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"The Heart of Flame."

BY I. L. WALKER.

The day had been very warm even for Provence, but when evening came a light breeze sprang up, which swayed the flowers gently and murmured a cool little song among the leafy arches in the court-yard of Chateaurien. Stern, gray, and massive as it was, the old chateau seemed to defy the clinging ivy which softened the rugged outlines of its battlements, and it even seemed to frown with disapproval at the flower-strewn walks and grassy terraces of the west side. In front was the moat and draw-bridge, and heavy stone gateway set about with stately old trees, which seemed more in keeping with the outward aspect of the chateau.

Just as the bells in the valley were chiming the vespers
hour, a door opened upon the west balcony, and the Lady of Chateaurien slowly descended the curved stone steps. She was very young, barely twenty-two years old, and very beautiful, but she carried her slender figure with a regal grace that befitted the mistress of such a stately castle.

"My lady, would you like a sail upon the river, since the breeze is very cool there?" asked a soft voice quite near her side.

The Lady of Chateaurien turned quickly, and looked into the liquid brown eyes of Tristelli, her favorite page.

"If you have the boat here at my landing, I will go, and you may row me, Tristelli."

"Shall I call Bernice to accompany your ladyship?" asked the youth, with worshiping eyes uplifted to the lovely face above him, which was shadowed by a strange, indefinable sadness.

"No, we will go alone," the lady answered, smiling at his eagerness. "The boat may drift down stream while you play to me upon your zither that little ballad called 'The Wild White Rose,'" said the lady, when they were seated in the boat. Tristelli immediately took his zither and began to sing the plaintive song, while the boat drifted slowly down the clear stream, all violet and rose color from the sunset sky above.

The lady, soothed by a calm evening and the tender melody, fell into a reverie. Once more she seemed to be back at her childhood's home—a happy, care-free girl—petted by her father and idolized by all the tenantry around their vast estate in Normandy. Could it be possible that it was only two years ago? And then—the change had come. Her father wished to marry her off before his fortune failed, as fail it must; and, despite her most eloquent pleadings, stormings, and threats, he had opened negotiations with a nobleman of southern France, who had long wished her to become his son's wife. How well she remembered that
summer evening, when, at her father’s command, she had come down to see the messenger sent by her future husband. And then the wonderful, the wholly unexpected happened! She, Lorindelle de Bourbon, had fallen in love at first sight with this messenger, who proved to be the young nobleman himself, Etienne de Roncesvalle, Lord of Chateaurien. He had heard of her unwillingness to be married, and so had come unknown to her father to conclude the negotiations. The old lord arrived soon afterwards, however, and the two determined fathers literally forced their children into the marriage. Etienne and Lorindelle were both desperately in love, but each thought the other was the unhappy victim of paternal machinations, so never a word of love passed between them. For a year Etienne had been in the war, but when that ended he returned to France and carried his bride to her new home, Chateaurien. Here they had been living for almost a year, and both were still too proud to betray the slightest intimation of their real love. This sorrow had changed Lorindelle from a merry girl into a sad woman, who veiled her aching heart under a mask of stately reserve; and no one about the castle had ever seen that mask lifted save her page. As he watched her now, his heart cried out because of the sadness that darkened her eyes, and showed even in the slight droop of her coral-tinted mouth.

The song ceased, and the lady awoke from her reverie. "Didst ever hear the legend of 'The Heart of Flame,' my lady?" asked the youth, thinking to amuse her a little. "No, Tristelli. Is it told in Italy, your home?" "Yes, in Italia, my own dear home of sunny skies and blue, blue lakes. There was once a princess, lady, who died to save her lover from death, and where her heart’s blood stained the ground there sprang up a crimson, heart-shaped flower, which is called 'The Heart of Flame.'"

The Lady of Chateaurien smiled at his serious voice, for
indeed she had heeded more the varying expressions of the page's face than she had his story.

"It is said," continued Tristelli, "that if one can find this flower and give it to his best beloved, it will bring her great happiness."

"And dost thou believe this legend?" asked Lorindelle, with smiling lips, but wistful eyes.

"Oh, yes, lady! But the flower is very rare, and grows only near the water."

They were silent a moment, and the lady fell to admiring the graceful, slender page, with his delicate, clear-cut features, and great brown eyes, so full of changing expression. The black lashes, which matched his hair, swept a cheek as fair and smooth as a woman's, and the gentle melancholy of his face added to its unusual beauty.

He said, earnestly, "I would I might find the flower for you, my lady."

"Think you not I am happy enough?" asked Lorindelle, with an imperceptible quiver of the lips, as she bent over the boat's side and dipped her hand into the cool ripples.

"The Lady of Chateaurien has much to make her happy," answered the page, evasively; and Lorindelle, forgetting her mask for the moment, looked up and saw that even in that brief, unguarded space of time, Tristelli had guessed much of her secret.

"Let us return now," she said; "it is growing too chill upon the river; night is coming on."

Silently the page turned the boat, and presently the white marble landing gleamed through the dusk. A straight, tall figure stood upon it in an anxious attitude, and Lorindelle's heart throbbed as she recognized the Lord of Chateaurien. There was no visible sign of her fluttering pulses, as the boat glided up to the landing, and she rose to step out.

"It is too late for you to be alone upon the river," said my
Lord, courteously, but firmly, as he helped her from the boat.

"Tristelli is with me," answered Lorindelle.

"The Lady of Chateaurien must be better protected than by one page," said Etienne, as they walked toward the castle. Then, when they had reached the balcony: "Good night," he said gravely, putting her slender hand to his lips with his usual formal politeness.

"Good night," Lorindelle answered, and passed through the open doorway down the marble corridor.

The Lord of Chateaurien stood quite still, until he could hear no longer the soft rustle of her silken draperies; then he wandered down to the draw-bridge and stood gazing into the dark water. "Cold and beautiful as a marble statue she is," he thought to himself. "Oh, why did her father force her to marry me, a man whom she had never seen, and the very thought of whom she hated! What would I not give for the joy of hearing her say to me once, ‘I love you!’ Miserable man that I am; there is nothing I can do to make her happier, save by keeping out of her sight." The moon came from behind a cloud, and the strong lines of the man’s face were brought into full view in the white light. It was a thoughtful face, with lofty pride written upon it, while a firm yet sensitive mouth revealed fine feelings and tenderness of heart.

The same moonlight flooded the sleeping apartments of the Lady of Chateaurien, and showed her leaning wearily against a velvet chair. The shining waves of deep brown hair covered her bare white shoulders, and all the rose color had vanished from her face, leaving it in creamy contrast to her scarlet lips. Her lustrous eyes were filled with tears, not one of which did she suffer to fall, and only the small clenched hands showed what a conflict was raging in her heart.

Meanwhile the Italian page re-entered the boat and let it drift gently down the sparkling river, whose tiny waves glinted silver in the moonbeams. Tristelli had suddenly
awakened to the bitter-sweet knowledge that he loved the Lady of Chateaurien with all the fervor of his ardent southern nature. He fought against it bravely, and tried to think of her only as the gracious lady, the wife of his Lord, whom he delighted to serve. But it was useless. He could see her only as the beautiful dark-eyed maiden, but a few years older than he was, whose real self had been revealed so suddenly to him that evening. And then came the cruel thought that he must go away, never again to dispel her sadness with his harp, or accompany her as her chosen attendant. Too well he knew that his hopeless love, pure and deep as it was, would ever grow stronger while he was near her, and it was wrong—yes, wicked—for him to love the Lady of Chateaurien. He would go on the morrow, but first he should find "The Heart of Flame" and give it to her, that she might win her long-deferred happiness. Tristelli believed the legend sincerely, and never doubted the efficacy of the flower charm. Just as the boat reached the landing, Tristelli saw a man's cloaked figure cross the draw-bridge quickly, and then he heard the muffled sound of a horse's hoofs galloping swiftly toward the forest. When the page entered the court-yard he saw Felippe, his Lord's Spanish attendant, come stealthily from the draw-bridge. Tristelli slipped into the shadows, and watched the man keenly as he passed. "I like not that fellow over much," he thought, looking at the man's evil face. "His looks forbode no good to Chateaurien." The boy slept little that night, and what sleep he got was filled with uneasy dreams.

Late the next evening Lorindelle, dressed in a robe of pale green silk, which showed to best advantage her wondrous fairness, came out into the chateau garden. Hearing a slight noise behind her, she turned and saw Tristelli, with bare head, torn, mud-stained garments, and thorn-scratched hands, holding carefully a curious heart-shaped flower, whose petals were a velvety crimson.
"I pray you forgive me, sweet lady, for appearing in such plight before you," the page said, beseechingly; "but at last I have found, far down the river, 'The Heart of Flame.' Will you not wear it, and find happiness?"

"Thank you, Tristelli mio; it does indeed make me happy to have you think of me. But your poor hands—do they not hurt?"

"It is nothing, lady," the page answered quickly, his dark eyes alight with joy. "I will change these mud-stained garments, and then would you have me play to you?"

"Yes; follow me to the south gate when you are ready. I have a mind to go thither down the fragrant green lane, where I love to walk alone at this calm hour," the lady said, fastening the flower in her hair.

When Tristelli had dressed, he placed a small dagger in his belt. He had planned to go away forever, after seeing the Lady of Chateaurien home in safety. Hurriedly he was crossing the draw-bridge, when the dagger slipped loose and fell beneath the bridge on the low shelving bank. It was the act of a moment for Tristelli to swing down and pick up the dagger, but as he did so a small piece of parchment, half hidden by a tall weed, caught his eye. The page took it up and saw that it was closely written in French. Fortunately he could read the finely-written characters, and in a moment the terrible import of those words flashed upon his mind. The note was from Don Miguel, a Spanish grandee, who Tristelli knew had long sued for the Lady of Chateaurien's hand before her marriage. This Don Miguel had now conspired with Felippe (so the note showed Tristelli) to steal the lady and carry her off to Spain with him. He would be waiting for her at the south gate at moon-rise, and Felippe was to get his Lord away from the castle on some pretext, and then lure the lady to the gate by a cleverly-planned stratagem. This last had not been necessary, for Lorindelle had unconsciously aided their base designs by going of her own ac-
cord to the gate. In a moment Tristelli saw that the letter must have been lost by Felippe the night before, when he met the Don’s messenger. How many of the attendants were in the plot he did not know; perhaps they were at least bribed to keep silence.

“Oh, Mary Mother, help me!” Tristelli prayed quickly.

“This is the appointed night, and she has gone, like an innocent bird, into the cruel trap. Only a few moments before moon-rise, and where is my Lord?” Then he remembered, and, striving to calm his throbbing heart, he ran swiftly back to the castle. “Gervais,” he whispered to a French page standing in the doorway, “go you quickly down the river in search of our Lord, and tell him, from me, to return at once, if he would save his lady! There is no time to explain; Gervais, tell no one this on your life. Row the boat fast, fast, and come back with him to the south gate.”

His fellow page obeyed at once, and Tristelli, knowing no one else he could trust, determined to go alone and protect Lorindelle as best he might. The Lord of Chateaurien had gone down the river scarce an hour before, and Gervais might find him in time. All these thoughts flew through Tristelli’s mind as he ran across the bridge and through the heavy gate. Lorindelle was standing beside the massive iron gateway, with her hands clasped behind her head and her eyes fixed dreamily on the rising moon.

“Quick, my lady; come with me. You are in danger!” panted Tristelli’s voice behind her.

But, even as she turned, a magnificent black charger swept from the forest and dashed up to the gate. His rider sprang off just as Tristelli stealthily drew the dagger from its sheath.

“Well met, fair lady,” said the Spaniard, sweeping off his plumed hat and bowing low before Lorindelle, who drew back with blazing eyes as she recognized him.

“Come, Tristelli; we will go,” she said, haughtily, not
deigning to look at Don Miguel, whose swarthy brow flushed a dull red with passion.

"You shall not leave me thus," he said, seizing her hand. "At last I have you in my power, proud lady, and go with me you shall!"

Just then Tristelli sprang forward and plunged the dagger into the Spaniard's right arm, which made him drop his sword with a cry of pain. Before Tristelli could strike again, Felippe stole up from the shadows behind, and drove a dagger into the youth's heart. He sank back without a moan upon the soft green turf.

With a heart-rending scream, Lorindelle turned to run toward the castle, but just at that moment three men dashed upon the scene, headed by Lord Etienne himself.

"Lorindelle, are you safe?" he cried, with a break in his voice.

"Yes, Etienne," she answered, a sudden joy dispelling the terror in her heart.

Even while they spoke, the trusty attendants seized and bound Felippe, but before the Lord of Chateaurien could reach Don Miguel he had mounted his charger and galloped away, with his right arm hanging limp by his side. It was useless to follow him, so the men carried Felippe off to the chateau dungeon, while Etienne turned to Lorindelle.

"You are not hurt, my darling?" he asked, with all the repressed love of years in his voice. And Lorindelle, who understood at last, came straight to his out-stretched arms with a happy cry of perfect joy. For them nothing mattered now. They only knew that they loved each other, and that the cruel barriers of pride and misunderstanding, which had separated them so long, were broken forever.

"Oh, the weary, weary years without you, dearest!" Etienne said softly, with his lips against the fragrant waves of her dark hair.
"Think no more of them—those wasted years, dear heart," Lorindelle answered, with an eloquent look.

Hid from the happy lovers by some low shrubbery, lay Tristelli, with his pure young face turned trustingly toward the moon, whose silver beams shone tenderly upon the slender, quiet figure. Save for the pallor of his face, one might have thought him asleep, for death had come to the page just as he would have chosen, and it left no sign of pain or fear upon his peaceful face. A single crimson stain upon the white doublet, just above his heart, told the whole story. And by a strange caprice of fate, the heart-shaped flower, which brought happiness to its possessor, had fallen from Lorindelle’s hair as she ran, and, lifted by the fragrant night wind, it had fluttered softly down upon Tristelli’s quiet breast.

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Reflections of Old Age.

BY G. C. S.

How oft do I sit in the gloaming,
   At the close of a long, busy day,
While backward my thoughts go roaming
   To things that have long passed away;
To the farm and the cottage so cosy,
   And the meadows and fields where I played,
In days of my boyhood so rosy,
   When plans for the future were made.

How bright were the hopes that were gleaming
   From the dim, misty future of life;
How careless was I, in my dreaming,
   Of the world’s sombre warnings of strife;
But now the thought comes stealing o’er me
   Of the little, too little, I’ve done,
And the few chances now before me
   To lighten a load for some one.
And oft as I sit in the gloaming,
At the close of a long, busy day,
While backward my thoughts go roaming
To things that have long passed away,
I feel, as my frame begins bending,
With signs of old age creeping in,
A sadness, thus, at my life's ending,
To dream of what might have been.

"Romeo and Juliet."

BY LORENA MASON.

This play stands pre-eminent among the stories of youth and love. Its very essence is passion—ardent and unrestrained. As Lear is the tragedy of old age and despair, so this is the tragedy of youth and disappointment. "Romeo and Juliet" is the especial delight of young and sentimental readers, for "love's young dream" is the theme of every line. The play represents to us the young Shakespeare—the Shakespeare who believed in love at first sight, who acknowledged the sovereignty of passion; Shakespeare before he became the successful dramatist, before he awoke to the full realization of his marvelous power.

There are many evidences that "Romeo and Juliet" was the product of Shakespeare's youth. Its frequent rhyming couplets, its end-stopped lines, its many puns and quibbles—all go to show that it was written before the great dramatist had well passed his apprenticeship. It is significant that his first great tragedy should be of love. The theme throughout is the all-absorbing passion of the two lovers.

As lovers merely Romeo and Juliet may be accepted as perfect. Never before nor since has the might of love been so wonderfully portrayed in two human beings. Nothing further is to be desired, so far as the matter of true romantic
passion is concerned. But Shakespeare does not let us forget that there is something higher to be obtained than mere capacity for idolatrous devotion. The greatest law of God and nature is that of altruism, "to love thy neighbor as thyself," and obedience to that law is necessary. The lovers regard a law which is right in itself, but which, when it conflicts with the higher law of duty to our fellow-man, must be set aside. This is the law of individual rights.

Romeo and Juliet find themselves so placed that, in order to obtain what is their right as man and woman, they must go in direct opposition to all the fundamental laws of society and humanity. They are utterly selfish. They deliberately choose to disregard their duty to their parents and friends, and choose to live to themselves and for themselves. Their parents, too, are selfish, but in a different way. They, in direct contrast to their children, sacrifice all for their hatred.

Both parties—those who are selfish in love and those who are selfish in hate—are totally unrestrained. The lovers recognize that they are called upon to sacrifice personal feeling to public good, but they choose to ignore it, and they go on their way unheeding. They do not care for anything but their short moment of bliss. Both of them have forebodings of coming evil, but again they refuse to heed anything beyond their own selfish passion. This passion is true and beautiful, and, under more favorable circumstances, would probably have resulted in happiness. But the lovers bring on their own ruin by their lack of thought for anything beyond their own desires. They recognize their danger and wrong-doing, but they choose to ignore it, and to hug to their breasts the fatal passion. They care not if death claims them, provided only they may have one taste of bliss, and then die together.

It is characteristic of Shakespeare to put the whole responsibility of the catastrophe on the lovers themselves. Never for an instant are we allowed to think that any arbitrary fate or any mere accident determined the issue of the
affair. On the contrary, everything is made to rest on the shoulders of Romeo and Juliet themselves.

The Friar represents the only element of restraint in the play. He stands for the conservative side, and urges upon Romeo and Juliet the same course. But they will not listen, and his voice is drowned in the wave of passion. So he yields to them, and, against his own calmer judgment, unites them in marriage.

Poor Romeo! He has not been an hour married when, by a stroke of adverse fortune—and here again we see the result of unrestraint in Mercutio—he is forced into a fight with his wife’s cousin, and Tybalt is slain. From this time on the scene is one of sorrow and grief, until the final scene, where Romeo and Juliet are forever united in death.

What lesson are we to draw from this story of disaster? Why were the lovers thus suddenly cut off in the prime of youth? And the play answers, “because they regarded not others.” They acted according to the law of individual right—the law which their parents did not recognize; but they paid no attention to the higher law of obedience—the law which is the foundation of human government and society. And so the inevitable penalty was death. Had they only been patient to wait until some way could be found out of the difficulty, or, if that were not possible, even to renounce their happiness, all might have been well. But no! They must and would satisfy their passion, even if this gratification led to their death, even if it broke their parents’ hearts, even if it overthrew the state—the world! “We must have our time of happiness,” they said, and they had their way. The result was disaster, complete and entire.

Let us look at the characters of the play. There are several characters who, in themselves, are insignificant, but who play an important part in influencing the dramatic action of the play. These are Mercutio, Friar Laurence, the nurse, and old Capulet.
Mercutio, with his witty, volatile, yet blase temperament, is set in direct contrast to the more thoughtful and truly emotional Romeo. His careless manner of seeking the quarrel with Tybalt is contrasted with Romeo's admirable self-control when not under the influence of his passion.

Friar Laurence, as has been seen, stands for the conventional, dispassionate caution of age and experience. He stands opposed to every other character in the play. Even old Capulet, who, one might suppose, had lived to years of discretion, is as uncontrolled as the rest. He is hot-headed and pompous, and as unconscious in his vanity as a child. He is a polite host, for he is one of those who maintain the outward forms of civility at all costs. We have all seen the man who, when asked why a certain thing must be done, replies, "Because I command it." Such a man is Capulet. He delights in wielding his parental power over the refractory Juliet, and yet he seems really to love his daughter, and he rejoices that she apparently comes to her senses.

The nurse is introduced as a foil to Juliet, just as Mercutio is a foil to Romeo. It is when she, whom Juliet has made her confidant and regarded as her truest friend, fails her, that the young girl, suddenly realizing that she must stand utterly alone, is suddenly transformed from the simple, unconventional maid into a woman of resolute purpose and infinite finesse.

Juliet herself is the main-spring of the play. Romeo himself takes a second place. She altogether dominates him; and yet we never see her as a masterful, unwomanly woman. On the contrary, her completeness of devotion is essentially feminine. She represents Shakespeare's youthful ideal of a perfect woman—one who yields herself entirely to love, and is content to be altogether ruled by it. This single-heartedness brings out forcibly Juliet's strength of will and character. If she had not loved wholly, she would never have developed
the clear insight and swift decision which we find in her after she meets Romeo.

When the play opens she is a girl of fourteen—tender, simple, and unconventional, but with great possibilities for development. When the play closes we see her a fully developed woman, who has had her day of bliss and has drunk the cup of suffering to its dregs. And the sudden change has been wrought by her great love. The change from girlhood to womanhood is sudden, but genuine. Juliet's dormant faculties are all awakened, and she completely controls the situation. It is she who arranges for communication with her Romeo; it is she who devises the plan for the secret marriage; and when the order of banishment comes, it is the woman who lifts her head and defies the "inauspicious stars" to work her ruin. Finally, when the strain of separation becomes too great, it is she who endows the "comfortable friar" with some of her own young enthusiasm, so that he makes a desperate plan for her deliverance. Juliet is the one who, according to the plan, must dare and endanger all. But she does not shrink a moment. She is tormented by purely physical fears, but her resolution never wavers—until when she discovers the failure of her hopes, she is fearless to the last.

Juliet is not the over-bold woman, who delights to take everything in her own hands. On the contrary, she is timid and unobtrusive, until for her love's sake it becomes necessary for her to act, and then she is found ready and willing to die if necessary.

Juliet's utter loneliness makes us the more admire her in her bravery and pity her in her distress. Romeo might have appealed to his friends, had he chosen to do so; but Juliet had no one to whom she could turn. It is when she first realizes the vulgar, sordid nature of her nurse that she knows she must stand and act alone. But she never falters. This last drop added to her bitterness brings her heart and
will to full maturity. Juliet is ever to us the type of pure womanly passion which glorifies and transfigures.

Romeo as the hero is of less interest than Juliet as the heroine. The intoxication of love affects the two differently. Juliet is brought to her full strength, while Romeo is weakened by the concentration of his powers in one direction. It was of that emotional nature which required some object of adoration. It is significant that his friends all believe him truly in love with Rosaline, and Romeo thinks so himself, until suddenly he realizes his mistake when he meets Juliet. Rosaline is forgotten, and the new and true love takes complete possession of him.

Romeo is the typical English gentleman—kindly, courteous, grave, slow, but dangerous when aroused. He may say with Hamlet: "Though I am not splenetic and rash, yet have I something in me dangerous?" This disposition is shown in the contest with Tybalt, and again when he meets Paris at the tomb. He does not desire to fight Tybalt until his friend Mercutio is slain by the Capulet’s hand—then Romeo is resolute in avenging his friend’s death.

The talkativeness of this same Mercutio is put as a foil to Romeo’s thoughtfulness. Romeo can be keen and witty on occasion, but he prefers solitude and his own thoughts. Before his love affair he is wonderfully self-controlled, judicious, and cool. But passion changes him into a man incapable of decisive thought or acting. He realizes his position. He has vague foreshadowings of evil, and his reason tells him that he is in the wrong; but his heart beckons him on, and he takes the "primrose way" to destruction.

Romeo is a man to be sincerely pitied; he is the victim of passion, and, worse than that, he is a willing victim. He cared not for others; he cared not for himself, except as he cared for the gratification of his passion. When their sentence of banishment is passed, we see him, in direct contrast to Juliet, break down completely and lose all hope.
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His will is not strong enough to tide him over the crisis, and so he fails. It is Romeo’s undisciplined will that brings destruction. He is not content to wait. In his head-strong love he must have his happiness now! Juliet would have saved him, if she could, but it was impossible. She had the faculty for strategic planning. He could not act except when impulse prompted, and then it was too late. The most pathetic fact is that Romeo comes to himself when it is too late. In the last scene, when he heard of Juliet’s supposed death, he does not stop to apostrophize the stars. He goes, swift and straight as an arrow to the point. His commands to Balthazar are quick and sure, and no time is wasted in idle moaning. But it is too late. Had he shown this power to act in the earlier stages of his love, the situation would have been saved. But he could not, and ruin was inevitable and natural.

By their selfishness the lovers destroyed themselves and broke their parents’ hearts. The whole moral question of the play is “Love or Duty?” and Shakespeare, despite his sympathy with the lovers, gives the answer, “Duty or Ruin!”

The Student Organization in College Life.

By J. B. Webster.

The student organizations constitute one of the most important phases of college life. Close and continuous application to books tends to throw the student out of touch with human life. A knowledge of human nature is absolutely necessary for success in life. A man may be ever so brilliant, and fail utterly, if he does not know how other men think and feel.

Like nearly all institutions, college has its advantages and disadvantages, its good and its bad side. The advantages
exceed the disadvantages, however, as is testified by the presence of so many student organizations in the colleges and universities.

The organizations, such as the Young Men's Christian Association, the literary societies, athletic association, the glee clubs, dramatic clubs, and fraternities, have a place in every college. They give variety to the monotonous round of class work; they develop the student along lines other than purely scholastic; they afford recreation; they broaden the ideas and sympathies of the student; they present life on its different sides; above all, they develop those qualities in the student which will make him a leader in after-life.

The student who becomes a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and takes an active part in the work, soon learns many of the problems that a leader in Christian work must meet in every-day life. He exercises the talents he has for that kind of work, and thus strengthens and increases them. It develops his spiritual life side by side with his intellectual and physical life.

The literary societies are very important, because, no matter how much a man knows, if he cannot impart his knowledge to others his influence in life is small. The power of expression is natural with some people. With most people, however, it comes by constant practice. The work of the literary society trains the student to go out, and, being able to impart his knowledge to others, to inspire and lead men to better things.

The athletic association fosters the interests of the physical development of the student. In the history of the world there has been many a master mind coupled with a puny body. Those minds have exercised a wonderful influence in the development of the world. But their influence would, no doubt, have been much greater had they been supported by a good physique. In this age of fast living, so many demands are made upon the man in public life that he must be
physically strong or he will break down entirely and fail in his work. In college life the games and sports that are encouraged by this kind of an organization furnish the student with much-needed recreation. They take him out into the fresh air; they cultivate self-control, courage, initiative, and independence of action. The mind, after the student has taken exercise in the fresh air, is more receptive, and the student is enabled to do a higher grade of work.

The world calls for cultivated, polished men to-day. There was a time when blunt, uncouth manners, if coupled with a strong character, would be overlooked, and the man's influence would not be much impaired. The leader in public life to-day must be cultured and refined. The glee clubs, the dramatic clubs, and similar organizations cultivate those finer social instincts that admit the leader to higher social and intellectual circles, as well as to the middle and lower levels of society.

A man to be a true leader must be thoroughly in sympathy with mankind. He must know how to love his fellow-men. He must love them. The boy comes from home; his love and sympathy is confined for the most part to a home circle, of which, too often, he himself is the chief object of affection. The fraternity life teaches that boy to love his fellow students. It tends to choke out extreme selfishness, because he is bound to consider the feelings of other people.

Many other advantages might be cited, but the above are sufficient to show that student organizations play a very important part in that broad preparation which college should give the student for his future work.

The evils of these organizations should be briefly considered. They may be summed up in the word intemperance. When the student plunges into these various organizations to such an extent that he must neglect his scholastic work, then they become an evil. They sometimes engender strife, hard feelings, back-biting, and corrupt politics. It is
characteristic of mankind that some men will go to extremes, and nothing else can be expected than that some young, inexperienced men shall wreck themselves on these shoals. The self-poised man will avoid them and appropriate the manifest advantages that the student organizations offer.

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**Light.**

(Suggested by Longfellow's "Serenade.")

BY COSBY M. ROBERTSON.

Sun of the summer day,
From the deep azure blue,
Send down your golden ray,
To-day, to-day,
Your course pursue!

Down, in your distant flight,
Deep in the gloomy heart,
Send, send your lambent light,
So bright, so bright—
Bid shades depart.

So shine, His sun of love,
Deep in the icy heart.
Send down from above
Thy love, Thy love,
And ne'er depart.

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**Uncle Steve and the Twin Niggers.**

BY "RASTUS."

On a pleasant Saturday afternoon in July, when there was nothing else to do but let their crops grow, and while Uncle Sye Sink was shoeing Bob Payne's horse, Bob himself,
Josh Naboes, Mack Bush, and Bill Beard were sitting in the shade of a big white-oak tree, trying to decide whether or not there would be some kind of weather in the course of the next two weeks. As soon as Uncle Sye had finished the last shoe, and bit off about half of a nickel’s worth of tobacco and began to chew, he assumed a wise look, and assured them that it would rain in less than a week, because he had heard a rain-crow holler and seen lightning in the north, and had never known either one of those signs to fail, even though he was ninety-four years old the 24th day of this last gone May. Bill Beard added that he expected that Uncle Sye was right, because he was sixty-four years old himself, and had seen a good many dry spells, but that all of them, except that one, had ended by more or less rain, and he wouldn’t be at all surprised if this one didn’t end in the same way.

About the time they were all well seated on an old sled, and had taken new chews of tobacco, and were ready to enjoy their conversation, on looking down the hollow some one noticed Uncle Steve Casey coming up the path, smoking his corn-cob pipe. Uncle Steve broke into the conversation by saying that he had a better crop of corn than any man, and that if there would just come one more good rain he would make eighty barrels.

Josh Naboes asked Uncle Steve what was the news from town. He said, “Nothing much, only I saw one of the biggest fool niggers over there I ever seed in all my life.”

Mack Bush insisted that Uncle Steve should tell them all about him, and he told it as follows:

“Gentlemen, I’se been about a good deal. Of course, most of it has been about home, but still I’se been about a good deal, and seed lots of folks, but I can’t stand an up-start nigger. Now, dis here nigger was standing thar on the corner, looking powerful wise, and had on a collar and a kervat, and looked just like he had corn to sell. So I just walked up to him, and asked him whar he come from and
who his name was. He said that he come from close to Goose Creek bridge, but that he didn’t know exactly who his name was. I said, ‘Who ever heard tell of a fool nigger that didn’t know who his name was?’ He said, ‘It happened dis here way: Me and my brudder was two twin nigger baby boys, and one was named John and the tother named Sam, and I am one or the tother, but I don’t know for certain which.’ I said, ‘What kind of a fool nigger is you, nohow?’ He said, ‘I got to go to work at 1 o’clock, but I’ll tell you a little more about it anyhow. Now, me and my brudder we was so much alike that we couldn’t tell which from tother, and my mudder she couldn’t tell too. So she made a little bib for one of us, so she could tell which one of us was me and which one was my brudder. But one day we took off our bib and went in a-swimming, and while we was in the river we got mixed, and when we come out I didn’t know whether I was me or my brudder, and my brudder he didn’t know whether he was me or I was him, and both of us wouldn’t wear the bib. So we went back to the house, and neither one of us didn’t know who his name was; and I have been in hard luck ever since. You know I was a good boy, and every time I would do anything nice my brudder would get some candy for it. But he was awful mean, and every time he did anything mean I’d get a flogging for it, and he just tried to see how many mean things he could do just to get me flogged.’

“I stopped him here, and asked him why his mother couldn’t tell them apart, and if she didn’t have no sense. He said that even a country nigger could understand that, because it was so simple; and he went on, saying, ‘I finally worked a trick on my brudder, and got the best of him, and then run away from home, when I was seven years old, and lived at one place or another till I come here. I first went to Jake Dillion’s to live. He had the meanest little black mule that I ever saw. His name was Peter, but we called him
Peter Cricket most of the time, because he was so quick. Mr. Jake sent me and Peter Cricket out to plow one day; but Peter sometimes would go my way and sometimes he would go his way. Did you ever see a No. 7 boy plowing with a No. 19 mule? Well, sir, Peter worked pretty good for awhile, but about 10 o'clock he started after a bunch of grass, and I couldn't stop him. Just as soon as he ate the grass he started to the house for dinner. I pulled against the line just as hard as I could, but he paid no attention to me, but just went on to the house. I finally fell flat on my face, but hung to the line. The mule went ahead, dragging me and the plow. Here we went. I was bumping over the rocks, and telling Peter about the Sunday-school lesson I had done gone and learnt down at the church. After this rumpus Mr. Jake didn't try to plow with Peter Cricket no more, because he was so 'little and mean, but just kept him for a riding horse. Now Peter was a good traveler, but when he took a notion to throw you off, that settled it. He would be trotting along nicely, and all at once he would begin to bump up in de back, and his hind feet would nearly overtake the front ones, and then he would stick his head between his knees, and begin to jump stiff-legged; and then you had just as well begin to think about getting up out of the fence corner and going to the blacksmith's shop to have a new jawbone put in.'

"I broke in here again, and asked him who ever heard tell of a blacksmith putting in jawbones? And he said:

"'There it is again. You country niggers ain't learnt nothing yet. I ain't got time to explain it all to you now. I'll just tell you, and let you learn all you can about it, because you don't know much and ain't been to school none. Now, Mr. Jake's boy Jube he got to riding Peter Cricket to see his gal. His gal's name was Miss Cindie Fergerson, and she lived down Gill's creek. Now, Jube he was loving her as hard as a mule could kick a punken up hill. So one Sunday evening he saddled up Peter Cricket and rode off down to see
her. He hung his bridle over the gate-post, and Miss Cindie met him at the door and took him into the parlor. But in a few minutes Sallie Olaxton—she is the colored gal who cooks at Mr. Aleck Fergerson's—come running into the hall, almost scared to death, and she called out: "Oh, Miss Cindie! for de Lord's sake come here quick, for de old cat has done cotch a black rabbit wid a bridle and saddle on, and done fotch it down into de kitchen." Jube he run down into the kitchen, and Peter met him at the door. When the cat had jumped from the window to the cellar floor, about six feet, Peter broke loose, and come out all right, only he had a little blood in his mane. Jube led him back to the gate, and Sallie brought him the half-bushel, and he turned it over Peter Cricket, and laid a stone on it to keep the cat away until he was ready to go home.'

"'For the land's sake!' I said, 'who ever heard tell of putting a mule in a half-bushel??' He said: 'You need not tell me that you don't know that, because all you country niggers, when you goes a 'possum hunting, you brings de 'possum home and puts him under de half-bushel, and he done de mule just de same way. And I just declare, if you ain't got sense enough to understand little things like that, I won't tell you another thing.'

"I begged him to go back and tell me some more about how he got the best of his brother. He said: 'Well, that is so simple that I am sure you will understand it, so I will tell you about that anyhow before I go to work. You see it was dis here way: I'd been doing nice things, and my brudder getting candy for it, and him doing mean things and me getting flogged for it, until I had got powerful tired of it. So I sot in and studied about how I could get even with him; and I done it dis here way: One day I turn in and got sick, and looked powerful pale. My mudder she sent for the doctor for my brudder, and he come and give him a whole lot of bitter medicine, which made him frown and pucker his face
all out of shape. I found out that I was on the right track, so I just kept getting sicker, and de doctor just kept coming and giving my brudder bitter stuff, and my mudder she would hold his nose to make him swallow it, and still I didn’t get no better. I was afraid to ever let him get ahead of me again, because I knowed he’d make it hard for me, so I just kept getting sicker and sicker, and my mudder and de doctor just kept giving him more and more medicine. When I got so sick I couldn’t sit up, they put my brudder to bed, and wouldn’t give him nothing to eat but pickled eel’s feet and stewed oyster’s liver. Finally, after I had died and the neighbors gathered in and heard the pastor preach my brudder’s funeral, then they turned in and buried my brudder.'

"I broke in again, and said: 'You don’t talk a bit like a dead nigger, and I don’t believe you is dead.' He said that even if I was a country nigger I certainly ought to be able to understand a simple little thing like that, and that he wouldn’t waste another moment talking to a nigger that didn’t have no more sense than I did, and so he went off down the street and left me there."

Josh Naboes said: "I think so neither."

Bill Beard said that he thought that was a monstrosity of a nigger.

Uncle Sye, almost unnoticed, had passed into the shop, and the bellows began to roar, and he was heard muttering to himself, "I’s lost lots of money because I never put in new jawbones"; but all at once, after a crash on the anvil, he broke into a string of words that didn’t sound much like the catechism. A little investigation showed that the bellows had been heating two pieces of a hog’s jawbone that Uncle Sye had started to weld together, and that the crashing noise was the breaking of the bones when he had hit them with his hammer. The string of words was to signify that a certain piece of red-hot bone had struck him in the eye, and it was feeling a little uncomfortable. In the meanwhile Josh
Naboes and Bob Payne had started home to set some rabbit traps, to catch some riding horses, and were going to Sunday-school the next Sunday to learn how to talk to their mules when they were dragged on their faces; and the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

"Two very similar twins am we,
I am just like he and he am just like me.
Now we'd be much obliged to ye
If ye would tell am I he or am he me."

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**An Estimate of the Life and Work of "The English Opium-Eater."**

*By C. M.*

"Genius! Thou gift of Heaven! Thou light divine!
Amid what dangers art thou doomed to shine!
Oft will the body’s weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy vigor, and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy noble efforts, to contend with pain;
Or want (sad guest) will in thy presence come,
And breathe around her melancholy gloom,
To life’s low cares will thy proud thought confine,
And make her sufferings, her impatience, thine."

—Crabbe.

It has been said, "Not to know De Quincey is to be ignorant of some of the most remarkable products of the century." For breadth of scope, for power and delicacy of thought, and for beauty and clearness of style, he is surpassed by none of his contemporaries, if, indeed, he is equalled by any of them. The name of Thomas De Quincey, best known as the "English opium-eater," will always be prominent in English literature or literature in general. He ranks, without question, among the most eminent prose writers
of the nineteenth century. This master of English prose presents to the student many interesting characteristics, both in his personal life and in his literary achievements.

His family was of Norwegian blood, and of considerable rank in the aristocracy. His father, an opulent merchant of Manchester, was a man of considerable literary taste and ability, who, dying at the age of thirty-nine, left a widow and six children. Thomas De Quincey was born in Manchester on the 15th of August, 1785; but most of his childhood was spent in rural seclusion about a mile from the city, in "a pretty rustic dwelling," called "The Farm." In few men of eminence, perhaps, have their childish impressions played so important or so interesting a part as have those of Thomas De Quincey. Speaking of his childhood, he says: "If (after the model of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius) I should return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, these four I would single out as worthy of special commemoration—that I lived in rustic solitude; that this solitude was in England; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters, and not by horrid, pugilistic brothers; finally, that I and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent church."

From his earliest childhood he shows a delicate and sensitive nature, far in advance of those of his own age, and, while he was given to day-dreaming, his mind was singularly observant and alert. "My life," says he, "has been, on the whole, the life of a philosopher. From my birth I was made an intellectual creature, and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been."

The first great affliction of his life was the death of his favorite sister, Elizabeth, when he was about six years old. On the ordinary child this incident would have made little impression, but on young De Quincey it registered impressions that he never forgot, and he speaks, over and over again, with
touching pathos of the profound gloom thrown over him by this bereavement. From these “sickly reveries” he was suddenly withdrawn, and “introduced to the world of strife.” His delicate and sensitive nature kept him in constant fear of his “horrid pugilistic” brother, six years his senior, who kept the nursery in a whirl of excitement. After this older brother returned to school Thomas relapsed into a quiet life, and then was able to begin his study and meditation. When Thomas was eleven his mother removed to Bath, where he attended a grammar school with much success, especially in Latin and Greek. At the age of fifteen he had so well mastered the Greek language that he could converse in Greek fluently. His teacher, once pointing him out to a stranger, said “that boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one.”

In 1800 he went to Manchester to school. There he was in bad health, and, being no longer able to bear the restraint and confinement, he left school without warning. He was desirous of meeting Coleridge and Wordsworth, and would have no doubt gone to the Lake district, but he feared that he would not be taken in, being a runaway school-boy. So he again returned home. He obtained an allowance from his mother for a pedestrian tour in Wales, and, after living the life of a vagrant in North Wales for a few months, he went to London, hoping to borrow money there on his “expectations.” This stay in London is an interesting chapter in his life. There he was reduced to the brink of starvation, and he would perhaps have died but for the succor of Anne, a poor outcast, whom he ever remembered with the deepest gratitude and sympathy. In happier days of his life he sought to trace her, but in vain.

After a year of this London life he was reconciled to his guardians, and in October, 1803, at the age of nineteen, he entered Oxford. While there he lived the life of a hermit. He seems not to have associated with the professors or stu-
students. He did not conform to the college requirements, but followed his own fancy in reading and study. His name is registered on the books of Worcester College from 1803 to 1808, but it would be hard to say just how much of his time was spent there. During this interval he made occasional visits to London, where he was introduced to literary men. He left college without taking a degree, and we have his own words as to his accomplishments there: "Oxford, ancient mother! Hoary with ancestral honors, time-honored and happy it may be; time shatters power. I owe thee nothing! Of thy vast riches I took not a shilling, though living among multitudes who owed to thee their daily bread."

It was during his second year at Oxford (1804) that he first tasted opium, which laid the foundation of the "pernicious habit" which shattered his will power and made him incapable of sustaining mental exertion. He first took it to allay the pain of toothache. "It was a rainy Sunday afternoon in London, wet and cheerless," that he went by the drug-store (at the suggestion of one of his fellow-students) to get the opium. He seems to have known little or nothing about it before then. The result was wonderful. In a short while he had forgotten all of his pain. He had at last found what the philosophers had sought for—namely, that which would produce pleasure—and it could be bought for a moderate price, and could be taken about with him. He had found "a panacea for all human woes," a "minister of celestial pleasure." But he afterwards found that there was another extreme to this "fascinating enthralment," and in later years he speaks of opium as the "dread agent of imaginable pain and pleasure."

In the winter of 1808-'9 he took up his abode at the Cottage Grasmere, which Wordsworth had just left. There he enjoyed the society of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and Wilson, the famous "Lakists." From the time he settled at the Lakes the habit of opium-eating grew upon him. Up to
1813 he had used opium as an occasional indulgence, but in that year opium became to him an article of daily diet. He was no longer an amateur, but a professional opium fiend. In the year 1813 he increased the amount of opium, to allay "an appalling irritation of the stomach." The rise and progress of this devouring habit, the pleasures and pains of opium-eating, and his miserable struggles to leave it off, are pathetically and vividly related in his "Confessions." In 1817 he took as much as eight thousand drops per day, but, in view of his approaching marriage, he reduced this to one thousand drops per day, with the most beneficial results. He was again a happy man, and capable of literary exertion; and he draws a beautiful picture of his little cottage a stormy winter night, "with warm hearth, rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without."

But soon he seems to have relapsed into over-indulgence, and to have succumbed to the "Circean spells" of opium. In speaking of himself, he says: "Up to the middle of 1817 I judged myself to have been a happy man. But now farewell—a long farewell—to happiness, winter or summer. Farewell to smiles and laughter! Farewell to peace of mind! Farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep! For more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these. I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes, for I have now to record the pains of opium."

The next four years were years of misery and intellectual torpor. He seems to have lost all of his will power, since his daily duties were all neglected—studies, correspondence, domestic affairs. Insulated in the "gloomy umbrage of opium," his nights were even more direful than his days. The visions and phantoms that floated through his brain made life a torment. "I seemed every night to descend—not metaphorically, but literally to descend—into chasms and sun-less abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless
that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I had re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon, because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.”

In 1821, faced by financial embarrassment, he was able, by a desperate effort, to reduce the amount of opium, so that he was again able to take up his literary work, though he never entirely abstained from the use of opium.

From 1821 to 1825 he often went to London, where he became a frequent contributor to the London Magazine. He also contributed to Tait’s Magazine and Blackwood. During his life he contributed one hundred and fifty articles to various magazines. He never attempted a long book—he was incapable of sustained exertion. His longest work is his “Confessions.” This was first published in the London Magazine.

In 1830 De Quincey left Grasmere, and went to Edinburgh, and in 1840 till his death he had a quiet cottage seven miles from Edinburgh, in which city most of his time was spent. There he died in obscurity on the 8th of December, 1859, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His works had already gained signal success, but in Edinburgh he was almost unknown. He was there “a stranger in a strange land.” In his declining days he was calm and tranquil. He knew that the inevitable hour was close at hand. He would revert to his youthful days, his mother, his sister, with pathetic grandeur. Once he was heard to exclaim, in plaintive eloquence: “Sister, sister, sister!” He still harbored visions of his beloved sister Elizabeth, who had died seventy years before, when he was only a child six years old. Two of his sisters and his children were at his bed-side when the end came.

He was buried in the West Church yard of Edinburgh, by the side of his wife and two children. There was no great ovation or out-pouring at his funeral. His body was followed to its last resting-place by only a few of his friends and
acquaintances. His funeral was as his life had been—quiet, solitary, mournful. An old tablet marks the spot where he sleeps.

The expression of Plautus, "How oft we see the greatest genius buried in obscurity," is true of De Quincey. Few people in Edinburgh know that the humble grave of De Quincey is there, and fewer visit it. What does it matter if there be no marble column erected to his name? He has left a living monument in the works he has given to posterity. He can say, with Horace, in the prophetic estimation of his own poems: "Exegi monumentum aere perennius."

He leaves behind a legacy of love and sympathy. The glaring candor in his "Confessions" must be commended by all. The sun of a glorious life had set in obscurity, but the dreams and phantasies that had floated idly before his mind had been embalmed in his writings. His works are read more and more, and they will continue to be read by all those who appreciate the aesthetic potency of literature. His own works vindicate his claim to eminence. In the glare of the searchlight of critics they stand able to "bide the time"; and they have not been dimmed or obscured in the "loud-roaring loom of time."

Like most great men, he was not understood by those around him, and he therefore did not receive the sympathy that he merited. By his nature he lived in loneliness. He loved his solitary rambles, where he could be alone in meditation and could commune with De Quincey. He was the incarnation of nervousness and timidity. He is spoken of as "the gentle, timid, shrinking, abnormally sensitive, and polite little man." His personal features have thus been described: "A short and fragile, but well-proportioned frame; a shapely and compact head; a face beaming with intellectual light, with rare, almost feminine beauty of feature and complexion; a fascinating courtesy of manner, and a fulness, swiftness, and elegance of silvery speech—such was the irresistible
mortal mixture of earth's mould' that men named De Quincey. He possessed in a high degree what the American poet Lowell called 'the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere persuasive, and nowhere emphatic, and his whole aspect and manner exercised an indefinable attraction over every one, gentle or simple, who came within its influence.'

As has been hinted, De Quincey did not get his education at college, but by private reading and study. He was a great reader, and by his wonderful retentive memory he could recall almost everything that he read. Besides having a wide knowledge of English literature, he was saturated with the old classics. He was by nature a scholar, and his own description of a scholar can be applied to himself—"Not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also an infinite and electrical power of combination, bringing together the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection—what else were dust from the dead men's bones into the unity of breathing life."

To what extent opium affected his mind, or how much his writings were influenced by it, would be difficult to say. Certainly we would not have the "Confessions," his most charming literary production, had he not used opium. Yet, on the other hand, if he had not been addicted to this "pernicious habit," he might have left to posterity an even grander mausoleum than the "Confessions."

His salient points are his delicate humor, noble pathos, his power of subtle analysis, his skill in adapting language to thought, his richness of allusion and illustration, and his unparalleled imagination. These place him among the foremost authors of his time.

De Quincey's writings are not so popular or as widely read as those of other English writers—say Macaulay or Carlyle. There are several reasons for this—the first is found in his choice of subjects, and again he is wanting in moral and ethical considerations. He prefers to handle abstruse
and difficult themes, offering a sharp contrast to Macaulay. He seeks lurking truths, that would be unnoticed by others, and he loves to make close distinctions, rather than treat them in the ordinary manner. He chooses such subjects as the "Magic Arts," "Secret Societies." Themes of this recondite type have a great charm for him. He takes moral considerations for granted. He is by no means a safe moral guide. His will power was weakened by the incessant use of opium, and this accounts for lack of moral and ethical discrimination. In this respect he offers a striking contrast to Carlyle. Carlyle has been called "a moral force of great importance," but De Quincey is simply an "intellectual creature." He does not institute reforms; he does not mingle with men; he neither attacks man or measure from a moral standpoint. He does not inspire in the reader a desire to "do something," as does Carlyle, whose gospel is "work." He inspires in us a passive sympathy, rather than an active sympathy.

De Quincey is not a clear writer, at least to the common reader. Only those who have a brilliant imagination and are widely read can appreciate him readily. The truth does not yield itself without some mental strain on the part of the reader. In contrast to this, he is a perspicuous writer; he is truly exact and precise. His knowledge ranges widely, over nearly every sphere of literature, and he draws numerous allusions and illustrations from all this vast store. He also uses many technical terms. Those who are acquainted with his wide vocabulary experience little difficulty in appreciating him. With the proper amount of study, the truth which he is presenting yields itself readily, and it cannot be easily misunderstood or misinterpreted. All that he loses in simplicity he gains in perspicuity, and most of his technical terms and illustrations are justifiable on the ground that they make for exactness. De Quincey is, above all, an expositor, and in this he is a safe guide. He does not write as an historian, but he expands and elucidates the works of others. He is not a
creative genius. He has no new truth to present, but he presents facts already known in a new and original light. He has the power to clothe dry subjects with interest, and he makes them intensely vivid.

His works do not appeal to us so much from the standpoint of their subjects as from the way he handles these subjects. It has been said of his works, "The crowning glory of his writings is their style, so full of involved melody, so exact and careful, so rich in magnificent apostrophe, so markedly original, so polished and elaborate."

After reading De Quincey's essays on language, style, and rhetoric, one can better understand and account for his labored style. He believes that style ranks among the fine arts, and is one of the most effective and majestic of the arts, and is able therefore to yield a separate intellectual pleasure quite apart from the subject matter, and that it has an absolute value, like the product of any other art (such as music, sculpture, and poetry), distinct from the value of the subject about which it is employed. In his eyes the sentence is a subject of complex art, in which great beauty can be displayed by attending to the qualities of style by the correct "management of language."

Although the English people consider the subject to which the style is ministerial as of more importance than the style itself, he says: "Assuming that the thoughts involve the primary interest, still it must make all the difference in the world to the success of these thoughts whether they are treated in the way best fitted to expel doubt or darkness, that may have settled about them."

"Style," says he, "has two separate functions—first, to brighten the intelligibility of a subject which is obscure to the understanding; secondly, to regenerate to the normal power and impressiveness a subject which has become dormant to the sensibilities. It is not new light to be communicated, but old torpor that is to be dispersed."
In his estimation style is not merely an accidental ornament for written composition, not merely a trivial embellishment to display beauty (while it may do so), but a means of brightening the understanding and removing obscurities from truth that has been steeped in darkness. It is strange, recognizing, as he did, the power of style, that he did not use it to illuminate subjects of greater moment to society, rather than in the chronicling of unimportant facts.

The inevitable consequence of his close attention to stylistic excellences is that he has been criticised as being only a spectacular experimenter. It is true that he loved to please the ear, but at the same time he made the truth vividly intelligible.

By his tenacious memory he acquired a wonderful vocabulary, and he knew just how to use the words in his possession. In all of his compositions he gives us a "feast of words." His words have been termed "fatally-chosen words." They are so apt and suit the position so well that they could not be improved on. This "lover of lovely words" is an artist both in choosing his words and in arranging them in the sentence. He is as careful in compounding his word pigments as the apothecary is in mixing his prescription.

Most of De Quincey's sentences are clear. They are filled with qualifying clauses, allusions, and illustrations. His explicit connection is to be especially noted. His connectives keep the subject vividly before the mind. The sentences arise out of one another naturally, by "links of spontaneous connection." He likes the periodic structure, and he uses it frequently with telling force. A sentence from "The English Mail Coach" will show its power and beauty: "A thousand times, amongst the phantoms of sleep, have I seen thee entering the gates of the golden dawn—with the secret world riding before thee—with the armies of the grave behind thee; seen thee sinking, rising, raving, despairing; a thousand times in the worlds of sleep have seen thee followed by
God's angel, through storms, through desert seas, through darkness of quicksands, through dreams, and the dreadful revelations that are in dreams—only that at the last, with one sling of His victorious arm, He might snatch thee back from ruin and might emblazon in thy deliverance the endless resurrection of His love!"

De Quincey thoroughly believed in the musical possibility of the language. His ear was particularly alert to musical sounds. He had a great passion for the violin, and he once said that that instrument had something of the "infinite" about it. Those who have read his "Confessions" will recall his enjoyment at the opera, at hearing the talk of the Italian women around him. He understood little they said, but the softness of the language appealed to him. He considered words to play the role of notes in music, and he has been aptly termed a "literary musician." Some of his compositions are symphonies in words, they are so rich in musical beauty and euphony; and, as Professor Minto has said, "can be compared at times to the swell and crash of the orchestra." He is indeed the Shakespearian Mozart of the nineteenth century. In some of his compositions the musical accentuation is so prevalent that parts of it can be scanned as poetry, and it can be aptly termed "prose poetry." He polishes and repolishes his sentences with as much care as the poet elaborates his rhythms and cadences. It has been said of some of his compositions that they are so attractive and so beautiful that we "linger lovingly over them, apart altogether from the matter they contain." All of his musical compositions are rich in derived Latin words, as they are especially adapted for rhythm, melody, and harmony. What could be more musical than this sentence from "Joan of Arc": "When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, bishop and shepherd girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you—let us try, through the
gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions."

De Quincey's strongest points are those which may be classed as poetic qualities. These are his sublimity; pathos, harmony, and melody. He is one of our most sublime prose writers. In this he has gained eminence. Many have written short passages which are elevated and sublime, but none have kept up these "flights through the regions of the sublime" as he has done. In this line of "impassioned biography" he stands alone. He well knew how to use the long periodic sentence in describing some sublime scene or object. He also uses figurative language effectively in these elevated passages. In describing a sublime scene or situation, he always draws his figures from noble objects that will raise admiration for the object which he is describing. The trope is used with effect. For example, in describing a battle-field he speaks of it as being "angry and crimson with carnage." His sublime touches are generally descriptions of some object of wonder or admiration, and these passages are filled with pathos. As one would expect from his elevated style, his pathos is not of the homely kind, but rather intellectual and aesthetic. He appeals more often to the sense of the beautiful than to the stronger emotions. His pathos is often found in his lament for departed nobleness, in which he blends with his expressions of sorrow a glorification of the object. This is plainly seen in the opening passage of his "Joan of Arc":

"What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine that, like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? * * * Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was
amongst the strongest pledges for thy truth, that never once—
no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the
vision of coronets and honor from men. Coronets for thee!
Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those
that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the
gratitude of thy king shall awaken thou wilt be sleeping the
sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will
not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and
receive a robe of honor, but she will be found en contumace.
When the thunders of universal France, as ever yet may
happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd
girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd
girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to
die, that was thy portion in this life. That was thy destiny,
and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou
saidst, is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long.
Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those
heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is
long. This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even
a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more
obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself,
relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to
meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her
death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of
the fiery scaffold, the spectators, without end, on every road,
pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the
volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye
that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable
truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not
be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But
the voice that called her to death, that she heard forever."
The Sleep of Love.

BY J. L. W.

Ah, no! Love is not dead; he could not die,
Since 'twas your voice that called him into life.
But rather, weary grown of passion's strife,
He sleeps beneath a quiet, cloudless sky.

* * * * * *

And yet, if you should come to that far spot
Where Love is sleeping, swift he would arise,
And, gazing in the splendor of your eyes,
Straightway all sleep and dreams would be forgot.

The Inside.

BY A. E. R.

The article in a recent issue of The Messenger giving the exterior view of the "view agent's" life has suggested the idea that a glimpse of the inner life of the "view man" might not be out of place. As intimated by the writer of the previous article, one hardly ever hears of anything but a fair measure of success attending the efforts of the "view men." That such is true, only so far as the outside world is concerned, will appear from what is to follow. To be sure, some men do succeed, but with most of the fellows "things are not what they seem."

Three young men made their appearance in a Massachusetts town about the middle of July, 1904. They were neatly dressed, and engaged board for several weeks at a fine house, located on one of the best residence streets in town. The writer of these lines took his meals at the same place, and soon became quite intimate with the strangers—Ethridge, Ruskin, and Hopkins. In a little while it became known that the three young men were college boys, who were spend-
ing their vacation in selling stereoscopic views. At first they gave glowing reports of their work, as they had just finished their business in one of the most prosperous cities in the State. Each one fully expected to have the promised two hundred and fifty dollars and more by the middle of September. Their narratives put visions of dazzling thousands in more than one young fellow’s head—but that’s another story.

In a short while the boys were out canvassing, and each evening they had encouraging reports to make. From the number of orders they took we concluded that they had indeed struck a new El Dorado, for no one ever went back on the order, you know.

Ethridge was a handsome fellow, and was a real “lion among ladies.” One evening he came to his room in high glee. Yes, he had really been invited by Miss Marston to take lunch with her at her fashionable home on Merriam avenue. What a delightful time it was to spend an hour or so in that beautiful home, and to bring the day to a suitable end. Ethridge had taken a fine order from a prominent fruit dealer on Main street. “Boys,” he declared, “I certainly ought to sell him fifteen or twenty dollars’ worth of goods. This ‘view business’ is the finest thing I ever saw in my life.”

Meanwhile Ruskin and Hopkins worked diligently, and booked a good list of orders. In the French quarter of the town their experiences were novel and interesting. Parlez vous Francais became common property, and they soon learned to repeat si beau when the fine, original, re-touched stereographs called forth this expression of admiration from the French people. It was amusing in the extreme to hear Ruskin tell of a French woman who could speak English fairly well, and who kept chasing around the table every time he tried to get the ’scope to her face. “No pict to-day; not dressed up,” she kept on saying. In a scuffle with a dog, Hopkins, or rather his pants, got the worst end of the bar-
gain. Still, all three kept in good spirits, and delivery time came.

The first day things went fairly well, with the exception that a few people didn't have the money, and hence couldn't take the goods for a day or two. Of course that would be a small matter, for they would certainly be ready by the next time, so the boys said.

The second day matters did not turn out so well, for some of the good women had husbands, who said that they "shouldn't take those things."

Ethridge came in, looking quite dejected. He threw himself down in a chair, grumbling, "I don't see why people don't do what they said they would do. If they would just do that, I wouldn't say a word."

Ruskin hit on a plan which seemed right ingenious. Whenever he came to one of his customers who had changed her mind he began to pour forth his tale of woe. "Madam, I'm a poor boy, trying to work my way through school, and, besides, I have a crippled brother and a sick sister to support."

This plea was often successful, especially when accompanied by Ruskin's pathetic tone.

Not so with Hopkins. He had nothing but scorn for the good old lady who detained him for two hours, and finally concluded by saying, "I'll take these three views to help you along." Such are the different types of men.

At length the day came for Ethridge to deliver to the "prominent fruit dealer." After some difficulty the merchant succeeded in selecting the set he wanted, and then came the time for Ethridge to sell it to him. Just how long Ethridge stayed with him is not known, but he came away with all his views and the important bit of information that the would-be purchaser was a "Greek." After several other visits Ethridge finished up matters by selling him one view for fifteen cents, whereas he should have received seventeen. This was too much for Ethridge's patience. "I'll swear I'll
never study Greek another day if that fellow is a fair specimen of Greek manhood,” was his impassioned exclamation.

Happily, Mrs. Kerns, the lady with whom we boarded, and who was somewhat of an astrologer, told Ethridge of better times to come. He was greatly relieved to receive an offer, in the course of a few days, to become principal of a good school in his native State.

Hopkins, after an unfortunate experience with a pedler, who told him he “had better be home cutting wood in the woods than peddlin’ around that way,” decided that the old man was about right.

So Ethridge and Hopkins started home, while Ruskin went to another city to make his “poor, poverty” plea a little while longer.

“I hope I may be kicked if I ever undertake to sell ‘views’ again,” was the significant remark made by Hopkins as he stepped off the porch.

A Little While.

BY H. M. BOWLING.

She was but lent to us
A little while,
A boon God sent to us
To make us smile;
A flower in our home to bloom,
To fill the air with soft perfume,
And from our hearts to drive the gloom,
A little while.

Then she was taken away,
Free from earth’s guile,
In paradise to stay
An endless while.
Her life was closed lest she should know
The toil of life, its care and woe.
But grief our heart is bending low—
No more we smile.

“Beverly of Graustark.”

BY S. D. MARTIN.

“BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK” is probably the best work of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, editor of a Chicago paper, although either “The Sherrods” or “Graustark” would be a close second.

Despite the labored improbability of this rather sugary romance, there is much story interest in “Beverly of Graustark.” Its popularity is shown by the February Bookman, in which its sales for the preceding month are recorded as greater than those of any other novel in America. The story, as a whole, may be compared to a small cake to be eagerly devoured by a hungry reader.

The chief characters are Miss Beverly Calhoun, a beautiful young Southern girl, who shows in her excited moments a touch of negro accent, while at other times she is kittenishly coquettish, or, perhaps, it is the awesome pride of her blue blood surging through her veins. Beverly has as a friend Yetive, the Princess of Graustark, whose marriage to an American, Grenfall Lorry, causes her to spend much of her time in Washington. Baldos, whom we first meet as a picturesque young nomad, full of elegant mystery, but who in reality is a prince, is the hero.

The story is that the Princess Yetive was called to Graustark from Washington on account of political disturbances, and that Beverly decided to visit her, regardless of the troubles. So, having gained the consent of her father, Major George Calhoun, a member of Congress, Beverly went to St.
Petersburg, accompanied by her aunt and an old negro servant. She left her aunt in St. Petersburg, and proceeded alone to Graustark by carriage. On her way the driver deserted her, and left the carriage in the woods, where, with its occupant, it was found a little later by a band of ragged vagabonds under the leadership of Baldos, who believed Beverly to be the Princess Yetive. Beverly, for the sake of safety, and in order to get their aid in reaching Ganlook, the capital of Graustark, allowed them to remain in their mistaken belief. Accepting their hospitality, she spent the night in a cave, which served as an inn for this motley crew of beggars. That night, in protecting Beverly from a mountain lion, Baldos was severely wounded, and next day, by Beverly's orders, was brought to a hospital in Ganlook.

After Baldos had regained his health, Beverly obtained for him a position in the Graustark Guards, and the author's account of the various scenes of warfare and encounter between this private and the commander of Graustark's army, who had fallen in love with Beverly, is very vivid and eloquent.

The method of Mr. McCutcheon in sustaining the role of Beverly as the young American girl to the whole court, but as the Princess to Baldos, is very attractive and able. The climax, when Beverly promises to become the future Mrs. Baldos, still not knowing Baldos to be the exiled Prince Danton, of the province which is at war with Graustark, is very beautiful.

The author has followed the custom of many of our present novelists, and shown, to some degree, the success of the American girl abroad.
Why should not the Athletic Association have some furnished rooms to entertain visiting teams? When our teams visit Hampden-Sidney, V. P. I., and other places they are royally entertained. Why can't we get in line, and return the favor?

It is a shame to allow visitors to look out for themselves when they are to go up against our teams, and yet there is no place to entertain them. The College could do no better than fix up five or six rooms, and make the head janitor responsible for them. Then when men from other colleges came they would find good, quiet rooms in which to rest and dress, a place to write letters, and a chance to get together without the presence of a stranger all of the time. It seems to us that this would be a good investment.

Most men are desirous of honors, and college men are no exception to the rule. They are anxious generally to secure every honor that their mates are willing to bestow upon them. But often we find that men are desirous of places which they have neither the ability or energy to fill. For example: "A" wants an office which he could not win by his own merits; but because of his position, or because he is a member of some club or organization, he secures, by the devious paths of politics, the coveted place. So far, so good. If "A" will attend to his duty, all will be well, and he will have the privilege of wearing his honor (?) as if he had won it honestly. But often "A" says: "I can't give the required time to this office. I have my examinations to make and my social duties to attend to, and these are more important, so I
am obliged to neglect this branch of college duties imposed (?) upon me by my fellow-students."

In one thing "A" is right. His first duty is to his parents and to his books, and no other duty should come in the way. But "A" is neither honest with himself nor with his fellow-students. Whether they imposed a duty upon him or not, he has imposed upon them. If his studies would not allow him to fill the office, he should have been honest enough to have said so. Then another might have been picked, who would be able to work as well as study. He has not reflected credit upon himself or upon his organization by the betrayal of his trust. If he found, after taking the honor, that he could not fill the place, then his duty was to say so. If the place is not worthy of his time, then he has sought something which is not an honor. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

What is the result of his failure? We find the College badly served and the student body betrayed by the selfishness of a few students, who secured an honor for a man whose incapacity and indifference is equaled only by his ingratitude.

We wish to acknowledge publicly

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT. the kind services of Dr. Woodward in our work upon the College publications. Few professors ever take such a lively interest in students as he has done during the present session. He seems never to tire of doing good and of helping a man out of a difficult position.

Dr. Woodward has only been with us through this present session, and yet he has endeared himself to the whole student body. We express the sentiments of the entire student body when we venture the hope that the Trustees will retain him as a permanent professor, and, if the student body is allowed to express itself, it will do so most heartily.
If Dr. Woodward does not remain, he will carry with him the love and best wishes of the entire student body.

With this issue The Messenger ceases for the session; but we hope to have an issue ready to greet the returning students in September. In order to do this, it must go to press in August. We ask the men who can—and all can—to write something, and address it to The Messenger, Richmond College, in time to be used in the first issue.
Exchange Department.

One of the most interesting duties of our office has been the comparison of the verdicts of various Exchange editors on the same magazines. In some cases there has been a remarkable uniformity of opinion, while in others there has been the widest diversity. It is impossible that all critics should think alike—every man to his own tastes—and yet we have sometimes been in doubt whether an expression was meant in good faith or as a bald irony, which its own absurdity would betray. These remarks will be appreciated by other Exchange men, who have doubtless had similar experiences, and it is hardly necessary to make them more explicit.

It has been impossible, as usual, to read carefully every word in every magazine that has been received, but we have endeavored this month to give them all such general inspection as would enable us to decide, without great chance of mistake, which are most worthy of our time and critical talents, and of these we have selected the best for careful review.

For tastefulness of make-up and for average excellence of contents we are inclined to give the palm to Gray Jacket. One thing must be acknowledged, that its Easter habiliment is the most attractive and artistic that we have yet seen. Instead of its usual "gray jacket," it is attired in a delicate creamy white, and the front cover design is a real work of art. The literary matter, like the exterior, is characterized by simple elegance. Surely the editors of the Gray Jacket have learned well the essential lesson that "an honest tale speeds best being plainly told." There is no painful effort after literary "stunts." It is not stretching the term "poem" to apply it to "The Christ of the Handkerchief," which relates the ancient legend in twelve graceful, well-turned stanzas of eight lines each. Only the length of the poem prevents its insertion. The concluding stanzas will suffice to give an
idea of its ease of movement and beauty of imagery. St. Luke has finished the portrait of his Lord and brings it to the "twelve":

So Peter, Philip, and Andrew,
Thomas, and James, and John,
Gazed long on the face beloved
That late from their sight had gone.
They looked on the close shut eyelids,
They looked on the drooping head,
And their own were bowed in anguish.
"He suffered for us," they said.

Then, Thomas, who loved and doubted,
Looked up to the pictured face.
"My Lord and my God," he murmured,
And knelt in that narrow place.
And sudden St. Peter answered,
As though to a spoken word,
A light from his face out-leaping,
"Thou knowest I love thee, Lord."

But John, the beloved disciple—
Oh, fair was his face to see—
He knelt, with his arms uplifted,
But never a word spake he.
As peak after peak is lighted,
As the sun's rays reach each height,
So face after face grew tender,
And lit with a heavenly light.

The first instalment of "A Southern Romance" gives promise of a good story. The other stories and articles are worthy of their place in the Gray Jacket, and the departments are well edited.

If we had not already committed ourselves to the Gray Jacket, we should hesitate to accord second place to our fair Hollins contemporary. It is the fact that she is a Quarterly
that prevents us from declaring a tie. *The Hollins Quarterly* is one of the most stately, dignified magazines we have had the pleasure of reviewing. But to waste no time in idle comments on externals, we will proceed at once to examine its contents.

There is nothing remarkable about the poetry; but the stories, the essays, and the short sketches will compare favorably with those of some "sure 'nough" magazines. "The Peace of This World" is a very strong story, both in point of plot and style. In lighter vein, but exhibiting perhaps quite as much talent, are "The Spirit of Niagara" and "The Degeneration of Aunt." But the great strength of the Quarterly lies in its serious essays. "A Study in Villainy" is a most discriminating comparison of "Becky Sharp" and George Eliot's "Tito." Overlooking some "girlish" phrases, the writer treats the subject in a masterful—perhaps we should say mistressful—way. "Virginia, the Mother of States" and "Three Minor Poets of the South—Their Ideals," are eminently worthy of review, if space permitted.

In spite of our declared disaffection for the products of the feminine muse, we must allow a high place on our list for another "sister" publication—also, we believe, a quarterly. *The Chisel*, in addition to its personal charms, such as handsome cover and artistic illustrations, presents an attractive array of stories, poems, sketches, and miscellaneous literary tid-bits. We think *The Chisel's* departments—Current Topics, Book Reviews, Music and Art Notes, Editorial, Alumnæ, and Exchanges, comprising forty-three pages—are the most complete we have seen.

*The William and Mary Literary Magazine* contains two articles of especial interest to us—"The Study of Southern Literature in the South" and "Paul Hamilton Hayne."
"The First American Book" and "Nature in Lanier's Poetry" are excellent papers in The Guidon, from Farmville. We congratulate our friends, the prospective school ma'ams, on the very creditable magazine they are making.

Several of our best exchanges have come in too late for review. We observe that the Exchange department of the Ouachita Ripples, which comes to us from Arkansas, is devoted to the review of Virginia magazines, allowing only the Erskinian, of South Carolina, a place among the elect. Ra, ra, ra! for Ouachita.


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Clippings.

The Awakening.

Dark clouds have flown,
And, sun-kissed, smiles
The tender beauty of the opening spring,
From dale and hill,
From rippling rill,
All Nature joins in throbbing notes to sing.

My heart was sad,
But dull despair
Has fled before hope's brightening ray.
From darkness cold,
That did enfold,
My soul has burst to greet the coming day.

—Macon E. Barnes, '04, in The Chisel.
CLIPPINGS.

To Myrtle.

You ask how I can read the deep content
Of thy dear soul, which, pure and innocent,
Sisters those heavenly ones that dwell above
In pure delight and God’s unchanging love?
There are no shallows there, no shadowy things,
   Within the limpid depths of thy blue eyes;
No black’ning flow of thought, no troubled springs,
   No shoal of questioning thy soul belies.
But far within their depths of azure blue
   God’s perfect gift to earth and man I see:
A woman’s soul, pure, innocent, and free
From stain and earthly blot, a heart that’s true.
And that is why I read the deep content
Of thy dear soul, so pure and innocent.

—William and Mary Literary Magazine.

Orator: Gentlemen, as the immortal—ah—as the immortal—the immortal—well, I’ve forgotten who it was that said it, but, never mind, as a certain immortal poet said—ah—as a certain immortal poet said—durn me, if I haven’t forgotten what he said, gentlemen.

A fishy old fisher named Fisher,
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure.
   A cod, with a grin,
   Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they’re fishing the fissure for Fisher!—Ex.

Mr. Vail (in elocution): “The horse was runnin’.”
Miss Christian: “Do not leave off your g.”
Mr. Vail: “Gee! the horse was runnin’.” —Ex.

“Pat, you had to have your leg amputated, I heard.”
“Yaas, begorra; the docther said in order to save both legs he’d have to cut one of ’em off.”
Miss Chapman: "Mary got a perfectly grand box of candy to-day."

Miss B.: "Who sent it?"

Miss C.: "Her financier." — Ew.

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