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Richmond College Messenger.

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No. 4.

A Waking Song.

(Translated from the Icelandic of Ari Thorgeirsson.)

BY DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN.

Wake up, little one, and have no fear,
For the warm thaw-time is almost here,
So near!

Wake up, little one, for the bright day
At last has come and will not go away,
But stay!

Wake up, little one; look at the sun;
See how the ice-floe Kulay* has begun
To run!

Wake up, little one, for the bright snow
Has left his home and commenced to go,
So slow.

Wake up, little one, hear the great bear,
As he growls. He has left his dark lair,
Off there!

Wake up, little one. How the ice-bergs reel,
And in the air, hark to the loud appeal
Of the seal.

Wake up, little one, and open thy eyes;
Even old Bortsou† slumber doth despise;
So rise!

*The name of a large ice-floe near Thorholm.

†Evidently the name of a lazy dog.

Influence and Mission of the Lawyer.

BY WILLIAM E. ROSS.

“Law in general is human reason, inasmuch as it governs all the inhabitants of the earth. The political and civil laws of each nation ought to be the only particular cases in which this human reason is applied.”—*Montesquieu*.

IT is interesting to know the influence of any of the professions upon civilization. No element of society exists without its influence, whether it be for good or for evil. Inasmuch as the law has to do with the most profound of human affairs, it becomes especially instructive to study the influence of the lawyer as such.

The influence of the jurist cannot well be over-estimated. Law has been developed almost entirely by the professional lawyer. Roman law was narrow and rigorous until the private jurist breathed into it a theoretical development, giving to it that expansiveness and universality so characteristic of the broad principles of the Roman private law. It was through the relentless efforts of the private lawyer that the liberal civil rights developed by the Roman law were fused with the Teutonic method of political organization, which, after a long intermediate fermentation, produced the conditions of modern political life.

In all times, wherever there has existed a well-developed system of government, the profession of law has been so inseparably connected with political systems that it is not too much to say that practically it is a department of government. Wherever there has been civilization, wherever humanity has caught the inspiration of freedom, wherever, as Justinian would say, “the eternal limits which divide justice from injustice have been marked out,” the influence of the lawyer has been most potent.

A well-organized state of society has never been able to get along without the lawyer. The brunt of the burden of har-

monizing opposing factions, and leading society as a whole out of the most perilous conditions, has been largely upon his shoulders. The great law-makers have, almost without exception, been professional lawyers. The State is so governed by the law-maker that the one is inseparable from the other. That state of organized society travels upon the higher plane whose laws have reached the most perfect development.

It is strange, and sometimes quite ludicrous, to notice the wide-felt prejudice against the professional lawyer, especially among the ill-informed, who seem never to have realized the real mission of the lawyer.

However deep-rooted may be this prejudice, the lawyer will continue to live; will still remain the weightiest factor in influencing and moulding public opinion. The people in their ignorance may abuse, but they will continue to take his advice; they may think themselves to have but little respect for his conceptions of right and wrong, but will always welcome the reforms brought about by his agitation. And if there be more abuses to be corrected, more vicious customs from which to dissuade society, they still await his advice as to the manner of setting them aright, still depend upon him to agitate the needed reforms upon the hustings, to work them through into legislative enactment, and then give no thanks. But the lawyer does not mutiny for this. If his labors are unappreciated, he finds satisfaction in knowing they were beneficial—in knowing that, despite all, clients must continue to employ his services; that the unavoidable disputes of individuals must of necessity be adjudicated; that the varied and complex problems of society will ever offer an infinite field of labor; that standing, as he does, at the very helm of the law, he will continue the most potent factor in human affairs.

The historian may delight to dwell upon the simplicity of the Puritanic life of early New England, whose good people for

several decades managed their affairs without the vexatious molestation of the professional lawyer, not so much as allowing him standing room, as it were. Yet they did not scruple to punish Baptists; they exiled Roger Williams; they hanged witches. For more than a hundred years, in Virginia, there seems to have been little relish for the professional lawyer, the reasons for which, if indeed any existed, says Mr. Minor, "it is vain, at this distance of time, to explore. It may have been only the unrestrained exhibition of that sentiment of jealous dislike which is pretty sure to animate an aristocracy of birth and fortune, in respect to the opposing aristocracy of capacity and learning; a jealousy and a dislike which has many times flamed out in England against the new barons and earls who, by eminence in the legal profession, have been raised to the peerage." Even in Virginia, so noted for its efficient government, there existed during this time much inhuman, not to mention ridiculous, legislation, which a well-trained bar would *never* have countenanced. At this time it was not infrequent in Virginia for a Baptist minister to preach to his followers through the gratings of a prison.

In England, until about the middle of the sixteenth century, the Lord High Chancellor, the most notable officer of the realm, was chosen exclusively from the ecclesiastics. It is recalled that the law was largely administered and influenced by the clergy. This being the case, it is not erroneous to say that intoleration was developed because of the political functions of the ecclesiastics, and that toleration and liberal thinking only developed when they were deposed. Since the fall of Cardinal Wolsey, with but few exceptions, the office of Lord High Chancellor, and, incidentally, all other judicial offices, have been held by professional lawyers. Wherever political functions have been vested in the clergy, in whatever age, the tendency has been towards a bigoted intoleration. They seem to forget the true spirit and intendment of all human law.

It is safe to say that toleration was not brought about by either the Protestants or the Church of Rome, because the same intolerant spirit was shown by both, and punishment was meted out by whichever of the two factions happened to dominate. As the Church did not develop the idea of toleration, the question presents itself, by what influence was it brought about? It was, we believe, brought about by something higher than human agency. However, it can be said that the lawyer was one of the instrumentalities by which it was accomplished, in that the trained lawyer now discharges those functions in which the ecclesiastical officer was nothing less than a bigot. Certainly the relentless innovations of the trained lawyer upon the clergy in temporal affairs has resulted most beneficially. In Virginia, it was through the efforts of her leading lawyers that our Bill of Rights, drawn by George Mason, which permanently separated "religion, or the duty which we owe our Creator," from our political and civil government, was passed, and subsequently engrafted in the amended Constitution; and, in the language of a learned Virginia judge, "Placing the Christian religion where it stood in the days of its purity, before its alliance with the civil magistrate; when its votaries employed for its advancement no methods but such as are congenial to its nature; when * * * its advocates, 'by the force of powerful arguments, convinced the understanding of men, and by charms of superior virtue captivated their hearts.' Proclaiming to all of our citizens that henceforth their religious thoughts and conversation shall be as free as the air they breathe; that the law is of no sect in religion; has no high priest but justice. Declaring to the Christian and the Mahometan, the Jew and the Gentile, the Epicurian and the Platonist (if such there be amongst us), that, so long as they keep within its pale, all are equally objects of its protection; securing safety to the people, safety to the government, safety to religion; and (leaving reason free to combat error) securing purity of faith and prac-

tice far more effectually than by clothing the ministers of religion with exclusive temporal privileges, and exposing them to the corrupting influence of wealth and power."

The influence of the lawyer has never failed to develop a more liberal thinking. There has always been a great work for him to do. There is to-day before the legal profession an almost infinite task. We live in an age of many perplexing problems, the complications of which can only be worked out by the trained jurist. Our population is not homogeneous. With every nationality in our domains, with their varied interests and intricate complications, out of which peace and order must be brought; with a tendency on the part of a certain class towards a detestable socialism on the one hand, and a tendency towards an equally detestable concentration of wealth and power, as the result of the present-day trusts and monopolies, on the other, it may be safely said that there is a most stupendous work to be done by some one. The tendency towards socialism must not be allowed to stamp out competition, and, incidentally, ambition, thereby putting a premium upon shiftlessness; nor must the overshadowing trusts be allowed by unfair means to so distort competition as will result in the enrichment of the few and the destruction of healthy competition. By what class or profession can order be brought out of this chaos? Upon whom is the brunt of the burden to find the middle ground? Certainly not the preacher, because he has ever been an utter failure as a statesman; not the manufacturer, because he is continually at war with the consumer; not the farmer, because he represents another branch of industry. It is only the lawyer who is fitted for this work. He it is who can best deal out justice to all by agitating wholesome laws—laws placing such restrictions and inhibitions as will tend to check abuse and advance justice and harmony, for, in the language of Sir William Blackstone, "The law is a science which distinguishes the criterions of right and wrong; which teaches to establish

the one, and prevent, punish, or redress the other; which employs in its theories the noblest faculties of the soul and exerts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart."

The past achievements of the legal profession are a source of pride to every true lawyer. No other profession wields so much influence. Upon no other profession, outside of the sacred ministry, rests an equal responsibility. An eminent divine in an address once said: "The moral tone of every community is determined by its bar. In every part of the civilized world it is the influence by which society is silently moulded."

It may be said that all lawyers do not live up to a high standard of professional ethics. Some there be who abuse their profession. This, however, should not reflect upon the worthy. The lawyer who succeeds must have the confidence of the people. To attain this, he must be a man of the highest integrity. The selfish shyster soon falls by the wayside. It is a survival of the fittest.

The lawyer should remember that to his profession belong such names as Erskine, who, in England, vindicated "the right to print the truth with good motives and justifiable ends"; Henry, who by his eloquence inspired the very souls of our colonial ancestors with liberty; Jefferson, who drafted the Declaration of Independence; Madison and Marshall, who by their efforts secured the ratification of the United States Constitution, the latter afterwards breathing into it strength and dignity by thirty-five years' service upon the bench.

It should be the ambition of every lawyer to live up to the high standard marked out by the most illustrious of his profession. He should be inspired with the highest motives in entering the legal fraternity. His efforts should always be towards the upholding the dignity of the law and the vindication of right. The leaders in political affairs must come from the profession of law. He it is who is best fitted for

this work. The contest of cases, the guiding of clients out of intricate perils, and setting his feet upon dry land, as it were, enables him to deal with complicated affairs, to find the parting of the ways, discard error, and hold to the essential.

Stories of the Opera.

II.—“*Francesca*.”

BY DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN.

YES, the poet did say that all the world was a stage, but it is equally true that the stage is a world. To those who know it not, or at least know it only over that mystic line of the foot-lights, the stage seems to be only a world of brightness. But they do not see the picture as it really is. Just as there are great triumphs, so are there dismal failures; singers and actors make their appearance, have their brief moment of notoriety, and then sink back unknown, and the little world of the stage rushes on. But I suppose it must be so. Indeed, poor would be the picture were there no shade to all the brightness. There will ever be failures to make more glorious the successes of the triumphant. The story I told you about Rudolph was a tale of success, and to-night, if you will listen to me, I think I shall tell you the story of *Francesca*, the little mezzo-soprano.

Francesca was not her real name—I knew that as soon as I saw her—but we all have to “wear our masks,” and this little Georgian took the high-sounding name of *Francesca Smizzini*, the Italian for Frances Smith, her real name. I had heard from Madame that another Southerner was to enter the school, but I had no idea who it was until that day we went to the concert at Fischer’s. We were to be seated, as usual, in the pupils’ box, next to the stage, and, when we

entered, she was the first person I saw in the opposite box. I was immediately struck by her appearance. She was leaning back in her seat, her face silhouetted against the dark background of the hangings, one arm thrown carelessly across the chair in front of her, the other toying with her programme. She seemed all absorbed in the song Bouchier was singing—you know it, the "Jewel Song" from "Faust." Her whole body was thrown forward, as she listened intently, and her face showed her interest. It was a beautiful face, too—dark, perfectly formed, and poised like a Grecian goddess. I happened to catch her eye when the song was over, and all the beauty of her face disappeared in the radiance of those eyes. As Tom afterwards said, her eye was too divine to be human, too human to be divine. It was indeed full of expression, sparkling, and black as a raven's wing. I could not but gaze at her; more absorbed in the changes of her expression than in the singer's notes; more interested in her than in the music. As I looked, there seemed something familiar about her face. I felt that she was no stranger to me, but that I had seen her somewhere before. But where? I tried to call all the pupils of the Dramatic School, all the society ladies I had met at Madame's, but she was not among them. I went over in my mind all the faces of the old home surroundings—she was not connected with them; even Europe was in my ruminations, but I could not place her. Still I was *sure* I had seen her before, and the thing puzzled me no little. Madame noticed me watching the young lady, and whispered that she was soon to enter the school, bidding me not to gaze so steadily at her, lest I embarrass her. I then asked Madame her name, and when she told me I still failed to place her. Determined, however, to locate this strange Miss Smith, I begged Madame to introduce me, and she, rather surprised—for I seldom sought the company of ladies—consented to do so. When Roberson had finished his last high note we took the prom-

enade and went around to the box where she was sitting. As it happened, the young lady was alone, and, after the usual preliminaries, Madame noticed a friend in the adjoining box and left "Signora Smizzini" and myself to a *tete-a-tete*. I am usually rather ill at ease when with a new acquaintance, especially if that acquaintance happens to be a female, and still more so if she has black eyes; but that time the young girl's simplicity and sweetness made me forget myself, and in a few moments we were talking easily about the singers. I, of course, knew all of them, more or less intimately, and nothing would do but I must tell her their histories. When Bouchier came, in the second part, to sing her aria, I told her about the little Frenchman waiting in Provence, and the father poring over the American papers to learn of his daughter's triumphs. Roberson, too, with his sudden rise, suggestive of romance, had interested her, and before I knew it I had given her more or less authentic biographies of all the performers. She was altogether appreciative, and we were warm friends in a few moments. I was attracted by her manners, so full of the Southern culture, which I yearned for so much in that Northern city. There were the soft tones, the indescribable drawl, so dear to my exiled ear. She likewise seemed glad to be with one of the South, and confided that I was the first person she had heard say "*cyarriage*" in many a day.

Madame had desired Miss Smith to visit the school that evening, and when the programme had been rendered she gave me the honor of escorting her. Accordingly, we ordered a "*cyarriage*," and soon were speeding through the smoke-thick streets toward the school.

I remember distinctly; it was a dark, heavy night, with a drizzle of rain falling, just enough to be disagreeable. The authorities had recently introduced the arc lights in New York at the time, and their weird radiance made the woman beside me in the vehicle look all the more ethereal in the

otherwise semi-darkness. I remarked on the fact, mentioning, I believe, that the lights had been recently put in place. She laughed a musical little ripple, and said such things were unknown in old Abbeville. The name struck me. Surely, it was some connection with that name which reminded me of her. I thought a moment. Yes, I recalled a little Georgia town, beside a river—a fall day—a return to Virginia from the Creole City—and then I recalled it all.

She had been down at the station, bidding a cousin farewell. The boy was going off to college, way up in Virginia, and she had come with an old black mammy to see him off. I recoiled at the vividness of the scene. The boy had been tall, dark—like her, handsome. She was then but a little miss in short dresses, but with the same eyes. I remembered it then. She smiled when I told her I had at last placed her, but I noticed a glister in her eye as I spoke of the boy, Tom Prescott. Consequently, not knowing what might be the trouble, I immediately changed the subject.

As had been her plan, she entered the school in a short while, and it was not long before I had opportunity to hear her sing. You remember, I told you it was our custom to have regular recitals each week, attended only by the pupils and a few appreciative and critical friends. Within a few days after her entrance we had a recital. From the day she had come in my friends had inquired when she would sing. They had often heard me boast of the voices of the Southern women, and were glad of an opportunity to put the boast to a test. That evening, after half a dozen of them had sung, Madame herself went to the piano—an honor she seldom conferred—and Frances came to the front. I must confess I was somewhat uneasy, for I had never heard her myself, and my reputation was at stake. No sooner had Madame struck the opening bars than I recognized an old Southern song, one of those fragments modeled after no master, following no school, but replete with the spirit of the country. I

lay back and listened while Madame played* the theme.

Then Frances began, in a voice rich, full of melody, and beyond belief. I forgot myself in a moment, and was lost in the song. As she sang, the city with its smoke and din, its mad rush for fame, and its endless struggle, seemed to fade away. I was back again into the old world of beauty, living the old life again. Across the river, it seemed, was home—the clover was in bloom, and in the old pines the wind sang its monody, the ripe wheat caught the song and whispered it to the flowers, and the bee, too, droning softly, hummed the same refrain. Gone was the shadow, hopes were forgotten; there was only peace—forgetting, dreamless peace. I could not hear the words, as my whole being was absorbed in the spirit of the song. On she sang, and the vision lingered; on she sang, and my soul drank in the music. I was aroused in a moment by Thomson, for the song was done, and he whispered that if all my Southern singers were like this one I was not as great a liar as they had thought. I was nettled at the remark, for the song and the singer seemed to have become a part of me—they were sacred to another life. But how the singers applauded! No one is more appreciative than he who knows, and, I dare say, all alike felt relief to hear a simple melody after all the opera we had heard for many months.

Madame was quick to see the qualities of the voice, and within a few months it was generally agreed that "Signora Smizzini" would be among the first to enter the opera after the season began. It was during these months that I came to know Frances so well. Coming both from the South was naturally some tie between us, and somehow I was irresistibly drawn to her. She did not live with the other pupils at the school, but, having ample means, she had apartments at a near-by house, living alone with the old negro mammy and a French maid. There I went frequently, for I had not been

away from home very long myself, and that little flat seemed to exist in a world different from the rest.

I never tried to find out any of her private business, for, if there is a person in society whose existence offers no excuse at all, it is the man who pries into other's secrets; but she was confiding, with all the truthfulness of a girl's heart. She told me about that boy whom I had traveled with. He was her distant cousin, and, legally, her guardian, though but little older than herself. He was still at the University, pursuing his studies; but beyond that she, for some time, said nothing. I saw that there was more than the ordinary affection in her words and her attitude, however. I easily guessed the trouble—the boy had become dissipated, and had forgotten his duty to her—perhaps had forgotten his regard for her.

I had not intended mentioning this suspicion, but one day, by the merest chance, I let slip some word, and she took it up. She repeated the whole story, not unusual in any of its features—just the same old experience of a boy going off to college. He had gotten into bad company, had taken to drink; then came the rest. I could appreciate it, for we singers have hearts just like others. I sympathized with her as best I could, for any one could see that she had a deep regard for the boy. But still sympathy does not go very far toward healing a wound, and I became anxious about my little friend. She confided that she had written Tom time after time, and for months had received no answer. She had hoped against hope that each mail would bring some reply, but nothing came. She was in the dark as to his whereabouts even.

While these troubles were distressing her, her musical training went on. Madame took great interest in her, and her progress was more than satisfactory. September saw her well under way, and by the middle of October the papers were talking of the “new pupil of Madame Beaumont, who will shortly make her *debut*.” It was an unusual thing even

at our school for a pupil to begin singing in the principal *roles*, and no little stir was created. Several of Madame's old pupils who sang in the opera—Mlle. Furniss, M. Reske, and others—came down to hear the new singer, and all were unanimous in their praises. The girl's voice was marvelous. Such praises would have turned most any one, and I know my little friend did not retain her balance altogether; but for the most part she went about her work as usual, practicing her four hours, studying, acting, just as if another month was not to see her a soloist of the greatest opera company in America, if she succeeded. I still visited her at the little flat; she still had the Southern drawl and the same old-time refinement; still she heard nothing from Tom. In a quiet way I made some inquiry, but to no purpose; he was not to be found.

II.

I had visited her the day it happened. In fact, as I afterwards learned, the young fellow I met entering the elevator was the cause of the trouble. She had sung for me that day some of the old melodies, and, to please her, I had sung in dialect the old negro songs of the Valley—"Run, Nigger, Run, de Pattyrroll Gwine Cetch Yer," and the others. They had pleased her, and her melancholy left her for the time. She was sitting at the piano when I went out (for we no longer observed the formalities), with the bright glance of her laughter at my songs still in her eye. I had not been long gone, she told me later, when she heard a knock at the outer door. Thinking it only the baker, she continued her singing, and soon had forgotten all about the interruption. She sang more of the old songs, for my mood had seized her also. Maybe, as she played, she was thinking of Tom at the college, and maybe she was thinking of the night, but two weeks ahead, when, in the glory of gold and scarlet, she was to make her first appearance, when

suddenly there was a commotion in the hall. She heard the shrill voice of the French maid addressing some one, and she heard the hoarse voice of a man. Naturally she was frightened, for there was no one else in the apartments except the servants. She moved from the piano, and was making her way towards the inner room, when the outer door was flung open, and a man entered. Before she had time to look at him, with fevered hand he made his way toward her, and then, just as she would have fled, he cried: "Frances, Frances; don't you know me," and fell on the floor. Hastily she turned and recognized him. It was Tom.

(To be Continued.)

A Sudden Reverse.

BY GEORGE "BUCK."

We had met twice,
Upon the ice,
And skated much together.

She said "'Twas fine,"
When all the time,
I skated right beside her.

I thought it bliss
When with the Miss,
So thus our hearts grew warmer.

But on a chip
She made a slip,
And *both* fell in ice-water.

Yet still she skates,
At marvelous rates,
But always with another.

The Clopton House.

BY JULIAN LICHTENSTEIN.

THEY are tearing down the old house now, by my orders. For a little while that house was a heaven on earth for me, but only too soon did the black cloud follow the sunshine, leaving me almost a shadow. That old house fascinates, draws, and haunts me so much that my friends have advised me to have it torn down, if I wished to escape that dreaded disease, melancholia.

The neighborhood a generation ago was inhabited only by the oldest and best of families, but, with the fickleness of time, it has sadly retrograded.

The building, of colonial architecture, now with its shattered windows, time-worn bricks, broken-down portico, covered with shriveled ivy, and surrounded with its uprooted lawn and decaying trees, yet stands out as a striking representation of that now almost forgotten period.

Some thirty years ago my family lived near the old house; then I never had an idea that one day I would become its owner.

Mr. Clopton was then an old man. He lived alone; his only son had incurred his displeasure by marrying against his wishes, and accordingly (as the story goes) was bidden to leave the paternal roof. A little while before his son Charles had saved me from an old negro whose windows I had destroyed while in a youthful mood of destruction. Such little kindnesses as these are never forgotten.

Even at this time there were such traditions connected with this house that we little ones at dusk could only pass it with shaking knees and high-beating hearts, thinking at every step a ghost or goblin was upon us.

Years rolled on, and with them affections born in spring, like a leaf in all its brilliant colors, only to die again at the first

chill of autumn, until, at last, I thought that love was only a phantasy of the imagination—a dream which came in moments of idleness.

Ah! how wrong I was. That day I first saw her I shall never forget. 'Twas an autumn day—dark, chilly, and raining. I had been seeking among the volumes of an old bookstore for my favorite author, Goethe. My search was unsuccessful, and I left, feeling depressed, as if I had no friend to cheer me up. Walking along, pondering if I were to be a bachelor all my life, and if love was so inconstant, and such similar thoughts, by chance I raised my eyes. They met those of a girl who was but a few feet from me. For a moment I stood transfixed in astonishment. Then an indescribable feeling of delight crept through my veins, my heart beating powerfully, as if seeking release, my brain overwhelmed with exquisite pleasure, and, for a moment, I was completely enthralled. Never before had I seen such a refined, noble, and sweet face. When one reads when young the fairy stories of princesses and fairies, there lingers in the mind an ideal which, when he grows older, he thinks cannot exist in this material world, but only in dreams. But, indeed, there was the ideal that I had so often dreamed.

When I had partially recovered and gazed around, she was gone. For some months I sought the town over for her, but without success. Then I thought to myself, why do you seek for that which does not exist; it was only a phantasmagoria of the brain—such loveliness cannot exist. But I could not rid myself of that vision.

Mr. Clopton, being a very old man now, wished to have some relatives near him. He had forgiven his son, but no one knew of his whereabouts. So a distant relative, one Carroll Clopton, was called—a young man of about twenty, rather tall, his face showing a retreating forehead, little green snake-like eyes, flat nose, and a too prominent chin, denoting

brutality, altogether forming one of the most repulsive faces that I have ever seen.

At the first sight there seemed to be a mutual hatred between us. It seems that as there is love at first sight, so also is there hate. 'Tis by the hand of Fate that in our happiest moments there is always a tinge of sadness.

But, to continue. Mr. Clopton wished once more before his death to bring back the good old times that used to reign supreme at his house, so he determined to give a grand ball. Being a friend of the family, I came over during the day to help in the decorations.

As I was about to mount the steps I glanced upward. There *she* stood at the window just overhead. Involuntarily I raised my hands in supplication. She smiled. 'Twas but an instant, and I was by her side. In the impetuosity of my passion I clasped her in my arms, and kissed and kissed her again and again; then I drew her to a divan, where we seated ourselves. Words of love came in torrents from my lips. Such a moment! When one holds her in his arms whom he loves most dear and knows that she loves him there is a foretaste of heaven which is worth a lifetime.

But this was not to continue; the door opened; Carroll Clopton appeared.

"So, do you think that this is a rendezvous of amours, where you can carry on such proceedings with a common seamstress before the very windows, and cast a stain upon this house?"

I knew that he sought a quarrel, and he could not have chosen a better time.

"What do you mean when you say casting a stain upon this house?" I asked indignantly.

Sneeringly, he shrugged his shoulders.

That thing goaded me. It brought forth the very innate devil. I rushed on him, clasped him by the throat, threw him across a table, and would have choked the very words in

him, when she said in her sweet voice "Stop." Instantly my hold relaxed; my body was like a sea, rendered passive by her slight breath, or breaking forth into fury at any indignant words of hers.

When her work was finished, I escorted her home. She lived in the poorer part of the city. On reaching her home, she opened the door and bade me enter, which I did. There by the window was seated a man, who, when he turned his head, I recognized as Charles Clopton. His face was careworn, his hair tinged with gray, but he still retained the characteristics of old.

"Whom have you brought with you, Lora?" he asked.

How my heart thrilled at her answer: "The one that I have been telling you of for the last six months."

Later I learned that he had been blind for seven years; his wife had died a little while after his misfortune, leaving Lora, their only child, then about fifteen. He had some money, by which they had lived comfortably, until a few years ago, when some villain had taken advantage of his weakness and swindled it from him. Since that time they had lived on the money that Lora made by her needle-work, which, indeed, was scanty. He was too proud to ask forgiveness from his father.

When old Mr. Clopton learned that his son yet lived he received him with open arms.

I met Carroll Clopton a few days later.

"What do you mean by bringing those false people into this house. You are trying to steal my rightful heritage."

I turned my back and walked off.

It was several days later that Charles Clopton was found dead in the cellar. It seems that he loved the old house so well, and had wandered through it so many times when a boy, that he thought, although blind, he could find his way even to the utmost recesses. He had gone into the cellar, and for some inexplicable reason the spring lock had caught, thus shutting him in a prison where no one could hear his cries.

When Mr. Clopton heard the sad tidings the shock was so great that he died instantly.

After his death a law-suit followed, to determine to whom the property should belong, as Mr. Clopton had left no will. After a great delay, Lora received the property.

We had been married a month before the settlement, and for two months we heard nothing of Carroll Clopton. These few months were as a beautiful dream—with such a horrible awakening. O God! that it were but a dream. But, no; it is not so.

One night I awoke suddenly. Standing by my bed-side were two dark figures, one of whom I recognized as Carroll Clopton. With all my strength I hurled myself on him and bore him to the floor. Then I felt myself seized from behind and thrown aside with violence. My head struck the bureau, and I was stunned for a moment. When I recovered there was Carroll Clopton standing above me, with a dagger in his hand. The light of the moon shone on his distorted face. Never before had I seen one so horrible.

I wished to grapple with him, and even attempted to rise. He raised the dagger. Then, O God! Lora threw herself on me, and received the blow. Her life's blood gushed over me. Then I remembered no more until I revived. There on the bed lay a figure that I recognized as Lora's. The servants were standing around in awe and terror. I staggered to the bed, begged her to speak to me—to smile. But, no! God had taken to His kingdom in Heaven that generous and noble soul.

To Madeline.

(*From "For Old Love's Sake."*)

BY DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN.

When the sun is slow to shine,
All its radiance is thine,
Madeline!

When the stars to sleep incline,
Light thou with thy gaze divine,
Madeline !

With such loves as gods repine,
Such a love for thee is mine,
Madeline !

With thy hair so soft and fine,
Like it were some dream's design,
Madeline !

In its tresses wreath and twine
Flashes of a lost sunshine,
Madeline !

And thy breath, 'tis sweet as wine,
When thy rosy lips meet mine,
Madeline !

And thy sigh is as a sign,
For the hushing of the wind,
Madeline !

At thy sobs the skies incline,
And thy tears are honeyed brine,
Madeline !

Ah, ye men, ye mortal swine,
Let this word your thoughts refine—
Madeline !

Then pledge her in the ruby wine,
To thee, to thee, sweetheart mine,
Madeline !

A College Circumambulation.

BY "RASTUS."

THE Story goes that Richmond College has Johnsons, Black, White, and Brown, who used to Walker round, to the Hutton the Brook, two miles above the Pond, and Wait, while the water Falls so they can Wade Wright over, and not Pulley Shue off, even if they Leake, because they are Hardy boys, big and little; and after passing the Barnes and com-Batten with a Kidd, that was Flippin a Bell, but not letting the old Ramsey what they were doing, because they Newell that he Woodward them off, if he had to Lodge his Ball head against their over-Rawles or West Scotts, they returned to the College, and found that Co-eds. Brig-Ham-Young were here, and that any one of them, whose Willis to Baker Cake, Wood Wynne some one into the Bond of Christian Whitlock, before it Sowers, and then Bragg about how Handy she Tucker Whiteman in, and held him with Ankers and a Chaney round his heart, and if she Gaines one of the Foushee likes, and he gets into the Boatwright, she will exercise Thos. Sugar Wrights of woman—viz., that his Harris to be pulled out; and fine Lee ask: Why don't you preach the Gaw Spillman? What are you doing? He can answer. O. L. Bowen around in the Garrett to get my common-Terry and trans-Slater, that are bound in a Taylor-made Alley-gator skin with hard Woodfin-Ish, and thus, while he escapes the Toombs, he will Carver living out without Wood or Cole, and with pleasures as rare as Fogg in a fair-Ryland.

If the name of any member of the College is not in this list, just to be Frank about it, by George, it is Owen to the fact that they are such Blunt Stubbs, or some other defish-Yancey that they are put below Parr, and, if you object to the use of your name, rather than for you to Hayes me, I will ampu-Tatem, which is nicer than the fellow who Doug. Freeman out, no matter Howell he Diggs.



Editorial.



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**"FOR ALL THE
WORLD."**

The republic of the United States has made its conscience very tender by its speedy recognition of the *de facto* government of Panama, and by its action in preventing the parent government at Bogota from coercing the seceding State into submission and reunion—the very thing which this Government claimed the right to do and exercised in 1865. But by reason of a treaty (1846), in which we are pledged to keep the transit of the isthmus open and free from danger, we claim the justification of our act. Still, feeling that this is not sufficient vindication, those who apologize for, and defend, the course of the President, go further, and produce a plea which is significant of the progress of peace and the brotherhood of man. They tell us, in substance, that this canal is for the use, benefit, and advantage of *all the world*, and that, therefore, one small State cannot be allowed to postpone the accomplishment of this project. This argument has been seen from a more selfish point of view before. We have been told that the acquisition and exploitation of the Philippine Islands was for the advantage of the commerce of *one nation—ours*. And that argument sunk into our hearts and won over our consciences. In the first flush of that victory, isn't it a curious thing they should cry "for all the world"? Are we more philanthropic now to make up for past misanthropy?

Is this the plea of those who steady a wavering conscience with evil motives, or is it a genuine call to serve unselfishly *all* the world? If it is the latter, it was made before the "bloodless revolution" of last November, and was made as much to Colombia as to the United States. And that nation is now suffering the consequences of her own selfishness and lack of progressiveness and of responsiveness to that call, which is much the same thing.

But the argument itself is significant and rather unique. It is the utterance of the spirit of world-wide federation, and not the blatant cry of imperialism, trying to drown the voice of conscience. And the spirit of that federation is the spirit that cried out in Bassanio—

"Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong."

Nor is this a spirit without a body. Yesterday it breathed in the Hague Tribunal, and again but yesterday in the Canadian Boundary Commission. For the first time it has boldly uttered the cry, "For all the world!" For the first time a nation has acted upon it, and *immediately*. If this is the cry of imperialism, that house is divided against itself. Let that be the motive of a few more great undertakings, and it will no longer be possible to oppress the Boer nation, or the Philippine people, or any other nation or people under the sun. Then that spirit inhabiting the bodies of all governments will sing a new song, whose chorus shall be—

"*Now* the war drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furled,

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

AN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATION.

There are twenty-one moons in our solar system. Mars has two, Jupiter five, Saturn eight at least, Uranus four, Neptune one, the earth one. Mercury and Venus are moonless.

This is a rather unequal distribution. Especially does it seem unfair that Saturn, who has three beautiful concentric rings, should have *eight* fine moons. How poor in comparison is our earth, with its lone moon, and only *one* side of that visible at any time. It really amounts to but half a moon. And so we, the human race, from the first lover down to the dapper little fellow in front of the soda fountain, who strolled in the park last evening with his girl, have had to use the same old satellite. Our poets have ripped their hair out in handfuls in their efforts to draw poetry out of those century-dried volcanic craters up there, and in their despair had no other moon to turn to. And the dogs, of all sorts and conditions, have bayed that same old luminary from the beginning of the geologic age to the present night. But think what a glorious, happy, roaring, universal, extended, protracted Fourth of July diversion we would have with just *one* more moon! Twice as many lovers, twice as many poets, and the *dogs*! Well! they would have to be sacrificed in the interest of peace and public quiet. The poets would have to live on. They are long-haired now, but at the second moon I think they would be bald-headed. Four moons would suit this earth better than two, or even three, for in that case there would be a possibility of the tides being large enough to sweep up on the beach and carry off the bald-headed rhapsodists. This is only a conjecture, however, yet it is altogether likely, and is strengthened by the fact that there are no poets on any of the planets having more than *two* moons. At least none have yet been discovered. If there were one, Camille Flammarion would have signaled him long ago.

Perhaps it is best that we be content with our one old homely moon, for, though it has only one side, as far as we have seen, it has never taught us to be one-sided men. Though it has been dead for ages, it reflects the life-giving sunlight, as we may reflect the truth still in our lives when we are dead.

We fled from the "madding crowd" into the recesses of King and Queen county, where the forest is ablaze with the red berries of the holly. Brightly, gorgeously, intensely, they flamed, set in little clusters against the rich, soft, deep green of the tiny-armed leaves. The holly trees line the roads, where human eyes could admire them, and they stood isolated and lonely, yet beautiful, in the quiet depths of the woods. Here we sought them, treading on a carpet of leaves and pine needles softer than any Brussels ever made. For here, you see, they shed their beauty for no eyes to behold, but as the gem in the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean, and as the flowers in the desert, do they glow, and scintillate, and redden madly.

Now this holly is good for nothing in the world but to look at. There is no living thing that eats the fiery little pellets save the worms. Simply an ornament, it takes its place among the other trees of the forest. It is an idle thought of Nature, made in a restful moment, and dipped in colors too bright even for the sunset and the rainbow. Yet there it stands in its sombre setting of winter duns and grays, a burnished glory in red and green. Some of it will find its way into the houses of the rich, and hang in pretty wreaths in the windows, and some will serve for Xmas trees, and gladden and brighten the more humble homes. Though it cannot serve man in any great way like the neighbor oak and pine, it serves him none the less. By being simply good to look at it becomes of value. This principle, or law, has been appropriated by some members of the animal kingdom, and worked thin. The dude, who is not yet extinct, reckoned his worth according to this law, and the beautiful dudess likewise.

But we will have to leave the holly, as we had to leave the county. The post-office at West Point had been robbed, and, as we were a stranger, we thought it best to depart and escape suspicion. It was the slowest escape we ever made. The

engine had suffered an accident, and, as a result, was only on "two legs." Mark Twain could have beaten us "by glacier." That engine went at an awful rate, but it didn't seem to do much good. Then, after an advance of twenty feet or more, it would reverse and glide swiftly back to the depot and begin over again. History repeated itself this way about fifty times. It was remarkable how beautifully that train could retreat. We were very much interested, and thought how nice it would be if we could have a glacier. But even that luxury was denied us, for they had all gone by some thousands of years ago. We never would have escaped to tell this tale had not the conductor shunted off all the freight cars but one. After that we moved, and finally reached our sanctum sanctorum, with our ears full of the sounds of the woods and our eyes full of after-images of flaming red holly.

TO LOVE OR BE
LOVED.

My aunt asked me, in that inevitable P. S., the following question: "Which yields the greatest joy, to love or be loved?" In the first place, Aunt, why do you ask the question—just to give me a chance to expatiate? Well, I'll take it that way. To begin with, Tennyson has answered the question for you. You know he says:

"I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

He did not say to *be* loved. Now, if he had said it is better to *have been loved* and lost than never to have been loved at all, I doubt if the world would have called him a great reader of the human heart.

But, perhaps the reason that it gives the greatest joy is because, as the poet put it, it gives *most sorrow* when the object of the love is gone. It causes no pain to be loved.

Not to be loved may cause *some*, not to be loved at *all* may cause more, but we do not believe it can compare to the pain that comes to the heart that loves when the object of that love is no more, and especially if the object returned the love.

Evidently, then, we care more for our greatest joys, and sorrow most when they are gone. This is a truism. The degree of sorrow corresponds to the degree of love. If we sorrow much, we loved much. Scores of beautiful women may love a man, and, when they stop loving him, leave him nothing except wounded vanity, which will soon heal. But if he happened to love one of them, the shoe is on the other foot. This, then, is the test of the matter—sorrow. What do we grieve most over—the cessation of the flow of love towards us, to meet which we send out no answering stream, or the outpouring of our love that wanders on we know not whither, forever into that flowerless land of arctic chill and darkness and despair?

There are millions of our human fellow-creatures who do not love us—they do not even know we live—yet we are not bowed down with sorrow over the fact. If they did love us, to some it might be a source of satisfaction; to more a matter of indifference or scientific interest. But let one of us love but one of the many millions, and we shall experience thrills of joy without regard to whether we are loved in return or not. If we are, so much the better; but the chief source of our joy lies in the fact that *we* love. If Romeo had not loved Juliet, would he have been as joyful merely because Juliet loved him? Would Tennyson have grieved over Hallam if he had not loved him? Is he singing of Hallam's love for him, or his love for Hallam? What was it that gave him so much joy and so much grief—Hallam's lost love for him, or his lost love for Hallam? Is it only modesty that makes the burden of his song his love for Hallam? Is it not rather the illustration of the principle that we get our chief joy and our chief sorrow in the direction of our love?

Exchange Department.

WITH greetings and best wishes for a happy and prosperous new year, we wish to assure all of our friends that the Christmas numbers upon our table have been a source of great pleasure.

The number of exchanges received is gratifying. Their Xmas dress is attractive and pleasing. The literary contents are wholesome, instructive, and, on the whole, of a high standard.

In this, the first issue of the new year, we desire to make one suggestion concerning exchanges. We feel that it would be a source of great good if the students of each college could examine the exchanges. We believe that, as a rule, they do not have this privilege. We suggest that each editor put his exchanges in the library, or in some public place, and urge the student body to look them over. In this way each student would become familiar with the magazines of other colleges. We believe that this would be the means of raising the standard of college magazine literature.

We take this opportunity to say to our fellow-students that hereafter our exchanges can be found on the table in the library. Read them. They will be a source of pleasure as well as profit to you.

The *Blue and Gold* is very modest in size, but its prose articles would delight the most fastidious. "A Grain of Mustard Seed" deserves special mention. The absence of poetry in this number emphasizes the fact that our friends need to cultivate this art.

The Cento is somewhat disappointing. We think the "Extract from an Address" is not quite the thing for a college magazine. The articles should be original. We also suggest that our friends institute an Exchange Department.

The sonnet "To My Lady's Eyes" is very good, yet its rhyme scheme might be improved. The author of "Pines and Jasmine" has the gift of good description. We congratulate him. "When My Ship Comes In" is a very ingenious song.

On the whole, the literary matter of *The Southern Collegian* is bright and well written. However, we call attention to several typographical errors. The style of "What Might Have Been" reminds one of Edgar Allan Poe.

The Furman Echo comes to us this month dressed in snowy white. The articles are well selected and neatly arranged. "Reason and Religion" would be a fine little poem but for the fact that it appears to be didactic.

The December number of *The Winthrop College Journal* contains some good stories, but we think that there should be a variety of prose articles. In this issue there are four stories over against one essay.

We are glad to welcome *The Chisel* among our exchanges for December. It contains some excellent things. We are especially pleased with the departments of "Current Topics" and "Books of the Hour." We wish to recommend to other magazines the adoption of such departments. We call attention to several typographical errors.

The Hollins Quarterly deserves the highest praise for its most excellent literary contents. It is by far the best magazine received this month.

In addition to those already mentioned, we desire to express our thanks for the following exchanges: *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *College of Charleston Magazine*, *Niagara Index*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *Philomathean Monthly*, and *The Mercerian*.

Well-Known Philosophy.

No man can climb higher than his highest ideal.

It is always easier to feel that you love your neighbor across the ocean than to show that you love the one across the street.

Hope isn't much good unless it is backed up by hustle.

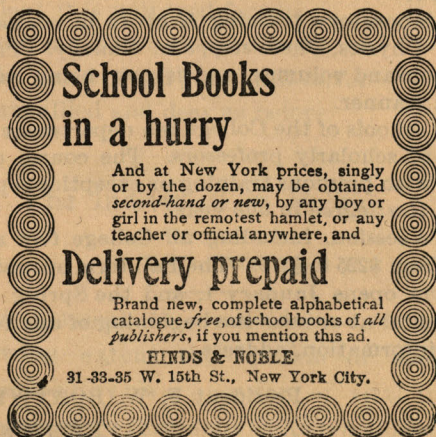
Life is a fizzle to the young man behind the soda-water counter.

Automobiling may be a fine sport, if you are able to pay the fines.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it is different with a book agent.

Some fellows marry poor girls to settle down, and others marry rich ones to settle up.

There was a young man named ———,
On the team he was our full-back;
But he was kicked in the head,
And now I'm afraid
He'll always be a draw-back.



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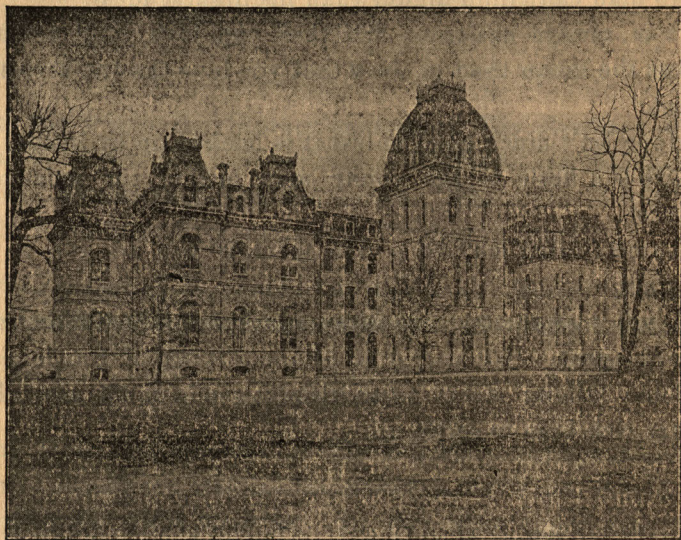
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