”
White—“A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.”
Edmonds—“His raven locks are to be envied by any man.”
Webster—“Oftsoon we heard a most melodious (?) sound.”
Toombs Lodge—“Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.”
Walker—“It hurteth not the tongue to give fair words.”
Hundley—“His golden locks Time doth to silver turn.”
Compton—“A lion among ladies is a terrible thing.”
Winne—“Every cock is proud of his own feathers.”
Bragg—“Blessings on him who invented sleep.”
Exchange Department.

The session of 1903-'04 has opened at last, and we are again assembled within the "classic walls, where modern truths are taught."

Here goes the first "dip" of the Exchange pen into the ink-well as I send you this greeting:

The Messenger, after finishing its collegiate course for the year, last June, entered upon its vacation of three months. The three months were most pleasantly spent, and now, back in the old College again, where all is work, work, work, The Messenger is sending you a cheery greeting. We have written to some of you, especially the ladies, and have received communications from some; but we desire to embrace this opportunity to express for each magazine with which The Messenger exchanges the most sincere wish that you may have a happy and prosperous year, and that we may have the pleasure of seeing you upon our table promptly.

We are not yet in receipt of many magazines, but we find some good things in those received, and give them here.

Clippings.

Held Up.

"Beneath a shady tree they sat;
He held her hand, she held his hat,
I held my breath and lay right flat;
They kissed—I saw them do it.

"He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time,
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,
And they thought no one knew it." —Ex.
Common Sense.

O, thar ain't no use a-strivin'
With yer thoughts a-floatin' high;
People ain't like plants, a-thrivin'
Jest by looking at the sky.

Fer the sky's an empty clearin'
And it's such a purty blue,
Yer apt to lose more cheerin'
Things around ye, if ye do.

Now, don't take it I'm declarin'
Stars an' sunsets they ain't grand;
But remember, whilst yer starin',
That yer starin' from the land.

So ef one eye's on the mountain;
Keep the other on the ground,
Er ye'll find yer name accountin'
More in "missing" than in "found."

Ef fer beauty yer a-yearnin',
Don't ye wait fer angel's wings;
Jest try hustling 'round, a-learnin'
To find some in common things.

Skies an' angels go together,
An', perhaps, when you are dead,
Thar'll be lots o' pleasant weather
To find out what's overhead.

But yer here. So keep things hummin',
Thar's enough ye got to miss,
An' whatever life's a-comin',
Now's yer only chance in this.

Sometimes.

A man may gather in the gold,
And get to be hard-hearted;
But now and then he'd like to be
Back yonder where he started.
CLIPPINGS.

The Undivine Comedy.

PARADISE.
A shaded room,
An open fire,
A cozy nook,
And your heart's desire.

PURGATORY.
The self-same room,
With lights a few;
The self-same nook,
With Ma there, too.

INFERNO.
The room, the shade,
The nook, the fire,
The blessed chance,
And enter sire!—Ex.

Love.
I love thee, dearest, for thine own dear sake,
Not for the sake of love; for love to me
Came in thy guise, and bade my heart awake
From dreams of love's delight to love of thee.
Not for love's sake, but for thy very own—
Yet, Love, immortal Love, is well content
That I should love thee for thyself alone,
Since thy sweet self is love's embodiment.
Not for love's sake I love thee, but for thine.
I love my dream of love—the vision fair
That lured my footsteps to Love's altar shrine,
And taught my heart to kneel in hope and prayer;
Till Love at last unveiled his hidden grace,
And gazing upward I beheld—thy face. —Ex.
Well-Known Philosophy.

My, friends, have you heard of the town Yawn,
On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letherslide;
That tired feeling is native there,
It's the home of the listless Idontcare,
Where the Putitoffs abide.

The Putitoffs smile when painting time comes,
Thinking to do it to-morrow;
And so they delay from day to day,
Till rust destroys and roofs decay,
And their days are full of sorrow.

"O, clear-eyed daughter of the gods, thy name?"
Gravely she answers: "I am called Success."
"The house? the lineage whence thy beauty came?"
"Failure, my sire; my mother, Weariness." —Ex.

What She Thought.

John (with his arm around her):

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet
And so are you."

She (struggling):

"Now don't! Let go!
Upon my soul,
You want to break
The sugar-bowl!" —Ex.
The Raving.

I.
Once in winter, drab and dreary,
I was rustling, weak and weary,
Rustling "hand-outs" as I tramped from door to door.
And my heart congealed within me
As a lady came to chin me,
In a sour and surly fashion I had never heard before.

II.
For her eyes were cold and stony,
As, with fingers long and bony,
There she stood and mutely pointed to the wood-pile near the door—

Stood and glared and grimly pointed,
Lean and lank and double-jointed,
Till my shivering body sprung a leak from every separate pore.

III.
But I swore I'd chew or I
Would ascertain the reason why,
So I called her "stingy," "mean," and other ugly names galore;

But just within the inner
Room, where I had smelt the dinner,
I beheld a savage bull-dog which the lamp-light glimmered o'er.

IV.
And the dog came snarling past her,
Rushing fast, and rushing faster,
Making me regret I'd sassed her as I lit out with a roar.

And I needed no persuading,
But I kept on promenading,
Till I couldn't see the wood-pile nor the woman at the door.

V.
"Thank the Lord!" I breathed at last,
"That now the danger's passed."
And I heaved a grateful sigh from my bosom's very core;
For we cannot help agreeing
When we’re pressed for time and fleeing
From an energetic bull-pup that is thirsting for our gore,

That the livelier we paddle
And the faster we skedaddle
The longer we shall live to grace the world’s Plutonian shore.

Ah! I never shall forget,
While my clothes were sopping wet
And the sand beneath my feet had ground them sore,
How glad I was to find
That I had left the dog behind
And would see that dreaded wood-pile never, never more.

VI.

---Ex.

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