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The Messenger, RICHMOND COLLEGE,

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VOL. XXXIV.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 7.

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“To Evening Thoughts.”

BY C. L. STILLWELL, '11.

When in the deep'ning shades of gloomy eve
I quietly sit, with melancholy thought
My sole companion. Then, divinely taught,
Day's painful cares behind I gladly leave;
Then do I praise my dear beloved King
For life—His sweetest and most precious gift;
Then, too, I think of many deeds I've left
Undone, that might, perchance, have been a ring
Of love to bind some broken, bleeding heart;
Or smiles, not giv'n, that might have carried peace
To some unfort'nate one. Or how, in ease,
To one who has of life a lesser part
Than I, I might have spoke a word of cheer,
To drive away some cruel burning tear.

Wharton.

BY HARRY M. BOWLING, '08.

“MAY I see Miss Hunt, please?”

As the maid disappeared up the stairs Mr. Wharton walked into the lighted parlor and took a seat on the sofa, with the air of one not in a strange place.

A light step is descending the stairs, and, rising, he goes toward the door to meet the young woman who comes in.

“Good evening, Miss Agnes,” extending his hand.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Wharton," meeting his hand with a warm, frank grasp.

They cross the room, and sit together on the sofa. The conversation begins and continues just as it has one night every week for the last two years of Wharton's university course. They talk of things general, of their reading, of their ambitions, hopes, and plans, and, sometimes, of themselves.

Thus for an hour and a half. Then a pause. Wharton starts to speak—but hesitates. There are some subjects which perhaps no serious man, however experienced, can speak of without hesitation.

Wharton begins again.

"Miss Hunt," and his voice lacks its usual ease and command.

"Yes?" and there is an intuitive half-shade of embarrassment in Agnes Hunt's voice.

"Miss Hunt," he went on, "you know the story of my life, of the disappointment that five years ago so nearly wrecked me, that destroyed my happiness and shattered my hopes and ambition and my purpose. You know how I finished my college course and began my university work, not through any desire of further study and better equipment, but merely to drown my thoughts in work. You know, too, the change that came when, in the middle of my university course, I made your acquaintance; how I learned to find enjoyment in your companionship, and how your influence roused me to renewed hope and ambition and purpose and activity. All this I have told you before, in appreciation of your friendship. Now I have to speak of something else."

Miss Hunt looked down. A faint blush tinged her cheek.

"Your influence," Wharton went on, "has been the inspiration of my life. Without you I could not have finished my university course. I must have snapped under the old strain. What there is of purpose and what there is of happi-

ness in my life I owe to you. And now, with my degree within reach, and a professorship open to me, I am not willing to face earnest life without you."

Agnes half raised her eyes, but dropped them again quickly. A look of pleasure, almost of joy, struggled for expression in her face, but was overcome by her calm control. Her lips moved slightly, but Wharton was speaking again.

"But before I ask you to accept my heart I must say very frankly what I have to offer. The old wound has healed, but has left its scar. I have conquered the old love, and have learned to care for you; but I should be untrue to you if I did not tell you that my second love is not as all-possessing as the first. I doubt if a man ever loves as deeply the second time, particularly if the second love comes at thirty. But my heart, what there is of it, and my life, whatever it promises, I would like to offer you."

He hesitated, expecting an answer.

Her slight look of pain, quickly smothered, escaped his notice. Frank Wharton was not a keen observer of the finer shades of feminine expression.

She attempted to speak, but her voice faltered.

"Won't you say something, Agnes?" There was feeling in his tone.

"Mr. Wharton," she said, slowly, and her voice told of inward struggle, "I was not expecting a declaration of this kind." (She had not expected that kind.) "It would not be best for you or me for me to attempt to answer you now. When you come back next week we will talk of this again."

Wharton had not expected that kind of answer. But he and Miss Hunt had learned in their dealings with each other that when one made a decision concerning his own affairs the other must abide by it.

* * * * *

"May I see Miss Hunt, please?"

As the maid turns up the stairs Wharton walks into the

parlor. He stands before the grate. There is a nervousness in his manner. The past week has not been altogether an easy one for his mind.

A light step on the stairs, and he turns to meet Miss Hunt. The greetings are as cordial as usual. The conversation is on general topics for a while, but shows some abstraction on both sides. There is a pause. Wharton begins—and hesitates. He begins again.

“Agnes, are you ready to talk of something else? What are you going to say to me?” There is deeper feeling in his voice than she has yet heard. It almost makes her change her mind. But she steadies her voice, and replies, quietly, for all the tremors of undertone:

“Mr. Wharton, I have always valued your friendship, and sought your best interest. I appreciate the words you said to me last week. But I believe you can never be made happy by a woman you do not thoroughly love. You may find my friendship helpful, but, as a wife, I could not fulfill the demands, because I cannot command all your love.”

She stopped. Her bosom was heaving, for all her calmness of manner and voice.

“But about yourself,” Wharton broke in; “you say nothing about yourself. Are you thoroughly indifferent?”

“You had not asked anything about myself.” There were two clear, glistening drops in her eyes. Her voice had a touch of reproach, which Wharton, with all his dullness of perception, could not fail to note. He felt it, too, and there was a new sense of shame and penitence, as he replied:

“But I do ask it, Agnes; I meant it all along.”

Miss Hunt again had control of herself. Her voice was calm.

“For my part,” she replied, “I am frank to say to you, Mr. Wharton, that I love you with my whole heart, and that I love more deeply at twenty-eight than I did at twenty-one

That is why—" her voice was breaking—" that is why I cannot accept half your heart."

She was trembling. Her color was heightened. Her eyes had met his squarely at first, but as they began to glimmer through a mist they were lowered.

"Forgive me, Agnes."

One hand dropped to the sofa. He took it. It remained passive. But as he drew it toward him, and increased the pressure, it resisted and drew itself from his clasp.

"Let us talk of something else," she said. He looked at her. Her face was calm. "I want to tell you about an interpretation of the 'Rubaiyat' I read the other day."

* * * * *

Wharton sat before his grate in the dusk. He gazed into the coals and mused. The past few days seemed like months. His reflections were far from cheerful. He was disappointed. Well, that was nothing new to him, he thought, with a shade of bitterness. And with that thought he began to compare this with his other great disappointment.

Before he had been utterly broken. He had been unfit for work, unfit for society, all hope destroyed, all purpose shattered, all ambition gone. He had become desperate, and had thought of chloroform, of joining the Cubans, of going to the devil. He had compromised at last on submersion in study to drown other thoughts.

This time he found himself going on with his studies, and he had that morning written a letter in regard to the position he was soon to occupy. He was mingling with his daily associates without their being able to observe any difference in his conduct. He had no such paroxysms of grief as used to draw his face when he was alone.

He began to tell himself, this proved how right he was when he said a second love could never be as strong as the first. No voice whispered that it might prove only that a second grief could never be as strong as the first. And no voice reminded him that the same calm, noble influence that

had, two years before, taught him to bear, to hope, to work, was even now, unperceived, upholding him.

Just then a pang struck him, and, searching into his heart, he recognized that deep down in his soul there was disappointment—not of a childish wish to be cried over, nor of a youthful fancy to be raved over, but of a heart wish, a life plan to be regretted—and borne. He recalled the calm of the past two years, and, in sharp contrast, the restlessness of the past few days, and he felt that life had lost a sweetness that could not be restored. He thought of his former zest for his work and this half listlessness of to-day, and he knew that, though he was still planning with determination, he could never be as strong as he would have been with her.

Then he thought of Agnes and her declaration. She loved him! A thrill went through his heart. This was something new. Long as he had loved, deeply as he had longed for love, he had never heard those words before. A new pleasure was rising in his heart—a joy, a sweetness, he had never known before. God! was it true? He sat up straight in his Morris chair. He leaned forward and gazed into the red coals, his brow knit with anxious thought, but his lips half parted with that peculiar feeling, like a bewildered joy, just waking within. Was this what he had been thirsting for all these years? And had he found it at last, only to lose it because he could not return as full love? A dampening thought crossed him. Then his mind turned to the image of Agnes, with her frank, calm confession, and her quivering voice and glimmering eye. His heart melted.

* * * * *

“May I see Miss Hunt, please?”

As the maid turns up the stairs Wharton walks into the parlor. He stands before the grate, waiting.

A step on the stair, and he turns to meet Miss Hunt.

“Agnes,” extending both hands, “Agnes, I was mistaken”—her hands meet his; “the second love is stronger than the first.”

The Catalogue of the Virginia Baptist Seminary for 1840.

BY R. N. DANIEL, '07.

RICHMOND COLLEGE counts her history from 1832, with the beginning of the Virginia Baptist Seminary, which, in 1843, was chartered as "Richmond College." We have two old catalogues, which are of intense interest as regards a reflection of the work done in the early days of the Seminary and of the College. The first of these is the catalogue of the Seminary for 1840, and the second of Richmond College for 1843. The purpose of the present paper is to give an account of the contents of the first of these catalogues. An account of the second will appear in a later issue of *THE MESSENGER*.

Turning the yellow cover of the old catalogue, we find the following: "Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Virginia Baptist Seminary for 1840." Below this is the statement that the printing was done at the office of the *Religious Herald*.

As in the beginnings of all catalogues, we find the names of the Board of Managers, the Faculty, which at this time numbered three—Rev. Robert Ryland, Rev. Imlah G. Barker, and Rev. Joseph S. Walthall—and the names of the students. Of these there was a total of sixty-seven, twenty-four in the first class, fifteen in the second, seventeen in the third, eight in the fourth, and three unclassified.

Next we find the rules of the Seminary, including regulations concerning the management of the school by a faculty of three, the admission of students, beneficiaries, manual labor, and general rules of conduct for the students. Of these, none is more interesting than that which deals with manual labor. I quote from this to show the view

taken of physical culture in those days, as opposed to our system of athletics: "Those students who choose to promote their health by manual labor shall have two hours in each day appropriated to this object."

The general regulations are interesting. There are stated hours for study, and during these hours students are forbidden to visit each other's rooms, except on special business. We may imagine that the "special business" part was thoroughly made use of. Students were not permitted to go off the premises without special permission. They were expected to attend worship at least once every Sunday. A regulation, still in force, deals with the possession of fire-arms. Neatness in the care of rooms is required, and breakage of property is to be paid for by the offender, in case he can be found out; otherwise the entire student body is to bear the expense. The vacations were to occur July 1st to September 1st, and December 20th to January 2d. There are other regulations, but these are typical, and the others need not be mentioned.

The courses of study vary widely from those of the present. There are both classical and theological courses.

In the classical courses, the first class pursues work in English grammar, geography, Latin, and arithmetic. The second class works in Greek, Latin, algebra, and history and antiquities. The third class continues Greek, Latin, and algebra, and takes up geometry, trigonometry, and surveying. The fourth class has Latin, Greek, natural philosophy, logic and rhetoric, and mental philosophy. It must not be thought that these subjects were all taken at once. One would come during one part of the session and another during another part. It is worthy of note that considerable work was done in certain subjects. In Latin, for instance, work was done in Cæsar, Sallust, Virgil, Cicero, and Horace. And there was one course either in Livy or Cicero's *de oratore*.

The theological class is given work in natural theology, sacred antiquities, moral philosophy, critical study of the New Testament, composition of sermons, with lectures on the evidences of Christianity and pastoral duties.

The little leaflet closes with some general remarks about expenses, the location of the Seminary, its history, its purposes. Expenses were estimated at one hundred and twenty dollars a year. The location was our present one. The purpose was to prepare young men for the ministry "that, becoming 'scribes well instructed,' they might be able 'to teach others also.'"

Dream Days.

BY WALTER JORGENSEN YOUNG, '07.

I dream, and dreaming real doth seem
 The child of fitting hours, I deem
 I ne'er shall live again ;
 For blossoms of a spring once blown
 Ne'er smile (the fruit tho' red-cheeked grown),
 In a sunny April rain.

I live again the happy hours
 In rude and simple country bowers
 With apples shadowed o'er,
 And roses clambering, dear wee cot,
 Half-hid i' the tiny garden plot,
 And border flowers galore.

In the dank, sweet cool of orchard shade,
 There rank blue-grass God's carpet made,
 I roll my sturdy form,
 And feel my tummy berry full,
 And smack my lips, and guilty pull
 The red-stained blouse, and torn.

Then pluck the grape, hard, acid, green—
 That burdened porches leafy screen—
 And champ with face awry ;

A buzzing bee from pink flox fair
 I drove, and decked aunt's silvery hair
 With gurgling, gleeful cry.

Though busy at her wifely care,
 A genial grace and moment spare
 She yields to childish glee—
 The walnut bed, rag-carpeted room,
 Clean-sweet and prim with homely bloom
 Of humble industry.

Here a kindly, saddened face,
 In soft, care-wrinkled lines they trace
 The deeps of love and years
 Of generous service, self-denied,
 Just goodness of heart, sympathy tried,
 Feelings too deep for tears.

At even, when the sun is set
 Beyond the gem and golden met
 The dusky sky and hill,
 The supper dishes put away,
 And on the porch we rest the day
 In starry dark and still,
 The mocking-bird clear trills his song,
 And katies whirl, and bull-frogs chonk
 In silent atmosphere ;
 A tender voice of melody rare
 Raises a note of familiar air,
 "The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer—"

It vibrates tinkling on the ear,
 Like sweet-toned bells far o'er the meer,
 That quivering slowly wane ;
 The treble note, like heaven's lark
 High soared and sang, or boy Mozart,
 Touched a heavenly strain—
 Then softened, lulling mellow tones,
 Low murmuring, muffled, still prolongs—
 "We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
 For my old Kentucky home far away."

Washington's Defence of the Pioneer Virginians.

BY F. RUCKMAN, '08.

PERHAPS one important period in Washington's life that we know least about is the three years he spent in trying to drive back the French and Indian bands that constantly overran the western part of our State.

He had urged the authorities to build a fort at the junction of the Ohio and Monongahela rivers, in order that the pioneer settlers to the west might be protected, but it was not done, largely on account of the jealousy of those in authority.

The hostile and subtle French and Indians, quick to see the advantages of a fort at this point, lost no time in building it. From this refuge they could depredate the unsuspecting settlers, tomahawk or take them prisoners, burn their homes, and then retreat in safety to their stronghold. The English Governor, Governor Dinwiddie, was finally compelled to admit that this stronghold would have to be taken. And we know with what result the first expedition ended. Washington displayed such heroism and skill that the Governor, owing to popular demand, was compelled to appoint him General of the militia, an unstable little band, scantily armed, poorly and irregularly paid. A certain per cent. of the able-bodied men served for a definite period, then returned to their homes, while others took their places. Often a large number would leave together, at a most critical time, leaving their General with scarcely a handful, who then would have to retreat and wait for reinforcements.

For three years this continued, and though he was so hampered by those in authority that he was unable to take the aggressive, never for a moment did Washington shrink from what he felt to be his duty.

To a man of Washington's sensibility and refinement it must have been hard indeed to see his countrymen massacred

and their possessions destroyed, all on account of the jealousy of a few individuals.

His accounts that have been preserved are most pathetic. The Governor, who evidently knew nothing whatever of war, insisted on directing his every movement. No necessity or entreaty could make the men remain a day longer than they were compelled to, and his poor success caused loss of confidence and bitter criticism on the part of many of his friends. The best he could do against such odds was to wage a kind of guerrilla warfare, which was, of course, very unsatisfactory. Often he and his companions would gallop up to a farm-house in the western part of the State, only to find the Indians gone, the husband lying dead at his plow, the wife and children tomahawked, or, what was worse, carried away, and the house in flames. Thus it was often a race between life and death—death to the family if the Indians were first; perhaps life if the soldiers were first. It is said that the danger was so imminent that these settlers never retired for the night without taking leave of each other as though they never expected to meet again. In one of his letters, now in print, he expressed the fear that all the settlers in the western counties would either be massacred or become panic-stricken and move away, leaving their growing crops and possessions. And all this because of the jealousy of a few men!

At the end of three years of such experiences as these enough men were gotten together to capture the fort, thus putting an end to all serious attacks.

Perhaps it would not be just to his countrymen to omit to say that they elected him to the House of Burgesses during the latter part of this campaign, though he had been defeated in a previous election. He was now about twenty-five years old, and offered himself as a candidate from Frederick. As he could not leave his army to be present at the election, he got Col. James Wood, the founder of Winchester, to impersonate him. He was driven around and lustily cheered as

Gen. George Washington, and was evidently a shrewd campaign conductor, as Washington was elected, though it would seem at some expense to himself, as the Colonel presented several bills to him for settlement after the election, the following being one of them taken, from Washington's journal :

To 40 gallons of rum punch, at 3.6 per gallon.....	£7.00
To 15 gallons of wine, at 10.00 per gallon	7.10.0
To 1 barrel of wine punch, at 5.0 per gallon.....	6.10.0
To dinner for your friends.....	3.00

After the capture of the fort, which occurred several months after the election, Washington was succeeded by English officers, and he then retired to his estate at Mt. Vernon, save when the House of Burgesses was in session at Williamsburg.

Had he not been succeeded by these officers he would probably have entered the English army, and we can only conjecture what the result would have been if he had.

His quiet life continued for nearly fifteen years, till the Revolution. Then it was that his friends remembered the man who fought so bravely, and finally successfully, against all odds in defence of his State. They remembered how, with the help of his brother, who had just returned from the English army, he drilled his raw men into skillful soldiers; how he had mastered every detail of war since, both English and Indian; how steadfastly he stuck to his post when even his best friends criticised him. And they gave him the larger task of defending his nation.

The Awakening.

BY S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

Roll away, dim thunder in the west,
 And mutter around gray winter's hoary ear,
 Shake the wretched land whereon his weight doth rest,
 That he may rise and free us in his fear.

Roll away, dim thunder in the west,
 And stir the blood in bursting bud and flower;
 Break the leaden clouds of th' blue fields possessed
 That there again may gambol sun and shower.

Roll away, dim thunder in the west,
 For now the streaking light hath broken far.
 The soul of everything is bursting in its breast,
 And hospitable heart doors hang ajar.

To America.

(*An Immigrant Story.*)

BY "DICK MINNOW," '10.

SITUATED in the slums of Naples is a little hovel, distinguished from its neighbors only in that it is older and more dilapidated, and is fronted by a small patch of ground that serves the purpose of a yard. It is evident from the yard and general appearance of the hut that it has at some time—long, long ago—seen better days.

A low fire glowed on the hearth and shed its dim rays through a room, which, though scantily furnished, was in every respect neat and well kept.

Seated on a stool, in front of the fire-place, was a little mite of a lady, dressed in calico that had once been of rather a

gay color, but had long since faded into a dusky white. In her hand she clutched a piece of paper, upon which her eyes were eagerly fastened. Although she had not yet seen her fortieth year, the deep furrows and wrinkles in her brow marked a life of care and suffering. But at present her face fairly shone in the fire-light, and her whole countenance was illumined with the light of hope.

But she had not always been the child of poverty and misfortune. Once, in the far distant past, she had been a little country girl, the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and had spent many a happy day in the hills and forests of the old farm. Ah! how often since had she recalled those happy days, and fervently wished them back again. But those days were gone, never more to return. She had made a fatal mistake, and was doomed to suffer the consequences.

While yet a mere girl she had fallen in love with a brilliant city lad, and had deserted her father, her home, her all, only to be with him. He had proved to be a worthless drunkard, and things had gone rapidly from bad to worse, until they were reduced to bitter poverty. Her husband had now been dead for two months, a victim of his own violence and wickedness.

She had one child in the world, a son, to whom she was devoted. He had gone to America two years before, in hope of preparing there a home for his parents.

How often had she thought of him, the tears trickling down her care-worn cheeks, and wished she might again fondle him to her bosom with the true love of a mother. How often had she wondered, half hoping, half fearing, if she should ever see those brown eyes again.

But now all of her doubts were driven to the winds. In her hand she held a letter, in his own handwriting, telling her to come to America! After long work, he had become a trusted business man, and had prepared a nice, comfortable home for her.

And this was why her countenance was lighted with joy and hope.

She softly arose, went to a drawer, and pulled out an old bag. Yes, it was all there; the money that she had so diligently saved, awaiting just such a time as this.

The next day found her in the midst of a multitude of immigrants, starting on her long voyage. She was, at last, actually on her way to America! America! The name rang in her ears. America, the land of plenty, but, above all, the land that held the only soul which was dear to her in this world. How she longed for the end of the voyage, when she should again see her child! The food and accommodations were miserable, but what did she care for that? She was soon to see again her beloved son.

Day after day she stood on the prow of the boat, as if trying to pierce the distance, in hope of a glimpse of the long-sought land. At last, after two long weeks, the land was sighted. Her soul was filled with a thousand emotions. It was all so new, so strange. Gradually the land loomed up in front of her, and the mighty city of New York came into view. The boat drew up just outside the harbor, and the immigrants were discharged in a smaller boat.

At last she was in America! She was walking along, dizzy and stupefied by the diversity of her emotions, when suddenly she was roughly jerked aside from the surging crowd by the strong arm of an inspector.

When asked what hope she had of support, she related her whole story, from beginning to end. Being herself incapable of support, she was told that she must wait at the immigrant station until her son should call for her.

Her heart sank. She had expected to go right to him. Where he was she did not know, but somehow she had left that part out of her calculations, and was only saturated with the idea that she was to see him again.

For two long weeks she was detained at Ellis Island, and

still no son called for her. What could be the matter? He must surely have gotten her letter. He would certainly have called before this if something had not gone wrong. But, notwithstanding, he *had not* come, and she was roughly informed that she would have to go back to Italy. "Back to Italy"—the words shot through her like a chill.

How different the return trip to the one coming over. Sorrow and despair had taken the place of hope. The smile of joy which had illumed her countenance was washed away by floods of tears. Her whole life's-hope had been shattered.

She had spent her last cent to pay for her passage, and now she must return to her hovel to pass the remainder of her sorrowful days. And then, when was she to see her son again? Perhaps never. She felt that death itself would be a relief.

How slowly the days dragged by. How miserable were her accommodations. All the Fates seemed conspired against her. She was doomed to hope, only to be disappointed; to enter the very threshold of America, only to be driven back to Italy!

At last the boat landed, and she stumbled ashore. She stood for a moment on the deck, her eyes dazed by tears. But who was that well-dressed gentleman coming from the ship? She gave a start and a cry of joy. "Son!"

"Mother!"

In a moment they were in each other's arms. After he could speak for sobs of joy, he told, with trembling lips, the story of his misfortune. He had been taken seriously ill just as the letter was received. He had tried to get out of bed, and go to Ellis Island in spite of his condition, but the physician had told him it meant certain death. At last he got well enough to hasten there, but only to find that he was just too late. He hurried to take a boat for Italy, and had just landed on the dock. A nice, cozy country home awaited them in America, and they would take the next boat back.

The little lady could do nothing but sob. She drew him closer to her bosom, and, bathing his face with tears, imprinted kiss after kiss on his manly brow.

Patrick Henry as a Burgess.

BY W. R. D. MONCURE.

AMONG all of the American Revolutionary statesmen and leaders, Patrick Henry stands unique. While men such as Wythe, Randolph, Pendleton, and other Revolutionary patriots doubted and procrastinated, Henry stood convinced and determined for action. He made conservatives shudder and cry "Treason" by his timely and peremptory denunciation of the King in his attitude toward his colonies.

His dauntless courage and self-dedication to reason and conviction is the key-stone by which he reached pre-eminence as a Revolutionary leader. The first time that Henry ever appeared upon his feet as a lawyer, in the famous Parsons case, he denounced the arbitrary assumption of power by the King. The King, George III., had, on the petition of the parsons, declared a law passed by the Virginia Assembly void *ab initio*. Not only was the King interfering with an old and established right of the colony, but he was imposing a flagrant injustice upon the people of his colony. A summary explanation of this case will suffice for our purpose. A Rev. Mr. Maury, a clergyman of the Established Church, had brought suit at the Hanover courthouse for the recovery of his salary. An enactment, passed by the General Assembly of the colony, declared that, on account of the scarcity of tobacco, debts could be paid in money, two pence for every pound of tobacco, regardless of its market price. Now, in consequence of this law, the clergy, who had been paid in tobacco, sixteen thousand pounds a year, would no longer enjoy the fluctuation of the market in price in accordance with the production, but would receive nothing more than a fixed salary. When the King annulled this law, Maury, the parson of the Hanover parish, immediately brought suit for the recovery of that portion of his salary which he claimed

to have been defrauded of. This enactment of the Assembly was one of popular concern. The payment of debts in tobacco was fatal to the farmers, who composed the major part of the Virginia population of that day.

This cogent defence of the people against an arbitrary King and an arrogant clergy presaged a future Moses in Henry, who should awake the people from their perennial lethargy and suicidal submission to arbitrary rule.

In 1765 the people of Louisa county elected Mr. Henry as their representative to the House of Burgesses. No doubt this election of Mr. Henry to the House of Burgesses was inspired by the opinions he had expressed in the Parsons case. At the time of his election the country was agitated over the recently-enacted Stamp Act. The occasion which brought about this stamp tax was the war that England had had with France. England was extremely embarrassed financially, and, under this extraordinary pressure, as they called it, they claimed the prerogative to impose a tax upon the colonies.

Hitherto the precedent had been established and confirmed by age that a tax could not be imposed except on consent of the House of Burgesses. It seemed to Henry, on his arrival at Williamsburg for his first time, May 20, 1765, as a Burgess, that the House was about to acquiesce, although there had been much debate upon the imposition, and a good deal of irritation manifested upon the part of the people of the colonies.

Mr. Henry watched events silently until three days before the time agreed for the adjournment of the House. As no official action had been taken one way or the other, he considered that the initiative on this vital question was incumbent upon him. Summarily he jotted down on a fly-leaf of an old law book his conception of the inherited rights of the colonists in five resolutions. A more unique set of resolutions, both regarding diction and contents, could not have

been prepared. They covered the point so well that even such sapient men as Wythe, Randolph, and Pendleton marveled, and were thrown into a state of trepidation by their boldness. But, regardless of their opposition, Henry's immortal resolutions were carried by only a majority of two. The resolutions, as given below, were presented to the House May 29, 1765 :

“ *Resolved*, That the first adventurers and settlers of this, His Majesty's colony and domain, brought with them and transmitted to their posterity, and all others of His Majesty's said colony, all privileges, franchises, and immunities that have at any time been here enjoyed and possessed by the people of Great Britain.

“ *Resolved*, That by two royal charters granted by King James I., the colonists aforesaid are re-entitled to all the privileges, liberties, and immunities of denizens and natural-born subjects, intents and purposes as if they had been abiding and born within the realm of England.

“ *Resolved*, That the taxation of the people by themselves, or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them, who can only know what taxes the people are able to bear and the easiest mode of raising them, and are equally affected by such taxes themselves, is the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom, and without which the ancient Constitution cannot exist.

“ *Resolved*, That His Majesty's liege people of this, his most ancient colony, have uninterruptedly enjoyed the right of being thus governed by their own Assembly in the article of their taxes and internal police, and that the same hath never been forfeited or in any other way given up, but hath been constantly recognized by the King and the people of Great Britain.

“ *Resolved*, That therefore the General Assembly of this colony have the sole right and power to levy taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony, and that every

attempt to vest such power in any other person or persons whatsoever, other than the General Assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom."

In support of these resolutions Mr. Henry made that memorable speech, in which he utters, with profound eloquence, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—" Here he was interrupted by the cry of "Treason" from every part of the house, but Henry was only the more animated by the charge, and continued in words unequivocal, "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

The report of these resolutions spread from one end of the colonies to the other like wild fire. Massachusetts followed suit with a similar set of resolutions; then followed other colonies. The revolution that freed America from tyranny, and inspired France to free herself and Europe from mediæval feudalism and bondage, was fused by these five resolutions.

In the evening of this eventful day Mr. Henry left for his home, in Hanover, apparently fearing nothing from his seeming rashness. The next morning after his departure the opponents of Mr. Henry—or, better, his resolutions—took advantage of his absence and had the fifth resolution repealed. But this was of no avail; the die had been cast, and the desired effect produced. Virginia, in the eyes of the world, had taken the lead, through the act of Mr. Henry. By the pressure of the demonstration on the part of the colonies, and the able members of Parliament who defended America's rights, the pernicious act was rescinded, and the inevitable storm was deferred for a while. In the subsequent session of the House of Burgesses, after the repealing of the Stamp Act, it was ordered that an obelisk be erected to the worthy members of Parliament who had brought about its abrogation. On December 7, 1766, the House ordered that a committee be appointed to prepare an inscription for the obelisk.

Mr. Henry served upon this committee, but, as far as we know, nothing tangible was ever done.

A very interesting episode, aside from Mr. Henry's dramatic career as a Revolutionary leader in the House of Burgesses, is that of the Quakers' petition, in which he figures.

On March 7, 1767, Mr. Bland, from the Committee of Proclamations and Grievances, reported that the committee had had under consideration the petition of the people called Quakers, praying to be exempted from the fines and forfeitures inflicted by the militia law, to them referred, and had come to the following resolution thereupon :

“ *Resolved*, That the said petition is unreasonable.”

Also it was ordered that a bill be brought in pursuant to the said resolution, entrusted to a committee composed of Messrs. Bland, Benjamin Harrison, Richard Henry Lee, Archibald Cary, Thomas Mason, Mercer, and Henry. Mr. Wirt Henry tells us, in his splendid life of Patrick Henry, that he exerted his every influence in the concession of this petition. The Quakers, in that day and time, were dejected people, and even suffered oppression by the different colonial governments. Virginia was controlled mainly by the Established Church, which was not scrupulously tolerant of other sects. We all know how Patrick Henry defended a lot of Baptist preachers for preaching the Gospel, showing that he did not only recognize the political, but the religious freedom of conscience as well. In fact, they are inseparable, as one cannot exist without the other. No man of his day manifested a higher sense and a profounder conception of individual liberty than he. It was expressed in those immortal lines, “ Give me liberty or give me death.”

According to Mr. Wirt Henry, when a resolution was presented to the House providing for an increased tax on the importation of slaves, Patrick Henry was one of those who favored it.

On April 7, 1767, Henry was appointed on a committee to address a petition to the King for the purpose of securing permission for the colony to issue a sufficient quantity of paper money as a circulating medium to facilitate trade and commerce, as heretofore all trade and commercial intercourse were obstructed by the present currency arrangement.

In the session of 1769 he represented his home county of Hanover in the House of Burgesses. It was in this session that the House had to deal with the renewed efforts of England to tax her colonies. Charles Townshend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had brought in a bill for raising the duties on tea, glass, paper, and painter's colors. This act confirmed the right claimed by England to tax her colonies without their consent. The Burgesses, following suit to Massachusetts, passed a set of resolutions condemning the new tax law as arbitrary and detrimental to English and American liberty, claiming the right of concurrent action of the colonies in petitioning the King. Henry was one of the number appointed to draught an address to the King, setting forth the grievances of the colony in respect to this new tax law. It is not known who penned this address, "but it has been conjectured," says Mr. Wirt Henry, "that it was the work of Patrick Henry."

Matters became more and more complex as time passed by; both sides became further removed from compromise or arbitration. Sporadic rioting in New England only served to augment the agitation. On March 12, 1773, the Virginia Burgesses took the initial step and passed two resolutions providing—first, for the appointment of a standing Committee of Correspondence and Inquiry, consisting of Peyton Randolph, Robert Carter, Nicholas, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Dudley Diggs, Dabney Carr, Archibald Cary, and Thomas Jefferson (from resolutions in Journal of House of Burgesses), "six of whom to be a committee, whose business it shall be to obtain the

most early and authentic intelligence of all such acts and resolutions of the British Parliament, or proceedings of administration, as may relate to or affect the British colonies in America, and to keep up and maintain a correspondence and communication with the sister colonies respecting these important considerations, and the result of such of their proceedings from time to time to lay before the Speaker of the House"; second, "That the Speaker of the House do transmit to the Speaker of the different Assemblies of the British Colonies on the Continent copies of the said resolution, and desire that they will lay them before respective Assemblies and request them to appoint some person or persons of their respective bodies to communicate from time to time with the said committee."

It is conjectured by some that these resolutions were written by Jefferson, though they were offered to the House by Dabney Carr.

When the news of the Boston tea party episode reached Williamsburg the Burgesses voted an expression of sympathy for the town of Boston, which had had its port closed on account of it being the town from which a crowd of men, in the guise of Indians, entered a merchant vessel and dumped overboard its load of tea. The Governor, who was then Lord Dunmore, angered by the boldness of the House in passing and then having printed in the Williamsburg *Gazette* such an expression, dissolved the House of Burgesses. This abrogation was the *ultimatum* of the House of Burgesses, though no one knew it. The determined members met in the Raleigh Tavern on the next day and adopted a plan to this effect: That whereas they had been dissolved for attending to their sacred rights in protecting their freedom and expressing their sympathy for a sister colony, who was being chastised for protecting themselves against oppression; that whereas they considered "an attack made on one of our colonies, to compel submission to arbitrary taxes, an attack on all British Ameri-

cans, and threatens ruin to the rights of all unless the united wisdom of the whole be applied, that all the colonies will send representatives to a congress to consider the mutual good of all.” Thus the initial call for union came from Virginia, with the names of all the members of the House of Burgesses signed to it, from President down. So ends the dramatic career of the Virginia House of Burgesses.

Mr. Henry, beyond a peradventure, was the thinker of the Revolution, in its nascent state. The three great leaders of the Revolution have been accredited thus—the prophet, the philosopher, and the soldier. Henry was the prophet, Jefferson the philosopher, and Washington the soldier. But Henry was far more than the prophet; he saw what was obvious, as all other intelligent people of his day could not help from seeing. His strength is manifested in his indomitable courage, which was the counterpart of self-dedication to conscience. His pre-eminent achievements were the utterances of self-evident truths, which had long before been confirmed in the minds of King George’s American subjects, but never verbally spoken, and giving motive power to the seemingly dormant people of the American colonies. His time needed not prophets, but courageous men, with unfettered tongues, uncompromising wills, and unswerving activity. With these prerequisites, the primordial of leadership, Patrick Henry took his place in history.

“A Rolling Stone ———.”

BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

THE business which had brought me to New York having terminated successfully, I was feeling on the best of terms with myself in particular and the world in general. As it was beginning to snow, I found myself seeking the

shelter of the railroad station some time before the train was due. Night was just shrouding the earth with her sable mantle, and somehow my own loneliness seemed to awaken within me a feeling of kinship to all the world, causing me to be subconsciously grateful that in a few short hours I would be *home*.

As I gazed about the waiting-room, studying the faces of those whom I saw gathered there, my attention was arrested by a man whose age could not have been above thirty, but whose care-worn face bespoke a life of dissipation and regret. The furrowed lines about the mouth and the faint tinge of gray around the temples bore evidence of premature age. The slouch hat was drawn just a little too far over his semi-aristocratic brow, partly concealing a pair of somewhat furtive eyes, while his shiny, but well-cut, clothes gave proof of a former era of prosperity. To the casual observer he appeared to be a combination of pupil and profligate, a medley of a dreamer and a degenerate.

Although I am by no means an infallible physiognomist, yet, during my own varied experiences, I have almost unconsciously fallen into the habit of "reading" people. Realizing that here was a man with a "history," I sought to engage him in conversation. Never did I exert such strenuous efforts with such poor success. He seemed utterly unapproachable. My carefully-studied questions failed to elicit any answer except a laconic "Yes" or "No." Coming to the conclusion that my well-meant endeavors would be unrewarded, I was about to withdraw, when I happened to observe that he was continually passing his tongue over his lips, as if to moisten them. A happy thought flashed through my mind.

"Come," said I, "let's get something to drink."

At first I thought he had not heard, for he made no reply to the invitation, either to accept or to decline. Finally, however, as if it required a sacrifice on his part, he mumbled almost inaudibly :

"All right, stranger; I'll go."

We repaired to the dining-room of the station, where we ordered wine and cigars. My companion was exerting such a strange fascination over me that I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards him. After he had drunk about half of the beverage, he began to unbend, and grew more communicative. The grape juice seemed to arouse him from a state of oblivion, causing him to grow reminiscent. His expression began to mellow, and I could see that there was something on his mind which he wished to tell, but which required a concentrated effort to repress.

"Stranger," he said, at last, drawing himself into a more erect posture, "time was when I wore as nice clothes and spent money as freely as you do. I wasn't always like this. I used to build altars to both Bacchus and Venus."

I could tell from his method of expression that his education had been by no means limited. Perhaps he was a college graduate, who, in the maelstrom of life, had found it impossible to maintain his own. He grew silent again, and a pleasant smile, combined with a far-away look, showed that he was thinking of happier times, of those days which had flown into the irrevocable past. He became so lost in apparently happy reveries that I was unwilling to arouse him from his lethargy. Seeing that the wiser policy was to let him take his own time, I waited as patiently as I could until he should begin again.

"Yes," he continued, "we lived out West—in Kentucky, where the grass is blue, and everybody is a *Colonel*, you know. My folk were rich; the 'governor' was a live stock broker, and it is not his fault that I didn't make good. My mother"—he tried in vain to repress a rebellious tear—"Heaven knows where she is to-day, but I tell you, sir, my mother— Well, to make a long story short, for I see that it is almost train time, I took to drinking, then to gambling, and then it was only a step further to vice and debauchery. I lost all energy

and virility, was emasculated of all initiative, and sought pleasure only in the most violent abuses. You see where I am to-day—at the lowest rung of the ladder, but, with God's help, I mean to climb it again. There, now, you have an autobiography, which suffers by comparison.”

I was so deeply touched with the young man's story and his straightforward manner of speaking that I resolved to inquire further into his story, with the intention of securing his advancement.

After concluding this narrative, he seemed to remember that he had been taking a total stranger into his confidence, and almost regretted having told his story so freely. Seeking, however, to learn more, I continued to ply him with questions, with the result that I was soon made the recipient of a valuable and interesting bit of information. The one with whom I had been engaged in conversation, and who had exerted such a charm over me, was a brother to the young lady whom I had but recently married. I was, indeed, overjoyed to know that I had found the long-lost prodigal, to whom I was able to render assistance.

So sincerely did he reform and mend his intemperate past that he is to-day among the wealthiest commercial men of the State, one of its leading citizens, and exerting a profound influence upon its moral welfare.

An Experimental Hero.

BY S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

IT was very good to be there and hear the soothing wash of the rain on the weather-boarding outside, and to bask in the yellow light of the lamp and to choose dainties from the holiday-laden table. It was all dark outside, and it added much to the good feelings of those within. We were visiting

our maternal aunt, who was fortunate enough to live in the country. There was mother and my two sisters, and Billy, my kid brother, and my eighteen-year-old, man-of-wisdom self.

I was very wise then, and in my vast comprehension saw ruin coming upon our family. My kid brother, whom I had heralded as the future perfection of civilized humanity, was going grossly to the bad. "It's all in the training," I had pleaded several times to my mother. But she turned a deaf ear to my entreaties, and went on spoiling him. One had but to hear his spoilt little whine to be convinced of his future deterioration. Why, of course, sometimes he got a spanking with a slipper, but not more than once a week.

I looked up at the ceiling, where the fire from the huge white fire-place was mingling our shadows, and thanked the Lord I had not been spoiled in my youth. Why, I can remember when mother used to give me a spanking with an old black leather strap every morning, just as a constitutional. "Never mind," I said to myself, "*I'll* tame him when he gets to sleeping with me."

There was a cracking sound. "Billy has broken another glass," I thought. Then I was startled into consciousness by a horrified "Oh!" from mother, and I came down to earth rather violently.

I can remember yet how everybody was staring in agonizing silence at Billy's scared little face and the shattered glass in his two hands. There was a great plug bitten out of the side of the glass, and the plug was—gone!

In an instant mother was raking down his throat with her finger and pulling out fragments of glass, which, to our horrified eyes, seemed numberless. We waited in anxious silence while one by one the pieces came to light, and Billy was too choked and scared to cry. At length no more came.

"Did you swallow any, Bill?" she asked.

He shook his head.

“Wait, let me feel once more,” she said, and the finger came forth—bloody!

Immediately pandemonium broke loose. Some shrieked and some wrung their hands, and my aunt gave me a push, saying:

“Quick! go for the doctor. Oh, quick!” And I was out in the hall groping for my hat, with a great fear in my heart, before I could think. I couldn’t find the wretched hat. I had no time to waste.

“Oh, he’s bleeding to death!” I heard some one scream.

I went without a hat. I flung myself through the door, and was out in the dark, running at top speed—a half-mile race-track. The air, thick with warm rain, and the murky darkness breathed a sense of disaster. The white faces were in my mind, and that scream rang on my imagination and filled me with such horror that I frantically tore down the road, gasping out half prayers and streaming with rain. My little brother’s face was before my eyes—the only little brother I had—and he was so young and innocent, and—oh! he must not die—I swore he must not die—and put on more speed.

Then I became aware that my strength was failing me, and I felt it with some little chagrin, because I had a sneaking sub-consciousness that I was doing a hero’s work, and therefore should run several miles at top speed and fall down fainting with the message—just gasping, like Phaidipidus, for instance. I imagined it was expected of me to burst in on the doctor, holler out something, and faint a little, and wake up with everybody weeping around me, and saying I was a hero and had saved my brother’s life.

But I say it was only a sub-consciousness, and I was too scared about my brother to reflect any on it. So I painfully slowed down and pushed on at a half trot, breathing loudly and thinking feverishly. Now I could see a faint blur of light by the road-side, and I knew I was approaching the

house. I rushed up to the gate, and, not being able to find the catch, scrambled over and hurried up the walk. The front was all dark, and, running around, I determined to burst into the back door without knocking, since that would more effectually represent a hero.

And burst I did, and most spectacularly, for the door, not being tightly closed, gave away too easily, and I sprawled out on the bare floor of the back hall most gratifyingly. But, alas! nobody was present to witness that feat. Hearing the noise, however, the doctor and his wife, and all his children, and the dog and the cook were in the hall, pell-mell, gazing with some astonishment and no little suspicion on the hero of the hour, seated grandly on the floor in a puddle of water, and heaving like a steam engine.

Realizing that this was the supreme moment, I waved my arms in some indefinite direction, gasping between snorts:

“Quick!— baby!— swallowed!— glass!— bleeding!— death!”

I wanted to faint at that point, but, finding my wind returning, I had to content myself with an explanation. So I scrambled up and tottered towards the doctor, who apparently, from the expression on his face, had found a new species of creation. Indeed, he appeared absorbingly interested, and, backing back as I approached, kept me at a distance. My words seemed to have no effect on him, while my appearance appalled him beyond expression.

“Glass?” he said, vacantly. “What kind of glass?”

“A drinking glass, and he was—!” I excitedly explained.

“Swallowed a whole glass?” he interrupted.

“Oh, no; only a piece that he bit out of it.”

“Was it very thick glass?” he asked, casually.

“Oh, ’twas very thin, and broken all to pieces. Quick, doctor!” I urged impatiently, for he seemed to have no idea of the situation.

He had casually walked into the office, with me following after, eating my heart out with impatience.

"Take this seat, won't you?—er, no, hadn't you better stand on the hearth? You are wetting the matting."

So I stood meekly and steaming on the hearth, and the two grown daughters tittered. My enthusiasm was oozing out. For you can understand how difficult it is to be heroic when two pretty girls are laughing at you. So the clock ticked on the mantel, and the doctor grew pre-occupied among his medicine bottles, and it rained pitilessly outside. Then I saw again that bloody finger, but even that could not move me, so great was my chagrin; for I reasoned "he might only have cut his mouth."

Suddenly a bright idea struck me.

"Hadn't I better go on ahead?" I asked. I could get rid of this company that way, I reflected.

"N-o, there is no hurry, I should say. I'll have my buggy out presently."

His buggy! Why, it would take an hour to hitch up!

"Why—oh! no, there's no use in doing that. It has stopped raining some," I pleaded desperately.

So at length, after his over-shoes had been warmed and his storm-coat fetched, he set out leisurely for the house. But, oh! the slowness of it, and how the road stretched out!

We arrived at last, and I must confess to a tinge of disappointment when I found the kid apparently as well as ever. I think he *might* have looked a *little* bad off.

The doctor said he was all right *if* he hadn't swallowed a piece of the glass. And he went on to say, with great nonchalance, if he had he might have to be operated on.

This created another babel, and poor mother was out of her head about it, almost. We immediately began collecting the pieces of glass, to see if there were any missing. One by one we fitted them together, until, with a triumphant shout,

after searching half an hour for one little contrary bit, we had the glass glued back into its original appearance.

Whee! So 'twas *all* over. Then the ladies all cried over the kid, and the doctor left, and the hero that *was* went to bed, thinking disconsolately on his lost laurels.



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Again the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society
A FOREWORD. comes in charge of THE MESSENGER, and
we feel we have a few words to say to the
student body at large.

First of all, however, we wish to record our esteem for the
work and the high ideals of the out-going officers. We
shall endeavor to emulate their worthy examples.

Now, we wish it to be clearly understood that no walls or
unsurmountable moats, literal or figurative, surrounds the
office of the editor. Entrance is never difficult, and your
suggestions and criticisms will not only be tolerated, but will
be gladly received. If THE MESSENGER does not come up to
your ideal, say so, and tell us wherein we fail. If you see
or hear of anything that you think would be of interest to
THE MESSENGER, ferret it out, and turn it over to the proper
associate editor. Let us have your hearty support, your
suggestions, and your criticisms.

**ATHLETICS
VERSUS
SCHOLARSHIP.**

In looking over a college annual of one of the leading colleges, the attention of the editor was attracted by the simple inscription after one student's name of "scholar and athlete." Investigation showed the man had played foot-ball during the entire four-year college course, was the captain of the team in his senior year, was chosen as class valedictorian by the faculty in recognition of his ability, and was given the most coveted of all class honors by his fellow-students—that of class day president.

This, indeed, is a fine record, and required ability; but does it not seem that there is something out of harmony when the athletic and the literary banquet can be held on the same night without conflicting, as was the case in one of our leading universities? Athletics and scholarship should go hand in hand.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is the motto of many colleges, and is, we think, an attainable ideal, and is an ideal college man; but it should not only be the motto of the college, but the motto of every individual student. What is wanted now by the world is not men of all muscle with undeveloped minds, or men of full-grown minds with bodies too weak to sustain them, but men of even balance, well-proportioned in mind and body, men who have sound minds in sound bodies.

The difficulty is that so many students think they have not the time to give to athletics, and only "grind" out an existence for four years, and leave college with a diploma, but nearly a physical wreck, thinking themselves able to combat successfully against the world, not realizing their mistake until it is too late to mend it. Meanwhile, the man who looks far enough into the future to anticipate his needs may become that rare collegian—the scholar and athlete; and, with Abou Ben Adhem, "may his tribe increase."

SPELLING. In a recent publication the editor of one of Chicago's leading papers complained that such a large per cent. of college men are deficient in spelling and punctuation. He states that practically all college men entering journalism or similar vocations have to be taught to spell and punctuate, and that the early articles from the college man's pen have to be remodeled and rewritten.

This is a fault, indeed, for we may not say it is confined to any one institution, and surely no one is in better position to criticise than the leading editors of our country. And to compel them to be forced to decry such a fault in our graduates is, indeed, no credit to the institutions of learning, to say nothing of the injustice of graduating a young man so ill-equipped for life.

This is a well-grilled subject, to be sure, but we think it should be brought up from time to time, until some definite steps are taken to correct it.

COLLEGE SPIRIT. It seems to us that there has not been quite so much college spirit this year as there should be. That fact has been called to our attention even by several "rats." On one occasion, while our redoubtable track team was away on a trip, and we had heard of their victory, on the following day the editor was asked by a resident student, when talking about it, where the team had gone, and with whom had they competed. This, it seems to us, is deplorable. Also, the other teams have not received the support that they should. It is rather bad to let the supporters of another team come here and beat us "rooting" on our own grounds. Now, we have only a few base-ball games to be played on home grounds. Let us go out in full force, and make the men feel we are behind them to a man. Let us remember that they

give their time and efforts to uphold the name and honor of the College of their own free will. All they ask of us is to stand by them. When they win *we* win, and the glory belongs to every man in College alike; and when they are defeated it is not the team alone that is defeated, but *we* are defeated, and we should feel the glory of victory and the sting of defeat as much as does the team. So let us resolve from now on, if we have not been supporting athletics, that we will do so, with our hearts, minds, hands, and voices.





Campus Notes.



G. F. EZEKIEL, Editor.

Every one is satisfied that this is going to be a great year in base-ball for Richmond College. Our season began very auspiciously on March 26th, by defeating the Union Theological Seminary to the tune of 6 to 1.

On the 28th we held the strong Richmond professional team to the score of 6 to 2, with the chances greatly in our favor until the end of the seventh inning, when Richmond made their last three runs. "Lanky" Lodge, erstwhile "Consul," covered himself with glory an inch deep, getting two hits in three times at bat, one of these being a two-bagger, scoring men on second and third bases. The whole team played a magnificent fielding game, but one error being charged against them, and this a doubtful one.

With a little more batting we should be able to give our remaining opponents a good run for their money.

The line-up of the team is now as follows: Gardner (captain), left field; Sheppard, third base; Handy, second base; Ezekiel, first base; Gwathmey, short stop; Lodge, catcher; G. B. Wright, centre field and pitcher; Smith, right field; D. D. Wright, pitcher. Substitutes: Jenkins, Haislip, and Duval, infield; Chambers, Bristow, and Atkins, outfield.

Two gold medals are offered the team—one for the best batting average, and one for the best combined batting and fielding average. It is necessary to play in 60 per cent. of the games to compete for these prizes.

While the base-ball team has been winning fame on the diamond, our track team has distinguished itself, especially at its last two meets. In Washington, on March 7th, the Georgetown Reserves were defeated a second time in the relay. On Saturday, March 21st, at the local meet, we were scheduled to meet Georgetown in a relay, but they

failed to put in an appearance. It is, perhaps, just as well for them that they were not on hand, as we were out for blood that night, and would probably have run them off their feet. As it was, we took the opportunity to show folks that we were still with the procession; indeed, in the 440 and 880-yard dashes we proved to be at the head of the parade, "Mac" Louthan winning both handily over such runners as Rector, of the University of Virginia, and Len Conners, of Wesleyan. In the fifty-yard dash, Bristow ran his first heat second to Rector, and George Orr, our Mellin's Food advertisement, was second in the shot-put. After "Tubby" has had a little more practice with the iron sphere, it is safe to predict that he will obtain many more honors.

The Senior class have elected the following as their class officers: President, J. Braxton Miller; Vice-President, E. H. Luck; Secretary, Archie Ryland; Historian, George T. Waite; Orator (Academic), E. H. Binford; Orator (Law), W. O. Crockett. The class has determined to issue a *souvenir* in the shape of a book, containing pictures of the graduating class, professors, athletic teams, classes, etc. Subscriptions are now being taken among the students and alumni of the College.

One of the boys went into a book-store the other day to use the 'phone. On taking down the receiver he received no answer, and, at last, becoming tired of waiting, yelled: "Hello! Hello, Central!" A voice replied very sweetly, "That you, Mr. Coleman? Busy now. Call me up in five minutes." We hope that a certain co-ed. will not hear of this.

We still have no chief rooter. The absence of any organized rooting was sadly noticeable at the Richmond game, and this matter should certainly be attended to before the beginning of the championship series.

Alumni Department

E. W. HUDGINS, Editor.

"These are my jewels."

T. Ryland Sanford has accepted a call to the Baptist Church in Chatham, Va.

Samuel Harwood, M. A. '07, paid us a short visit *en route* from Colgate to his home.

S. H. Templeman, who has been studying the conditions in New York City, has been on the campus this week.

Maurice D. Thomas, of Atlanta, recently favored us with a short visit, as also did H. M. Fugate, of Farmville, Va.

John W. Kincheloe, B. A. '02, conducted a successful meeting in the College chapel during the last week in March.

Gardner Nottingham, who is practicing law in Eastville, Va., was in the city during the last days of the Virginia Legislature.

John Cutchins, B. A. '05, B. L. '05, who was recently appointed to fill an unexpired term in the Common Council of Richmond, is now a candidate for the same position.

The names of R. A. McFarland and C. A. Jenkins, Jr., are before the committee of Hampton Baptist Church. We hope to welcome one, at least, of these gentleman back to Virginia.

Randolph Cardoza and other alumni in the city are going to give gold medals for best batting average and best combined batting and fielding average on the base-ball team. Good for the alumni.

Exchange Department.

T. W. OZLIN, Editor.

FOREWORD.

The sphere of college journalism is necessarily limited. There are fields of thought and composition which the college writer must enter with caution—if, indeed, he enter at all. This is because, along some lines, it necessarily requires some time and thought for the writer to do justice to his subject and to himself, and there are few students in this day of the crowded curriculum who can give the time required to discuss intelligently the deeper problems of the day. However, we do not mean to say by this that student writers should limit themselves to the narrow field of short love stories, biographical sketches, and the usual thread-bare subjects to which so many college journals are confined. Indeed, many of the publications that fall under our eye seem to have fallen into a kind of rut, from which they are unable or unwilling to lift themselves. Indeed, this habit of following the beaten path is so strong with some of our exchanges that usually it is no difficult matter to predict the nature of their material before we turn the covers. This should not be the case. The field is so broad, and the topics are so varied, that there is no reason whatever for any one to lack for a suitable topic to discuss.

Then there are the college journals which devote almost their entire contents to matters of merely local concern, the usual subjects being the athletic prospects, the proposed improvements in the college, the changes in the faculty, and numerous other minor subjects, of no interest to any one whatsoever beyond the small bounds of the college community. It is true that the first duty of a college magazine is to reflect the local life and the distinctive character of its own institution, yet no one will agree that our interests should

be bounded by the college campus. It is the commonly acknowledged idea that the student goes to college to prepare for life, but, in a far more real sense, he is in the midst of life. There seems no reason why he should wait until his college days are over to become acquainted with the world outside and the problems that he must face if he is to take his stand in the busy world of labor. As we see it, one of the primary functions of the college is to broaden the view and enlarge the sympathies of its students. Then there can possibly be no objection to the student's attempt to mirror forth this expanding process that is taking place in his own life. We think, therefore, the time has come when the range of college journalism should be broadened, and we should reach out into the fields not yet acquired by the average student publication.

We would be glad to say nice things about all those on our desk this month, but our inclination does not prompt us to this polite policy, nor will space permit more than a grateful acknowledgment of any save a few which we have reserved for more critical judgment.

**THE
FURMAN ECHO.**

In *The Furman Echo* we find some articles worthy of more than a passing notice. The current issue is rather thin for a magazine from a great Southern university, but there is some truly delightful matter between its attractive covers. "The Legend of Sheldon Rock" is the first article to secure our attention, not because it comes first, but because it is first in merit. This is a beautifully executed poem, illustrative of the Indian's savage hatred as well as his enduring love—two marked characteristics of this strange people. "The End of His Captivity" promises at the beginning to be a story with a strong plot, but, as we come to what should be the climax, we are disappointed to find that there is none, or it is so weak

that it is only by a stretch of the imagination that we can call it a climax. The other stories show a weakness of plot and development. *The Echo* possesses one strong essay that is particularly worthy of reading. It discusses President Johnson as a Southerner, an American, and a man. The article comprehends in a forceful way the conflicting influences that were brought to bear on President Johnson at the stormy time of his administration.

THE ATHENKA. *The Athenka* is a new visitor to our Exchange list, and we wish to give it a warm welcome to our desk. It hails from the "Old North State," and though it is in its infancy it promises to compare favorably with the other magazines on our list. We wish to congratulate it on the initial number, and would suggest that an Exchange department be instituted, as that is one of the first requisites for magazines in good standing.

We acknowledge with thanks the following: *The University of North Carolina Magazine, The Georgetonian, Tennessee College Magazine, The Pharos, Red and White, War-Whoop, William Jewell Student, University of Virginia Magazine, College Topics, Howard Payne Monthly, The Pennant, High School Student, Davidson College Magazine, Gray Jacket, Emory and Henry Era, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Buff and Blue, The Carolinian, Lesbian Herald, Eatonian, Winthrop College Journal, and The Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

Clippings.

A Love Song.

If I could set my nightly dreams of you
 To music, that the listening world might know
 The love of you, sweetheart, that haunts me so,
 And with its whispering passion thrills me through,
 If I might voice my constant thoughts of you—
 What melody, deep, potent to express
 Your lips' red charm, your eyes' dark tenderness,
 Should still night's silences of stars and dew!

And those who heard should smile beneath their tears,
 Touched by the witchery of some magic strong;
 Sorrow should hope, and doubt forget its fears
 If I could sing! Love, I have loved thee long,
 And, though my lips are dumb, through silent years
 My trembling heart has sung to you this song!

—*Hollins Quarterly.*

Girl wakes up in the night and sees the light from the lime kiln. Frantically shaking her room-mate, she cries, "Wake up! wake up! I do believe the judgment day is coming."

"Oh, pshaw! that is nothing; besides, who ever heard of judgment day coming at night?"

