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The Years of Youth.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

I long again for the years of youth,
The days my childhood knew,
When all life's lanes were soft and smooth
And the skies were ever blue.

My heart knew neither care nor trouble
In days of auld lang syne,
For life was but a brilliant bubble,
Where golden hues did shine.

No thought of sorrow crossed my mind,
Nor anguish rent my soul;
I drank deep draughts of love's rich wine,
And recked not of the goal.

On fancy's flights I floated far
To fertile fields of fame,
And flashed upon the farthest star
The letters of my name.

Oh, let me live those days once more!
Those joyous years of youth,
To dream again my dreams of yore,
And bow in Beauty's booth.

Now years have passed, and in their flight
Ideals of youth have gone;
But I look forward through the night,
To see a brighter morn.
The Tennis-Court Oath and Contemporary Events.

BY W. G. PAYNE, '07.

At the opening of the spring of 1789 the whole of France was in turmoil and confusion. A general state of unrest and dissatisfaction with existing conditions was making itself manifest among the people. Trade was dull, and the laboring classes of the people were out of work. The duties on goods imported from England were very low, and, of course, these goods sold for less than those manufactured in France, thereby causing great loss to the French manufacturers. During the summer of 1788 there had swept over the land a great drought, accompanied by hail and storms, and completely destroying the crops of the northern and central parts of the country. Then, following upon this scarcity of provisions, came the severe and trying winter which had just passed. The nobles of the land had been living in a manner so extravagant that the State was plunged into a great debt—in fact, the expenses of the court alone were nearly a third as much as the expenses of the army of France. And yet the privileged classes were exempt from taxation, the whole burden falling upon the common people.

King Louis XVI. felt compelled to meet the deficit caused by the excessive mode of living of his nobles, and thought that the only way to do so was by extracting more taxes from his people. Accordingly, he gave orders for convoking the States-General, which was made up of representatives of the nobles, the clergy, and the tiers état, or commons, representing the middle classes. This body had not met since 1614, and, of course, the rumor of its being called together caused great excitement throughout the whole country. Great political changes, it was whispered about, were to be
instituted. The peasantry were to be relieved from their distressed condition. Men gathered about in cafés, in public gardens, and in the streets, in order to listen to reading and to speeches.

Finally, on May 4, 1789, the first real meeting of the States-General was held, when the members attended services at the Church of St. John, at Versailles. Two hundred and ninety-one clergy, 270 nobles, and 584 commons were assembled. The magnificent and richly-trimmed costumes of the nobles and clergy were in direct contrast to the plain black ones in which the commons were dressed. On the following morning, May 5th, the members met in the hall of "Menus Plaisirs," and the first thing they did was to disagree. The question of how they should vote was the one which was giving them trouble, and which was destined to be the main pivot around which all the succeeding action of the body was to rotate. The nobles and clergy were in favor of each class meeting alone and voting as a whole, but the commons saw that, in this way, the other two classes could easily defeat their measures, and contended that each member of the States-General should vote individually, and that the three orders should meet together.

At the opening of the meeting, Necker, the King's minister, made a long and tiresome speech, which filled the commons with utter amazement, because, as Morse Stephens says, they "heard no word of great constitutional reforms, no allusion to the establishment of a representative government, no hint of an attempt to remedy the poverty and misery of the laboring classes; but only heard that the King's treasury must be filled, and that the deficit, which the extravagance of the court had caused, must be met by them with still further taxation." Moreover, no mention was made of how they were to vote. After this speech had been delivered, the court, the nobles, and the clergy took their departure, and left the commons to take care of themselves as best they could.
The tiers état at once expressed a desire that the three orders unite for deliberation and action, but on May 7th the nobles and clergy each defeated a motion to join the commons, and began immediately to transact business as separate orders. Lafayette was the nobleman who offered, in his body, the motion for union with the other two orders. The King now took the matter up, and more than a month was spent in vain attempts to get the different members to come to some agreement among themselves. Finally, on June 10th, the nobles and clergy received another and last invitation to join the commons, who declared most emphatically that, unless the two higher orders accepted the invitation, the tiers état would consider themselves as constituting, not a separate order, but the States-General itself, and would proceed at once to exercise the powers of that body. The only effect had upon the nobles and clergy by this threat on the part of the commons to take all the power of the whole States-General into their own hands was to cause three of the clergy, curés of Poitou, to leave the ranks of their own order, and to ally themselves with the commons.

The members of the tiers état had already elected Bailley, the astronomer, provisional president of their order, when they met on June 17th to see if they could devise some plans whereby they might put an end to the useless delay which was occasioning them the loss of so much valuable time. Their invitations to the nobles and clergy had not been responded to, and they deemed themselves under no further obligations to the two orders. Accordingly, they passed a decree whereby they set aside the title of States-General, and chose to call themselves the National Assembly.

They set forth in the decree three reasons for this denomination—first, because they were the "only publicly known and verified representatives"; second, because they represented almost the whole of the nation; and, third, because "the representation being one and indivisible, none of the deputies,
in whatever class or order he may be chosen, has the right
to exercise his functions apart from the present assembly.”
The decree begins with the declaration that as the commons
represent at least ninety-six per cent. of the nation, and, as
the duty of exercising their rights is pressing and imperious,
they cannot longer be kept from the exercise of these rights
simply because the representatives of “some bailliages and
some classes of citizens” are not present. They went still
further, and declared that since the true and sworn repre­
sentatives of the people were the only ones who had any
right to take part in “the formation of public opinion,” and
since all of such representatives “ought to be in this
assembly,” to it, and to it alone, belonged the sole right of
interpreting and presenting the general will of the nation.
Therefore, they drew the conclusion that the King had no
right whatever to exercise any power of veto against their
actions, and stated their conclusion in this decree.

Although the commons thus declared their intention to
take into their own hands the matters pertaining to the
general good, and to formulate plans and measures for the
government and welfare of the nation, still they seem not to
have fully lost all hope of being able to get the representa­
tives of the nobles and clergy yet to co-operate with them in
these matters, and they closed this celebrated decree by again
inviting the members of the other two orders to unite with
them in the great work which they proposed to undertake,
and which they declared must result in “the regeneration of
France.” The next step taken by these bold commons
was to declare that all taxes hitherto levied were illegal
except during the existence of the National Assembly.

The effect of this decree and the action of the tiers état
was to throw all of the nobles and the court into dismay.
They had known all the time that the commons were dis­
satisfied, and that their representatives had come to the
meeting of the States-General with the intention of doing
something to better the condition of the thousands who belonged to the oppressed lower class. And this is the reason that the two higher orders fought so hard to have the members of the States-General vote by order, and not by head, because they knew that by this former method they would out-vote the commons two to one, and could defeat any motion which the lower class chose to bring up. But the idea had never occurred to them that these hated and insignificant representatives of the middle class of people would ever dare to rise up and take into their own hands the power which had been wielded all along by their masters—the nobles and clergy. But fortune held in store for these men far greater surprises than this one.

Necker proposed to the King that he call a royal sitting, and, accordingly, the members of the tiers état, or newly-made National Assembly, were notified, through their president, that they were not to meet any more until June 22d, which was the date set by Louis for the "Séance Royale" to take place. However, the notice was not sent to Bailley until the evening of the 19th, and the Assembly was to have a meeting upon the morning of the following day. Accordingly, the president took the notice in his hand and trudged through a drizzling rain to the meeting-place of the Assembly, where he found several of his associates, and where he was soon joined by several more. He found also that he was not to be allowed to enter to hold a meeting, since carpenters were at work on the inside, and guards were stationed on the outside at every door. However, the president and a few of the other members of the Assembly were allowed to go into the house in order to get some papers, which they said they were afraid the carpenters would destroy. As soon as these papers were procured, and the doors of their meeting-place again closed against the members of the Assembly, there was a general clamor for a meeting to be held somewhere.
Some of the commons were in favor of holding it before the very doors of the King's palace itself, and still others were in favor of resisting the power of the guards and seeking to force an entrance into their accustomed place of meeting. But finally the calmer and more conservative element of the body prevailed, and it was decided that all of them should go to a tennis-court which was right near. Upon reaching this place Bailley mounted an old bench, and the other members of the tiers état gathered closely around him, and there, under such unfavorable circumstances, with nothing except the sky over their heads, these resolute and dauntless men swore the oath which has become famous as the Tennis-Court Oath of June 20, 1789.

The sentiment of the decree passed just before taking this oath is contained in two short paragraphs, but in those two paragraphs there was afterwards found to exist the making and the unmaking of nations. The commons considered that the National Assembly existed wherever its members met together, and that, since they had been called together to make a constitution for the kingdom of France, to regenerate public order, and "to maintain the true principles of the monarchy," they could not be prevented from the discharge of these duties by anything whatever, and especially because they were forced to meet elsewhere than in their accustomed meeting place.

Then, in view of this fact, they passed the decree that they would all swear by a solemn oath never to separate, and always to hold themselves in readiness "to re-assemble wherever circumstances shall require," until they had established "upon firm foundation" the constitution for their country. They further decreed that after the oath had been taken they should all ratify the resolution by their individual signatures, as well as by the official signatures of the body. This last part of the decree, however, was violated by one member of the Assembly, who, for some unaccountable reason, refused to
sign his name to the resolution without attaching thereafter the word "Récusant."

The action on the part of the commons in swearing the Tennis-Court Oath was the most striking event happening in connection with the French Revolution—that is, the event which carried with it the most significance, and about which all of the other events centre. It was the voice of the people crying for their rights. They knew full well that they were justly entitled to these rights, and now they rose up and demanded them for their own good, and to the detriment of the court and the nobles.

Heretofore they had composed a body whose members had been bound together by a general bond, but now there existed a special bond, which held them together with ties almost as sacred as those binding brother to brother. Now, indeed, they belonged to the same Assembly, strove for the accomplishment of the same object, and were ready and willing to die the same death in order that they might realize the fulfillment of their aims. Morse Stephens says that "they had now, by their serious opposition to the commands of the King, formed themselves into a body of rebels—rebels who would not fail to be punished if they did not hold together."

But the sentiment expressed in the Tennis-Court Oath was one which was becoming general, and which was affecting more people than the commons of France. It was the sentiment embodied in the teachings of Rousseau and in the actions of the patriots of America—namely, that the time had come when the people themselves were to effect their own reforms, and when the reforms by royal decree should be known no more.

On the second day after this action on the part of the commons they were joined by 149 of the clergy and two of the nobles, and on the 23d of June occurred the royal sitting. Louis, "after promising to levy no more taxes without the
consent of the representatives of the people, nevertheless stated that the financial privileges of the noblesse and clergy were unassailable, and, finally, directed that the three orders should continue to deliberate apart.” He annulled all the decrees passed by the commons, and imposed more royal reforms. He declared that his desire for the public welfare was so earnest that, should they abandon him, he alone would assure the well-being of his people. Seul je ferai le bien de mes peuples. He closed his declaration by ordering the members “to separate immediately,” and to meet upon the following day as separate orders.

The commons, however, together with those of the nobles and clergy who had joined them, refused to leave the hall, and, when they were reminded by the master of ceremonies of the King’s command, Mirabeau retorted, “Tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and nothing less than the force of bayonets shall expel us.” Sieyes reminded them “that they were the same to-day that they had been yesterday, no more nor less.” Immediately they passed a decree declaring that the persons of the deputies were inviolable, and that any one daring to molest their liberty should be killed.

Only two days elapsed till the Assembly was joined by forty-seven of the nobles, and immediately thereafter Louis issued an order requesting the remainder of them, and the clergy who had not already done so, to form with the tiers état one body. On the morning of June 27, 1789, the three orders deliberated in the same hall, and the commons had won. Louis, by his last act of requesting the three orders to sit together, “sanctioned all the unconstitutional assumptions of the lower chamber, and signed, in effect, his own death warrant.”
I'm A-Weary.

BY HARRY M. BOWLING, '08.

I'm a-weary, let me rest;
The sun is sinking low in the west;
The birds are winging home to the nest,
And evening clouds are flying.

I am weary, the way is far;
The pilgrim lone as is yon star,
And bent as wind-bowed saplings are,
And evening lights are dying.

I am weary, the strife is long;
The battle loud, the foeman strong;
Oppressed the right, and fierce the wrong
And I'm a-weary, weary.

I am wounded, I must rest;
I murmur not, I know 'tis best;
For life has lost its youthful zest,
And I'm a-weary, weary.

Jack and Delia.

BY S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

Jack and Delia are very good names to have in a story.
I'm going to write a story. Jack is a boy about twenty-one years old, and Delia won't say, so I don't know. Also, I know that Jack loved Delia enough to attend church, morning, noon, and night, where Delia sang in the choir. But, as for Delia, she hadn't said, so I don't know.

It was a very common thing for Jack to propose—so common, indeed, that one day, when he was helping Delia
“shop,” he grabbed both of her hands and proposed right out in broad daylight, and Delia turned around and wouldn’t speak to him any more—forever! Now that is the quarrel to my story. I like it because it is such a simple quarrel.

Delia is mad and also glad, and Jack doesn’t know what will please her. Now, it is clearly up to Jack to please her. Accordingly, a thousand violets arrived at Delia’s as a peace offering. But who can fathom the fickleness of woman? The following day Jack’s heart leaped with joy at the sight of the violets occupying a most favorable position. The vision approached; the fragrance of violets grew pronounced; he rushed to her.

“Dearest!” he exclaimed with effusion.

The maiden seemed to start; her eyes dilated.

“Sir!” she cried; and, petrifying him at the word, she brushed him aside.

Alas! poor boy; exercise is good for the overwrought brain. So on the following evening he mounted his horse and took to the country roads. There wild thyme grew on the roadside and lotus flowers stood in the pools, and the new-born breath of the leaves touched his nostrils and made them expand. He breathed in all of that blushing spring, and it ran in his veins until he felt like hugging the whole creation. He was feeling just like that when the road straightened out, and lo! there, ambling along on her gray mare, in her riding habit, serenely sat Delia.

“Hey!” cried Jack, promptly forgetting everything, and scaring his horse into a lope.

Imagine, if you can, the feelings of Delia, startled out of her reverie by such a bold voice and charging figure. Now, if she had had time to think, she would probably have “frozen him,” but, not having such an opportunity, very naturally she figuratively “picked up her skirts and flew.”

Away they went, for of course Jack followed, down and up and around. Everything got out of the way. Old white-
topped wagons laboriously drew aside. Bewhiskered farmers poked their heads out and gaped. Some of them took it seriously, and, jumping out, stood in the road, waving their arms valiantly until they were verily run over. Others laughed and waved their hats. Chickens scampered, sand flew, and dogs tagged along behind. Long and far they went, but the gray mare slowed down at last and stopped with a heave and a shudder.

Now's your chance, Delia. Turn upon him and disdainfully inquire his mission. That is what she would have done had she been calm. But she was a poor, weak, breathless creature when she stopped, and Jack liked her that way best anyhow; so he wasn’t at all daunted when she began to cry, but just lifted her out of her saddle and kissed away the tears.

Suddenly there was a rustling in the bushes, and a little black pickaninny scampered away, screeching with laughter. That was too much for the gray mare, and, wheeling around, she kicked up her tired heels and left, in spite of the calls of the two.

So it came about that a mob of men of all sizes and ages, and leading the riderless mare, met a queer sight on the road. A young man with a young lady in his arms, limping along on a fagged-out horse, was what they saw, but only the horse seemed sorry. A dead silence greeted them.

"Is there a preacher there?" asked Jack, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Oh, Jack!" said Delia.

"Sh-h!" commanded Jack, peremptorily. "Is there a preacher among you?"

"Yea, I be a meenister," spoke up a wide-eyed old farmer.

"Well, what are you staring there for? Come on and marry us," Jack said, impatiently.

"Well, I’ll be gol durned," said everybody.

So Jack and Delia came home together.
Love.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

Love is the universal king,
His signet is the wedding ring,
His weapons are a bow and darts,
With which he pierces human hearts.

It is decreed by God above
That we our fellow-men should love—
To loftier heights we should aspire,
Ever loving what is higher.

A maxim old it is, forsooth,
That true love never did run smooth,
That he who would in Love’s halls dwell
Must have his joys and griefs as well.

No purer love is there in life
Than that which is ’twixt man and wife;
This mutual conjugal devotion
Is sweeter than the gods’ own potion.

The love which every parent bears
Would ease all aches and soothe all cares;
The tenderest love of our dearest friend
Is a mother’s love that knows no end.

Then love ye one and love ye all!
Though spirits sink and loved ones fall,
We’ll meet again in realms above,
United by the bonds of love.
Edgar Allan Poe.

(His Life and Works.)

By Sydney Johnston Lodge, '10.

The renowned and powerful poet, Edgar Allan Poe, was born in Boston on the 19th day of January, 1809. Coming as he did into this world, the son of a proud and profligate father, it should not seem at all strange, if we will give the subject due and just consideration, that from the beginning of his career certain influences and moral weaknesses of character should mingle a blighting light with the glorious and beautiful rays of success which accompanied each of his efforts as a poet. Therefore it is, honored reader, that I humbly beseech of you, at the very beginning of this short sketch, not to assume the guise of some harsh, unreasonable critic, nor to bar the channels of your best nature by attempting to weave a net of unjust accusations about a fellow brother, who, through certain defects of his nature, has laid himself bare to the cruel thrusts of his enemies.

Bereft of his parents when yet only a child, Edgar was placed in the charge of a certain John Allan, of Richmond, Va. Soon after his adoption young Poe was sent to a grammar school in London. While there he led his companions in the classical branches.

Yet, right at this period of his life, while in the midst of scholastic success, he was constantly and rudely made aware of the fact that he was not of the professional rank, being the son of wandering actors. His sensitive temperament, now at its tenderest age, received a shock, the effect of which may be plainly traced throughout the remainder of his life.

Shunned by those who should have been his staunchest friends, the future poet now took up for himself the cross of an outcast. His nature absorbed more and more of the mel-
ancholy element, and hours of his time were spent in moody and dreamy silence, while his whole soul was crying out against the rocky ways of fate.

Instead of watching and searching with expectancy and glee for any item of his life which will further the cause of a prejudiced critic, let us extend the cup of sympathy, kindness, and pity to this unfortunate individual while following the remainder of his blighted career.

At the age of seventeen Poe entered the University of Virginia. His morals were deeply tainted during his stay in the University. He drank, gambled, and yielded completely to his wayward will. In fact, his conduct was such that Mr. Allan was forced to withdraw him after one year's attendance. This period forms the second weak link in the chain of his character.

Yet, again the ancient saying comes true, "Every cloud has its silvery lining." But Poe's cloud was illumined by far brighter rays than those shed by silver. His poetical accomplishments while at the University set in motion that powerful engine of verse, the throbbing of which later electrified the literary world and caused scores of hungry critics to murmur words of forced approval.

As soon as Poe returned to the home of his foster-father a heated conversation took place, which resulted in the young poet severing all connections with Mr. Allan, and starting out into the deep fog of life without a single guiding rudder, except that of his natural poetical talent.

The following year or so still remains an unravelled thread of mystery to his admirers. A perfect labyrinth of conflicting rumors and stories have been circulated by various persons, but none have been finally substantiated. However, one fact may be given which has stood the examination of historians, and this is that he was able to live on the proceeds of certain minor poems, which he published from time to time.
Upon the death, in 1829, of Mrs. Allan, his foster-mother, and a lady very dear to the poet's none too happy heart, a reconciliation took place, and Mr. Allan once more attempted to do his duty by Poe.

He was enrolled as a cadet at West Point, but, through unknown reasons, he became dissatisfied, and forced the authorities to bring about his expulsion. Mr. Allan's second marriage, and his expression of an intention of withdrawing all aid from Poe in the future, has been proposed as the cause of this latest foolish and radical action of Poe.

Be this as it may, a final breach occurred between himself and Mr. Allan, and for about two years his whereabouts and actions remained as a blank to the public.

But in 1833 he suddenly sprung into the lime-light again as the winner of a one-hundred-dollar prize, offered by the editor of a certain periodical for the best story submitted. Poe at last was firmly launched on his literary career.

It is needless to trace minutely all of the lesser successes and reverses which Poe experienced during the next few years of his life. Yet it would be wise to state that these years were spent as contributor, and, finally, as editor of the most noted papers and periodicals of that time.

One of the greatest and most powerful branches of Poe's seemingly inexhaustible talent was that of solving certain intricate and difficult problems of the art of ciphering. This is plainly and forcibly shown in his most successful work in prose, "The Gold Bug."

It should be related here that Poe was married in 1836 to his cousin, Virginia Clemm. Another of the trying circumstances of his ill-fated life is connected with this marriage. His wife had become famous as a singer, and, while near the pinnacle of her success, had, through over-exertion, broken an artery while performing before an enthusiastic audience. The rest of her life was spent as an invalid, while her devoted husband hung broken-hearted about her, watching the beau-
tiful life fade. Poe himself said that it was while under the strain of these terrible days of anguish and agony of heart that the evil of drink became fastened permanently upon him. Oh, kind reader, how can one review with anything but kindliness such a tragic career?

We have now come to the brightest year of the poet's erratic career, the year of 1841. He was at this time editor of *Graham's Magazine*. A little later he became the head of a similar periodical. Thus he climbed higher and higher the ladder of fame, while uncounted thousands watched with straining eyes and clamored loud their approval.

It is claimed by good authority that the famous and beautiful poem, "The Raven," was written at this time. In this poem is shown not only his remarkable genius and perfectness of construction, but also that ever vividly visible vein of his nature, melancholy, the impression of which was growing deeper and deeper. Yet how can one scan the lines of this work without feeling the sadness and pathos therein contained, or without experiencing, in a less degree, the deep anguish and hopelessness that, at this early period, must have wrung his very soul?

Again, Poe, although at the height of his fame, suffered the pangs of poverty. Yet, in various and mysterious ways, he managed to provide for himself and his wife.

In 1846 the final crushing blow of his life came in the death of his wife. The few remaining coals of ambition seemed to be almost extinguished. For days he was overcome by an intoxicating stupor of grief, from the effect of which his mind never fully recovered.

However, strange to say, in about a year his old literary desires, in a partial degree, began to return to him. He later became engaged to be married to a widow of strong literary temperament, Mrs. Whitman by name. For unknown reasons he again suffered disappointment, and the engagement was broken.

Having lived in the North since leaving Mr. Allan, Poe
now decided on an extended trip South. At Richmond he again met his first love and became engaged. But fate cast his plans, hopes, and ambitions asunder.

Being suddenly called to New York, Poe was forced to start on the return trip. But his unrelenting enemy, drink, now brought about his final downfall. Becoming intoxicated, he was captured by ruffians, who, after intoxicating him still further, used him as a political tool, a congressional election then being on foot, and, finally, left him, deserted and helpless, to die in the streets. But the kind hand of Providence interfered. He was discovered before expiring and hurried to a hospital. But all medical aid proved of no avail, and on October 7, 1849, at the age of forty-one, the star of American poetry vanished forever from human view.

Now, just a few words about the spirit of his poetry. It is needless to go into a detailed description of the sentiment or thought expressed in each of his most noted works, but it will suffice to say that there is ever present that element or extract of the inner workings of his soul which draws from his readers the best that is in them and raises them nearer to the throne of their Creator. Although Poe frequently erred in his short career on this earth, the bitterest of his enemies cannot read his works without witnessing that inward splendor, richness, and delicacy of touch with which he dealt with his subject. Concerning his motives and inspiration in writing, the poet has best expressed it in his own words, when he said: "With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence. They must not—they cannot—at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations, of mankind."

"Father Time" may roll his ceaseless billows back and forth over the tempestuous sea of life, and generations may follow generations, but in the annals of history and in the heart of man the name of Poe will never die.
We, beneath the sun, beneath the stars—
Who are we? And where? And why? And whither?
Along the labored strands we stand a-crying;
With uplift earthly hands we stand a-crying
To our God.
And the great all-seeing blue stares on,
And the sighing sea mates with the blowing wind—
Nothing—even the echo comes not back.
Unto the advancing sea with outstretched hands
We send our urgent voices a-seeking
To our God.
And the heavy sand shifts about our feet,
While each successive senseless wave rolls in
Without an answer.
Unto you, ye mountains 'gainst the sky,
Even unto you, ye sandy wastes of death—
Ye hollow-eyed caves, home of winds, unto you,
Whither bound? And who? And where? And why?
Vain voices ours that search among the crags
And clefts of Nature for an answer. Back!
Torn by the empty winds, returns the echo
To tired man.
Heavily plods humanity to rest
Through the twilight of an earthly day,
Tired of the taste of clay—weary for life—
When, from the scent of the dew or the dreams of his heart,
Soft into the ears of man there breathes,
As the breath of a babe on the breast of a mother sleeping—
Out of the gloaming as a stray thought roaming,
There breathes: "O plodding mortal, wayward bound,
Hither thou goest or thither thou goest—
Even as it pleaseth thee.
And this thou art or that thou art—
Even as it pleaseth thee.
Thou art with me or with me not—
   Even as it pleaseth thee.
And for me thou livest or for me not—
   Even as it pleaseth thee.
But O that thy place and thy journey and face
   Were even as it pleaseth me.”

John Charles McNeill, Poet.

BY W. L. Foushee, PH. D.

According to Carlyle there is a vein of poetry in every man, and he becomes a poet when he reads a poem well. This gives to the real poet, the revealer of the divine mystery, his power among men. To the ancients the prophet, the seer, the poet was the same; and beyond price was the glory of that house from whose portals he issued; blessed was the womb that bore him.

Every nation, tribe, and kindred longs for an interpreter of its aspirations and its achievements; even so individuals. Alexander, by the tomb of Achilles, wished for a Homer to herald his virtues. It is a beautiful thought, that of a people waiting expectant for him who shall reveal their own soul to them. Such seems to have been the mission of John Charles McNeill, of North Carolina, who spoke the heart of his native State:

“— singing of
   His pain and love * * *
   ’His heart-song speaks the heart of all his kind.’”

It is not the purpose of this paper to present a criticism of the work of a young man who died too young to have acquired a general public hearing outside his native State, but rather to give merely a brief, perhaps prosaic, account of the man, and some idea of his published work.
JOHN CHARLES McNEILL, POET.

It is inevitable that his recent death, last October, should tinge with sadness what is written here, for he was college-mate and friend; and perhaps, too, a friend's estimate may be unduly affected by love for this simple, golden-hearted man.

He was sprung from the loins of pure Scotch ancestry, a fact of which he was proud. To his friends he was "Our Scotchman." He and his neighbors were descendants of that large body of Scots who settled the southern part of North Carolina long before the Revolutionary War. It was to this retreat that Flora McDonald came after her display of heroism and loyal devotion in assisting Prince Charlie to escape his enemies.

Amid this sturdy, transplanted little Scotch world, John Charles McNeill first saw the light in 1874. His parents were poor, and he lived close to the soil. The cotton fields stretched white in autumn, acres upon acres; the Lumbee river rolled by on its way to the sea; the woods had their moods, varying with the seasons; the negroes had songs and mysteries from a dim, haunted past. Under influences induced by such surroundings the boy grew and drank in the very life of Nature, and learned secrets of her that were hidden from others. In this school was his real education; all that followed but gave him the vehicle of expression, and taught him to understand the setting.

In his twentieth year, in 1893, he landed at Wake Forest College, as he liked to tell, with a few dollars in his pocket, and thereafter he worked his own way. That lovable man and charming teacher—aye, and poet, too—Benjamin F. Sledd, ever in search of hidden talent, quickly discovered in McNeill unusual abilities, and he was at once made a part of the English Department, where, even after graduation, he lingered for two years as instructor. At college, among his fellows, he was more than popular—he was loved. He was the leader in a group whose tastes were literary, but without fads or show. The college magazine in those days was no
crude production under the influence of one whose eye was sure. Words with him woke to new meaning. His homely stories, inimitably told; his genial wit, his originality, his sympathy with the strongest and the weakest, made him friends of all. Literary society honors—public debater, orator, editor of the college magazine—were his without asking. He won, too, the Dixon Medal as essayist.

Leaving college, he begun the practice of law, but soon accepted the professorship of English for a year at Mercer University. It was at Mercer that I, like the rest, came under his spell. The boys loved him here, because he could be nothing after all but a boy with them. As he and I sauntered one moonlit night among the magnolias of the campus, I heard the boys from the deep shadows of the trees call out in *sotto voce*, “Hello, Mac!” He gripped my arm, and, with something like tears in his voice, said: “Do you hear those beggars? They know I want to be lying down there with them.”

At the end of the year he went again to his law, and his native county (the name now had become Scotland county) sent him to the Legislature. Yet, in it all, the eccentricities of his clients, the foibles and follies of his fellow-legislators interested him more than politics and the rewards of practice. He worked faithfully, but he knew his heart was in literature; and often he would lock the office door to commune with his beloved Shakespeare—“Old Shake,” as he dubbed him affectionately—to write verses of his own, or to dream of “down home,” where

“* * * * they hear
The bull-bat on the hill,
And in the valley through the dusk
The pastoral whip-poor-will.

“A few more friendly suns will call
The bluets through the loam,
And star the lanes with buttercups
Away down home.”
The *Century Magazine*, no mean critic of current verse, accepted many of his short poems, and rewarded him with handsome checks and encouragement. His name at length reached the Charlotte *Observer*, which loves to call to its staff promising young men of literary attainments of the State. This paper gave him a welcome and an adequate salary, putting him in a position where he might devote himself to the work of his heart. Here his rare genius found expression. His touch, whether in prose or verse, was delicate and tender, and he wrote with ease and grace.

A public was waiting to hear him. In a great State, springing Phœnix-like from the ashes of a devastating war, rearing factories and mills in every village, calling the children to thousands of school-houses to equip their brains and hearts for a new trial of democracy—in such a State there was time to listen to the lay of the gentle minstrel, who sang not of the past with its regrets, not of a classic time far gone, but of a world he and his kind lived in.

"The little loves and sorrows are my song;
The leafy lanes and birthsteads of my sires,
Where memory broods by winter's evening fires
O'er oft-told joys, and ghosts of ancient wrong."

The lines that appeared in *The Century* and the Charlotte *Observer* were appreciated widely, and were copied in newspapers of New York, Washington, Richmond—especially the *News Leader*—and of other cities. In 1906 was published a little book of verse, entitled "Songs, Merry and Sad," and he had prepared another collection, largely of dialect poems, "Lyrics from Cotton Land," which, however, issued from the press only two days before the close of 1907, two months after his death.

One other event, and the story of this life hastens to its close. In 1905, when President Roosevelt journeyed South, the first act he was requested to participate in in North Carolina was the presentation to Mr. McNeill of the Patter-
son loving cup. This is a massive gold cup, studded with gems taken from the bosom of North Carolina soil, which is given each year to that native of the State who shall have achieved the greatest literary success during the year. The giver is Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, of Winston-Salem, N.C., "our gracious matron of letters." John Charles McNeill was the first to win it.

In the fall of 1907 he was attacked by an illness that baffled all medical skill, and he died in October. In his last hours he could not sleep, and, from tossing in wakeful agony, he stopped to write his last lines, which are among the most beautiful he wrote:

"Wherein have I displeased thee, fickle Sleep,
O sweetheart Sleep, that thou so far away
Hast wandered, and hast made so long thy stay?
I perish for some spell to call and keep
Thee near me, that thy gentle arts may steep
My brain with calm, from dusk till dawn of day!
The night's long hours are blind and love delay,
But, with thee, I would bless them that they creep.

"Once, night by night, as love's own self wast thou;
Over my boyhood's couch didst loose the powers
Born of the opiate breath of autumn flowers,
And with thine own cool hand assauged my brow;
Wherefore, I pray thee, keep not from me now,
For I am summer, and thou art her showers."

No warrior dead, borne on swaying gun-carriage, no statesman wrapped about with his country's flag, was ever followed to his last resting-place with sincerer tribute of love and sorrow than followed this lad across the fields to the country church in Scotland county, and then to the grave by the banks of Lumbee river, he had so loved. The State, as it were, went in mourning. The sad news was whispered; newspapers filled columns with tribute—the young poet was dead,
his work unfinished—and all with that mystery question, never to be answered—what might he not have done?

As he wrote of another:

"Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse, and grass,
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

"And then to die so young, and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!"

In the two volumes of his work two or three things stand forth manifest. It has already been pointed out that the sphere of Mr. McNeill is the place about him, the here and now, the "heart-song of his kind." According to a writer in the South Atlantic Quarterly, unlike Poe, he has "the curious fascination of locale. ** * * He represents vividly the essence of local fine feeling. * * * He is of a place very definitely, but he is not provincial. The place is home, and he revives it with all of its rich connotations."

"The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old mystic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair, and strong."

Sympathy is the dominating note, for he is himself natural and sincere in his verse, sympathy for his kind, "the little white bride, the invalid, the drudge, the prisoner, the mother, the wife, and for her who is mother but not wife, it is all the same; the love that understands without need of formalism or creed."

There is another sympathy, too—more subtle, perhaps, but as deep—that only he who loves the fields and flowers can know, and only the poet can express. The partridges seeking the sunny slopes, the cotton fields showing white and black,
the nodding fall flowers, the poplar, gum, maple, and hickory shot through with the hues of autumn, all "had a mind to him."

"Heavy with sleep is the old farmstead;
The windfall of orchards is mellow;
The green of the gum tree is shot with red,
The poplar is sprinkled with yellow.
Sluggish the snake, and leafy the stream;
The field-mouse is fat in his burrow;
Sun-up sets millions of dew-drops agleam
Where the late grass is grown in the furrow.

"Oh, the smell of the fennel is autumn's own breath,
And the sumac is dyed in her blood;
The charr of the locust is what her voice saith,
And the cricket is one with her mood.
Soft are her arms as soft-seeded grass,
The bluebells at dawn are her eyes,
And slow as slow winds are her feet as they pass
Her bees and her butterflies.

"And when I grow sick at man's sorrow and crime,
At the pain on pale womanly faces,
At the fever that frets every heart-throb of time,
At all that brings grief and debases,
I thank God that the world is as wide as it is,
That 'tis sweet to hope and remember;
That, for him who will seek them, the valleys are his
And the far quiet hills of September."

On one side of it this is knowledge, understanding; and knowing begets love; for he knew the habits of the little tom-tit and the shy wood-thrush; he knew where to find the first flower that blooms in spring, and this knowledge of their secrets appears in all he wrote.

Mr. McNeill's is not analysis and introspection and moralizing on nature, but portrayal and suggestion. His own theory of poetry was that of Poe, as he says in a published lecture;
that all poetry in its effect is lyric poetry, short poems to be read at a sitting. Poetry with him is suggestion; he paints for you the flower, or the star-lit sky, and the heart kneels to worship, for there are emotions not to be profaned by words:

"Hills wrapped in gray, standing along the west,
Clouds dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy."

A picture so complete as that of "Gray Days" needs no words more to call up the deepest emotion and that nameless tugging at the heart that is the very ecstasy of pain.

"A soaking sedge,
A faded field, a leafless hill and hedge.

"Low clouds and rain,
And loneliness and languor worse than pain.

"Mottled with moss,
Each gravestone holds to heaven a patient cross.

"Shrill streaks of light,
Two sycamores, clean-limbed, funereal white.

"And low between,
The sombre cedar and the ivy green.

"Upon the stone
Of each in turn, who called this land his own,

"The gray rain beats
And wraps the wet world in its flying sheets.

"And at my eaves
A slow wind, ghost-like, comes and grieves and grieves."

This sketch would be incomplete if his love poems were not mentioned, for in these he reaches his "highest pitch of singing qualities." He himself once said that the best of "Songs, Merry and Sad" was "Oh, Ask Me Not." To quote,
a stanza from "Jane’s Birthday" shows the delicacy and tenderness of his touch:

"Or had some other age been blest,
Long past or yet to be,
And you had been the world’s sweet guest
Before or after me;
I wonder how this rose would seem,
Or yonder hillside cot;
For, dear, I cannot even dream
A world where you are not."

"Lyrics from Cotton Land" is composed in great part of dialect pieces, and no book of songs from the South could fail to reflect that big element of life there—the negro; for negro humor and negro mysticism have ever afforded a diversion to Southern whites, and have, indeed, entered into the warp and woof of Southern thought and feeling. In fact, the negro and his environment here makes the South to-day unique. In these poems it is not Mr. McNeill’s mastery of the dialect that gives them such exquisite charm, but it is his understanding of the negro’s nature. He saw the negro as clearly as he saw and understood the blue-bird, or the sun-burned boy. But lack of space forbids a quotation.

John Charles McNeill realized a part at least of his ambition. Hundreds of copies of his poems are thumb-worn in his native State and read with feeling by many a fireside.

"If words of mine might lull the bairn to sleep,
And tell a meaning in a mother’s eyes;
Might counsel love and teach their eyes to weep,
Who, o’er their dead, question unanswering skies,
More worth than legions in the dust of strife,
Time, looking back at last, should count my life."
A Day in "The Land of the Sky."

(An account of a day spent by Y. M. C. A. representatives at Asheville, N. C.)

BY J. F. C.

The bell had sounded the rising call, and the "Rah! rah!" of the college boys, camped in the mountains of Western North Carolina, was sufficient to give us resolution to rise from our peaceful slumbers. Having put on sufficient clothing for "a day in June," we stepped out of our tent, pausing for a moment to notice the streak of light which was breaking in the east. The top of the mountain ridge standing between us and the eastern horizon was tinged with a yellowish red, as it lifted its peaks into the sky, like the turrets of some ancient cathedral. The feathery clouds began to blush and then to redden, and the consumer of night leaped from the horizon and rolled on his way to light our stony pathway.

While gazing upon the beauties of nature, the call was given for breakfast. Here and there the boys were stepping from their tents, and together we trudged up the hill to the dining-hall. Every man knew his seat, and, having sung a few college songs, which are ever welcome to the ears of those interested in the lives of college men, Dr.— praised God for the food which was so bountifully placed before us, and we helped ourselves freely; and, having finished the meal, we were prepared for the duties of the day.

We assembled in the chapel of the Farne School, a selection was read from the Holy Scriptures, and prayer was offered, in which a special petition was made for the protection and guidance of Him who says, "I will instruct thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with Mine eye."

Then, breaking up into groups, we considered the great problems of the times, and, through personal contact, our
individual views were broadened and our minds enlightened concerning them. These discussions lasted one hour, and, at the tap of the bell, we assembled in front of the building, situated on the side of a small mountain overlooking the broad and fertile valley below, and there, surrounded on all sides by a chain of lofty mountains, we proceeded to take the dumb-bell drill and some other movements for the development of our physical man. Then, having been refreshed, we again assembled in the chapel and listened to a masterly address on "Life's Work."

This programme was continued until 1:30 o'clock, when the now-familiar bell sounded the call to dinner. The usual method of beginning was followed, and we proceeded to take of the food before us. The work of the morning had sharpened our appetites, and we thought but little on the physician's theory—"always get up from the table hungry." The truth is, we ate so much that it seemed fairly impossible to take the mountain climb which we had planned for the afternoon.

However, this uncomfortable feeling soon passed away, and, having relieved ourselves of all unnecessary burdens, we set out upon our nine-mile journey. It was to the top of Black Mountain, the foot of which was eight miles from our camp and one mile from the foot to the top.

It was now 3 o'clock. The sun, which had attracted so much attention in the morning, was now shining with all its sickening power, throwing its hot rays upon us as we started out upon the rugged and dusty mountain road. Soon our limbs became fatigued, and perspiration stood boldly out upon our brows. Winding over and around the mountain, and trudging along the road through the sandy valley, we found ourselves upon the banks of the Swannanoa. And, gazing upon this stream as it trickled over the black mountain rocks, and breathing the fresh pure air, cooled by its silvery waters, we were relieved of all our weariness. The road ran
along the side of the river for quite a distance, but soon it bore gradually to the left, and, with a considerable bend in the opposite direction, the foaming stream was lost completely to our view. And steadily we advanced upward, until we came to a beautiful spring of clear water. It was walled with rock, overlaid with green mosses, and over and around it was a grove of large and magnificent oak trees. We quenched our thirst, one after another, with its cool waters, and sat down in the shade of the trees.

Across the road stood a typical mountain home. The house, containing but one room, was situated upon a green spot, sloping gently down to the road. Upon this green the chickens were plucking the tender grass. To one side, under the shade of a large sycamore, was standing a black-and-white-spotted cow, with eyes half closed, chewing her cud. In the doorway was seated an old woman of three-score and ten. Upon her face were marked the lines which time and trouble had made. She was pale and emaciated, and bore the appearance of thought. At her feet was her only friend, apparently, as it rubbed gently around the bottom of her skirts, mewing its sympathetic note. She leaned over, and, with a responsive hand, stroked it gently down its back. We stepped out from under the trees, and, lifting our eyes, saw to the right a chain of exceedingly steep mountains. Not knowing which of the many peaks was the object of our journey, we were forced to seek information. Breaking in upon the doorway scene, we were informed in a tone which in every way commanded respect and adoration, and, with a bow of gratitude, we turned away and continued our journey.

We had not been long on the way when we came to an old dilapidated mill. The water-wheel, which at one time had turned the “upper and nether mill-stones,” had decayed and fallen to pieces, and the water, which in by-gone days had been transmitted into power, was now rippling gently over the huge mass of stone, lending a solemnity to the deserted
scene which could hardly be surpassed. Turning to the right, we followed a little toe-path through a thick growth of shrubbery, which led to an almost decayed log thrown across the rivulet, by means of which we were enabled to reach the opposite bank.

Now we had nothing between us and Black Mountain save a body of woods almost completely blocked with fallen trees and large rocks, so prominent in a mountainous section. Leaving the path, and setting our faces directly towards the much-coveted object, we pressed forward until, with the loss of a great deal of energy, "we got there."

Having reached the foot of the mountain, we paused for a moment to catch our breath and to supply ourselves with sticks, which are a great aid in climbing a mountain. All the company, which was now composed of fifteen, being ready, we immediately proceeded to the task which we had walked eight miles to undertake. Slowly and silently we climbed over the rocks and fallen trees. At times the ascent was almost perpendicular; the massive walls of stone, which Nature, with her skilful hand, had erected, loomed up before us, and progress seemed impossible. Walking around, however, here and there we would find an aperture through which we could squeeze. Having passed through one of these openings, and looking upon the rusty moss which covered a surface of rock before us, scarcely observable, coiled back in this appropriate place of concealment, was the ringed form of a copper-head, welcoming, with his pronged tongue and glassy eyes, his new and inexperienced visitors.

Having halted for a moment to relieve him of all embarrassment, and to recover from fatigue and loss of breath, we noticed and felt there the presence of the yellow jacket. These little insignificant beings, unknown, as they were, to the world, were a great gain to us towards the realization of our ideal, for, springing from their stinging presence, in a moment's time we found ourselves upon the summit of the
lofty mountain. And there, breathing the fresh pure air, perfumed by the sweet mountain laurel, and bathing in the sunlight of heaven, we were permitted to view with a far-seeing eye the surrounding landscape.

Far down the valley, on one side, was seen the village hamlet, out of which was pulling a locomotive, bound for the far South. On the other side was a fertile plain, stretching as far as our eyes could see, and upon its rich pastures were grazing innumerable herds of cattle. We turned towards the West, just in time to catch a glimpse of the setting sun. The clouds of crimson and amber and gold were piled up like mountains of glory. We stood speechless, gazing upon the beautiful scene, until the last dim ray of the evening sun faded from our sight. The day was done. Our hopes had been realized. Truly, we were in the “Land of the Sky.”

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**HER PIANO.**

**By H. M. MC MANAWAY, ’09.**

Ah, her piano I would be,  
Companion in her joy and woe;  
In hours of ’stress she’d come to me,  
And breathe her inmost thoughts, as though  
Her closest friend were I. And she  
Should feel my sympathy, I know.  
When her soft hands my keys caressed  
Such dulcet tones should then awake  
That, bursting forth from out my breast,  
In ardent song to her they’d make  
My secret love a love confessed.  
I’d wonders do for her sweet sake! 

And if perchance, in reverie—  
Her soft hands wandering o’er my keys—  
Unconscious half, she’d answer me,  
I’d drink my joy-cup to the lees.  
Ah, her piano I would be,  
That I might taste such joys as these.
THE GYMNASIUM.

A great deal is said in college about athletics. Physical training is always recommended to the new student. Unfortunately, many seem to have the idea that the term athletics is restricted to mean foot-ball, base-ball, and track work, and excuse themselves from any participation in bodily exercises, because they cannot take part in these features of athletics.

While we are intensely interested in each of the above-mentioned forms of athletics, we feel, at the same time, that the work in the gymnasium deserves special emphasis, particularly at this season of the college year. This gymnasium furnishes just the kind of exercise the average student needs. He is, perhaps, precluded from playing foot-ball or base-ball. He may have a heavy ticket, or he may be physically incapacitated. Gymnasium work does not require the same time needed for the out-door exercises, nor does it demand any special bodily conditions.

One thing we want to mention about the matter of saving
time. We have found, by experience, that there is real economy of time in gymnasium work as compared to such exercise as walking. Let a man start out for a walk. He must walk at least two hours in order to get any appreciable benefit from this form of exercise. On the other hand, one hour in the gymnasium will give more exercise than the two spent in walking. We do not mean to say that one hour is sufficient time for all men to spend in exercise—it may be enough for some, and may not be for others. What we want to make clear is that it is worth more than two hours spent in walking. And we want to add that the reason for this lies largely in the fact that gymnasium work is systematic and exercises every part of the body, while the daily walk exercises only the lower limbs at the expense of the more important parts.

We want to call attention to this important work, especially at this season of the year. The cold, rough weather of winter tempts a student to stay in his room, and, as a result, his vitality is steadily lowered. A little time each day in the gymnasium will keep one in good trim, and one really cannot afford to neglect it.

At the opening of the session we published the conditions necessary to competing for the Writer's Medal. In the beginning of the winter term we again make mention of the conditions. Remember that one article must be submitted each term. Only the February and March numbers of The Messenger now remain for the term. Be sure you put an article into the editor's hands for one of these issues. Of course you might wait until towards examinations in March, and submit something for the April number, and still be under the constitutional requirements. The chances are, however, that a delay of this kind will be fatal. You will cram for examinations and forget the paper for the magazine.
There are many men in College who ought to compete for this medal, but who, from a false modesty, or from inadequate appreciation of their own abilities, let it pass without ever giving a serious thought to it. We were struck by a case of this kind in the fall. A man submitted an article saying modestly that he had no idea it would be accepted. It was one of the most delightful papers submitted during the term. Wake up, fellows, and make the man who gets the medal write for it.

A LITTLE LATE

We are sorry not to be out on as good time this month as in the earlier months of the college year. The editors were slow returning after the holidays, and one or two articles were a little late coming in.

We hope to be on time again in February, and to increase the size of the magazine somewhat over that of the present issue. Our aim is to have The Messenger out by the 15th of each month, and, in order for this to be done, articles must be in the hands of the editor in the month preceding the one in which they are published. If the writers will bear this fact in mind, and submit their articles by the 15th or 20th of the month, they will greatly assist in bringing the magazine out on good time.
A number of new students have come in since the holidays.

Recently expelled from the Anti-Feminine Club: John Kendrick Hutton, Elijah McIntyre Louthan, and Edmundo Belfort.

The Senior Class this year numbers forty-five. There are six applicants for M. A., twenty-two for B. A., one for B. S., and sixteen for LL. B.

Prof. Howard Lee McBain, M. A. (1900), Ph. D., delivered a lecture in the chapel Thursday night, January 9th, on "The Science of Politics in Southern Education."

Peter's motto: "I have smoked my last cigar." [Note.—He was in fearful agony, and the next morning his door bore the following sign: "Cigar Hospital. Beware!"

Doctor Winston to the Rev. Billie Black: "Mr. Black, what is the best means of securing the potential energy of running water?"

Black: "Dam(n) it, Doctor, dam(n) it."

Durham to Gulick: "Do you know why Philadelphia is like the North Pole?"

Gulick: "No. Why is it?"

Durham: "Because they have such long (K)nights there."

College exercises were resumed after the holidays on Tuesday, December 31st. Only a few students were back for the first day. They came in rapidly, however, on Wednesday and Thursday, and by the end of the week things had on their usual appearance.

An amusing incident is reported by the Associated Press
from Jr. Phil.: A cat had come into the room, and somebody stepped on its tail, causing the cat to emit a feline cry.

"Mr. Gwathmey," said Uncle Billy, "you will please leave the room."

Mr. Gwathmey tried to explain——

"No, Mr. Gwathmey; no use for explanation. I know your voice."

The following correspondence is reported, on good authority, to have passed between "Monkey" Mills and one of the new co-eds.:

"Dear Miss,—If it is agreeable, I should like to call on some date in the near future."

Co-ed., in reply:

"Dear Mr. Mills,—I am very sorry, but I do not make engagements with those whom I do not know."

(Mills says it was the juiciest lemon he ever received.)

The Philologian Society elected officers for the winter term on Friday night, January 3d. E. W. Hudgins was elected President; R. N. Daniel, Vice-President; S. H. Ellyson, Secretary; A. L. Shumate, Treasurer; J. B. Terrell, Critic; J. H. Beazley, Sergeant-at-Arms, and I. D. S. Knight, Chaplain. J. K. Burch made a good run for Sergeant-at-Arms, and would probably have won but for the fact that some, realizing that any one, by dropping on hands and knees, could easily get through him, could not bring their consciences to consent to voting for him.

The Athletic Association met in regular meeting Monday, January 6th. In the absence of the President, Mr. Hudgins, the Vice-President, presided. Reports were heard from the various managers. Mr. George reported a profit of about $700 on the foot-ball season. Mr. Gwathmey gave a report on the base-ball schedule. He stated that many of the games which ordinarily would be played in Richmond would have to be
carried elsewhere on account of the fact that the professional teams have many exhibition games at the Broad-Street Park. Mr. Gilliam, manager of the track team, stated that he was negotiating for entries in two meets in Washington, one to be held this month and the other in February. Mr. Gray Garland was elected assistant manager of the foot-ball team for 1908.
These are my jewels.

What the graduates of 1907 are doing——
A. J. Terry is teaching in Louisiana.
W. J. Young is at Crozer Seminary.
J. S. Blunt is in business in Richmond.
T. C. Selby is teaching in Wakefield, Va.
A. O. Edmondson is teaching in Loudon county.
Miss Mary Hawes Tyler is teaching at Ashland, Va.
Dana Terry is at the Theological Seminary, Louisville.
H. A. Bowen, B. L., is in business in Tazewell county.
Napoleon Bond, B. L., is practicing law in Wise county, Va.
F. N. Hubbard, B. L., is practicing law in Williamsburg, Va.
T. S. Kerse, B. L., has recently passed the Kentucky State bar.
A. W. Robertson will graduate with the Law class this year.
J. L. Elmore is studying law at Columbia University, New York.
Miss Helen Baker is teaching in Barton Heights High school.
Laney Jones, B. L., is practicing law in Hanover county, Va.
A. B. Wright is with Contractor H. H. George, in West Virginia.

W. S. Brooke is pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Danville, Va.

A. H. Straus is doing graduate work in the University of Michigan.

K. W. Hood, B. L., is in business with his father, near Richmond.

Miss Hattie Smith is teaching in the Woman’s College, Richmond.

S. G. Harwood, M. A., is doing theological work in Colgate University.

A. J. Chewning, Jr., is studying in the Law Department of the College.

Miss Gay Broaddus is teaching in Oxford Seminary, Oxford, N. C.

S. A. Slater is studying medicine at the University College, this city.

C. W. Owen, M. A., is principal of the High School at Scottsburg, Va.

B. H. Turner is Assistant Professor of Latin and German at Churchland, Va.

Miss Julia Peachy Harrison, M. A., is teaching in Richmond High School.

Miss Julia Gay Barnes, M. A., is teaching in Barton Heights High School.

J. S. Wright, B. L., is working with his father on a sugar plantation, near Evergreen, La.

C. H. Elsom, B. L., is working with the Westinghouse Electrical Company, Pittsburg, Pa.
J. B. Woodward, Jr., is Assistant Professor of Mathematics in Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

O. L. Bowen is teaching the gymnasium class in Covenanters' School and taking law in College.

S. K. Phillips is pursuing theology at the Union Theological Seminary, and L. C. Quarles is in the same pursuit at Louisville.

The happiest time of the year has stolen away from us. So stealthily has it departed, we are not yet rid of the lingering pleasant sensations. The merry-making and Christmas feasts are over. We have enjoyed them; yet, in all these joyous meetings with our companions, we have greeted no countenance with more real pleasure than the beaming faces of our exchanges. How resplendent are their shining outer garments, portraying the true holiday spirit! More rapturous still are the gems of rarest quality imbedded within the folds of the soft fabric.

All of this we find in the exchanges for the month of December. Yet it is not all perfection—indeed, we should be sorry were that so.

Of our contemporaries, the University of Virginia Magazine sends the fairest representative. This magazine is filled with choice selections. We must recognize the artist's hand in both verse and prose.

The poem "What I Gwine ter Say" is quaint, real, and original. We read it the second time, because we felt that this was, indeed, the reasoning of the old-time darkey with a touch of laziness in his bones. However, there is one thought expressed which we do not think consistent with the character of the colored man, for we never knew him to be too lazy to raid a chicken roost or a melon patch.

In the prose department "The Reckoning," "The Description of St. Augustine, Fla.,” and "Joan," a drama in one act, chiefly claim our attention.

The description of the quaint old Spanish town is, in a way, masterful. The very atmosphere of the city seems
loaded with mystery. This is its charm. With strange bits of history and legend, the writer has given character to St. Augustine. We are almost led to attempt an analysis of this character, so adroitly is the picture drawn.

"Joan," a drama in one act, is one of the notable features of the magazine. As a rule, we do not find the drama in our college publications. This form of writing is regarded by the average student as an extremely hazardous undertaking. Hence we think that the University of Virginia Magazine should receive much praise in that such a difficult task has been accomplished even with a measure of success.

We would say that the play is a short story, dramatized, and yet we are not sure just what is that single impression which the writer means to convey. Joan is not a noble woman; nevertheless, she seems to wear an air of nobility. The giving away of self for others is beautiful, indeed, but Joan made an ignoble sacrifice. We think the inconsistency is that the circumstances would in no sense permit of such base sacrifice. Because of the thinness of the plot the lesson fails to reach us.

We must say that the writer of this play is possessed of extraordinary skill. The situation is developed in a clear and forcible style.

THE RANDOLPH-MACON MONTHLY. The Randolph-Macon Monthly ranks well with the leading college magazines. The material is by no means scant. (To use a slang phrase, it carries a flush stock.) The students support the magazine, which is certainly commendable.

The stories are, for the most part, well written and intensely interesting. Still, some of them lack strength. They lack that peculiar something, that touch of art, which distinguishes simply readable stories from those of higher
type. "A Sprig of Mistletoe" and "De Winnin' o' Lindy" are most deserving of special mention.

The poetry is also highly entertaining. The magazine, as a whole, is an excellent publication.

The Hampden-Sidney Magazine contains four essays and three short poems. The poems serve to relieve the monotony and produce some little variety. After plunging, with the writer of the essay on Benjamin Franklin, into great depths of thought, and wrestling manfully with the dry statistics contained in the essay, "Texas, the Lone Star State," the sunny little poem "A Tribute to Tennessee" is restful indeed.

Clippings.

The Fiddle and the "'Possum."

When de yaller leaves am fallin'
An' de arth am gittin' bare,
An' de ha' quit dere callin',
An' de trees am lookin' quare—
Den I takes down de fiddle
An' scrapes a little jiggle,
An' scrapes a little jiggle,
Jes', jes' so.

When de sun am not a-shinin'
Lak de good ole summer time,
An' de fros' de ground am linin',
For de 'bacco's pas' de prime—
Den I takes down de fiddle
An' scrapes a little jiggle,
An' scrapes a little jiggle,
Jes', jes' so.
When de nights am gittin’ longer,
An’ de sky’s widout de moon,
An’ desire am gittin’ stronger
Fer a ‘possum er a coon—
Den I don’t take down no fiddle,
Nor scrapes no little jiggle,
‘Case I’s lookin’ fer dat ‘possum,
Jes’, jes’ so.

When de dogs am done a-dodgin’,
An’ we cotch a ‘possum fair,
An’ tote him to des lodgin’s,
Den dere’s music in de air—
An’ I takes down de fiddle,
An’ scrapes a little jiggle,
Jes’, jes’ so.

When de ‘possum am a-hangin’
An’ a-turnin’ front de fire,
An’ de ches’nut wood am burnin’
An’ a-poppin’ lak a squire—
Den I takes down de fiddle
An’ scrapes a little jiggle,
An’ scrapes a little jiggle,
Jes’, jes’ so.

When de meat am done a-cookin’,
An’ we got some good ole pone,
An’ de brats ha’ stopped a-lookin’,
But am eatin’ ’till dey moan—
Den I don’t take down no fiddle,
Nor scrapes a little jiggle,
‘Case I’s eatin’ o’ dat ‘possum,
Jes’, jes’ so.

—Davidson College Magazine.

The whole world is moving,
No time for a nap;
“Live with a vengeance,
And die with a snap.”—Ex.