The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 34
Number 6 The Messenger, Vol. 34, No. 6

3-1908

The Messenger, Vol. 34, No. 6

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(1908) “The Messenger, Vol. 34, No. 6,” The Messenger (archival - 1870-): Vol. 34 : No. 6 , Article 1. Available at: https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol34/iss6/1

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Love Unspoken.

BY W. J. YOUNG, '07.

Mi' Ada, dear. Would, daring, I might tell
How this unsought, unuttered longing burns,
And, Orpheus like, would seek, yet only yearns,
As some sad, sweet music, plaintive strains that swell,
And hush't the nightingale i' the darkling dell;
My soul, aspiring, winged thing, discerns,
As yet, no rosy hope of Thee, and turns,
Th' elusive, mystic word unspoke—ah, well!
The heart oft silent worships, silent dies;
Leanders perish; Hero's tears bedew
Their grave; yet silver tongues, betipped with lies,
Deceitful, snared a maiden's heart, and true;
O brave me, 'ternal empyrean skies—
My 'mpassioned madness cries aloud, "I love you."

Woman's Work.

BY S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

TWO years before the time of this story I was out with
my wheel, looking for the beautiful, or rather the more
beautiful, things to be seen; for I have, in the city, a room
which I would fain call an art studio. I was passing along
a substantial stone wall, which seemed to enclose an estate of
some pretensions, and I was expecting momentarily to
come in sight of the house. My wheel was running noise-
lessly, when I detected a faint sound, which increased slightly as I approached. Some one was humming an air. In vain I looked for the singer. On slowing down I decided that the sound was from the direction of the wall. You must not think my curiosity absurd, for I have a weakness for old houses, and the noise suggested that I was passing, and would miss sight of the mansion this estate seemed to have in store for me. This I did not want to do, so, approaching the wall, I peered over, straining in vain to get a glimpse of the house through the woods. The humming still kept coming—coming from somewhere around.

So I climbed up on the wall, with the intention of entering the woods and getting a view of the house. I rested a second there, listening for the sound again, for it had suddenly died down. Something fell lightly to my right, and, turning, I saw a ball of white lying on the ground near a large tree by the wall. Think of my dismay when, on looking up, I found myself gazing into two brown eyes and a remarkably beautiful face. I didn't mind that. That was, I found, exceeding pleasant, but she immediately filled the woods around with derisive laughter. So I laughed too, and sat on the wall and blushed, for I was but twenty. But she had remembered that I was a stranger, and was pulling diligently at a leaf. And I—I was sure I had no business there. I wished fervently I had, and gazed around trying to find something of an excuse for addressing her.

"That limb will break, if you don't mind," I ventured, with great apprehension.

She blushed, and glanced at me shyly. She might have been seventeen, but she was evidently a shy, inexperienced, country girl, though, from her dress, of good family. I saw I would have to change my tactics.

"I was looking for your house," I said. "Can I reach it if I go through those woods?"

"Yes, if you go that way," she answered, in a constrained
voice; "but brother has gone to the city to-day," she added, as though to dismiss me.

"Oh, I don't want to see your brother," I explained. "I just want to look at your house. I am an artist, and I like pretty things, you know."

"An artist?" she exclaimed, forgetting her reserve at once, and gazing on me with wondering eyes. I was evidently a new kind of animal.

"Yes," I said. "Won't you show me the way? I want to take a picture of your house."

She needed no more persuasion, but, nimbly stepping down from the tree, which was provided with easily accessible limbs, she accompanied me along the path to the house. I didn't go very near, as I wanted more of a perspective view of the place. It turned out to be a colonial dwelling of pretension. Having taken the view, I returned.

She allowed me to take her picture, with a blush, and I felt half guilty for having gained the confidence of such a sweet creature, who, unconsciously, was committing an act of indiscretion which, in any other girl, would have been unbecoming. I have since wondered at my slow recognition of my own feelings that day. I suppose it was because of her youth and inexperience. I was only conscious of complete contentedness when in her presence. It was very sweet. But, alas! I did not analyze my feelings. I could not know of the progress she was making into my heart until I was left without her.

Suddenly a harsh voice sounded her name from the direction of the house. It was dinner time. But the voice broke upon us both like a noise in the night. We both started guiltily, and looked at each other and blushed. We had been eating forbidden fruit, and had found it very sweet. I didn't know what to say nor how to part. For I had suddenly come into such a torrent of feelings that my heart's tongue knew not how to express itself.
Then I looked at her, and, oh, the joy! she, too, was all
blushes and hesitation.

The voice sounded louder.

"Good-bye, Lois," I stammered, calling her by her first
name to test her.

She had suddenly grown older.

"Good-bye—Arthur," she said, raising her serious eyes,
wherein dwelt a world of truth.

"Good-bye," I said resolutely, and, wheeling, I vaulted
over the wall, and—that was the last I was to see of her for
many a weary day.

Instinct guided me home, for I was much too busy with
my new feeling to attend to that. There I found a
telegram, which called me away for a round fifteen days.
It was imperative, so I chafed and fumed, and spent the
most wretched two weeks of my life. And when, at last, I
was back again by the wall, the silence told my foreboding
mind that I had lost a chance which, I said to myself fiercely,
would not be the last.

But it seemed as if it was. I waited many an hour by
that wall for her, but the unkind fates led her steps, and I
missed her. One day I heard her voice, a rich contralto,
floating out of a window. She was practicing, and, above
the stilted notes of the piano, I heard her singing,
"One, two, three—one, two, three," and they sounded out
so faithfully and trustingly. Oh, I knew she had not failed
me. Then I hated myself that I had failed her. No, I
never saw her there again.

So I lived through two years, and I had given up. I had
pretended to persuade myself that it was but a flirtation to
her—never to me, mind you. I could not even pretend to
believe that. So I had lived two years of affliction when
began this story.

I don't know what made me do it. I like to call it luck.
Luck is luck, but what is Providence or predestination?
Hurrying through the post-office that morning, I impulsively walked down to the general delivery window for a hand-shake with the clerk, a friend of mine, whom I had not seen for some time.

"How are you, old fellow?" I exclaimed, grasping his hand through the window. "Got any letters for me this morning?" I jokingly added.

"Why, Artie! Glad to see you. Letters, did you say? Let me see. Yes—42—here you are—Arthur Pemrose—that's you, isn't it?"

Having no idea of such a result, I was somewhat dazed at the quickness of it, and, hardly murmuring a "Thank you," I moved uncertainly off to my studio.

It was directed in a beautiful hand, so regular, indeed, that it was singular in its perfection. I knew no owner of such a hand.

A strange foreboding immediately seized upon me. This stranger—what interested him in me? Blackmail? Or, possibly, it was only an advertisement. But, nevertheless, I was afraid to open it. I re-read the address:

"Mr. Arthur Pemrose,
General Delivery,
New York City, N. Y."

I felt the letter. It was very thin—very precise, very ominous. At last, with a sudden resolve, I tore off the end. A slip of paper fluttered to the floor. In the same non-committal hand I read the following words: "Come to No. 8 Harling street to-morrow night."

That was all. No name, nothing save a command. My heart beat fast in the next few minutes. A score of conjectures came and were cast aside. I could make nothing of it, save that I was to visit a place in the fashionable part of town that very night. It strikes me as singular that I did not rebel against such a command. I put it down to my
luck. Indeed, I seem to have followed in a kind of trance which I can't explain.

So I went, half because it promised relief to my sore heart and my everlasting brooding, and half because it never occurred to me not to go.

It was only in the hollow rumbling of my cab that a fear came, and I began to call myself many appropriate names. But the wheels were scraping against the curbing, and I had arrived before I could make up my mind otherwise.

A dark, square mansion sat ominously back from the street and seemed waiting. As I hesitated, the door was opened, and a tall, bewhiskered man stood in the light. I had gone too far. I must keep on now. So, with as much calmness as possible, I went to meet my fate.

As I mounted the steps a feeling of relief swept through me. The man, I saw, straight and noble in appearance, could not mean aught but good. The carriage of his head bespoke honor. So I came up to him confidently, handing him the letter, and stating whence I had got it. But my further speech suddenly sank back into my throat when, in the light, I found a pair of small, hard, gray, shifting eyes examining me. Never have I felt such a sudden qualm and revulsion of feeling. It could not have been worse had I suddenly become aware that I was speaking to a ghost.

The eyes pierced me and then shifted, and, in a strained voice, I heard him say, "I'm Abner Roy. Come, let's finish this." And he led me down the hall.

"But," I objected, being reluctant to rush into anything blindly. Roy—where had I heard that name? It startled me curiously, and I hung back.

"Oh, come on," he said. "You can treat her as you please." And he led me down to a door, my mind being in a whirl as to the meaning of the last few sentences. Who was she? What was I expected to finish? He was evidently a villain, whoever he was. He seemed also to be
WOMAN’S WORK.

taking me for some one else. What sort of conspiracy was I rushing into?

But he was pulling back the door, and I looked, and grew weak and held to the side of the door frantically. For there, before the piano, in a dark corner, playing soft music, and oblivious of the opening door or the spectators, sat Lois. As I said, I grew weak, as though I had run a long race and had reached the goal. And I was stunned to find her here in the midst of such a conspiracy. Then her danger quickened me, for I realized that she was the one to whom the man had alluded.

Treat Lois as I please. I could have crushed the man who said it. But I saw that I must play another’s hand for the present.

I shall always remember that moment. It was so fraught with suspicions and emotions. Then it first occurred to me that I had gotten a letter not intended for me. So I was the accomplice of this guilty-eyed villain, her brother. I had found out why his name was familiar, since it was her own. It was clear that I must hazard a little and ask a question.

So I whispered to him, “What next?”

He had been watching me intently for the few seconds I had stood there, and when I spoke he dropped his eyes to the floor, and, in a low, half-ashamed voice, answered, “Are you going to marry her?”

I had to grip myself hard at that revelation. I wanted to tear him. So he was for marrying her off to some miscreant, was he? Possibly there was a will leaving her money until she married.

I glanced into the room; she was still unconscious of our presence. I moved back from the door, so that she might not see and betray me. Then I decided to act.

“May I speak with you before I decide?” I asked.

“Certainly,” he said, and lead me into a side room farther
down the hall. We entered, and I closed the door and sat down by a table.

"Well?" he asked.

With that I grimly took out my revolver and laid it in reach on the table, and then I turned upon him.

"It's all a mistake," I said.

He looked at me hard for a few minutes. Then he looked at the revolver, and then at me.

"What?" he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice. He gripped the arms of his chair, and the veins began to swell on his forehead.

"I am," I replied.

He sprang partly up from his chair, but I covered him with my revolver, and ordered him to be still. He sank back, trembling.

"I don't understand," he whispered.

"This letter," I said slowly, holding it out to him, "was not meant for me, because I love her."

Then it was my turn to be astonished. The look of wonder intensified in his face.

"Not meant—" he faltered; then, with a sudden, glad look, he whispered, "he loves—"

He didn't finish, but seemed to collapse, sliding out of his seat on to the floor. "Thank God!" I heard him mutter; then he was still.

I was too dumbfounded to move at first; then, springing up, I leaned over him. It was only a fainting spell.

Then I stood by him and reflected what next to do. I was mystified at the sudden change of affairs. What could his emotion mean? Possibly, after all, I was wrong in supposing him a villain. I looked at him, and he did look very little like a villain now that he was quiet. Then I heard the low, musical strain coming from the next room, and the thought that Lois was so near drew me irresistibly. So I passed noiselessly to her door and stepped in.
"Lois," I called softly.

Hearing her name, she looked around. A look of incredulity spread over her face, and she slowly arose, as though in a dream. And, lo! she was no longer a pretty child, but a beautiful woman. She stood hesitating, not believing her sight or else doubting me, and I deserved it. But her heart was the same as at seventeen, for I held out my arms and she came.

"How did you find me, Arthur?" she asked, presently.

I showed her the letter. At sight of it she started and blushed.

"Who wrote it, Lois?" I questioned.

"I did," she confessed, hiding her face.

"You! Oh, but the queen can do no wrong," I said softly, though I was a little shocked.

"But I didn't—I didn't do it for—love," she said. "I—brother found out about—us, and, oh, he got awful. He said I was flirting." (I kissed her for that word.) "And he wouldn't let me go out any more. And then he brought me to the city, and I saw you one day, and he was with me. He thought I had forgotten you. And he got awful again when I asked him to fix it so—we could meet—" (and I gave her another kiss for that). "Then I got—stubborn, and the other day Abner said if I—wanted you so bad"—(another kiss) "why didn't I write and ask you myself. And I was mad, and so I wrote that letter because he dared me. But I didn't think it would ever get to you. I just put 'General Delivery' on it. And, oh! when I told brother I had really sent it, oh! he almost had a spasm; and then he got sulky, and said he didn't care, that you could come here and say what you chose. He thought you had forgotten me a long time ago. But you hadn't," she added, slyly.

Just then I heard a step at the door, and, looking up, Abner Roy was standing in the doorway. I had forgotten him entirely, and I looked at him anxiously. But his
ashamed bearing was gone, and he smiled feebly from weakness.

Lois noticed his feebleness, and ran to him, anxiously inquiring about the trouble. This I explained by telling my side of the story. When I got to the letter episode Roy’s face was a puzzle.

“Well,” he said, “well, don’t you know I thought Lois had written you a long letter. Lois, you scamp, I gave you up when you told me you had written the letter, so now I suppose you are still free, and I don’t care who gets you.”

“I do, though,” said Lois.

Schiller and His Connection with Romanticism.

BY E. P. WIGHTMAN, ’08.

One of the most interesting characters in the study of German literature, and one who stands among the greatest of the literary and poetical geniuses of all times, is Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller.

He was born at Marbach, in Württemberg, on November 10, 1759. His father, Johann Kaspar Schiller, was a very intelligent and energetic man, and one who held the esteem of every one with whom he came in contact. But, although essentially kind and thoroughly honorable, he was apt to give way to a somewhat impetuous temper.

During the first four years of Schiller’s life his father was in the Württemberg army, and was never at home with Friedrich and his mother, who lived with her parents at Marbach. Finally, he was stationed at Stuttgart, where he brought his family to live with him, he being made the overseer of the Duke’s summer place, “Solitude.”

Schiller’s first schooling was at Lorche, where he was taught by Pastor Moser. He next attended the Latin school
at Ludwigsburg, where he was said to be a very bright and amiable student, making friends with both teachers and fellow students. He showed a talent for poetry at a very early age, and this talent was carefully fostered by his mother.

At the age of thirteen or fourteen the Duke of Württemberg insisted that young Schiller be sent to the military academy at "Solitude" (afterwards transferred to Stuttgart), and here he remained till he was twenty-one. He first studied law, and then took up medicine, neither of which he cared anything about.

His compulsory confinement here, and the strict discipline, created within young Schiller a rebellious spirit, which vented itself in his first literary production of note—namely, "Die Räuber." This, although crude and boisterous, captivated the minds of those before whom it was first played at Manheim.

Schiller's next piece, "Fiesco," was not at all successful. It was refused twice by Dalberg, the director of the Manheim theatre, and later, when Schiller himself became director and it was presented, it was received with coldness. But his "Kabale und Liebe," which was played shortly after, made up for the deficiency.

In April, 1785, Schiller left Manheim and went to visit Körner, at Gahlis, a village near Leipsic. In the summer of the same year Körner was married and moved to Dresden, where Schiller followed him and remained for two years.

Early in 1787 he published "Don Carlos," and later, in the same year, he went to Weimar, where he was received very cordially by Herder, Wieland, and others.

For several years following this Schiller devoted himself entirely to the study of history. His writings along this line gave him a high standing among the historians of his time, and were the means of procuring him the professorship of history at the University of Jena.

On February 22, 1790, he married Charlotte von Lengefeld,
"a very tender and affectionate woman, bright and intelligent." About a year after his marriage he was attacked with a very serious illness, from which he never fully recovered. One would have thought that this would put him on his guard, but he was always very careless of his health.

In the "Hören," a periodical which Schiller began to publish about 1794, and continued until 1798, he wrote a series of essays, the most important of which were "Die Anmuth und Würde," "Die ästhetische Erzielung des Menchens," and a treatise, "Die Naive und Sentimentalische Dichtung," in the latter of which Goethe was of the opinion that Schiller had laid the foundation of modern criticism; for, "in that powerful essay the vital distinction between classical and romantic methods were, for the first time, clearly brought out."

In 1794 begins the Goethe-Schiller friendship—a friendship "unparalleled in the annals of literary history, and interrupted only by death. * * * In the union of these two men are focussed all the previous thought and literature of Germany, and from it radiate all the influences that have determined the later literature."

It was during this period of friendship that Schiller wrote his best works. The famous "Xeinen," a number of his most celebrated poems, among which was "Das Lied von der Glocke," the most popular of them all, "Wallenstein," "Maria Stuart," "Wilhelm Tell," and others were all written during this ten years of friendship.

In 1803 Schiller was ennobled—that is, he was allowed to place "von" before his name. But before this, between 1800 and 1801, he wrote his drama, "Die Jungfrau von Orleans." "It is, in some sense, less strictly historical than those just preceding, and, as a part of its title, the author named it 'A Romantic Tragedy.' * * * Purity in woman, the
inspiring sway of religion and patriotism, with what power and beauty are these here portrayed!"

Meanwhile Schiller's health was gradually undermined, and he grew steadily worse until he finally died on May 9, 1805. His death was a shock to the whole German nation, and especially to his dearest friends, of whom Goethe felt it the most. For, although his physical sufferings were terrible, he always kept his buoyant and genial temper, and was always loved by everybody.

There were three distinct periods in the literary career of Schiller—namely, the "Storm and Stress" period, from his publishing of "Die Räuber" to 1785; the period of scientific production, from 1785 to 1794, and the period of his friendship with Goethe, from 1794 until his death in 1805. To the first belong "Die Räuber," "Fiesco," "Kabale und Liebe," and a good many lyrical poems published in his "Anthologie," of which the best were "Die Freundschaft" and "Rousseau."

The second period may be divided into two sub-periods or groups. In the first of these Schiller wrote his historical works—the "Geschichte des Abfalls der Niederlande," "Geschichte des dreissigjahrigen Krieges," and others. "Don Carlos," although not scientific, also belongs here. In the latter sub-period fall his "Die Anmuth und Würde," "Die ästhetische Erzielung des Menchens," "Die Naive und Sentimentalische Dichtung," and the poems, "Die Götter Griechenlands" and "Die Künstler"; hence this is a philosophic period.

To the last belong a number of poems: "Die Ideale," "Das Ideal und das Leben," "Der Spaziergang," "Der Genius," "Die Erwartung," "Das Elenische Fest," "Cassandra," and, the best and most noted of all, "Lied von der Glocke"; a series of epigrams, by Goethe and Schiller together, entitled "Xenien," and another entitled "Votivtafeln;" and his great dramas, "Wallenstein" (in three

The time in which Schiller lived was one of great importance to Germany in a literary sense. It was a time of literary renaissance, especially "a return to nature"—that is, it was the age of Romanticism.

"Rousseau and the French Revolution, Shakespeare and the stirring life of the English people, had thrown the pettiness of existence in the German lands into glaring relief. To find calm enjoyment in the contemplation of the ideal reconstruction of a newly-discovered antiquity was given to but a few. Freedom became the watchword. Give us freedom from these intolerable limits set to all our striving and thinking; give us a broader field to work in than the narrow spheres in which our lives are confined; give us nobler ideals to stimulate our activities than the cramped convention of our hum-drum life."

"In response to this cry the Romantic School arose. * * * The brotherhood of all things, living or dead, animate or inanimate, phenomenal or transcendental, was the lode-star by which they steered their course, and they summed it all up in the one term, therefore, of infinite significance—nature."

No man in German literature is a better example of this striving for freedom than Schiller. The "Storm and Stress" had no better specimen of its boisterous spirit and love of freedom than his "Die Räuber."

"Wilhelm Tell" is the most striking example we have of Schiller's mature work. Although he was, in a large measure, idealistic and even classic, he contributed not a little to the Romantic movement. "Tell," however, was more than just a romantic story of a Swiss legend in dramatic form; for, "it is true that the poetic activity of Schiller soon came to be looked upon as consciously patriotic. 'Tell' was
shortly to be regarded as the poetic glorification of national aspirations of the German people. This popular estimate has made of Schiller the great prophet of national unification. But in its last analysis it rests upon Schiller’s same conception of the idea of moral and political freedom.”

“Human liberty, individual and national, is its theme.” Here is where the idealism enters. Schiller represents a nation, with despotic rulers, rising up in arms, as it ought to be, against the despotism of the tyrannical usurpers of power, and finally accomplishing their end; not as Germany, at that time suffering from the ravages of Napoleon’s invasion, and not being able to put a stop to it.

Schiller had never seen the country of Switzerland. All his information concerning it came from books and maps, from his wife, and from Goethe, both of whom had been there, and who gave him a good deal of information. From this it will appear that his imagination could have full sway.

Some one, writing on this subject, says that Schiller was asked by the theatre directors to write them a play which would require a new kind of scenery, varied and artistic, something that would appeal strongly to the public. This request was certainly fulfilled with “Tell.” He not only did all this, but he made his drama complete with perfect nature sympathy. How well the place described in the following agrees with what Tell is about to do:

“Die hohle Gasse bei Küssnacht.”

“Man steigt von hinten zwischen Felsen herunter, und die Wanderer werden, ehe sie auf der Scene erscheinen, schon von der Höhe gesehen. Felsen umschliessen die ganze Scene; auf einem der vordersten ist ein Vorsprung mit Gesträuch bewachsen.”

“Tell (tritt auf mit der Armbrust).”

“Durch diese hohle Gasse muss er kommen; Es führt kein anderer Weg nach Küssnacht—Hier Vollend’ ich’s—Die Gelegenheit ist günstig.
Dort der Hollunderstrauch verbirgt mich ihm,  
Von dort herab kann ihm mein Pfeil erlagen;  
Des Weges Enge wehret den Verfolgern.  
Mach' deine Rechnung mit dem Himmel, Vogt,  
Fort musst du, deine Uhr ist abgelaufen.

* * * * * * * *

Auf dieser Bank von Stein will ich mich setzen,  
Dem Wanderer zur kurzen Ruh' bereitet—  
Denn hier ist keine Heimat—Jeder treibt  
Sich an dem andern rasch und fremd vorüber  
Und fraget nicht nach seinem Schmerz—Hier geht  
Der sorgenvolle Kaufmann und der leicht  
Geschürzte Pilger—der andächt'ge Mönch,  
Der düstere Räuber und der heitre Spielmann,  
Der Säumer mit dem schwer-beladnen Ross,  
Der ferne herkommt von der Menschen Ländern,  
Denn jede Strasse führt aus End' der Welt,  
Sie alle ziehen ihres Weges fort  
An ihr Geschäft—und meines ist der Mord!

"Ich laure auf ein edles Wild—Lässt sich's  
Der Jäger nicht verdriessen, Tage lang  
Umher zu streifen in des Winters Strenge,  
Von Fels zu Fels den Wagesprung zu thun,  
Hinan zu klimmen an den glatten Wänden,  
Wo er sich anleimt mit dem eignen Blut,  
—— Um ein armsgelig Grattier zu erjagen.  
Hier gilt es einen köstlicseren Preis,  
Das Herz des Todfeinds, der mich will verderben."

But all these things—imagination, nature, harmony, and  
such like—are essential to Romanticism. Hence I say that  
"Wilhelm Tell" is a Romantic drama, and that Schiller is a  
romantic poet.
The secret of "Tell’s" popularity is what Schiller said himself, in writing to Colta: "I have written it with all my heart, and that which comes from the heart will touch the heart." This is most profoundly true.

The greatest influence that Schiller had on Romanticism is through his "Tell." He knew, as many others did not, how to choose his "literary material from the legendary or historic past of the Germanic people, and could vitalize a production and give it poetic reality." Above all, however, he was a poet who stood for national unity, the national unity of Germany, and who "immortalized the trinity of German patriotism."

"Wir wollen sein ein einig Volk von Brüdern."
* * * * * * * *
"Wir wollen frei sein, wie die Väter waren."
* * * * * * * *
"Wir wollen trauen auf den höchsten Gott."

—"Wilhelm Tell," Act II., 2.

Finiteness.

BY H. M. BOWLING, '08.

I cannot tell
The meaning of a day;
That trifling bit of time
Of so short stay—
The petty toils and cares
That make it up—
Its fragmentary work
And tiny cup
Of joy and sorrow each.
I cannot know
What all these mysteries teach—
Their linking with the past,
Nor know their reach
Into the coming day,
Nor yet their place
In the total life of a man
Or of the race—
I cannot tell.

I cannot know
The meaning of this strife
That fills our life—
Struggles that shake the breast
And draw the face awry,
And fix the eye
And give no rest;
That sway the soul
Betwixt the right and wrong.
Why dash so strong
The waves that roll?
And why so ceaselessly?
I cannot see
The end of it all—
Why we must fall
'Pon such a foe—
I cannot know,
I cannot know.

I do not understand
These sorrows that vex—
These shattered wrecks
Of hopes upon the strand;
The days of gloom—
The empty room
I' the heart—the toil of years
In a day undone—
Unheeded tears
And grief that must grieve alone.
I cannot see
The place of these in life,
Nor why it must be—
Why the world's made rife
With quivering sighs,
And the heavens look down on glimmering eyes
Always—always.
This morning, while perusing the paper, I came across an article that made my heart throb. My blood grew cold, and with difficulty coursed through my veins. To say that I was surprised I am unable, because I knew the conditions years ago, and was convinced in what manner the catastrophe would assert itself. I must confess, however, that the underlying thread of the affair had escaped my notice for several years; but it is sufficient to say that the head-lines recalled to memory the romantic element, and confirmed my prediction.

When I was a student at Hereford my father had an attack of the Western fever, which at that time prevailed in my native State. Incidentally he had an opportunity to sell the old home, which he did, and purchased a new one in Merton. The family moved into its new abode in my absence, thereby causing me to journey in a new and unacquainted direction when the Christmas festival came. I had neither a book nor a friend to accompany me in my travel through this terra incognita; therefore one may infer that I became lonesome. The lonesomeness increased as I sped over those majestic Western plains, thinking of my old friends and former home, with its familiar scenes and pleasant associations. I became despondent, and, I fancy, barely escaped the dreaded melancholia. I fought manfully these unfavorable circumstances until the train reached Bambourg, where fortune came to my rescue. This place, as you know, is the seat of the Winnesota Conservatory, famous for artistic training. At that point several young ladies from that institution boarded my train. Two of them occupied the next seat in front of me, and began a general conversation about the holidays, etc. Owing to the proximity of them to me I was getting the benefit of the
dialogue, which I most cordially welcomed. May I say, in passing, that these young ladies were not lacking in personal charms, nor were they—one at least—entirely out of the realm of beautiful femininity. The one addressed as Edith excelled the other in symmetry of form and a happy combination of black hair and blue eyes. By her manner, I was led to think that she was the pride of well-to-do parents.

When I became conscious of myself I found that the "blues" had vanished and I was writing in my diary the words of Edith. The two were talking of college life in general, their aspirations and their loves. Fortunately, I am able to give an extract from this conversation:

"I declare, Imogen, I can't decide what I want to do after I graduate. Professor Haidri says I am competent, and he thinks would make an excellent instructor of instrumental music in almost any conservatory. But, oh! I just can't bear the idea of teaching. It's too confining. You know I like a good time too well for such imprisonment. But there are other things I can do, you know, and papa and mama are so devoted to me that they will allow me to have my own way about everything. Isn't it nice to have sweet parents? I tell you, Imogen, I sometimes think I will get married soon after I get my degree. By the way, that reminds me—let me tell you about my beaux. I have one that is crazy about me. I expect to see him this evening. Since childhood we have been fast friends. We went to the same school, played together, and our families visited each other. Since I left home he has written me the most beautiful letters every week. Yes, he is simply infatuated with me, as his actions and letters show. To a certain extent, the affair is mutual. I must confess that I do like Everett—Everett Hargrave is his name—but to save my life I don't know whether I like him better than I do Mr. Carlton, the short-stop on the Dumbarton team. I think Mr. Carlton is just grand. He has called on me several times this session, and, oh! he is perfectly lovely. Sure
enough, don't you think he is handsome? Well, in fact, to use Ophelia's expression,

'He hath importuned me with love
In honorable fashion,'

and his love is reciprocated. Now, I declare I don't know which one to shake. Everett will inherit his father's estate, which is of no mean value. As for Mr. Carlton's legacies, I don't know that he will have any."

Here I had to close my diary, as the train slackened its speed for Merton. I almost wished to go as far as Miss Edith, as I had assumed that she had not reached her destination. My assumption was wrong, however, because, on coming to a stand-still, she preceded my exit, and was met by a young man, presumably Everett Hargrave. The couple entered a cab standing near the station entrance, and were driven down Ninth avenue.

My sister greeted me at the gate, and conducted me to our new home. On the way she expressed her pleasure at residing in such a pleasant and sympathetic community, and assured me that I would enjoy the parties to which I would certainly be invited.

During the fortnight I spent at home I witnessed many parties. At one the hostess was so kind as to take upon herself the task of making me acquainted with everybody present. She even took me over into a little corner, hidden by some evergreens, and introduced me to Miss Edith Morgan and Mr. Everett Hargrave. Upon exchanging compliments I receded, without further disturbing that tête-à-tête conversation. You may imagine my thoughts. In an unconcerned manner I asked a young man, whom I had met a few days previously, the nature of the case, without telling him my experience on the train. I found that it was generally conceded to be an inevitable match, and a superb one. There was not a doubt as to their engagement.

On my return to Hereford I asked my sister to inform me
if any incongruous situation arose between Miss Morgan and Mr. Hargrave. She did as I requested her. That was my last year at college, and on leaving there I accepted a position in Mandua. Not long after my arrival at the last-named place she wrote me that Miss Morgan graduated and returned to Merton some time in June, and her affair with Hargrave was as before. Later on a Mr. Carlton visited Miss Morgan. They were great friends. The same degree of intimacy was shown by Miss Morgan to Mr. Carlton as had previously existed between herself and Everett Hargrave. This incident was causing young Hargrave no little trouble. He really loved this girl, and was unable to control his passion. He had resorted to partial seclusion, and only a few of his friends could see him. A state of uneasiness among them was distinct. Some had an idea that insanity was inevitable. Others thought that there was a possibility of his stemming the tide of despair and forgetting the sweet memories of the past. These conjectures, however, proved out of order for the time being, for Hargrave's hopes were enlivened as time and blandishments appeased his jealousy. He had other opportunities to plead with his ideal, and to hinder the progress of his rival.

September came. Miss Morgan attended the convocation exercises of her alma mater. Her parents expected her return the following week, but in vain did they look. While she was away her marriage with Mr. Carlton was celebrated.

I heard nothing more of this pair until five years later, when I spent my vacation in Merton. Quite a change had been wrought there during that period. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morgan had succumbed to disappointment and grief, and the home was in charge of their daughter and son-in-law. I found out that the marriage had not resulted in happiness. To the regret of all Mr. Carlton had failed to apply himself to any other business than base-ball, and had "lost out" at that. He had gotten into a disreputable club, and was taking
away little by little the fortune accumulated by his wife's parents. The home was going to ruin. Unhappiness prevailed where cheerfulness should have reigned.

Many years have elapsed since then, but this morning, when I read in *The Chronicle* of the premature death of Mrs. Carlton, my memory unfolded the saddest scene of my life.

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Thoughts from Nature.

BY H. M. BOWLING, '08.

I. FROM A LITTLE RILL.

In a narrow, wooded ravine I have found a tiny stream that oozes from the earth, trickles along among its pebbles, softly eddies in shallow pools, grows still and quiet under banks of moss and roots that overhang its narrow bed, and flows on down its steepening descent to gain in size, to rush more swiftly, to wash larger stones, and, in a few hundred yards, to enter another stream far out of proportion to itself in size and force.

It is restful to sit on the moss beside its silent banks and watch it lightly lave the fern in passing. Its peacefulness soothes and calms the spirit, and brings to the mind pleasant images, peaceful thoughts, deep meditations.

In more ways than one it reminds me of an infant—so quiet, so contented, so innocent of the world and its ways. Its soft, scarcely audible ripples are like nothing else in the world than a baby's coo. The tiny, scarcely perceptible wave that crosses that still pool on the side is like the smile from baby sleep—a smile provoked by pleasures no man ever knew, by words no man ever heard, by a vision of the unseen, by a voice from the silence.

The infant soul comes from the womb of eternity with veiled past, hidden secrets. The infant rill trickles forth
from the womb of earth, unknowing how or whence or whither. Before both lies life, unknown, unsuspected, undreamed of, uncared for. Carelessly, contentedly, both go on, drawn by the laws of Nature, protected by the Mighty, imparting freshness and beauty along their way. Some day, soon enough, they will wake up to life, to toil, and to storm, may be, to the pressing present and to hard facts. Till then let them dream and ripple and coo and smile. And give me one moment to rest and live with them and to be myself, by proxy, a child again, with dreams and pleasant memories and carelessness.

II. FROM AUTUMN FRUIT BLOSSOMS.

In autumn when frost is in the air, when leaves are falling, when harvests are being gathered, and everything tells of the closing year, I have seen sprays of blossom on fruit trees—the pear, the plum, the cherry, and these unseasonable flowers remind me of the hopes, the dreams of old men.

O ye trees, is this a late attempt to fulfill neglected duty? Have the soft breath of May, the noon sun of summer, and the cool dews of autumn found you idle, fruitless; and do you, at this late day, hope to redeem lost time? Fond hope, and useless. A day's work must be done in its day; each task in its season. Those fair flowers will yield no fruit, and cannot take the place of that which ought now to be ripening among your boughs.

But may be you have done your work, your fruit is ripened, the crop harvested, and in the autumn days, while your leaves are falling, you revert to spring-time thoughts and put out a few reminiscent sprays of blossom. Happy the life that completes its task (many do not) and has time to revive its youth. Delightful reminiscences of childhood rejuvenating old age!

Or possibly those mis-timed blossoms are prophecies of the coming spring. They will never ripen, but they foretell other blossoms that will not be fruitless. O ye old men that dream dreams! Perhaps they may be fulfilled for you in
another land, when the winter is past. Or, may be, born of your life experience, the reward of your life labors, they are Nebo visions or Balaam prophecies of what will be accomplished here by a generation yet to come.

III. FROM THE FOG ON THE MOUNTAINS.

On a clear morning, after a damp night, I have seen the old Du Priest nearly capped with fog. The body of the mountain is a deep indigo, somewhat softened by the humid atmosphere. Its outlines are distinctly traced from its foot-hills, along the ridges, up the sides, till all is lost in the smoky fog.

The sun is still under the ridge to the east, but its fore-running beams fall first on the top of this western peak. A change is worked. The murky vapor is tinged with pink, and fades to yellow, and then to a clear silver gray, as the stronger, fuller light falls upon it.

The fog is lightened. It has hung close to the mountain; it now begins to rise. Ragged gossamer streamers, like waves of silvery spray, rise from the mass, as if stretching beseeching hands to the heavens. They rise higher. They become lighter. A morning breeze, floating high in its morning walk, stirs them and waves them and tempts them to fly. They are torn from their moorings and float away across the valley, timidly at first, and then with a surer, steadier, stature grace. And as they leave the mountain and cross the valley high over my head, I see no longer the fog streamers, but a floating cloud.

The fog is of the earth, earthy; the cloud is of the heavens, ethereal. The fog, ordinarily, must die and be forgotten before it can be raised in glory. But here I have seen it bodily translated. And I love the cloud because I have known it below; and I love the fog because it belongs and is destined above.

Now I see no longer the fog-capped peak and its streamers lost to the sky. I see the earth filled with plodding men, earthly all, even those on the mountain tops. And I see the
invisible realm of God-like beings. I hear around me, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." I hear men comforting one another—"at the resurrection." I see a fragment of earthy vapor rise from Olivet and vanish in a cloud. And I love the cloud because He has been man, and I love my fellow-man because we shall all be gods.

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Life's Labors.

BY E. M. HELLER, '08.

This is a motley world, indeed,
Comprising joy and strife;
For there are men whose footsteps lead
In every walk of life.

The preacher holds the first place,
Enshrined within our hearts;
'Tis he who asks God's pardoning grace
For all our sins and faults.

And then there comes the physician,
'Mongst all enlightened nations,
Whoever holds this grand position,
Must needs have lots of patience.

The teacher is the next to follow,
With all his classic learning,
Imparting knowledge to the scholar,
Whose mind is ever yearning.

The lawyer comes, with legal tender,
Into our courts of law,
Acting as the just defender
Of prisoners at the bar.
The banker, with his shining shekels,
  Controls the world's finances;
He holds beneath those golden speckles
  A countless store of chances.

The legislator's active mind
  Creates our country's laws;
With care he studies every line,
  So there will be no flaws.

The soldier on the fighting field
  Harks to the battle-cry;
He boldly dons his sword and shield,
  To conquer or to die.

In art the music players tower
  Much higher than the rest;
For Orpheus' strains, you know, have power
  To soothe the savage breast.

The painter, with his brush and oils,
  Portrays rare-tinted glories;
The author, who most carefully toils,
  Produces choicest stories.

And there are others by the score,
  In every clime and region,
Who daily are achieving more—
  Their name, of course, is legion.
WILLIAM COWPER, the poet, was born in Hertfordshire, England, on November 15, 1731. He was the son of John and Anne Cowper, both of highly respectable rank.

Cowper's deep love for his mother had a very great effect upon both his life and works. His mother died in November, 1737, William being then only six years of age. Though only a child, the effect of her death upon him was lasting and very pathetic. It has been said that Cowper declared that for upwards of half a century following his bereavement only the sight of her photograph was necessary to bring upon him a violent fit of melancholy and a storm of emotion. This chapter of his life portrays more forcibly, probably, than any other the strong power of affection which lay hidden in his heart and which seldom was brought to the surface.

For two years following the death of his mother, Cowper was in charge of Dr. Pitman, who lived only a few miles from Cowper's home. But Cowper's life seemed to be one which was destined to be sad and full of trials, for, after having remained a little over two years with Dr. Pitman, a serious affection of the eyes caused him to be put under the care of an oculist. The malady seeming to improve to a certain degree, he was, after a period of two years, sent to Westminster.

Here misfortune again crossed his path, this time in the form of small-pox. While this latter disease caused him untold physical and mental anguish, strange to say, it had a very beneficial effect upon his eyes, though they never became entirely normal.
It was at about this period of his life that Cowper first began, as he termed it, to "dabble in rhyme."

After leaving Westminster he was for a time with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, and in 1752 he began the study of law, but soon discontinued it.

Cowper's father died in 1756, and soon after William began contributing to a periodical, the Connoisseur, which was edited and published by several of his former school-mates.

The elder Cowper's death left William entirely upon his own resources. His means of support were very meagre, and he lacked confidence and energy, the possession of which would no doubt have made his financial position brighter.

But Cowper had friends, and they were now soon to make themselves known. By their concerted attempts they at last secured for him a well-paying public office.

The queer strain which ran through Cowper's entire life is strongly revealed in connection with the above event. Having obtained the office, he now began to doubt his ability to fill it. There was no ground for such a foolish idea, but he turned it over and over in his mind, and so dwelt on the question that he began to lose his reason.

Spell after spell of gloom and of the deepest of melancholy befell him, and finally he made frequent attempts at suicide. On each occasion he was prevented just in time.

Cowper's friends, now seeing that it was useless to try to calm him, and fearing to leave him under his own control, placed him in care of a noted physician, Dr. Cotton. This step brought about excellent results, and in a year and a half his mind had so profited by Dr. Cotton's treatment that he was able to move to Huntingdon to live. This location was very suitable to Cowper, his brother being located at Cambridge, which was only a short distance from Huntingdon.

It was while he was at Huntingdon that Cowper met for the first time the family of the Reverend Mr. Unwin. An
incident connected with Cowper's acquaintance with this family again reveals to us the unhealed wound in his heart caused by the death of his mother. Though intimate with each member of the Unwin household, it was the character and personality of Mrs. Unwin that especially appealed to the poet. The following item, taken from the few personal letters which Cowper left to the world, will show us just how close the ties were between them. He says: "The lady in whose house I live is so excellent a person, and regards me with a friendship so Christian, that I could almost fancy my mother restored to life again, to compensate to me for all the friends I have lost and all my connections broken." What person, regardless of his other qualities, can we help but admire, who has for her who gave him birth a love so tender, deep, and undying?

In about 1767 Mrs. Unwin lost her husband, the result of an accident. This caused Mrs. Unwin to leave Huntingdon and locate at Olney, Buckinghamshire. Cowper accompanied her, and he did much religious work while here—in fact, too much for one whose mind was so diseased as that of Cowper.

After he had been at Olney for a space of three years Cowper once more suffered a bereavement. This time it was the loss of his brother. Though plunged into so great a gloom, his fervent religious nature found great consolation in the fact that he had succeeded in converting his brother before his death.

For about the next three years Cowper's life was one of comfort and usefulness, but at the expiration of that time the weakness of his mind took the form of religious despair, bordering upon insanity.

He became firmly convinced that his efforts had been of no avail, and that there was no salvation for him. That such a malady should befall so zealous and earnest a man as Cowper was indeed a great misfortune.
The pleadings, arguments, and persuasion of his friends had no effect whatsoever upon him. The cloud still remained, though at times, when actively engaged, or in company with his friends, it seemed to rise, only to fall with greater intensity and darker shadow at the expiration of a short respite.

This terrible ordeal through which he was passing, and was destined to pass for the remainder of his life, only goes to show the strong type of Christian that Cowper represented. Not in a single way did he alter the ways or habits of his life. Though punished by a thousand demons, so to speak, he continued to be the same devout, kind, and gentle believer that he was before this last and worst affliction settled upon him.

It was in the summer of 1781, when Cowper was fifty years of age, that the first volume of his poems were published, and the world became acquainted with the works of one of England's greatest and most popular poets. The preface to this volume was written by a certain Mr. Newton, at one time curate of Olney, and a great friend and religious adviser of Cowper. He had since removed from Olney.

The greater number of Cowper's earlier friends had long since been lost to him, owing to the fact that his correspondence with them had been interrupted by his illness. Therefore, when he published his first volume of works, he could only locate a few, and to each of these he forwarded a copy. Among this number were Colman and Thurlow, two former associates.

Colman had secured a position as patentee to a play-house, and Thurlow had become Lord Chancellor. Both had become saturated with a feeling of self-importance, and neither designed to acknowledge the gift.

This cruel and base neglect caused Cowper to publish a collection of bitter verses of satire. These had the desired effect, and both Colman and Thurlow sought to heal the
breach by the bestowal of several favors and small kindnesses. It would be well to notice that this was done after it came to be considered an honor simply to know Cowper.

Cowper also published numerous other verses of satire and ridicule at about the same time. The best known one of these is "Anti-Thelyphthara," a form of ridicule aimed at a book, "Thelyphthara," written by his cousin, the Rev. Martin Madan.

Cowper had been greatly aided in the composition of his first volume of poems by the hearty encouragement of Mrs. Unwin. She virtually constituted his incentive for his work. Such was not the case with the second volume of his works. By mere chance he became acquainted with a certain Lady Austen, and a strong friendship sprang up between them. This friendship ripening into intimacy, Lady Austen moved near to Cowper's home and soon became a frequent visitor and companion. This lady was the possessor of a very beautiful voice, and this fact formed the theme for several of Cowper's songs. She also gave him the skeleton outline of "John Gilpin's Ride," and from this he worked out his famous ballad of that title. "The Task" was produced, to a certain extent, at her suggestion.

At about this time, however, through unknown reasons, an estrangement took place between Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austen, which resulted in the departure of the latter. Soon after the removal of Lady Austen, Cowper's cousin, Lady Hesketh, a close friend in his boyhood days, came to Olney and resided near the poet. She was a lady of refinement and kind, gentle manners, and succeeded in doing much to brighten the remaining years of his life.

Just as we owe much to Mrs. Unwin for Cowper's first volume of poems, and to Lady Austen for the second volume, we also are greatly indebted to Lady Hesketh for his delightful series of letters.

In November, 1786, Cowper moved with Mrs. Unwin to
Weston, a near-by village. Many of his short poems were written during the first years of his residence in Weston, and were generally addressed to his newly-made acquaintances and friends.

Barely a year had passed after his departure from Olney when a sudden and chronic attack of his old malady—religious, despair—returned to torture him; this time in the shape of illusions of thought and hearing. This spell, though soul- rending, was short, and Cowper was soon able to begin his celebrated translation of Homer. This was published in 1791, and a short time afterwards appeared his work on Milton.

Before this latter work was completed Mrs. Unwin suffered a stroke of paralysis, and this caused Cowper to be in a constant state of anxiety and apprehension. However, she recovered to such a degree that she was able to go with Cowper upon a visit to Eartham, Sussex, where they were luxuriously entertained by Cowper’s friend and fellow-worker, Hayley.

In 1794 Cowper’s friends again came to his aid, and succeeded in obtaining a pension for him from the Government, amounting to the sum of about three hundred pounds.

Notwithstanding the fact that Dame Fortune seemed at last to smile upon him, Cowper’s vivid imagination now caused new terrors and illusions to torment him, and he gradually sank into a melancholy and despondent condition, from which he never again rallied.

Upon the advice of his physician, Cowper now moved with Mrs. Unwin, who had become insensible, to Dereham, Norfolk. Here Mrs. Unwin passed away in December, 1799.

From this time on no person or thing would give him pleasure or comfort his sorrow. Each day that passed was to him filled with anguish and terror.

In December, 1799, he was attacked by dropsy, and on
April 25th of the following year he passed quietly away at Dereham.

Probably no man in the history of literature should be criticised with more leniency than Cowper. With a heart as loving and tender as that of a child, yet with a mind and nature that gave him no rest, he battled through this life, always at dagger points with an unseen, yet powerful enemy.

Despite these handicaps, we have in him a poet of charm and power. Nature was to him closer than a brother. His pen changed even the most simple of her possessions into a beautiful and fascinating object. The same is true with nearly every subject which he handled. Whenever he enjoyed a short respite from his malady, the trivial affairs of life were turned by him into sport or jest. On the other hand, in his gloomier periods he put forth arguments and doctrines of such force and accuracy as to wield a powerful influence for good over his fellow-man.

William Cowper is gone, yet his character and works are left us. Both are of sterling worth. May they always be held in the highest esteem and sympathetic regard they so justly deserve.
To a Spirit.

BY WALTER J. YOUNG, '07.

Sad is life, precarious strand,
Silver link of time,
Circling melancholy band,
Æon's girding rhyme.

Weary path, thou toilsome road—
Labor we our way;
Dark'ning doubt, our futures bode,
'nd heedless go astray.

Chalice golden, do we slip
Down youth's nectared wine;
Come at last, the dregs to sip,
Hemlock's bitter brine?

Lilt of spider's silken gauze,
Fashion we our web,
Snare ourselves to joys, because
Forgotten is life's ebb.

Naught is sure—does naught endure?—
Light-wreathed answer came—
Love is life and love is light,
Eternally the same.

Soul may leave the breathless clay,
Spirit is and shall abide.
She, unseen, is yet my stay,
Love brims bright life's swelling tide.

NOTE.—In reverent memory of a friend, whose spirit made bright many a dark pathway.
SOME years ago, on account of my health, I found it necessary to take a trip to the mountains, and spent about six months at the home of a distant kinsman, who lived in the northern part of New York State. While there I became very much attached to both him and his wife. There is a saying that happy marriages are made in heaven, and, if this is true, surely this one must have been, for I have never seen a better match. I understood there was a little romance connected with the match, and I determined to ask the old gentleman to tell me about it some day when I got a good chance.

One day, after dinner, while we were sitting in what he called his study, I asked him if he would tell me about it if it would not be prying into his personal affairs too much.

"Well, my boy," said he, kindly, "it's a story I don't generally mention, but I don't mind telling it to you, as I do not think you will misunderstand me. I went through school with a boy named Will Turner. He and I were the closest of friends, and truly he was an admirable lad. We chummed, roomed, studied, and almost thought together for five years. During that time we came to love each other as brothers. After we had graduated, we traveled a bit to see the country. Stopping some time in Baltimore, we met a Miss Frances Avery. She was a beautiful girl, as well as a sensible one, and was one of the belles of the place. Will and I went to see her, and we both liked her, but she seemed to smile on all alike. I went to Washington for a while, and then returned to Baltimore. We soon learned to love her, and I confess it was no difficult thing to do, but we did not tell each other. We went to see her regularly. Somehow, she seemed to show me some slight favors from time to time, and I came to think
that perhaps I was not totally disagreeable to her. How I rejoiced in the thought! But my joy was marred when I thought of Will, for I saw about how matters stood with him, although he had not said a word about her to me. But, then, I reasoned to myself, he cannot love her as well as I do; and, well, may be he is not in love with her, anyhow. He just thinks so, and if I win out he will soon come to his senses. I lived on the hill-top and then in the valley, as I guess all anxious lovers do. Finally, one night Will told me all. He told me how much he loved the girl; how he feared his love was not reciprocated; what it would mean to him if he lost her. In short, he told me everything, and then asked me if I thought he had any chance to win out. I did not commit myself, but told him I thought his chances were fairly good. He then asked me if I would speak a good word for him if I had the opportunity. It never seemed to occur to him that I also might be in love with Frances. I seemed to feel intuitively that I might win her, but when I would think about it the pitiful face of poor Will would rise up before me as I remembered it from that night when he told me of his love.

"About that time the worst happened, and I was thrown upon my own resources, with scarcely a penny. Will offered me money, but I refused it. My father did not long survive the failure. Frances wrote me a letter of sympathy, and such a letter it was. I have it treasured yet. Bidding a reluctant farewell to her, I went to the little town of ---, where a friend had secured a position for me with a lumber firm. I think now it was fortunate that I did not get an opportunity to speak to Frances alone before I left. After getting out there I found I could not hold the position assigned to me, and I finally got a position as time-keeper and assistant foreman in a lumber camp out in the woods. Here I partially forgot some of my sorrows in hard work, for hard work it was to me, who had never done any kind of manual
labor before, but I stuck. I corresponded with Frances during the winter, and occasionally heard from Will. I knew I must soon make a decision what I should do, but I just didn’t have time to think.

“One Sunday afternoon in the spring I left camp alone, and went down to the river, two miles away, and sat down on the bank, resolved to know when I left what I should do. It seems to me I can go over it all again. How carefully I weighed each point. I gave myself a cross-examination, and then, for the first time, I had a true revelation of myself as I was. Here I was, a penniless man, with no means of livelihood except my two hands. True, I had been educated, but I couldn’t get where that would count. Me, a mere lumberman, a day laborer. What right had I to ask her to become my wife? I looked at my hard, rough hands. Would it be right to lead a girl of culture, attainment, wealth, beauty, and high name to the altar to become the wife of a poor lumberman? What could I offer her but a hard lot, drudgery, and love? Then, Will loved her. He could give her everything in life she wished. I knew he was a man. Could I keep my self-respect and ask her to share my lot of hardship and poverty—to turn down a man who was, in every way, eminently fitted to be her match? How selfish it would be of me! And so, I fought it out alone. Oh, it was a fight, but, as the shadows began to fall, I decided in favor of Will, and, though a vast loneliness came down upon my soul, and my love cried out bitterly against me, yet I felt better that it was over and I had made my decision. I was now alone again in the world, without a single tie to bind me, save some distant relatives. Far out across the water I could hear the low sad call of a loon to its mate, and so I thought of my love calling out in its loneliness to its mate, but expecting and receiving no reply.

“But, though I had won my hardest battle, I had to break with Frances. I hope I have been forgiven, but I could think
of no other way save to write her that I had discovered my ideal out here, and that I was pushing my suit to a successful conclusion, I hoped, and so I wrote her. Yes, I had discovered my ideal, but the conclusion! I also wrote to Will, and told him I heard indirectly that his chances were extremely good, and I wished him success. After mailing these letters, I secured my salary, and pushed out West, for I could not bear to know or hear further of what I was sure would follow. I stayed out West, going from one place to another, eking out an existence, a lone, lorn bachelor, with a past like the rest. I used to comfort myself at times by thinking how happy they must be, for her happiness was my pleasure even then. And then, sometimes, as I would sit in my rough quarters by the dying fire, she would seem to come and sit beside me, as in the olden days, and I would seem to see her fresh sweet face looking tenderly in mine. Then I would hear again the sad plaintive call of the loon, and my mind would go back to that memorable evening on the river bank.

"After about four years I determined to go back East and see civilized people again. I felt I could now face Will and Frances, and possibly enjoy their happiness with them. Going up the familiar steps again, I rang the bell and inquired about her mother, but was told the family had moved to another part of the town. I went there, and her mother came to the door, but did not recognize me at all. When I told her who I was she was overjoyed, and insisted I must stay a while. I talked about different things, and I noticed she seemed to have something bearing on her mind. Finally she asked me when I had heard from Will. Then I told her, in part, of my stay out West. Looking away, she told me that he had been dead nearly four years. It just took me off my feet. Poor Will, dead nearly four years, and I never dreamed it. Then I asked her about Frances, desiring to know what I feared to hear. She said Frances would be down soon."
"Well, I met her, but we didn’t get a chance to talk much before dinner. After dinner I asked her if she would mind showing me Will’s grave, for he had been buried in Baltimore. And so we went to the cemetery. As I stood by my old chum’s grave I felt that, after all, I had been repaid for my sacrifice to him, for he at least died not knowing that I had stood unintentionally between himself and happiness. And then I asked her to tell me about it. There was not much to tell. She had not engaged herself to Will, and he had suddenly been taken sick and died. She had written me several times, informing me of his death, but received no reply, and supposed I had been married. Then I told her all. Before I had finished I noticed she was crying softly, and I asked her if I might now presume to ask her to share my humble lot, and there, by the side of Will’s grave, we made it up, and to-day you see the result."

The Spirit of Contentment.

BY "JIMMY WINKS."

Will you weep? Will you sigh?
Nay, here am I!
I to you can never die,
Nay, here am I!
Though thou los’st thy dearest,
Though thou doubt’st and fearest,
Still I am thy nearest,
Laugh, for ’tis I.
At thy birth I was thine all,
At her death thy very all,
I am still thine all in all,
Changeless, I am I.
I am only what thou hast,
I am with thee to the last!
OLD TOM WALKER was the bad man of the neighborhood. Not that he had ever done anything so bad since he had come among us, but he had little to do with his neighbors, lived alone, and had a very wicked look. There were dark whispers as to his past, for why had he come so mysteriously into the neighborhood and lived ever since alone in his little cabin, as if hiding?

I said Old Tom Walker had a wicked look; the neighbors said he had a wicked heart. The people wondered from whom he was hiding, and if he would ever be found in this out-of-the-way place. It seemed unnatural for so old a man to have so wicked an expression. And then his general appearance and behavior invited distrust. He was tall and lank, and his face was covered with a grizzled beard, an ugly mixture of red and gray. He wore heavy boots, and walked with a slow, steady tread, as if counting his steps. He had lived now for many years alone in his cabin, and had never entered the door of any of his neighbors.

I was a small boy at that time, and took great pleasure in wandering about Old Tom's cabin. There was a sense of mystery about it that fascinated me. I liked to see how close I could get up to the cabin, when Old Tom was at home, without being seen.

One night I had been over to where the cabin of a new neighbor was going up, when an idea suggested itself of paying Old Tom one of my secret visits. I crept through the thick undergrowth up quite close to the door. By the moonlight I could see the old man sitting on the door-step, with his head bowed in his hands. Presently he raised his head wearily, and I heard him talking to himself. I could not catch much of what he said, but I heard these words:
"Yes, it was either him or his ghost. I could not have been mistaken. Has he come at last to set up his cabin by the side of mine, to haunt me here?"

I waited for some time, but heard no more. He evidently referred to the new neighbor.

Several days passed, and I had seen nothing either of Old Tom or the new neighbor. Having an afternoon off from my regular duties, I decided to go down to the river and catch a few fish. I say river—it could hardly be called a river, only a small stream, as it was, running through a thickly-wooded section. Old Tom's house was almost in sight on one side, and the new cabin was not far across on the opposite hill.

I had seated myself comfortably on the bank, where the bushes grew so thickly that I was almost completely hidden from view, and had been there some time without success, when I heard voices near me. Looking through the leaves, I saw Old Tom standing, with folded arms, only a few feet from the new neighbor.

"Tom Walker! Is it possible?" I heard the stranger say.

"Possible! Yes," said Old Tom. "Anything is possible, since you have come to life. But it is your time now. Get out your shooting iron. I have waited a long time for some one to end my wretched life."

"Why should I harm you?" said the other. "I am none the worse off for the little affair we had the last time we met."

"Don't hesitate," said Old Tom. "If I didn't kill you that night at Old Smith's bar, it was not because I didn't try."

"See here, Tom," said the stranger, "I was as much to blame that night as you were. Let by-gones be by-gones. It all happened twenty years ago, and, from the looks of you, your punishment has been enough. Let's shake hands and have done with it." He extended his hand. Old Tom hesitated; then slowly took it.
“And I am not a murderer?” he said.
“No,” said the other. “Thank God, you are not!”
“Thank God, I am not!” repeated Old Tom, with bowed head.
“And now,” said the stranger, “come and see the little shack I am putting up over here. You know I have always liked to have plenty of room, and folks were getting too thick around me at the old place.”

I watched the two as they made their way toward the new home on the hill-side.

That night I decided to steal up to Old Tom’s cabin and see what was going on. It was a bright moonlight night. I crept up quite near, among the shrubs. There he was, sitting in the door-way as usual. But somehow he looked changed. Instead of looking down, as usual, he looked up and around him. He seemed to see through the trees the little river, over which a veil of mist hung. Then the old man seemed to raise his face up toward the heavens, and I thought I saw a tear glisten in his eye. The moonlight fell full upon his face, and I wondered, as I watched him, how I could ever have thought Old Tom had a wicked look.

Negro Education in the South.

BY W. P. McBAIN, ’09.

THE whole South is in an experimental state with regard to the Negro problem. Such conditions as exist in America are unprecedented in history. There is a tendency among us to rely upon education to accomplish results without its scope. The function of education is the development of the individual. It will affect society only so far as the individual is a factor. However, the value of education should not be underestimated. It will, undoubtedly, aid the Negro in developing a civilization of his own.
The whole burden of Negro education rests upon the shoulders of the South. Her first duty is the education of her unprivileged white children, and this should be foremost of her obligations. Meanwhile, the Negro presents a problem, which bitterness may ever intensify, but never solve. He is here, and here to stay. Some people may talk about sending him away, but before this can be accomplished there must be provided an adequate transportation and a destination. When one considers the fact that there are about ten million of them in America this seems impossible. So, let us take him as he is. Negro education is a task which the South has not neglected, but has fulfilled with great patience.

There are some things which are wisely decided once for all. Among these is the social separation of the races. This is best for both races, as Mr. Murphy has pointed out in his excellent pamphlet on “The Task of the South.” It has preserved for the Negroes their best and wisest men, who, otherwise, would have been absorbed into the life of the race above them. So the two races must be educated apart. The Negro cannot attend the same school as the white, nor graduate from the same college. In some districts of the South the Negro outnumbers the white six to one. To send our white children to the same school would be putting them in the environment of the lower race, rather than putting the lower race in their environment. An utter end to both races is preferable to their mutual assimilation. Far better is an honorable end than a dishonorable continuation.

But this is a needless fear. There is no sane man who would permit it. The doctrine of racial integrity, which forms the fundamental dogma of Southern life, is universally accepted. Hence, the educational system must be a double system, the burden a double burden. Its cost is very great, but the South, in her poverty, would rise to meet it were it twice as great.

There are some who object to Negro education, because
they fear the Negro will rise above the white man. Yet, the very men who talk about the Negro's getting on top declare he is bad and worthless. The only way for the Negro to get on top is for the white man to fall below the Negro. How can he, no matter what he knows, rise above our proud and historic Anglo-Saxon race, with its start of centuries of civilization? Nothing ever becomes supreme in a democracy but virtue and intelligence. The real danger lies not in the Negro's knowing too much, but in his knowing so little and doing so little that he will become an intolerable burden. Was it not the ignorant plebs who destroyed Rome? Did not the uneducated mob carry things to extremes in the French Revolution? Is it not the unschooled peasantry of Ireland who keep her in poverty? Thus, the South will also be impoverished as long as the Negro is uneducated.

The United States Commissioner of Education states that the Negroes who received a higher education from 1880 to 1890 decreased thirty per cent. as compared with the general average. If the Negro is not receiving a higher education, what kind of an education is he getting? Over fifty per cent. of them are wholly illiterate. Great numbers of them are worthless. Are they worthless because they went to school? Rather they are worthless because they quit it. However, shall a policy which is the true principle of a democracy be condemned? At any rate, establish it and try it first. A majority of the Negroes can read and write a little, but that is not education. There are many people who believe that a Negro who, after much effort, can manage to sign his name on a piece of paper shows the bad result of Negro education. But the evils of an education cannot be judged by an uneducated mob.

The Negro is to be blamed, to some extent, for his failure to take the education. Yet the South's resources have been utterly insufficient for the double burden placed upon her. The average Negro school term has been less than seventy
days. Thus he has had nine months to forget all that he learned in the preceding three. How can any policy be condemned on such an unfair trial? The fault is not wholly his, nor ours. Our task has been one of immeasurable difficulties. After four years of the bitterest war that was ever known in history the South was left with her lands devastated, her property confiscated, and her people penniless. There was no longer that division between the aristocracy and the common people. All were reduced to the same level, and out of this impoverished condition sprang a democracy. The war was the cause not only of the manumission of the Negro, but also the emancipation of the South. Little credit as yet has been accorded the South for her achievements since the war. But the historian will come to regard her victories since the 60’s even greater than the way in which her youth responded to the call to arms.

After that bitter struggle the Southern people had to start afresh. Before they could give anything toward education they had to get something to give. Yet they, in their poverty, have given much. The Negroes also have given directly or indirectly. They help pay the rents and the rents pay the taxes.

The result is the Negro primary school, which has many good qualities. It teaches order, punctuality, and self-restraint; also, it brings the Negro into contact with his fellow-student. This contact has a civilizing effect. The Negro problem itself is merely a problem of civilization. He will have to develop a civilization of his own, with what aid we can give him.

On the other hand, the Negro public school presents some very serious defects. It is entirely too academic, too bookish, too much unrelated to life. Character is the object of all education. It is probably best developed by a combination of the theoretical with the practical. At this stage of the Negro’s civilization, education which consists in learning by
doing is best suited to him. The majority of the Negroes live in the rural districts. There are comparatively few of them in the towns. The South is an agricultural country. Her wealth lies in her farms. The Negro should be taught to plant corn and to grow potatoes. He should be taught how to care for his cotton and tobacco, how to alternate his crops so as to get the best results from his land. Thus the Negro may cultivate his land intelligently. What the Negro really needs to-day is industrial education.

The way to reach a race is through the children. The way to reach the children is through the teacher. So, if we wish to put industrial ideas into a race, let us train the teacher industrially. This is what Hampton and Tuskegee stand for. These are institutions primarily for the training of Negro teachers. They teach all branches of industry. Their graduates in turn become the teachers of Negro schools. There should be at least fifty similar institutions in the South. It was stated recently in The Outlook that both of these schools were financially embarrassed. It is to be hoped that some of our philanthropic men of wealth will come to their aid.

In a word, the kind of education which the Negro should receive is industrial and moral—that education which teaches him to do right for the sake of right, and at the same time to be of some benefit to himself and to his country.
A Prayer.

BY '08.

Father, the world is very dark,
And all around is night,
But unto Thee, O loving God,
We raise a prayer for light.

We look into the years to come,
Where misty shadows steal;
But there are phantoms, and the nights
No certain forms reveal.

We look into the sacred past,
A twilight dim and cold,
And hopes that once were bright with life
Its shadows now unfold.

We think of all our broken vows,
Of what we would have done;
Ah! vain it is to trust in self,
We trust in Thee alone.

O Father, Guide and Friend of man,
Forgive our erring way,
Forgive thy wandering, sinful ones,
And teach us, Lord, to pray.
The Messenger.

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We sometimes wonder, when we look over a great company of people, what their aims are, what is their outlook on life. This speculation is particularly interesting when one looks over a great company of students. What does each come to college for? What does each intend to do when he goes out of the college into the great world of activity?

An examination into the motives and purposes of a body of students reveals wide differences. One man is going to the bar, another to the pulpit, another to the teacher's desk. Many have formed no definite purpose for life work. And theirs is the sad situation. Many men see nothing further than a dim perspective of graduation honors, of the close of the college course. They have not projected themselves into the world of real life, with its struggle and its demand for those fitted for some one work. These men, we say, are in a sad situation. We are ready to admit that they have taken a wise step in coming to college. They have placed themselves in surroundings which will help them to realize them-
selves, and to determine what they should do and be. The great need is for them to decide. Placed under most favorable conditions for growth, they will grow at a vastly enhanced rate if they direct their energies toward some definite end. One does not put all energy into work when one does not see ahead some clearly defined goal toward which the labor leads.

The formation of a purpose not only helps by giving an end toward which to struggle. It goes farther. The undecided, vacillating mind is constantly disturbed by the question of what to do. Decide this, and the questioning ceases, the unrest of mind is allayed, the faculties are free. There is greater activity by reason of the purpose itself, as indicated in the preceding paragraph, while the way is cleared for greater growth by the fact that the endless worries of an undecided mind are done away with.

We wish to impress the importance of the matter of forming a definite purpose for life work on every reader of The Messenger. We feel that the lack of purpose is the fatal weakness of many a man of ability. If a man has ability, if a man has talents, he is responsible to God and to man for the use to which he puts his endowments. The sooner he decides what he is to be the better will he attain to his end.

THE DEBATE. Randolph-Macon College and Richmond College have agreed to a debate, to be held in Ashland in April. The Messenger wishes to express its approbation of inter-collegiate debating, and to express the hope that the debate of last year and the one of this year may form only a beginning. It is a mistake to direct all inter-collegiate activity to athletics. The average man cannot be an athlete. He may be a much stronger man mentally than the athlete. He deserves a
chance. In inter-collegiate debating a chance is offered him.

Here in Richmond College there has been a great improve-

ment in literary society work in the past two years. More
attention is now being given to public speaking, and we wel-
come this as an indication of increasing usefulness of college
life. The college man should know how to express himself,
for he must either be a leader in life or fail in his true mis-

sion. Inter-collegiate debating will help keep up interest in
the societies. We heartily approve of every move to make it
a prominent feature of college life.

THE EDITORSHIP.

With the current number of The Messenger we close our term of office. We
feel that a personal word in this connec-
tion will not be out of order.

First of all, we want to say that the work has been both
pleasurable and helpful from a personal point of view. The
contact with the men has made us hold them in higher
regard. We feel that we know now much of the life of
college men which we would not have learned in any other
way.

Right here we want to thank the students for their loyal
support and kindly sympathy. We have been enabled to
come out on something like satisfactory time each month
this year. For this a debt is owed to the writers, who have
faithfully stood by the editor and handed in their material
early enough for presenting the magazine to the students
without serious delay.

But we must not deal entirely with the past. Our term of
office closes, but our interest in the magazine does not. The
magazine must be kept up, and must accomplish much more
in the future than it has done in the past. We would urge
those who have supported us, and all men who have any gift
for writing, to get behind the new editor and to let him know that he has their support. Don't stop writing because of a change in the staff. Don't make frivolous excuses for stopping writing. Such excuses are not reasons.

Last of all, we desire to congratulate the new editor, Mr. E. L. Ackiss, on his election to this office, and the student body on having the services of a man so well equipped for the work.
All items pertaining to this department should be handed in to the editor by the last of the month in order to be assured of their publication in the next number of The Messenger.

Newly-married college professor (at breakfast table) to his wife: “You can’t make biscuits like mother used to make.”
She: “And you can’t make dough like father used to make it.”

In a few days after the team takes to out-door practice all of us will have a week of in-door practice in the chapel—but of a slightly different nature—with examination pads. Here’s good luck to everybody!

Base-ball is now the one absorbing topic on the campus. The team has been at in-door work for a month, and by the time this number of The Messenger is issued out-door practice will have begun, provided the weather allows.

The fourth of the monthly Faculty receptions was given by Doctor Whitsitt in the Library on Tuesday, February 25th, from 8 to 10 P. M. A large attendance was present, and the occasion was especially noticeable on account of the large number of ladies present.

Woodward was narrating the life of Klopstock in Senior German. He finished with the words, “Klopstock died in 1803.” Dr. Stewart (absently): “Well, go on, please.” Woodward (apologetically): “I am afraid that’s as far as I can follow him, Doctor.”

The cup which we won at Newport News last Thanksgiving Day, by defeating William and Mary, has, as yet, no inscription on it to inform posterity to that effect. We know not
whose duty it is to see that it is suitably inscribed, but would like to see it attended to, nevertheless.

The Faculty gave a banquet to the students of the College on Wednesday, March 4th, the occasion being in celebration of the enrollment having reached the three hundred mark. Nearly every man in college was in attendance, and every one is now looking forward to the time when an additional three hundred shall have been obtained.

A great wrestling match took place the other morning in Junior Phil. between Burch and one of Dr. Mitchell's charts. The chart won the first fall in twenty-nine seconds, but Burch, amid great applause and enthusiasm, finally succeeded in putting the chart in its proper place, and blushingly resumed his seat (on the front bench), amidst the cheers and plaudits of his admiring fellow-students.

Work on the new base-ball diamond has begun, and at present writing good progress has been made. The ground has been dug down several feet, and cinders will be put in and covered over with sand. The whole will then be leveled and rolled, and, it is expected, will be ready for practice about the middle of March. When finished it is to be hoped that it will be kept in good condition, and not be allowed to fall into such a lamentable state as did our old diamond.

Evidence that the recent panic has not left the law class untouched is to be noted by the fact that Messrs. J. Braxton Miller and Paul Woodfin are raising side-whiskers and a moustache, respectively, in order to save tonsorial expenditure. A young lady, on seeing the former at the Faculty reception, asked if he was not a "Jasper," (presumably on account of the aforesaid whiskers,) and, on being informed that he was a law student, was heard to exclaim, "Oh, that's just as bad!"
In looking over some old copies of The Messenger we came across several which contained a department devoted to the co-eds., and entitled "Co-Ed. Chronicles." It seems a pity that this was allowed to be dropped, as the co-eds. have no way of identifying themselves with The Messenger save through this department. The Chi Epsilon Society should, we respectfully suggest, attend to this matter at its earliest opportunity. They contribute to the support of the paper, and are certainly entitled to representation therein.

A representative of Hickman & White, a well-known sporting goods firm of Washington, was in College on February 21st, to measure the team for uniforms. When the time came to measure Jim Sheppard's waist, "Lanky" had to hold one end of the tape-measure while the Hickman & White man walked around Jim with the other end. The new suits are pearl gray, with red collars, the word "Richmond" on the shirts, and crimson stockings. Coat sweaters of red, with blue trimmings and blue "R's," were also ordered along with the suits.

The Chi Epsilon Literary Society gave a reception to the Faculty on Friday, February 21st, from 5 to 7 P.M. The following programme was rendered and highly enjoyed by those present:

1. Paper—"The Influence of Physical Defect and Habit Upon the Genius," Miss Hellstern.
2. Piano solo, Miss Trevvett.
3. Recitation, Miss Dudley.
4. Duet, Misses Scott and Burke.
 Refreshments were served.

Our track team gained a victory over the Georgetown Reserves in a one-mile relay on Saturday night, February 21st, at Washington. The men ran in the following order:
Bristow, Waite, Meek, and Louthan. The result was uncertain until the last lap, when "Mac" Louthan, by a magnificent spurt, passed his rival and won by a very good margin. We run the Georgetown Reserves in Washington on March 7th, in the Georgetown games. As it is now Leap Year, we advise George Waite to accept Miss ——'s proposal, and to marry her in Washington on this trip.

The class in English B had been reading Othello, and had just completed the scene in which Othello smothers Desdemona. According to the text, Desdemona revives an instant later, only long enough to gasp that she is dying by her own hand, and that Othello is innocent of any harm to her. She then falls back and expires.

Sydnor (to Dr. Metcalf): "How do you explain it, Doctor, that Desdemona comes back to life after she has been smothered?"

Voice (from the back bench): "Must be a case of her getting her second wind, Doctor."

Below will be found Manager Gwathmey's schedule, which is unusually good, considering the many obstacles which he encountered this year. Inability to secure the Broad-Street Park, on account of its being used by the local professional team, has made it necessary to play many of the games out of Richmond, and while this is not to the liking of the student body in general, it is doubtless good news to the members of the team, who are not averse to taking as many trips as possible. These trips will also serve to advertise our College, especially outside of the State, and, all in all, this is one of the best schedules in several years. It will be noticed that we play both Randolph-Macon and Hampden-Sidney on the local diamond, and it is safe to say that these two games will arouse a great deal of interest and enthusiasm. We also play Randolph-Macon a championship game in Petersburg.
on April 6th. Why not get up a crowd and go over to root?

Following is the schedule for 1908:

March 28th—Richmond (League), at Richmond.
April 6th—Randolph-Macon, at Petersburg (championship).
April 10th—Washington and Lee, at Lexington.
April 11th—Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington.
April 13th—Lynchburg (League), at Lynchburg.
April 14th—Lynchburg (League), at Lynchburg.
April 17th—Columbia University, at Petersburg.
April 18th—A. and M. of North Carolina, at Petersburg.
April 20th—Maryland Agricultural College, at Petersburg.
April 21st—Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Petersburg.
April 25th—Randolph-Macon, at Ashland (championship).
April 28th—Fredericksburg College, at Richmond.
May 2d—William and Mary, at Williamsburg (championship).
May 6th—Hampden-Sidney, at Richmond (championship).
May 8th—Fredericksburg College, at Fredericksburg.
May 9th—Catholic University, at Washington.
May 11th—Randolph-Macon, at Richmond (championship).
May 13th—Trinity, at Greensboro.
May 14th—Open, at Greensboro.
May 15th—Trinity, at Durham.
May 16th—Catholic University, at Petersburg.

We are reminded that we will have to elect a new Chief Rooter. Manager Gwathmey, of course, has his hands full, and some one else must take his place. A good man should be selected—one who is not afraid to "talk out in meetin'."
Minutes of the Last Meeting of the Anti-Feminine Club.

The Club was called together Saturday night, February 29, 1908, at 11:30 o'clock by President Mills. Chaplain Payne opened the meeting with prayer.

The first question brought up was the election of new members. T. W. Ozlin applied for membership. As his credentials bore evidence to the truth of his plea of having recently received a lemon, and of having sworn off therefore, he was unanimously received. President Mills immediately resigned, stating that the new member was far more worthy than he to bear the high distinction of chief executive. Acting on his suggestion Mr. Ozlin was unanimously elected President.

The Club then took up the case of W. G. Coleman, and expelled him without ceremony. At his earnest request, however, he was granted the privilege of immediate re-instatement in case MacMannaway should return to College.

The Club, having disposed of his case, turned to that of E. M. Louthan (recently expelled). President Ozlin evidently had a deep interest in this case, and asked former President Mills to take the chair. One of the members [unfortunately his name is not in the minutes] rose to make a motion, and was fined on the spot by Chairman Mills for so doing. With great gravity of demeanor President Ozlin went into the discussion of Louthan's case. He said that the recent action of the Club in expelling this member had failed of its desired effect, and that he thought that sterner measures should be adopted. On his earnest solicitation the Club finally passed a remonstrance, begging that Louthan and Coleman (the remonstrance was extended to Coleman out of sympathy for J. B. Miller) desist from calling at the home of President Boatwright twenty-one
times a week, and suggesting that they call only once a day.

After disposal of these weighty cases, the application of John Hutton (recently expelled) for re-instatement was taken up. Many thought that, in view of his evident efforts at reform, his request should be granted, but their opinions were overcome by the great eloquence of Chaplain Payne, who was immediately thereafter expelled, on motion of W. B. F. Cole, for "quilling" thirty-five minutes over the 'phone when he ought to have been at supper.

There being no further business, the Club, after a treat of Budweiser and cigars from ex-President Mills, adjourned sine die.
Alumni Department.
E. W. HUDGINS, Editor.

“These are my jewels.”

What the class of 1904 are doing—
O. M. Robertson is in Crozer Seminary.
W. F. Dunaway, M. A., is in Wakefield, Va.
A. P. Walker is a lawyer in Charlottesville, Va.
M. O. Sowers is teaching in Charleston, W. Va.
O. W. Anderton is principal of Franklin Academy.
Dean Hundley has a law practice in Essex county, Va.
J. M. Turner is practicing law in Amelia county, Va.
S. H. Templeman will graduate from Colgate in June.
H. B. Schultz is in the newspaper business in Richmond.
Jim Powell, Jr., is in the Government service in Washington.
H. W. Sublett, M. A., is pastor of the Fairmount Christian Church.
G. B. Ish is principal of the Accomac High School, Accomac, Va.
D. K. Wood will graduate from Crozer Theological Seminary this year.
C. C. Pearson, M. A., is instructor in Latin in the Richmond High School.
P. P. Woodfin is president of the Senior Law Class in Richmond College.
B. F. Hicks and F. W. Putney are members of the Senior Class in Crozer Seminary.

L. L. Sutherland is studying chemistry in the graduate department of Johns Hopkins.

S. A. Derieux has graduated from Johns Hopkins University, and is now teaching in Tennessee.

J. J. Blake, J. S. Cohn, S. C. DeCamp, W. A. Leake, and P. F. Newell are all in business in Richmond.

Mac. Lankford has taken his law degree at the University of Virginia, and is now practicing in Norfolk.

D. G. Freeman will take his doctor’s degree from Johns Hopkins in June. He will lecture in the College chapel in March.

T. T. Wright took his civil engineer degree from Cornell in 1907, and is now employed by the Government at Vicksburg, Miss.

W. P. Clarke, M. A., is professor of Latin in Simmond College, Abilene, Texas. We were glad to see him on the campus last week on his way to Chicago University.

We have recently received a letter from the Kentucky Alumni Chapter, which held a banquet on February 19, 1908. This chapter is one of which alma mater may well feel proud.
In all ages critics, as a class, have been most unpopular. The very nature of their work makes this possible and almost imperative. The critic cannot, as other readers, review a book, or other literary production, with the single purpose of finding the good and the beautiful in the author’s productions, but he must keep before him the double motive of seeing the bad as well as the good. His work is of a destructive rather than a constructive nature. He must, in a measure, be a heartless worker, forgetting the pain and displeasure he may awaken in those whom he criticises. He must be of an analytic mind, ever prepared to tear into bits the cherished thoughts of the writer, without a thought of the discouragement he may cause.

These are certainly some of the qualities of critics of the higher order. However, the critics of college journals have their task somewhat softened by the fact that they are to pass judgment on the work of presumably immature minds. The writers for college magazines are not expected to measure up to the standards of writers of long experience and training. Our task should be rendered with the single purpose in view of being mutually helpful. This at least shall be the guiding motive in what we have to say of our welcome guests, the exchanges.

The February numbers are somewhat disappointing when we view them as a whole. The attractive, tasteful bindings are all as inviting as ever, but in most cases these same covers are in too close proximity, as though the chill blasts of winter had driven them to this method of keeping comfortable. However, the exception proves the rule, and there is some choice material among those on our desk at this time.
EXCHANGES.

THE HOLLINS QUARTERLY. Although we devoted our entire criticism last month to the magazines from female schools, we think, nevertheless, that we should seek to get all there is of a good thing, so we begin this month with the Hollins Quarterly. As the name indicates, this is not a monthly, but a quarterly, and, naturally, we expect it to be plump when it does favor us with a visit. This time we are not disappointed. The Quarterly is a magazine of splendid proportions, with a well-conceived plan of arrangement. The poetry is of an unusually high order, not consisting of mere jingle, but each selection presenting some beautiful gems of thought. Especially to be commended are "The Robin's Song" and "A Winter Evening." Considering the Quarterly's size, there is certainly too little poetry to break the monotony of the prose selections. The magazine is especially strong in the realm of essay. "The Uncrowned Queen" is of decided merit, both in thought and execution. The writer manifests considerable ability to do research work, which is work of the very highest order. "The Development of the Popular Song" is also a splendid production, well worth the reading, from a didactic standpoint. There are also some good stories, but these show a weakness in plot. Several of these are very creditable, but as a whole the stories show a weakness not compatible with the rest of the magazine.

THE WINTHROP COLLEGE JOURNAL. The current issue of this exchange is a decided disappointment in every respect. Considering the usual high standard of The Journal, it seems there must be something wrong, and we expected to find an explanation on the first page. However, it comes with a straight face, as though no explanation was thought necessary. The entire literary section is couched within thirteen pages. Two
very short stories, "Issaqueena" and "St. Valentine's Spell," are all that can be considered worthy of reading. These two, we are glad to say, show some originality of conception and development. The remainder of The Journal is in keeping with the literary department. We sincerely hope the next issue may approach nearer the old standard.

We are glad to take up The Carolinian, for we always feel that there is a treat in store for us. The January number contains some splendid matter, though there is not so great a variety as is the custom with our esteemed contemporary. In poetry this number is particularly rich. The opening poem, "To Carolina," exhibits a beautiful sentiment of patriotic devotion. "A Ballad of the Spectre Ship," by Mr. Wauchope, is good, as are all other productions that come from his pen. This poem is rather longer than college journals are wont to publish. Yet it is highly artistic, and exhibits real poetic genius in the author.

In short stories we have seldom seen a more beautifully-executed piece of work than we find in "Caught Stealing." The sentences are terse, and every word is chosen to convey the exact shade of meaning desired. This style is particularly worthy of imitation, especially by young writers. We have an unusual exhibition of the powers of the imagination in "The House Boat on the Congaree." The author causes the characters of mythological and mediæval times to act before us in a most modern way. "Some Aspects of College Journalism" should be helpful to all who are interested in improving the standard of college publications.

The Roanoke Collegian, though somewhat thin, and uninviting on the outside, has a very different appearance when we turn the covers. While the literary department is rather small, it
EXCHANGES.

contains some material of real merit. "A Glimpse of the Yellowstone" shows thought and originality. "Polly and the Professor" is an exceedingly amusing little bit of story, and brings to light some marked characteristics of the feminine mind.

In poetry The Collegian is strikingly poor, having only one short selection. It would add greatly to the attractiveness of the magazine if some good bits of verse were included.


Clippings.

The Hills Near Home.

I have seen the sunlight flushing All the golden hills of dawn, I have seen its setting glory Flood the billowy plains beyond, Where the radiant bright aurora Sheds her beams of throbbing light. I have stood and watched the grandeur Of the long, long northern night, But no gleam of light in darkness E'er appeals to those who roam Like the evening shadows lengthening On the far-off hills near home.
RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

I have heard the south wind sobbing
On the shores of distant seas,
Where the fragrant yellow jasmine
Sways to meet the languorous breeze,
Heard the hoarse and hollow murmur
Of the north wind as it passed
Down the frost-enchained valleys
In its cheerless, chilling blast,
But there's no Æolian music,
Zephyr's sigh, or storm wind's moan,
Like the whispering of the west wind
O'er the pine-clad hills near home.

—Lesbian Herald.

As Poe Would Tell It.

O. W. MCASKILL.

Hear the Soph'mores give their yells—
Their lusty yells!
What a tale of terror their resonance foretells!
In the startled ear of night
How the Freshmen scream from fright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Or haply groan.

In a babyish appealing to the mercy of their masters;
With a self-congratulation for their store of porous plasters;
They leap faster, faster, faster,
In the hope to 'scape disaster.
Now they're alone.
For they know what danger dwells
'Round the fount of Soph'more yells;
They can tell it by the roaring of the yells,
Of the yells, yells, yells, yells,
Yells, yells, yells—
By the sounding and resounding of the yells.

—William Jewel Student.