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The Battle Royal.

[Oration delivered by Ben. C. Jones at the Mu Sigma Rho re-union September 25, 1906.]

LIFE to every man is different. Every man’s lot is a different portion. Every man’s world is a distinct sphere. Each one puts into life attributes which are unlike those of any other. Each one, in turn, receives from life qualities which are widely dissimilar from those of his neighbor, and it cannot be otherwise than that every man be a distinct individual. Yet the dissimilarity in life among men is only in the minute details of experience. In general aspect life
has a universal resemblance. It is like looking into a mirror—every man sees an individual face, widely different from any other in detail of feature and characteristic expression, yet, in the general contour of the image reflected, there is such a universal likeness that it is instantly recognized as the face of a man. The universal likeness in life is a common ground upon which all men stand.

What, then, is the nature of this common ground? Or, in other words, what, in general experience, is life? For we who are just beginning its course are the most interested to know. Human History, canst thou tell us? Thou great hosts of humanity, as innumerable as the sands of the sea, which have passed on through the narrow vale of time into the regions of the great beyond, canst thou tell us? Yea, thou dost tell us much by thine experience. But to see properly the earth upon which we live one must ascend high above it, and get the view-point of the gods.

By the light of revealed truth, let us go back into the council chambers of eternity, before the Supreme Designer had fashioned human life, or set in progress the cycles of time. We can fancy that we approach an august assemblage of the celestial peerage. It is a heavenly council, gathered at the feet of the Supreme Omnipotent. The superb magnificence of this celestial scene is too splendid for our eyes to behold. Each personage retains his characteristic position outlined by an arrangement of stars into the constellations. Their flowing garments of lustrous white are contrasted against a background of ethereal blue. Into their midst is wafted entrancing strains of the music of the spheres, and down upon them pours the radiant effulgence of the nebula.

This mighty conclave had convened on the occasion of hearing the decision of a most momentous question—namely, "After what fashion shall the omnipotent Jehovah make human life?" God had not announced His decision of this
question, and it was yet open for suggestion by the heavenly council.

Accordingly Orion, the mighty hunter, who stands in the heavens holding on his left arm the scalp of a slain lion, and, with a raised club in his right hand, is leaping forward to deliver the death blow to an on-rushing bull—he who had been sent from earth because of his insatiable desire for the admiration of goddesses—spoke and said, "Make man like me, whose delight is in the conquests of the chase, and whose glory is in the admiration of goddesses." There came a sign of dissension from the Great White Throne. Next spoke the royal Cephas, who sits in the heavens with crowned head and sceptre in hand, and said, "Create man like me, and let his highest good be to rule." God answered a negative reply. The fair Andromeda, chained hand and foot to an exposed rock, the victim of a blind and cruel fate, sighed: "Make man like me, for in this state he will not have the tremendous responsibility of unrestricted freedom." God said, "Nay." Then the noble and gallant Perseus, who, returning from his successful conquest, rescued the innocent but fated Andromeda, said, "O Powerful Father, make man like me, and let his chief purpose be to rescue the victims of injustice." God almost assented, but not quite. Queen Cassiopea, sitting on her throne, and admiring her unequaled beauty, said, "Let man be like me, whose highest good is personal beauty." God thundered, "No! Enough! Each of you have qualities which I would have man possess, but no one of you are as I would have him be. I will create man in My own image, and put in him the divinity of My own nature. He shall be an individual with full freedom to do right or to do wrong. So let it be!"

So it was. So it is. And while time lasts so must it ever be. But there has been, from father to son, down the whole line of the human family, such an unbroken succession of
choosing of wrong that it has grown into our nature, somewhat
as the fish which have lived in darkened caves until they are
without eyes. It is almost following a second nature to go
wrong, and it requires the courageous working of a steeled
will to follow the right. There has been so much of
worthlessness and indolence in human life that it is only to
follow the drift of gravitation to fall into lethargetic inertia.
He that would accomplish results must go against the
resistance of innate apathy. Every achievement is bought,
and must be paid for in the currency of effort and
exertion. Life is a struggle, and primarily, to one just
beginning its course, to a virile youth who has reached his
college age, life, in its highest sense and fullest meaning, is
a struggle—a struggle as fierce as the grappling of the
demons of war, and as unremitting as the wheels of time!

In the central part of the Mediterranean Sea there is a
triangular island which many times has been the pivotal
point on which the history of the world has turned. The
island is a world within itself. Yet it has never been an
independent nation, for the reason that it has drawn to itself
men of many nationalities. Every power which has held
dominion in the Mediterranean world has possessed a part of
this island of Sicily. Her main characteristic is that she has
been divided up among many nations. The Phœnecian, the
Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Norman, the Lombard, and
the Italian each in turn has been her people. Because of
her geographical position Sicily has been the meeting-place
of the nations, and where the nations have met they have
fought. So Sicily has been the battle-ground of the powers
of the Mediterranean world. Yet she has been more. She
has been the breakwater between the Eastern and Western
world. She separates and she brings together Europe and
Africa, Europe and Asia. On one side the waves of the
Orient lap her shores, and on the other the waters of the
Occident. The powers from the four corners of the earth met on her soil, and she determined which would stand. The Greek and barbarian there clashed arms to decide which should be dominant. The Arian and Semitic races there clinched. Had Hannibal held Sicily, Rome would have been a Carthagenean subject. There the Christian faith and the faith of Islam confronted each other, and determined which should lead the world.

It seems that this little continent-like island, and the part it has played in the history of the world, is a picture of college life and its relation to our lives. The college is a world within itself, yet not entirely independent. It is composed of many types of men. Its mind and its thinking is a diffusion of varying notions and ideas. Its life is a comingling of different and opposite personalities. Against its four sides strike the waves that come from the four quarters of the land. And, above all, it is the decisive battle-ground. The struggle which is here waged must be decisive in the lives of its men. The weeks and months of a man's college career must be the most decisive period of his life. This is so glaringly true that we would call the college life "The Battle Royal."

Who shall triumph in the great contest of life? Not all! Possibly not the majority of men. But the man who wins the struggle of his college days, if, afterwards, he does not turn back or lose his hold, will at the end, after the field of life's battle is cleared, stand a successful, a triumphant, and an exalted man.
Notes on Slavery in Virginia.

BY HAPPYROCK.

In the year 1619 a Dutch man-of-war brought twenty slaves to Jamestown. Thus began the negro problem of the South. The abundance of fertile land and the profit coming from tobacco culture were the two factors most potent in fostering the institution of slavery and in fastening it upon the State. Because of personal interest, the planters led themselves to believe that slavery was an advantage to the negroes. Year by year slavery grew into the life of a large number of the people, and seemed to these to be an essential part of the State.

In 1662 the Virginia Assembly enacted a law to the effect that children should be held "bond or free, according to the condition of their mothers." This was to provide for the status of mulattos, inasmuch as the common law of England provided that a child's standing was that of the father.

Twenty years later the Assembly provided that if a runaway slave resisted arrest, and was killed in the struggle, no crime was committed by the master who killed the said slave while attempting the arrest. In the same bill, a slave was forbidden to carry weapons, or to leave his owner's plantation without a permit.

Berkeley, in the year 1671, observed that there were 2,000 slaves in Virginia at that time. He has little to say of the treatment accorded them, but there is a hint of the dark side of slavery in the efforts of Rev. Morgan Godwin, a clergyman of that period, to secure Christian training for the slaves. Mr. Morgan plead for kindness to the slave and a custom according to which a slave might rest on Sunday.

This same year Colonel Fitzhugh makes a note of the purchase of two slaves for the sum of twenty pounds. He also
observes that a planter had sold him a dumb woman, without mentioning the fact that she was dumb. He expresses his opinion of the planter.

Owing to agriculture, the slave trade increased steadily. Colonel William Byrd, in a letter to the Earl of Egmont (1736), says that so many negroes were being imported that he feared lest some time or other the name of "New Guinea" would be given to the colony. He complains that they prevented a well-ordered social system, inasmuch as they excluded the small farmer. He supposed that there were 10,000 at least, and thought that Parliament ought to stop the traffic.

In 1761 the Virginia Assembly tried to suppress the importation of slaves by imposing a prohibitory duty, but the measure was vetoed by the home Government. Again, in 1772, the Assembly petitioned the King that the traffic be stopped, but he evaded an answer. Jefferson put this in the Declaration of Independence, as one of the grievances of the Colonies.

In 1789, when the tariff was under discussion, Parker, of Virginia, made a motion that there be a ten dollar duty on each slave imported, but nothing was accomplished. The buying up of slaves in Virginia and the selling of the same in the growing States of the South, thus breaking up negro families, was condemned by John Randolph as "heinous and abominable, inhuman and illegal." But, in spite of the protests of Virginia's statesmen, vested interests kept the trade going. Profit hid the danger. A Richmond paper, in 1861, in urging Virginia to secede, gave as a reason that, if she did not secede, she would lose her slave trade with the Southern States, and this meant from $13,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year.

The treatment of slaves in cities was usually good, because the master ruled directly, and not through an overseer; and in Virginia, in the country, it was, as a rule, mild. The farms were free from the cruelties of the immense cotton, rice, and sugar plantations of the far South.
The social effect of slavery in Virginia was to make a system minus a substantial middle class. Its economic effect was to hinder progress along industrial lines.

Virginia may rejoice in the consciousness that many a time her voice was raised in protest against slavery; that at no time did her people, as a whole, endorse slavery; and that in her treatment of slaves before the war, and of the freedmen since the war, there has been the spirit of willingness to help every honest, practical, and worthy effort of the negro to improve his condition.

A Fortunate Young Man.

BY JIMMIE.

MR. BROWN, who lived in East Tennessee, was a business man of the first type, and possessed of some wealth. In his home he was surrounded with every comfort that could add to the happiness of life. He was only thirty-five years old, and, though he had been successful as a business man, was unfortunate in not having but one child in his family, and this one a boy, who, at the time of which we write, was on the eve of young manhood. The father saw in his boy great possibilities, and the mother looked on him with admiration. He was the happiness of their home, and the centre of their hopes. The father was a prudent man and the mother sagacious; accordingly, the young boy received the best possible instruction at home, and every advantage that could surround a boy of his time.

After finishing the training under his teacher at home, whom his parents had employed especially for him, he went to the high school and completed his work there creditably. At the end of his career there the father and mother decided to send him to a college, where he might receive instruction...
that would bring to light the talents hid in his cranium covered with red hair. Accordingly it was decided to send him to a college in the eastern part of Virginia. The father communicated with the president of the institution, and made all necessary arrangements preparatory to the entrance of Edgar, who was at this time nineteen years old.

Edgar waited impatiently, but calmly, for the summer months to pass away, and the time to arrive for his departure. At last the morning for his departure came. After telling his kind father and weeping mother "good-bye," he started on his way to begin a life entirely new to him.

When he reached the college he went at once to the president's office, matriculated, and was conducted to a furnished room prepared especially for him. During the week following he attended classes, and in the meanwhile received the usual initiation given to all "rats." On Saturday he attended the first ball game, and saw his college go down in defeat. At night he went to his room, and for the first time knew what it was to feel the impulse of a college boy. During the succeeding months he worked with the same earnestness that had won for him success at the high school, and with similar results.

Near the close of his first year at college he grew in favor with his fellow students, and all cherished a warm regard for him. A few weeks before the end of this session, he, with some of his student friends, were invited to attend a reception given by the girls of a female institute situated in the same city. On the evening set for the reception the young men of Dowden College were conducted into the spacious reception hall of the young ladies' school, which was decorated with flowers and resounded with music. Here the young men found themselves in the presence of a company of pretty young creatures of the fair sex, who were not exceptions to their class in being gifted with an art possessed only by those of their kind.
Edgar was especially impressed with the reception, because of the general appearance of things, and the hearty welcome given all of his party; but, possibly, more especially because of an acquaintance he made with Mary King, a young lady who lived near his home. She possessed rare charms, which to Edgar were almost bewitching. When he returned to his room that night some of his friends gathered to discuss the events of the evening. Edgar entered freely into the conversation, but said very little about the charming young girls, except in a general way. After the party separated Edgar quietly retired, but had away down in his heart a feeling for the young lady who lived near his home.

During the remaining weeks of the collegiate year he continued to work faithfully, but happened to find a vacant evening near the end of the session to make another call at the female institute, only to have his emotions stirred deeper by the charming girl.

The year closed, and Edgar returned to his home with a good report to gladden the hearts of his devoted parents, who were looking forward to his return with much pleasure. When he arrived at the gate opening into the large yard in front of his father's home he found his glad-hearted mother standing there, ready to welcome him home again with a mother's love, that can be rivaled by no other. Edgar was happy to get home once more and look on the scenes that had gladdened his heart during childhood. His mother looked at him with more pride than ever, and dreamed of a day when her boy would occupy a place among the councilors of state, and by his influence, work, and character reflect credit on his parents, make himself famous, and add glory to his country. And towards this end the father was every day planning.

During the summer Edgar occasionally heard from Mary. The correspondence led to a warm friendship, which seemed
to be growing into something deeper. Vacation passed away, with its usual pleasures, and Edgar returned to school at the opening of the next session. During this year he entered more freely into the contests in college, and won honors for himself in athletics and other fields.

He continued his work through the second and third years with great success, and at the close of the third year returned to his home and received the usual welcome given him on his home-coming. By this time Mr. Brown's business had grown to such an extent that he was obliged to have a trusty man to help in the office. He had not been successful in procuring one; so it fell on Edgar to go in the office and help his father. Edgar was now a matured man and of great service to his father. Though he was for the most part busy during the vacation, he found time to visit Miss King and become acquainted with her father and mother. When September came again he started back to college with a glad heart, feeling that this was his last year and soon he could begin the study of law, which profession he had chosen. And while he had these things to brighten his path, yet he could not visit the Female Institute with the same pleasure as before, for the one who was most attractive to him had graduated the year before.

By this time he was at the head of his class and loved by all his fellow students; so he was elected president of the senior class, the most honored position a student could have at Dowden College. He began work with a glad heart, and everything looked promising. His father's business had yielded a nice sum, and he, being the only child, would have a good amount on which to build himself up in his profession. He was not only admired by the students, but each of the professors had become attached to him and predicted for him a successful career.

After the close of the first term of this session the faculty,
as was their custom, gave the senior class a German. The class looked forward to this occasion with much pleasure, for at this time honored guests were present and everything possible was done to make it attractive to the senior men. They were conducted into the large ball-room, where the dance was to be held. With their presence the dance began. Edgar was a handsome young man, and, being president of the class, occupied a prominent position on this occasion. Every young lady was anxious to dance with him, for he was both graceful and handsome. All present seemed to be enjoying the evening; the music was the best, and everything possible had been done to make the programme attractive. The dance was in progress and the halls ringing with laughter, when a telegram was handed to Edgar by one of his friends. He hastily opened it and found its contents to be:

"Camden, Tenn., Jan. 10, 18—

Your father died suddenly this afternoon. Come home at once.

(Signed) C. B. Cunningham.

He quickly put it in his pocket, and, asking to be excused, left the room. His friends, noticing the change of expression, accompanied him, and when out of the room Edgar told them of the sad news. As was noticeable, he was thrown into a profound grief, so deep that at one time tears were seen in his eyes. In a few moments the whole party knew of his trouble, and his class gathered around to extend him their deepest sympathy. Edgar announced that he would leave on the 12 o'clock train that night.

The time for his departure having arrived, he shook hands with his warm-hearted friends, boarded the train, and was soon on his way to meet his bereaved mother.

(To be continued.)
The Roman Senate.

By Henry H. Henderson, '07.

The Roman Senate had its origin in the clan constitution. Each clan had virtually a monarchal organization, and was under the rule of an elder, who owed his seat in the Senate either to the choice of his clansmen or to hereditary succession. This Senate appears to have been altogether independent of the King, and it had in some measure the character of an indirect representation of the people. The ancient independence of the Senate is shown by the life-long tenure of office, by the authority of its members in the appointment of the interrex, and by its right to annul all resolutions of the people, including the election of the King.

But when the allied clans became one people, under one chief magistrate, the Senate lost its ancient supremacy. The King appointed the members of the Senate, and at his pleasure refused to accept advice which they offered. The legal status of the Senate was that of advice. The King might seek the advice of the Senate, but he was in no way obliged to abide by its instructions. However, the King usually found it fitting to rule under the guidance of that body, owing to the wisdom and experience of its members. In early times the number of the senators was never fixed. There was one senator to each clan in the state, and membership was for life.

The selection of senators was at all times vested in the King, but it was his duty to see that every clan was represented in the Senate, and that none had a double representation. When the King died it was the duty of the Senate to appoint his successor. The Senate was never consulted in the leading of an army nor the administration of justice; so there was no right of military command invested in the Senate of later Rome. On the other hand, the Senate was the
guardian of the existing constitution with reference to the encroachments of the King and burgesses. On the Senate devolved the duty of investigating the resolutions offered by the burgesses, proposed alterations of the constitution, and other duties of a like nature.

After the abolition of the monarchy, the Senate remained not only exclusively patrician, but retained also its essential prerogatives—the right of appointing the inter-rex, and the right of confirming or rejecting the resolutions adopted by the community. While the Senate could not legally give commands to the chief magistrate, its prominence gave it a decisive influence over the other officials, and enabled it to dictate the policy of Rome. While the previously existing college of elders remained exclusively patrician, there were added a number of non-patricians, known as "conscripti." These were not on an equal footing with the elders, nor could they become senators, but remained members of the equestrian order. They had no part in debate, and had only the privilege of adding their vote to that of the senators when a question was to be decided.

The selection of the senators was now vested in the consuls, as it had been in the King under the monarchy. The senatorial body became more and more aristocratic in its composition. While many sat in the Senate who did not belong to the nobility, they were not capable of managing government affairs, and were therefore excluded from all debate. When the plebians became eligible to the office of consul, and the dictatorship was thrown open to them, they were accorded a more prominent place in the Senate, being permitted to participate in debate and to take part in all matters coming under the jurisdiction of that body.

Even after the patricians and plebians were put on a more equal footing, the Senate governed the commonwealth almost without opposition. By the Ionian law a seat and vote in
the Senate was conferred on every one who had been a curule, ædile, prætor, or consul. By this means the Senate exercised a decisive influence over the whole country. On the Senate depended absolutely every matter of general importance; war, peace, the founding of colonies, and assignment of lands all depended entirely on the Senate. The keeper of the state chest could make no payment to any person or corporation without the consent of the Senate. In the words of Mommsen, "The Roman Senate at this time was the noblest organ of the nation, and in consistency and political sagacity, unanimity and patriotism, in grasp of power and unwavering courage the foremost political corporation of all times—still ever an assembly of kings, which knew well how to combine despotic energy with republican self-devotion."

During the transition from a republic to an empire Caius Gracchus introduced an important change in the constitution. The judicial power was transferred from the Senate to the equestrian order, either by ordering that the judges should be henceforth appointed from the latter, or, according to Plutarch, that for every senator there should be named in addition two knights, thus giving a decided majority to their order.

As a result of a series of social wars in Italy, the number of senators was considerably decreased. When Sulla came to the head of affairs his first task was to fill up the senatorial ranks. Those who had been exiled were allowed to return, and the remaining three hundred were chosen from the young men of the senatorial houses on the one hand, and from Sulla's officers on the other. The mode of admission was regulated anew, and placed on essentially a new basis. Senators were now chosen indirectly by the people. The membership was greatly augmented, perhaps doubled. This was rendered necessary by the great increase in the duties that devolved on the Senate at this time. Sulla also restricted the right of giving dispensation from the law.
The Senate of Cæsar's time was nothing more than a supreme council of state, which acted as his advisor in all important matters. Cæsar increased the number of senators from six hundred to about nine hundred. In order to keep it up to this mark, the number of quæstors to be admitted annually was increased from twenty to forty. At this time non-Italians were also admitted to the Senate.

Cæsar was determined not to be ruled by the Senate which accounts for the fact that the Senate was taken from the hands of the oligarchic aristocracy, and made a state council, representing all classes of people, through their intelligent elements, and not excluding the man of humble birth.

The Negro.

(A Parody on Poe's Raven.)

Found among the manuscript papers of an old South Carolina planter.

Once upon an evening dreary, from my fields I'd come in weary,
And sat pondering life's dark problem, as I'd often done before.
While I sat engaged in thinking—the present, past, and future linking
Through the twilight I saw blinking a dusky figure at my door—
A figure huge and dark and dusky, black as Desdemona's Moor,
Peering in my chamber door.

Though the twilight, dim, uncertain, hanging like Plutonian curtain,
Threw no trace nor shadow of his form upon my floor,
I could see the looming figure, like a giant's, only bigger,
Of a dark and dusky nigger, whom I'd often seen before—
Seen in times when, hat in hand, sir, the nigger stood without the door—
Times now gone forevermore.
Now with greedy eyes he's standing stark within my doorstep landing,
All forgetful of his manners—his covered head within my door;
One eye I saw was at me leering, the other on my viands peering,
While my anger nothing fearing, his greed intent upon my store—
Intent to beg or steal his rations from my very scanty store—
This his purpose, I was sure.

Then upon my hearth-place spying, where my ham and eggs were frying,
I beheld a poker lying, by my hearth upon the floor,
And with most determined vigor, prone I hurled it at that nigger;
But he bent his supple figure, and it fell upon the floor—
Missed the head at which I aimed it and fell harmless on the floor—
Barked his shin and nothing more.

But with hungry eyes still looking where my ham and eggs were cooking,
He, with step determined walking, stalked across my chamber floor,
Never made the slightest bow, sir; then I saw there'd be a row, sir,
For I made a solemn vow, sir, I'd kick that nigger from my door,
All despite the Freedman's Bureau, kick him from my chamber door
Impudence in him I'd cure.

Having done so, I relented, and of my hasty act repented,
For I could not think of turning a hungry creature from my door.
So, said I, though you're a freedman, you seem run so much to seed, man,
I'll give you now a hearty feed, man, as you look so very poor;
Only split a turn of lightwood lying there without the door.
Quoth the nigger, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly nigger should refuse so plainly
On such terms to sate his hunger—hunger that must press him sore,
For he cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Should refuse to labor, seeing hunger pressing on him sore—
Should refuse to earn the dinner he sees cooking from my door,
Though he eats one nevermore.

Some time I sat engaged in musing what he meant by thus refusing.
"Doubtless," said I, "that huge creature once consumed enough for four,
When once upon a rice plantation he out-ate the whole creation,
And never made a calculation what his rations cost, I'm sure.
Free rations then old master furnished, in the good old days of yore—

Days now gone forevermore."

Now, unless that nigger's crazy, however much he may be lazy,
I'll shame him to a sense of reason before he quits my chamber door.
"Sir," said I, "have you no feeling? Do you mean to live by stealing,
Or by work or honest dealing? Tell me, tell me, I implore,
Will you ever work for wages as mankind have done before?"

Quoth the nigger, "Nevermore."

"Be that our ever sign of parting," I in anger cried, upstarting;
"Get you back into the marshes! Let me see your face no more—
Get ye gone, you ugly demon—nigger still, if slave or freedman!
Join the army! Go to Texas—never come back here to beg us—
Ne'er return again to vex us! Let me see your face no more!"

But he stood there as before.

And that darky still is standing in my entry on the landing—
Standing listless on the landing, with his back against the door;
And his eyes are ever spying where my ham and eggs are frying;
But my poker still is lying near at hand upon the floor,
And so long as I can lift it from its place upon the floor,
I'll feed that nigger nevermore.

—From Southern Planter.
REMINISCENT as is the attitude of men toward the past, and prone as we are to magnify past glories, instead of present greatness, there is yet one age of the past to which all mankind looks back, when more history was made in one little state than in the whole world in any other century, and where budded, flowered, and decayed half of all the world’s genius. The age of Pericles is ofttimes called the “golden age of civilization,” for the world has never seen its equal before or since. This age is named from Pericles, because it was this great Athenian statesman who built up the Athenian power and glory to her pinnacle of greatness.

Vantippus, the father of Pericles, was a noble and wealthy Athenian, who ruled the Athenian state conjointly with Aristides, after the fall of Themistocles. Agriste, his mother, was the daughter of Hippocrates, a brother of Clisthenes. There are several portents connected with his birth, among which is related his mother’s dream of a lion. Plutarch tells us that he was a normally developed child, save that his head was exceedingly long and out of proportion, so that ancient sculptors always represented him with a helmet on his head, not wishing to show his defects in appearance.

Pericles was educated in Athens, under the very best masters of his day, one of whom was Zeno, a sophist of the Eleatic school. Pericles was of a grave, silent, and even taciturn disposition, and while in his younger days he mingled freely with the people, taking sides with them to curry favor, later he drew off and was seen only on occasion, so that Athenians compared him to Olympian Zeus.

Pericles came into power with the radical party simultaneously with Ephialtes, when Cimon fell into disfavor and was
ostracized. Ephialtes fell under the assassin’s knife and from thence Pericles remained leader of his party until his death.

Athens was now plunged into a disastrous war with Sparta. A fleet that was sent to Egypt came to grief, and an Athenian force delegated to relieve Sparta, in the siege of the Helots, was grossly shamed and insulted by being sent home before the completion of the siege. The ancient alliance with Sparta was broken, and war declared. At first Athens was brilliantly successful, her navy ravaging the coast, while her army dealt blow after blow upon Corinth, and crushed Thebes in defeat. But Athens was now exhausted, when her crushing defeat in Egypt befell her, and a Spartan army entered Attica. Athens thus lost much of her empire in the peninsula. A thirty years’ truce was finally patched up by the masterful diplomacy of Pericles, and the fate of the Athenian empire turned.

At the end of the Persian war the proud prestige of Athens had been such that Hellas had begun to look upon her, rather than upon Sparta, as the champion of Greece. Therefore, when the Ionian Greeks met at Delos, in 478, Aristaedes managed to form a league among the various cities, which excluded Sparta and the insular cities, on account of their double dealings with the Persians.

Thus was formed the famous Delian League, with Athens, the most prominent state, nominally at the head. It at first attained brilliant results against its great enemy, the Persians, but the character of the League soon changed. Cities became accustomed to paying tribute in money, rather than in ships and arms, and each rebellious city was subdued, until at last all were subservient to Athens, except Lesbos, Chios, and Samos, which latter was finally overcome and subdued. About this time the treasure was moved from Delos to Athens, and the League was merged into an Athenian Empire. The aggrandizement of this empire was the one
aim and ideal of Pericles, to extend the power of Athens into a Pan-Hellenic empire, and to exalt her power, culture, and wealth at the expense of the other tributary states.

The period following was the most prosperous of Athenian history, and the wealth and power of Athens grew apace. Peace was established in the Aegean sea, and the accumulated wealth of the empire began to pile up. It was then that Pericles conceived of the idea of beautifying Athens with this great surplus, expending it upon vast temples and making the Acropolis of the Virgin in Athens the most beautiful place in Greece. In this he was fortunate to have Ictinus, the masterful architect of the Parthenon, and Pheidias, the great sculptor, to further his schemes. They created the most magnificent and gorgeous temples the world has ever known. The Parthenon itself is the finest building, and matchless in simplicity and grace. It is built after the chaste Doric style, with the symmetrically perfect proportions of nine to four. The frieze and cornice statuary are considered the greatest art treasure in the world to-day, in spite of their broken and marred condition.

Not only did Pericles try to make Athens supreme in art, but in literature, philosophy, and culture as well. Freedom of speech and patronage of the state encouraged genius from all Hellas to come to Athens to live. In art, Polygnotus, the master painter of all time, wrought his pictures. In philosophy, Pericles was a follower and admirer of Anaxagoras, with whom he loved to spend his leisure time in discussing their theories of the intellect. In the divine dialogues of Plato, we have preserved to us the spirit of the sayings of Socrates, the chief thinker of all time.

The literature of this period was even greater than the art. While the lyrics of Pindar and Simonides, which are distinguished for their grace and sweetness, were not written in Athens, yet they were written under the inspiration of the
times brought about by the Athenian peace. Æschylus is the father of Grecian tragedy, and immediately succeeding him are the great tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. Pericles sought at once to educate and amuse the Athenian citizens by encouraging the drama, and every citizen's ticket was paid for by the state. In the comedy of this period Aristophanes proved his genius to be the libertine of wit and political irony. Nothing was sacred from the bitter satire and biting sarcasm of this poet.

In history this age gives us the first true historians of ancient civilization. The analytical style of Thucydides and the observant writings of Herodotus make them the paragon of the writers of all times. Even Xenophon's Memorabilia is considered a great historical piece of literature.

In the political life of his time Pericles was at once the spirit and the letter of the law. So persuasive was his dignified and argumentative eloquence that all opposition to his policies ceased, and he became the real tyrant of Athens. He originated state pay to coup the poor citizens, and developed the Assembly to the deterioration of all the other departments of government. The Æriopagus came to be stripped of its powers, and the Dicastaries to develop a purely legal system.

The failure of the empire of Pericles was four-fold, and the empire was destined to crumble with its maker. In the first place Pericles bound up the state in himself, so that he was first, and there was no second. The Delian League fell from its original purpose of self-defence and unity of interests to a source of the aggrandizement of Athens; from free and equal cities to subservient and tributary dependencies. The prosperity of the city was founded on slavery, and its citizens and government supported by it. An Athenian's chief business was that of state-craft. The culture of Athens was essentially masculine, and the obscurity and ignorance of the
women drew it from the highest type of culture as we understand it to-day. But, whatever its faults and failures, the golden age of Athenian civilization, and therefore of the world, has left to the world an imperishable legacy of literature and art.

The age of Pericles was now drawing to a close. Athens was precipitated into war with Sparta, and Pericles lost popularity. Thucydides records for us his matchless funeral oration, in which he uttered so many noble sentiments over the first victims of the Peloponnesian War. Pericles had made Athens the greatest fortress of his time, and her navy supreme and peerless upon the Mediterranean. He regained power in the second year of the war, but in the following year, 429 B.C., he died, being sixty-five years of age. As a statesman he was upright and ambitious of his country. He was of a taciturn disposition, and his moral life in accordance with his times, for his relationship with Aspasia was not shameful in his day, and certainly his companionship with her was the sweetest and noblest of his life. His political work perished with him, but it was he that wreathed Athens with the imperishable chaplet of literary fame, and left the world forever his debtor in literature and art.

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Rest and Dreams.

BY HARRY M. BOWLING.

Sweet be thy rest,
The day of toil is o'er;
Come, slumber blest,
Nor cares molest thee more.
While moonlight o'er thee streams,
Sweet rest and pleasant dreams.
Cease now thy work,
   Life is not all for toil;
The night grows dark
   To check the day's turmoil,
To give, till sunlight gleams,
Sweet rest and pleasant dreams.

Close now thine eyes,
   Nor vain late watches keep.
Nor early rise.
   Who gives his loved ones sleep
To thee will give, me seems,
Sweet rest and pleasant dreams.

Two of a Kind.

BY S. H. ELLYSON.

Guy and his father, Monsieur De Villeres, had lived together all their lives. And Marie Dupont had also lived with Guy when he wore knee "pants," a blouse, holy shoes, and a top-knot. Unfortunately, Monsieur Dupont died, leaving Marie chief confessor to mama, and also she became Mam'selle Dupont. Therefore she forsook the haunts of the "little beast," and sought favor in the counsel of the "sets." Left to his own devices, Guy grew apace. He also grew long trousers, and a sun-burnt skin at a military combination down by the sea.

But he never outgrew the remembrance of Marie. Therefore, in the course of time he found her, and in yet another course of time, in the middle of the night, and on one knee, he said, "Marie, don't you think, et cetera." And Marie thought so.

Madame Dupont was a very slender, scary creature of black chiffon dresses. And so had been her husband—only he did not wear chiffon, and also he was fat. This coinci-
dence in their natures caused different opinions to be fostered on both sides, and this meant trouble. Madame had Hugh Valcot in her bird’s-eye view, and Monsieur, before he passed away, had Guy. And so it came about that a red-eyed maiden left her mother’s room the day after the funny question. And a woe-begone maiden it was that informed Guy that mama had said “No.”

But Guy wasn’t dismayed. He was bull-headed, like his father. His father had run away with his girl—so could he.

His father believed in his boy, but he also believed in himself. He saw that it was common sense to run away, but he remembered how many words he was able to “pile on” when of a younger age. He pleaded for a month’s time, and it was so decided.

So one evening he called on Madame Dupont. And, to shorten this long story, he came away in exactly two hours and twenty-nine minutes. He came out rather nonchalant, and continued to gaze abstractedly until the lilacs hid him from her house, and then he sat down abruptly on his carriage stone, which was after his own manner, and laughed, and thought, and turned pink at the ears, and, in about an hour, he sighed, and, picking up his hat, he went into the house.

But he didn’t know that widow. She was raging at herself now. Why hadn’t she done many things not worth mentioning, and, above all, why had she asked time for considering, which was indeed foolishness. She would dismiss him next time. She would think it over all right.

And each visit ended in defeat, yet, in a woman’s way, she kept her own counsel, and never acknowledged it. Thus it went on for many days, and, long ere the month closed, her eyes had said surrender, but—a woman’s will passeth understanding—her mouth had not. And, long ere the close, the daily pleadings of De Villeres had pleaded in their tone for other things. But never in speech—the grand old man was fighting for his son now, and next for himself.
By some miscalculation, that can be explained only by Cupid, De Villeres was about four weeks behind time when Guy came to inform him that the time was up. A more dejected creature was never seen. For once he was non-plussed. He did not know what to say. He had given himself a month, and here he was apparently no better off than when he took his seat on the carriage stone. So, lying back in his big chair, he closed his eyes, and thought, and thought. Whereupon Guy went out impatiently, and returned five times impatiently, all in a half an hour. For, though he had decided, and had bought the false moustache and the goggles, and had hired the swiftest motor in the village, and the hour was 4 P. M., he'd like to hear what he had to say anyhow.

As he was leaving for the last time until lunch, as he vowed, a yell of delight sounded forth, and old gouty De Villeres bounded up and twirled his son around. "Sonny! Oh, sonny! Will you mind me breaking the news after the departure?" he cried, eagerly. And Guy thought "maybe so."

Four o'clock found Monsieur at Madame's parlor window, and Madame at the front door, racking her brain over such an absurd question as this: Where have I seen that man out there in the automobile before? And when, with a nervous swish, Marie stole by her, her eyes became fastened to the floor, and her teeth met over her lip, as her mind plunged frantically after, desperate as trapped miners digging with their last breath, digging as the darkness swarms before them. But already Marie had tripped down the steps, already the car door had slammed, and far up the street, as Madame gazed, nothing save a dusty cloud could be seen.

Defeated, hopeless, helpless, she turned and fled, before the tears should come, up the steps and blindly in the hall—into the arms of "Lewis." At least that was what I heard her whisper as it happened. 'Twas a right old love affair, but they were as happy as the best of them.
Edward Irving.

BY HAPPYROCK.

EDWARD IRVING was born on the 4th of August, 1792. His father, Gavin Irving, was a tanner, and his mother, Mary Lowther Irving, was the daughter of a small landed proprietor. There was nothing remarkable about his parentage.

Edward, while still young, showed a fondness for books, and was bright in his studies. In religious matters he leaned toward extreme Presbyterianism, and would walk long distances to attend the services of that Church.

When he was thirteen years of age he entered Edinburgh University, and, after a course in which he manifested no extraordinary ability, he graduated in 1809. Then, through the influence of Professor Leslie, he obtained the mastership of a school at Haddington. Here he showed himself to be the ordinary teacher, with an inclination toward harshness. At this time he gave lessons to Jane Baille Welsh, the girl whom he loved, but who later married Carlyle.

In 1812 he began to teach in an academy at Kirkcaldy. His efforts were more successful here than at Haddington. And between Irving and Carlyle, who was at that time teaching in the same place, there grew up a strong friendship.

In Haddington Irving became acquainted with Isabella Martin, to whom he became engaged. And thought later he tried to renew his intimacy with Jane Welsh, he did not succeed; and in 1823 he married Isabella. She was by no means the character that Jane Welsh was, but still the marriage was happier than might have been supposed.

Irving was anxious to enter the ministry, and to that end he again entered Edinburgh University. While studying he also sought opportunity to preach, and in 1819 was made
assistant pastor to Dr. Chalmers. But he was not content with this position, and in 1822 he accepted a call to a little church in Hatton Garden, London. His commanding presence and authoritative way of expressing his convictions soon brought him to the public notice, and finally the attendance had so increased in numbers and rank that a new and spacious church was built at Regent Square. It was not long, however, before the novelty wore off, and the people tired of sermons so long. Irving made no effort to hold the crowd. He was simply expressing his convictions—not seeking popularity.

His "Argument for Judgment to Come" (1823), and his absorption in the mysteries of Revelation (1820), began to shake the public faith in him; and when (1830) his delusion of "unknown tongues" converted his church into a babel, most of his influential followers fell away.

Finally, his views on the Trinity and on the nature of Christ occasioned his deposition from his church, and in 1833 the revocation of his orders by his Scotch Presbytery. This turn of affairs crushed Irving. He bore the situation meekly; he had striven for what he thought was best, and had intended no evil; but if his brethren saw fit to rebuke him, he would not complain. In 1834 he died in Glasgow, his last words being, "If I die, I die unto the Lord."

And now let us see what Irving's contemporaries thought of him. Wilberforce said: "Be at the door, with your ticket, one hour before the service; else you will be severely crushed by the mob." This was, of course, during Irving's greatest popularity.

After attending his church Walter Scott remarked that there was "talent in his eye and madness on his brow."

Chalmers gave judgment that the "constitutional basis and ground-work of his nature was virtue alone."

As to his writings, the "ground-work was trashy and hackneyed," says William Hazlitt.
Gilfillan calls him a "genius lacking in culture."

"His are noteworthy among the comparatively few really remarkable examples of recent English homiletics."—George Saintsbury.

Proctor describes his words as being "at once gentle and heroic."

So we may conclude that Irving was an uncultured genius; a man influenced by the life-giving spirit of the age, but undeveloped, un-ballasted, and in a sense untrained. The spirit of freedom stirred within him, but the forces of conservatism proved stronger. His judgment made errors, but his heart was "the freest, brotherliest, and bravest of all," says Carlyle.
Editorial Comment.

Does the student body of Richmond College want an annual for this session? This is the question, and should be decided at once, for to wait longer would make it impossible to secure an annual, even though we desire to. The Messenger is of the opinion that we should have an annual; that no annual at all is better than a poor one, and that there can be found enough capable men in College to edit and manage the best "Spider" in our history.

The Writer's Medal. We would call attention to the fact that a medal is given every year by our two Societies for the best article submitted to The Messenger. This is probably the most handsome medal given in College, and represents one of the highest honors that can befall any student. The purpose for which this medal is given is simply to induce Society members to write their very best for The Messenger. We would advise all members to compete for the writer's medal, to begin work at once, and to read carefully the rules and regulations relating to the contest, as found in the constitutions of both Societies.

Oratory. The art of speaking has been sought for in all ages; from time immemorial men have spent their lives cultivating vocal expression, effective gestures, and graceful delivery. The students of Richmond College have an exceptional advantage this year in having a class of oratory held weekly in the Society hall, under the direction of an able instructor. It is to be hoped that many will take advantage of the opportunity afforded to develop an art that will be a life benefit.
The Chi Epsilon Literary Society held its first meeting on Friday, October 19th. The election of officers and voting on the new co-eds. made the meeting one of the most important of the year. Among former members are Misses Barnes, Brown, Smith, Harrison, Knapp, Walker, Lovenstein, Hubbard, and Tyler.

The Society will be glad to welcome back Miss Broadus, a loyal member of 1904.

Chi Epsilon has lost quite a valuable member in Miss Helen Baker. However, we are glad to announce that she will return in January for her degree.

Miss Harris is spending the winter in Lynchburg with her mother, who has been ill for some time.

Miss Peachy Harrison, B. A. of 1905, is this year applying for her B. S.

We are extremely glad to see Miss Lovenstein, who has been sick with typhoid fever, on the campus.

Miss Emily Blake and Miss Lelia Betty, former students of Randolph-Macon Woman’s College, are among the new co-eds.

Miss Lena Gregory, of New Kent; Miss Lily Trevvett, of Glen Allen, Virginia; Misses Sadie Hellstern, Felheimer, and Montague, of Richmond, have also matriculated.

Miss Nannie West is taking classes in literature, preparatory to making a specialty of English.
“These are my jewels.”

One of the leaders of education in this country made publicly, in the early part of last summer, this statement, referring to Richmond College: “Five million dollars on these foundations, in my opinion, would render more service to humanity than on any other spot south of the Potomac river.” In making this statement an eminent man gave renewed emphasis to the fact that in her location Richmond College holds a strategic point. Also in this statement he spoke an explicit confidence in the illimitable possibilities of this institution. To draw in fancy what Richmond College could be, and what she could do for this Southland, would be a most magnificent scheme. Brother Alumnus, do you want a fair pipe-dream? Ponder this idea—What my alma mater could be, and what she could do for this land to which I am devoted. And not only let it be a dream, but find some way by which you can contribute to this achievement. Get in touch with our energetic President.

We take the following from The Times-Dispatch of June 13th:

“Alumni Luncheon.—The sons of dear old alma mater, with their specially invited guests, gathered in strong numbers in Murphy’s Annex yesterday afternoon, on the occasion of their annual luncheon and re-union. The communion was a lengthy one, and, it is safe to say, the most enthusiastic of any similar celebration in the history of the Richmond College Alumni Association. Speeches there were a plenty, and the spirit of good fellowship was regnant through the fragrant smoke that arose from fine tobacco. One hundred and thirty assembled promptly at the stroke of 1:30, and
thence till late in the afternoon, between the excellent menu and the toasts, which were fine, the sons of *alma mater* enjoyed themselves as never before.

"The following were elected members of the society unanimously: Mrs. W. L. Ball, J. A. Saunders, C. W. McLean, Drs. A. A. Nuckols, H. B. Sanford, T. E. Stratton, and Miller. The election of officers for the ensuing year was next in order, and the following were elected without opposition: President, A. W. Patterson; Vice-President, A. J. Chewning; Treasurer, Charles M. Graves; Secretary, Prof. W. A. Harris.

"Dr. Whitsitt pronounced the benediction, and the dinne adjourned to meet in Richmond one year hence."

Of the Law men of '06, Coleman, Riley, and Kahle have located at Bluefield, W. Va. James, Parker, Walker, White, and Wilson have settled in Richmond.

Of the '06 class, four have returned this session. They are Miss Julia Barnes, Miss Hattie Smith, Miss Peachy Harrison, and S. G. Harwood.


J. T. Fitzgerald, '06, is Professor of Latin at Williamsburg Institute, a school of some 600 students, at Williamsburg, Ky.

T. E. Hughes, '06, is studying medicine at the University College of Medicine, this city.

W. D. Bremner, '06, is principal of Washington and Henry Academy, in Hanover county.

C. L. Leake, '06, will locate with the Dupont Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
H. B. Handy is on the campus, being a teacher in Richmond Academy.

W. O. Beasley, '06, is principal of Wakefield Academy, at Wakefield, N. C.

P. P. Woodfin, '04, and E. H. Hudgins, '05, have returned to study Law.

F. M. Sayre, B. A. and B. S., '06, is a junior at Lehigh University.

P. S. Flippen, '06, and W. H. Brown, '06, are studying at Hopkins.

H. T. Kidd, '06, is specializing in chemistry at Harvard.

J. B. Webster, '06, is at Crozer Seminary, Chester, Pa.

George Morton is at Appalachia, Va.

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PEOPLE OF SMALL MEANS
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Exchange Department.
BY A. H. STRAUS.

We regret that we shall not be able to open the exchange department in this issue of our magazine, as we have not yet received any of our exchanges.

We realize that there will be many difficulties accruing to this department, for, though "it is easy to criticise," it is certainly difficult to criticise well. We shall, however, endeavor to do our best, and request our fellow magazines not to spare us, as we deem mutual criticism to be of great benefit.

Owing to the large number of exchanges that we usually receive, we shall, of course, be able to consider only a few each month.

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