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THE MESSENGER.

VOL XXXV.

JANUARY, 1909.

No. 3.

Ode to the New Year.

C. L. STILLWELL, '11.

I.

The stars have bade this weird world adieu,
A death-like stillness haunts the midnight air,
Drear ghostly thoughts my cheerless heart pursue,
And 'round me, like a veil, hangs dull despair.

II.

The year is dying; sad the tolling bell
Doth echo in the recess of my soul;
A chant from some ethereal choir unseen,
With plaintive notes, above me soft doth roll.

III.

This chanted music, marvelous and mild,
Deepens the melancholy shroud of gloom,
Which closely clings about my aching heart,
O'ershadowing hope, as in a sunless room.

IV.

I see a visionary, hopeless group,
Their pallid faces roughly stamped with woe;
The still declining night creeps quietly on,
While they no other thought than sorrow know.

V.

But morning comes, the clouds disperse, the sun,
 Doth chase the gloom and hollow darkness 'way;
 Love is forgot, heart's racking fears now cease,
 Soul-rending nightmares end with lustrous day.

VI.

The flowers they brought to deck the Old Year's grave
 They place upon the youthful New Year's brow;
 Gay airy choristers sing, sweet chiming bells
 In Hope and Peace are gladly ringing now.

VII.

I look into the future, calm and bright,
 My heart takes courage for a work I see
 To do, a fount of help to give me strength
 And time in which to work—Eternity.

Beasts.

J. ADLASKI, '12.

HE was the son of a Polish family, and he bore the name of Vasily Rishkitski. A name that lacked distinction because it was humble and of truthful progeny; and one that was unchided by the rich, because it had its destiny to flight at its own will. A lovable disposition and the manly virtues of hospitality found their seeds in the heart of Vasily; but before they had time to ripen, they were cankerously corrupted into sulphurous flames, leaving only one ray of their vestige to illumine the flight of his soul to heaven.

Vasily was a former student at the University of Warsaw. A proficient scholar in various branches of the sciences, with an adept capacity of a linguist. He established a little society with the co-operation of other friends, conducted for the needs and betterment

of the working-classes of his own town, but before he had advanced to any considerable extent in the efforts of his desired progress, all his hopes and ventures were utterly frustrated.

A prefect, with several of his officers, raided the apartments of the society, destroyed the papers and ransacked the whole place, leaving not a single thing untouched. Vasily begged for an explanation, implored the officers for a further delay in which they could take legal proceedings, to prove that their society was conducted under a lawful and justifiable rule, but it was all in vain. Vasily and his friends were hurriedly sent to the Petroporlorsk prison or fortress, where they were leg-fettered, chained and incarcerated without trial, writ, or specified mandamus from the "Court of the Interior." Why they were there, for what reason, or how long they were to remain was a mystery to them.

Vasily was placed in a casemate to himself on the south-west portion of the fortress; led there by two armed officers. The sight and stench of it flashed a shadow of sorrow and gloom upon his senses. At first it seemed to him like a dungeon in an unknown world of darkness and gloom. He heard the two gigantic rusty hinges creak and groan; and when they turned the big iron key in the lock it gave a short grinding sound that jarred upon his nerves, and made a chill creep over his whole body. The officers now left him alone, all alone, in solitude of what was yet to come. He felt an unutterable mingle of words choked in his throat; he looked about himself, now eyeing the cold grey walls of his casemate and his coarse gray garb, now feeling the weight of his leg-fetters and chains; the little candle light was bickering and flickering on a shelf that projected from the side of the wall, through the shift of a slight air pressure afforded it by the little iron-barred window at the top of his casemate. He felt his heart beating; he looked, and he looked again; was he really imprisoned? "Yes"— "Yes"— "I'll die here!" "I'll die!" "Yes, never to live again, never to see anything of the world no never; never, never again."

They had branded him as a "revolutionist" in a plot to murder the Czar, or probably they intended him for a "terrorist" or a "nihilist." No, he knew not; but he crouched himself in the corner of his casemate on a wooden bench, which served as a bed.

A little greasy piece of wood projecting from one side of the wall served as a table, on which the victuals of the prisoners were laid, handed through the iron bars of the casemate.

It was now after supper-time. The noises and the tumultuous roar of rattling freight wagons or "oboyes" and the sounds of horses' hoofs were hushed. He heard the trudging of people's footsteps on the outside, sometimes a fast gait, sometimes a slow and loitering one.

Now and then the glittering bayonet of the guard was seen to move backwards and forwards, now disappearing, now coming back, again and again, until his gray garb and the broad-shouldered manner of its carrier seemed to verge his steps with immovable transition.

Vasily still crouched upon his wooden bench, still thinking when his release (if there was one) would come; probably he would once more see the sights of his native city, probably he would return to his university training and live peacefully and humbly, as he had always done among his friends and people; but he waited in the same position, half asleep with exhaustion, half dreaming of what was yet to come. All night he sat in this stupefied position without the least sign of any eventful tidings. He had lost all hope; no friends were allowed to visit him, no papers, no books, nothing but solitude and gloom.

* * * * *

He had been in this casemate now for five long years, years of suffering imprisonment; during that time he had somewhat relieved the strain of confinement by constant efforts to get used to his surroundings, and forget all about himself; but this effort had well-nigh lost all its force, and he trusted in Providence for the remaining years. It was a living death that lurked before his very eyes, torturing and making him mad. He longed for death, waited for it; but the hour of death was the miracle, the now only hope for release.

For days and nights he paced his casement with a dry, choking sensation in his throat. He had lost all vigor and strength, his appetite failed him at every meal. His intellectual sensibility had greatly diminished; he was a mere phantom of his former self.

Sometimes in the day, and late at nights, he could hear the low moaning sounds of a feeble-voiced man. He heard the cries of a woman, probably young and beautiful as the one whom he loved and cherished; again he heard the babel of hollow-human voices, intermingled with freakish laughs and snares of the body-inmates and vile vagrants, who loved incarceration simply for the sake of their utter wretchedness; all of these horrible noises made his blood freeze and exhausted his whole being.

He awoke one morning just as the dawn of day was flushing its dim pale light into the living world. The shrill clarion of cocks had been heard now for some time through the village common. The sparrows twittered and hopped about on the snowy ruts of the road, thence flying to some neighboring snowy roof, or tucking themselves in their straw-built nests. He longed so much to get a glimpse of the vast plains and woods in the distance, so he placed his little stool upon his bench; his eyes, though weak and red from the restless sleep, enabled him to make some clear perceptions of the moving objects in the distance. He peered through his small rusty-barred window and saw what seemed to be a little lamp light bickering in the distance. It reflected a thousand spears in his weak eyes. Looking more closely, he perceived a straggling group of tiny willows enrobed in the new-fallen snow. The dawn of day began to draw nearer and nearer. The peasants, farm-hands, and women were beginning to stir about for the toils of the day. He saw them trudging in the snow, some with weak, bent backs, others with bright and cheerful faces; now and then he perceived what seemed to be a tattered-clothed stripling lagging on behind them.

He heard a big, gruff voice like that of an "oboy" driver, crying to his horses: "Ya-a-a-va!" "Ay-doo-rak!" "Noo-oo-oo!" "Heekh-ya-a-a!" He heard the pop of the long, heavy lash of his short-handled knout brought down with stinging force upon the backs of his horses. He saw them break across the Russian frontier, rattling and bouncing the "oboy" from side to side; and when he last caught sight of the conveyance, it seemed like a pair of pygmies huddled together on a snowy cliff.

It was now time for his breakfast, so he descended from his position to think once more of his home, of his parental love, and the

joy and happiness which he had seen in years of long ago. He thought of his hard, wooden bed, and the soft, downy one of his home, where he would fall to sleep in comfort, dreaming of happiness; but these memories brought only distracting dreams to him whenever they were thought of.

The great cathedral bell was tolling its usual message to the prisoners and the people, reminding them of their allegiance to the Czar and that they should pray for his prosperity and health. (For the custom was that when the Czar is in bad health or had any misfortune to toll the bell for the prayers of his subjects.)

He got up from his bench to pace around the enclosure of his casemate, probably to relieve himself of his sorrows and oppression, or to put some new life in his worn body, but the effort was in vain. He lay down on his bench, twisting and turning himself from side to side. He would lie on his back only for a few minutes, then turn over again on his stomach. Getting out of his bed, he would crouch himself again on his stool. Finally he fell off into sleep on his bench. He awoke in the middle of the night, sprang suddenly from his seat, rubbing his eyes and pulling his hair furiously. He groped about in his casemate in a zig-zag fashion, as if some blind man benighted in an enclosure. But when he came plainer in the thin ray of moonlight that stole through the bars of his windows and reflected his shadow on the cold, grey wall before him, seeing which he burst suddenly into a frenzy, crying: "Beasts!" "Beasts!" "Damnable Beasts!"

He had hardly uttered his last word, when he fell on the cold, grey floor of his casemate, his face blanching in the dim moonlight, as the curfew of the Cathedral was becoming more faint, blending into a low lulling sound: its last message dying with the words:

"Long Live the Czar."



Edgar Allan Poe—An Appreciation.

BY OSCAR B. RYDER, '08.

OF Poe it has been well said that he belongs to no nation or section. Born in Boston, January 19, 1809, and reared in Virginia and England, still his writings show the impress of no locality—they could have been written as well in one place as in another, not that they are international in their appeal and sentiment, but that they are isolated and apart from life, situate in the realms of intellectual passion, abstract thought and almost preternatural analysis. Nevertheless, it is fitting that in this his centenary year and month, commemorative exercises should be held in his honor in the State, and especially in the city which he for so great a part of his life called his home. More particularly is this true when we consider the fact that he is the only literary genius of international note this section has claim to. It is a pity, therefore, that the plan to unveil a monument to his honor in the city of Richmond should have failed, and that at the University of Virginia alone appropriate exercises are to be held on the poet's hundredth birthday.

Poe's fame and reputation are more widespread than that of any other American writer. By foreign critics he is held to be the greatest of American authors, indeed the only great one among them. His poems and stories—particularly his stories—have become international property. Baudelaire early made him a French favorite—almost a French author—by his excellent translation of the "tales." Since then his works have been translated into many of the European languages. It will, therefore, be interesting to note some of the characteristics of a writer of such widespread recognition, some sources of his literary fame, and some elements of his art.

First of all, Poe is generally recognized as the father of the modern art of Short Story writing, an art new and distinct, but

with well-defined rules and an established standard. Indeed, he may be said to be the inventor, or at least one of the inventors, of a new literary form, distinct from the novel on one side and the old stories on the other. Before his time there had been stories that were short, differing from the novel only in length. There had been among these stories, indeed, some showing perfection in descriptive character drawing, some in atmosphere, and others in restraint and suggestiveness. None, however, had made a perfect combination of the three. This Poe succeeded in doing. Then, too, authors before him had only "dressed up" plots that came to them ready-made. Poe invented—created—his plots. He thus made his own stories—and good ones too—out of the fecundity of his imagination. At last the "tale" had found its master. Subsequent development has been but the triumph—the logical outcome—of his methods and ideas.

In these "tales," as elsewhere, Poe was, first of all, an artist; he believed in art for art's sake. He had a passion—an intellectual passion—for beauty—abstract beauty—yet not for beauty as a quality, but as an effect of conscious art. This art is mathematical in its method. He starts with his conclusion and works back to the beginning; the solution is known all along. Every detail, every step in the plot fits into the whole with a mathematical sureness and precision; not a word or phrase is wasted, and all contributes inevitably to the creation of the predetermined effect—is subordinated to it. Every act has its adequate motive, and every fact its just reason. The restraint is perfect and inevitable, the suggestiveness unsurpassed. A single unified, vivid impression is thus attained—an impression at once profound, subtle, unescapable.

To thus work out an effect—an effect evolved out of his own mind—Poe brought to his aid an unsurpassed power of acute and minute analysis and a marvelously fertile imagination. Indeed, he prided himself on his analytic power and liked to display it. It enabled him to maintain an equilibrium between the parts and to outline his plots with wonderful accuracy, and to fill them out with unavoidable detail. It also made him the inventor of the puzzle, mystery-solving story, such as the Gold Bug, and of the now ever-present detective story. His imagination was conscious and intel-

lectual, not intuitive. It reveled in realms of the unreal, the strange, the grotesque, the extraordinary—mystery was its delight. Yet he was not absorbed by the mystery; he is rather a spectator, watching, analyzing, dissecting.

No small part of our author's power lies in his peculiar, almost unequaled faculty of impressing, enthralling, by the minutest detail, by the most trivial circumstance. In the *Fall of the House of Usher*, for instance, every incident, however small, every piece of description, however slight and insignificant its object, creates an impression, uncanny, mysterious, horrifying—an impression which enhances and vivifies the general and final effect. Again, in the *Gold Bug* each new disclosure, each slightest hint, but increases our interest and wonderment; it might even be said our mystification. Certainly our desire to know the solution is intensified by each new turn.

Then, too, the weird unreality, the vague shadow of mystery enshrouding the tale like a pall increases Poe's thralldom over the reader. We can almost feel the mystery, the air seems pervaded with it, yet it is intangible, evanescent. It is, indeed, so subtly done that we are almost enveloped in the creeping horror and the weird fancy possesses us, but when we come to analyze it the effect is gone. It is, then, that vague yet real something which we call atmosphere. In the *Black Cat*, for instance, the preternatural atmosphere of remorse and spiritual uncanniness is so great—so shadowy, yet so unescapable—that we come completely under the magic spell, feel as if the thing was actually happening before us. We can almost hear the howls of the walled-up cat rending the air—almost see the dark workings of the remorseful conscience—we are horrified, our blood runs cold. For the moment we have been transposed into an unreal world of horrors, of gloom, of undying remorse.

In his poems Poe has in the main the characteristics we have seen in his "tales." We find the same unreality, the same striving after beauty—the intellectual beauty of a consciously preconceived effect. Here, indeed, he hardly touches on the horrible or grotesque, but there is the same air of isolation, of melancholy, of mystery. The appeal is to the intellect—the "soul"—but not to the heart.

There is no heart in his verses; they are for the purely aesthetic side of the imagination. The rhythm is contagious, while the sonorousness is unsurpassed. After reading the "Raven," "evermore" and "nevermore" keep ringing in our ears. We seem to be possessed by the appealing beauty and flow of the piece; it pervades us, charms and pleases. Why we cannot tell; the effect is so subtle, so sure, so evanescent that we marvel at the skill of the composer. Here, thus, as in the stories, all is impression, atmosphere, suggestiveness, produced by the well-conceived and well wrought-out effort of the poet.

In his critical writings Poe lacks breadth, is handicapped by a false aesthetic standard, but he is scrupulously exact and mathematically just. He is careful and painstaking, really thoroughly reading the works he criticises. Severe and destructive he may have been, but someone was needed in America at that time to maintain the just proportions of art—to moderate the indiscriminate eulogy of everything American.

The thing that limited the sphere of Poe's art most was his lack of human sympathy—the aloofness and isolation of his intellect. On account of this deficiency he could not portray—delineate—human life. His characters are as unreal as the atmosphere by which they are surrounded and as the incidents which give them being. They are, indeed, hardly types—they are made to fit into the story, to enhance the impression just as do the incidents of the plot. We certainly could not imagine his people as living outside of the story.

It is evident, therefore, from what has been said, that our author was deficient in humor. He seemed utterly devoid of it—except maybe of a detached, analytic sort. His attempts at it are all failures. He did not know humanity—the human heart—well enough, did not have that sympathy and broad tolerance which is the basis of true humor.

Then, too, Poe had no moral or ethical purpose. He teaches no lessons either by implication or otherwise, and his works are essentially unmoral. A didactic purpose can by no means be read either into his poems or stories. He thus has none of Hawthorne's fondness for moral allegory. A thing of beauty—or perfection in

outline, in detail and technique—was what he aimed at, that alone.

Thus Poe's literary work was by his own deficiencies and standard of art limited to a narrow field, but that field he worked with marvelous ability and artistic thoroughness. But his output even there was small, because he strove after thoroughness, polish, perfection in detail rather than quantity; and, then, too, his unfortunate manner of life unfitted him for continuous activity. Thus forty poems and a little over sixty stories, together with a few essays, are the sum total of his output. It is, therefore, indeed wonderful, and it speaks volumes for the success—the worth—of what he did produce that he now occupies such a position of unchallenged fame, and that he has had such an influence over subsequent literature. Many have imitated his work, and still more have been influenced, in a greater or less degree, by him.

It remains but to say that his style was a very suitable and well-developed medium for his peculiar material. It has been characterized as "precise and clear, terse and telling, smooth and polished." Each sentence fits into the next harmoniously, if not organically. It has been likened by a not very friendly critic to a "labored mosaic." It may be labored, but it is certainly well and smoothly wrought to express just what the writer wanted to express, and in a pleasing, telling way.

A Character Developing Under Prosperity.

R. S., '09.

AS an example of this type I have chosen the novel, "John Halifax, Gentleman," written by Miss Mulock. It depicts town life in England about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and John Halifax, the hero, is a character which develops under prosperity.

It is always hard to tell exactly from what sources the novelist draws his or her characters unless one is well acquainted with his or her life. Here the imagination is used more than any

thing else. Then, the writer's attitude towards John Halifax is very much like Scott's attitude to his young lady heroines, one of undisguised worship. This is shown by the great love of Phineas Fletcher for John Halifax. Phineas Fletcher is the character into whose mouth Miss Mulock puts her own sentiments. Moreover, I think she is thoroughly sympathetic with her characters. Her method of delineating character is mostly direct; as describing personal appearance, actions, what is lurking in their thoughts, and especially in this case the conversations between Phineas and John.

John Halifax is a complex character with a dominant trait. I imagine him as a man who always thoroughly considers everything before he undertakes it, but once started exhibits a tenacity of purpose which is remarkable. We become more and more aware of this as the novel proceeds. By no means is he a stationary character, although we see his "metal" in the first meeting with Abel Fletcher.

As he slowly attains respect and power among men by means of struggles, just so does his character increase in strength, and his prosperity is a blessing which he knows how to make the most of. There is quite a contrast of character between this man and Phineas Fletcher, one a man of strength and action, the other weak and meditative. This contrast seems to cause the great friendship. John is an individual character; surely more than a moral abstraction or type or caricature, or having merely sectional traits.

The second character is taken from Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." Sidney Carton, a character which develops under adversity. No one in reading the book would take special notice of him at first, for the author calls him the "idlest and most unpromising of men," which makes you think he is only a minor character. He belongs to a different group from the hero group, and we see very little of him at first. I think Dickens is thoroughly sympathetic with him, or he could not have brought about his development in such a pleasing and subtle way. Besides, his character is directly delineated. We know him by his deeds, and get an insight of his truest feelings when he confides in Lucy Manette alone. He is a true type of the complex developing character, and his dominant

trait is undoubtedly love for drink. His struggle is a conscious one, and although it ends with his death, it does not end in defeat, because his purpose was attained.

In the last part of the novel it is somewhat of a surprise to find him, "the idlest and most unpromising of men," sacrificing his life for a friend. His character is individual, but his development is largely due to the good influence of Lucy Manette, a perfectly simple character. He is the real hero of the story, but one would never think so until the very last, when his good qualities are brought out.

Here we have two characters; one developing under prosperity, the other under adversity. They are alike in that both develop into good characters, but under the opposite circumstances, which seems strange, but none the less true to life. Moreover, both characters are the outcome of a struggle. Which is the hardest struggle; and, in life, are more good characters developed under prosperity or adversity?

True Service.

J. G. B., '10.

The world from sin has suffered long;
 No tongue nor pen can tell the care
 Heaped up, pressed down, into the lives
 Of many fellow-mortals here.

Would you give something to redeem
 Your brother bound? Some sacrifice,
 Unnoticed, it might be, by those
 Who by His burdens seek to rise.

Some seed must perish 'neath the mould,
 Some share be worn, some beast be driven,
 Ere harvests wave beneath the moon
 And reaper's songs ascend to heaven.

So must some lives be spent obscure,
Some labor lost ; yet not in vain.
The life that's lost to help the poor,
For Christ's sake, shall be found again.

Turgot, the French Statesman.

THE lives of some men, like the sparkling diamond, become brighter and brighter the stronger light there is shed upon them. This is eminently true of the French statesman, Turgot—the man who accomplished so much in the freeing of trade and in the encouragement of industry.

A truly great man is rarely ever recognized as such by the people of his day. "He comes to his own, and his own receive him not." And, as is illustrated on the pages of the world's history, they, for whom his heart throbs, instead of recognizing the divine in him, lead him off to the stake to be burned or to the cross to be crucified. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" could hardly find a publisher when it was fresh from his brain, and it was only by earnest persistence that his wife succeeded in exchanging it with a publisher for \$300. But we may safely say that its value to the world can hardly be reckoned in dollars and cents. It has had an immeasurable influence upon the progress of the world, and in the determining of the political life of nations.

Turgot was born in Paris, May 10, 1727. His parentage was respectable, though not noble. His father had held the office of Provost of the Merchants of Paris, the highest in the old municipal constitution of Paris. As the youngest of three brothers, of whom one was destined for the army and another for the law, Turgot was destined to take holy orders. His surroundings seem to have pointed him toward the Church, but in 1751 he renounced his intention of entering it. The following year he entered Parliament as a counselor, but continued his studies along economic and political lines. About this time Quesnay was at the head of a school or system of

Physiocracy. They held that "there exists a natural order, with which human government should interfere as slightly as may be, and that all wealth is derived from the soil." Turgot acquainted himself with this system. And this acquaintance, apparently, greatly influenced him in the expression of that spirit of freedom which marks so significantly the direction and actions of his after life.

In 1761 he was appointed Intendant of Limousin, a post which he held for thirteen years, and in which he gave a fine example of the good that might have been accomplished in France by skillful and humane administration. We are told that he wrought many wise, salutary and benevolent reforms and regulations.

When Louis XVI. came to power (1774) he was put at the head of the Marine, and a few months later he became Comptroller-General of France. This, to some extent, shows the popularity he was gaining for himself. He was now in a position to put his words into action. In a very able letter addressed to the King. Turgot, on taking office, explained the principles on which he should feel bound to act. They were: No bankruptcy, no new taxes, no loans. This, in a rough way, gives us an inside picture of France. She was greatly run down. Practically bankrupt, and her people burdened by taxes. She was badly in need of reform. The deficit was to be made good by rigorous thrift. He warned the King that frugality would not be easy, and that he expected to bear all the odium of it without assistance. He expressed himself freely and acted freely, though intelligently, concerning the problems of his day. But, unfortunately, or fortunately, I am unable to say which, they did not meet the approval of his political and religious friends. However, these opinions, unacceptable as they were in his day, have brought him before the eyes of the world, and have endeared him to the heart of every true patriot of his people.

It is important to notice his views on education. They, liberal as they are, were expressed in private letters to Mademoiselle Grafigny. He was one of the simplest and most disinterested of men. His tastes and habits were studious. He was a man of noble intellect, and one who could see far into the future. And, as a result of

his vision, he warned France against that hot-bed of folly, the "State of Nature" theory, in which were to sprout the sentimentalism and ferocity of the Reign of Terror, with Robespierre as its most gaudy flower.

As the author of the "free trade" theory, he deserves an honorable mention. While Comptroller-General he expressed his views concerning, and did a great deal toward the accomplishment of, the freeing of commerce. He argued that it would be quite sufficient if "the government should always protect the natural liberty of the buyer to buy and of the seller to sell. For the buyer being always the master to buy or not to buy, it is certain that he will select among the sellers the man who will give him at the best bargain the goods that suit him best. It is not less certain that every seller, it being his chief interest to merit preference over his competitors, will sell in general the best goods and at the lowest price at which he can make a profit in order to attract customers. The merchant or manufacturer who cheats will be quickly discredited and lose his custom without the interference of government."

Turgot believed in absolute economical freedom. He therefore restored free-trade in corn. The State had hampered the corn trade in the most singular ways, by hindering merchants and farmers from keeping large stocks in hand, by forbidding exportation, and had interfered in time of scarcity to keep corn within the limits of their jurisdictions. The intention had been to insure food to the people, but the effect had been to discourage corn-growing, to bring about a large importation and to deepen the misery of bad years. The system had long been denounced by the Physiocrats and had been partly abolished under Louis XV., only to be restored after one or two short harvests. September, 1774, Turgot gave complete liberty to the corn trade. Following this decree were several bad harvests, and again the cry was made that free-trade in corn meant starvation to the people. Several riots ensued, and the "Parliament" of Paris protested against the Comptroller-General. But Turgot was still on the good side of Louis. The riots were put down and the voice of "Parliament" hushed.

Later, Turgot freed the wine trade. He did this by cancelling all prohibitions against the sale in any part of the kingdom of wine

grown in any other part. This reform seems to have remained in effect longer than many of the others. The public was awakened by the famous edict which suppressed the privileges of the guilds, leaving every man free to earn his own livelihood in the way he thought best. Turgot was now preparing to remodel taxation on the maxims which he had learned from the Physiocratic school, to reduce indirect taxes and make direct taxes uniform. However, he was not allowed time for this. But before he left office he established the "Caisse d'Escompte"—a kind of national bank. He authorized a joint-stock association to form the Caisse, which should discount commercial paper, receive deposits, make advances, trade in bullion, and issue notes payable on presentation. Out of a capital of 15,000,000 "livres" two-thirds were to be advanced to the treasury and repaid in yearly installments of 1,000,000; but this obligation was afterwards remitted.

Turgot not only advocated economic reform, but also political reform. He distrusted parliamentary legislation, and heartily endorsed a kind of graded assembly. By means of these assemblies he wished "to ensure the fullest knowledge of details to the sovereign and the ministers, to call forth such a sense of duty to the Commonwealth that the government would no longer be regarded by the subject as an enemy, and to form such a bond of union between men of all three estates as might render possible a uniform taxation, irrespective of privilege." If the experiment had been tried the assemblies might have proved very useful, but it seems unlikely that they would have served the purpose of Turgot. The scheme would lessen the power of the King. When Louis saw this he began to lose confidence in him. But he had already done much good, and won the applause of his wisest countrymen. But he had made many enemies also, and his tenure of office rested on his ascendancy over the young, inexperienced King. Possibly the greatest shock to that ascendancy was the restoration of the "Parliaments." They stood against him again and hastened his fall.

His "free-trade" theory is of special interest to America to-day in that it is believed that we are greatly hampered by the "protective system." He also influenced the industrial movement of France, and the world indirectly, by enlarging the rights of indi-

viduals and abolishing the exclusive privileges of companies and corporations. His reward for so liberal a service was opposition and ridicule. That was the way his countrymen answered the question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

But possibly the most important thing to examine in connection with his life, at least of a great deal of interest at the present time, is the expression of his religious views.

He argues the separation of Church and State, or rather questions to that effect. He said: "The teaching of religion should be left to the Church, and the only cases in which the State has the right to take cognizance of dogmas are those where clear, direct results upon the public safety are concerned." This, of course, led to opposition from the Church. And as he endeavored to control the nobility, restrict the clergy, and restrain the license assumed by the officers of the Crown, they all united against him. The result was that in 1776 he was dismissed from office. And, while the Liberty Bell was ringing in the Western hemisphere, the responsive chord was struck a blow on the opposite side of the world. He wrote several letters to the King, injudicious, although prophetic. "It was weakness," said he, "Sire, which laid the head of Charles I. on the block." From this time Turgot led a private life, shut off from the rest of the world, and died on March 20, 1781.

His name finally became the object of ecclesiastical hatred, and in recent times a venomous biography of him, in pamphlet form, was spread throughout France. Those who did it thought perhaps they were doing the Church a favor—perhaps they were; for this libel upon Turgot, revered as he finally is by every true thinking French patriot, is, undoubtedly, one of the causes which produced only recently one of the most effective of all French revolts against clerical sway—the abolition of the teaching congregations and the separation of the Church and State.

This is sufficient to show that a great man truly lives after the spirit has been separated from the flesh, and, instead of his pathway spanning the space of one generation, it is, in fact, marked out from century to century by the children of men. It is as the "dawning light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Gurth.

S. H. ELLYSON, '09.

AND his name is Gurth?"

"So said my brother, Cuthbert, and a manly house he's from."

"What, can a fen-dweller be manly? Fish eaters are never manly, Louise. Uh! I'm sure, if I were a man I'd never find heart in stale water. Well, you can have him; no muskrat for me!"

"Thank, you, Edith, my lady, and will you want to take back your gift if he wears the chieftian's plume, and uses his father's sword, and has in his treasure house a raven standard of the Danes, and if his skin is as white and his stature as noble as our own Randal's?"

"But there is no such man, so I shall not want him," Lady Edith answered, sighing wearily over the monotony of court life.

"But there is, I tell you. My brother Cuthbert fought under him a full campaign, and he saw him wrest the raven banner from the mighty men of the barbarians. Cuthbert says he is mightier than Eric the Wolf."

"Uh! please don't say any more about him. I'm sure, when he comes, I shan't trouble him—he might step on me."

"Oh! but he's not that kind, either. Brother says that he is as a child, except in a fight. He shrinks from speech even. And is timid of us. Nor would he have come to court had his father not recently died, thus making it necessary for him to come and make his allegiance, as chief, to your father, the King."

"Why, Louise, do you really like him as much as that? I will hand him right over to you, if you like. I'm sure I don't want any baby giant."

"No, my lady!" exclaimed Louise, reddening, "I was only saying what my brother said about him."

"Well, we'll see," quoth Lady Edith.

But the subject of this conversation thought of neither the Princess Edith nor of her lady in waiting, but plodded steadily onward along the green and gold of the forest path. His rugged charger was hardly more stoic in expression than he, as horse and man lurched along the changing path. A thick cloak hid the coat of chain mail that protected him, and only the tip of the sword and the helmet upon the bow of the saddle belied his peaceful appearance.

And of what was he thinking? Oh! of many things. His great blue eyes stared steadily ahead in inward contemplation. It was nothing unusual. Old Niel, the armor-bearer, who, with half a dozen other trusty men, trailed behind his chief, thought nothing of it. Many the times he had observed to strangers that his young lord was a man of speechless heart, a man of the fens. "And he has no speechless sword!" he would finish caustically.

But Gurth, the Saxon, was thinking of these very traits. It pleased him not that he should be so strong yet so weak. In the fens, in the campaign, he cared nothing. Then he met the eye of every man fearlessly with answering boldness. But now, when on a peaceful journey, was it fear he felt? He frowned at the thought and shook his shoulders. Fear? Clearly he was loth to go. He would gladly have stayed away. Yet what was there at court to fear.

Oh! it wasn't fear; it was hate. He *hated* those fawning women of the court, who cling so exasperatingly and who were always of *your* opinion. Ugh! how he hated to go to court.

And so it was that Gurth toiled up the wooded hills to the hall of his King with a fear that was a stranger to him.

Nobly did he stand and nobly bend in fealty to his king and the princess, and the earl's daughters said to one another, "Isn't he grand!" And they all set their caps at him, and the Princess Edith forgot her scorning words and also her gift. But Louise, the lady in waiting, the daughter of a petty chief, did not forget.

And Gurth walked among the frivolities of the hall and sighed for the shout of battle. The earl's daughters adored him to his face and begged for the stories of his doings, which he, out of gentility, did a few times relate, but there was no joy in it, and the great blue eyes that could blaze so fiercely in battle held within

them a gleen of strangeness and hostility which was as the raising of a shield. The maidens, therefore, sighed and turned to other more easily gotten admiration.

But the king's daughter, perforce, could not be so treated, and many were the tales told from those forced lips. Now, as the end of the seven days approached which Gurth had thought it right to remain with his king, Edith, the Princess, seeing that his heart was unmoved by her attentions, strove yet more craftily to bring this wayward conqueror to her feet.

"Sir Gurth," she said, "I fear you have not told me the best of your adventures. Won't you come to-morrow to my hall and relate to me the manner in which you wrested the raven banner from the barbarians?"

And Gurth, surprised, blushed and stammered that he hardly thought it worthy the relating.

"Ah! said I not so. You have been telling only your petty adventures to me! Now, sir, for penalty you shall tell me of the winning of the raven. Come to-morrow evening, and none shall be there save I and my lady in waiting."

So on the morrow evening Gurth entered the hall of the princess. And Louise, the lady in waiting, sat in a dark corner and listened to the tale of the capture of the raven. Briefly and in stirring words he told it, and even the cheeks of the cold Princess flushed with the fray. When he came to that part of the tale where Cuthbert the Bold, defending the back of Sir Gurth, his own sword having snapped, was but scarcely saved by the circling sword of Gurth from death, there came a low cry from the dark corner where Louise, the lady in waiting, sat, and when they looked she had fainted.

Then the Princess remembered that Cuthbert the Bold was the brother of Louise, and she told Sir Gurth so. Gurth, gently chafing her hands, looked with new interest upon the sweet face of the sister of his protector, and he lifted her and laid her on a couch and the strange gleen came out of his eyes.

In the morning that followed Gurth, approaching the princess, begged that he might come again that evening and tell the adventures of his worthy father. And she, with secret triumph, acceded.

So it came to pass that Sir Gurth came every evening to the hall of the princess and was well content. The weeks went by, and the half dozen trusty followers grew rusty in their limbs for want of exercise. And old Neil, the armor-bearer, would look in the face of the shield, which he rubbed and wink.

Love will not sleep forever, neither will the Danes, and one morning there came a messenger from the fens, calling Sir Gurth roughly from his sleep.

So in the evening he entered the hall of the Princess and sat, and the lady in waiting was absent by accident.

"My Lady," said he, "I have waited many hours upon you. I have told you many strange tales and trying histories. Am I to leave you without some boon? For, though I have gained heaven under your eyes, I yet am not satisfied."

And the Princess, inwardly triumphant, set hand upon her heart and said: "Alas! Sir Gurth, what is it that a poor Princess can give when in your leaving you take all her treasure?"

"Ah! my Princess," quoth Sir Gurth, earnestly, "but there is one other thing I cannot take save with your permission, without which all other possession is void. And I have made bold to speak of it this last night that I might return to my native fens with a happy heart. Oh, Lady! have you not seen in the relatings of my tales whither my eyes were bound, whither my tongue was bent? It is she whom I ask of you, without whom there is no joy."

At this the Princess straightened herself, and, with gleaming eyes of wicked triumph, said in a low voice:

"And who is that, my Lord?"

"Ah! thou knowest," he exclaimed. "Only Louise, thy lady in waiting, the sister of my old comrade, Cuthbert the Bold." And he stooped and touched the hem of her robe and waited.

And after a time the Princess, beating back the tears of thwarted purpose in her voice, said, hurriedly:

"Take her if she love you; go ask her." and hurriedly left him, for she dare not refuse him so humble a present.

So it came to pass in the morning that Sir Gurth found Louise gathering flowers in the forest, and he asked her for himself, and she did not deny.

To a Virginia Rose.

—
"TIP," '10.
—

Down in old Virginia, where gentle breezes blow,
Where robin red breast warbles, where sweetest flowers grow,
Where roses shed their fragrance when lengthening shadows fall,
There lives a gentle maiden—fairest flower of them all!
She's the sweetest little rosebud old Virginia ever grew;
There's the sunshine of the Southland in her face and manner too—
Fairest flower in dear old Dixie ever kissed by evening dew!
She's the sweetest little rosebud old Virginia ever grew.

Hazlitt and His Contribution to Romanticism.

—
W. R. D. MONCURE, '09.
—

THE romantic movement cannot be interpreted alone by the poets or the novelists imbued with its spirit, but it must be supplemented with the opinion of the eminent essayists, philosophers and critics of the age. To understand the modern school of romanticism we must not only study Rousseau, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the other luminaries of the romantic constellation, but we must ardently consider such profound essayists, the interpreters of their age, as DeQuincy, Lamb, and Hazlitt. In their essays and criticism we see the identical spirit of romanticism that we see in poesy and fiction. More prominently they are interested in the past, particularly the Elizabethan age. They revolted from the conventional and effete subjects laid down in the Johnsonian creed, and going back to Shakespeare and his contemporaries they ran across a literature unhampered and true to nature and mankind. Johnson had blustered over this period and painfully misinterpreted it. Through his classic eye the virtues of this period were not seen, but they were weighed in his scales and found wanting in form and

art. Schlegel says of Johnson as a critic that "He reduced everything to the common standard of conventional propriety, and the most exquisite refinement or sublimity produced an effect on his mind, only as they could be translated into the language of measured prose." "He had no idea of natural objects but such as he could measure with a ten-foot rule, or tell upon ten fingers."

William Hazlitt was born in 1778 at Maidstone. The son of a Unitarian preacher of Irish blood, he developed into an ardent non-conformist and a passionate exponent of civil and religious liberty. While merely a boy he was a diligent student of philosophy and politics. He provoked his teachers at the Unitarian College very much by him having his mind constantly preoccupied with schemes of radical reforms. His revolutionary ardor did not abate as the revolution became disgusting with its excesses, such as did Wordsworth's, but it remained to the end.

He was first fascinated by the stories of Smollett, Fielding, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, Rabelais, and Cervantes. Their new spirit and nature painting charmed him. He also was fascinated by Rousseau, the great apostle of the romantic movement.

Hazlitt says he received his inspiration to write from Coleridge, whom he had heard preach in 1798. He declares with emphasis "I was at that time dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the wayside, crushed, bleeding, lifeless; but now * * * * my ideas float on winged words. * * * * My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage; * * * * my heart * * * * has never found * * * * a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish * * * * I own to Coleridge."

Hazlitt had some talent in painting (and at first he directed his attention that way; but he soon found that was not his supreme genius, so he laid down his brush and directed his energies to the study of literature and philosophy. He issued a political essay on "Free Thoughts on Public Affairs" in 1806.

He discovered himself in his replies to the philosophy of Malthus. But, as a critic, Hazlitt is famous in his power to analyze genius. He was the first man to understand the real genius of Shakespeare; or, in other words, he was the first to develop in print and give to the world the right and modern conception of

him. It is through his criticism of the Elizabethan age that we identify him with the romantic movement. He delivered a series of lectures on this period at the Surrey Institution in 1818. His first lecture was "On the General View of the Subject"; his second lecture "On the Dramatic Writers Contemporary with Shakespeare, viz., Lyly, Marlowe, Heywood, Middleton, and Rowley"; his third and fourth lectures were a continuance of the Elizabethan dramatists, namely, Marston, Chapman, Decker, Webster, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Ford, and Massinger; his fifth lecture treated the single Play, Poems, etc., the Four P's, the Return from Parnassus, Gammer Gurton's Needle, and other works; his sixth lecture was on "Miscellaneous Poems, Beaumont, Fletcher, Drayton, Daniel," etc.; and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* and Sonnets; his seventh lecture treated the character of Lord Bacon's Works—Compared as to style with Sir Thos. Brown and Jeremy Taylor, and the eighth and last lecture of this series was on the Spirit of Ancient and Modern Literature—On the German Drama, Contrasted with that of the Age of Elizabeth."

He thinks that the great virtue of the authors of this period was that they "savored of the soil from which they grew." They were untrammelled by French, German, Dutch, Greek, and Roman influences. They were truly English. They did not accept any dictator of form and subject matter, but as, Hazlitt aptly puts it, "They did not look out of themselves to see what they should be; they sought for truth and nature, and found it in themselves." This is the spirit of romanticism itself, and a phase in the definition of this wonderful word "romanticism."

In his discussion of the causes of this golden age of English literature he presents forcefully his interest and love for the past, another phase of romanticism. He says: "There is not a lower ambition, a poorer way of thought, than that which would confine all excellence, or arrogate its final accomplishments to the present or modern times." Hazlitt vehemently attacks the writers of the Johnsonian age for their utter undervaluation of the English writers of the past and thinking themselves the only real producers of English literatures. Says he: "The Greek and Roman classics are a sort of privileged text-books, the standing order of the day, in a university education, and leave little leisure for a competent acquaintance

with, or due admiration of, a whole host of able writers of our own, who are suffered to moulder in obscurity on the shelves of our libraries, with a decent reservation of one or two top-names, that are cried up for form's sake, and to save the national character." He seems to think that Shakespeare had been singled out as a solitary genius of his age, and that the other great playwrights, which contributed to make the Elizabethan age the crowning age of English letters, were not worthy of thoughtful consideration. He says: "It is our dearth of information that makes the waste; for there is no time more populous of intellect, or more prolific of intellectual wealth, than the age we are speaking of." His idea of this age is that Shakespeare is the great dazzling light among all the other luminous stars of his age. But, he holds, that if Shakespeare had not lived, even still the Elizabethan period would have been the golden age of English literature. Hazlitt happily expresses it when he said, "That if Shakespeare contemporaries, with their united strength, would hardly make one Shakespeare, certain it is that all his successors would not make half a one." "The sweetness of Decker, the thought of Marston, the gravity of Chapman, the grace of Fletcher and his young-eyed wit, Jonson's learned sock, the flowing vein of Middleton, Heywood's ease, pathos of Webster, and Marlowe's deep designs, add a double lustre to the sweetness, thought, gravity, grace, wit, artless nature, copiousness, ease, pathos and sublime conceptions of Shakespeare's muse." Hazlitt thinks that the chief cause for the versatile and freedom of the intellect of this age was the Reformation. It opened to them fields that had hitherto been obscured by the smothering bigotry of the Mediaeval church. This material opened up to them by the Renaissance and Reformation was the greatest mine for intellectual activity that was ever presented to mankind. Another great impetus to the mind of men during this period, thinks Hazlitt, was the discovery of the New World, and the reading of voyages and travels. He says: "Fairy land was realized in new and unknown worlds." Through his whole work Hazlitt seems to think nothing supremely great in English literature unless it is permeated with the Romantic spirit, natural. He expresses it that "We are something in ourselves, nothing when we try to ape others." His conclusion upon our literature is "that it is Gothic and grotesque; unequal and irregu-

lar; not cast in a previous mould, nor of one uniform texture, but of great weight in the whole, and of incomparable value in the best parts."

One, after reading his criticisms and analytical essays, will inevitably conclude that Hazlitt is veritably a powerful exponent of Romanticism prose without the realm of fiction.

Joy Songs.

BY ———, '08.

Sing, O sailor, leaving the shoreland,
Sing to the waves in rollicksome glee;
Sing of the vanishing hillocks and moorland,
Sing the wild joy of cleaving the sea.
Sing of the unknown, far-stretching blue;
Sing the staunch vessel, her sea-loving crew.

Sing, O sailor, far from the shoreland,
Tossed in wild storms by the furious wave.
Sing to the chord of the wind's fierce Æolian,
Sing to the storm with a stout heart and brave.
Sing the mad joy of conflict, war-waging;
Sing the wild joy of billows high-raging.

Sing, O sailor, safe on the shoreland,
Sing of the voyage that now is past;
Tell of the storms with rocks in thy foreland,
Tell of the darkness, the land-cleft blast.
Sing the sea-perils, storm-risks you have run;
Sing the past troubles of the voyage that's done.

Sketches.

The Chapman-Alexander Meetings.

I. D. S. KNIGHT, '11.

THE Chapman-Alexander evangelistic services, which are to be held in Richmond from January 6th to January 24th, inclusive, bid fair to be of such a character that the city shall long remember them and shall long feel their influence. The men in charge of this great meeting are well prepared for their work.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the leading evangelist, has been actively engaged in this kind of work for a number of years since he has been the pastor of a large Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, Pa. His labor has met with success wherever he held meetings, and people have learned to love him as a spiritual worker.

Mr. Chas. M. Alexander is perhaps the greatest choir leader in the world to-day. He has a peculiar individuality, and seems to possess the power of compelling a large audience to sing. It was Mr. Alexander who accompanied Dr. R. A. Torrey around the world, giving it a great impetus towards the advancement of the church and the winning of souls. A word should also be said about Mr. Robert Harkness, the accompanist, who is with Mr. Alexander. Mr. Harkness is an Australian by birth. He is a great writer of music, having unusual talent in setting music to hymns. He has also written several hymns.

The evangelists assisting Dr. Chapman are picked men of wide experience, known throughout the country for their ability, and whose efforts have been marked by notable success. They have been with Dr. Chapman in these meetings in various places.

The plan of the campaign in Richmond, as has been Dr. Chapman's plan in other cities, is to hold several meetings in different districts of the city instead of having one large meeting, as is customary with some other evangelists. Richmond and the vicinity

has been divided into five districts, places for the meetings have been selected, and leaders have been appointed, as follows: District No. 1, the Auditorium, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, speaker; Mr. Chas. M. Alexander, musical director and Mr. Robert Harkness, accompanist. District No. 2, the First Baptist Church, Rev. Ora Samuel Gray, speaker. District No. 3, Union Station Methodist Church, Rev. Daniel S. Toy, speaker, and Broadus Memorial Church, Rev. C. T. Shaeffer, speaker. District No. 4, Fulton Baptist Church, Rev. Thos. Needham, speaker. District No. 5, Central Methodist Church, Manchester, Rev. Frank Grandstaff, speaker.

These five main meetings will be held every evening except Saturday, beginning at 8 o'clock. In addition to these, special meetings, such as mid-day meetings for the business people, men's meetings, and women's meetings, will be held at various times and places, as deemed advisable. The meetings are strictly inter-denominational, and on the Sundays that the meetings will be held, the churches co-operating with this campaign will be closed for evening service, in order that the congregations may attend them. Mid-week prayer services will also be adjourned for the benefit of the meetings. The pastors and picked workers from the various churches will constitute a corps of personal workers, who will strive to assist the speakers by coming into personal touch with the people.

One of the great features of all the meetings in which Mr. Alexander took part has been the great choir, and the districts will each have a large choir of selected singers. Mr. Alexander expects to have a chorus choir at the Auditorium of two thousand picked voices. These choirs will use a hymn book compiled by Mr. Alexander and published only last year.

Joseph Bryan.

W. R. D. MONCURE, '09.

AN ideal and a genuine type of citizenship is present in the life of Joseph Bryan. A citizen who did not seek to serve his fellow-

man in political position, so often mere personal ambition, but one, in the capacity of a private citizen, who contributed liberally from his substance and spent his time and energy in advancing the interest of society. He had a passionate ambition for his State and its capital city, Richmond. In every great enterprise—industrial, social, educational, and philanthropic—his name was at the head of the list and his mind the motive power.

When Virginia called for men to protect her soil from an invading army he responded to the call, and joined himself to Colonel Mosby's brigade, and there stayed until the last sound of the cannon was heard.

But Mr. Bryan, unlike so many noble people who would never be reconciled to the tendencies of the age and join the advancing columns, saw conditions as they really were, and in the same spirit and mind of Robert E. Lee, recognized that the only means for the reconstruction and development of the South was that of educating its youths, and adopting the industrial and economic institution of the North. It is only in this way that prejudice can be snuffed out and a national unity of interest restored, a prerequisite so essential to a progressive and civilized nation.

Mr. Bryan was a shrewd business man, but one who took the precepts of his religion in every transaction, and then after he had made his money he did not hoard it for the mere sake of money getting, nor did he wait until the end of his life to dispose of it, but was a constant contributor to every good cause.

All our leading State educational institutions have been recipients of his generosity. He contributed largely to the Greater Richmond College Fund, he was one of the prime movers in the scheme for a great university for Richmond, and when the plea came for a greater Y. M. C. A. for Richmond he was found to be one of the leading exponents of the campaign.

As an instance of his profound interest in the welfare of Richmond was his initiative in the rebuilding of the Jefferson Hotel. He saw the old walls fast lapsing into decay and no possible chance for its reconstruction through its owners, so he undertook to form a syndicate for its rebuilding, and no better demonstration of his energies can be shown than the present grand structure that stands on the corner of Jefferson and Franklin streets.

There was never a man who lived so consistent with his religion as Mr. Joseph Bryan, a staunch and orthodox Episcopalian.

Since the death of Mr. Bryan, November 10, 1908, all the educational, social, and industrial organizations of Richmond have banded together to erect a suitable memorial to this grand and good citizen. Is it not the part of this College, who has received so bountifully from this man, to contribute something to this memorial? It should be brought before the attention of both faculty and the student body.

I will put below the letter of the Memorial Association:

"The numerous friends and admirers of Mr. Joseph Bryan, mindful of the lofty moral tone of his life, his many lovable traits of character, the great and noble services which he rendered to his State, his city, and a host of individuals, in every position to which duty called him, whether as soldier, business man, patriot, or Christian, have resolved to provide a suitable memorial to testify their grief for his death and the love and admiration in which they held him living.

In pursuance of this resolution, a committee has been constituted by his fellow-citizens, charged with the duty of affording to all who knew and admired him an opportunity of contributing for such a memorial.

If you desire to participate in this movement, please send your name and contribution to Mrs. E. C. Minor, treasurer, in the Chamber of of Commerce, Richmond, Virginia.

Yours very truly,

EGBERT G. LEIGH, JR., President,
JOHN P. BRANCH,
H. L. CABELL,
GUSTAVUS MILLHISER,
W. GORDON McCABE,
J. TAYLOR ELLYSON,
MRS. E. C. MINOR,

W. T. DABNEY, *Secretary.*

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THE new year has again come, bringing with it perhaps a memory of broken resolves in the past, perhaps a new set with which to begin the year. It is a beautiful custom to liken the old and the new year to the end of an old, and the beginning of a new period in life, or to an old and new page in the Book of Life, for it gives to us all a kind of new starting point, with a clean period or page before us upon which to work or write the record of one year of our life. And it seems to us that a man should treat himself as he does his business, certainly to the extent of taking an inventory. All things grow and are subject to laws of growth, and man is not an exception, and why not find the extent of our growth in other things besides business? This, doubtless, would not always be a pleasing or gratifying task, for it is oftentimes discouraging, to say the least, for us to look back over a year's work and ask ourselves, "What is it worth from a moral, a mental, and a spiritual, as well as a business standpoint? Have we progressed? Have we grown? If not, why?" Particularly is this true if we will answer the query honestly and squarely, for we have to admit so many errors, so much

time wasted, so much energy spent to no avail, so many opportunities lost to us forever. But, on the other hand, there is no doubt but that it will put us in a better frame of mind to make the resolutions of the new year, for it will fill us with a realization that we are not getting what we should out of life or out of the years as they pass. Then why not "strike a balance" in our life for the new year, keep the sheet right before our eyes through the whole year as an incentive to keep the resolutions made, and surpass them if possible? New year resolutions are good if we make them so, if we *keep* them. So to begin the new year, as we "ring out the old, ring in the new," let us *make* resolutions, *good* resolutions, and then get the benefit of them by keeping them.

A Word from the Advisory Editor.

It is not merely with interest, but with a sense of pleasure, that the Advisory Editor of THE MESSENGER assumes the duties of his new office. Next to the delight of literary creation stands, undoubtedly, the pleasure of witnessing this work in others; and young men and young women in college who are giving their best to the pages of the college magazine are on the high road—however little advanced—to the making of literature.

This does not mean that the magazine invites as contributors only aspiring young authors. No activity of college life is so fruitful of swift benefit to the student as the effort to transcribe his thoughts and feelings for the college public, the readers of the college magazine. Students have often found that earnest work for the magazine has netted better results than success in the routine of college classes. Each one can make the experiment for himself. Or he may judge by a shorter method: Observe the men who write for the magazine and see how much better they express themselves on paper and by word of mouth than their fellows; and, what is better, how much broader outlook they have on life, and how much more they seem to have lived.

In these days there seems to be no limit to what the college man can do. A freshman in Yale writing an historical paper for the

Atlantic Monthly ceases to be a marvel when an under-graduate of another college does a class exercise in argumentation that appears later as an editorial in the *Nation*. Or take a more recent instance. The play most enthusiastically welcomed this winter by the dramatic critics of New York is "Salvation Nell," which Mrs. Fiske has just presented with herself in the title role. The author of "Salvation Nell" is Edward Sheldon, who graduated from Harvard last June and who wrote this first play of his primarily as a class exercise in his junior year. Not every college man can achieve as much, or ought to try; but these examples are cited to show that a man writing for his college magazine may put his aim, so he write sincerely, as high as the highest.

In the South we are slow in coming into our heritage. Professors in the larger universities are pleased to note the keen appreciation of Southern students for the best in literature. The tremendous material expansion of the South to-day may be justly compared with one force in the expansion of England that made Elizabeth's reign so fertile a field for genius. And a college man living in Virginia—and in Richmond, above all,—finds his feet set in a road leading out of an inspiring past.

What may THE MESSENGER not hope, then, from the Richmond men who, in their daily reading, are living on familiar terms with the wisest minds and strongest imaginations in English literature, and who, for the asking, may have their attempts to reflect the life about them criticized under expert instruction. If the Advisory Editor can help in this work, he asks no further reward than loyal support for THE MESSENGER.

H. A. V. L.

Plagiarism.

THE editor wishes to make an apology to the readers of THE MESSENGER for an article, inadvertently published in our last issue, which contained an excerpt from a book and did not give proper credit to its author. It has been and will continue to be the endeavor of THE MESSENGER to take its stand emphatically against plagiarism in any form, and it takes this opportunity to publicly acknowledge its mistake.

Campus Notes.

D. N. DAVIDSON, EDITOR.

MUCH interest is being taken in the *Spider*. The various clubs have reorganized for the purpose of enrolling new members and appointing committees to represent them in this publication. Prospects at present indicate that we will have one of the best annuals ever published here.

Dr. Winston: "Miss Smith, you may prove the thirtieth proposition."

Miss Smith: "Doctor, I don't understand the data."

Dr. Winston: "Where do you find that?"

Miss Campbell (explaining): "Oh Doctor! She means what is given."

A "rat" at the bookstore: "Have you the unabridged *condition* of the *Talisman*?"

A few days ago the students were addressed in the chapel by Mrs. Leeds, of Philadelphia, on a sociological topic. She brought out the conditions of prison life and advocated reforms. This lady has spent much of her life in visiting prisons and is thoroughly acquainted with their customs. We gave her a cordial welcome and listened attentively to her remarks.

Judge Woodson (age forty-nine years): "I see where I missed it by not marrying when I was young. Now I am old and can't. I am a shingle on the sea of possibility."

Thanksgiving exercise were held in chapel this year. Dr. Rice, of the Union Theological Seminary, delivered the address. A large crowd was present. On this occasion we were glad to welcome the students from the Seminary, the Woman's College, and the Westminster School.

Dr. Metcalf: "Mr. Yeaman, your initials, please?"

Yeaman: "W. J., sir."

Dr. Metcalf: "Is there an 's' on the end of your name?"

Yeaman: "No, sir; there is only one of us."

Senior: "What course are you taking here—academic?"

"Rat": "No, I have been to the academy."

The lectures on the Thomas foundation were given on December 3d, 4th and 5th by Dr. Bliss Perry, Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard University and Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His lectures were on "Thackeray," "Poets and Politics," and "Literary Fashions," respectively.

Dr. Perry has a striking personality and is a forceful lecturer. It is a rare privilege to come in contact with a man of such literary attainments and culture. We were extremely fortunate in having the gentleman visit us.

First "Rat": "What is Dr. Winston professor of?"

Second "Rat": "He is Professor of Emeritus."

Sydnor: "It is raining, and I have a great big umbrella."

Young lady: "So have I."

Sydnor: "But won't you share mine?"

Young lady: "No, thank you, I prefer my own."

Outland: "I am going to send my girl some *Hairlor's* candy."

Gilliam: "I don't understand why (——) doesn't get a better mark in Latin."

Lynch: "Neither do I; Dr. Dickey does not know the Latin (——) knows."

Drs. R. E. Loving and E. C. Bingham attended the American Physical Society, which met in Baltimore December 28th to 30th.

A ministerial student in his first sermon: "As I have only a short time to speak, I wish to *elaborate briefly* the points in the text."

Drs. J. A. C. Chandler and J. C. Metcalf attended the meeting of the Virginia Historical Society in Richmond, December 28th to 30th.

Gee! but it was great Richmond College 12, Randolph-Macon 2. The foot-ball season ended in a blaze of glory in spite of all the hard luck that has followed the team from the very start. And most of us had rather beat Randolph-Macon than to win the championship. The game was hard and clean from start to finish, and our opponents showed grand form and speed, but Richmond showed her superiority at every stage of the game. From the time that Lankford, than whom there is no better in the country, pulled off fifteen and then sixty yards in the second and third plays in the game, until every one of the eleven fellows had been carried off the field, Randolph-Macon did not have a chance to win.

The Times-Dispatch of Sunday, November 29th, said that Richmond had won by "two touch-downs on fluke plays." They were flukes to a certain extent, but the rules, as they are at present, emphasize the importance of following the ball more closely than ever before, and the man who is able to pull off one of these "supposedly fluke plays" is the man who is playing the game the hardest and following the ball the closest. Old "Tip" was "Johnnie-on-the-Spot" both times. It was not a fluke, but the reward for learning a lesson every coach has tried hard to instill into every man on his team—follow the ball everywhere all the time. Had Randolph-Macon shown the same aggressiveness along this line she might have been able to profit as we did and pull off one or two of these "fluke plays." It is regretted that the news story of the game published in that paper did not give us the credit of winning on merits rather than devote their time and space to making excuses for Randolph-Macon's losing.

There is no way of giving the details of the game as they happened out there that Saturday afternoon. Though Richmond could not score in the first half, we clearly outplayed the "Yellow Jack-

ets" in every department of the game. The line held and charged as they had done in no other game except against Carolina. The interference was close and the men ran hard, allowing the ball to be advanced with pleasing regularity by the backs, ends, and tackles.

The game was played in the open during a large part of the time, punting being resorted to by each team often on the second down, while forward passes and end runs from regular and kick formations were responsible for most of the ground gained by both teams. Toward the latter part of the game line plunging was done more frequently by Richmond, Lankford tearing big holes in the "Yellow Jackets'" line and Meredith and Chambers sliding off tackle for many yards. The Spiders also pulled off several prettily executed forward passes during this half.

Randolph-Macon's only score was the result of a blocked punt in the first half, Smith recovering the ball for Richmond. Saunders scored both touch-downs for Richmond, getting the ball each time in open field after short on-side kicks, and running in one case sixty yards and in the other thirty yards, placing the ball squarely behind the goal in each instance.

The rooting was hard and regular, each side cheering valiantly for their favorites, but never overlooking a brilliant play made by a member of the opposing team. During the intermission between the halves each bunch of rooters cheered the name of the captain of the opposing team.

It would be unfair to credit any one man with playing the star game. Everybody worked hard, whether they were on the gridiron or in the bleacheries, and everybody was happy. Suffice it to say that it was a most glorious day, as was the night, especially the "dress parade" through the city. May there be many more like it.



Alumni Department.

G. G. GARLAND, EDITOR.

POWHATAN W. JAMES (B. A., '04; LL. B., '06), who has been preaching in Oklahoma, was ordained at the First Baptist Church, of this city, on the night of December 20, 1908. The charge was delivered by his father, Rev. W. A. James, of Round Hill, Va., and the Bible was presented by Dr. G. W. McDaniel. The ordination prayer was offered by Dr. J. B. Hawthorne.

P. O. Soyars, pastor of East End Church of Richmond, was married to Miss Lula Anne Pemberton, of Richmond, December 26, 1908.

John Tyler (LL. B., '05) was married December 29, 1908, to Miss Suzette Beale, of Indian Neck, Va. The marriage was solemnized at the home of the bride's uncle, Dr. W. L. Broaddus, at Bowling Green, Va., only immediate friends of the family and relatives being present.

W. S. Brooke (B. A., '07) is attending the Southern Baptist Seminary, in Louisville, Ky.

Miss Frances Broaddus, who is teaching at the Newport News Academy, passed through Richmond on her way to Newport News, Va., returning from the Christmas holidays.

T. J. Moore (B. A., '08), who is teaching at the Richmond Academy, spent the Christmas holidays at the College.

H. B. Gilliam (B. A., '08) is teaching at the Churchland High School, Churchland, Va.

J. K. Hutton (B. A., '08), who is teaching at Chatham, Va., expects to return to College next year to take his degree in law.

A. G. Ryland (B. A., '08) succeeded C. W. Dickinson (B. A., '06) as principal of the Cheriton High School, Cheriton, Va. The latter has taken charge of the high school at Emporia, Va.

A. O. Edmondson (B. A., '07) is with the patent office, in Washington, D. C.

J. C. Griffin is with the Interstate Commerce Commission, in Washington, D. C.

E. M. Heller (B. A., '08), now in the Law Department of the University of Virginia, spent his holidays with his parents in Richmond.

J. Hoge Ricks (LL. B., '08) is specializing in law at the University of Virginia.

B. S. Wright (B. A., '07) is with the Wright Lumber Company, at Emmerton, Va.

F. Ruckman (LL. B., '08) is practicing law in Richmond.

Among the visitors on the campus during the Christmas holidays were the following alumni: A. B. Bristow (B. A., '06), G. L. Doughty (B. A., '06), P. P. Woodfin (B. A., '04; LL. B., '05), O. R. Thraves, now of University of Virginia; E. M. Louthan (M. A., '08), W. G. Payne (M. A., '08), H. H. George, III. (B. A., '08), Frank Hayes, now of Colgate University, and F. P. Davis, who is now in the tobacco business at Martinsville, Va.

It is very gratifying to see the attitude of our alumni towards the proposed Greater Richmond College, and still more so to note their substantial response to the call for funds with which to endow the new college.



Exchange Department.

T. W. OZLIN, EDITOR.

IN beginning the new year we desire to extend to all the exchanges our wishes for a most prosperous year in the realm of the college pen. We desire to thank them for the presence of so many bright, attractive publications on our desk, and for the many helpful criticisms and suggestions which we have received during the past year. We always invite criticisms of our productions, for we realize in them a most material help in raising the standard of *THE MESSENGER*, a task which we are ever striving to accomplish.

The first of the December issues to secure our attention is *The William Jewell Student*. This the December number comes replete with suggestions of Christmas and good cheer. *The Student*, for once, laid aside its usual sombre cover, so the current issue presents a most attractive appearance. Nor is the attractive cover all that commands our notice. The inside is equally as interesting, and the literary productions are above the standard we have heretofore set for *The Student*. "The Christmas Prayer" is truly a gem of poetic inspiration, but is the only poem of merit in this number. In "The Conductor's Christmas" we have a most charming little story, which manifests taste and ability on the part of the author. Another story that grips the attention is "Thou Shalt Not Kill." The plot is admirably executed, and teaches again the old lesson of the awful remorse which comes as a consequence of crime and an ill-spent life. The story is old in its conception, but the setting is so skillfully manipulated that we almost feel that we are hearing it for the first time.

Another feature of *The Student* that commends itself to our attention and approbation is the discussion of the problems that confront us as citizens. The article headed "The War is Over," discussing the Night Riders in Kentucky, exhibits a judicious insight into the causes of these disturbances, and throws new light on the situation. On the whole *The Student* is one of the best

magazines that comes to us. It hails from Liberty, Missouri, and it indicates that the sons of this State can think and write, even if you do have to "show them" sometimes.

"The Curse of Malentoire," in the December issue of *The Furman Echo*, is one of the best stories we have read in a college magazine in many a day. The weird setting and the gruesome details causes one to imagine that he is reading one of Poe's tales. The plot is well laid, but shows a certain weakness of development. The reader is not made clear as to what the curse of Malentoire is. But aside from this it is a splendid short story, and we would suggest to the author to keep it up. "How We Caught the Thief" is another good story, as well "The Serpent's Coil." There are some articles of didactic value, and some good bits of verse. The December issue manifested a marked improvement, and again we say—to the staff this time—keep it up.

The Mercerian for December contains some very readable matter. In its entirety the magazine is not as good as we had expected to find. For a magazine of this size there is too much space devoted to the college departments, and not enough to the publication of articles of literary merit. "Childhood Days," a little poem of two stanzas, is easily the best poem, and the most readable story is "The Burglar Story."

We know *The Mercerian* as one of our best exchanges, but we are somewhat disappointed in this issue.

We are glad to acknowledge the following: *University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Red and White*, *Limestone Star*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *Buff and Blue*, *Pharos*, *Southern Collegian*, *Grey Jacket*, *Emory and Henry Era*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *Howard Collegian*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Hollins Quarterly*, *The Acorn*, *Mercerian*, and *Corinthian*.

Clippings.

Tappan and the tennis court
Have severed their connection,
The Tennis-net—it would not reach,
And so spoiled his affection.

He spliced the blooming, cussed thing
With knee-cut summer pants;
The girl—she blushed and would not play;
Now Tappan's in a trance.

For though he weeps and sighs and moans
And tries to make things right,
She vows, declares, and sometimes swears
She ne'er saw such a sight.

And day and night, week in and out,
He sighs with bitter anguish;
“Those blooming, cussed knee-cut pants
They caused my love to languish.”

HIS AILMENT.

Medical Student: “What did you operate on that man for?”

Eminent Surgeon: “Two hundred dollars.”

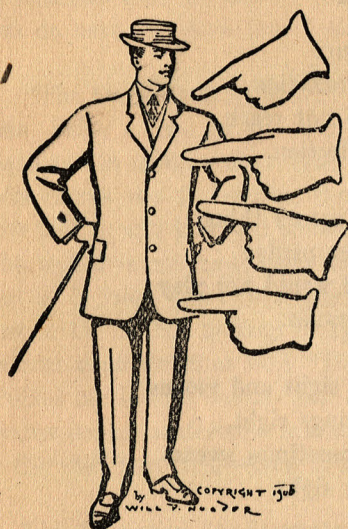
Medical Student: “I mean, what did he have?”

Eminent Surgeon: “Two hundred dollars.”—*The Christian Register*.

NEARER HIS SIZE.

“Mamma,” said little Fred, “this catechism is awfully hard.
Can't you get me a kittychism?”—*Chicago News*.

“Lives of editors remind us
That their lives are not sublime;
That they have to work like thunder
To get their copy up in time.”—*Ex.*



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