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Richmond College Messenger.

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EDITORS' NOTE.—At the solicitation of many friends of "The Messenger," the editors have published in this issue all the matter submitted. These articles are published as handed in by their authors, without change or amendment, other than what was essential. In this way we desire to show to the College exactly the character of the contributions, and, at the same time, to encourage some writers whose work has not heretofore appeared in "The Messenger."

The Organ Praise.

BY G. W. FOGG.

Peal! peal! thy thundering notes forever abroad,
Thou thousand-tongued instrument of praise;
Then soft and low send forth a gentler chord,
Agreeing with that Life for which we raise
This feeble eulogy. Our hearts, our soul, our mind,
As one, are joined in gratitude to Man Divine.

Still praise, ye reeds, this ever-glorious song
For One, become a universal strain;
Wood, iron, stone, smith, builder—all belong
To one great family, which in refrain
Proclaims the token of this Blessed Festive day,
That Christ in glorious triumph did Himself array.

Wordsworth and the Spirit of His Poetry.

BY J. EDWIN LODGE.

There is probably nothing of more importance in the consideration of the work of such a man as Wordsworth than a thorough acquaintance with the life and character of the poet himself. It is impossible for us to enter into the spirit of his writings unless we have studied his environments and know something of the great impulses that were a part of his inward life. For are not his writings but a mirror reflecting the hidden depths of his being through the expression of his loftiest thoughts and his most cherished ideals? Therefore it seems essential for an intelligent appreciation of his poetry that one should know first of Wordsworth in the every-day walks and talks of his life.

Although possessed of a good, sound education, Wordsworth was never a great lover of mere books. Even as a school-boy we find him rather indifferent to any classical pursuits, but taking a keen, boyish delight in the natural scenery about him. He loved to take long walks among the green fields, and the beautiful scenery of hill and valley made impressions upon his imaginative mind, and stirred within him a host of feelings and emotions that made him thrill with joy at the very thought of being alive. As he has himself expressed it—

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

This love of nature grew within him, waxing stronger and stronger, until it became his ruling passion. His college days having been completed, he began almost at once to travel. Indeed, all through his life he was a restless, tireless ex-

plorer, not only of his own native country, but of many foreign strands. The glad impulses and noble thoughts that were inspired by these sweet communions with nature have been handed down to us in verse that will always live. In almost all of these tours he was accompanied by his sister, Dorothy, whose far-reaching influence we must not overlook. She was a kind, sympathetic soul, who entered into his every ambition, and became a sharer alike of his joys and his sorrows. To her he poured out the inmost secrets of his heart; in her he confided his every hope and fear, and from the beauty and gentleness of her spirit he derived strength at all times.

At Grasmere, which finally became his permanent home for many years, we are told that some of his greatest work was done. Here an extremely plain life and the presence of open air and surrounding hills was his only inspiration. Indeed, his life was ever rugged and simple, being for the most part spent in the country, where he could wander at will among the hills, where he could follow the course of some murmuring brook, or dream in the shadows of some sombre forest. Walking amid the daffodils, his heart pulsating with joy and hope; standing at the very summit of some dizzy mountain crag, overcome by his own thoughts and the grandeur of the scene before him, or listening to the "tumultous" song of the nightingale—this was Wordsworth, the poet of nature.

But we must not think that he always conceived of nature in its external beauty and grandeur alone, for he did not. This very love of nature, with the expanding of his great soul, began to broaden out into a yet nobler and higher sphere—the love of his fellow-man. Yes, man—man with his immortal soul—was the crowning work of all. Everything else became subordinate. It was this sincere love for humanity, incited by pure motives and lofty ideals, which was the dominant feature of Wordsworth's character. The

humblest human being to him was not wholly devoid of good, nor could he conceive of a single form, however lowly, who was entirely useless to the world. He loved man, and he entered into the joys and sorrows of those around him until he himself died, bowed down with grief and pain, but with a faith unshaken.

The spirit of his poetry is the spirit of his life. In his early years, almost before his school-days were over, we find that he wrote a poem on the natural scenery around his home. This poem, though coming from a mind so immature, serves to show us the first trend of his thoughts, and the detailed descriptions contained therein bring out the unmistakeable evidences of the keen observation of the boy. His later poems on the beauty and harmony of nature, while they show the same quick eye and alert ear, are likewise filled with meaning and contemplative thought.

Nor did he ever weary of his theme. In his poems on mere external nature the number and range of his subjects are almost unlimited. He has written with the same intense feeling about the unnoticed flower of the field and the grandest and most inspiring phenomena of the natural world. And all in the same joyous strain!

Indeed, Wordsworth has often been called the poet of the *lowly*. He found a meaning and a lesson in even the most obscure things about him. How beautifully he has expressed it—

> "To me the meanest flower that blooms can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Multitudinous examples might be given, but let us take at random such lines as these from "The Primrose," where from even the simple incident of the vine clinging to the rock he got a moral lesson:

> "The flowers, still faithful to the stem,
> Their fellowship renew;

The stems are faithful to the root
That worketh out of view,
And to the rock the root adheres,
In every fibre true.

"Close cling to earth the living rocks,
Though threatening still to fall;
The earth is constant to her sphere,
And God upholds them all."

Isn't there a beautiful moral here—the idea of the perfect harmony of nature's law, and back of all the divine mind of God?

In his poems based solely on the fancy and imagination we find some rare sentiment, yet the real power of Wordsworth is felt elsewhere. Among the best of such poems might be mentioned "Laodamia," "The Star Gazers," and "The Power of Music."

But now, when we turn to his poems written on man and the human passions, especially those written in his maturer years, when he himself had passed through the fire and storm of his own life, we have Wordsworth at his best. His absorbing love for humanity, and the value which he attached to the lowliest of human forms, is brought out in such poems as "The Old Cumberland Beggar." He says:

"'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and a pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked."

But why need we say more? For who that has ever read that beautiful pastoral poem, "Michael," expressing in such a pure and simple strain the pangs of grief of the aged shepherd and his wife over the wayward course of their boy—who

that has ever read such lines as those could doubt that Wordsworth *felt?* Or who that has ever been lifted by drinking in the lofty ideals found in "The Character of the Happy Warrior" could fail for a moment to see shining through those stately lines the great soul of the man whose own character had been tempered and made strong by the calm endurance of the griefs which are common to humanity?

And, lastly, we are to speak of the holiest thoughts that ever came from his pen—"The Intimations of Immortality from Early Childhood." "Higher than this he could not go." Those lines are the expression of the very depths of his soul—his belief in the immortal destiny of man and his own great faith. When lost in dreamy meditation over the hallowed memories of his own early childhood, he says in his heart:

> "Whither has fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

And though at first saddened by the thought that these happy associations have forever flown, and with the coming of manhood "faded into the light of common day," he tells that

> "A timely utterance gave that thought relief."

And the utterance—

> "The child is father of the man,
> And I could wish my days to be
> Joined each to each by natural piety"—

contains the philosophy of his life.

So that having thought far from grieving over these vanishing glories, he becomes strengthened by the calmer and serener view of the Divine plan, believing that, just as

> "Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> From God, Who is our home,"

so we are in like manner to return to Him. This great masterpiece stands a worthy monument to one whose happy communion with nature and with nature's God could alone have been the inspiration of such a work.

It is a significant fact that during their own lifetime some of the noblest men that have ever brightened the pages of literature have remained almost unnoticed. To a large extent this was true of Wordsworth. The very poems whose beauty and grandeur of thought stand out to-day almost in letters of gold were then but coldly received. But this fact could not embitter such a man as Wordsworth; he was too broad for that. He understood his mission in the world; he knew his day was yet to come. And so it has been. The passing years have but shed increased lustre upon the works of a man who spent his life for the glory of this one great theme. So to-day the name of Wordsworth is reverenced everywhere; and he stands in the ranks of the very first English poets, with a fame that shall be secure until noble verse no longer stirs the heart of man.

The Light Unfading.

Love shines as a light through the darkness
  That gathers around us at times,
And calls us from earth's gloom and sadness
  To brighter and heavenlier climes.

Though many long miles may divide us,
  And forbid us to go hand in hand,
Yet our hearts, by that same passion rapturous,
  Are borne to that beauteous land.

That realm where all of earth's sorrow
  Is sunk in the deep sea of love,
And only bright hopes for the morrow
  Fill our hearts with the peace from above.

"The Up-to-Date Girl."

BY S. L. L.

A girl friend of mine, who six months ago was freckle-faced, red-haired, fat, and stoop-shouldered, is to-day a beautiful blonde.

One night, in conversation with her sister, she told the following: "I decided not long ago to be a beautiful blonde. Having gone to Dr. B——, the beauty man, I stated my case, and told him just exactly how I wanted to look." Then she produced a box containing bottles, vials, pads, and many other beauty-making articles. "He told me this bottle of anti-fat tonic would give me the proper weight. This small vial contains a solution to make my eyes blue. In two more weeks he says they will be awfully blue. But, of course, my frightfully red hair and blue eyes wouldn't look just right, so he gave me this bottle, which contains a solution that dyed my hair this beautiful color in one application. Of course I wanted real classic features, so he gave me this imported face mask. He said that it should be put on every night before retiring, and that if I should keep it up for seventeen nights I would then have a real Venus expression. Oh, how darling!"

Talking with her one night at a reception, I made up my mind to find out just how much attention she paid to my part of the conversation, and to see what progress she was making in her course of society conversation.

Sitting next to her, I said: "Lovely weather, isn't it?"

"Perfectly gorgeous," she replied, paying absolutely no attention to the remark, and twisting an imitation diamond ring on her second finger.

"You enjoyed the services last Sunday, didn't you?"

"Entirely thrilled. What an awfully lovely tie you have," was the reply, all in one breath.

"Glad you like it. Yes, blue silk."

"That is my dearest color; but where did you get that masterfully beautiful carnation?" she said, bowing to a friend on the opposite side of the parlor.

Knowing that she was paying not the least bit of attention to me, I said: "I found it in the ash barrel."

"How wonderfully lucky. Oh! I wonder who that is dressed in the red crepe de chine. Isn't it perfectly exquisite? Beg pardon, but where did you say you got the carnation?"

"My grandmother borrowed it," I replied.

After keeping this up for an hour or so, and receiving many of those high-strung yes–s–s–s and no–o–o–os, I managed to get away.

I take this particular young lady as a model, but there are many more steering for the same port.

In a few years I think that we shall have no unattractive girls, and they will all know how to make themselves so fascinating that there will be no such thing as jealousy.

The Spider and the Fly.

BY PHILIP B. SMITH.

The seventh day of May
(A brilliant, broiling day,
When the face of Nature smiled on all around,)
Marked the date of our defeat,
When "way back" we took our seat,
And the boys of black and yellow took the ground.

The cup went on a trip,
Aboard a stately ship
Up Salt River (may her voyage joyous be);
Champion was not her name,
Though she'll never sink in shame,
But next year will sail back *home* merrily.

Ashland thought she had a "cinch,"
But 'twas only on a pinch
That she found the sphere at all, by the way;
And the best that she could do
(Though you may not think it true)
Was to hit three bags, or two, e'en for pay.

Who has ever heard of "sich-er"
Man as she put in for pitcher?
For with left-hand swings he twirled it round their necks.
Yes, his name was one Trevillian;
He was one among a million,
And he won the praise of every sect and sex.

While our boys, with roar and bellow,
Drowned the yells of black and yellow,
And the co-eds. "held the fort" with lovely grace,
With their flags and pennants waving,
In the hope of cheering, saving,
The boys of red and blue, in *any* case.

And the girls of W. C.
Ne'er forsook old R. C. V.
In the hour of her combat and her fall;
No, they were as true as steel,
And to them we humbly kneel—
May their lives be full of sunshine, one and all!

We would *like* to call attention,
In an "*honorable mention*,"
To many glorious *grand-stand* plays achieved,
But as this is not a book,
Nor instructions for a cook,
Will make it brief—ah! surely you're relieved.

Adverse circumstances prove
The strong man, where'er he move,
And but stimulate his energies anew;
So that, in the strife to come,
He may show himself "no bum,"
And bring his dear old College honors, too.

A Woman's Word.

BY JULIAN LICHTENSTEIN.

THE train had just turned a curve, and there loomed before me my native city. The molten sun, couching in the west, threw its gold and crimson beams slyly over the city, so that its rays resembled the coy glances from the bewitching eyes of a beautiful maid. And the old town, situated on a verdant hill-side, with its sombre spires covered by this flood of glory, resembled a fairy home.

As I sat dreaming, the remembrance of my leave-taking from home, six years ago, to study art in Paris, was yet painful, but even more so the leave-taking from *her*.

There had always been a thought in my heart that she cared for me, although she had been indifferent to my pleadings. When we were young there was hate between us. As we grew older we became friends, and so we remained. As time passed my love increased. As there was to be an absence of several years, a thought came that the leave-taking would break down her barriers; so I called.

I had thought to clasp her in my arms as she entered, but her look froze me. After listening for some time to my recital of the love for her that overwhelmed my heart, she said very coldly: "You are very young, and think that you love me. Now, as you are going away, you will know better. However, after you have traveled and worked, if your love is then as strong, you may then come back. You are just beginning your life work, and I should be a hindrance to you now. So think no more of me. We can only be friends—until *then*."

There was an attempt on my part to show her that I would never forget, but she stopped me, and we had parted friends.

After two years of study in Paris, and four years of starving in New York, at last recognition came for my work. The

picture was "The Queen of Hearts," and her face served for the "Queen." My love for her being as strong as formerly, I was hastening back to claim her for my own.

The next day, being kept at home relating my trials and tribulations, I was unable to see Alma. That night a masked ball was given by an intimate friend, so I went.

Passing back and forth through the giddy throng, I at last found a quiet nook, and there sat down to dream of her.

A figure masked as a gypsy queen appeared in front of me, disturbing all my thoughts as I met the eyes that glittered through the mask. My heart palpitated as if it were seeking release; my whole being filled with such an exquisite feeling of pleasure as can only be felt by a lover on seeing his beloved. Indeed, such was the case. There before me was Alma. I am not certain what I did or said then, but when I came to (pardon the expression) I was out on the portico and she by my side.

"Now, Alma, I have come to claim you for my own," I began, in a somewhat trembling voice, but gathered strength as I continued. "Yes, now that delicious moment has come when my love will be reciprocated. Ah, Alma! how this moment has haunted me with sweet dreams—for four years, suffering the pangs of ill fortune, slaving and working as mortal never worked before. And why? For you; yes, for your love. On becoming depressed the thought of you encouraged me. It was through your face that I gained recognition. Now, after years of toil, my love is as fresh and true as the morning sun. Do you not think that the poet's words were meant for us, when he said, "Their marriage was born in Heaven?" I paused a moment, waiting for her reply.

"Really, I am afraid to think of it," she said finally; "but here comes my husband; let's ask him."

Sunshine and Shadows.

BY G. W. F.

BEFORE.

No gems of ocean please the eye
As well as does the oyster's pearl;
No Seraph sets the soul on fire
As does that siren voice of girl.

Not seldom does a sadness steal
Into the mind that blessings miss;
Not so with him who oft can feel
The blessing of a loved one's kiss.

AFTER.

But change! Who is it now supplies
To conquered heart emotions rife?
It is that queen with tyrant's eyes,
That angel (?), domineering wife.

Susan Archer Talley, Virginia's Greatest Female Poet.

(*Concluded from April Issue.*)

BY JOHN MONCURE.

IN 1849, just a few months before his death, Susan Archer Talley first became acquainted with Poe. "I was," she says, "residing at our suburban home, near Richmond, Va., in the immediate neighborhood of Duncan's Lodge, then the residence of Mrs. McKenzie. Being intimate with the family (of which Mr. Poe's sister was a member), we had been for years accustomed to hear him constantly and familiarly spoken of. * * * It was in July that he arrived. He took a room first at the American Hotel, and

afterwards at the old Swan Tavern, because it was cheaper and nearest to Duncan's Lodge, where most of his time was spent. It was a day or two after his arrival that Poe, accompanied by his sister, called on us. He had some time previous, in a critique on Griswold's 'American Female Poets,' taken flattering notice of my early poems, which had recently appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*; and now, on learning from Mrs. McKenzie that I resided in the neighborhood, he had desired an introduction. The remembrance of that first meeting with the poet is still as vividly impressed upon my mind as though it had been but yesterday. A shy and dreamy girl, scarcely more than a child, I had all my life taken an interest in those strange stories and poems of Edgar Poe, and now, with my old childish impression of their author scarcely worn off, I regarded the meeting with an eager yet shrinking anticipation. As I entered the parlor Poe was seated near the open window, quietly conversing. * * * He rose on my entrance, and, other visitors being present, stood with his hand on the back of his chair, awaiting my greeting. So dignified was his manner, so reserved his expression, that I experienced an involuntary recoil, until I turned to him and saw his eyes suddenly brighten as I offered my hand; a barrier seemed to melt between us, and I felt that we were no longer strangers. * * * * *

"From this time I saw Poe constantly, especially during the last week of his stay in Richmond. * * * *

"In his conversation with me Poe expressed himself with a freedom and absence of reserve which gave me a clearer insight into his personal history and character than I think was possessed by many persons. Indeed, I may say that from the moment of our meeting he was never to me the inexplicable character that he was pronounced by others. Young as I was, I had yet, by some intuitive instinct of perception, as it were, comprehended the finer and more elevated nature, and it was probably to his own consciousness of this that I owed

his confidence. I remember his saying, near the beginning of our acquaintance, and in reply to a remark of my own: 'I cannot express the pleasure—the more than pleasure—of finding myself so entirely understood by you'; adding, 'It is not often that I am so understood.' Again, he said to Mrs. Osgood: 'She is the only one of my friends who understands me.'"

This extract is from Mrs. Weiss' "Last Days of Edgar A. Poe," which appeared in the March number of *Scribner's Monthly*, 1878, and which is a most invaluable contribution to Poeana. Woodberry says that it is the most life-like picture of Poe that has ever been presented, and Link pronounces it "one of the most graceful sketches by any pen."

Poe found this girl of sixteen a congenial, sympathetic spirit—I mean, of course, for his intellectual side. She was as ignorant of his dissipations as she was innocent of them, and he expressed great anxiety that she should not be informed of them. The account of her last meeting with him and of his death is intensely interesting, but is too long for insertion. It may be found in the above-quoted sketch.

Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography states that during the war Miss Talley was accused by the National authorities of being a spy, arrested, and imprisoned in Fort McHenry, Baltimore.

An exceedingly entertaining, but doubtfully authentic account of this period of her life is given in "Southland Writers," by Ida Raymond, who, while rather inclined to the imaginative style of writing, can hardly be accused of having invented her tale out of whole cloth. By means of a liberal application of salt we may be able perhaps to make some approach to the truth in regard to what was, without doubt, an extraordinarily romantic history.

When South Carolina seceded Miss Talley was on the point of embarking from New York for Europe, to realize a cherished purpose of spending a year in Italy. On hearing

the ominous news from the South she immediately abandoned her purpose and determined to return to Richmond. Being unsuccessful in her efforts to obtain a passport, she set out alone to reach the Confederacy, first by way of Harper's Ferry. It is said that at Barnum's Hotel, in Baltimore, she was called upon by a gentleman, a stranger to her, who professed to be well acquainted with her, but who declared that he must remain unknown." He gave her several manuscript papers, impressing upon her the importance of their being delivered to General R. E. Lee at the earliest possible moment. Tearing the papers into strips so as not to injure the writing, she folded them in slips of black silk and plaited these in her hair, and thus they were conveyed in safety until she was able to confide them to a trustworthy messenger.

There is much more of the same kind, with the same John-Esten-Cookery flavor, and which *may* be true, while it may not.

When she reached Frederick, it is said, she learned that the railroad had been destroyed and the bridge across the river burned, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she persuaded a man, for the consideration of ten dollars in gold, to patch up one of the boats which had been disabled and attempt the perilous passage of the river. When the Virginia side was reached it was found that the Confederates had retreated, and that it was necessary, on account of the proximity of the enemy, to return to Frederick. After a long series of difficulties and heart-sickening delays, Miss Talley succeeded, through the influence of friends in the Northern army, in reaching Fort Monroe, only to experience another long detention, which was finally succeeded by her liberation. When she reached Richmond she found that her family was scattered—her only brother, who was afterwards killed, being in the army—and her old home occupied by Confederate troops.

For some time thereafter she resided in the family of an English gentleman "on the Peninsula." Here she found herself shut in between the two opposing camps of Yorktown and Newport News. The house was frequently visited by the soldiers of both armies, the Confederates recognizing in Miss Talley a staunch friend and valuable assistant, and the Federals an open, honorable, and highly-respected enemy. She had free access to both camps, and negotiations between the two armies were conducted in her house without the formality of a flag of truce, her presence being regarded on both sides as a sufficient pledge of good faith. It is even stated that on one occasion General Mansfield sent her home in his private carriage with an escort under a flag of truce.

From her window she witnessed the battle between the "Virginia" and the United States fleet, which engagement is said to have occurred when it did as the result of messages conveyed by her.

"She had many opportunities of serving the Southern soldiers and of advancing our military interests. She passed important papers to and fro through the lines, and obtained newspapers for our generals," and it was in consequence of these services that she was apprehended and sent to Fort McHenry. While there she was for the most part treated with consideration and respect, and allowed great liberty. There she met Colonel von Weiss, a German and an officer in the Federal army, in whose company she was much thrown, and from whom she received many courtesies and attentions. When he made her a proposal of marriage she replied that she could never marry an enemy of her country. They frequently engaged in long arguments as to the justice of the causes which they represented, and the young officer found his fair prisoner's powers of persuasion—perhaps not altogether ratiocinative—more than a match for his German logic. He agreed to resign his commission and to enter the Confederate service on condition that she would marry him,

which she consented to do. They were married secretly, and he went to New York to settle his business affairs, while she, having obtained her liberty, returned to Virginia, where he was to join her. But before this plan could be consummated it was discovered, through the interception of their letters, and Colonel von Weiss was compelled to flee to Germany, whence he was unable to communicate with Mrs. Weiss until after the close of the war.

Colonel von Weiss died some years later, leaving one son, Mr. Stuart A. Weiss, of this city. Since that time Mrs. Weiss has confined her literary labors to the writing of magazine stories, of which she has written six hundred and more all told. Some of these have been translated into French and German, among which one of the best is "The Crime of Abigail Tempest," a charming story of the Revolution.

While these stories may have proved more popular and more remunerative, it is in her poetry that we find the highest expression of her genius. It is not the aim of the writer to establish or to maintain Miss Talley's claim to a place among the great poets of the world. If I may venture so far beyond the bounds of modesty as to express an opinion on such a subject, I do not believe that America has produced even a moderately great poet. We have never excelled the mediocre, and I do not think that I am stating the case too strongly when I say that Miss Talley was the equal of any poetess that this country has produced. We do not expect the world to bow at her feet, nor even the North to accord her such devotion as it gives to its own female prodigies; but that Virginians, who are thoroughly familiar with the "Brook Farm Washerwoman," who would blush to own ignorance of Mrs. Sigourney, or of the Cary sisters, or of a dozen others whose names the benighted writer cannot recall, should be utterly oblivious of the very existence of their own poets, is a glaring shame, a piece of flagrant "poetic injustice," if I may so term it.

Miss Talley's poetry cannot be better described than by another quotation from the "Women of the South."

"Had Miss Talley been born under the shadow of the Boston State-House, her 'Ennerslie,' 'Con Elgin,' 'Lady of Sodee,' and poems of a similar stamp, would have made her a conspicuous spoke in the wheel within a wheel—the orbit of the literary elect—around that 'hub of the Universe.'

"Her muse has many points in sympathy with that of Longfellow, and some of her poems are, in the best sense, Tennysonian; yet she is in no respect an imitator. She does not belong to the school of aspirants who affect the irregularities and ambiguities of Tennyson; but she has quaffed with him from the same dim shadowy outlets of Hippocrene, and, with qualities of mind somewhat akin, though undeveloped and unequal, 'bodies forth' her ideals in cadences of her own."

"For rhythmic melody, for sustained imagination, for depth of feeling and purity and elevation of sentiments, these poems are equalled by few and surpassed by none of the productions of our poets."

No less an authority than Allibone thus characterizes them: "Most of her poetry is so musical in its flow that one cannot but regret that the ear of the author can never be gladdened by the melody of its rhythm."

It may be that her poetry possesses no marked originality, but therein—paradoxical as it may seem—lies one of its chief charms. There is none of that painful straining after "something new under the sun" that has marred so much of our American poetry. As naturally as she imitated with her lips the songs of the birds and the sounds of nature, she imitated, in her verse, Tennyson and other poets; and clever imitation is vastly preferable to such originality—such absurd rant as has been blated forth by Whitman. After all, why is originality so indispensable an adjunct of literature? Originality is not genius. Originality tickles the unnatural

and distorted fancy; but it is that indescribable, indefinable, and incomprehensible quality which satisfies the cravings of the soul, which goes straight to the heart and awakens its nobler passions and stimulates its higher aspirations, that reaches to the very foundations of the life and illumines its superstructure—that quality it is that is genius, whether it pursues its new and independent course, or whether it flows along in old familiar channels; and that quality it is that Miss Talley possessed. Affected originality is disgusting. Miss Talley was her own natural self, and her nature was to imitate, but she chose no unworthy models, and, having selected them, she undisguisedly, naively followed them. If she did not equal nor surpass them, she gave to Virginia song much that is worth preserving, and which, appreciated and familiarized by us, would prove the germ for a great literary development. Had we given honor where honor is due we would long ago have placed in our State Library a marble bust of our greatest female poet.

Some of Miss Talley's most popular poems were "Airley," "Reverie," "Autumn," "Ennerslie," and "Lady of Lodee"; but none of them surpass "Christmas Verses," which is one of the finest Christmas odes that I have ever seen. It begins:

"On the frosty morning air
The bells begin to chime,
And they gaily ring a welcoming
To the merry Christmas time.
Aloud they shout, in frantic rout,
A wild and joyous din,
While the wind and the tempest reign without,
And happiness reigns within."

And how finely conceived and truly poetic is this:

"We bless the Christmas time,
For a holy time it is—
A mingling of the new year hopes
With the old year memories.

A holy time it is,
As when, in speechless awe,
Upon Judea's land afar,
The dawning of its wondrous star
The Persian Magi saw.
When the Delphic rites were stayed,
And the oracles were stilled,
And faintly through the Sibyl's cave,
And over Jordan's rushing wave,
Mysterious murmurs thrilled.
When angel voices, heard on high,
Bade strife and clamor cease,
And old Etrurian Janus' shrine
Was closed before the reign divine
Of Him—the Prince of Peace.
And the monkish legends say
That when its dawning smiles
A beauteous dove, with snowy wing,
Doth peace to man and pardon bring,
And the martyr-saints together pray
In the old cathedral aisles.
And the tale may well be true,
Since in the homes of men
A deeper love and purer joy
Fill every bosom then."

Could anything be more unlabored, more purely spontaneous! And yet how elegant and finished are these exquisite lines. They come right from the soul of the poet, and they awaken a responsive chord in every poetic bosom. Would that we had space to give our readers more of these charming poems, but we must conclude this sketch with a quotation from "The Beautiful," which so well expresses the spirit of Miss Talley's genius:

"I love, I love the beautiful,
Wherever it be found;
Its spirit with a magic spell
My eager soul hath bound.

Its presence hath a holy power
Rebellious thought to tame,
And mingle with all earthly bliss
Its great Creator's name.

"The beautiful, the beautiful!
'Tis scattered o'er the earth;
We see it in the autumn gloom,
And in the summer mirth.
Upon the wild and stormy main,
In copse and valley green,
And in the dim old wilderness
The beautiful is seen.

* * * * * * *

"'Tis where the deathless ivy clings,
Amid the ruins hoar,
Or woodbine twines in rustic grace
Beside the cottage door.

* * * * * * *

"'Tis in the proud and eagle glance
Of dark and flashing eye,
That dazzles with its lightning gleam
When passion's storm is high.

"The beautiful, the beautiful!
'Tis in the aged brow,
That meek and quiet light to which
Our youthful spirits bow;
'Tis in the laughter-dimpled cheek
Of rosy infancy;
Oh, whereso'er we turn our gaze
The beautiful we see.

"The beautiful, the beautiful!
When other sources fail,
Turn we unto our own deep souls,
And lift the temple veil;

There high resolve and lofty thought
And deep affections lie,
More beautiful than aught that e'er
Illumined earth or sky."

The Queen of Love.

BY F. G. P.

O Queen of Love, I worship thee;
What more of me canst thou desire?
A smile from thee makes darkness light,
And turns the night into the dawn.
In all my dreams I see those eyes—
Those eyes of brown, Utopian eyes,
More lovely than the stars of night,
And brighter than the sun's full rays.
I love thee more than I can tell;
I offer thee my hand and my heart,
And at thy feet I place my life,
To brighten or to darken thine.

Stories of the Opera.

IV.—A Triumph by Proxy.

BY DOUGLAS S. FREEMAN.

AND you think I must have been always very proper? I am glad you are of that opinion, although I must confess you are, in a great measure, mistaken. What! Your mother has been telling you? Nonsense! If you listen to her you would think me the pattern of every virtue. Women's judgment can't always be taken as final, when the case in court involves a man. I have seen girls in the big cities worship some little pimp of a fellow on the stage, and

call him all manner of nice names, when, if they saw him off the stage, they would take him for a neighbor's footman. No, no, I am not reflecting on the befrocked sex—rather the contrary. It was my unbounded confidence in one of them that brought me into a great scrape in the old days. Tell you about it? It seems to me I am growing too old, telling you these stories, and I'm going to stop it; but as your mother will probably tell you this story, and tell it to you from her standpoint—rather a prejudiced one—I reckon I had best give you my side of it.

She came from farther South than I did—in fact, it was that soft Southern drawl of hers which first attracted my attention. I was the only Southerner in the school when she came, for Francesca was gone, and it was pleasant, I can tell you, to hear an honest Southern voice, the more soft if its owner was a young lady. So it fell like music on my ear that September evening when I had gone with Madame to the train to meet Miss Morton. Madame had told me her story while we were waiting, nor was there anything unusual in it—she was the daughter of wealthy parents, who had died a year or so before. Eleanor had always loved music, and her guardian, an old uncle, took delight in humoring her. So she was coming to Madame for the winter, or, maybe, for a year; then she was to go abroad. Did she know anything of her voice? Madame did not. She had letters from some of the Southern teachers, but they did not stand for much. Still, she was glad to get a mezzo-soprano in the school—it would make us more cosmopolitan.

The train pulled out while we were chatting, and Madame soon found the girl. And you want to know how she looked? Well, there's a picture in my desk, but—I haven't forgotten her. Taller perhaps than the average, well-proportioned and balanced, with a perfect blonde complexion and a mass of golden-brown hair. This one noticed immediately. Moreover, there was something in the contour of the face, sugges-

tive perhaps of innocence, that invariably appealed to one. The eyes, too, were strong, honest, with a sincere glance that always gave weight to her words. And such words! You could never forget that voice—rather deep for a woman, but clear and distinct, full of music and beauty. There, there; don't laugh. I am not over-sentimental—you didn't see her!

She didn't take long to make acquaintances among the pupils. Especially strong was the friendship which sprang up between her and little Dreka, the contralto. We all liked her, for there was something about her manner, indescribable, perhaps, but winning. I might tell you a dozen pretty stories about her—I will some time, but I doubt not you will be most interested in how she came to sing by proxy.

It was in October, after she had been in the school about a month. We had discovered by that time the qualities of her voice—sympathetic, appealing, at times saddening, with just the right timbre. Not that she would ever have made a great operatic singer—she was too gentle-spirited for that, but she had every quality of a true concert artist. Madame and I were talking about that voice of hers the very evening before it all happened. In fact, if it hadn't been for Madame's confidence in her ability, I would probably not have been so rash She was a promising pupil, Madame had declared, and remembering, I presumed to think—but that will explain itself.

The whole school, in parties of two and three, had gone down to Borcher's Hall that evening to hear a recital given for the benefit of Madame Resgart, who was retiring from the opera. The singers were the best known artists of New York. The soprano for the evening was Madame Velba, then in her prime; our own Rudolph sang the tenor, with Gudore as the basso. Liste was the contralto, and a young Italian, just making his *debut*, played the violin. Madame Resgast's popularity would have been enough to draw a large company, but the *piece de resistance* was to be

a couple of mezzo-soprano solos by Mlle. Ricardi, a singer in the French opera, who, it was announced, had come over for the sole purpose of singing at this benefit. All in the audience had heard of her, though, as it afterwards turned out, no one had seen her. The house was packed, and we were sitting in the box—Madame, Miss Morton, Schillmann, and myself—enjoying the programme immensely, when in walked Herr Hilter, who was managing the benefit. He and I fell into a little colloquy, and he confided that this Mlle. Ricardi had not made her appearance at the appointed hour, and that calls at the hotels had failed to discover her whereabouts. She was to have arrived in New York, he understood, the day before. "At least," he said, "that is what Madame Resgart says, but she is so much beside herself with excitement that I hardly think she knows what she is saying."

"It's a pity," I ventured, "that the best number on the programme will have to be left out."

"Yes," he said, "but I see no other way out of the difficulty."

Some one called him from an adjoining box, and he turned away, leaving me to think the matter over. Mezzo-soprano, unknown singer. An idea struck me. I excused myself, hunted up Hilter, dragged him from the side of a charming matron, and whispered my plan in his ear.

"But Madame," he objected.

"Need know nothing whatsoever about the matter."

"And herself—"

"She will be willing."

"But the voice—is it strong enough?"

I drew myself up. "Did you ever know me, or Madame, to commend any but a good singer?"

He laughed at my pomposity, and declared: "Such a thing I have never done since my career began. You'll ruin

me yet, Henri Millar, but—I'll do it!" And he turned back to the box.

We were now in the middle of the first part of the programme. Mlle. Ricardi was to sing the first and last number in the second part. I went back to the box greatly elated at my success, and somewhat flushed with excitement perhaps, for Madame noticed and laughed.

"What now, Henri? Have you been kissing the blarney stone for the benefit of some unsuspecting society pet?"

"Oh, no, Madame," I declared, "I was only pondering how to express my delight to you at Rudolph's solo." As a matter of fact, I had been talking with Hilter all through his number, but Rudolph's singing was her weakness.

I decided to give Miss Morton a little warning of what I had schemed, and, when the part was concluded, I proposed we should all go back and talk a moment with Rudolph. Madame readily assented, and Schillmann was nothing loath, so we passed in through the house door. Madame rushed off to find Rudolph. Schillmann very kindly remembered that he wished to congratulate Liste upon that aria of hers; and we were alone for a moment. She refused point-blank to take such a risk when I first proposed it, as was natural.

"Why," she declared, "take her place! I don't even know the number she's to sing."

I was dumb-founded. Idiot that I was, I hadn't thought of that. In haste I took the programme from her hand, and glanced down the list. I breathed freely.

"Why," I said easily, "nothing could be easier; she sings the very number you sang for us last night."

This mollified her somewhat, and when I promised solemnly that I would make it all right with Mlle. Ricardi (by what means I did not dare try to think) she softened visibly. Then, as I heard a stillness coming over the house, which meant that the lights were down for the second part, I made one last

appeal, and all the fighting blood in her rushed up. "I'll do it," she said.

Madame was gone, I remember. Thanking God therefor, and, turning our proxy over to Hilter, who was too politic to say a word, I hurried back to the box. I had scarcely taken my seat when the orchestra began, and out walked Mlle. Ricardi in the person of Miss Eleanor Morton! An audience is the most easily "gagged" thing on earth, and, thinking they had the real "Mlle.," they broke forth in loud applause. Not so, Madame; beside me, I could hear her catch her breath as our novice walked on the stage. I dared not look at her.

The house had quieted now. Miss Morton stepped out into the apron and began. Madame evidently recognized the air of the night before, but she said nothing. At the first note I sank back satisfied. My hair-brained plan had not miscarried. Miss Morton was singing finely. Perhaps Mlle. Ricardi would have been ashamed of the song, but no one in the audience found fault with it—in fact, when finally Eleanor bowed her way off, the audience was most enthusiastic. Then I dared turn round to Madame. Slowly she looked me in the eye. "Henri Millar—if she had failed! Henri, you are the greatest rascal on earth." And the good woman laughed. I was all right then in a moment, just so Madame wasn't mad. There was only the strange Mlle. to be faced. Of course, it all had to be explained to Schillmann. These Germans are all thick-headed, but finally he made out that Miss Morton and Mlle. Ricardi were not the same individual, and, leaving Madame to beat how she came to sing into his head, I went back again. Miss Morton was aglow with triumph, and the moment I came near she extended her hand to me warmly.

"Thanks, Mr. Millar. I'll not forget your thoughtfulness."

I bowed, and was about to congratulate her, when Hilter spoke up, with that German accent he always put on when particularly disturbed:

"Vhat vill de neuspapers zay?"

Again that struck me. Even if no one in the audience had seen Mlle. Ricardi, one of the critics might have. I thought a moment. Confound my luck! That big-headed Summers, of the *Times*, had been in Paris the winter before, and the real Ricardi sang then. He would surely recognize the deception, even if none of the others would know. I left Hilter still gazing in wonder at me, and went into the lobby. The imprudence of what I had just done struck me for the first time. I had substituted a simple Southern girl, a mere pupil, for a great *prima donna*, and had deceived that most haughty audience of all, the New York public. Once the facts in the case known, not only would my own future be ruined, but Madame would be damaged tremendously, and Hilter's reputation as an upright manager would be tarnished. To impose upon the New York public, I thought, as I went off, is the greatest sin, in their eyes, one can commit. The first person I should meet was that same Summers himself. I almost fell out in sheer dismay.

"Hello, Millar!" he cried; "how is it?"

"Oh, fine," I said, thinking his next word would give me away.

"How's the programme?" he asked.

I gasped again. "Haven't you—didn't you hear it?"

"No," he answered. "What the devil are you gaping at? I was busy down town."

I remembered it was said he frequently criticised plays without seeing them, and took the cue. "Oh," I chirped up, giddy enough now, "the work is pretty good, but it is a shame to see how our singers are so outdone by the Parisian, Mlle. Ricardi."

"By Jove!" he said, "she was to sing, sure enough. I had forgotten it."

Immediately I regretted my words.

"Was she good?" he queried, with some interest.

I hesitated. "Yes, but—yes, she was fine." He laughed at me, and, patronizingly taking my arm, said:

"Ah, Millar, you must be in love. You can't even tell whether Ricardi sings well or not."

He was well pleased with himself, habitually, so I let him have his way, and he lead me into the press seats. I almost fainted as I sat down with him. He would surely find me out now; there was only one other number before Miss Morton sang as Mlle. again. He was sure to hear that number, and my doom was sealed. In fact, I hardly knew whether his continual criticism of Gudore was favorable or not. I was praying for some release, but none came, and, when Gudore passed off, Summers settled back and declared:

"Mlle. Ricardi next? Ah, now we'll hear some singing. Her French accent is perfect!"

The sweat was falling from my face in great beads. Another moment, I felt sure, and my little game would be discovered. And I could but recall, with a sickening feeling, that Summers was a hard critic. There was a little delay, and I saw the musicians shift their music. I remembered then that Miss Morton could not sing in French, and that some change, of course, had to be made. Every moment seemed like hours. Summers' brief comment upon the splendor of Mlle. Ricardi rang like a knell in my ear. Presently I saw the lights off. I shut my eyes with a sickening feeling. It was all up. I was looking for Summers to swear in my ear any moment that my singer was a fake, when, from the stage, came Hilter's voice. I opened my eyes with a start.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: By special request from many sources Mlle. Ricardi has consented to sing, in place of the number on the programme, the ever-delightful 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

Summers, beside me, whispered eagerly: "I heard her sing that in Paris, in English; it's great." And then the orchestra began. I felt resigned now. I knew it was all

over. I caught, in my mind's eye, a glimpse of the next morning's *Times*, with a great head-line, "A Rank Deception—Unknown Singer," &c. And it would ruin Madame and the school, even if it wasn't her fault—all because of my foolishness, my stupidity, in trying to run in a mere Southern girl in place of one of the greatest of mezzo-sopranos! All this must have passed through my mind in a moment, for Hilter could not have more that left the stage when some one leans over Summers and whispers:

"Please, Mr. Summers, the *Times* office wants you at the 'phone; it's very important." It was an usher speaking to Summers. With an inward curse he grabbed his hat, and turned up the aisle just as Miss Morton came on. I fell back, as much relieved as if a death-sentence had been passed over my head and remitted when the noose was around my neck. And how Miss Morton sang! I'm sure Jenny Lind herself, when she made that old song immortal, sang no better than did Eleanor that night. I forgot my deception in the splendor of that song. You could see what was in her mind as she sang. She was back in Alabama, with the sleepy bayou muttering in the bottom—the magnolias were in bloom, their odor permeated everything, and, like an angel-song, over all brooded the melody of home. I only came to myself when the applause drowned the last notes of the orchestra. It was over; my *coup* had succeeded.

But in a moment I feared Summers might have come back while she was still singing, and discovered our trick after all. Hastily I went again into the lobby, and there he was, hat in hand, evidently awaiting me.

"Sorry to leave you, old fellow; but that deuced 'phone—"

"Did you hear the number?" I queried, with my heart in my mouth.

"Yes," he said; "I heard part of it."

So, I thought, he's just putting off my misery! But I summoned up courage.

"How did you like it?"

"Oh, great!" he said. "Didn't I say she would sing it finely!"

I was at a loss to understand. Why should he be thus delaying my agony? He certainly knew about it, if he heard her, unless he was the most colossal liar in Christendom.

"Pretty woman," I blustered, determined to die game.

"Yes," he said. "Wished I could have seen her, but I could only catch a little part of the song after I hung up the 'phone. When I got back inside the house she was gone. Why, what's making you sigh so heavily?"

"Oh," I said, "I guess you were right a little while ago. I—I—must be—in—love." He laughed heartily, for he is a mighty fine fellow, even if people do call him conceited, and bade me "good night."

"I'll have to go down," he said. "They 'phoned me to be sure and get my copy in by 12 o'clock, as they were crowded to-night. Wish I had time to go back and see Mlle. Ricardi."

"So do I," I declared—very bold now, the danger being past.

I almost kissed him "good night," so glad was I to bid him good-bye, and, stopping a moment to assure myself that I had no bones broken, I went back to the box. I spoke a moment to Madame, took the cape from Miss Morton's chair, and, going back, ordered a carriage for her. We drove home together, Eleanor and I—she still aglow with her triumph, myself full of gratitude for my close escape. As we rumbled up town she became more and more thankful that I had been so thoughtful for her; I was more and more astounded at my boldness in daring to do such a thing.

Madame was all smiles when we drove in, kissing Eleanor—there, I called her by her name—kissing Miss Morton, and upbraiding me with great tenderness. I could see she was pleased immensely that one of her pupils, even if she had not been studying but a month, should be taken for the greatest

of all the French mezzo-sopranos. It was a compliment to Madame. Miss Morton was cordial in her farewell to me also, and I went up to my lodging feeling pretty well satisfied with myself. In fact, I thought, as I began to undress, I was not such a big fool after all in attempting such a trick. It was a great stroke. It would mean a lot to the school when we finally let it be known—after people had forgotten they were present. I was sitting on the side of my bed, thinking these things to myself, and was unlacing my shoe, when a thought struck me. I had forgotten about the real Mlle. Ricardi. What would she say?

I had imagined myself enjoying a sweet night's sleep, with the consciousness of duty well done, but when I remembered the real Mlle. all sleep left my eyes. What should I do? I turned out the light and went to bed in great distress. All night long I tossed, making up speeches in my mind; assuring her that the future of this unknown singer depended upon that night's triumph; imploring her not to give away the secret; making strenuous appeals to her generosity. If I made one oration of this kind, I made a dozen to myself, and toward morning I dozed off, only to dream that the whole matter had been exposed, and that Summers had gotten hold of it. It was 9 o'clock when I arose—a drizzly day, thick and close. I felt angry with the whole world—with Henri Millar in particular. I could not touch my breakfast, and presently left the table, put on my rain-coat, and, ordering a cab, prepared to face the issue. Confound this life! I thought. What was it good for? Only fit for Italians and French—it did not suit a Christian. As I got into the carriage a street gamin poked a paper under my nose, and, scarce knowing what I did, I bought it. It was the *Times*. I hastened to unfold it. There it was—first page, fourth column, big type:

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE. TREMENDOUS SUCCESS.

Mlle. Ricardi Sweeps the House by Singing "Home, Sweet Home."

MADAME RESGART TALKS.

That only deepened the gloom. Mlle. Ricardi would certainly see this—she would rage, would be jealous of her reputation, and would expose me. I groaned so loudly that the driver turned around in his seat. Oh, yes, I had forgotten to give him the address. "To 287 Fifty-Ninth, quickly." I would go to Madame Resgart's first; she could tell me where to find the great lady. But I felt it would all be in vain; there was no hope. Who wouldn't be jealous after an article like that written about a mere pupil?

Finally we came to Madame Resgart's lodging. I bade the cab-man remain, and rang the bell. The rain was coming down in torrents now; the air was heavy, hot almost with that terrible New York denseness. The maid came to the door. Was Madame at home? She was not sure. Would the Monsieur come in? I went in, took off the dripping coat, gave the maid my card, and walked into the little reception-room.

It was a dismal feeling—that waiting for Madame Resgart to inform me where to go to decide my doom, and, incidentally, heaping coals on my head. I had hopes until I saw that notice in the paper; but now—it was all up. Curse that Summers, anyway! Why could not he have stayed down town that night? The others would not have been so generous in their praise if he hadn't led the way. He was a duffer anyway! When I got out of this scrape I intended to settle things with him. Where was this Ricardi, anyway?

Would Madame Resgart be able to do anything with her? Probably not. Above my head at that moment I heard two persons walking—women evidently. One was Madame—I knew her tread; the other—light, tripping—surely that was the Mademoiselle. I gazed out of the window, as utterly dejected as ever man was. Anyway, I didn't intend to lay the plot on Miss Morton. I had inveigled her into it, I had bullied Hilter, I had duped Madame—I alone was to blame.

Then I heard them coming down the stairs—the two of them. Madame was talking in French—to the persecuted Ricardi, of course. I stood up and prepared to take the medicine, for the French, women especially, do not waste time in introduction. But Madame entered alone. Oh, I realized in the moment, Madame is not sure I am the culprit. She will find out, and then tell Mlle. Ricardi. But Madame smiled and held out her hand. Gracious, I thought, merely by way of contrast. But there was something in the hand—a message. "Yes," she said; "read it." I had no idea what could be the contents. I fumbled—oh, yes, yes; this was the French way of doing it—putting it in a letter. "It's from her," informed Madame. I thought so—well, I might as well take it now. I opened the envelope. A cablegram:

London, England, October 18th.

Madame Resgart:

Regret very much will not be present. Details follow in letter.

Lucia Ricardi.

And she hadn't even left London, much less come to New York.

What became of Eleanor? Well, ask your mother about that.

Labore et Malo.

BY G. W. F.

These all-absorbing days of youth
In vain we strive with good to fill
From fruit of older, richer soil,
As at our daily work we toil
And reap our share of what is ill—
In humbly seeking after truth.

To a Lady.

BY JULIAN LICHTENSTEIN.

Fairest flower that ever grew,
More beautiful than a rose in bloom,
The fresh breeze of the morning blew
On you perfumed sprinkled dew.

Thine eyes wherein dwell the angels,
Thy lips are sweeter than the nectar
That Jove sips in heavenly dells,
Thy voice clearer than silver bells.

America.*

BY W. V. THRAVES.

AS I come before you to-night the thought uppermost in my mind is that I am an American citizen, that I am a citizen of the grandest government in the world. But, proud as I am, there is not an individual here who does not feel the same mingling enthusiasm. If there is a destiny which shapes the ends of man, "rough hew them as he may,"

* An oration delivered in the Annual Oratorical Contest, 1904.

there must be a people in the world to-day who are literally the children of destiny. There have been great peoples, who have risen and fallen like ocean waves, in the course of history; the lines of dominion and empire have passed to and fro on the surface of the earth like shadows beneath the clouds of a summer's day; nations have risen, reigned, and disappeared forever; but there is one division of the human family, a combination of all that is best in many others, which is pre-eminently the military, political, and economic leader of them all. It has risen like a thing of magic from the midst of distracted and contending peoples, eclipsed every competitor, overcome every foe on land and sea, surpassed the governmental and social institutions of them all, and spreads its influence "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same." It is the Anglo-Saxon race, the founders of America. Our people are surrounded by the safeguards of an illustrious history, and, so long as its lessons are sought for by the grateful sons of those sires who made it, the lustre of the present will join hands with the valor of the past to inspire the sons of a common fatherland to great and noble deeds. The panorama of by-gone days is replete with glory and renown of many nations; but since the morning star joined the everlasting chorus of the world's creation no succeeding era eclipses the period of our own. Like the mighty republic which we have carved, the story stands unequalled in the beauty of its spirit and the glory of its structure. No tyrant's grasp to thwart a freeman's will; no vested lords to blight a yeoman's hope. But upon the front of every page are emblazoned golden letters sacred to the memory of immortal deeds, and within the bounds of every volume is inscribed the continuous story of loving self-sacrifices, increasing loyalty, and noble aspirations, imperishable as the monumental work of *its* hands. Roll back the sacred scroll and read the record of our progress. When old Albion's vales no longer offered

safety to those who claimed the birth-right of free-born men, an immortal few, appalled at the slaughter and corruption of European courts, abashed at the license of aristocracy, privilege, and oppression, abandoned the land of hereditary pomp and power, and, under the guiding hand of Him who spanneth the eternal heavens, embarked upon the trackless and briny deep. Old ocean's bed is illumined with impressive and solemn scenes; her crested waves give safety to the ironclads of every clime; her mighty deep is speckled with the fleets of every flag; but, to the student who follows the destiny of the God-given rights of man, the crude, unfinished mast-heads of the "*Susan Constant*," the "*Discovery*," and the "*Good-speed*" afford a scene more brilliant, more majestic, more sublime, than the combined armaments of all the world.

About three centuries ago two small colonies of Anglo-Saxon blood first viewed the limitless expanse of the western world. The first century of our colonial history was filled with endless change—the first year was marked by extreme privation, sickness, and peril, and gloom seemed to settle heavily upon the little band. But in this dark hour a deliverer was at hand—Capt. John Smith, the father of Virginia—who, by his unceasing energy and courage, saved the colony from destruction. New colonists came from time to time to carve homes from the trackless forests, and in a season truly "the wilderness and the solitary places were made glad, and the desert did rejoice and blossom like the rose." Amidst the blessings of a cherished peace they soon began to renovate the new-born world. Forth from under the rustic roof they assembled to lay the corner-stone of a nation's greatness. Looking out upon the vast area of Mother Earth, adorned with flowers of the sweetest fragrance, and dressed in garments of the purest green, they erected the first crude temple to worship God. Bearing aloft the banner of the Cross, they penetrate the frozen forest of the North; encamping beneath the shadows of the shady peaks, they unearth the hidden riches

of the balmy South. No billows are unknown to their busy crafts; no climates untried by their arduous toil. With a courage no less lofty than that of Leonidas, of Thermopylæ, they guide the pruning-hook and plough-share, and for decade after decade vindicate the prestige of their Anglo-Saxon fathers midst waving grain and hay-fields of the West. And when the folly of an ungrateful mother transformed the peace of her growing children to the curse and scourge of war, that same transcendent prowess nerved our scattered statesmen and warriors; and in a short time we see Patrick Henry, that unsurpassed patriot, stand forth, and, with all the power of his native eloquence, fan into a flame that never dimmed until the flag of freedom floated proudly to our native breezes. Let the mingling waters of the James cease their soft murmuring song while hills, vales, and woods repeat the eloquence and sublime sentiment of America's giant son.

Thomas Jefferson is yonder in Philadelphia penning the Declaration of Independence—that immortal document, the towering strength of whose spirit is destined to pull down the thrones of kings and establish the rights of man in all the earth. To Washington's skill and bravery we have trusted our sacred cause. We see him leading the gallant host. What spirit! What a giant! Invincible in conflict, magnanimous in conquest! The consummation of his sublimity is seen at Yorktown, where he lays down his victorious sword in the land of the noble and the free. As the rolling thunders of cannon and musketry die away in the distance, joyous anthems of the new-born republic ascend from every home and heart, and blend harmoniously with new songs wafted down through the golden corridors of heaven, while the starry firmament takes up the glad refrain, as if all the universe of God were but an instrument on which the Creator plays the march of truth and the progress of man. The brilliant record of succeeding eras excels the words of man. It has been the song of poets and the theme of orators.

Under the sheltering folds of the "Stars and Stripes" the valor of our people erased the last trace of European sway. Upon the crimson fields of conflict bleached the bones of our valiant fathers, as a living testimony to the chivalry of our race. Stand where you will within the bounds of "Old Glory," and there you are surrounded by the silence of martyred heroes who await the final summons to the abode of the truly great, whose songs and victories will ever stir the soul of man and point direct to the throne of God.

But the throes of civil strife are forever ended, and amidst the splendor of to-day we listen to the tidings of equality, freedom, and reform. It resounds through the deepening shades of every vale, and from the crest of every hill-top the silver-tongued Goddess of Liberty proclaimed refuge to the down-trodden of every clime—nay, calls the oppressed of all the world to where forever echo the sweetest pæans of human happiness.

But the glory of a people's career is gained not altogether by the safeguards of an illustrious history, nor by the glamour of conquering warriors reveling in the spoils of war; but the real essence of a nation's greatness rests within the heaven-born souls who lure the heart of youth to more heroic deeds and serve as guiding stars to a glorious destiny. If you would know the immortal truth proclaimed by Israel's band, follow not the victorious legions of the son of Nun, trace not the bloody trail of Amalek's broken horde, for the glory of Abram's seed springs from a different source. Ascend the rolling slopes and glance toward the vale of sunny Bethlehem. Behold the Hebrew maid as she gleans in the fields of tropical Judea. Admire the mighty valor of those immortal boys who stand alone, defying the haughty mandates of a cruel king, for from such heroes as these shall Israel's story be loved by the heart of humankind when her classic temples and stately halls rest beneath the oblivion of forgotten years.

As we view the isles of Greece and contemplate the glory of Athens and Sparta, their illustrious career is bound within the record of their peerless sons, who have gained the bliss of human reverence through all the lapse of time. Proud, imperial Rome, whose dazzling lustre once commanded the admiration of the world, behold her now! Her seasons are appointed, the bounds of her habitations are forever marked, yet the spirit of her departed statesmen shall hover over the halls of legislation as long as time shall last.

So, our American republic is a favored child. She, too, boasts of the heritage of illustrious sires, and every inspiring lesson that we learn to-day comes direct from the teachers of the living past. Review the horizon of your own heritage, and there arises an array of peerless immortals, unequalled in all the annals of the world. Consider the earliest eras in colonial history. Is the heroic Bacon no more? From the eternal voice of the ages comes the everlasting "No." The glimmering torch of freedom that served as a light unto his pathway has increased with the momentum of the ages until its glaring flames illumine humanity itself.

But leave the sacred soil where the colonial fathers sleep and enter the portals of Mt. Vernon. Is Washington no more? Nay, nay. He whose hopes for free-born men were blended with the lullabies of childhood, and whose majestic form soared to the cloud-capped eminence of human greatness, shall never cease to be. Gone! aye, gone! but not dead. The dazzling eye is forever dimmed, the quickening pulse is forever still; but that soul, pregnant with celestial fire, shall speak to ages yet unborn its everlasting truth. To you who wander through the classic shades of Monticello, unseen may be the form of that immortal sage. But he from whose fertile brain leaped forth the sparks of genius, like Minerva from the head of Jove, still lingers there.

"You will bury his body, but not his thought,
For thousands of years to come,
And he'll live in the works his brain has wrought
When temples and statues are dumb."

The numerous countries of the East have produced warriors, heroes, and statesmen that claimed the honor and love of an admiring world. But America has given to the world her unsurpassed statesmen and matchless heroes, whose fertile brain, daring deeds, and more than knightly honors will inspire the youth of all nations and future ages, and will stand as America's towering monument, never to be effaced by time nor destroyed by ruthless hands. Ye sentinel angels that keep watch at the tombs of our sainted dead, guard well their dust, and forever o'er their soft slumbers thy holy sentry keep.

Yes, brilliant have been the star-lit heights attained by the immortal few. But there is something more needed to mould an undying fame. The character of a nation's masses contributes to its destined career. From the pages of by-gone eras the lesson is worthily taught. Upon the shattered fragments of a departed Greece her tale is told, for, though her victorious banners defied the breezes of a thousand fields, yet she was despoiled by her own hands. And, as we turn to look upon the Eternal City, we observe that the scenes of her royal grandeur may yet be found, but the eminence of her former prowess is never, never more. Alas! a martyr to the evils of a corrupted self!

But turn from the vices of the old world and contemplate the virtue of the new. Let the crumbling temples of other lands mark the fearful spots of a nation's blunder, and while the gentle zephyrs yet kiss the whited apex of the Parthenon and Coliseum, and sing an everlasting requiem to the folly of their sons, turn away from those pages of national shame and seek inspiration from the land of the free. We see our forefathers, filled with a sacred regard for the spirit of liberty, grasp the pen of philosophy, and, laboring within the quie-

tude of the closet, plant the seeds of republican government, upon which America's future must depend, and throughout the intervening decades their efforts have been greatly blessed, and as the circling years glide silently by the lessons they have taught light the path of human action and perpetuate the greatness of a nation's people—the truest, the bravest, the purest, the noblest, and the best that ever dwelled under the sun-light of any age.

But not alone upon America's sons can the praises of a grateful nation be confined, for while there lingers a single vestige of Teutonic chivalry we shall honor the deeds of the dear women who so richly merit the eternal appellation, "Guardian angels of America's prowess." The tender hand that lulls the sleeping babe leaves an everlasting impression upon the pages of succeeding years. The womanly jewel who inspires the energy of manhood and soothes the feeble form of life's eve shall ever be the brightest gem that decks the crown of America's glory. Throughout the history of our brilliant era the bravery of America's daughters lends sublimest music to the all-absorbing progress of the silent years. Their strengthening words of cheer have ever been an inspiration in the nation's path of glory. They have ever thrown the sunbeams of consolation about the children of our native soil, and, with all the sacredness of Cornelia's pride, they point to the sons of heroic sires, and proclaim to all the world, "These are my jewels." Such are the people who render illustrious the pathway of our country, and enrich with rarest blessings the assurance of an envied destiny.

But America's greatness is not yet fully told. For as we ascend the slopes of her majestic peaks, and view the achievements of a favored people, as they toil beneath the dome of her azure skies, there we see the grandest past of history, the brightest present the human mind can imagine, and the most alluring future that has ever presented itself to a nation.

Within the portals of our national edifice are found the

countless emblems of a peerless renown. From every border come the lessons of industrial arts, lending beneficent aid to the vigor of our masses and uniting to lavish plenty upon the inmates of every home. Within the precincts of every village can be found the sentiments of patriotism, loyalty, and devotion to our native heath. About the altar of Freedom's shrine worship the children of the same fatherland, the followers of the same God, and from within her pearly gates ascends a universal prayer that the charters of our destiny may be forever preserved.

Under the guidance of an all-wise God, America stands to-day the crowning glory to liberty and law, and, encompassed by the strength of Nature's bulwarks, she need not fear the encroachments of a foreign foe. Blessed with limitless gifts from Nature's riches, her ports are filled with treasures destined to foreign strands, and her ships of the mighty deep ride the crest of every sea. But, as great as her past has been, the heavens are still flushed with a serene and benignant day for America. She will some day transcend, like the rose, in art and literature, as well as intellectual and material wealth. The hills of the future are abloom with opportunities. Let the youth of to-day climb to the heights and pluck the flowers.

A bow of promise that brightens with the passing years spans America's horizon. It differs from that bow that came forth in an instant at the command of God, for it is not painted upon the distant sky, but it is seen wherever we chance to look. Oh, America! How brightly shines thy bow of promise! I see it as it spans thy azure skies. Its soft and mellow light falls on a land of generous mould, a land of fair and fertile fields, a people heroic in their devotion to duty, and walking with steady tread the highway of fidelity to every physical, mental, and moral obligation. And while the children of the future seek the ennobling inspiration of the past, the elements of America's greatness shall thrill man-

kind through every eon of time. And so long as we cherish a fondness for our history, our citizenship, our country, and our God, the sons of the future years shall mingle their chorus with the murmur of the everlasting hills in praise of America, and, while we hold sacred every vestige of those ideals that have made our people great, to the care of coming years we shall proudly transmit the "banner of the starry field," with every stripe unstained and every star undimmed that nestles within the safety of its brilliant folds! Oh, America! I listen, and I hear the mingling murmur of thy waters and thy works; seeing thy beauty on thy brow, listening to the harmony of thy mighty energies, remembering thy traditions, may I never forget that I am thy son. So let me live that when my work is done, and I shall seek thy bosom as my final resting place, no blush of shame shall crimson thy fair cheek, though in that hour I call thee "mother."

Editorial Comment.

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FAREWELL TO THE OLD.

To the one who has been in College several years, and knew the co-ed. of former days, there is nothing but regret at the turn things have taken this year. It used to be that the co-ed. was an unobtrusive, shy creature, who attended to her own affairs, went regularly to class, and whispered when in the library. How times have changed! No more has one to look and inquire where can a co-ed. be found; the Amazon of this day is obtrusive in College fastnesses. They even *cut classes*, and their laughter can be heard disturbing the peace of the library on any day. In fact, of the "old" co-eds. only two are left, and they are sweet consolation to those who grow weary of the modern *genus*. It must be remembered that Richmond College is not strictly co-educational. The classes which young ladies may enter is limited; but it seems now that they desire a monopoly on those classes. Soon we will see them laying bare the secrets of the Biology lab., or breaking in on the sanctity of Greek. But what can we do? Oh, for a return to the days gone by, when the co-ed. blushed as she went up the stair, when her heart was in her throat as the professor called her name, when she numbered her friends by the hundreds, and smiled shyly at them all! Where are the co-eds. of yes-

terday? Return, and find your altars broken down, and strange goddesses in your places.

WHAT IT ALL MEANS.

The days of some of us are getting short at Richmond College. A few more weeks, and we will leave the familiar haunts, the old class-rooms, the sleepy campus—leave them all—those old friends of ours, and put our oar on an unknown sea. It's enough to make one grow thoughtful; there is a preciousness in every hour which we never felt before. After all, when we lay aside the pranks, the politics, the friendships, what does it mean? What is college, after all? We can't answer that question yet. It's going to take years out in the world before we can understand it. We can't appreciate the haven until we have tried the stormy sea. Two figures stand out in direct contrast. They have been seen a thousand times since old Richmond College began. The first is the graduate, just turned out, looking back on the College for one forgetting glance, ere he plunges out to try his fortune, little thinking, it may be, what that College means to him, yearning for a new world—a world of activity and life. He's one side of the picture. The other comes in after years, when the ardor of youth has passed away, when the shoulders are not so straight as when we left the academic halls—more thoughtful we are, less confident, indeed. And when we gaze on the old scenes then, maybe we can read their secret; maybe then know what they all meant. And then we will honor those professors more, when we have had longer to ponder on their precepts, when we've lived to prove their words. Isn't it the most touching scene of all when Tom Brown comes back and stands bare-headed by the grave of the old master. He had learned then something of what it all meant. Maybe it is going to teach us, among others, in years to come, that lesson of appreciation. It is not the books we read which are going to make

us remember the College. It will be those influences, College-born, which have brightened the path.

ABOUT THAT CUP.

It was a pity we couldn't win the base-ball cup again this year, and have four to our credit! But, still, we have this consolation: we played an all-around College team. If we lost the cup, we lost it after an honest effort. The present year in College athletics is going to be memorable in that it inaugurated a new era. There will be no more "ringers," no more "summer ball," no more "paid pitchers." It is going to be College players—*bona fide*, not only with Richmond College, but with the whole Association. We are proud of the fact that Richmond took a determined stand in the matter this year; and, while playing honest ball herself, was determined that the other Colleges in the Association should do the same. And a word of warning in this connection might not be improper: Let none of our men think, because the Executive Committee sustained Green, of Randolph-Macon, who confessed that he had received remuneration, although not sufficient for his expenses, that this is to be a rule hereafter. Green was permitted to play because the offence was committed under the old rules, and the new regulations were of course *non ex post facto*. But hereafter any man who receives even part of his expenses, at any match game, at any time, in any place, will be ruled out. Take this to heart, Richmond, and don't let any of the men come back next year in a position to be challenged.

DR. CHANDLER'S RESIGNATION.

Perhaps the most lamentable event of the College year has been the resignation of Dr. Chandler as Professor of English. Dr. Chandler has to be known to be appreciated; he is as estimable a gentleman as he is a thorough scholar. That he will

be missed in the faculty is undoubtedly true; he will be missed even more in the student affairs. For no one who has seen him at a foot-ball game, his hat rammed down over his ears, a flush on his cheek, puffing at his cigar like an engine, can doubt for a moment that he is interested in collegiate activity. To him, more than to any one else, is due the revolution in College athletics which came about. In College he has revolutionized and put on a fine basis the Chair of English; he has begun most auspiciously the Academy; he has quietly and without comment done as much for Richmond College as any professor, excepting, possibly, Dr. H. H. Harris. We are glad, however, that he leaves us to accept such a splendid position, the editor-in-chiefship of Silver, Burdett & Co.

WHY THIS ISSUE.

After a consultation with the best-informed literary men in College, the editor decided to print all the matter submitted for this issue. We do this for two reasons—to show exactly what is submitted, and to encourage the contributors who have thus far not figured in the list. The fact that the issue is only about fifty pages tells the story. No more matter was submitted. When you are idle during the summer, or wish to immortalize your sweetheart, write a little story for us and send it in. We need it.

FOR OUR ALMA MATER.

The impression of a College given strangers will not be more dependent upon the faculty and work there done than upon the attitude toward the College assumed by the men. If we want Richmond College to prosper, if we want new men to come to the College next fall, we must not rely on our faculty to visit the various Associations throughout the State, and by their own magnetism to draw men to the College. Rather let us talk up the College to every one that might possibly be interested

in it. Let us students show by our own words that we love Richmond College. If you come across a man who you think might be persuaded to enter College, it will cost but a cent to send the President a postal, with his name and address, and a few words will be even cheaper. They may result not only in bringing that man to College, but in broadening his whole life. It's college spirit, granted, to "root" for your foot-ball team, but it's college spirit just the same to try and "stand up and do something" for the College!

AN AUGUST ISSUE. If there are contributions sufficient to warrant it, the management intends to get out an issue in August, to be sent to the summer address of all the subscribers. This depends entirely upon the number of literary articles submitted by July 15th. If you would like to see a copy of the magazine in hot August, when College seems a long, long way off, send in a little story, or poem, or even an essay. After College closes, the editor can best be reached at his home address, 16 south Third street, Richmond. Let's see if we can't get out a mid-summer story issue.

OUR NEW MANAGERS. With the current issue the present Business Managers, Mr. W. D. Bremner, and his assistant, Mr. J. W. Kenney, retire from that onerously honorable position. That Bremner has been an efficient manager goes without the saying, when one remembers that the finances of THE MESSENGER are in better condition to-day than for years. Bremner has worked efficiently and honestly, if we do say it ourselves, and we take this means of thanking him, on the part of the staff, for his work. Kenney has also been faithful. We are glad that he is to still be of us, in the capacity of Assistant Business Manager.

The business managership now goes to the Mu Sigma Rho

Society, and Mr. D. J. Carver will take the helm as Business Manager in her behalf. May he guide us as well as the last management did.

ABOUT THAT NEW COVER.

Of course you have heard about it—that new cover we are going to have next year. Sam Derieux is at work on the design, and that guarantees a cover artistic and harmonious. We hope to present the "rats" upon entering next fall with a copy of THE MESSENGER in a new guise, pretty, and up to date.

ADIEU, MISS BROADDUS.

We understand that our good friend, Miss Frances Broaddus, does not intend to return to the College next year. This is, indeed, to be regretted. Miss Broaddus was voted last year the most popular co-ed. in College—a reputation she entirely deserves. There is no student of College, perhaps, who takes more interest in College affairs than does Miss Broaddus. Every one can attest to her unpartisan friendship. We believe she intends to teach next fall. May her course be as prosperous as ever. May her pupils have the same regard for her which the students cherish.

MAC'S GOING, TOO.

Another person who will be missed around College will be Mac Lankford. No one can deny that in College athletics Mac has done big things for Richmond. For two years he was captain, and that second year we won the cup and laid the foundations for last year's triumphs. He goes to the University of Virginia, where, no doubt, his athletic ability will early be recognized. Good luck to you, Mac. !

Well-Known Philosophy.

It's generally the people who know the least that tell the most.

A boom of'ntimes turns out tew be a boomerang fur the boomer.

Make hay while the sun shines, but be sure tew git it in afore it rains.

It is allus better tew let reason rather than yer tongue or fists settle a quarrel.

"Time and tide wait for no man"—nor will the Richmond street-car conductor.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"—especially if it be of man and love.

"There is no fool like an old fool"—unless it be the young man who knows it all.

Many a boy's dislike for onions began in his father's onion bed on a hot summer day.

The wolf in sheep's clothing sometimes even tries to palm himself off as spring lamb.

Some people who marry in haste repent at leisure, and others almost immediately.

Take keer uv yer pennies, an' there's allus enough people who'll take keer uv yer dollars.

Boneless fish are all right, but what we want most is horn-less critters an' heel-less mules.

When a man who is fond of onions stops eating them he either has indigestion or is in love.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire"—might be engraved upon some wedding announcements.

The maidens of mediæval times went to the wars and fought with their beaux and arrows.

It is a bad idea tew cast pearls afore swine, ez they are likely tew be mistook fur corn an' et up.

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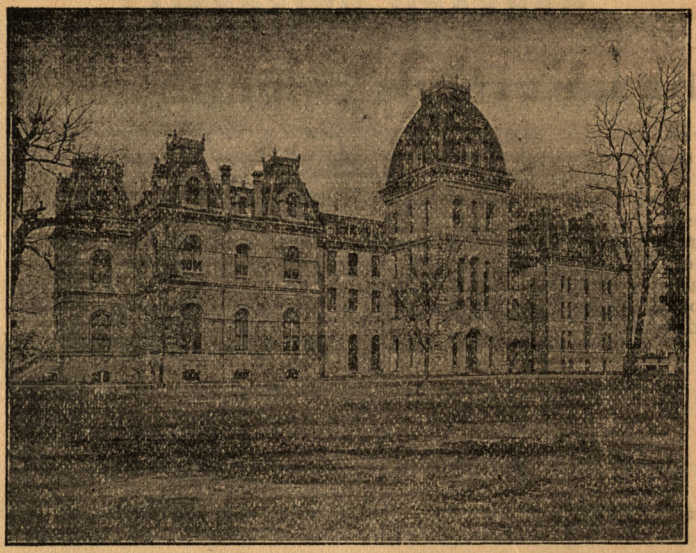

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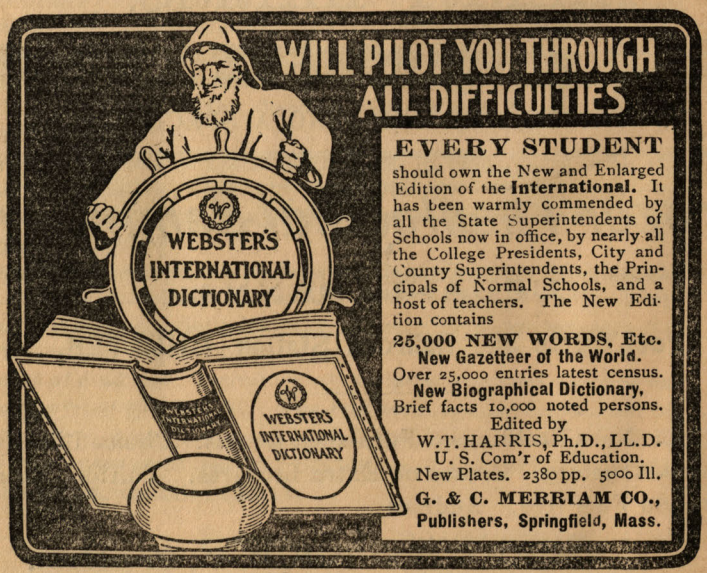
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