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# Richmond College Messenger.

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## The Moral of History, and Its Effect on Modern Events.

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THE future of mankind is shrouded in impenetrable darkness. No man can tell what a day may bring forth. In the decision of the many problems with which we are confronted, both nationally and as individuals, we can only trust to the lessons of the past, for before us everything is veiled in uncertainty. Although they have been quoted a thousand times, it is none the less true that the words of Patrick Henry, in old St. John's Church, when he delivered his famous address to the Virginia Convention, breathed the spirit of the very deepest inner secret of all accuracy and justice in human thought and endeavor:

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past."

If we would conduct ourselves as patriotic, conscientious citizens, it is necessary that we should be familiar with the history of our country, for in that history is to be found the most valuable of all those lessons of experience to which the great statesman referred. In order that we may know the relative value and significance of the events in our own national story, it is necessary that we determine America's position in the history of the world. It is impossible to rightly understand the history of our own time unless we know the history of former ages.

Cicero said, many centuries ago:

"Not to know what happened before we were born is to



remain always a child ; for what were the life of man did he not combine present events with the recollections of past ages."

In an able essay on universal history, Professor Tyler, of Cornell, used these words :

" \* \* \* As there is a certain unity in the life of the human family, so there is a certain unity in its history also. \* \* \* No nation has ever lived without an original kinship with other nations, without more or less contact with other nations, without having its destiny involved with and influenced by other nations ; consequently no part of history can be truly known without knowing something of all parts. The ideal of the historical student should be to know the life of his own country as a constituent part of the general life of mankind. Thus the study of American history must be preceded, or at least accompanied, by the study of universal history."

In the history of past ages we find the noblest lessons for the men of to-day, but there is more than that. To the thoughtful American of to-day, who will look upon our great country as it is, consider the long centuries which have preceded our own, and draw from them the great moral of human existence, the history of America and the history of the world tell in clear and unmistakeable tones a story of infinite beauty and perfect symmetry.

Froude, I believe, spoke the truth more completely than any other man when he said :

" The address of history is less to the understanding than to the high emotions. We learn in it to sympathize with what is great and good ; we learn to hate what is base. In the anomalies of fortune we feel the mystery of our mortal existence, and in the companionship of the illustrious natures who have shaped the fortunes of the world we escape from the littlenesses which cling to the round of common life, and our minds are attuned in a higher and nobler key. "

The history of the world and the history of nations, like the history of individual men, is but a complicated skein of



circumstances, each dependent upon the other. In Greenleaf's beautiful treatise upon the Law of Evidence it is written :

"In the actual occurrences of human life nothing is inconsistent. Every event which actually transpires has its appropriate relation and place in the vast complication of circumstances, of which the affairs of men consist ; it is intimately connected with all others which occur at the same time and place, and often with those of remote regions ; and, in its turn, it gives birth to a thousand others which succeed. In all this there is perfect harmony." \* \* \* \* \*

Indeed, it is true that all the centuries are linked as in a chain, and that the events of yesterday may be traced in an unbroken succession to the days when history was not written. Each age has received a message—nay, an impelling force—from the one preceding it, and has in its turn transmitted its thought and its energy to the one which followed it—

" Yet I doubt not through the ages  
One unceasing purpose runs,  
That the thoughts of men are widened  
With the progress of the suns."

As men build upon a house, the ages have been building ; as blacksmiths forge a chain, the years have been welding link on link ; and it is my purpose to show that the ages and the years, not blindly, not carelessly and without purpose, but under the guiding, changeless influence of the Master's hand, have erected a mighty temple to His mercy and eternal goodness—have builded a ladder of glittering, seried gold, on which mankind may mount unto the skies.

As the little coral of the ocean lays his tiny brick upon the common edifice, and dies—the edifice that is slowly rising from the dark caves of the ocean's floor to the sunshine of the atmosphere beyond, destined some day to bear a garden of palms and tropical flowers, a gem of beauty on the face of the slumbering ocean—so each century in its turn adds its share



to the colossal monument of the long labor of time, and, falling to rest in the oblivion of the past, leaves its own peculiar impress and handiwork on Time's great structure, which is steadily mounting up to eternal brightness, wrapped in peace and beauty, promising the accomplishment of grander and happier ages for the world!

The Ishmaelites, carrying merchandise into Egypt, when they purchased little Joseph of his brethren for twenty pieces of silver, little knew, nor could they understand, that they bore with them into the land of the Pharaohs the destinies of all the ages which have succeeded. Beyond question, Divinity confided to the Hebrews the preservation of religious truth. They were the keepers of the great lessons of revealed religion through all the long ages of barbarism and ignorance. A little boy, borne a captive into a foreign land and cast into prison, although a captive and a slave, a foreigner in a land where to be a foreigner was worse than criminal, became, under the special guidance of Providence, the interpreter of the dreams which foreshadowed national calamity, and rose to position second only to the proud Pharaoh; and, through him, not only the Egyptians, but also the whole Jewish race, and the eternal principles of revealed religion, were preserved from untimely destruction.

The scene has changed. The Egyptians, forgetful of the great debt which they owe to the Jewish race, have decreed that every male child born to the Hebrews shall be destroyed. Fearful for his life, a little baby is carried by his mother and hidden in the rushes by the river Nile, watched alone by a young and helpless sister. He is found by the daughter of the King, carried to the palace, and educated with the family of Rameses III., where all the culture and refinement that Egyptian education and learning can afford are given to him—given as a weapon that he may wield in the deliverance of his oppressed and down-trodden people. Moses, the baby in the rushes, became in a few short years Moses the invincible



leader of the Jews. With his faithful brother at his side, he defied the power of the Pharaoh, and, after years of striving, triumphantly led his people, guided by the pillar of fiery cloud, back again into Asia. He received for them, in the solemn stillness of Mt. Sinai, those Divine laws which have become the basis of all modern jurisprudence; led them within sight of the "promised land," with their bondage broken, the wilderness passed, and their laws established.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab, there lies a lonely grave;  
But no man dug that sepulchre and no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturned the sod, and laid the dead  
man there."

Hundred of years have passed, and the supreme moment of history has arrived. Through centuries of progress and conquest Rome has grown from a little village by the Tiber to be mistress of the world; into her, as a great lake, have flowed all the streams of history, and all the known earth has become subject to her power. The human race sleeps under the shadow of the Roman eagles; for the first time in centuries the world is wrapped in universal peace. For ages prophecy had pointed to the tranquility of that great day. Under the light of the most beautiful star that ever rose, in the midst of the most profound peace that the world had ever seen, eagerly watched for by suffering humanity, with the whole heavens illumined by the brightness of myriads of angels, chanting "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good will to men!" the Saviour of the world was born. The promise of four thousand years and more, made before the gates of Eden, the most beautiful demonstration of Heaven's boundless mercy, had been fulfilled.

The mission of Rome was accomplished, her usefulness was outgrown; her strength departed, she slowly succumbed to the attacks of the sturdy northern barbarians. The Roman



standards, which had been for ages a symbol of power and greatness, fell to rise no more. Proud eagle of the Cæsars, thy race was run !

“ Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,  
The image of pride and power,  
’Till the gathered rage of a thousand years  
Burst forth in one awful hour ;  
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood  
With the low and crouching slave,  
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,  
The coward and the brave.”

Rome, mighty Rome, was no more.

Civilization was almost destroyed, progress was completely stopped, the Dark Ages of the world had come, Europe was torn by dissensions, and human society was shaken to its very foundation. The governments of men had failed and the work must all be begun again. Amidst the general wreckage, the principles of Divine truth, preserved through so many conflicts and crises, found complete preservation and protection. Within the walls of the cloister and the monastery the truths of Christianity were fostered and revered. For the sake of the religion of Christ, the crusaders, with the cross upon their breasts, held back, at the point of the lance and the sword, the tide of eastern invasion. The dawn of a brighter era found Christianity a potent influence in every corner of the European continent. But bigotry and persecution arose with the establishment of the reign of law ; church linked with state became an instrument of oppression and horror, and humanity cried out for liberation. The story is a familiar one. Through the courage and endurance of Luther, and those who came after him, the Reformation was accomplished, and, as the radiance of the rising sun follows the misty light of the morning, freedom and simplicity of religious thought shone down upon the world a splendid noon-day that would know no evening.



Personal liberty is necessary to, and inseparable from, religious liberty. Men not free to think and speak and write as they will cannot worship as they will. The day of political freedom was at hand. Spain, France, and England had contributed to the conquest of the great North American continent. The English colonies were firmly established in the new world. Freedom, appalled at the slaughter and corruption of the European courts, abashed at the license of aristocracy, privilege, and oppression, abandoned the land of hereditary pomp and power, and found in the rustic solitudes of the new world the noblest champion she had ever known. The minions of monarchy and empire shrank with awe from the majestic presence of the "Cincinnatus of the West," for Liberty had placed her mantle upon the shoulders and her sword in the hand of George Washington of Virginia!

Within less than ten years the most powerful nation of the earth was defeated on land and sea, a republic in fact as well as in name sprang into existence, and the world was startled with the declaration of the eternal truth that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights and privileges; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The final blow was struck. The pen of Jefferson was mightier than the sword of empire.

Coeval with the Declaration of Independence, the greatest political truth ever traced by pen, amidst the acclamations of the oppressed and down-trodden millions of the world, in vindication of the heroes and martyrs of the centuries, an earnest of civil, political, and religious freedom—a bright harbinger of liberty's morning—the "stars and stripes" arose as a beacon light on the western horizon of human progress, to guide the nations on their road.



“Flag of the free hearts, hope, and home,  
By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
Thy every hue was born in heaven.”

This, the latest era of the world, is yet alive, and with the people of this age rest the solution of the various problems of human progress. Americans should be proud of their country, and filled with an unwavering faith in the integrity of her aims and the strength of her effort. We have the grandest past of history, the brightest present that the human mind can imagine, and the most alluring future that ever presented itself to a nation. The centuries of the past have transmitted to us the solemn responsibility of humanity's preservation; the men who have gone before have nobly done their work, and to us, in the fore-front of the world's glorious progress, history should be an inspiration, opportunity a stepping-stone to splendid achievement, and failure an unknown word. Truly our country is the standard-bearer of human enlightenment, and around her, and the spotless banner that she bears, let us gather, determined to conquer or to die.

The evolutions of the formation of the surface of the earth have raised towards heaven many a towering snow-capped mountain peak. Sublime and inaccessible they rise, pillars of the skies—stations where the clouds may rest. Imagine, high in some silent mountain fastness, a little glen secluded from the haunts of men, sheltered by the feathery drapery of the evergreen; imagine a little spring toiling up, perhaps, from the bosom of the land, child of the mysterious forces that set the mountains there, or yet perhaps of the rains and snows of winter which beat down upon the shoulders of the ancient pile. It bubbles up, clear as crystal, into the silent chamber of its birth. It leaps from rock and cliff, laughing, to meet the glorious sunshine of the mountain's side. See it as it strikes the impending boulder, flying into mist and spray, leaping proudly over every obstacle and gliding swiftly on.



It bounds over the precipice, glittering with every color of the rainbow, plunging, with laughter and ceaseless song, into the bosom of the whirlpool below. It leaves the precincts of the forests, flowing smoothly on, mirroring in its bosom the blue of the sky, the fleecy white of the clouds, a thousand fragrant, blossoming flowers upon its banks; boisterous no more, yet picturing in the mystic softness of its beauty the resistless energy of its early course. See it as it swells into the mighty river, giving fertility and beauty to far-reaching plains, bearing upon its bosom the thousand ships of commerce, laving with its waters the palaces, monuments, walls, and wharves of beautiful cities, broadening at last into the boundless beauty, awful grandeur, and ever-swelling tides of the ocean.

So with the history of our country—child of the mighty forces of the centuries gone by, born amidst scenes of grandeur and sublimity, passing through toil and conflict to the beauties of peace and prosperity, and rapidly widening out into a future bounded alone by the dimensions of the world, the life of the human race, and the duration of time.

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## Stories of the Opera.

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### I.—“*Rudolph.*”

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BY DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN.

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AND you say I have never told you the story of my old friend, Rudolph, the tenor? Well, it's a Christmas story, anyway—at least it all happened at Christmas, and if you care to hear, why, I'll tell it.

Of course you haven't forgotten the stories I told you about the year I spent in New York, training for the opera under Madame Beaumont. I don't remember just how much I told you about Madame, but she was a great woman. No



one seemed to know who she was, or from whence she came, but in those days she was certainly the centre of a wide and brilliant musical circle in the great city. The story ran that she had come to New York ten or twelve years before, without friends or means, and by hard work and real ability had risen to the top as a teacher. Indeed, her love for music would have given her a high place even if she had no other qualifications. It was something marvelous. Everything else was second to this passion. More than that, her interest in her pupils was one of the most pleasing features of her career. To have it understood that you had been trained by Madame was to insure you recognition as a real artist anywhere; and how Madame used to glory in the triumphs of her "boys," as she used to call us, even after we were thirty. But Madame's personality went further toward giving her success than perhaps any one thing else. Although a teacher, she was distinctly a woman, with a woman's heart and sympathy. And it was a great heart, too. Noble in her impulses, kindly of feeling, she was known and loved all over the musical world.

Perhaps you think I am talking too much about Madame, especially as I started out to tell you about Rudolph; but, as you will presently see, the two were closely associated in our minds. In fact, Rudolph it was who finally gave us the secret of Madame's life, and gave her a place in our heart forever.

It must have been in January that Rudolph first came to the school—a tall, graceful Italian, with a rich voice and an olive complexion, as courteous as a knight, but as simple as a boy. They told me he was just from Italy, and that was ample introduction. I had been studying about Italy, and dreaming about it for years, and now to live with and know a student just from Rome's University was a great joy. In a week we were fast friends, and in a few more I knew all the secrets of his life. I was delightfully impressed with him. He fully came up to my ideas of the Old World



student, saturated with the lore of the Renaissance, even at a sacrifice of the facts of modern European affairs; conversant with the great men of the past, though ignorant of Tolstoi's life and works. Many an evening did he and I spend together, talking over the art treasures of Florence and of Rome, of Venice and of Paris.

But Rudolph was distinctly an Italian, and Italians are distinctly communicative, so before long I knew all about him. Had it been any one but Rudolph I could not well have believed the story he told me, but, as it afterwards turned out, he told the truth, romance or no romance.

He had never known his parents. Whether he had any, he was not sure, but his old nurse had often spoken of them, and had regularly received money from an attorney for their support. He had grown up, lonesome and unloved, with a great love for literature and a still greater passion for music. Gifted with a good tenor voice, he had been well trained by good masters, and had the *instinct* which goes so far in the making of an artist. When seventeen he had entered the University of Rome, and had spent his idle moments with his music. Only the summer before he had left the University, and a few months had brought a letter from the attorney, saying that it was desired by those in charge of him that he should travel the next winter in America. If Rudolph had been anything but a musician, and an Italian musician, he would not have budged an inch until he found out who was the source of this unknown beneficence and instruction; but with great zeal he had packed up and come to New York, believing that he would there be informed of his parents, if they were living, and would have a further plan of action laid down for him. Upon his arrival, sure enough, he received a letter from the attorney, stating that "it was desirable that he should learn the American methods in music, and work for awhile in the American schools." This, too, he had determined to do, and, quite naturally, had come to Madame's as



the first school of the country. So, Signor Rudolph Campacci had given good references, and had even enrolled on the register.

This much of his story he told me early, but it was only after we had been together for some months, and I had caught him on more than one occasion fondling a golden locket, that he divulged about the girl. Of course, I had expected it. How could the story have been complete without a love in the far-away country? It seemed that she had been a singing pupil with him in the same schools in Rome. They had sung the operas together, had composed some in unison, and had early seen the advantages of being a unit. He was about to marry when the request or order, whichever you choose to call it, had come, and he related to me again and again their parting. Things had gone smoothly for the first few months of his stay, but for weeks he had received no word from her, and had about concluded that she had married one Francesca, a basso, against whom he held a personal grudge. He became so sentimentally mournful that I was forced to laugh at him, and the letters he would concoct were works of art. Now, don't think that Rudolph was a mere boy; he was man in many ways, but—well, he let himself have loose rein in this particular line. I used to have unending delight in his glowing descriptions of her, and, really, the picture in the locket was of a lovely girl. Frequently, when I was asking him about some point in Rome, instead of answering me in the way I wished, he would break off into an account of some walk there with Beccia.

Well, the months passed by, and, when summer came, I brought him for our vacation down here to Virginia with me, and he captivated the Southerners just as he had won the hearts of the Northern pupils. During these days of pleasure he did not receive any word from Beccia, or any news from the attorney, other than the usual money and a notice that all bills with Madame had been settled for the term and he



was to continue with her. I was struck by the strange manner in which the boy seemed to live the mystery of his life. Had it been me, I think I would have done everything possible to find out, if I had parents, why they did not reveal themselves, if alive, and where they were. But Rudolph, though he frequently felt the need of outside help, seemed to think that the mystery was going to be settled some time, and his inquiring would not expedite its solution.

Late in August we went back to New York, and found the school much as we had left it—Madame still the same, and the same pupils, with the exception of one or two, who had already joined the light opera companies. We began work in earnest then, and then it was that I discovered the really wonderful beauty of Rudolph's voice. I saw immediately that there were capacities almost without limit, and asked Madame for her opinion. She would only smile and say, "Wait and see, Henry." I felt that, despite his youth, he would be the pupil to capture the much-coveted "star trial" for the winter. I myself had no hope for the honor, as the beastly bassos will never get sick. You see, Madame had made an arrangement with Monsieur Graffen whereby her advanced pupils were to act as under-studies to the great singers of the opera. Now, it generally happened that the tenor part would be sung by one of the pupils at least once in the year, owing to the absence or indisposition of the soloist, and, even if there was no one out of the cast, if good-natured Roberson had opportunity, he would let the young man sing his part. Of course we had all sung in the chorus, knew the music, and were familiar with the operas, thus being prepared to sing on short notice. Yes, they have greater advantages for the pupils nowadays, but we were glad enough of our opportunities in those days.

## II.

October came around, and with it the return of the singers from Europe, and another week saw the opening of the season.



I was fortunate enough to be assigned the under-study part in three operas, with chorus privileges, and Rudolph, as I expected, was to be given as many tenor parts, including the much coveted "Troubadour." He did not show up in very good form at the first rehearsal, but he soon wore off the rough edges, and sang in the chorus with some success.

But this seemed not to please him as much as I expected, and I could see that Madame was decidedly disappointed. She used to make more or less of a *confidant* of me, and her unusual interest in Rudolph was the source of no little surprise on my part. As I have said, she rejoiced in the triumphs of the singers who had worked under her, but if a pupil failed she would never complain. With Rudolph, however, there was some difference. She was frankly disappointed with his stage work, and seemed at a loss to explain the reason. While I did not tell Madame, I knew very well what was the trouble. Beccia had not been heard from for months, and the boy felt it heavily. I had thought his talk of her mere form, for who does not prattle of his love, but he seemed really pained at her long silence. There was something pathetic to me in the way he would watch for the foreign mail and pretend he was not at all interested. But no news came; his repeated letters elicited no reply, and the boy was in despair.

About Thanksgiving, I think it was, we heard that Madame Velba, the most famous *prima donna* of the world, was coming over to America, and would sing with the company late in December. This was indeed pleasing news to the musical world, and great preparations were made for her arrival. Madame knew the great singer, and planned a great affair in her honor, to which all the celebrities would be invited. The weeks glided by, swiftly to me, for I worked hard; but to Rudolph very slowly, I fear. He grieved more and more over Beccia's silence, and seemed even to lose interest in the music. At last came Madame Velba, and the papers were full of her



praises. The assembly that met to do her homage the first night she sang was immense. As one of the guard, I looked at the crowd, and drank in the music. The Madame had brought with her several soloists, besides her under-study, who somehow interested me a great deal. There was something about her face that seemed familiar to me, but I was unable to remember where I had seen her. All New York went mad over the foreign singer. The audiences were too large even for the opera-house where she sang, and many were turned away.

As is usually the custom, Christmas eve was to be the greatest night of the opera. Madame Velba was to sing, as was the great tenor, De Besche, who had come over with her, and all the pupils, except Rudolph, were to sing in the chorus. He was so low-spirited that he declared he was not going to attend the performance, much less to sing. That evening both Madame Velba and the tenor went with a large company of friends, down to Graffen's place, on Long Island, to spend a few hours in his great library. They were to return in ample time for the evening performance, but Madame Velba, who was always careful, left her under-study in New York, in case there should be some accident. And, sure enough, there was. About 5 o'clock news came that the yacht had been disabled, and it was not known whether another could be sent down in time to bring back the singers for the performance. In any case, wired Graffeu, Madame Velba's under-study will be prepared to sing, and Signor Campacci will be ready for the "Troubadour." Rudolph was in his room when the great news came, and I immediately ran up to tell him of his good fortune. I have not forgotten the way the poor fellow looked as I threw open the door. He was sitting there before the open fire, with the shadows playing in his dark hair, stretched out, ill at ease, and as I looked I saw him hastily hide the little portrait of the foreign singer he had shown me so proudly—his Beccia. There was a look of awful loneliness on the face and a deep yearning in the eye that went straight to my heart.



"Rudolph, Rudolph!" I cried; "you may have your chance to-night! Velba and tenor have been delayed, and you are to sing, if they don't come in time."

I had expected him to almost shout for joy, but, as it was, he seemed half sorry, and then I realized how love had gotten hold of his heart. Very calmly, indeed, he began his preparations for the event, not seeming in the least to care whether the yacht landed before 9 or not. I was on my head, so to speak, but my interest was slight by the side of Madame's. I had seen her witness the first night of perhaps twenty pupils with never a fear, but on this occasion she seemed unable to contain herself. She asked me a thousand times if Rudolph knew the action for the opera, and even at the opera-house she repeatedly sent back to see if the costume fitted, or if this or that prop. was in the right place.

Nine o'clock came, and no word from Velba, nothing further from the manager. The thrill we always felt before the curtain rises was upon us all. I sat in Rudolph's dressing-room as long as I could stand the strain, and then wandered on to the stage. Ten minutes would elapse before the opening chorus; the stage men were busily at work setting the castle-yard; from the wings came the laughter of the chorus, while in front could be heard the buzz of conversation and the penetrating tuning of the instruments. Unless you have felt this thrill you can have no idea of its power. I have heard the greatest singers—men and women who had been on the stage for years—say that the same feeling ran through them at every performance, just as on their opening night. I have felt it a thousand times, but never as on that occasion, when I felt that my friend's fortune was in the balance. I went back to his dressing-room, and, when I saw the non-concern with which he went about his costuming, a great fear came into my heart. He had not the spirit on him; he was not in condition for the work, and I dreaded lest he should fail. At



last all was ready, the lights were off, the overture nearly completed, and on the wings the chorus leaders were straining anxiously for the cue. At last it came, and, with that inevitable glide, up went the curtain. I waited till Rudolph's cue came. I put the lute under his arm, and, with a muttered prayer for his success, but not daring to wait further, I pushed him on. Then I went to the house door and around to Madame's box. I found her far more excited than myself. She breathed hard, her musical ear watching for any mistake on the part of the singer. I listened, too, and Rudolph sang on. You know the scene is his plea before the castle window before his love appears. I knew the passage, and could judge well his action. Through the glasses I saw him gazing at the window above him, from which directly was to emerge the head of his love. He was singing well, but without the great *soul* which I knew he was capable of putting into the words. People around us were asking who he was, and commenting, rather favorably, upon his singing.

He had reached the last strain of the song, the orchestra was already lowering for the *fanfare* upon the appearance of his opposite, when I saw a new look come over Rudolph's face. He staggered, his eyes on the window above him, and I thought he was taken with the stage fright. In a frenzy of feeling Madame caught me by the arm, and I could hear her whisper a prayer; but my eyes were fixed on the stage, and I did not see her face. Another moment and the orchestra sprang up with the great air, and the face of the maiden appeared at the window. It was the under-study, as I had expected, but the beauty of the face was beyond what I had expected—Tuscan in every feature, glorious, animated.

When she saw Rudolph she, too, started, and a strange look came over her face. She was well trained, however, and would not let the trouble, whatever it was, interfere with her song. A moment she hesitated, and when she began the familiar air it was with a wonderful sweet fervor in her voice.



I looked again at Rudolph. He was standing there looking at her as if the opera and everything else were a thousand miles away, and she, only she, was in the world. "He is certainly acting," I said to Madame, in a whisper. "With great force," she replied, and I noticed a tremor in her voice. Then began the duet, and at the first note from Rudolph I started from my seat. He *was* singing. I have heard a thousand operas in my day, and have heard "Il Trovatore" at least fifty times, but never was the duet better sung. I turned to Madame. She was radiant. The flushed look had vanished in a twinkling, as had her fear, and she was once again the great teacher, listening to the triumph of another pupil. The song was over, the audience wild with enthusiasm, and the chorus was singing, before I looked again at the stage. Either Rudolph was acting as well as singing, or some great impulse was moving him, some great emotional awakening—I could not tell which.

I was so entranced with the singing, so pleased with the favorable comment about my friend on all sides, that I did not go back to the stage during the rest of the play. Equally as stirred, Madame, too, sat through the entire opera, a very unusual thing for her, and, with the fifth act, our enthusiasm broke bounds. Had the under-study (Mlle. Berscin she was on the programme) been the "Leonore," had Rudolph been the "Troubadour," they could not have sung or acted the prison exterior scene better. It is true that this is one of the most popular scenes of the opera; it is true that the scenery helped tremendously; but, with all these, Rudolph sang better than any one I ever heard in the *role*. With the breaking of the morn, you remember, "Leonore" came to the prison, and after that magnificent aria the song of the prisoners is heard within the prison. I see the young girl now—she was little more—as she caught the first notes of the song, and then, as Rudolph's voice came to be heard above the others, how she seemed to quicken and to throb. And



another moment he was looking through the bars. Then came that "Miserere," perhaps the most beautiful strain of all the Italian opera. And how they sang it! Few, indeed, of all the cultured audience around had dry eyes when at last that song was over.

The sixth act, with the *denouement*, brought equal triumphs, and it was long before the people would permit Rudolph to leave the stage. At last the curtain was down, the foot-lights off, and Rudolph had triumphed! As was our custom, I immediately turned to congratulate Madame. And how she smiled and blushed—yes, blushed. I never saw her value the triumph of pupil so much before. No, not even when Planrardo, the baritone, openly praised her from the stage. I escorted her to the carriage, promising to bring Rudolph home immediately, that she might congratulate him personally.

The chorus was leaving the stage door as I made my way in, and when I came to Rudolph's dressing-room the light was still burning. Without knocking, I went in. He was standing in the middle of the floor, the costume half off, and smiling like a school-boy. "Rudolph," I cried, "you have made the triumph of your life." He smiled, but said nothing. "Why was it," I continued, "you so charmed the audience after the first solo? How did you do it?" He looked at me a moment, and said, with all the fervor of his soul: "Did you not know? The under-study to Madame Velba was Beccia, my own Beccia." I was amazed. So that explained it. He had not known who the under-study was. He had taken little interest in the performance, until he saw the face above him. It was the girl he had been dreaming of for six months—the girl here in America, alive, happy, triumphant. Then he told me how it had happened, how Beccia had enlisted with the great *prima donna*, how she had never received his letters, how she had searched in vain for him in America, and how the face before him at first he mistook for a dream.



It was nearly morning when we arrived at the school, and Madame had retired, preferring to delay her congratulations for the morrow. When finally we had dressed and breakfasted, we were informed that she was in the drawing-room awaiting us—awaiting *him*, I knew, to congratulate him on his triumph. As we came to the door I made excuse to leave him for a moment, so that he would have the sweetness of Madame's praise all to himself. In a few moments I returned. I heard another voice in the room besides their two, and, upon entering, found the stranger to be the under-study of the night before. As Rudolph observed me, he smiled. "Beccia," he said, looking at her, "this is Henry, who has been the best friend I have had in America." She smiled, too, and pressed my hand a moment. I cast an inquiring look at Madame—a look for explanation. She was aglow, and Rudolph turned to me with a laugh and mock formality. "Surely, Henry, you know that lady; do you not? Nevertheless, I will introduce her. Madame Beaumont, I present Monsieur Henry Millar. Henry," he said, and paused. Then his style completely changed. "Henry, this is my mother."

[This is the first of a series of five "Stories of the Opera," to appear in THE MESSENGER. The next will be entitled "From the Ranks," and will appear in the January issue.—EDITOR.]

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### A Message from Flowers.

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BY G. W. FOGG.

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There sits a box upon my desk  
Of flowers rich and rare,  
That came last night from loving hands,  
But, place, I know not where.



In lovely sight none are so fair,  
 Howe'er well wrought their form;  
 In fragrance, too, still lingers there  
 A charm that's not unknown.

Where'er can be the sender's home,  
 In South or colder clime,  
 There comes a message from this one  
 Which freshens soul and mind.

No words can sound its precious notes,  
 No ears its sound can hear;  
 From heart to heart the truth is borne,  
 And there is found the cheer.

Thus 'round us every day are spread  
 Unnoticed beauties rare,  
 That bring us notes which should be read,  
 "Our God makes us His care."

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### Confessions of a Jasper.

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BY JOHN MONCURE.

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RECENT literature has worked the "Confession" idea almost to a frazzle, so that I feel it incumbent upon me to offer some apology for the title which I have placed at the head of this article. Old Brother De Quincey did pretty well at the literary shrift, but it was a long time before the idea became popular. Even the most liberal and unreserved caterers to the tastes of the reading public have been rather chary of the confessional, until the genesis of that vulgar freak of modernity, which, as Hawthorne says, delights to "serve up its own heart delicately fried, with brain sauce, as a tit-bit for its beloved public." I once accused a friend of mine of having indulged a little too freely in a certain exhilarating beverage. "Own up," I said; "you are drunk. The



best thing to do is to confess it." "Yes, a-hic-a, the best think, a-hic, ish-a to confdez it. You're dbrunk." This is the way of the world. We are most too ready to confess other people's faults, but not quite so willing to acknowledge our own. But now-a-days we have the "Confessions of a Wife," and the "Confessions of a Husband," the confessions of this one and the confessions of that one, until we feel that confession is quite the order of the day. Why should we leave all the confession to rogues and thieves and other vicious persons? Is not an honest confession good for the soul? I think I shall attempt a little confessing myself, and, if my effort reaches no further than the unsympathetic ear of the editorial waste-basket, I, at least, may derive some benefit from it. Let me also explain my use of the word "*Jasper*." Do not think, for an instant, that I employ it sneeringly, contemptuously, in the uncomplimentary sense that I fear is too often attached to it, in the mouth of some of our profane fellow-students. I am not given, with all my confessional mood, to sneering at myself or my kind. I feel a most hearty contempt for the man who scoffs at an honest profession. It is ungentlemanly and unfeeling, to say the least. I could hardly bring myself to ridicule a man out of a sin or a folly; but he who would sneer at one's conscience, who would turn a weak brother from his purpose by taunts, is a subject for sincere pity. "Better were it for him if a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea." However, I have no objection to being jocularly called a Jasper. The epithet originated, just as the name Christian and Baptist, among our ridiculers; and, as I am proud of the names Christian and Baptist, so do I glory in the name of Jasper. Perhaps, among all of the young men who, in all of the years of our College history, have studied for the ministry, there were some who were not very creditable to the profession. It would be phenomenal if there had not been. But some of the most admirable young men that I have had the pleasure



of knowing were *Richmond College Jaspers*. I was talking one day last session with one of the boys about who was the most conceited fellow in College, and I suggested that he himself was not absolutely devoid of that very common fault. "You don't think I'm conceited, do you, Moncure?" he remonstrated. "If you are not," I replied, "that's where you are different from the balance of us. I tell you, I don't believe there's a man in College who is not pretty well satisfied with himself—who would rather be some one else than himself." "I would," he said rather seriously. "There are men in this College with whom I would be willing to swap identities." "Who, for instance?" I inquired curiously. My friend, while he was a fine, honest, lovable fellow, was not particularly noted for his piety. He was considerably above the average intellectually, and I made sure he would designate some one whose mental capacities he admired. To my surprise, he named two ministerial students. That was a tribute not simply to the characters of those two, but to the class which they represented.

While harsh criticism of them is most unjust, nevertheless it is true that the *Jaspers* occupy a most responsible position. The lay students—if I may so call them—do watch them, and criticize them, and they should realize this fact; they should be careful to do nothing to bring reproach upon the cause which they represent. If they are careless in their language and conduct, they not only bring contempt upon themselves, but they exert a potent influence for evil. I shall not enter upon a tirade against the use of literal translations, *alias* "ponies," but, from personal observation, I have learned that many a young man, who has been brought up with strict ideas of honesty and propriety, who makes no profession of piety, would scorn to engage in anything that leans so towards dishonesty's side as the use of a "pony." Certainly its indiscriminate use, its abuse—to which the pony-user is subtly tempted—and the custom of "interlining," which, I am sorry



to say, has in the past sometimes been—perhaps thoughtlessly—resorted to even by *Jaspers*, is unpardonable. I wish that the ministerial students of Richmond College would resolve to be on the safe side—to discard the “pony” altogether. Such an action would certainly be above reproach. “If meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat while the world stands.” Ah! what a noble thing it would be if the ministerial students should turn an epithet of reproach into a title of honor.

And so, having made due explanations and apologies for the “*Confessions*,” and for the “*Jasper*,” I give the “*of*” and the “*a*” on their own merits.

During my first year at College I did not belong to the honored and beloved brotherhood of “*Jaspers*.” (I suppose the origin of this word, from the old negro preacher of “Sun do move” fame, is known to all the readers of this magazine.) While I cannot say that the idea of entering the ministry was originally suggested to me by the “*Jaspers*”—for I have preferred this vocation since my conversion—or that the purpose was finally formed through their direct influence, yet I can say that it was in no way deterred or discouraged thereby. I think I must have had a very sanctimonious air, and that my “countenance, dress, conversation, and tone of voice,” as Dr. Hawthorne expresses it, must have been suggestive of “nothing but sermons, psalms, and funerals,” for I was frequently invited to preach, and, sometimes, on only a few minutes’ notice—which invitations I never declined. I even served a brief, unexpired term as chaplain of the Philologian Society, being elected over my protest that I was not a ministerial student.

Upon my father’s death I was compelled to withdraw from College, and it was not until a year later that I entered as a ministerial student. Since then I have afflicted the good saints in various places with my puerile efforts, and, for the most part, they have been very kind and charitable, and



willing for me to "learn how" on them. Not very long since I was invited by a brother to supply his pulpit one Sunday. I made a great sermon, but, fearing it was too long, I cut out about a third of it, so that—by talking pretty rapidly—I could deliver it in about fifty minutes. I consulted old experienced brethren, like Ball and Gaw, as to the advisability of still further abridging it, and they expressed serious doubts of *my* ability to hold the congregation for so long a time. That profane person, Doug. Freeman, whom I questioned, in the hope of getting at the lay point of view, expatiated verbosely on the folly of the attempt; but I thought I would try it, nevertheless.

After the sermon was over I went out to the carriage, where my host was untying his horse, feeling very well satisfied that I had covered myself with glory. I observed that he wore a somewhat morose and lowering expression on his visage, and I began to experience an uneasiness for fear that, after all, I had been a little too long-winded. I thought I would throw out a feeler, so I sidled up to him and said:

"I didn't have my watch with me to-day," (I didn't tell him I didn't have one,) "and I couldn't tell just how long I was talking."

"I couldn't either," he replied, with a sickly grin.

Nowise satisfied with this doubtful answer, I resolved to strike him again when favorable opportunity should present itself.

It was several hours later—after we had eaten dinner and were chatting away—that the opportunity came. He asked me if I would not like to lie down and rest some. Since "some" is of ambiguous number, it may have included himself and family as well as me.

"Ah! yes," I said. "You cannot conceive of how fatiguing preaching is."

"Yes I can," he interrupted. "I know *some* preaching is very fatiguing."



"Well," I continued, ignoring this thrust, "when I have talked thirty minutes I'm pretty well worn out."

"Huh! huh!" he laughed, "you preached more'n any thirty minutes. You preached nearer sixty."

Another time a dear old brother consented to trust his flock to my tender mercies for an hour or so. I was brief that time. I think I learned my lesson pretty well. When I saw him afterward he took me very kindly by the hand, gave me a ten-dollar note, and said: "My young friend, for your own good, I will be candid with you."

"My dear Doctor," I said, "be as candied as a kettle of biled-over preserves."

"My people liked you very much, but they said they had three objections to your sermon—first, you read it; second, you didn't know how to read it; third, it was not worth reading."

This is by no means the sum total of the sins which lie at my door, and which I might do well to confess, but, lest I fall into the error of my sixty-minute sermon, and thence into Gaw's overburdened waste-basket, I will crave of my confessor, the patient public, absolution.

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## Virginia.

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BY WILLIAM E. ROSS.

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Dear Virginia, land of my birth,  
Land that my childish feet trod o'er;  
Thou art the dearest place on earth;  
Dear land, I'll love thee evermore.

Dear Virginia, thou art the place  
I spent the brightest days of yore—  
Played by thy rills with childish grace;  
Dear land, I'll love thee evermore.



Dear Virginia, thou art my home,  
A home I ever must adore—  
Through thy sweet dales I love to roam;  
Dear land, I'll love thee evermore.

Dear Virginia, thy name I love;  
I'll sing of thee till I'm no more—  
'Till I am borne to climes above;  
Dear land, I'll love thee evermore.

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## The Battle.

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BY EDWARD W. RAWLS.

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THE long dark line of infantry slowly wound in and out among the passes of the Blue Ridge. A long way off, it seemed like a squirming worm. The line wearily stopped at a command from the General, and at another their arms were stacked. Camp-fires were started, and every necessary precaution was taken for the night. Around one fire were gathered three young men—Jack Forrest, captain of Company "D," Seventy-First Virginia Regiment; Tom Everett, lieutenant, and Jean Rossini, color-bearer. These three were from the same town, and were of the first to volunteer. Jack was the oldest—dark, square-jawed, probably thirty, with determination written in every line of his face. Tom Everett was twenty, but staid as an old man.

Jean Rossini was a French boy, not over sixteen, having light curly hair and blue eyes. When he left home his mother put him under the care of Jack Forrest, and the two had come to love each other much. To-night Jean wished to talk of home and mother, but Jack reminded him of the morrow, and of what was expected. So the fire was allowed to die out, and the three slept. A little later and the whole camp was still, except for the steady tread, tread, tread, of the sentinels.



Many a man was sleeping his last earthly sleep—yes, even one of the three. Early the next morning, at a blast from the bugle, the whole army was astir. Some time in the night the cavalry was brought up. Everything and everybody are busy now—aides galloping hither and thither. But, hush! What was that? Deep down it seemed, as if it were in the bowels of the earth. There was a low rumbling—the enemy was coming at last. Quickly ranks were formed. “Forward, march,” and the army was moving on to an open plain a few miles ahead—and to death. And now the rumbling grew louder, until the measured tread of marching feet could be distinctly heard. Determination was written on every man’s careworn face, because had not their commander, in his brief address, told them that this was the deciding battle, the one for which they had waited for three long, dreary years, and now at last it was to be fought. Now our forces had reached the plain and spread themselves over it. To the right, to the left, they wheeled, until the field was entirely covered with moving men and looked as if it were a field of grain gently moved by the wind. “Every man lie close, and when the enemy is fifty paces away, rise and fire,” was the command given the infantry. The enemy came in sight, advancing slowly and cautiously. A detachment of cavalry was sent out, but soon returned, beaten back. Aides rode up and reported that, as far as could be seen in the gap, the enemy was still pouring in. It seemed to be an army without end. And now the cannons began to speak their deep tones of defiance. Smoke rolled up to heaven in white billows. The sun hid its face for shame. The General rode along in front. “Rise and fire,” came the order, and the men arose and delivered their load as a single piece. Now the firing began in earnest. The rattle of the musketry was incessant; again the artillery opened fire with redoubled energy. The bullets whistled by, picking a man here, a man there. The thunder of the guns on the right was deafening. Their shell and canister completely raked



the field, and in a short time the enemy's artillery was withdrawn at a gallop. Now came the command, in clear ringing tones: "Charge!" Company "D" arose as one man, Jack Forrest at its head, who, raising high his light sabre, led his company into the thickest of the fight.

And now black Death, which had been circling overhead, swooped down—down in their midst. The little color-bearer rushed forward with a smile on his fair face, only to be hurled instantly back by a fragment of a shell. Ere he could fall Jack was at his side, and supported him gently on his breast. The battle swept on, and it gradually grew fainter and fainter. The enemy was retreating. But poor Jean would know no more victories. The poor boy was plainly suffering agonies, and his exclamations in French and broken English were touching. "*Jesus, seigneur,*" he exclaimed, in heart-rending accents; "I suffer! how I suffer, *mon capitaine!*" And, raising his head, which rested on Jack's breast, he gazed on his face with a look so helpless and appealing that the quick tears started to Jack's eyes.

"Try to bear it, Jean," said Jack, in a low voice. "You are among your friends—you know we love you." There he broke down, and, turning away his head, uttered a sob.

"Oh, to die!" murmured the wounded boy, sinking back in Jack's arms; "to die, and I so young! What will mother say?—*ma mere!* It will kill her! You, too, *mon capitaine,*" he added, sobbing, "you, too, will be sorry for the *parvre Jean*, will you not? I have fought with you in so many battles, and one day—hold! I die with that at my heart, *mon capitaine.* One day you said to me, 'Brave Jean!' Yes, you said that, did you not?" And, half rising from the earth, the boy threw back his head, and clung with both arms around Jack's neck. "You called me *brave*—it is enough!" he murmured. He dies loving you—the brave of braves—his



dear, his only friend. When you go back to our home tell them all that Jean fought under you, and did his duty. *Helas, comment je vous aime. O mon Dieu!* I suffer so; but—and—I die in your arms, *mon capitaine!*” “*Grand Dieu—il est mort!*” exclaimed Jack.

Gently he unclasped the cold arms of the boy, and laid the stiffening form upon the grass. “Poor boy!” he murmured, passing his hands across his eyes; “he loved me. There was nobody braver. What can I tell his mother when I go back?” Then, stooping down, he cut off a lock of his light, curling hair, and carefully placed it in his pocket. “It will be something,” he said, and turned away. The battle was now over, everything was quiet. The sun again came out and two victories were won.

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## Review of “The One Woman.”

BY MENALCUS LANKFORD.

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MY criticism of this book will probably be antagonistic to the views entertained by most of my readers, if they are of the same opinion as most of my friends with whom I have discussed it, and I expect to meet with much difference of opinion when I declare that to my mind “The One Woman” is one of the strongest and most interesting books that has been written for years. The scene is laid in New York City. The hero is a stalwart young minister of a prominent church, distinguished for both intellectual and oratorical ability, and these qualities, along with a splendid physique, render him a great power on the platform.

His young and beautiful wife is characterized by a sweetness and loyalty rarely seen in women, and the story opens with perfect peace and happiness.

His influence increases greatly, and every week his church is filled to overflowing. His head begins to swim with the



realization of his power, ambition surges within him, and he strives with all his soul to mount to the very topmost round of success and influence. His brain is fired with a new scheme of living; he begins to preach a kind of socialism in which all forms of society are abolished, and men and women live in accordance with their desires, regardless of marriage and other ceremonies. This is the scheme to which he devotes his entire energies, by which he intends to revolutionize the world, and place himself on the very topmost pinnacle of fame. Slightly previous to this he falls desperately in love with a wealthy young woman of his church and cruelly deserts his young wife. Then with this new object of his affections he plans to build a magnificent cathedral, she furnishing the money and he the brains, and together to reform the world.

His plans in regard to the cathedral are fulfilled. The most magnificent temple of modern times points its dome toward the heavens. He is the guiding spirit of the new religion, and New York is thrilled with the fervor and enthusiasm of the new prophet.

The high-water mark of his ambition is here reached, and from this point he suddenly falls, like Lucifer, never to rise again. His new love now tires of him, as does every reader, and falls in love with one of his best friends. The disappointed hero proves a poor philosopher, for, although he advocates free love, he cannot realize how her love can depart from him. He slays his friend, thus gaining the undying hatred of his second love, and is sentenced to be electrocuted. His true little wife, after overcoming superhuman efforts, gains his pardon from the Governor, one of her former lovers, and the story ends in prison, with a reconciliation.

In the first place, the book is one of thrilling interest. The scenes depicted give scope to a powerful display of feeling, and stronger climaxes I have rarely ever seen. The rhetoric is beyond description. One can see at a glance that the author is a born orator, and the reader would be richly repaid



for reading this book if only to see what can be done with the English language.

I believe that the unfavorable criticisms of this story spring mostly from careless readers, who do not see into the real motives that inspired the author, and think that he is holding up the hero, or villain rather, as a model, when, in reality, I believe they miss the whole point of the story, for it is by contrast, and not by likeness, that the lesson is taught. We despise his weakness, his fickleness, his unfaithfulness towards his lovely little wife, and I do not believe that any true man can read it without being improved and without resolving to be truer, not only to the one woman of his affection, but to the world in general.

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### The Dusk.

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BY MARION O. SOWERS.

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The twilight palls,  
The shadow falls,  
And 'round me like a massive shawl  
The night descends.

The college tree,  
All carelessly,  
Stands up above the grayish lea,  
And larger seems.

And half concealed,  
And half revealed,  
In the common blur of dusk annealed,  
The tower looms.

Fast fades the light,  
Fast fills the night,  
With shadows for the lessening sight,  
And stars above.



Now gone the day,  
 Nor here to stay  
 The night, with moon and stars alway—  
     Enchanted night!

Thus come and go  
 The steady flow  
 Of day and night, of joy and woe,  
     Of peace and pain.

Yet ere the dark,  
 And ere the spark  
 Of day is out, and cold and stark  
     The sun-set line;

When things are dim,  
 When 'tis dark within,  
 When shadows leap across the rim  
     Of mole and mound;

Then things are prime  
 For thought and rhyme,  
 For deep reflections on the time,  
     And thine own heart.

Then wonder grows,  
 And dreams, as snows,  
 On mountain, ice, and arctic floes,  
     Sweet reveries!

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## A Disquisition on International Arbitration.

BY COSBY M. ROBERTSON.

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**W**E live in an age of reason, where reason guides and directs our acts. Our minds were given to us by our Heavenly Creator with which to study out the best paths of living, and if we do not so use them we fall short of the



possible life within us. In discussing the question of arbitration we are to discuss the expediency of reasoning nations to settle matters of dispute by peaceful methods rather than by war. We all know the method of arbitration, and that the arbitrators chosen to decide the question are the very best men that the country can produce. Each nation between which there is a dispute chooses one man to whom they can trust the welfare of their country, and these two choose a third from a neutral nation, who acts as umpire.

Some of the arguments in favor of arbitration are these :

1. Arbitration is a more just method by which to settle disputes. In the first place, as I have said, the best men of the country are chosen to act in the capacity of arbitrators, and we can be sure of honest results. There can be no justice in settling the merit of the question by strength in arms. An illustration will make this clear to our minds. Suppose there is a pending trouble between two nations, one of which is a very powerful and the other a weaker nation. If they should come together in war to settle the dispute, the stronger nation would utterly crush the weaker. Although the less powerful nation may have been right from a moral standpoint, the question will be decided in favor of the stronger. This cannot be just. There was once an old proverb which said, " Might is right," but in modern days it has been revised to " Right is might."

2. War is detrimental to the progress of a nation. We know this from every-day experience, and history also bears it out. A nation cannot progress when her very life-blood is being squeezed out in the clutches of war. The most vigorous men are taken, at the very age when they should be developing the arts, and carried off to the battle-field. Shakespeare says :

" Peace is of the nature of a conquest,  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party lose."



And again we see the possibilities of peace in the words penned by one who felt its real power :

“ O Peace! thou source and soul of social life;  
 Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence  
 Science his views enlarges, Art refines,  
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports!  
 Blessed be the man divine who gives us thee.”

Let us glance back and see the characteristics of the Dark Ages. They are wars, rumors of wars, commotion—no unity, no progress. Every tide of life is at its lowest ebb. But let us turn over a few pages of history, and the Renaissance dawns upon us. What are the characteristics of this age? Peace, unity, concord, progress. What has caused this awakening? Why does the ship of state now sail so gracefully on? Because the troubled waters of war are in commotion no more, and no more does the blinding smoke of battle conceal the haven from the watchful eye of the pilot.

3. Let us look at war from an economical standpoint. War is, in the greatest degree, wasteful. It is surprising to see the vast sums which have been expended in warfare. It to-day burdens the earth with a debt of \$30,000,000, and in 1899 it took from the English Government \$1,269,000,000 for the support of war and armament. Since 1776 the United States Government has paid out in pensions alone \$2,884,000,000. Think of it! Enough money spent in pensions alone to buy 384 Alaskas or 192 Louisianas. If all these vast sums were spent in schools, churches, libraries, and the manufacturing arts, we would have made a great stride in our national progress.

4. Another argument in favor of arbitration is that it is a growing method by which to settle disputes. In every successive stage of civilization we see the necessity of war minimized and the possibilities of peace maximized. Experience is teaching nations that it is better to resort to peaceful



methods for the settlement of disputes rather than to the useless hardships of war. Once man was wild and beastly, but time has tamed him, and now he lives in peace with all his race. Especially in the United States is there a growing sympathy for arbitration. We are beginning to see the real value of it, and long may the star-spangled emblem of liberty wave over this nation, whose ever-growing tendency is for peace and progress.

There is established in Washington an office which is called the "War Department," or, rather, as it has been aptly called—

"An office for butchering the human species."

"A widow and an orphan making office."

"An office for creating famine."

"An office for creating power for the destruction of liberty and national progress."

"A broken-bone making office."

"A wooden-leg making office."

"An office for creating public debt."

We want to pull down this abominable structure and rear in its place a Peace Department.

What reasonable man could delight in the war's wild havoc—the bloody destruction of human life, the shrill whistling of the bullets as they drink deep of the life-blood of father, son, friend, husband, lover. Think of the wounded and the dying, the cannon booming on with its deadly work, gory bodies scattered in neglected confusion; hear the groans. Think, think, of the animosity and heart-burnings of the strife! But, thanks be to God, that experience is teaching us that war is not the just way to settle disputes, and civilization is pointing us to that day when nations shall settle all matters of dispute by arbitration, and then we will have the millennium of Peace.



## The Linnet's Betrothal Hymn.

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BY B. D. GAW.

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Hark, my love, the linnet singeth;  
Where learned he such blithe refrains—  
Wafted like the clouds that bringeth  
To the earth the April rains?  
O, the joyance he expresses!  
O, the transports of his song!  
And methinks he truly blesses  
All that we have yearned for long.

Now he pauses for an encore,  
*Bravo, bravissimo!* my bird!  
We could listen, yes, to ten more  
Such cadenzas as we've heard.  
There's a thrill in every measure,  
Attuned are our souls to thine;  
Give us more melodious pleasure—  
Pledge us in rich Music's wine!

Now he flutes his deepest rapture,  
Such exquisite trills are his!  
They our tranced attention capture  
As he poureth out his bliss.  
Are we not the linnet's debtor  
For his virtuosq vim?  
We shall learn to live the better  
For this bird's betrothal hymn.





# Editorial.



Editor-in-Chief.

M. O. SOWERS.

Assistant Editor.

W. L. BALL.

Alumni Editor.

J. C. QUARLES.

Associates.

Philologist.

E. T. SMITH,  
P. S. FLIPPIN,  
C. W. McELROY.

Mu Sigma Rho.

J. G. GIBSON,  
J. T. THOMPSON,  
F. G. POLLARD.

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## SOME VEHICLES OF THOUGHT.

A college magazine rarely gets beyond the serious essay, the love story, and the inevitable poem. Yet there is the political essay, the literary essay of criticism, the humorous essay, and possibly others; there are papers on travel, such as Dickens' "American Notes," Howell's "Italian Journeys," and Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad"; there are humorous biographies and autobiographies of men and animals, and there is an endless variety of qualities with which to endow the short story and make it unique and distinctive. What that quality shall be is determined by the writer himself. It depends upon the author whether his work shall be serious or gay; a study in character, or a strange flight of the fancy; whether it shall throb with weirdness and mystery, or pulsate with excitement and daring; or perchance plunge into those deeper subjects of love and hate, and of the forces of good and of evil.

Let us try to branch out somewhat. Surely we have varying points of view, surely we have humor, surely we have traveled some at least, surely we are intimate with the interesting lives of some dumb creatures, and surely some of us have the faculty of telling a story and of giving it interest and vivacity. Those of us who do not have it can cultivate it; those of us who do have it can still further develop it.



We are not attempting to enumerate all the different kinds of writings—that would be well-nigh impossible; yet a larger number are within the scope of the college magazine than are usually made use of. We may go to the large magazines, such as *Harper's* or *Scribner's*, for models and for suggestions as to how a story should be written. And we may do this without fear of becoming mere imitators. There is a common knowledge about the art of story-telling, as there is a common knowledge about painting. The story-teller is as much an artist as the landscape painter, and each has the fundamental rules and principles of his art to learn. But unfortunately, perhaps, for the writer, there is no school where the mechanical part of his vocation can be mastered. He must get it by observation. He must learn from those already skillful. Mark Twain has told us "*How to Tell a Story*," yet we have still to teach ourselves by studying stories themselves. Otherwise we will never know how to tell a story. So we are at liberty to learn, from contemporary sources, the common elements which enter into the composition of every good story, and to put them into practice without in the least weakening our own originality, our imagination, or our ingenuity. And likewise we are at liberty to go to the classics for theories and methods. Why, for instance, should we remain in ignorance of Goethe's manner of describing a landscape, and employ an inferior means? Is there any virtue in not knowing that a good way to paint the forest, the field, the river, the sunset, is to slip it almost accidentally before the reader's eyes without drawing his attention from the central theme of interest?

So let us not hesitate to learn from others, or to turn our pens, if but tentatively, in any old or new channel of writing. If there is a new style of essay, try it; if there is a new kind of story, attempt it; if you find a new measure captivating to your ear, essay it at once. You may be sure, too, that in the end your work will be inevitably stamped with the individu-



ality of your own genius and personality. You may write somewhat like Macaulay, but you will never catch the swing of his throbbing sentences; you may approach Dickens, but you will never quite get the inimitable charm of *his* pathos and *his* humor; you may ravish the ears of the listening world with songs as sweet and sad as Burns', and yet the timbre of his melody will be unlike yours. You may shine with these other stars, yet you will be a different star, with an interest entirely your own.

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**ENTHUSIASM.** Enthusiasm is interest at the boiling point. It finds its expression always in some form of action. Like liquid air, it cannot be confined, except at the risk of an explosion. If, as our orators proclaim, enthusiasm is the life of all successful enterprises, we are developing potentially in that quality. By being enthusiastic we become capable of larger enthusiasm. We each carry duplicate bags of Æolus, and fill them with enthusiasm instead of with wind. We fill them on the principle that enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, and use a method which, while seeming to waste it, augments it. Here our enthusiasm is measured largely by our lung powers, but later it will be measured by the patience and persistence with which we, still as children, shall go down to that boundless shore of Ruskin's idyllic dream, and search for truth-pebbles along the infinite sea of thought.

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**ACCEPTANCE.** The mantle of the Editor-in-Chief of THE MESSENGER has fallen upon our inexperienced shoulders and enveloped us completely in its voluminous folds. We feel about as much at home in it as we should feel were we arrayed in the infinite yards of the skirt-dancer's apparel, and about as ready for public performance without previous practice. I know of no other comparison



so close to the plumb-line of the actual state of affairs, unless it is to be found in the roseate time when, as a member of that yearly-increasing class of rodents, I attempted my maiden speech in the House of the Philologists.

And this feeling of awkward dread is gradually being heightened by a sense of responsibility. But we recognize this as a good thing, and acknowledge it that everybody else may know we have it—it is the lining to the mantle.

---

**OUR  
CONTEMPORARY.**

We have before us the first copy of *The Collegian* ever printed. It is our pleasure to extend to it the hand of welcome and encouragement, and this we do most fervently, for we recognize that there is a place in college life and activity for just such a paper as *The Collegian*. It is similar in design to *The College Topics* of the University of Virginia, and similar in all but spirit to our *Olli Podrida* of two years ago. We hope, however, that it will steer clear of the rocks upon which that venture went to pieces.

We recognize in its able staff of editors that earnestness which is born of an intense college "spirit," or college patriotism. They have seized upon the practical way of first producing a paper and then offering it to the College for its approval. Let us give it our approbation and our support. Subscribe for it.

We agree that *The Collegian* is the proper channel for "Grinds," "Campus Notes," "Personals," etc., and we doubt not that, when it becomes thoroughly established and its life assured, it will have full right of way in those matters. We hope the day will be speeded. Long live *The Collegian*!



# Athletics.

So the championship cup comes to Richmond another year! Let every loyal son of the College acknowledge the prowess of the team which brought us this great honor. It was asserted by the newspaper sporting editors, and indeed by all who saw the work of the team, that this year's team is the finest, without a single exception, that Richmond has ever put on the field. We have heard unending talk about the teams "of old times"; but of this we can be sure—the team Richmond put on the gridiron this year stands second to none of past days.

In reviewing the season, we cannot give a detailed account of each game, nor begin to enumerate the many brilliant plays of the men. For the sake of the future generation, however, who look back on our past glory, we will give the record in brief to date:

1. Richmond, 38 ; Petersburg Y. M. C. A., 0.
2. Richmond, 34 ; Fredericksburg College, 0.
3. Washington-Lee, 10 ; Richmond, 0.
4. Richmond, 6 ; Danville Military Institute, 6.
5. Richmond, 23 ; Hampden-Sidney, 0.
6. Richmond, 22 ; Columbian University, 5.
7. Richmond, 24 ; William and Mary, 0.
8. Richmond, 16 ; Randolph-Macon, 0.

From this it will appear that in the Intercollegiate games, not only was Richmond not defeated, but none of the strong teams playing against her were able to score.

Now, a word for the individual players. Captain Smith played good hard ball, with no playing to the grand-stand. His goal-kicking was excellent, his punting good, and his generalship inspiring. On more than one occasion his thorough knowledge of the game went far in throwing the victory to Richmond.

Lankford improves steadily every year. His playing this



season was considerably ahead of last year's work, which is saying no small thing. There is no doubt of his making the University team, when he enters in the fall.

Spilman, too, played well. True the open interference used this season did not give him the opportunities for spectacular work he had last year, but his game was hard and steady. Had it not been for that untimely accident, his showing would have been even better, for there was noticeable improvement in the few days before his injury. We most sincerely hope that the damaged limb will not keep him off the gridiron next year.

And while we are talking of the backs, it would be well to speak of the meteoric rise of "Sugarcane" Wright. Those of us who were around College at the beginning of the session, before the team had returned for practice, saw the determination in Sugar's eye when he said he was going to make that team. And make it he did, and no man deserves more the "R" than he. His playing in half-back in the great struggle with Randolph-Macon was most creditable. If we remember correctly, his was the longest run of the game.

Toombs won his place as quarter-back! His advance over last year's playing was decided, and showed the capabilities of the man. His direction of the plays was clear-headed and effective.

Webster was, as every one knows, the "stronghold never failing." If ever a *sure* man came on the Richmond gridiron, Webster is the man. Centre affords no brilliant opportunities, but Webster was in every play, and his way of getting hold of every fumbled ball was little short of marvelous.

Of our guards—Anderton and Powell—no word need be said. They played steady, game ball—the kind that invariably counts.

Snead is developing into a sturdy tackle. With two more years of training, he may be counted on to fill well Hudgins' place. His steady development was noticed by all, and was



the source of no little satisfaction to captain and coach. As for Hudgins, he was the terror of all our opponents. There was not a single game—not one—in which he did not handle his man with ease. Through his tackle, a great part of the gains of the season were made. It was asserted by a notable foot-ball man, who saw him in the game with Washington-Lee, that he would make one of the greatest players of the South, and we believe it.

Of the ends, it is difficult to say which of them played the best game. Frazer showed improvement; Sutherland was sure and steady; Woodfin was quick and alert—all qualities which go to make good players. We are glad that all these men are coming back, and know that they can be counted on to uphold the “R’s” they have so honorably won.

And a word about the “subs.” Perhaps the hardest thing in the foot-ball player’s career is the sitting on the bench, waiting for your opportunity. On more than one occasion we noticed the “subs.” literally writhe in their eagerness to be in the fray. Rollins, Kenny, Mench, and Bowen all have the “stuff” in them, and next year will see its development.

Perhaps we may seem a little too free with our praise, but we don’t have teams like that of ’03 every year, and we can afford to make much of them. Nor should the “scrubs” be overlooked. Their’s is the most thankless work of all, but for the love of the game, through real college spirit, they came out regularly, and gave the first team good practice.

This is not the place to sermonize, but we cannot refrain from pointing out one or two reasons why Richmond was pre-eminent in the East. First, we had superior lasting powers. This came from those preliminary days of practice before the opening of College. They were of incalculable value in the day of battle. Manager Alley introduced an innovation when on he sent the circular to the team, calling upon them to meet the fifteenth, but it was an innovation which went far towards bringing the cup to us. The training table, too, was a great



help. It is a remarkable fact, but not a single man of the squad was laid up a day with any trouble other than injuries sustained in the game. The strict and correct regard for the pledge was another factor in our triumph. The orderly behavior of the men in Norfolk excited the admiration of not only the Hampden-Sidney team, but of the city people as well.

The last and by far the most important thing which went toward victory was the training given the men by the coach. Mr. Vail worked hard, and his efforts were not in vain. All College men doubtless noticed the superiority of our men over all our opponents in technical points. They knew the game, and Coach Vail deserves the credit. His discipline was good, and, be it said to the credit of the men, not one murmur was ever made against the Coach.

In concluding this rather long review, we must remember that most important individual, "the man behind the gun," Mr. Benjamin Percy Alley. A characteristic speech was heard by the writer on the Norfolk trip. While the Hampden-Sidney players were snapping the ball back prior to the kick-off, the Richmond boys were seated on the players' bench below the bleachers. A truly sturdy picture they presented, and a small gamin near by saw the point, and whispered to his mate, "Gee, ain't dem fellows dressed nice." Every one noticed that same thing. Take off your hat to Manager Alley as the man who brought this about. The writer was looking over a picture of the ill-fated team of '01 a few days ago, and could but note the difference in the appearance of that team and '03. In the early group every man was a law unto himself, while nearly all the colors of the rainbow were to be seen in their jerseys. Now all things are different. Again, I say, take off your hat to Mr. Alley. Another thing—and a big thing—was mentioned by Spilman the other day. "Alley," he said, "has shown the boys such a good time. He has treated us 'white.'" This is true, and true all the way through. The trip to Norfolk was a delight, and we are

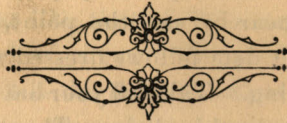


all envying the boys who are seeing the Crescent City. We most truly hope that the financial side of the question will be equally as satisfactory.

We had intended speaking a word about base-ball prospects, for it's never too early to begin, but this must be deferred for another issue. For one last time let us all say :

Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka, Sis-Boom-Bah !  
Team, Team, Rah, Rah, Rah !!

—DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN.







# On the Campus.



## Grinds.

Compton—"His cheek the map of days outworn."

Schultz—"Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin."

Rawls—"I care for nobody—no, not I—if no one cares for me."

Smith (H. M.)—"The fount of love is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove."

Woodfin—"The bore is usually considered a harmless creature."

Cole—"Not Hercules could knock out his brains, for he has none."

Batten—"A blockhead rules his thoughtless skull, and thanks his stars he was not born a fool."

White—"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Thompson—"A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month."

Alley—"O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face,  
Did ever a dragon keep so fair a cave?"

Taylor—"They always talk who never think."

Hundley—"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Ramsey—"It is a great plague to be too handsome a man."



Fitzgerald—"Govern well thy appetite, lest sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant,  
Death."

Thraves—"We do not count a man's years till he has  
nothing else to count."

Simmons—Writing to a Harvard professor about the  
standing of the colored students in that institution, was in-  
formed in reply that "several of his race had done creditably  
there."





# Alumni Department.

THERE are many items of interest we could record with reference to the sons—and daughters—of our College. Among those to be mentioned, we shall give the first place to our “co-eds.” Richmond College has been a co-educational school for only a few years. The young ladies who have gone out from her walls are coming into prominence in the educational as well as the matrimonial field. The first to be smitten by Cupid’s darts was Miss Thalhimier, who married just after her course at the College. We do not recall the name of the fortunate young man.

We say, parenthetically, let all “co-eds.” be encouraged.

Mr. P. P. Deans, B. A. '02, is a student at the University of Virginia.

J. P. McCabe, M. A. '02, is doing efficient work as pastor in Bedford county.

Rev. J. Emerson Hicks, M. A. 1900, is doing well in the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Danville.

J. W. Cammack, M. A. '01, is teaching at the Rawlings Institute, Charlottesville, and attending the University of Virginia.

We lament the death of Rev. W. Y. Abraham, student in 1869-'70. He died suddenly, in the Chesapeake and Ohio depot, November 16th, having just returned to the city from the meeting of the Association.

On October 28th Miss Louise Dix Hardesty, the winner of the “Crump” Math. prize, was married, at Berryville, Va., to Mr. Frank W. Kerfoot, one of our College boys. Kerfoot has a fine pastorate in Middlesex county.

The pastoral efforts of Rev. M. L. Wood, student at the



College in 1884-'85, were recently brought into prominence by the meeting of the General Association with his church in Staunton, Va. He has just completed a new house of worship, and is greatly beloved by his people.

Miss Catherine Quarles, B. A. '01, after completing her course in Richmond, entered the University of Chicago, her work there proving as thorough as it was at College. On August 19th she was married to Mr. Charles Reid Baskerville, a graduate of Chicago. They make their home in Indian Territory.

Tremont Temple, Boston, is considered one of the most prominent pastorates of the Baptist denomination in America. It should be of interest to us that a Richmond College student has recently become its pastor, Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D., of Brooklyn, receiving the call. Dr. Henson and the lamented Josiah Ryland composed the first graduating class of our institution. Though about three-score years and ten, Dr. Henson is still of youthful vigor, and is eminently successful in the work.

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### Wonderful Growth of Boscobel College.

It is with pride and pleasure that the people of Nashville note the flourishing condition of the colleges of this city, both male and female. Their growth is creditable to the city, the State, and the South, as well as to the able men and women who conduct them. It is with especial pride that we observe the scope of these fine schools, and realize that the South finds in the capital of Tennessee an educational Mecca, a centre of scholastic attraction unsurpassed, and an atmosphere in harmony with its educational inducements, where education, refinement, morality, religion, and health combine to establish an Athens worthy of that ancient city which was the light of the world.



Every State in the South is contributing of its best and brightest youth to fill the halls of Nashville's colleges. Among them, all high class, not one has made greater progress in the past five years than Boscobel College for Young Ladies. The growth of this college has been truly remarkable under the able presidency of Prof. C. A. Folk, who is now entering upon the fifth year of his administration.

When Mr. Folk took charge of Boscobel the outlook was not flattering. Much had to be overcome—much established. The difficulties were gradually surmounted, and a character established that older institutions might envy. This has been done without injury to its Nashville competitors, but, on the contrary, in good will and even helpfulness to them.

Boscobel has not been built up at the expense of its sister colleges, but on its own merits as a school for the higher education of young ladies. No representative of Boscobel ever spoke disparagingly of other schools. Mr. Folk would not allow it, his motto being "Merit, not detraction, the basis of the best success."

The growth of Boscobel by years, embracing the presidency of Mr. Folk, shows an increase of 50 per cent. the second year over the first; an increase of 12 per cent. the third year over the second, and an increase of 14 per cent. the fourth year over the third, and this, the beginning of the fifth term, shows an extraordinary increase of 90 per cent. over the fourth, or last year. At this writing every room and bed in the college is occupied or engaged, and enlarged room facilities are contemplated at once to meet the demands of daily applications. The chapel, study hall, and dining-room are overflowing. And this splendid success has been achieved by excellent management on high ground of actual worth and work, and by methods unimpeachable and above criticism.

The curriculum of Boscobel is high. Degrees from the lowest to the highest must be won by merit—the highest



equal in scope to any college for young ladies in the land. Every department is in charge of able and refined teachers. The special schools of music, vocal, art, expression, etc., are equally attractive. The faculty has undergone little change under Mr. Folk. The result is, each member is "at home" in a most useful and charming sense; discipline is perfect, and all the machinery of the college runs smoothly.

Last, but not least, is the home-life of this excellent college. It is unsurpassed for refinement without stiffness, for liberty without license, for freedom of intercourse without familiarity, for dignity without haughtiness, for good fellowship and friendships without envy and uncharitableness—the whole constituting a happy "blend" of home and college at once beautiful and inspiring.

Over this sweet home life Mrs. C. A. Folk presides with a grace and charm all her own. Her very presence is a benediction—her example, precepts, and walks, as she goes in and out among "her girls," a genuine blessing to all who have the felicity to come under her charming influence.

All in all, Boscobel College, under the very able management of Prof. and Mrs. Carey A. Folk, has made a place for itself among the best colleges for young ladies in the land, and is a credit to this city of great colleges, to the State, and to the South.—*Nashville American*.

Prof. Folk is an alumnus of Richmond College, and his many friends will be glad to know of the success of Boscobel College, due to his earnest consecration and noble endeavor.





## Exchange Department.

As this is our first voyage upon the sea of magazine criticism, we shall content ourselves with a few brief remarks.

On a whole, we are pleased with the display of exchanges upon our table. They are dressed well. The contents, in general, are wholesome, interesting, and edifying.

*The Winthrop Journal* deserves much praise. The stories are rather short, but show ability and no small amount of originality. The amount of poetry is exceedingly small. "The Evening Song" is so sweet we wish for more. "Morning Glories" is by an author of no mean ability. We are especially pleased with the debate against co-education. It is written in fluent, flowing English. The arguments are logical and weighty.

*The Davidson College Magazine* is by far the best exchange received up to this time. All of the literary matter is excellent. "True Devotion" deserves special praise. The essay on Edgar Allan Poe shows that the author has studied this great genius of the South. We wish that every college man might read the article on "College Spirit."

We are glad to welcome our friend from Texas, *The Baylor Literary*. Poetry seems to abound in this section, and, judging from the samples before us, it is of a very good quality. The sonnets to Milton and Shakespeare are especially good. This is a rare gift, and we hope our friends will continue to cultivate it. We are sorry to see that prose does not flourish in Texas. The one story contained in this issue is miserably poor. We will say, however, that we enjoyed "The Letter" very much.

*The Buff and Blue* is dressed very neatly, and its contents do not cast reproach upon its cover. However, we advise our friends at Gallaudet to cultivate more the poetical gift.



*The Georgia Tech.* is very disappointing. It contains too much local news and an exceedingly small amount of literary matter.

*The Georgetown Journal* has the advantage of being the largest magazine upon our table.

We must award the honor of the best poem among our exchanges this month to *The William Jewell Student*—namely, the poem entitled “A Highland Chaplet.”

If space permitted we would like to speak of many other magazines upon our table. But, since space does not permit, we content ourselves with expressing grateful thanks for the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Wofford Journal*, *The Palmetto*, *The Critic*, *College Topics*, *The Herald*, *Niagara Index*, *The Hollins Quarterly*, *The Furman Echo*, *Blue and Gold*, and *The Chisel*.

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## Clippings.

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### Sonnet? Bonnet?

---

A poet wrote a sonnet  
On a bonnet,  
And a critic sat upon it—  
On the sonnet,  
Not the bonnet—  
Nothing loth.

And, as if it were high treason,  
Said, “Neither rhyme nor reason  
Has it; and it’s out of season!”

Which? The sonnet  
Or the bonnet?

May be both!

—Ex.



## Bugology.

---

They've found the bug  
That eats the bug  
That fights the bug  
That bites us;  
They've traced the germ  
That kills the germ  
That chews the germ  
That smites us.

They know the bug  
That knifes the bug  
That stabs the bug  
That jabs us;  
They've seen the germ  
That hates the germ  
That biffs the germ  
That nabs us.

They've struck the bug  
That slays the bug  
That flays the bug  
That sticks us;  
They've jailed the germ  
That guides the germ  
That taught the germ  
To fix us.

But still these bugs—  
Microbic thugs—  
In spite of drugs  
Combat us;  
And still these germs—  
Described in terms  
Inspiring squirms—  
Get at us!

—Ex.



## Too Much Hiawatha.

---

### I.

Then the band played Hiawatha,  
Played it up and down the highways,  
Tooted it along the byways;  
At park concerts played it loudly;  
Played itself back from the grave-yard  
To the ever-haunting measure,  
While the people, who will whistle,  
Joined in misfit key the chorus,  
And e'en some dared raise their voices  
In a dee-de-dum-ti-dum,  
Lacking words to grace their meaning,  
Or it maybe lacking meaning.  
At pianos, idly thumping,  
Tender maidens also played it—  
Till the atmosphere resounded  
With the strains of Hiawatha.

### II.

Then, when shades of night had fallen,  
And the hush was silent, tired out,  
Then, oh, then, we found with sorrow  
That it all had been for nothing—  
All our suffering for nothing;  
For of all the ardent tooters,  
All the whistlers so persistent,  
All the hummers, cracked or raucous,  
All the thumpers on pianos,  
Not one of the whole blamed outfit  
Had, in one erratic measure,  
Struck the note that kills mosquitoes;  
And throughout the long night's darkness,  
Still the insects buzzed about us  
The same tune, with variations.  
So much suffering is futile!

—*Ex.*



## "He Knew It Then."

---

I wooed sweet Clementina Jones  
In eloquent, impassioned tones,  
And shrunk unto a bag of bones—

I wooed with tongue and pen.  
I scarce could eat—I'd no desire—  
I sought seclusion, twanged a lyre,  
My breast burnt up with molten fire;  
I knew what *love* was then.

I pressed my suit—and at her feet  
My heart I laid, and fortune neat;  
Then told her how that poor heart beat,  
Beyond all mortal ken.

But icily she answered "No,"  
Then bade me from her presence go,  
And, weighted 'neath a world of woe,  
I knew what *grief* was then.

Another suitor came one night—  
My heart was frozen at the sight;  
She saw him and her eyes flashed bright—  
The handsomest of men.

He wooed and to the altar led  
She whom I loved, and they were wed;  
My heart within my breast lay dead.  
*Despair*, I knew it then.

Years passed. By chance I saw again  
And met once more these lovers twain;  
He fat and bald—she thin and plain—

Of children they had ten.  
And oh! I smiled with sweet content  
To find that he couldn't pay his rent,  
And that she squandered every cent.

Ah! *joy*! I knew it then.

—*Ex.*



### An Evening Idyl.

The evening star its vesper lamp  
Above the west had lit,  
The dusky curtains of the night  
Were following after it.

He seized her waist and clasped her hand,  
And told his tale of love;  
He called her every tender name—  
“My darling,” “duck,” and “dove.”

A tremor shook her fairy form,  
Her eyes began to blink;  
Her pulse rose to a hundred, and  
She cried, “I think—I think—”

He sighed, “You think you love me?” for  
His soul was on the rack.  
“Oh, no!” she yelled; “I think a bug  
Is crawling down my back.”

—*Ex.*

---

### A Sonnet to Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, the son of modern verse, beheld  
The beauties of a human thought expressed;  
Thy mind in charms hath wrought and self-possessed,  
Hath furnished truth in song, so long withheld.  
Such wisdom wrought for the human soul more good  
Than all the hoarded millions stamped in gold;  
Than all the triumphs of war and armies, told  
By trained pen-men, in historic mood.  
How worthy praise and honor such a bard;  
Whose song would have Olympian nymphs inspired;  
Whose thought an ancient scholar put to shame.  
Others ne'er thy fame possess, though laboring hard;  
To thee be tribute in spirit and in name;  
Thou livest, thou thinkest, in men forevermore. —*Ex.*



### Authorized Versions.

Bret. Harte never won a fair lady.  
 Where ignorance is Bliss Carman, 'tis folly to be wise.  
 Give Ade to him that asketh of thee.  
 Of two Egglestons, choose the less.  
 Read Hay while the sun shines.  
 Roe's by any other name would sell as well.  
 Seize Time by the Sherlock.  
 Anstey is the best policy.  
 A Meredith doeth good like medicine.  
 Don't kill the goose that wrote the Golden Girl.  
 Love laughs at Hop. Smiths.  
 Virtue is its own Mrs. Humphrey Ward.  
 H. S. Stone gathers no moss.  
 Hope springs eternal in the autumn lists.  
 S. Weir Mitchell makes a muckle.  
 One must have a long spoon to eat with Mary Maclean.  
 Don't count your Dickens before they are matched.  
 It's a long Taine that has no learning.  
 Ella Wheeler Wilcox makes the heart grow fonder.  
 A little Tolstoi is a dangerous thing.  
 One touch of Kipling makes the whole world Kim.  
 A little more than Poe and less than poet.  
 Gibbons's Rome was not built in a day.  
 The Stevenson who collaborates is lost.  
 Where there's a Zangwill, there's a way.  
 Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth, what crimes are committed in  
 thy name! —*Ex.*

### Triumph.

Since I have loved you, how the darkness flies,  
 Out of the very midnight of Life's skies!  
 How all the tumult and the world's dull pain  
 Are hushed and crushed, never to wake again!



How still and cold and dead my sorrow lies!  
Futile, for me, since I am wonder-wise,  
Are the old forms that lured me in disguise.

How sure my steps, how clean my heart, and sane,  
Since I have loved you!  
Now is life glorious! My soul defies  
The ancient shackles and the iron ties  
That one day bound me. All the hosts are slain  
That hid from me the goodness that has lain  
In you, O woman-heart! How failure dies  
Since I have loved you!

—*Ex.*

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### Well-Known Philosophy.

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To-morrow is only a stranger; when he is to-day consider how you shall entertain him.

Let your thoughts be abundant, but keep your mouth under restraint.

When we cannot find contentment in ourselves it is useless to seek it elsewhere.

Some people are so conscientious about loving their enemies that if they haven't any they are perfectly willing to make a few.

Most disputes can be settled by hearing both sides and believing neither.

To love applause is praiseworthy; to seek it is weakness.

If "ignorance is bliss," I am more convinced every day that there is a great deal of happiness in this world.

The man who brags of his past is not likely to have anything to brag of in his future.

It looks queer when the deacon looks up to Heaven and drops an opera ticket into the offering.

We all expect to be remembered long after we are dead, but not one in a thousand of us can tell for what.

Shooting is the most popular method of suicide.



Lots of excuses are not worth the trouble it takes to make them.

Few men have weak eyes from looking upon the bright side of life.

Superstition is the first thing to attach itself to, and the last thing to release its hold upon man.

The devil goes for the busy, but the idle meet him half way.

Whoever heard of a miser who was anything else than a miser?

The days of miracles and martyrdom are over; patent rights take the place of miracles, and live men the place of dead ones.

You had better steal a cow than cry over spilt milk.

Truth may be eclipsed, but it never ceases to shine.

Humility is one of the materials left out by the self-made man.

Probably he who never made a mistake never made anything.

The men who serve the world are never worried as to whether you are watching their smoke.

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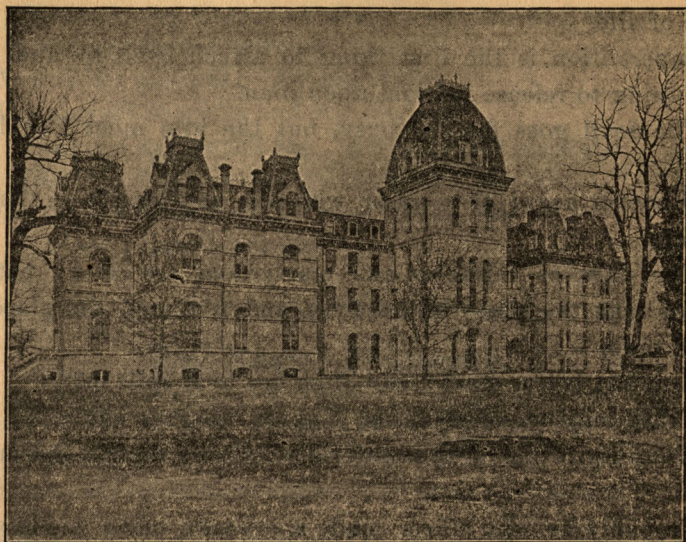
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