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—PUBLISHED BY THE—
MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1907.

No. 2.

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Her Song.

BY WALTER J. YOUNG, '07.

Whenever she sings
The woodland melody rings,
And echoes o'er the rills,
Away to verdant hills,
And trills
In a thousand musical thrills
The woodland voices among;
The mocking bird, he stops his song,
And robin, as he hops along,
Listens, as the tones prolong;
And from each leafy tree
The zephyrs waft it o'er lea,
Bringing gladness, airy and free,
In sweetest music to you and me.

A Chapter From a Country Boy's Life.

BY A. Y. M.

IT was a bright Sabbath morning in the month of April. The earth seemed really to be coming to life again after its long sleep. As David Grey sat on the little front porch of the cottage, where he dwelt with his aged father and mother and his little brother, he seemed to look upon a world he had never seen before. The old orchard, which came

almost up to the house, was white with the blossoms of the apple trees. The birds were twittering, and the bees were buzzing among the blossoms. Now and then a breeze would bring the odor of the blossoms to the porch where David was sitting. Several "bumble" bees were humming around the eaves of the house, and occasionally one would strike with a thud against the house and then go on as if nothing had happened. In front of the house the green was beginning to show upon the little hills and depressions, and all around stretched a great wall of pine trees, and even on this bright morning, as David listened, he could hear a faint sighing among them. There was a sort of companionship between David and these trees, and though he could hardly have explained why, yet he himself sighed as he brought back his gaze to nearer objects.

A few moments later his little brother Fred, coming out on the porch, seated himself on the steps in front of David, and, looking up at him, said, "What are you sorry about, David?"

"Do I look as if I were sorry about something?" said David, with a smile. "Well, I don't know." And rising, he rested his hand upon the little boy's head.

"It's time we were at church, I reckon, Freddie."

When they arrived at the church the minister was just announcing his text. David listened to the text and repeated it to himself, but it is to be feared that he did not understand much of its meaning, for his eyes were roaming over the church as if he were looking for some one. They seemed presently to find the object of their search, and rested upon a young girl, seemingly about nineteen or twenty years of age. She was seated upon the opposite side and toward the front of the church.

Mary Deyson was not exactly pretty, but she had a very pleasant face, with a gentle, womanly expression. David and Mary had grown up together. For a long time David

had loved her, and though he felt sure she must have perceived it, yet he had never told her of his affection.

As he sat in the old church that morning, he went over those dreams on which he had long fed in the past. He told himself that his life should be devoted to making Mary happy, if only she would permit it. He thought of a night when he had stood on the old bridge, and watched the two rivers, that join just above it, unite and go on as one, past the bridge and out toward the east as far as he could see, where the moon was just above the horizon. And the moonlight lit up the whole expanse of water even to where, in the far distance, the water seemed to mix with the sky and fade out of sight in a halo of light. So he thought his life might unite with Mary's and the two go on through the long, bright, happy years, and, when finally old age came upon them, they would fade out of the sight of their earthly friends, happy in their mutual love and the light of God's smile upon them.

After a long reverie he was aroused by the movement of the congregation rising to their feet, and realized that the benediction was about to be pronounced.

When the service was over he waited, in the hope of another sight of Mary, or, perhaps, a word with her, but when she had nearly reached the door he saw her look back, and the young minister was just coming up. He saw the look that passed between them, and his heart sank, for he knew that Mary would not deceive, even with her eyes. He hurried home. Wild thoughts were coursing through his brain. He felt at one instant as if he could commit murder, and in a moment, in which he imagined he felt her eyes upon him, he hated himself, and thought he could be contented if she were happy. The pine trees mourned as he passed among them, and everything seemed to have taken on a strange appearance. He threw himself down upon a bank of pine needles, and there we will leave him for a time.

* * * * *

One year has passed and the church bell is ringing. The people of the neighborhood are gayly hastening to the wedding. Mary Deyson is to be married to the minister to-day. The marriage party arrive, and Mary and the minister are united. While the ceremony is being performed, just inside the door stands David Grey. When it is over he hastens away to his old friends, the pine trees. His one bright dream in life has passed.

A Study of the Empress Josephine.

BY FLOYD B. CLARK, '07.

IN studying a truly heroic person one is afraid of not doing justice to greatness. But the student can only give the result of his judgment upon his observation of the character, and upon the study of the interpretation of the character by others.

Thus with Josephine. Few attempts have been made to understand her. Historians view her as just a wife, and hence of not much importance. And although the wife of one of the most remarkable men, she was just a little partner, whom he loved, and was at times suspicious of her conduct, but finally threw aside and grieved a little because of his act. But this is not entirely true. In Josephine's soul Napoleon's whole heart throbbed. Without her he was not himself. Her soul was the resiant of his real and true self, while before the eyes of the world he was a delusion. Without her influence upon him he was all ambition; with her he had a heart. She kept herself informed of his every project, plead with him, and often influenced him. She understood him, and read his most secret thoughts, as no one else could do. Yet her life was one of the saddest. She never cared for glory, never wished for fame, but desired a peaceful life, free from the view of the world. But this she

did not have. After her earliest youth she was ever subject to suspicion, continually among people of different nature from herself, and found consolation only in her inward thoughts. She was born on the island of Martinique in 1763. Here her life was the purest and happiest—almost a romance. There being but few white inhabitants there, she spent her childhood with negroes mainly for her associates. But there was one person with whom she found companionship. This was a boy—William de K——. He was of a similar nature to Josephine. They played together, and grew in one another's company. They loved a love that knows no disappointment. Their parents were friendly, and smiled on their simple affection. As they grew older their friendship ripened, but circumstances changed. Her only sister, Maria, who was betrothed to a French nobleman, died. Josephine was to take her place. She wept at the thought of it, but it could avail nothing. In the meantime William's family had moved away. Though he promised to write to Josephine, she never heard from him. Her parents concealed the letters from her, to make her think that William had forgotten her. Thus began her troubles. She never believed that William was false, but had nothing to convince her otherwise. She wandered among the places in which she and William had played together, and wept. But this was her only comfort.

Time passed. Scarcely sixteen, she was to leave for France to become the wife of a man whom she neither knew nor cared to know. She kissed the soil of her beloved birth-place and departed to face a world of which she was ignorant. Reared in simplicity and ignorance of style, she was thrown into the foremost ranks of French society at a time when everything dazzled with finery. And, what adds to the sadness, the man whom she was to marry desired another. Thus we find her, a girl reared in the country, thrown into the midst of etiquette and flattery, as the wife of an undesired and undesiring man.

When she arrived in France she learned that William was there. At length they saw one another at a distance, and finally succeeded in having an interview. She told him her story; they understood each other, and *he* left to seek revenge. But *she* was not of a nature to bewail her fate, but reconciled herself to her surroundings, and tried to adapt herself to her circumstances.

Josephine spent the years in which she was the wife of Beauharnais as patiently as she could. He soon grew tired of her, and often spent his time with another woman. This aroused Josephine's jealousy, but that was only nurtured by the presence of her rival. She sought consolation in books and in the love of her children, but it did not suffice. She censured her parents for having brought her to such a condition. This only resulted in a quarrel with her husband. A statement which she had made, to the effect that she would have preferred him for a brother-in-law rather than a husband, fell to his knowledge. A bitter disagreement resulted, and she, for a time, returned to her parents for succor. They sympathized with her, but it was an unwelcome sympathy. After a time she and her husband became reconciled. She, all the time, had been becoming more and more familiar with French etiquette and French manners. Beauharnais had reason to be proud of his wife, and now their future seemed bright.

Now that she and her husband were again friends, Josephine enjoyed a degree of happiness. But it did not continue long so. The outbreaking of the great war in France severed them forever. Men, furious with great ideas, began to work changes in government and society that meant death for many. Robespierre, at the head of affairs, sent noblemen to their doom at the rate of 200 a day. Josephine and Beauharnais, in prison, awaited their sentence. Her husband met his death, but Josephine was saved. Robespierre was overthrown just in time to prevent her from

going to the guillotine. Then Josephine found herself in the world with two children and no one as their protector. Tallien, however, a conspicuous figure there, took her and her children under his care. Here she remained until her meeting with Napoleon.

The fiery passions still raged in Paris. There seemed no one supreme enough to check their fury. It was at this time that Napoleon made his appearance. Many different sects burst forth spontaneously, with no overpowering force to hold them in check. This power was found in Bonaparte. With a stern, fierce glance he detected the condition of affairs, and knew where to strike. He held them as if spell-bound, and made his first grasp upon the helm of the State.

Shortly after this conflict in Paris, he was presented before Josephine. She knew of no intentions, and, when she talked with him, she reproached him for having acted brutally. He calmly told her that she did not understand how it was necessary in order to accomplish what he had done.

It was not long before she learned that Napoleon desired to marry her. She was reluctant to accept him, for he at first did not inspire her with love, but with reverence and a kind of awe. Nevertheless, circumstances demanded the union. True, it may have been a surprise among the court ladies that Josephine was to marry one so little known. It seemed equally as unnatural to Napoleon for a Directory to be giving him orders. In Italy, however, he carried everything before him; and in scarcely three months Josephine could join him, and be hailed as a queen. There she learned him. She grew in his affection, and their souls became inseparable. In Paris the Directory was becoming jealous of his growing powers. They tried to restrain him, but their restrictions only tended to bring him nearer to the hearts of the people whom he was serving. His Egyptian campaign was not so successful, but upon his return to France he was before the eyes of everybody. He became First Consul,

and was already beginning to knock thrones right and left, and to suppress the rising forces that tended to stamp out forever the ideas of liberty and freedom, which Rousseau, Voltaire, and others had set forth in a fantastic dream. He wrote to Josephine at every chance, keeping her always informed of his procedure, continually expressing the wish that his work would soon be over, so that he could spend his time peacefully with her. But his master, he said, "the nature of things," was the most cruel of masters and allowed no shirking. Josephine watched, with intense interest, his actions, attempting to restrain his ambition, and pacifying at every opportunity any affliction that it fell in her power to minister to.

Josephine continued to look out for Napoleon's affairs with the greatest interest. Her close observation made him seek advice and consolation at her side. Josephine says of her relation to him: "I was the depository of his confidence; he observed with attention my slightest movements, and penetrated my most secret thoughts. On all occasions I took care that my opinion should appear to be the result of his own. Our feelings, tastes, inclinations were the same; the same soul seemed to animate our beings; and so well did we seem fitted for each other that, from the moment of our marriage, our union seemed cemented with all the force and firmness possible to be derived from our different sentiments. I esteemed myself happy to repay his attachment by the tenderest return. I begged him to repose upon my sincere devotion, and to feign ignorance of what I might one day undertake for his elevation. Justice requires me to say of Bonaparte that his nature was not violent, and that, on those occasions when he could yield to the impulses of his heart, he took pleasure in making himself loved for his good deeds."

It is true that some men, always ready to talk, whispered things about Josephine in his ear that made him for the time

spurn the world. But it took only her presence to dispel every doubt. In reference to this she says: "It was at Milan that my feelings' received the first wound from his suspicions. My reply was, 'Unreserved confidence, my friend, is the only bond of true friendship; believe me, it is as indispensable to friendship as to love.'"

In this same manner Josephine continued uppermost in his mind. Thus she could always banish his suspicions; for her open heart contained nothing to conceal from him. When she became Empress she still held this ascendancy. In her actions she no longer needed to know the rules of etiquette. But her judgment overlooked them all. She became a model; and she held her place with as much grace and superiority as one born to be an Empress.

For Napoleon she was an invaluable assistant. When he, in a period of bitterest despondency, looked upon everything as going against him, she retained a steady spirit, and attempted to calm his mind, so that, when he issued from her presence, he struck forth with a new hope and more fearlessly.

Though she knew she was thoroughly honored by Napoleon, Josephine, when he became Emperor, began to fear for herself. She had long lost hope of her fondest desire. She seemed to think that in his attachment for her he might abandon this wish, which for so long a time had occupied his mind. Her attachment for him had continued to grow stronger. "I cherished not a thought," said she, "I formed not a wish, which was not directed to his glory. If certain political drones have dared to accuse me of levity of conduct, let those unjust censors remember that it was under the mask of sincere friendship that I sought to overawe certain powerful personages. Had I regarded them with an eye of indifference they might have surrounded Napoleon with perils from which no human prudence could have rescued him."

She saw and understood his mind as it turned. His policy

with Spain she begged him not to negotiate, but he was heedless. "You labor under an illusion," she told him. "You do not know how to appreciate the character of the Spaniards; and I am afraid you will reap no other fruit from your culpable enterprise than to restore to that courageous nation its ancient energy, and its profound hatred for all foreign domination." But when she saw it unsuccessful she stood with him under his mistake, and helped him work plans in other directions.

But the fatal day approached. Napoleon had lost all hope of an heir by his marriage with Josephine. His mind was made up, and he was led on in his purpose by the "political drones" about him. Josephine must be divorced. She who had met so many disappointments was to spend her last days in sorrow. And what added to her grief, on the occasion of her dismissal her children were compelled to occupy the front rank in the ceremony.

Josephine bore her fate patiently, but sorrow had its effect upon her. At a little more than forty-five she saw all happiness and hopes for happiness gone. She, however, pined away in her grief among devoted friends. The only consolation she found was in the sympathies of these. Yet her numerous friends could only serve her as company. With each day she grew physically weaker. After a year's striving to erase him from her memory, one day she was sitting among her flowers, more sad than usual, watching the insects, and dreaming of the happy hours she and Bonaparte had spent together there. She was alone, wondering if Napoleon, in the joys of his new bride, had forgotten her. She says that she had a presentiment that something unexpected was to happen. She tells of it as follows: "While I was painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, one of my women ran to me and made a sign by placing her finger on her lips. The next moment I was overpowered. I beheld my husband!

He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. Oh! Then was I convinced that he could still love me, for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me, and his look was that of the most tender affection. At length, in a tone of the deepest compassion and love, he said, 'My dear Josephine, I have always loved you—I love you still.'

"'I endeavored to efface you from my heart,' said I, 'and you again present yourself to me. All my efforts are useless; to love you and to die is all that remains to me! That is my fate! What a future awaits me!'

"'Unhappy man,' he replied; 'I could abandon you—I have repaid your love only with cold indifference.'

"I pressed his hand without answering a word. After a long silence he had again visited me. He pressed me passionately to his heart, and said, 'Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me, in spite of the relations I have contracted, and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished you from my memory.'"

Poor fellow! he had found one fate he could not conquer. Before Josephine he was prostrate. Drunk with her presence, he began telling her his purposes, disclosing to her his whole heart. Naturally, he began giving vent to his ambitions. But the prophetess, Josephine, met them with the following rebuke:

"Bonaparte, has good fortune fascinated you? You govern France; half of Europe trembles at your name; powerful monarchs buy your friendship; but, like the poorest man in the world, you are master only of the passing moment, and have no power over the future. Everything is subject to destiny, which overthrows the greatest empires and brings even worlds to an end."

After this, did Napoleon wonder why he had married

Maria Louisa? He only replied with something about what an expedition he had on foot against Russia.

"You see, Josephine, I am mounting *still higher* on the ladder," said he.

"Still higher," replied she. "Great God! Alas, what demon inspires you? * * * Renounce the war with Russia."

Napoleon heeded not.

In speaking of this interview, Josephine says: "I had made myself drunk, for one brief moment, with the most charming illusion; I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved. Again, reflection succeeded to these raptures, and I presumed to lift the veil of hope; but my illusions soon vanished. The Empress Maria Louisa was about to become a mother, and the day when all France seemed to exult at this event, Josephine, alone, sad and forsaken at Malmaison, had no other consolation than tears, and no other arms but philosophy."

Josephine continued to grow weaker. Napoleon, regardless of her warning, entered upon his Russian campaign. A more bitter retreat was never known. From untold suffering a fragment of an army survived the expedition. The haggard-faced Napoleon, as soon as possible, again sought comfort in Josephine's sympathies. Nowhere else could this restless being find peace. His forsaken wife met him, as always, with her usual calmness, and tried to console him. But this frail creature was not long to continue to lend her assistance.

Josephine tells of one of her meetings with him, after his return from Moscow, as follows: "He arrived suddenly at Malmaison at sunset. After having tenderly embraced me, he said: 'How many afflicting thoughts assail me on this occasion! My friend,' continued he, in an accent of deepest despair—hopelessness that spares no one—and did he not deserve to be spared? 'Ah,' continued he, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, 'I have been as fortunate as was

ever man on the face of the earth ; but to-day, now, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, dear Josephine, in the wide world, any one but you upon whom I can repose.’”

At this period Napoleon had visited Josephine frequently. He saw himself each day less and less powerful, and he could bear his declining power better when she shared his fate. However much he realized his defeat, he never lost his ambition. “Shall I fall, O my friend, my fall must necessarily astonish the world,” said he, in his last talk with Josephine.

Shortly after this remark he was overcome, and sent to the island of Elba. Upon learning this Josephine was more prostrate. She felt now that she could never see him again. Said she: “The melancholy state to which Bonaparte was reduced wholly engrossed my feelings and my thoughts. I was resolved to share his death or to follow him into exile.” While *she* uttered these sentiments, his second wife seemed careless of his fate. She “abandoned him as readily, and with as little compunction or concern, as if her *child* had been the son of a German boor.”

Nevertheless, for the first time Napoleon had been overcome. His destiny seemed to be sealed in Elba. Just before his departure Josephine sent him the following letter:

“Bonaparte, I have done all in my power to alleviate your ills ; and, far from chiding me, you will yet acknowledge that Josephine was, to the last, your most sincere friend. You will yet regret that you ever for a moment doubted it. Alas ! I have long plunged in the depths of affliction. Death alone can deliver me from them.

“I speak to you, but you hear me not ; I write you, but know not that you will ever read my words ; but I have at least one consolation, that of believing that, if my happiness consists in thinking of you, you will not learn that fact with indifference. Renounce a deceitful world, and, spending the

remainder of your days in peace, cultivate the noblest of feelings of your nature—those of a father to your child! O, my friend, how frail are this world's goods! What man, prince or peasant, happy to-day, can promise himself to be so to-morrow? Would that your son's fortunes might not be influenced by those dreadful political shocks which have contributed to establish your own power, a power which the sudden change in the government has now overthrown. Happy, a thousand times happy, he who can repose himself under the roof inherited from his fathers! Who is able to say, 'My fields, my flocks, my hearth are sufficient for me!' Such a one may, without pang or anxiety, view the approaches of old age!"

His answer by the envoy was: "Tell the Empress, Josephine, that a true hero plays a game of chess at the close of a battle, whether lost or won. Besides, there are few men possessed with sufficient mental power to judge me without passion and prejudice."

This was their last communication. Josephine spent the remaining few months of her life at Malmaison, surrounded by the most devoted friends and in the midst of every luxury. But, if she could have done it, she would have abandoned all of this, and joined Napoleon in exile. But her health did not permit. Sorrow had reduced her to a shadow of her original self.

On May 16, 1814, she was taken down with a fever. No medical aid could arrest its fatal effects. She grew weaker and weaker, and in a few days passed away.

America.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

O land of freedom, gracious land!
For ages wilt thou nobly stand,
When other nations fall.
Then raise on high a mighty cheer
To our Pilgrim sires, who founded here
The greatest land of all.

No duty hast thou ever shirked,
Thy strong right arm has ever worked
For right to worship God.
From tyrant's sway didst thou unyoke,
Thy martyrs bled until they broke
The despot's iron rod.

Thy mineraled caves vast wealth conceal,
To thee all other nations kneel,
O sunny land of flowers!
Here there is no autocracy,
Thy slogan is democracy,
O land of equal powers!

Here run the clearest crystal streams,
The sun here sheds his brightest gleams,
O land of joy and mirth!
On every shore, in every clime,
We'll sing your praises all the time,
O fairest land on earth!

The Fortune in the Well.

BY W. S. BROOKE, '07.

“**A**ND is dis little Miss Emily? My, what a putty child!
Just like her ma! If dar is any dif'rence it is dat
de baby is de puttiest. Jes look at dem hands, and dat putty

little mouth kin laugh I see, and cry too, I specks. And you say dat she was born in May? And on de first day, too? De very day what the lady specified as being de most lucky day in de year. My! wouldn't I like to be living till her twentieth birthday comes, and see her look down dat old well to see her fortune, and specially see de man what will be good enough for my young Missus." Thus spoke Dinah, an old negro woman, who had in slavery time belonged to Mr. Clifford's father, and who had been freed by the elder Mr. Clifford some years before the war.

The fact that she had been given her freedom by her old master, together with her ready knowledge of ghosts, witches, and the arts of conjuring, made her quite a distinguished person among the members of her race. With all these accomplishments she did not forget her old master, and ever boasted of her family (meaning the Cliffords).

She took a great interest in whatever concerned the Cliffords, and they, on the other hand, were fond of her.

The occasion of her visit at this time was to see little Emily Clifford, and to rehearse with Mrs. Clifford the story concerning the old well, and to speculate on what the girl should see on her twentieth birthday.

Just here a bit of history concerning the old well referred to by Aunt Dinah may not be out of place.

Nestling amid the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge mountains, in the State of Virginia, there stands an old colonial house, built many years ago by a rich old man named Robert Bruce. Near the house he dug a deep well, considered by the people in that day to be the deepest well in Virginia. When the well was completed his little daughter, a girl of seven summers, christened it by throwing into it a bright white pebble, and ever afterwards called it "her well."

When a child she would often sit for hours on the well and read, and often she told her mother that when she became grown and had suitors she intended to compel them to woo

her while sitting on the well. As she grew older the well seemed to hold a greater charm for her, and she found great delight in lingering near it.

She grew to womanhood ; her suitors came, and, true to the resolve of her childhood, she made them meet her at the well, and often the neighbors noticed her sitting alone on the well, waiting the coming of her lover.

One night, as her custom was, she went to the well. This time, however, she did not return.

A search was made far and near. Days and months they searched, but all was in vain. She was gone, never to return again.

Some years after she appeared to her mother one night in a dream, bringing, as she said, a valuable bit of information concerning the old well, and concerning the girl children that should be born in the month of May in this old mansion. We give her story, as written down in the family history of the Bruces.

If a girl born in this old mansion in the month of May would, on the first day of May nearest her twentieth birthday, go, exactly at 12 o'clock, to the old well, and, standing with her back to the well, look over her right shoulder down into the water, she would see her true fortune, and the nearest her birthday came to the first of May the better would be the fortune ; and if she should be born on the first day of May she should go dressed like a bride, and she would see, among other things, the face of her intended, and would be greatly pleased.

Having delivered this message, the girl left, never to be seen any more.

When Mrs. Bruce first told of the visit and story of her daughter little importance was attached to the story. Some people said that it was simply a fancy of Mrs. Bruce. Others said that it was an illusion, brought about by the mother's continual dwelling on the fate of her lost daughter. When,

however, in after years, girls ventured to try what the girl was supposed to have revealed, and when, in every instance, they saw their real fortune, the people no longer doubted the story, but rather began to regard it as a special revelation, sent by a kind Providence, and whenever a girl was born in this old mansion in the month of May, so overjoyed were the parents and friends of the child that they lost sight of almost all else connected with her life, in eager anticipation to know what fortune and whose face the girl would see in the old well on her twentieth birthday.

When Robert Bruce died he left no heirs to inherit the mansion, and consequently it passed, from time to time, into the hands of strangers. The present owner of the house was Mr. Clifford. He had purchased the house only a few months before the birth of little Emily.

The new owners were well acquainted with the story. In fact, they had heard of the wonderful old well all their lives, and, now that they owned the well, it naturally became the leading topic among them and their friends. They even acquainted the most distant relatives and friends with the minutest bit of history connected with the famous well, and, whoever else might doubt the reality of the story, certainly Mr. and Mrs. Clifford never for one minute doubted its truth. Sustaining such an unquestioning belief in the reality of this story, it is no wonder that when little Emily was born, on the first of May, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford could hardly control their feelings of joy, knowing that the life of their child was destined to be so happy.

"We are certainly blessed," Mrs. Clifford would often say to her husband, as she looked upon the face of her sleeping babe. "Parents' hearts are often troubled as they think of what their children may be, and of whom they may marry, but for our little Emily her fortune will be good, her marriage will be a happy one."

Nor did Mr. and Mrs. Clifford enjoy this happiness alone,

for almost every day came friends and neighbors to congratulate them on having such a fortunate child, and to speculate about whom the child might be destined to marry, and many mothers as they left heaved a deep sigh of regret because their daughters were not guided by such a good star.

As little Emily grew her mother was somewhat disappointed in her. She had thought that, because she was so kindly favored by fortune, she would be better than other children. Indeed, she had pictured her an angel, rather than a child, but, contrary to the mother's expectations, Emily proved real flesh and blood, a child—nothing more. When she tried to walk she seemed to have more falls, and to fall harder, than any child in the community, and she always took pains to notify the family of the last position she had taken by an unusual exercise of her throat and lungs.

When quite young she showed marked signs of having a will of her own, and when the exercise of this will was denied her she would have her revenge by holding her breath until she had frightened her poor mother all but to death. She was fond of going down steps, but was not particular whether she went down one or all the steps at a time. However, she took the latter course most generally. In these and many other ways she made herself felt in the home, and the feeling she gave her mother was often anything but a pleasant one; for Mrs. Clifford would often say that, if she didn't know her fortune, she would constantly stand in fear of her being killed.

She could not in any way be called pretty. She was thin and delicate-looking, her eyes being the most prominent part of her face. Her hair was brown, but thin. Such was the appearance of little Emily, the child of favored destiny, the child about whom so many had talked so much. Sometimes her mother would look at her and would be on the point of saying "My poor child!" but would stop herself by remembering that fortune knew better than she. Sometimes, how-

ever, she would say that a miracle would have to come about in Emily, or she would certainly compel the well to prove false in her case.

As Emily grew older she did improve, though not to any marked degree, except in one thing—her temper. She seemed to lose that, or, rather, it developed into a mischievous disposition. She was full of life, and preferred out-door exercise to staying in the house so much that she was often spoken of as being a “Tom-boy girl.”

When she was old enough to understand, her mother told her the story of the well, and how kindly she had been favored by fortune. She listened eagerly to the story, but it did not seem to make any great impression on her. After her mother finished she casually remarked, “I don’t want to wait until I am twenty before I get married.” But the story did make its impression, and often as a child she would rehearse it to herself, and sometimes imagine herself dressed as a bride, wearing her long white veil, and marching, with cautious steps and beating heart, to look at her life’s destiny. She even wished sometimes that the next day might be her twentieth birthday.

As time passed on she told the story to her friends, until it became the general topic of conversation in the little circle in which she moved, and often she was referred to as the little “well girl,” when they didn’t call her “Tom-boy.”

At school she was far from being a good student, preferring play in school, as well as out of doors, to studying. This grieved her mother very much. She tried to shame her by telling her that the other girls would surely surpass her, but she would say, “I don’t care a bit; I am going to get married any way, even if I am not smart.” She had a bright, lively disposition, which made for her many friends, and her teacher would often say that, though Emily was not so very pretty and not so brilliant, yet the entire school seemed dead when she was absent.

When Emily was seventeen her father died, leaving her with only her mother. His death wrought a marked change in Emily's life, for almost in a few months she seemed changed from a light-hearted girl to a steady, thoughtful woman.

As a young woman she was much prettier than she had been as a girl. She was still small in figure, though of a little more than medium height; but with her graceful form, her delicate little face, large brown eyes, and wavy brown hair, she was naturally considered very pretty. She was bright, lively, and cheerful, and always greeted every one with a pleasant smile and a kind word. Naturally she had many admirers. Though all the young men knew that her fate was fixed, and that she was not at liberty to choose, yet many came and offered to be her valiant knight, hoping that fate had so fixed it that he should be the favored one.

Among her admirers were three young men who were more attentive than any of the rest. One was a brilliant young lawyer, who the people said should some day be their congressman. The second was a young officer in the navy, and the third a farmer, the owner of a neat estate, whom the people called "the bachelor." These young men were as attentive to her as if they were in a contest, where the best runner would win the race. They were perfectly conscious that, after all their efforts, it might, and more than probably would, happen that all of them would be losers in the end, yet somehow each felt that he would prove to be the favored one.

Emily's friends and neighbors took a great deal of interest in the attention of these young men, and would often speculate as to which one the well would tell her to marry. Somehow most of the people thought that the young man in the navy would be the one; for several girls before had seen the face of a soldier, and, naturally, they thought she, too, would marry a soldier. Emily also enjoyed guessing as to the probability of marrying one of the men. She would often, in a

joking way, say: "If I marry the lawyer, he may take me to Washington, and that would be fine. If I marry 'the bachelor,' he could run the farm well. If I marry the sailor, he would take me on his ship, and wouldn't that be grand?" But though she joked she never showed any preference for one over the other.

As to the young men, it was amusing how they worried and tried in many ways to find out whether fate had decreed that they would succeed or not. They tried their fortunes in every known way, from the throwing of a peach peeling to the visiting of the gypsy camp; they almost cursed what the well had decreed. But for all that they were none the wiser and none the happier.

About this time there came an old uncle of Emily's to visit them. He was a sour, rather know-all old man, and, strange to say, was the only person in all the world who openly disavowed any faith in the well. He said it was simply foolish for Emily and her mother to put trust in the story. He insisted that the wise thing for Emily to do was to put aside such foolishness and choose her husband; for, he said, they would all become disgusted after awhile and leave her, and then she could not choose if she wanted to. "I would choose that lawyer," he said one day to Emily. "He would make you a fine husband, and he has sense too." But his words had little effect on Emily, for, as she grew older, instead of doubting its truth, her age simply served to increase her faith in the story that had really become a part of her life.

"Well, mother, to-day one week will be my twentieth birthday," said Emily, laughingly; "and I wonder which one of my three beaux' pictures I shall see."

"I expect I shall marry the soldier, and then he may leave me; or, better yet, it may be 'the bachelor.' He is a fine young fellow, and I don't know but that I should be pleased to be a farmer's wife. It is fine on the farm." Her mother said nothing, but her heart throbbed with pleasure as she

looked at her daughter, and, though she said little, her anxiety for the day to come was equally as great as Emily's.

The days of this last week dragged slowly by. Emily could hardly sleep for thinking about the old well. Every day came numbers of friends and relatives to talk with Emily and her mother about the well, and to suggest the face of the man whom Emily would likely see. The entire neighborhood was wrought up upon the subject. It had been years since a girl had learned her fortune from the old well, and naturally they were all deeply interested as to whom Emily should marry.

The first of May dawned a beautiful day, one of those days which only May can bring. The little birds were nearly splitting their throats singing, singing as if they had set apart that day to show the world how glad they were that spring had come again. The gurgling stream went laughing down the mountain's side, the sun shone with unusual brightness, and the waning moon seemed half inclined not to set at all that day, but rather to wait, in order that she, too, might accompany young Emily to the well, and hear her read her life's destiny, and, most of all, to see the face of her life's partner.

Emily arose, looking as bright as the morning, and when she went out all nature seemed to speak a glad greeting to her. Emily's heart was joyous, too, and she felt like joining with the birds in a song of praise to the God of love.

Her mother was up early. Soon breakfast was served, and well it was, for in a little while friends were coming from far and near. Many of Emily's young gentlemen friends came, and the first among them were the lawyer, the soldier, and the farmer.

A little before 12 o'clock Emily was dressed and ready to go out to the well. She had closely followed every instruction, and, in her bridal attire, she presented an unusually beautiful picture. She looked more like a bride going to the

altar than like a girl going to see the face of him whom she should marry. A few minutes before 12 she went to the old well, took the exact position, and exactly at 12 o'clock she turned her head and looked over her shoulder down the well. There was a moment of death-like silence. Every heart in the throng seemed to stop beating. Then the watchers saw the color rise in Emily's face. The well was telling its secret, or, rather, it was preparing to tell it, for immediately these words were heard: "Long and happy life; much sunshine; few shadows. More roses than thorns." Then she began to distinguish the outlines of a man's face. Her heart almost stopped beating; the blood seemed to leave her face, so anxious was she to distinguish the features of the man. Then slowly, but distinctly, came to view the exact likeness of "the bachelor."

Reverie.

BY '07.

Ah, Ida, let me dwell in your great grey eyes,
Serene and soft, twin gleaming moonbeams bright,
And shadowed o'er with silent dreams of night;
In them are flickering starts of mild surprise,
All quickened with each new revealed surmise,
That woman's intuition wrought, and light
With youth's wild fancy, free, fair, airy sprite—
And gathering blue from radiant sapphire skies,
Transparent berries' rich, ripe, golden brown,
Thou stealst away the violet's purple hue,
Mak'st all its delicate tenderness thine own,
With sweetness from the crimson roses, too,
And gladness of the daisy's smile in the sun,
Collected, gathered, and combined in one.

A Rocky Pasture—A Piedmont Sketch.

BY H. M. BOWLING, '08.

IT is only a simple old pasture field—a place of grass and flowers, and rocks and trees and cattle. Its beauties are the beauties of the commonplace—sometimes even the beauties of ugliness. They are pleasantnesses that dawn upon you only gradually, and after long, sympathetic acquaintance.

It is a rectangular field of some forty acres, extending with a slight, yet steady, grade from a rock-walled land about a quarter of a mile back to the foot of the mountain. On the left are cultivated fields, green with growing corn and yellow with ripening wheat. Its right boundary is a mountain creek with the deserved name of “Rocky Run,” while behind, the mountains, with ridges and peaks, green-wooded, purpletinged, rise for background.

It is dotted with trees, bushes, and briars. The shrubs stand thick in the lower part. The upper part is clearer, but has trees for shade. In the farther corner by the creek there is a thicket of trees, undergrowth, and tangled intergrowth.

The most prominent feature of the field (and that from which it takes its name) is its rocks. You see them lying here and there, singly, in twos and threes and fours, scattered broadcast, covering the ground, rolled together in hedges, and heaped in large piles. There are rocks of all sizes, from the pebble to the boulder. Some lie lightly on the surface or peep from the grass, and some are set fast in the ground. They are not ugly, dirty, shapeless rocks, but are of beautiful grey color, speckled, mottled, and streaked, washed clean by a thousand summer showers, stained brown and dark by the snows of many a stormy winter, spotted with tufts of moss and lichens, green and grey. There are rocks of every variety of form—round, flat, six-sided, many-sided, irregular, yet always shapely. This seems made for a seat, that has a

hollow in the top that will make a pool for birds to drink from after a rain, while here one rises like a lone mountain peak, the moss on its sides like patches of pines, and its bare gray top like the cloud-piercing summit of some snow-capped Alp.

The trees which shade the open field are mostly chestnuts and locusts. Some stand singly, some in groups. Near the middle a number of locusts are strung out into a long, loose grove. A few walnut trees stand here and there, and one lone old apple tree (one of Thoreau's "wild apples") stands with wide-spreading, thick-matted, unpruned branches, and small but sweet fruit. In the lower part, as I have mentioned, there is a scrubby lower growth of blackberry vines, and dwarfed dogwood, gum, sugarberry, and spicewood bushes. These are all so close-cropped with many a summer's grazing that some have almost lost their identity. They stand thick, bushy, bristling, like hedge-shrubs.

That part of the field I have referred to as a thicket is not all properly so called. There, on the further side of the creek, the growth is dense, and the bramble writhes and wrangles on the ground, and climbs into the bushes; and in the remainder the trees and bushes stand thicker than in the open. But here are still some open, grassy plots separating the clumps of bushes.

In these half-open, half-overgrown places the finest blackberries grow. The berry vines of the open are rather scrubby, from over-much pruning by the stock; but they still bear berries that are black and get sweet, and will stain your lips, and the briars still have thorns; so they remain true to the genus. But in the thicket they grow larger and finer. You find a large clump of old and new vines, the young sprouts, in the greenness, rawness, and self-conceit of youth, thrusting their fruitless branches high above the others, while the older branches, bowed with the modesty of worth and the weight of their fruit, lean heavily upon one

another, their ripening clusters peeping from the vines like groups of shiny-faced pickaninnies, varying in hue from jet black to a pinkish yellow.

In the bush clumps stand a few large trees—poplar and chestnut. Underneath is a thick undergrowth of young dogwood, gum, and witch-hazel, thoroughly matted with grape vines. When, according to the fable of Jotham, the trees of this thicket went forth to choose a king, the invitation went no farther than the vine. The bramble has since been trying to assert its claims, but the vine still reigns supreme. It rolls in boa-like coils on the ground; it climbs trees and leaps from tree to tree, letting fall a long loop in its cable (what thicket would be complete without its grape-vine swing?). It scrambles over the tops of the bushes, making a sun-proof, almost rain-proof arbor, while, underneath, its convential loops make comfortable seats. As you stand on a slight rise outside the thicket, and look across over these many arbors, they look like the ivy-clad towers and domes of some vast, many-turreted mediæval castle or cathedral; and you see that the trees recognize the sway of the vine, for they “come and put their trust in its shadows.”

Among these bushes and trees, where it is not too sunny and not too shady among the rocks, and rooted in the rich black loam, the jack-in-the-pulpit hides under its over-shadowing leaves its uncanny, serpent-headed pistil, concealed by its close, purple-lined hood. And on the outer edges, taking more sun, blooms the modest wild columbine, by some mischievous fairy made Yorrick of the flower court, and capped (as though thine were the quintessence of folly!) with a five-pointed coxcomb.

Through the whole summer long the field has its flowers. From early spring to late autumn the modest, simple-hearted daisies nod and smile and dance in the breeze. Their yellow faces, set in white-frilled sun-bonnets, tempt you to lie down among them, and invite you to pluck them. On the bank of

the creek a honeysuckle has gone wild, and lies thickly matted on the ground, and scrambles, in a tangle, over a bush. Its delicate white and yellow-tinged blossoms fill the air with soft fragrance. A clump of wild rose unfurls each morning a fresh supply of pink-petaled blossoms to replace the faded ephemerals of the previous day. Nor do these flowers proper exhaust the floral beauty of the field. The solitary mullien, from its gray-green mat of spreading leaves, sends up a stalk, at its top thickly set with yellow blossoms. On the rocky ledges fan-like flags gather and send up slender stems, topped with clusters of rich, red-brown, leopard-spotted blooms. The poke stalk, mustard-like, grows into tree-like proportions, lodging birds in its branches, while they pick its hanging clusters of jet-black berries. Growing in thick patches is the insignificant dog-fennel that tried so hard to be a daisy—tried and failed (I'm sorry, dear). And here and there, with majestic mein, that mailed knight, the stalwart, lordly Scotch thistle, proudly lifts its purple-plumed head, spreading its bristling branches, prickly palms, with its defiant and natural challenge, "*Nemo me impune vulnerat.*"

We have here not still life alone. A herd of cows and horses are regular summer boarders here. These are a representative crowd. There are milch kine, with distended udders, sleek yearlings, a few young steers, destined for the butcher or the yoke, and a large Durham bull. There are steady farm horses, sobered by the toil and burdens of life, that are turned in to graze after the day's work is done. There is a stylish young saddle mare that tosses her head disdainfully as a heavy old bay of plebeian blood passes. There are mares with their spring colts frolicking by their side; and, occasionally, some one and two-year-olds gallop about with uplifted head and cocked tails, blissfully ignorant of life's toils and burdens. And I have seen here an old mule, long-eared, raw-boned, vociferous, with the marks of

many years of work, almost worn out, yet with a yoke that told its own tale of roguery.

But the most congenial companions I find in the wild denizens of the field are the natives, here thoroughly at home. On an early morning walk I find Robin Red-breast, hopping from rock to rock or wading in the grass, bending the daisies " 'mang the dewy weet," and quenching his thirst with the crystal drops of heaven-distilled nectar. The partridge scampers aside through the bushes, and the wild doves flutter up ahead of you, their wings squeaking as if the joints needed oil. I find the red-bird teaching its young to fly, and the cat-bird, having forgotten its spring-time song of merriment in the sober (and perhaps vexing) domestic cares, guards his nest with a coarse, harsh, grating cry. The mocking-bird, skilled mimic, calls to his neighbors, to every bird in his own tongue, and, in addition, warbles out a wild, madly-sweet medley of his own. These songs are intermingled with the chirp of the ever-present cricket, the June-bug's droning among the daisies, the hum of the bumble-bee as he swallows in the golden pollen of the wild rose, and the long-sustained note of the jar-fly, while at night the trees are fairly vocal with a multitude of Katy-dids.

There are other songless creatures here. At evening Molly Cotton-tail startles from the bushes before you, and bounds off up the path with a hop-skip-and-jump. The chipmunk scampers through the thicket. The black snake stretches in the morning sunshine for his sun bath. (I bow and pass on—we be brethren in the faith—sun-worshipers both.) But one day I heard that dry-pea-in-the-pod warning of the rattlesnake, and found him lying glossy, velvety, tail erect, beside my path. Alas, for the relentless spirit of the trophy-seeker, or that inherent, Eden-born enmity that made me bruise his head! This should be a place of peace.

This old field has its moods—a mood for morning, a mood

for noon, a mood for evening, a mood for every hour in the day, and for every day in the year.

Go with me into the pasture on an early September morning while it is yet dark. The waning moon is just sinking below the mountain crest. The stars shine cold and silent. The field is silent save for the soft chirp of the sleepless cricket. As we walk through the dewy grass, I see the pale phosphorescent gleam of the glow-worm at my feet.

We pass the horses asleep, but still standing. Our passing awakes them, and, without moving, they lower the head and begin grazing. We pass the cows lying down. They, too, awake, and, without rising, begin lazily to chew the cud they forgot when they went to sleep. We pass on, blundering among the rocks.

It is darker now, since the moon went down. It is that darkest hour of night—the hour before dawn. The objects in the pasture are indistinct. The trees are shadowy. The rocks, ever present, cannot be seen, and become stones of stumbling.

I hear a cock crow. A light in the farm-house near by tells of early rising and of preparations for the work of the coming day. I hear, in the pasture, the whistle of a half-grown boy as he calls up his team for feeding and harnessing for the day's toil.

The clouds, which had grown darker after moon-set, now show the slightest suspicion of purple. A bird wakes up, and begins to twitter. We watch the east for light, and soon it comes, whitening the sky, softening the clouds, and paling the stars. A streak of pink goes around the horizon in both directions. A slight rose color spreads across the sky till it touches the clouds in the west, while the east becomes a rich red.

It is lighter now. Beneath your feet the daisies are dimly seen peeping from the grass. The trees, bushes, and rock

piles stand out more sharply. The light increases, and the rocks show in their gray and brown color.

Now it is broad day-light in the pasture, and awaits only the touch of the sun. The grass is no longer a soft, confused mass beneath your feet, but stands out with its myriads of individual blades in broad plots, speckled with flowers, scattered with small stones, set with weeds, all sparkling with glistening beads of dew.

I turn to the east, and find the red has given way to gold. The cloud mass is gone, and instead are long strips of golden stratus clouds lying close to the horizon. Broad beams of yellow light shoot into the sky, radiating from a common centre yet out of sight. I turn to the mountain behind me, and find the sunlight just kissing its summit. Slowly the sunshine descends the slopes till it has almost reached the pasture field. I turn again to the east, just in time to see a ball of molten gold come over the hill-top. And, as the soft sunshine falls upon the trees and grass, the dew glistens, and the birds warble, and it is morning in the pasture field.

Go with me again in the scorching noon of a July or August day. Then the sun comes down with a blazing heat, a glaring light. The trees selfishly contract their shadows into a small black spot directly beneath their branches. I find the horses hid among the bushes, occasionally stamping at a troublesome horse-fly. The cows are hid in the thicket, standing in the creek, lazily swiping their sides with their long tasseled tails. The air seems still, but there is the chirp of the cricket; the partridge is "Bob-Whiting" from the wheat-fields; and, with a far away, dreamy, drowsy cadence, that mournful-sweet coo, the voice of the turtle, is heard.

Or walk with me in the cool of the evening of a rare June day. The dusky shadows creep down from the mountains, hover in the thicket, nestle in the clumps of bushes, and drift and spread over the whole field, making the more

distant points appear dull and subdued, and even the nearer grow indistinct as twilight settles down, lighted only occasionally by the soft flash of the fire-fly. Sounds of evening float in the air. A zephyr gently rustles the leaves of a shadowy tree, and brings a drowsy "twit-twit" from a sleepy bird that has settled itself for an early repose. In the thicket the jar-fly grates out its droning, monotonous, long-drawn song, while the cricket chirps a cheerful good-night. The cattle graze leisurely about, or lie down with feet folded beneath them, breathing heavily, and meditatively chewing the cud. And the full moon comes up, shedding silvery light over all, driving the shadows back from the field into the darkness of the thicket. It is thus I love to see the field, and, wearied with the toil of the day, to wander about among its bushes and trees, and flowers and rocks, and to lie down on the now dewy grass, among the daisies, and rest.

It has also its rainy-day mood. But the mood of the field on a rainy day is not the dull, restless, blue day of one shut up in-doors. The mountain at the back is heavily capped with fog, and veiled almost to the foot with low-hanging mist. Overhead are the clouds—grey, impenetrable. The air is filled with innumerable fine shafts of descending rain-drops, falling slantingly. The wet grass transfers its burden to your shoes as you brush through it. The daisy droops its heavy head. Under the trees you hear the incessant rustle of smiling showers, and the steady "drip-drop" from an over-burdened leaf. The birds are, for the most part, silent, except the red-bird, which calls from the thicket with his "wet, wet, wet, wet-ee," and the crow that caws drearily as he passes overhead.

Such are the moods of the pasture field. But it also lends itself to your moods. It is a place to rest when you are tired, or to stretch your limbs when you have been cramped with several hours in-doors. It is a place to sweat your brains over a knotty problem, and, again, its quiet restfulness

soothes the tired mind to peace. It is a place to sing if you are merry, or to walk silent and pensive; a place for a pleasant, solitary walk, or for a delightful stroll with your choicest companion; a place to read your favorite author, or to think and jot down your own best thoughts; a place to look plain, matter-of-fact life squarely in the face, or to dream your most golden dreams.

I have thought that the old field seemed a fragment from some ruined Eden. I judge it an Eden from its all manner of trees and shrubs and herbs, from its morning sunshine, noon shade, and evening zephyr, from its bird songs and flower fragrance, from the apple tree in the midst thereof, and from the stream that flows through it. An Eden, surely, but "oh, how fallen." You can read man's sin and fall and curse in the stoniness of the ground, from which nothing could possibly be got save through the sweat of the face, from the thorns also and thistles the ground brings forth, from the nest of fiery wasps hid in the honeysuckle, and from the ringing danger signal of the rattler in the grass. Aye, fallen indeed, but still "majestic, though in ruin."

The Atonement.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

IT is the month of October. The air imparts to one that invigorating crispness and rejuvenating exhilaration which only October can give. The leaves and foliage are already tinged with scarlet colors, clad in their various hues of russet and amber.

On one of the avenues, in the western part of the city, stands an old Virginia mansion, built in the colonial style of architecture, with its ante-bellum porticos and broad verandas, half-hidden by the trailing ivy. The plate on the massive

walnut doors bears the name of "Robert E. Withers." Who in the town of Laurenceford has not heard of Colonel Robert Withers—"Battling Bob"—a veteran of the Civil War, the hero of a hundred hard-fought battles, an officer under Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia, and to-day the president of the Union Bank of Laurenceford? His father had been among the pioneer settlers of Laurenceford, had established a successful business, and the son, by dint of tireless energy and sound business principles, had succeeded in elevating himself to his present exalted position as bank president. He was not a wealthy man—was not even rich, as we understand that term, his circumstances being such as are commonly described by the term "well to do."

In the spacious dining-room covers are laid for four—Colonel and Mrs. Withers and their two children, Richard, a young man of twenty, and his sister, Flora, his senior by two years. The Colonel and his wife are very proud of their children, for to their parental eyes even Cornelia's "jewels" suffer by comparison. Their son Richard—or Dick, as he is popularly called by his friends—is cashier of the bank of which his father is president, and their daughter, the belle of the town, is engaged to be married to Lieutenant William Harper, U. S. N. Inez Harper, the latter's sister, and Dick Withers grew up together as playmates and schoolmates, and, while not formally betrothed, a mutual understanding exists between the two.

A glance at the young man, as he sits there at the table, shows that he is deeply thinking of something, and, if we may judge from the worried frown on his forehead, that something is not very pleasant. His scarcely-touched food and absent-minded answers to commonplace questions denote a frame of mind entirely foreign to his present surroundings. And good cause he has for worry. Like many another young man, fascinated by the glowing reports of the stock market, he has been bold enough to speculate in Wall-street invest-

ments the money which by diligence and industry he had succeeded in saving. At first Dame Fortune smiled upon him, the gods favored him, his earnings became doubled and trebled, until, growing risky, he had staked almost the entire amount of his savings on a single investment. The blind goddess of Chance, ever waiting for such moments, seized this opportunity with avidity, so that with one fell swoop the entire amount which he had accumulated was swept away. It is the inexorable law of Fate that the more a man loses the more zealously he plays, and the greater the amount he stakes in the mad effort to retrieve his fortunes. So with Richard Withers. Emboldened by his initial successes, he had taken some of the bank's money and placed that on the stock market. Be it distinctly understood, however, that he took this step with no intention of wrong-doing. He did not even look upon the deed as an act of embezzlement, but simply as drawing from the bank a sum of money which he would repay in a day or two with interest. As was to be expected, this last venture also proved a dismal failure, so that the young man was plunged into the depths of despair as he realized that his books would show a shortage of several thousand dollars.

Just as the dinner was reaching its conclusion the door-bell rang, whereupon the servant announced to Colonel Withers that a committee, composed of three of the directors of the bank, would like to have a few minutes' private conversation with him in the library. There the Colonel heard from them the whole story—the missing thousands and the shortage in his son's account. Rising from his seat, he paced hurriedly up and down the floor; then resuming his seat, finally said:

"No, gentlemen, you have made some terrible mistake. My son *could* not be guilty of the infamous crime of which you accuse him. Wait! I will call him in here, so you

may hear from his lips how absurdly false your allegations are ! ”

Going to the door, he called his son.

“ Dick,” he said, as the latter entered the room, “ these gentlemen assert that the bank’s books show a shortage of several thousand dollars and that to you attaches the blame. Tell them that the charge is utterly false, that not one penny of the funds is missing through any act of yours. Prove to them how absurd their accusation is ! ”

The young cashier was stunned. His knees almost refused to support him. His face, at first blanched by the suddenness and swiftness of the retribution visited upon him, was now suffused with the crimson blush of shame. All the lofty ideals, the noble aims, the great aspirations of his soul crumbled into dust. His castles in Spain melted into thin air, not even the foundations of his aerial castles being left to him. Sinking to his knees, and forcing back the involuntary tears which blurred his vision, he cried out, in the agony of his grief:

“ O father, what they say is true ! O my God, forgive me ! Yes, I took the money, but Heaven knows I meant no wrong ; I intended to pay it back to-day. I gambled with it—yes, that’s the word, for we’ll call a spade a spade—I placed it on the Stock Exchange. Oh, what a fool I was ! But, as my Creator is my witness, it was not a selfish motive. It was for Inez Harper, whom I intended to make my wife soon. Ah, my grief is greater than I can bear ! ”

During this painful recital the father had sat as one petrified, as if some mesmerist had cast his spell over him, rendering him unconscious of passing events. Regaining his power of speech, however, he turned to the directors, and, with apparent composure, remarked, “ Gentlemen, what is the amount of the shortage ? ” Tearing a blank out of his cheque book, with seeming calmness he wrote off the amount and handed it to them. The atmosphere was surcharged

with profound sympathy for both the older and younger man ; the scene was too impressive for utterance, so, without further ado, the committee silently took their departure.

The sound of the closing door brought the Colonel to himself. Turning to his son, he gave way to his pent-up feelings and stifled emotions.

“ O Dick, how could you, how could you ? Why did you not tell me, so I could at least have advised you ? You, who have been the pride of your mother and the hope of your father—you, about whom all our parental affections were centered—you have disgraced the name of Withers, and, in my old age, brought shame upon my gray hairs. Oh, that I had been spared the ignominy of it all ! ” And the old man, burying his face in his hands, gave vent to his passionate outbursts of anguish.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Withers, having heard the directors leave the house, and fearing lest something untoward had happened, quietly opened the library door, on the threshold of which she stood transfixed by the strange sight which met her gaze. There, in the centre of the room, sat her husband his head bowed upon his hands, while her son was lying upon the floor, convulsed with sobs. With a woman’s intuition she almost immediately divined the true cause of this demonstration, but also, with a woman’s tact, she refrained from asking questions. Indeed, it wasn’t necessary, for no sooner did Richard perceive his mother than he rose from his position, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, told the pathetic story of the scene just enacted. With true maternal instinct, her heart warmed towards the unfortunate youth, for was he not her own son, her only boy, her pride and delight—flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood ?

“ No, mother,” he interrupted ; “ no words of yours can palliate my offence or still the tempest within my breast. I have not only shown myself unworthy of your affections, but have likewise forfeited the esteem and confidence of all honor-

able men. Great as has been my sin, my atonement will be even greater. I have decided to leave home—ah! how sweet that word sounds now—the first thing in the morning, and by my future conduct, prove a worthy exponent of true manhood. Tell Sister Flo and Inez ‘good-bye’ for me, for I dare not trust myself even to face them, much less bid them adieu.”

The next morning, when the family gathered around the breakfast table, there was one place left unoccupied.

* * * * *

In a dignified, but unpretentious dwelling in New York City there resides one of the most famous surgeons in the United States—Dr. Richard White. At the age of thirty-five he stands pre-eminent in his profession, recognized throughout the length and breadth of the land as a potent factor in the medical world. Brought into prominence by his great work on analytical surgery, his successful practice has but added to the lustre of his fame and the prestige of his position.

Sitting before the brightly-burning log fire, his thoughts revert to days of “auld lang syne”; the glowing coals seem to conjure in his mind recollections which neither time nor cares can efface—reminiscences as vivid as if they had happened only yesterday. He is thinking about the old times, when he was a romping, bouncing youngster, then a bank cashier, and then—an act which had caused him to alienate himself from those whom he held near and dear—father, mother, sister, sweetheart.

No doubt the reader has already recognized in this renowned surgeon, Dr. Richard White, the young man formerly known as Richard Withers. Since he left home, at the age of twenty, he had come to New York, had worked his way through college, had successfully passed an examination by the State Board of Medicine, had written an able treatise on the science of surgery, and in the space of fifteen

years had risen to the foremost rank in his calling. Not by any means had his pathway been strewn with roses. On the contrary, he had met with seemingly insuperable difficulties and obstacles. Temptations had beset him; sore buffetings had fallen to his lot; he had drained the cup of bitterness and sorrow to the very dregs. But with unflinching determination he had brushed aside these barriers, because he had dedicated his life to alleviate and mitigate the sufferings of mankind. Many a time he wanted to write home, but always an inner voice had whispered to him:

"No, do not do it. Have you not brought grief enough upon those whose happiness should have been your only solicitude, without causing them more misery?"

Regularly every month, however, he had sent them anonymously a sum of money, which, for reasons that will be seen later, they never received.

The loud, rumbling, clanging sound of a fire engine passing by roused him from his revery. Almost simultaneously the telephone bell rang. Quickly catching up the receiver, he learned that the Continental Theatre was on fire, and that, in the mad endeavors of the audience to rush from the play-house, a number of people had been seriously injured or trampled to death. Snatching up his emergency case, he was soon on the scene of the tragedy. The first one he encountered of those who had been hurt was already beyond the reach of earthly aid. Reaching the side of an old man, whose breath was coming in gasps, he started with surprise as he recognized the familiar features, a hundred fancies floating through his brain. The recognition was mutual.

"Father!"

"Dick!"

Entirely unmindful of those about them, the two men were soon clasped in each other's arms, locked in a firm, affectionate embrace.

"Dick, my boy, we have been traveling all over the coun-

try, looking for you. We all forgave you long ago, because we knew you had sincerely repented, and longed to have you with us again. But it was of no avail; you had disap——.” A sudden pain in the head caused him to leave the sentence unfinished. “For the past five years we have been living in New York. Your sister Flora and Lieut. Harper were married shortly after you left. They named their little boy after you—Richard. And Inez Harper has been waiting all these years for you. Ah! if we had only known you were so near us here!”

The old man spoke with difficulty now; the breath was fast leaving his body; his life was rapidly ebbing away.

“Dick—my son—mother is at—the Imperial—Hotel. The folks—will be—glad—to see—you. I—want——.”

The rest was silence.

The People's Music.

BY S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

I hear the music in the street
In the night,
As through my window wafted
By breezes low and light.
And I listen as they lull me,
And I ponder,
For how can even common people
Love that music yonder?
Still the music screeching soars,
Waxing higher as the doors
Open to reluctant goers,
Who for sleep are fonder.
I hear the laughter of the folk
On the street.
I hear the ceaseless shuffle
Of many dizzy feet.
And I, who am above the common herd,
Can but ponder,
For how can even common people
Love that jargon yonder?

Uncle Ben.

(*A True Story.*)

BY S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

I WAS riding through one of those raw old counties of Virginia one still, sunny afternoon when a tell-tale "click, click" told me that my mare's shoe was loose. So I began to look out for any little shop by the road which might set the trouble right.

Soon I came to a rather pretentious-looking colored church, with fancy steeple and stained-glass windows. But what drew my attention most was the clear "cling" of hammer on anvil which seemed to call so cheerily and refreshingly to me from the deep, cool grove which immediately surrounded the church. I turned my horse up the bank, and followed a small, woodland road until the trees broke away, and a small clearing appeared, overlooking a deep vale. The sounds were coming from an old shack of boards, black from weather without and sooty within. Off a little way, in the midst of a green and fresh-looking garden, stood a cabin of logs with a chimney of mud and sticks.

The hammer was suddenly laid down, and from the murk of the interior appeared a venerable old negro. A face once round, but now weather-beaten, and a kind old mouth beamed a generous smile upon me. He looked as if he had shriveled down from a giant of seven feet to a creature of five and a half. Huge arms and hands hung from small and uneven shoulders down to his knees, which bent desperately in the effort of holding up his crumpled frame.

"Howdee, sah. How is you? Is all well at home, sah?"

"Yes, uncle, thank you. And I suppose you are all enjoying good health?"

"Ya-a-as, sah, Ah spozen so. Ef 'tain' good healt, den I

specks hits bad healt we's enjying. De Lawd be thanked fer whatsomever He am pleased ter gib, sah."

I was struck with the old man's simplicity, and, having shown him the worn-out shoe, I began questioning him, while he pulled out the old nails and started up his fire.

"Well, uncle," I said, "I don't suppose there is any one sick around your house?"

"Na-a-aw, boss, 'taint really anybody sick," he said, with a grin. "Sometimes when de dew am wet de rheumatism in ma laigs gets the bes' ob me, but den, jes soon as de dew am gone, hit gits all right, sah.

"Hits jes de same wid Sally; ebery mawnin dat mizry done hol her down twell de sun dun come out. Den she kin git aroun' pretty lively wid her cane. Ya-a-as, sah, de Lawd am mighty good ter gib us de sunshine.

"An' dere's de gyarden full of cebbeges an' simlins, an' de hog and de chillun. Dey's all out ter hire 'cept'n Uliesses. He is de younges', an' he is de fines' boy libin'. He de willines' boy, an' he all de time he'pin' his ma."

"That's a mighty fine church you've got up there on the road, uncle."

"Lawdy, sah, dat a' church ain' mine. Leastways 'taint now, sah. Naw—but 'twas de will ob de Lawd, doe; 'twas de will ob de Lawd."

"Why, what, uncle?" I asked, noticing the sudden dampening of his spirits.

"Well, 'twas arter de war, sah; an' Ah seen how mos all de niggars war gwine away from hyar, an' all de country was tored all up, an' de white folks look like dey didn' kyar no mo' what come er us. De churches was all burn down. An' dem black rascals what follow de army 'gin talkin' 'rout ter de young niggars, an' dere wan' nobody ter tell um not ter listen. 'Twan' nothin' ter hep us pore niggars from de debil, an' we was gwine dyar, too.

"Ah jes couldn' stan' it, sah. An', boss, Ah kep on

thinkin' an' I ain't see nobody what could teach um, so Ah jes said, ' Ah gwine ter teach um myse'f. ' How you gwine ter do dat ? ' I axed myse'f. ' You don'no how-tor read. ' ' Ah tell yer Ah's gwine ter Missus an ax huh ter teach me. ' So Ah put on ma go-ter-meetin' bes', an' Ah goes up ter de beg house whar ole Missus been libin' sense Massa Jim done got kilt in de war. Ah had dun stop gwine up dyar 'cause ebery ting was so gloomy, an' Missus, ebery time she kotch sight er me, she bus' out cryin' case I make huh tink ob dem good ole times 'fo' de war.

" Well, Missus look like she mighty glad ter see me when Ah tole huh what I come fer, an' she tuk me right inter de settin' room, an' gin teaching me. 'Twas er long time, sah. But, boss, Ah kep a scratchin' away an' a learnin', an' ebery time Ah feel like Ah can' learn noway. Ah tink 'bout all de res' ob us po niggars a worser off den eber ; so Ah kep on scratchin' an a grobelin' twell ater while Ah gin ter git so Ah kin dig out a word, an' den Ah go long er liddle funder, an' up jump anoder word, an, arter while, boss, Ah kin dig out nuf ter read sense sho' nuf.

" Den, boss, Ah ain't was'e no time. Ah goes roun' an' tells all de niggars ter meet me down dyar by dat branch, an' fer us to cut down some trees an' fix up some benches, so's Ah kin preach ter um. An' dey come, an' dey look like dey glad ter come. De Lawd was mighty good ter touch dem folkses' hearts. We fix up de benches, an' Ah reads ter 'em, an' den Ah tries ter show um how dey was gwine ter de bad. An' de nex' Sunday, sho' nuf, dere dey was ergin, but dey was mighty few now. Dey was faithful, do, an', come three yeahs, we dun build a little church right whar de new one stan's.

" Den in about ten yeahs hit burned down, an' we built anoder. An' by dis time hit was er good house full, sah. Ah kep' on readin' out'n de Bible an' teachin' de bes' I cud. Heap times Ah went ter see um when Ah was sicker den dey

wus. An' Ah jes' got so Ah lubed dose folks, boss, bekase dey wus de ones Ah hed kep' fum de debble, an' Ah jes' wanted ter keep right on takin' charge ob dem till de Lawd call me.

"Den, boss, dese yere public schools come, an' presen'ly all de lit' chilluns gin goin' ter 'um, an' dey learn ter read er heap better'n Ah cud. Arter while, when dey grows up a lit', Ah notice dey ain' comin' ter church much, an' Ah tries ter fetch um, but dey look like Ah dun los' um somehow.

"One day Ah hearne one ob dem talkin' ter anoder: 'Ole Unc' Ben, he can' read es good es I kin; he can' eben talk good English.' Den Ah sees how 'twas, an' Ah sez ter myse'f: 'Hyar you stan'in' 'tween all dese yere young folks an' de Lawd. Now, sah, Ah can' stay in hyar—Ah got ter get out o' hyar.'

"Ah dun got ole by dis time, boss, an' Ah ain' done nuthin cep'n ter preach fer so long Ah dun mos' fergot how ter work at ma trade, which am blacksmiffin', bein' as Ah wus Massa Jim's blacksmiff. But law, Ah knowed de Lawd wud take kyar ob me. So de nex' Sunday Ah tole um Ah wus gwine ter stop preachin' to um, an' Ah wus gwine ter go back to ma ole trade. An' Ah sez, 'Ah ain' gwine ter stan' 'twix de Lawd an' yo' chillun no mo', but Ah's gwine ter keep on doin' all de good Ah kin, an' when dat new preacher come dey ain' gwine anybody stan' up mo fer him den ole Unc' Ben.'

"Lawsy, boss, Ah didn' know how much dem folks did lub me no mo'n Ah knowed how much Ah lubed dem twell Ah wus gwine ter leave um. Dem folks, dey look like dey couldn' be 'suaded ter leabe me, but bimby Ah made um let me go. An' dey tole me good-bye like Ah wus gwine away sum 'ares. Dey took up a kerlection, an' dey bought me all dese yere tools an' bellusses an' tings, an' Ah started ter blacksmiffin' jes' like Ah wus 'fo de war. Boss, de Lawd hab been mighty good ter Unc' Ben."

The • Messenger.

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THE ANNUAL. If the students of Richmond College are to have an Annual this year the time is certainly at hand for some action. We have heard comments from several students, and the concensus of their opinion seems to be in favor of undertaking the task. Nothing will be accomplished, however, by mere talk. We trust that before this is out of the printer's hands action will have been taken and that these remarks will be entirely unnecessary. Be that as it may, THE MESSENGER staff desires to see an Annual for the College this year.

We want it distinctly understood that the Jubilee MESSENGER of last year was in no sense intended as an Annual. There was no purpose on the part of the management to set a precedent, and we should be really grieved to find a tendency this year toward substituting an enlarged issue of the magazine for the Annual.

Permit us to say that we feel that an Annual is an imperative necessity. Many schools whose numbers are far below ours get out Annuals which are creditable to their students.

We have this year, on the start, almost as many men as we had last year for the entire session. A large subscription list could be secured. If some energetic man will undertake the business management, there will be no question about the success of the enterprise.

FACULTY RECEPTIONS.

We desire to express our earnest commendation of the purpose of the faculty to give monthly receptions to the students for the promotion of the social life of the College. The first of these receptions was in every way successful, and those of us who were present came away feeling that there was a closer bond between students and faculty. These receptions will foster the spirit of democracy in the College community. They will strengthen the ties that bind student to student and student to teacher.

THE CALL OF THE SOUTH.

Are you Southern born? If so, read this, for, feeble though it be in composition and grasp of the subject, it has a meaning for you. Did you ever stop to consider the position of the South in national politics? Do you know why the voice of the Southern statesman is no longer the controlling force it once was in the councils of the nation? It is cowardly to seek to evade these questions. They are boldly outlined before us, and, if we are men, we must face them. The South is, without question, practically a nonentity in national politics. The Southern statesman passed with the early days of the nation.

We will attempt here no exhaustive review of the causes which brought about the present condition. It is sufficient for our purpose to state that devotion to a false ideal, aversion to change, and idolization of issues that are dead forever, have contributed most potently to the making and continuation of our present condition. And we are not altogether to be

blamed for these things. There are extenuating circumstances. The presence of an alien and inferior race has served as a skeleton in the closet, as a mocking demon, ever ready to step forward and oppose every tendency toward breaking away from an idealized past.

To-day we are beginning to see the situation clearly, and we have men who are brave enough to face and grapple with it. The sad thing is that their number is so small. Too many men are absorbed in other things. They are heedless of the call of their country, and their lives are spent in selfish pursuits. The call of the South is for men—for brave men, for men of the noblest ideals and purest hearts. The land calls for men characterized by unselfish devotion to their fellows. They must be men in whom self is dethroned and reason is supreme. Such men are not to be found every day. Men do not spring up suddenly with such qualities. They must be quickened to a desire for noble things, and then, by constant effort, grow into them. We believe that the formation of high ideals, devotion to a great cause, an unalterable determination to cleave to a great purpose come only with meditation and labor. These two processes must go side by side. By meditation we mean thought, solitary thought, on the great things of life. A man must meditate on, must dream of, a great accomplishment before he actually attains to it. But let no one stop with dreaming. He will be of all men most miserable. Let him dream, but let him do more—let him work. And let this double process of meditation and work go on for a long time. By it men will develop, will become broad and sympathetic, will become men of the kind the South demands.

Let us consider well in our own minds the need in the South for men. Let us weigh well the means by which *we* may become men. Then let us determine whether or not we will cast *ourselves* into the struggle. The question is vital. The South calls upon her young men to weigh it, and to act upon it. On them she throws the responsibility of her destiny.



Campus Notes.



BY W. P. McBAIN.

There has been an average of thirty men on the foot-ball squad. Of these, Robinson, Louthan, Waite, Thraves, and Stringfellow made their "R's" last year. Captain Thraves played star tackle at Virginia Military Institute in 1905. Last year he easily made a guard on our team. Among the promising substitute material of last season are Coleman, Jones, and Saunders. Little "Sugar" Wright would have been, in all probability, one of the members of the team of '06, if he had not received injuries early in the season which prevented his playing.

We have been very fortunate this year in getting some very good new men. Lankford came to us from Woodberry. His two brothers, formerly students in this College, were captains of the team. Jones attended Virginia Christian College, of Lynchburg, before coming here. M. L. and C. D. Rue are from New Jersey.

The team, as a whole, is lighter than it was last year. However, it promises to make even a better record. Whereas, at the time of this writing, the number of points to our credit is not so great as that against us, it must be taken into consideration that we have lined up against the strongest teams of the South. Although we have no stars, the men work like a machine. Coach Dunlap has developed a team in which eleven men are in each play. Every man has his duty to perform, and the success of every play depends upon each man doing his duty.

Dr. Mitchell (in Senior History) to Miss Trevvett: "Are you paying attention?"

Miss Trevvett: "No, Doctor, I find that is really hard to do."

Dr. Mitchell: "Well, Miss Trevvett, if one of these men were to say that I would say he was thinking of Miss Lily."

Boarding-house lady to Mills: "Would you mind telling me your name; I have trouble remembering it."

Ed. Hudgins (from the head of the table): "You ought not to have any trouble remembering it, considering the amount of flour he grinds."

Boarding-house lady: "You are right, there."

"Brother" Megginson to Mr. Dunlap: "Are you a student or a professor?"

Mr. Dunlap: "Oh! I am one of the boys."

Megginson: "Yes; Dr. Boatwright said a man forty-nine years old had matriculated."

"Snapp" Eldridge to a Rat: "Are you taking sub-junior Latin?"

Rat: "Yes."

"Snapp": "I have a pony I would like to sell you."

Rat (after a moment's consideration): "I have no place to keep it, and can't afford to put him in a livery stable."

Locked in! Imprisoned! O cruel fate, that enclosed youth and beauty and innocence within walls of stone! How can she survive in that gloomy vault? But, cheer up; chivalry is yet alive. Mr. E. N. Davidson is discovered gallantly assisting a co-ed., who has been locked in, out of the library window.

The Athletic Association had its regular meeting in October. T. W. Ozlin was elected Secretary, while S. T. White, A. J. Chewning, E. M. Louthan, and S. P. Stringfellow were chosen for the Executive Committee. The office of Assistant Coach and Manager was given to E. W. Hudgins.

The faculty reception was very much enjoyed by every one. Hot chocolate was served, after which a delightful program was rendered by some of the students. Megginson, *alias* "Dynamite Bill" or "Megaphone," made love to each young lady present. It is hoped that the faculty will repeat it soon.

The Law School has established a "moot court," to convene every Saturday night. The Juniors are eligible to be witnesses, jurors, plaintiffs, and defendants. The Seniors are the counsel, and one of the Professors will preside as judge.

"Rattler" Tilman has left school to go into business at Charlottesville. He was star centre on the team of last year, and played good ball as end this season. We all regret very much to lose him.

Denny Wright (sitting in the hammock on a moonlight night with his lady-love) : "Oh, Luna, thou art the moon."

Lady-love : "Oh, Spooner, thou art a loon."

Chapalier (approaching Doctors Foushee, Stuart, and McNeil) : "Well, boys, I hear you are going to get the 'rats' out to-night."



❖ Alumni Department ❖

E. W. HUDGINS, Editor.

"These are my jewels."

R. S. Hudgins, M. D., of Farmville, was on the campus recently.

C. W. Owen, M. A., '07, is principal of the high school at Scottsburg, Va.

Hill Montague has been elected a member of the Legislature from Richmond.

Thomas B. McAdams, B. A., '98, member of the Board of Trustees, is now a Pa.

Hiram Smith, captain of the foot-ball team, '03, is practicing law in Richmond.

Carter Helm Jones, D. D., has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Lynchburg, Va.

C. D. Wade, B. A., '05, is principal of the high school in his home town, New Decatur, Ala.

C. W. Dickinson, Jr., B. A., '05, has returned to Cheriton High School, Northampton county.

B. T. Gunter, Jr., B. L., '91, is now State Senator from Accomac and Northampton counties.

E. W. Provence, B. A., '00, who is teaching a mission school in Japan, writes that he expects to return to Virginia next year.

Dr. William Gwathmey, of Beulahville, Va., has announced his intention of joining the army of Benedicts along with J. S. Harwood.

J. W. Durham, B. A., '00, winner of the Virginia State orator's medal and the Illinois State orator's medal, has been installed pastor of Bainbridge-Street Baptist Church, Manchester, Va.

Willis C. Pulliam, B. L., '00, has been elected a member of the Legislature from Amelia, Powhatan, and Chesterfield counties. W. V. Thraves, though defeated by Pulliam in the above counties by a small majority, captured all the votes in his own precinct save four.



Exchange Department.

BY W. G. PAYNE, Jr.

THE EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

It is the aim of this department to review the college magazines, and to point out what things, in our opinion, constitute their excellencies. In doing this, however, it becomes our duty to search keenly for those things which tend to weaken the general effect of the magazine, and to comment upon them.

It is sometimes well that, in addition to our own opinion of ourselves, we know what our neighbors and friends think of us. Having been thus enabled to see our faults clearly, we may strive to correct them. That the individual reader of a college magazine will criticize it, and form his opinion as to its merit, is to be assumed, but that such reader will report to the management his unfavorable criticism is hardly to be expected. Hence justly finding fault is an important prerogative of the Exchange Department.

ORIGINALITY. "The success of a college magazine depends upon the student body" is a well-worn phrase, but in no other words can this truth be so concisely stated. Just as the pastor of a church is too often forced to look to the faithful few of his flock for money and effort, so are the editors of a college magazine too often compelled to rely on the faithful few of the student body for material. The result of this is a lack of freshness and originality—the very qualities which commend the magazine to the reader.

We would not go quite as far as the Exchange Editor of *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, who says, in criticising *The Southern Collegian*: "'The Causes of the French Revolution' is well written, but we do not think it advisable for a college

magazine to print discussions of movements that have already been abundantly written about by great authors of the past." It matters not how old or new the subject be, what we want is thought, stamped with the impress of individuality; and we can't get this by having the few willing workers grind out a poem, a story, or an essay for every issue of the magazine.

**UNIVERSITY
OF VIRGINIA
MAGAZINE.**

The *University of Virginia Magazine* merits the attention of the most thoughtful reader. Its style and general appearance immediately attract us, and we are far from being disappointed when we have read it.

**THE FURMAN
ECHO.**

The *Furman Echo* is neat in appearance, but disappointing in the merit of its contents. The student body seems not to be behind the magazine. Six of the ten articles in the Literary Department were written by the editors. But, to be sure, the work done by these editors in their own departments did not over-tax them. Scattered throughout the whole magazine are instances of poor proof-reading, mis-spelt words, and inexcusable grammatical errors. For example, "An Age Ago" and "Changed Her Mind" together cover ten pages, and in these ten pages are twenty-three actual mistakes and several doubtful cases. The poetry is, in reality, not poetry at all. We do not know what it is.

The best thing in "A New Theory for the Solution of the Tariff Question" is the last paragraph, in which the writer expresses the thought that probably he has tried to write on a subject that he should have let alone.

In the editorial department we came across twelve mistakes, including three words not found in the dictionary, and the use of the nominative case of the pronoun after a prepo-

sition. We became discouraged at this, and did not seek further for mistakes.

We fail to see the significance of the following, under " Fireside Laconics ": "*The Echo* is better—isn't it?"

THE DAVIDSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Was the *Davidson College Magazine* inside the cover of the last issue of the *Jamestown Bulletin*? We failed to see this issue, and are really asking for information. We have received a magazine with the Davidson cover on it—and no fault can be found with this cover, which is new and of a very attractive design—but it fails to correspond to the material on the inside. Of the fourteen articles which it covers, eight pertain in one way or another to Jamestown and the Exposition, and almost all of the material in these eight consists of facts which have been given to the general public intermittently by countless numbers of magazines for the last twelve months.

The following magazines have been received: *The Furman Echo*, *The Lesbian Herald*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Pharos*, *The News-Letter*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Emory and Henry Era*, *Southern Collegian*, and the *Buff and Blue*.



Clippings.

The Cup of Life.

The cup that to my lips is prest
Is often bitter to my soul ;
But, ah, I sip it, smiling, lest
I taste no sweetness in the bowl.

Each day the sweetness seems to grow ;
Some taste of bitterness is gone ;
I find more peace within the flow
Of this strange bowl as time goes on.

Some day beyond—I know not when—
I hope to drink with naught of strife
The last deep draught, all sweetness then,
And then—farewell, strange “cup of life” !

A Love Lyric.

“May I print a kiss on your lips ?” he asked,
And she smiled a sweet permission.
They went to press, and, I rather guess,
They printed a large edition.

—*Ex.*

