Sweet Sixteen.

BY EDWIN M. HELLER, '08.

O maiden charming, most alarming,
Your teeth are snowy pearl;
Your eyes divine so brightly shine
They set my heart awhirl.

Your lips so red and queenly head
Are held in royal poise;
Your matchless hair can only share
The softness of your voice.

Four times four years have winged their flight
Since first you breathed the air;
In which your eyes so clear and bright
Have set my heart a snare.

Some days were dark and cloudy quite,
When all life's joys seemed hollow;
But there was ne'er so black a night
That morning did not follow.

Oh, may, indeed, your future life,
Like music's sweetest tune,
Be free from trouble, care, and strife,
And bright as the month of June.
May God His choicest blessings send
Upon you evermore;
And may the happiness know no end,
Which Fate may have in store.

O sweetheart dear, I'm lonely here,
And thinking of you now;
Your gentle hand can soothe the pain
From out my fevered brow.

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Wordsworth's Thoughts on Poetry.

By Miss Lina Gregory.

It was said of Wordsworth that he aided in recalling an art that had become conventional and fantastic into the normal current of English thought and speech. Again, that he dug deep into the ore of manly thought, and finding there a corresponding tongue both new and true, he blew away the dry dust of conventionalities and affections and replaced a false poetic diction by a genuine one. He had said that his chief aim in poetry was to relate or describe the every-day incidents and situations of common life in the language used by ordinary men; that is, to write in this spoken language purified of provincialisms and grossness. The poet chose humble and rustic life because people who lead this life have developed more in accordance with nature. The force of their affection is spent upon their families and in an undying love for the old home, fields, and hills that were

"A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself."

Void of social vanity these rustic folks voice their feelings
and ideas in simple unadorned language, and when influenced by unusual excitement, the intensity of their passion provokes a speech which is the "essence of poetry." De Vere says, "In every parish there is a whole Iliad of action and of passion."

Wordsworth condemned the meanness of thought and language that some of the contemporary writers put in verse. He thought that poems should be written with a purpose, not a conscious purpose which is least apparent where the inspiration is strong and deep; but by habits of meditation on objects worthy of thought, the description of emotions arising from such a source would naturally benefit the reader. He said that feelings are directed by thoughts, which are themselves the representatives of past feelings; then by reflection one notes the relation of these thoughts to each other, and finds out what is really important to be considered. He thinks the poet must be not only a man of unusual organic sensibility, but one who has thought long and deeply, who is acquainted with nature, his own heart, and the heart of his fellow man. The powers requisite to produce poetry are Observation and Description; that is, the mind must be in a state of subjection to external objects that they may be accurately observed and described. Sensibility, which widens the poet's field of perception in proportion to its own exquisite fineness; Reflection, which weighs and values the results of the first three powers; Imagination, which shapes and creates, and by conferring new attributes upon the object or abstracting some that are inherent presents the object as a new existence; lastly, Judgment, to direct the other faculties.

Regarding a selection of subject, Wordsworth did not believe the action or situation gives importance to the poem, but the feeling therein developed; in other words, that feeling elevated action. He thought that the craving for extraordinary event, for exciting stimulant, should be counteracted, and a healthy thirst for knowledge engendered, which should be slaked by pure draughts from natural sources. His idea was to appeal to the nobler part of human nature, and nourish it on great universal truths simply set forth, rather than render the
discriminating powers of the mind torpid by a literature too highly seasoned with the condiments of exaggeration and extravagance. His own simplicity and power lay in the inexhaustible sources of joy which he found in nature, in primary human affections, and duties. In his moments of inspiration he could make others feel what he felt. Notice the buoyancy of his spirits when he beholds a rainbow in the sky. The motion of the birds, the budding twigs, the primrose tufts, the trailing periwinkle, all seem thrilled with the joy of living, which the poet in his sympathy shares.

"Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth:
It is the hour of feeling."

He relates to us stories "unenriched by strange events," perhaps some domestic tale of a simple Cumberland shepherd, the daily duties of his humble life, his endless industry, frugal fare, the family group around the fireside, and above all, the strong links of love that bind them together in weal or woe.

"There is a comfort in the strength of love,
'Twill make a thing endurable which else
Would overset the brain or break the heart."

Duty is spoken of as the "stern law-giver that doth wear the Godhead's most benignant grace," and he begs to be her bondsman.

Wordsworth clothed his thoughts in language free from ornament and floridity. He used no device to elaborate his style, but tried to adopt as far as possible the very language of men, to keep the reader in the company of flesh and blood. He tried to write with "his eyes on the subject," and to give accurate description; hence his poetry gained in common sense, though it was deprived of those phrases and figures which constitute the inheritance of poets. His belief was that the strength
of poetry lies in its thought, not in its form, and that the best poetry, even of the most elevated character, does not differ, except in respect to metre, from well written prose. In his opinion "a poet should think like a genius, but talk the same language as any one else"; that the vision within his own mind will prompt a fitting expression, and that "all beauty is only a fullness of truth." He thought, with a judiciously chosen subject, there would be moments of genuine passion naturally expressed in language more dignified, lofty, and alive with metaphor, but under no consideration should the poet interweave any foreign splendors of his own. He condemned the false refinement, the arbitrary expressions, with which writers portray in verse pretended passions. Language should be in accord with the importance of the idea. He thought that human blood, not celestial ichor, should circulate through poetry as well as prose; for they both treat of the great and universal passions of men, their occupations and the world of nature in which they move. To him the poetry of life lay not in the extraordinary, but in the ordinary and common, and by choosing with true taste and feeling, such compositions would be separated from the meanness of vulgar life. He tried to tone all exaggerations, to bring into bounds all extravagance of expressions, in order to be true to life.

"But one fault it hath;
   It fits too close to life's realities,
   In truth to Nature, missing truth to Art."

Such poems as "Simon Lee," "Michael," "We Are Seven," and others are examples in which one sees the importance and poetry that Wordsworth discovered in the common affairs of life. Apparently trivial incidents were to him an inexhaustible store house of food for poetic thought.

In answer to the questions, What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? Wordsworth defines him as a man speaking to men; a man who feels more than other men, yet feels like they do; a man who has a more comprehensive knowledge
of human nature than have his fellowmen; one who is pleased with his own passions and volitions, and rejoices more than other men in the spirit of the life within him. Besides this actual world which he must be able to represent, he must also conjure an ideal world in which the passions depicted have not the force of real feelings, yet they more readily represent these than anything other men may imagine for themselves. Since a man must really feel an emotion in order to express it most powerfully, a poet should identify his feelings with those of the character he is portraying with the exception of modifying what may be painful to the reader, for the prime object of art is to give pleasure. Nor is this a degradation of the poet's art. Sympathy in all things, even sympathy with pain, has combinations with pleasure, and both knowledge and sympathy are propagated by pleasure. The poet considers man and the objects around as acting and reacting upon each other, and producing infinite complexities of pain and pleasure; he considers man as contemplating this scene of mingled ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that excite in him sympathies connected with an overbalance of pleasure. In other words, his idea is that God made man and nature for the complete development of each other.

A poet is one made large by much experience, who feels deeply, and has hold of the central truth of things. In a spirit of love should the poet contemplate the universe. The soil of true poetry is a genuine human heartedness, a reverence for the beauty and worth of nature as revealing the soul of God and the sanctity of the domestic affections. Wordsworth tells us that when he first thought of being a poet he looked into his heart to see if he was fitted for the work, and felt that he possessed "the first great gift, the vital soul." By means of this "vital soul" he saw into the very heart of things with "a penetrating truthfulness," and presented even familiar facts of ordinary life touched with "the light that never was on sea or land."

Wordsworth thought that poetry deals with universal truths expressed through the imagination. "Poetry," he says, "is the
image of man and nature." In order to receive the truest impressions from nature and from human life as well, the mind should be unperturbed, in a state of "wise passiveness."

"Think not that all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing in itself will come,
But we must still be seeking."

There was a wonderful interchange between himself and all things around him, and his imagination possessed itself with the life of whatsoever he dealth with. It has been said that all genuine imagination is essentially truthful, and it is the poet who gives the form of flesh and blood to the impressions his mind has received.

Wordsworth says that imagination, in its highest sense, is but another name for "absolute power, clearest insight, and reason in her most exalted mood." How true this is, and how much more clearly the picture is shown in a few inspired lines of genuine poetry than by all the laborious details of ordinary description, may be seen in such passages as these:

"He looks up—the clouds are split
Asunder—and above his head he sees
The clear Moon and the glory of the heavens.
There is a black, blue vault she sails along," etc.

Again,

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."

Reason in her "most exalted mood" could hardly speak more wisely than this,

"Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
'And customs lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life.'"

"Poetry," he says, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." The poet carries with him everywhere relationship and love, and binds together vast empires of human society, because the objects of his thoughts are universal, because "poetry is a criticism of life." Its function is to tell not only what has happened, but what may happen according to the laws of sequence. It revivifies the past and reveals the future, hence it shows us not one age, but all time. It would shape from our life a nobler life by widening the sphere of human sensibility, and making us more susceptible of those influences which uplift man and restore him to the likeness of his first creation. Shelley says poetry is the interpretation of a divine nature through our own, and the state of mind produced by such is at war with any base desire.

With Wordsworth poetry was the product of what had entered deeply into his soul, been produced over, and then has come forth naturally and necessarily. It was said of him that his poetry was inevitable as nature herself, and it seemed that she not only gave him the matter for his poems, but wrote them for him. He simply carries forth a heart that watched and received. With him the origin of poetry was the after effect of a sensation, the presence of an impression after the external object which had excited it was withdrawn, over which he brooded in tranquil contemplation. He believed that "poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling, and takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility."

In his estimation the worthiest objects of poetry are the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of man, his natural affections and his acquired passions. Serious truth should be the subject of noble verse. He thought that in higher poetry the critic should look for a reflection of the wisdom of
the heart and the grandeur of the imagination. Wisdom and sympathy, the result of action, contemplation, and suffering, he thought more than compensated for the "aching joys" and "dizzy raptures" of early days. He found strength

"In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering."

The mission he meant for his poetry to perform was this, "To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous." In spite of years of neglect and adverse criticism, Wordsworth persisted in his purpose; he recognized his own power and approved of his plan, and his own feelings were his stay and support. Like Coleridge, he realized that whenever a great writer wished to be original he must create the taste by which he is to be relished. He wrote not for worldlings, who care for nothing that does not concern their own vanity and selfishness. "What," he says, "has a poet to do with a world without love? In such a life there can be no thought, for we have no thoughts (save thoughts of pain), but as far as we have love and admiration." He thought that true knowledge leads to love, and that true dignity is his

"Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart."
O youth, sweet youth, how can I part with thee,  
Thou who hast filled the fleeting hours with glee,  
And tuned my happy heart to sing thy praise,  
And lightened all the dark and cloudy days?  
Must thou pass on so hurriedly away,  
And hush so soon the merry minstrel's lay?  
Few days have passed, it seems, since thou and I  
With pleasure walked beneath a cloudless sky,  
And culled sweet flowers it seemed would ne'er decay,  
And forming them into one lovely spray,  
Which shed upon our path its beauty rare,  
Went forward with a free and careless air  
To meet whate'er the world might have in store,  
And stand upon the pinnacle of power.  
But passing days have wrought so great a change!  
The world seems now so cold and dark and strange!  
My brightest and most sanguine hopes have fled;  
My loveliest and most fragrant flowers are dead;  
The wheel of fortune has now been reversed;  
My heart is by a thousand arrows pierced;  
And, in addition to these many woes,  
Another comes which mortal ne'er outgrows.  
For Fate hath said that thou and I must part;  
How can I still my quickly throbbing heart?  
Thou wast so kind and fond a friend to me  
That full of sorrow seems this day to be.  
And as I gaze upon thy features fair,  
And feel that life will now be full of care,  
I clasp thee in one last, long, sweet embrace,  
And turn away my sad and tear-stained face  
And bid farewell, nor cast one look behind,  
For I, with sorrow's bitter tears, am blind.
At Christmas there was a wedding at Howard's house, and it was then he met Margaret. She was a cousin to the bridegroom and had come all the way from North Carolina to his wedding.

Howard was sixteen and his "heart had just been broken" by Bertha, so he turned for comfort to Margaret.

"She's prettier than all the Berthas in the world," he thought, "and I'm going to show Bertha a thing or two."

He spoke to her alone only once while she was at his home. The morning of the wedding he was going down the front stairs and met Margaret coming up and no one was around.

So he said, "I'm awfully sorry you are going away to-day. You must write to me, you hear?"

It took her so by surprise that it was a moment or two before she could collect her thoughts enough to answer simply, "All right."

Howard watched her at the wedding with something slightly akin to jealousy while she marched up to the altar with a "cotton-headed dandy." But this was atoned for since he was permitted to ride with her to the station and sit by her while waiting for the train.

A week after she had gone Howard wrote her a letter. For several pages he gradually warmed up, and then he reached the climax. "It's no use," he wrote, "for me to beat the devil around the bush any longer. I love you. Please tell me if there is any chance for me."

In a few weeks he received her reply. It made Howard's heart seem to almost jump from its place and then stop beating. A part of the letter ran thus:
"I was beginning to like Linden so well that I certainly did hate to leave. Everything there and everybody was so delightful that I felt at home at once.

"I wonder if you ever killed that ‘d—’ or did you break the bush all to pieces trying to get at him. Oh! Yes, I guess there will be a chance for you some day."

Howard wondered why her letter was so formal when his had been full of endearments; but then he concluded that she was a girl, and girls ought not to write any but formal letters.

The months brought no apparent changes, so far as Howard and Margaret were concerned. A year and a half passed, and Howard had not seen her since the wedding. When this is considered, it is rather singular that his ideas of her and of love did not change. But, though Howard was only a lad, he had that passion which is rarely found in a youth's heart—that love which is as true and lasting as the love of adults can be, though it is simpler.

He had been employed in a wholesale dry goods store in Roanoke for a year. It was now June and he was at home on his vacation. He and his mother had often talked of Margaret and Howard had even admitted to her his intention of some day marrying Margaret. One afternoon before Howard left, when he and his mother were together, the subject was mentioned. During the discussion his mother said:

"My son, you are so young. You will forget Margaret ever lived before another year is gone, and you'll have a dozen sweethearts yet. This is just your puppy love."

"No, mother, I had my puppy love a long time ago," and then he was much confused, for he had come in an ace of betraying his old secret.

His mother caught quickly at his words and asked the meaning. Howard made a frank confession of his old passion for Bertha.

"But you see, mother," he went on, "I was just a kid then, and now I'm almost a man. I'll be eighteen next month," and he involuntarily stroked his chin, but finding only a few lone hairs, he quickly dropped his hand to avoid calling his mother's
attention to them. "I am now old enough to know my mind and to know girls, and I know Margaret is just the girl for me, for I liked her the first time I ever saw her."

He forgot that he had been so impressed with Bertha the first time he had ever seen her.

"Tut, tut, Howard. Suppose you are eighteen. You are not old enough to know a girl's mind from chestnuts or love from apple butter."

"But, mother," said Howard, triumphantly, "you were married before you were sixteen."

His mother left that phase of the subject and said, "but, my dear boy, does Margaret love you? Has she ever told you she did."

"No, ma'am, but she has never told me she didn't. And besides, she has often told me she enjoyed my letters a great deal, and other little things which you may think don't mean much, but which mean a whole lot to me. Just after she got well she said she believed the flowers I sent her helped her more than all the medicine she took. And, you know — — ."

Just then the door-bell rang and Mrs. Carter ended the conversation by saying, "All right, Howard, I just wanted to warn you not to get over your ears in love and then regret it. Think well."

And so saying, she hurried to the door where Mrs. Harvey was waiting. Soon Howard heard them talking about Mabel Harvey's new dress, and Mrs. Wheaton's Plymouth Rock chickens and the big deal Mr. Harvey had just made, and the lawn party the Ladies' Aid Society was going to have next week.

Howard tried to read, but their voices coming through the door between the parlor and dining-room disturbed him. He was tired anyway, so he decided to go fishing.

II.

A few months later, Howard Carter was at Margaret Chapel's home in the Old North State. He had been there over a day and ever since his arrival he had put off telling Margaret what he had so often told her in his correspondence. He told
himself he would not tell her the first day, and that night after going to his room, he sat for a long time planning just what he was going to say and how, for he had positively determined that it should be said the very first thing in the morning.

But the next morning he could not bring himself to tell her. Margaret did not seem to encourage him very much. She was all the time talking about impersonal subjects, and entertaining him with her wit, and mischievous sayings, for Margaret was mischievous.

A dozen times he fixed his lips to frame the words, but as many times he said what he had not intended to say.

Margaret lived on a farm and she could have a horse and buggy whenever she wanted them. So she asked Howard, "Would you like to take me driving this afternoon. I think it's ridiculous that you make a girl ask a man to take her driving," she laughed.

"Of course, I would like to. And you'll have to excuse me for not asking you, but you see I didn't know but I'd have to be the horse," he answered gaily. "Miss Chappel, if you have no previous engagement may I have the distinguished honor of accompanying you on a drive through the country, this afternoon?"

She laughed. "Well, Mr. Carlton, I don't know that I can, but—yes, I suppose so."

So Howard put off what he had to say to her until then, and was at ease for the rest of the morning.

It was October. The sky was cloudless, except here and there light, rainless clouds, colored in the sunset. The road over which they were driving leisurely led through a broad, rolling valley. On one side were rich fields of corn with its full, big ears swaying and bowing in the gentle wind. Large, golden pumpkins, contrasted with the dead vines, were interspersed at little more than stepping distances over the field. On the other side of the road was the river, clear and calm. From the meadow across the river came the shrill falsetto of sheep bells, and the deeper tones of cow bells, blending with occasional bleating and lowing of the animals into harmony.
which can be found only in the country. Along the roadside robins and wrens were hopping and skipping. Now and then a rabbit would jump up out of the road and scamper away across the corn-field. Overhead, flocks of geese were hurrying to the south.

They entered the woods. It would have been as hard now for Howard to refrain from telling Margaret as it had been before for him to make up his mind to it.

"Margaret," he began.

She turned her eyes upon him questioningly. There were a few stray strands of her dark hair playing over her white cheeks and flying loosely in the wind.

"Margaret, why have you never mentioned my declarations of love in your letters? Is it because you have cared nothing for me? You told me in your first letter that you guessed there would be a chance for me some day and I have waited, thinking that you would show by your letters that there was a chance."

Her eyes had dropped and her fingers were playing with the tassels of the buggy robe.

"No, Howard—" she paused and a slight blush appeared on her face. It was the first time she had ever called him by his first name—"it is not that I have cared nothing for you. But we are both so young to talk of such things. And—" she looked him firmly in the eyes and said slowly, "I have never really loved you."

"Margaret"—he reached for her hand, but she drew it away with a look which told him he must be careful—"Margaret, I have never felt before that a declaration of love from you was so necessary to my happiness. I have been content to wait and hope that you would be different from your letters when I saw you again. But you are not a bit like the girl I expected to find. Margaret—"

"Howard, please do not mention this again while you are here."

"But, Margaret," he persisted, "why do you not want to hear?"
“Howard,” she said, “you—we are both too young to think of such things. Neither of us know our minds and hearts yet. And besides—I’m afraid you would grow tired of a—girl—a year older than you,” and she turned her face away in confusion.

“Margaret, promise me you will never let our ages interfere with our hearts’ desire.”

“I will if you promise not to speak of this—anymore—before you leave.”

He thought a moment and then answered quietly, “all right, Margaret.”

Howard left the next morning, and he saw Margaret no more until Christmas. Then they were engaged. But he could not get her to kiss him, and Howard did not like that.

“Margaret,” he said, “I don’t know what to think of you. Do you believe that any other girl in the world would refuse to kiss her lover good-bye, if they were engaged?”

“But suppose something should happen that we don’t get married,” she pleaded.

“I don’t see as that has anything to do with it, Margaret. I’m afraid we shall never understand each other. If you loved me as you should, you would trust me more. Good-bye.”

As the train was rushing toward Danville, Howard was thinking of Margaret. He was a brute to speak to her so roughly. He knew she loved him, for she told him so. But she was right. No, she was not, either. Yes—he finally concluded—she was right, and he had been wrong and hasty. He would write to her while waiting in Danville and ask her pardon.

III.

The winter passed and with the spring sunshine, came a desire in Howard’s heart for adventure. He and a number of his friends—there would be five couples and a matron—were planning for a fishing trip to the mountains of Southwest Virginia in the latter part of May.

On the first day of Howard’s arrival in the mountains he gathered some rhododendrons for Margaret. But the trip was
the beginning of his misfortunes. If he could have seen a few months ahead, he would gladly have spent his vacation in the store.

It was not that Margaret was jealous. Oh! no, she trusted him to the very greatest extent. And nothing was farther from Howard's mind than to give Margaret cause for jealousy. This was not the beginning of a romance—no, it was not that.

But in the party were several reckless youths and they brought along a supply of liquors. They were "afraid to change drinking water and had to have beer," though Howard told them that mountain water was the purest in the world.

In the afternoons when the girls were taking their siestas—they said they never slept in the afternoons at home, but the mountain air made them drowsy—the boys would drink and smoke and play cards. Howard had never before taken a drink of whiskey, though he had often smoked and played cards, and he didn't care who knew it, for that matter. At first he gave them a flat refusal when they asked him to drink with them, but he finally consented. He thought he would not drink after going back to work, and no one in the city need ever know it.

But when he went back, the weather was hot and the water was bad and beer was very essential to him, and a mint-julep before dinner was just the thing for him. Before long his ideals became somewhat degraded and by the end of summer, Howard was frequently drunk.

In his weakened condition, he gradually drifted away from Margaret. He had met a girl at the park—"butted in"—and had formed an attachment for her. She was not so foolish about etiquette as Margaret. Yes, she would suit him better than Margaret; she didn't care if he drank a little, and he could be more congenial with her than with a wife like Margaret. And after all, Margaret wouldn't care. Perhaps she had just been flirting with him—girls are so peculiar. And even if she loved him she could soon forget it—girls forget their love easily. It was the working of Fate, and he was not Fate's keeper.
As he was going out of the house to mail the letter, he met the postman, and he had a letter from Margaret. Howard read it hastily, and over and over again he read this passage.

"Oh, how delighted I am that it will soon be October, and I can see you. Never before have I wanted to see you so much. I am just as impatient as I can be. Let me know just what time you are coming so I can plan a surprise or two for you."

For a moment or two after he put the letter back in the envelope he thought nothing. Then he aroused himself. At any rate, he would not be such a villain as to break the engagement by mail. No, he'd go to see Margaret next week.

(To be continued.)

Appomattox.

DAVID NATHANIEL DAVIDSON, ’09.

A MID the green fields of southside Virginia, nestled on the side of a hill is a little village of insignificant appearance but of historic prestige. It is old Appomattox Courthouse. In bygone days when unfair prejudices crept over our land, Appomattox was capable of two meanings. To-day it is otherwise. Those old sectional hatreds have been extirpated at the behests of the economic conditions of the country, and Appomattox is left a landmark or better a milestone on the path of progress. The Anglo-Saxon blood has again renewed its kindred relationship and after a few years of strife and dissension the United States is united in spirit as well as in name. Now the ties of the South to the other sections are so closely intertwined that the part cannot do without the whole nor the whole without the part. Assimilation has wrought miracles. There is a characteristic of the above mentioned race to adjust its own difficulties and then forget the unpleasant things forever
afterwards. This is the reason we hear so little about Appomattox. The average school-boy knows little of it. He may have a hazy idea of its location from history or geography, but he seldom thinks of it. Very few travelers go there and as a result this famous place is of interest only to students of history.

I shall never forget having visited the Waterloo of the Confederacy. It was on a balmy afternoon in springtime when the whole creation was enraptured by a waking spirit. Everything welcomed the gentle rays of sun that pierced a transparent sky. All things, both animate and inanimate, seemed cognizant of life. Harmony and happiness reigned supreme. Even the atmosphere was full of sweetness. Perfumes of fragrance from the buds and flowers, and the newly plowed earth delighted those who chanced to pass that way. My thoughts revelled in the beauties of nature until I reached a steel tablet designating Grant’s headquarters. This point is about two miles east of Appomattox station where I had left the railroad. It is in a cultivated field just a few yards to the right of the old stage road leading from Richmond to Lynchburg. After reading the inscription, my mind became engrossed in past issues. I rapidly passed in review some nineteen century tendencies. I thought of the introduction of slavery by the three cornered trade of the northern merchants; how the system proved economically unsuccessful in the North and seemingly highly successful in the South. I imagined that I could see the father of the Northwest Ordinance, and that I could hear the Vice-President of the Confederate States vindicating slavery as a divinely appointed institution. I smiled at the thought of Illinois producing the commander of the Federal Army, etc.

Before going further let me say that my guide was rather talkative and was, in fact, just the type that tourists desire. He pointed out the places of interest on the ground, and explained well the maneuvers of the different armies that converged to the last battlefield. I was informed next that the surrender ground began there and extended for three miles on both sides of the road which bore to the northeast. Continuing our drive over the dry, gray lane, we passed on the left a cleared
field with a farm house which stood near the road and on the right a cattle pasture overgrown with pines. Soon a little dale was crossed and we ascended the adjacent incline to its summit. There we left the road and turned southward to see a monument which was erected in honor of North Carolina's troops. This beautiful granite shaft stands in pines, some two hundred yards from the road, on a spot which is supposed to have been occupied by North Carolinians at the time of the surrender. I understood from an authentic source that there was an error regarding the position, as the Federals occupied that vicinity at the close of the war. At any rate, one infers from the glowing inscriptions carved on the monument that those troops, wherever their position, formed the tenth legion of the Confederate Army.

The excursion did not detain us long. In a few minutes we were back on the former course speeding through a wood. I noticed a change in the soil. Only a little distance back the land was gray and porous, but there it was red and moist. Ahead was an opening. On reaching it, I saw an iron fence on the right. That proved to be the last burying ground of the Confederates.

“But undisturbed in sleep profound,
Unheeding there they lay,
Their coffins but Virginia soil;
Their shrouds Confederate gray.”

There we made a pause and I entered the small enclosure to read the inscriptions on the plain slabs of marble. After reading eighteen and then glancing at the nineteenth and last, I was surprised to find one Union soldier there. Out of the nineteen only eight are known. The others are unnamed and forgotten, but they are honored. They once had a name, each of them, but it is no more. Some one cherished the hope of seeing again the loved one who rests in that group; someone watched, but the longing was never gratified. They fought for their country and died martyrs. The Bluecoat, a martyr?
Yes. His cause was as just in God, the Father's, sight as the Southerners. Not only was it just in the Creator's, but also in man's, for Memorial day had decorated his mound without discrimination.

The cemetery in question is located just on the verge of the little table land which we had traversed. Directly in front of us, but considerably lower, was a dreary, sad picture of Appomattox. Circumstances have done their cruellest service to this once beautiful place. On reaching it, I found on the right, the remains of the McLean house. That building was torn down several years ago that it might be rebuilt elsewhere, but it was never done. Piles of brick and rotten timbers lie near the site in a thicket of cedars, thorn bushes, and briars. The yard, so lovely at the time of the surrender, was a nursery of evil weeds. That scene to me was the saddest on the field. It is to be remembered that the last official word of the Confederate States of America was issued on that spot.

We followed the street a few more paces, when my eyes fell upon a tablet marking the old county seat, which was destroyed by fire not long since. In sight of that, still further on, could be seen another showing the ground on which the conquered few stacked arms and furled their banner forevermore. My heart beat in sympathy for those men, the most of whom have surrendered again to another conqueror, when I think of the conditions in which they were. Many had not homes; their property had been confiscated and their fields were in ruin. It was late in the spring—almost too late to plant crops—and what must they do? Starvation stared them in the face. Surely, this was a dark day in the history of the Southern people.

A little later I found myself on the spot where the last cannon shot was fired. That is not on the road, but in the yard of a dilapidated house, the last of the village. Immediately behind the house, which faces westward, extended the line of Union outposts. At the intersection of that line and the road, begins a hill. On the side of the hill, both to the right and the left of the road, were found bits of information. The most noted point is where the generals of the opposing armies met
for an interview, regarding terms of surrender. That place is on the left. From it, looking northeast, an excellent view of the ground occupied by Lee’s army is presented. Down the slope two hundred yards away may be seen the place where the Confederate line of pickets was on the morning of April 9, 1865. At a similar distance further on flowing eastward is the peaceful little stream known as Appomattox River. Across that creek one may see three parallel ridges with brooks gliding southward between them. That broken field contains approximately one square mile. There are three or four houses on it.

Having resumed my seat in the vehicle, I was driven down the hill, across the stream and on the other side up the ridge which the road follows. Not far from the ford, again on the left, I viewed the place of the first meeting of Generals Lee and Grant. There, I learned, stood the famous apple tree which was removed some years ago to a northern curiosity shop. Three-quarters of a mile further on we stood in the shade of the tree which protected the overpowered leader when he made his supposed last remarks to his loyal soldiers. On remembering the character and appropriateness of those last words to his pale and emaciated followers, I was touched. In the humiliation of defeat he bore himself with such dignity and composure that both friend and foe have to admire his greatness. I had been impressed with his equestrian statue in Richmond, with his recumbent image by Valentine and with his belongings and relics in both the Confederate Museum and in his own residence, but there I attained my greatest appreciation for that noble leader and gentleman.

There remained one more place I wanted to see—namely the site of Lee’s headquarters. My guide led me into the thicket which was before us and soon we had reached it. While standing there, I recalled the council of Confederate leaders that assembled in Lee’s tent on the night previous to the surrender. How they wisely realized that a fight would mean the useless effusion of blood! How wisely they realized that no diplomacy could effect an escape! They were completely checkmated. In front of them, on the left flank and behind them were Federal
troops, and to their right not far distant was James River which could not be forded. The inevitable was at hand. The cause was lost and without a catastrophe. How unlike most serious conflicts!

To me Appomattox meant much. I count myself fortunate to have visited the place whereon hinges our present era. After all the destruction, suffering, and anxiety brought on by the war, did it not render incalculable service to the present welfare of our nation? Was not the principle that conquered thoroughly commendable? Did not this place cause freedom of thought and amelioration of certain harsh conditions? Was the writer wrong in saying Appomattox is a milestone on the pathway of progress?

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**The Cypress**

CHARLES LEWIS STILLWELL, '11.

I.

In the silent hours of twilight
While the day gleams softly fade,
Love, we sat beside the river
In the distant moonlit glade;
One by one the stars came stealing
Through the dusky veil of heaven,
Over us their calm watch keeping
While their love to us was given.

II.

And the mocking bird sang sweetly
Such a message as I told,
While thy fairy form most queenly
To my bosom I did fold;
And the softly gurgling river
Kissed the drowsy air of night
Like I kissed thy lips so passive,
While I drank thine eyes' pure light.

III.
Ah! the years have wandered o'er us,
Passing time has thoughtless been,
All is changed; I would forget it,
Ay, forget that blissful scene;
But 'tis writ upon my memory
By the marble hand of Fate,
I cannot choose but remember
And for other changes wait—

IV.
And to-night beside the river
Underneath the cypress tree,
Thou dost sit amid night's echoes
But thou dost not think of me;
And thy twilight still is softened
By the hazy light of love,
And the stars still smile upon thee
From their glistening thrones above.

V.
Still the mocking bird is singing,
Still the moon looks calmly on,
Still the river gaily gurgles,
Only—only I am gone;
But my place—ah! 'tis not vacant,
For another holds thee now,
Yes, he clasps that same form closely,
Makes the same old lover's vow.

VI.
Take me back beside the river
When life's gleams grow dim and fade,
Let me sleep beneath the cypress
In that distant moonlit glade;
May the zephyrs, calmly breathing,
Sing my dirge and kiss my tomb,
While the stars their watch continue,
While the rosemary blooms.

Wan Fan's Stars.

J. F. Gulick, '10.

In the palace of the King of Judah upon his couch beside
the wall a king lay sick. Isaiah, the prophet of the Lord,
stood before him with a message from Jehovah, saying that
he would die. Then the good King Hezekiah turned his face
to the wall and, weeping, prayed for a longer life. Jehovah
granted it and re-sent Isaiah to bear an answer to his prayer
to Hezekiah. But Hezekiah doubted and Jehovah ordered
that the shadow of the sun move forward or backward ten de-
grees to prove his word.

Hezekiah answered, "It is a light thing for the shadow to
go down ten degrees; nay, but let the shadow return back ten
degrees, then shall I surely know that God has turned me back
to life."

It was done. The shadow upon the dial of Ahaz turned
back ten degrees, and paused until hope lit up the face of the
King, and then the sun went down beyond the mountains of
Judea, and Hezekiah, faithful King of Judah, lived and reigned
for fifteen years. This was in Palestine.

In distant China upon her rude bed there lay a sick girl.
Her thin cheeks were pale, except where the hot fever reddened
them with an unnatural tint, her eyes had lost their once bright
light, her long straight hair lay loose over her head and
shoulders. In her thin little hand she held a white lily, loosely clasped. She was almost dying. Beside her sat her brother, looking sadly at his pale sick sister. Occasionally a tear rolled down his brown cheeks, as he watched the flushes come and go upon the face of his little companion; for he loved her.

Although this was in a far away land and a distant age, among a strange people to our world, yet Wan Fan and Wing Fu, this little Chinese girl and boy, loved each other. They had no companions except such as they, just like boys and girls of other lands, found among the hills and fields, and streams that flow down from the Yanling mountains. They had friends among these, however, for they played together in the daisy fields that cover Chuan in the autumn, and made wreaths of these. They waded together in the mud of their father’s rice field, after he had flooded it from the Yangtze river, they followed each other over the hills and fields, chasing the butterflies, hunting birds’ nests, and especially the humming birds, listening to the locust, which they loved especially, and finding companions in all of nature’s works. The customs among the Chinese that put the boy above his sister had not yet taken hold upon Wing Fu, and so he loved his little sister companion as truly as any Anglo-Saxon boy loves his sister.

There was one thing that cast a shadow over the lives of these little Chinese children, from the time they were nine years old. It was the death of their little brother, who had died when he was but two years old. We know why this put such a shadow over the lives of these two little children when we think of the Chinese conception of death.

The “River of Death” which we speak of figuratively is made into a Mountain of Death by the Chinese. They believe the spirit must pass across a lofty range of mountains to go into the other world. The idea, though vague, is full of awful reality for the Chinese mind. The thought that his spirit must cross alone over the rough, pathless, mountains, with the possible chance of having to wander untold ages in them if he loses the way, fills the Chinese with a dread of death. They think of their fathers and grandfathers who have died and pos-
sibly been unable to find their way over the mountains, and they put out food by their graves for them to eat until their spirit can make the perilous journey.

Wan Fan and Wing Fu knew of the mountain of death, and often talked about it, and wondered what the land was like which lay beyond. They could see the great towering Yangling mountains in the west, which seemed to reach almost to the sky, and thought this was a part of the dreaded mountains, and wondered how high, or wide, or steep, they were. When looking at them memories of that little brother who had died came to them and they tried to think, but could not, for they were fearful that their little brother had been wandering all the past years alone upon the cold, bleak hills. How could his little spirit ever have found the way across the mountains? The mountains and the thought of their lonely little brother's spirit came to be the one thing in the minds of these two little Chinese children. They watched and thought about them every day. It became a part of their lives each day when evening drew on to go out west of their house and watch the sun go down behind the Yanling mountains, and then when evening drew on to watch the stars come out, then one by one, sink out of sight beyond the mountains. The dread idea of death and the spirits' lonely journey, and the thought of their brother's wandering spirit made them sad before they left to go to their little beds, and they dreamed about the mountains, and the stars and their little brother.

There was one group of stars which Wan Fan loved more than all the rest. It was a group of seven stars which came out a little after sun-down and shone about three hours before it set. As she watched these with her brother she felt that they knew her for they seemed to twinkle brighter when she looked at them awhile, and before they went down behind the mountains it looked as if they paused a moment to let a last, bright beam fall upon Wan Fan's cheek. Wing Fu thought so too. These children grew to love their seven stars and sometimes a faint hope crept into their little hearts that perhaps when they came
to die, and their spirits started over the pathless hills the seven stars would guide them into the valley on the other side.

The days went by and the little Chinese boy and girl were watching the mountains daily and nightly, thought and dreamed about them and the seven bright stars, until one day Wan Fan was taken sick. The medicine man came with his charms and herbs and prayed to the spirit of her ancestors to come and cure her. He rubbed her forehead with rice leaves and burnt them on the north side of the house that her fever might be blown to the north and frozen. He bathed her lips with dew gathered from the lotus leaves, but neither this nor any of the other medicines did Wan Fan any good. Each day her little hands grew thinner, the hollows in her once round cheeks grew deeper, an unnatural flush was always upon her brow. The fever was slowly eating away her life.

Wing Fu watched by his sister's side, and daily brought water to cool her hot head. He gathered flowers each morning and laid them by her pillow, and talked with her about the things they both thought of, the mountains, the seven stars, and the spirit of that little brother who died so long ago. He moved her bed where she might lie and look toward the mountains. She loved to watch the sun go down, but more than that she loved to see her own seven stars come out and drop slowly down the slope toward the tops of the awful mountains. As long as they shone she was glad, she was not afraid, thoughts of the lonely mountains did not terrify her then, but when they had dropped out of sight a loneliness crept into her little heart and she held tightly hold of Wing Fu's hand.

As days went by Wan Fan grew weaker. Her little form grew thinner and more frail. Wing Fu knew this too and often lay awake half the night thinking and crying about his little sick sister. Sometimes the thought of the cold mountain came to him. Suppose Wan Fan should die. Could she ever find the way over the pathless mountains? Would she not be lost in the great hills and woods? Perhaps the wild beasts would tear her up, or the terrible mountain snakes would terrify her. He sometimes thought that if she should die he also would
WAN FAN'S STARS.

wish to die, that he might go with her over the cold, bleak mountains. Perhaps both would be lost, yet they would be together.

Wan Fan also thought of death. She had seen that little baby brother die three years before and had cried many times when thinking of him. She believed she was soon to die. But, O, the cold, pathless mountains! O, the loneliness of that dread journey! She shut her eyes at the sight. Wing Fu knew her heart too. He also was afraid. But as these thoughts came over them and made them sad, while they both were silent, often the sun went down and the seven stars came out and shone more brightly and clear than ever. Perhaps their brightness was increased by the tears of Wing Fu and Wan Fan. When they came out the little sick girl was happier. She was not afraid then, and presently her little fever-flushed face brightened up and she turned and said, "Wing Fu, I am going to die; but if I can die just as my stars go down I will not be afraid. I had not thought of it before, but now I believe they will guide me over the mountains. They have gone over so often and know the way."

The days went by and the little Chinese girl grew weaker. The fever was slowly eating away her life. She lay upon her bed late one evening. Wing Fu had gone out and gotten the largest, whitest lily he could find, and brought it and put it in his sister's hand, and sat by her. The sun was nearly down. Wan Fan lay looking at her brother, but seldom spoke. Occasionally she looked toward the Yanling mountains. Wing Fu watched too. Twilight came. One by one a lone star took its place in the western sky, and began to sink below the hills. Wing Fu watched his sister, and knew that she was looking for her seven stars. Presently they appeared. Wan Fan saw them and a gleam of light shone in her eyes for the stars had come and would guide her across the mountains.

Wing Fu sat watching the group of stars slowly traveling down the slope toward the dim mountain tops, and thinking of his sister. He then looked at her. Her eyes were shut. A flush of fever was upon her brow. He loved her more than ever now, but wished that she might die before the seven stars went
down, so that they might guide her over the dreadful moun-
tains. The seven stars went down. Wing Fu saw the last
spark disappear behind the dark ridge of the mountains, and
was fearful; for his little sister lay almost dying now, and the
guiding stars were gone. How could sister now find her way
over the pathless mountains? Her little soul would become lost
in the hills and woods forever, and he could not bear the thought.

The little grop of stars had been down about five minutes
when Wan Fan turned her head, and, though apparently un-
conscious, whispered, "Have my stars gone yet?"

Wing Fu could not answer, for he knew that she was going
to die and the stars were gone, so he just sat looking toward the
west while he held the hot hand of his sister in his. Suddenly
there appeared a bright star above the peaks in the west, just
where a few moments before he had seen the seven stars go
down. It rose higher, and another star was seen, beside it,
then another, and soon the seven stars began to rise up from
the mountain tops, and mount higher and higher until they
were nearly an hour high. Wing Fu did not know what it
meant but sat looking at his sister at his side. She slowly
opened her eyes, looked at him a second, then turning them
toward the west caught a glimpse of the seven, bright stars.
Her face lit up, a new light seemed to shine out from her eyes,
and she whispered faintly, "Now I'm not afraid," and then
was still. Wing Fu sat watching as he held her now pulseless
hand, then turned toward the west and looked at the seven,
brighter stars, now still. A soft breeze blew up and fanned the
brow of Wan Fan as it grew colder, then kissed her pale yellow
cheek, a bright gleam from the stars shone upon her eyes awhile,
the wind sobbed about her hair a moment, then blew off to the
western hills, and the stars went down carrying the spirit of
Wan Fan over the mountains.

Wing Fu sat silent. He knew his sister was dead, but he
did not fear. The stars went down then came back, and waited
for the spirit of Wan Fan, and guided her over the mountains.
He saw them going down the second time. Just when they were
half way down to the mountain peaks a bright, shooting star
went across the sky toward the west. Wing Fu thought that was his sister's soul. Soon another followed it, just a tiny shooting star that seemed to follow the path of the brighter one, there both disappeared behind the Yanling mountains. Wing Fu believed the tiny, shooting star was his little brother's spirit, and he too had been guided over the pathless mountains by the seven stars, and he was glad.

Thus because the sun turned back ten degrees in Palestine to assure the leader of the chosen people that he might live, the stars turned back as well and in far away China where the sun had already set, the seven stars came back ten degrees, and Wing Fu, watching, saw it, and saw his sister die, and saw the stars go down again and, trusting, he was glad.

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The North Carolina Trip.

March 30, 9:30 P. M.—We leave the campus amid cries from Memorial of "Give 'em h—l, boys!" seeming to come from the direction of "Fredericksburg" Cole's room, and board a car for the depot. As soon as we leave a quartet (?) composed of Messrs. Saunders, Lodge, Ezekiel, and Haislip get in their deadly work, and soon we have the whole inside of the electric car to ourselves. We arrive at the station and board our Pullman. "Skippy" immediately begins to talk of "having a little game," but is squashed by the arrival of the big conductor. Jim Sheppard has not yet come down to the depot and everybody is wondering what has become of him. Manager Long enters into conversation with two ladies at the other end of the car and keeps us all awake for an hour. Finally we fall asleep, and except for an occasional snore from some deep sleeper, all is silence.

March 31.—We wake up in Danville, and on looking at my watch find it is 6 o'clock. We are detained here for nearly half an hour, being shifted up and down during all this period.
“Bob” Beverly reads Dr. Chas. H. Fletcher’s (none genuine without this signature) advice to take Castoria, about seven or eight times, as we go back and forth past this adornment to the scenery. Everybody is aroused by the porter except Jim, who takes an hour or so more of beauty sleep. Haislip is tickled because the porter calls him “Mr. Skippy.”

We steam into Greensboro, N. C., our first stop on the trip, and are taken to the Benbow Hotel, a very up-to-date hostelry. Greensboro is the best town in North Carolina. Being only about the size of Petersburg, it has the latter surpassed for a live, bustling place. We visit the old court-house and notice that there is a special city ordinance forbidding “anyone to throw peanut shells on the court-house floor.” Coming out we see an old white-haired negro, decked out in a silk hat and “swaller-tail” coat, leading a snow-white gander by a long, brass chain. This turns out to be a clever walking ad. for somebody’s “famous goose grease remedy,” and both the old negro and the gander preserve the utmost dignity in their meanderings. We are extended the privileges of the Merchants’ and Manufacturers’ Club of Greensboro while we are in that city, and the boys proceed to take advantage of this opportunity to exercise their skill on the club’s fine billiard and pool tables. The whole town is placarded with advertisements of the game, but the attendance at the park is not very large. The Guilford team is a big, husky bunch; in fact, I consider them the best team we have yet met. We go into the game with a will and pull out of several tight holes, finally managing to score by two timely hits, a single and a three-bagger. We presently add two more runs to this score, but we have a terrible scare in the ninth, for, with one out, Guilford manages to make two tallies. However, we retire the next two men and the day is saved. We ride back through the town, making the streets ring with the long yell and “old Red and Blue.”

After a tremendous supper, for everyone was too excited to eat much dinner, we take in the theatres, of which Greensboro boasts three, of the “Lubin” type, and a winsome young lass sings a sentimental ditty to Coach Dunlap, the man with the
"cute little moustache," as she puts it, and entreats him to let her "whisper soft things in his 'year,'" at which the Coach tries to mount onto the stage, but is restrained by the combined efforts of the police, management, and team. After the show we all retire to get what sleep we can, for we must rise at six.

APRIL 1.—We leave Greensboro at seven-thirty for Salisbury, about thirty miles down the road, a journey of two hours on the fast Southern Railway. We explore the town, which consists of a main street and three or four side streets, but for all that, it is quite a nice little place. A most pathetic sight is one of the former saloons, for North Carolina is now "dry," where we see the bartender standing behind a counter on which are rows of bottles of "near beer," ginger ale, sarsaparilla, and other soft drinks. How are the mighty fallen! The glittering mirrors are around the walls and the swinging doors are still in place, but the only beer we see is root-beer, and in place of "old rye" in bottles back of the bar are rows and rows of coca-cola.

After an early dinner we journey out to the ball park. It is not a very good one, but, through the efforts of Father Leo, a genial priest, who has appointed himself park-keeper, and who is an all-round good fellow, it presents a fairly good appearance, in the infield, at least. A large crowd is in attendance, and we start in with a vim and score three runs in the early part of the game. Davidson has a batting rally in the fifth and ties the score, 3 to 3. The game goes nip and tuck, inning after inning, neither side being able to score. Clark, for Davidson, pitches a beautiful game, but Meredith, who is in the box in the last part of the game for us, deserves even greater praise, for he has pitched the day before against Guilford. We finally get our eye on the ball, and in the eleventh bat in three runs, which win the game. We leave for Greensboro after supper, and spend the night there, everyone getting to bed early, for we are all very tired after the long game we have played.

APRIL 2.—After a good night's rest we leave for Raleigh, where we are to meet our first reverse at the hands of A. and M. On the way to Raleigh we pass a number of cotton factories, and at Durham, a few miles south of Raleigh, we see the great Duke
tobacco factories, the home of “Bull Durham” and of “Duke’s Mixture,” the largest set of tobacco factories in the world. At Raleigh we learn on arriving that there has been a hard rain the night before and the streets are in a very muddy condition. Raleigh itself is not a very live town to be the capital of the State. There is not much of interest besides the old State House, except that we notice particularly that there is a statue in front of it erected to the young ensign, Worth Bagley, who was the first American killed in the Spanish war. There are also several other monuments scattered around in the square about the State House to Confederate soldiers and statesmen.

We took the car out to A. and M. College, which is about a mile from the center of the town, and arrived in time for dinner. We dined with the students in a large hall which has seen better days. I can’t say as much for the food, however, for it seemed to have seen all kinds of days, and a great many of them, too. After dinner we got into our uniforms, and went down to the ball park, which, being covered with red clay, was in a miserable condition from the recent rains. The story of the game may be summed up in these words: we couldn’t hit and they could. The final score, 9 to 0, shows how listless the game was. We were capable of playing better ball, but the long game of the day before, the miserable day, and the condition of the field took all the life and vim, which had characterized the other games, from our men.

We went down town after supper, and after going into the two moving picture shows, the sole amusements offered in the town, we retired early.

APRIL 3.—We rose at 8 o'clock and took the nine-fifty local for Wake Forest, about seventeen miles north of Raleigh.

There is nothing at Wake Forest but the college, which has a few more students than we have at Richmond College. We loafed about on the grass until the time for the game rolled around. We started things nicely by scoring in the first inning, but Wake Forest tied things in the eighth, and it took us three more innings before we could finally push a run across. Three successive singles accomplished the work, and the game ended
with the score 2 to 1 in our favor. That night we attended an orators' contest between the two rival literary societies of Wake Forest, and on our way back, to pack up for the midnight train, which was to take us back to Richmond, a negro approached us and offered to tell us of a "blind tiger" at which he could procure us a pint of "red eye," for the small sum of fifty cents. His flattering offer was refused, however, and he went on his sorrowful way.

Our train was several hours late, and we spent the time waiting in the stuffy little station. It finally rolled in about three o'clock in the morning, and we all piled aboard and curled up on the seats as best we could, in order to snatch a few hours sleep. Incidentally, when I woke up about three hours later I found that I had slept most of the distance on my derby hat, which consequently presented quite a woe-begone appearance. We arrived in Richmond about six-thirty, tired, happy, and dirty, and the North Carolina trip, the most successful ever taken by any athletic team of Richmond College, was over.

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Commencement.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13—8:15 P. M. Commencement Sermon, Cornelius Woelfkin, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.

MONDAY, JUNE 14—8:15 P. M. Exercises of Graduating Class: Academic Class Orator, W. R. D. Moncure; Law Class Orator, J. B. Terrell; Academic Historian, D. N. Davidson; Law Historian, Charles T. Morris.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15—11 A. M. Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees.

2 P. M. Alumni Dinner; Reunion of Classes of 1859, 1884, 1899, 1904.

8:15 P. M. Annual Addresses before the Society of Alumni.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16—11 A. M. Academic procession: Award of degrees to the class of 1909, and of the honorary degrees of D. D. and LL. D.

8:15 P. M. Award of College Medals; Announcement of Scholastic Honors.
President's reception.

GRADUATING CLASS.

Officers:

President, Thomas William Ozlin.
Vice-President, Henry Brantly Handy.
Secretary, Roscoe Spencer.

CLASS ROLL.

Degree of M. A.

Henry Brantly Handy  Oscar Baxter Ryder

Degree of B. A.

Miss Mattie Louise Brown  Beecher Lee Rhodes
Kenley Jesse Clark  William Robert Lee Smith, Jr.
David Nathaniel Davidson  Harry Lamont Snead
John Bunyan Hill  Roscoe Spencer
Peyton Stark Lewis  John Taylor Stinson
Willard Payson McBain  James Lawrence Stringfellow
Walter Raleigh Daniel Moncure  Miss Lily Frances Trevvett
Thomas William Ozlin  Robert Grant Willis
John Brandon Peters  Ah Fong Yeung
Thompson Edward Peters

Degree of B. S.

Miss Julia Peachy Harrison.
COMMENCEMENT.

Degree of LL. B.

Presley Thornton Atkins
Oscar Ludwell Bowen
Drewry Wood Bowles, Jr.
Leith Stanley Bremner
John Abbott Byrd
Alpheus James Chewning, Jr.
William Walker Green
Arthur Tazewell Griffith
Callom Bohannon Jones

David Kaufman
Frederick Oscar Love
Charles Thomas Morris
Walter Manly Nance
Thomas William Ozlin
Heath Johnson Rawley
Charles Clement Russell
Shirley Temple Snellings
John Baynham Terrell.
In accordance with the agreement between the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies, under whose direction this magazine is published, a change in the personnel of the editorial staff is necessary every year. With this issue the new editors enter upon their duties.

The work of the retiring staff has been altogether satisfactory and highly gratifying to their constituents, and we desire to express our appreciation and the gratitude of our readers to the Editor-in-Chief and his efficient associates for their untiring efforts in behalf of The Messenger. We would not be unmindful, also, of our obligation to those students who by their earnest co-operation have added materially to The Messenger's success. Allow us, furthermore, to offer our appreciation of the confidence reposed in our ability in our elec-
tion to this position of honor; and we bespeak the kind sympathy and earnest efforts of all our fellow students in order that we may make The Messenger even more worthy, if possible, of our noble institution. Let each of us have a personal pride in the success of our magazine, and feel that each has an important part in making it what it should be. May we forge to the front and not rest contented until our college shall rank first in the quality of her magazine, as well as in all her other activities.

Nature's Solution of Does the negro threaten the peace and the Race Problem. tranquility of our country? Is constitutional government endangered by his presence? Does his black visage cast a shadow over the prospects and future happiness of our land? It seems that very many of our most eminent statesmen put the darkest interpretation on every phase of these questions, and in their wild excitement and fright, amounting almost to frenzy, they are doing more to make it a dark and dangerous problem than the country will be able to solve in a day. By continually working at the thorn in the country's side they are making a deeper and more painful sore than much doctoring will be able to heal in a long time to come.

Our country to-day stands in no more danger from the negro than it does from the Indian. But those men, commonly called statesmen, who, in the halls of legislation, are constantly pricking and muddling with this question, are pushing our fair fabric of freedom to the tottering point. If these men would only hands-off for a period, nature would soon provide her own remedies; in fact, notwithstanding we have so many quack statesmen, this healing process is naturally proceeding.

The negro is eminently fitted for agricultural labors, especially in the cotton fields of the South. But it is a noticeable fact that when it comes to the more delicate and severe labors required in factories and shops he cannot compete either in skill or efficiency with the white laborer. Hence he must give way here. And as new industries are developed in the
South white labor will constantly immigrate to supply the demand, and the negro, by the very force of circumstances, will be compelled to move. As the whites immigrate into the South the negro must emigrate and scatter himself over the world. To be sure, this will not all happen in a day, but by degrees, and in just that degree that the South is permitted to develop her resources. There is not the slightest room for doubt but that the ratio of the two races is and will constantly grow greater and greater, and as the ratio increases the danger of the negro as a political and social factor decreases. It is a principle in nature that the weaker must give way to the stronger, the unfit to the suitable. Everything tends to get where it is most suited. The fittest always survive.

Pilgrim Tercentennial In the Boston Herald of recent date was published the first and exclusive announcement of the inception of a movement to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of The Landing of the Pilgrims and the Founding of New England by a World’s Tercentennial Exposition in Boston in 1920.

Expositions seem, at the present, to be specially in favor; but New England alone, of all parts of the Union, has never had its World’s Fair. However, the national and universal interest in the historic event which this Exposition at Boston will commemorate should command the enthusiastic approval and support of the American people of all sections and of all classes.

The Messenger heartily endorses this movement initiated by the loyal people of New England, and we bespeak for them the enthusiastic support of all Americans that they may bring to consummation an Exposition on a scale and magnitude commensurate with the importance of the event to be commemorated.
Our base-ball team covered themselves with glory on their North Carolina trip, extending from March 31st through April 3d. They took the laurels of victory from Guilford, Davidson, and Wake Forest, having to surrender the palm only to the husky team of A. and M. This, on the whole, was the most successful trip ever taken by any athletic team of Richmond College.

The inter-collegiate debate between Randolph-Macon College and Richmond College took place in the public hall at Richmond College on Friday evening, April 30th, before a large audience. The question was: Resolved, "That a system of Postal Savings Banks should be established in the United States."

Randolph-Macon College was represented by Messrs. James and Dolly, who spoke on the affirmative, while Richmond College was represented by Messrs. J. B. Terrell and W. R. D. Moncure, who spoke on the negative. The decision was unanimous in favor of the negative.

Judge Rhea in a few well chosen words presented the cup. After the debate a reception was tendered the students of the two colleges and their friends in the society hall.

"Lanky" Lodge, in hotel at Lexington, speaking of the mechanism of the graphophone, "I never did understand the thing, anyway. It's wonderful."

Skippie Haislip: "Well, you know, 'Lanky,' electricity is considered the greatest of modern marvels."

E. W. Sydnor: "Yes; yesterday when I was getting a drink at the hydrogen"—a peal of laughter ensued and broke up Mr. Sydnor's hydrogen.
Professor Metcalf, lecturing on Pope’s “Essay on Man,” calls on Mr. Cauley to explain some certain lines in which Pope speaks of a “nice bee.”

Professor Metcalf: “What kind of bee is a ‘nice bee,’ Mr. Cauley?”

Mr. Cauley: “Why, Doctor, a bee that won’t sting.”

“Rat,” looking for points bearing upon his question for debate, walks up to Miss H...., one of our co-eds.
Rat: “Miss H...., don’t you think that local option would be preferable to Statewide prohibition?”
Miss H....: “That’s about liquor, isn’t it?”

This year for the first time we have a tennis team, put out by the Athletic Association just as any other team. The team is composed of Messrs. J. M. Elmore and J. B. Hill, Mr. P. S. Lewis being the manager. Two inter-collegiate games have been played: with William and Mary on April 24th, which was won by Richmond College by the scores of 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, 7-5. The second game was with Randolph-Macon, which was lost by R. C. in three straight sets. Manager Lewis has arranged a game with Randolph-Macon at Richmond, May 3d; with U. Va. at Charlottesville, May 6th, and probably a game with W. and M. in Richmond some time in May. Let us hope that ere long tennis will be an important factor in our athletics.

Mr. Edmundo Belfort’s favorite song is, “Sugar is sugar and salt is salt; l-o-v-e spells trouble to me.”

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, passed through our city recently, and upon request of Dr. F. W. Boatwright agreed to speak to the students of R. C. in the near future.

Dr. R. E. Chambers, an alumnus of R. C., who is a missionary to China, delivered an illustrative lecture on China in College Chapel not long since. The lecture was very entertaining, as well as highly instructive.
Outland (turning away from the telephone): "That's first time I talked to that girl; I just did met her."

The Orator's Contest of this year was superior to that of last year. The orations were of a high order, and were well delivered. The contestants were Messrs. A. J. Chewning, Jr., and Russell G. Smith representing the Mu Sigma Rho Society, and Messrs. A. F. Yeung, J. H. Beazley, and E. Belfort S. de Magalhaes. Mr. Russell G. Smith, of the Mu Sigma Rho, won the medal.

Wanted—Several of the latest books on etiquette at once, as I am thinking of taking up social life on a small scale. B. M. D.

S. J. Lodge: "Dr. Chandler certainly has two fine little boys."
Alumni Department.

PAUL W. ORCHARD, EDITOR.

Dr. Robert H. Pitt, editor of the Religious Herald, has accepted the editorship of an alumni register of the college. This book will contain a brief biographical sketch, and, as far as possible, photographs of every alumnus and professor which the college has had during her seventy-five years of history.

The occasion of the issuing of this register is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Richmond College, at which time the plan for the new women’s college was initiated. This anniversary marks an epoch in our progress, as it closes the period of a single college and commences the development of a system for two schools on an enlarged and more modern basis.

The editorship of this register is a labor of love on the part of Dr. Pitt. The company, which is rendering such a work possible, is producing it at great cost with the condition that an alumnus will edit it. Dr. Pitt has volunteered to undertake this work; and he should receive the hearty commendation of every lover of Richmond College for offering his services in the prosecution of such an arduous task. That such a work is no child’s play can be readily comprehended when one considers that it involves the writing of the biography of practically every professor and student of the college for the last seventy-five years.

We bespeak for Dr. Pitt the earnest co-operation of all our alumni, without which such a work would be absolutely impossible. We all desire to see this a grand success, so let us give Dr. Pitt our best support and our kind sympathy which he deserves for his voluntary labor in such an unselfish cause.

We hope that the members of the classes of ’59, ’84, ’99, and ’04 are making their plans to be present at their class
reunions during commencement week. If you haven't arranged to leave your work for that short time, do it at once. Getting back on the old campus will renew your sweet memories and make you a youth again, although your rair may be grey. We shall be glad to greet you, to shake your hand, and hear you relate your college experiences. It will do us good to have you here, and the renewing of former memories and forgotten friendships will brighten your way as you take up your accustomed labors. Come if possible, and you will never regret it.

It is always a great pleasure to us to learn of the good work done by our students in other institutions to which they have gone upon leaving college. Here is a word from our old stand-by, "Sam" Harwood, telling us of the achievements of "our boys" at Colgate University. Harwood has had the good fortune to find a wife since he has been at Colgate, but he has not become so much absorbed in her that he could not send us a line.

B. D. Gaw is in New York City with the Senior Class. (The Seniors have the winter term there in a special course under Dr. Judson in practical city work.) F. H. Hayes is in New York with the Senior Class. These two men will return to Hamilton for the spring term, and will graduate in June.

P. B. Wattington, better known as "Bishop," is in the Junior Class. He preaches at Randallsville, a village two miles from Hamilton, every Sunday.

S. G. Harwood is in the Middle Class. He preaches, as regular pastor, at Castorland, a village ninety-six miles north of Hamilton. Mrs. S. G. Harwood lives at Castorland all the time, but her husband usually gets in a few days each week at Hamilton. (I mean that my home is in Castorland. Mrs. Harwood stays there. I come to Hamilton Monday and return Friday.)

H. N. Laws, of Front Royal, is in the Junior Class. However, he is not a Richmond man. But he is a Virginian, which is a passport in these parts.
Joseph F. Cropp, '08, sends us a message from Crozier Seminary, sometimes called the "Monastery."

W. O. Beazley, '06, is taking the course leading to the B. D. degree in the seminary, and is working in the Sociology and Philosophy departments for his M. A. degree from the University of Pennsylvania.

W. J. Young, '07, is taking the B. D. course at the Seminary, and is working in the Sociology and Psychology departments of the University of Pennsylvania for his M. A. degree. He will specialize in Psychology.

As to myself, my "doings" are rather limited. I am taking the course leading to the B. D. degree in the Seminary, and in the University of Pennsylvania I am working for my M. D. degree in Sociology, with a special course in "American Race Problems." I shall specialize in Sociology.

McGeorge is here taking the English Course, but his heart still clings to Virginia.

John Jay Cook, who was in college three years ago, is taking the English Course and holding a regular charge.

E. T. Smith is a senior here this year, taking his diploma in the English Department. He holds a pastorate at Girdletree, Md.

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Of course our Alumni Department is one of the most interesting phases of The Messenger to our old students, as it tells what Richmond College men are doing in the world. We, therefore, solicit the co-operation of all our Alumni that we may make this part of our magazine as complete and informing as possible.
"The functions of criticism are of necessity didactic, not creative; analytical, and not synthetical." One is struck more forcibly by the truth of those words when it has been his privilege or fate, as you will, to criticise. Even we, in the rather ignoble and laborious office of exchange editor, have come to realize that originality and creative power are not characteristics of criticism. Its true purpose is to break apart, to cut to pieces, yes, to destroy whenever the work in question requires it. Criticism and the golden rule never have gone hand in hand, and never will. It is folly to tell the critic that he must fail to censure simply because he would not like to have others censure him, for in so doing you deny him a natural right and deprive him of what little power he has. Criticism aims, by fair and unbiased judgment, to raise the standard of quality. As to the methods of accomplishing this end, only the critic himself can judge. Briefly, however, it may be said that any means free from personalities and bitter sarcasm is warranted.

If circumstances did not alter cases, we would be inclined to say that "The W. and M. Literary Magazine" for March was unusually below the standard of that publication. However, we suppose that it is due to examinations that the magazine is not of its normal quality. We can well understand the effects of this influence upon college literature. For if there ever was a thing to knock the sentiment out of a poet, the philosophy out of a deep thinker and the hopeful views out of an optimist, that thing is examinations, the agency which reduces all learning to a definite number of rules with a fixed number of exceptions, and puts us in that state of mind when we are almost ready to resolve the universe itself into an equation and solve for "x."
The freshness of the poetry contained in the March issue is its prime virtue. To speak of the "freshness" of poetry is inclined perhaps to bring to mind dairy products rather than the most beautiful means man has of expressing his thoughts. Yet we are at a loss to find a word that better expresses just the class of poetry we are considering. We mean the poetry that breaks away from dusty scholasticism and sordid materialism and breathes forth a purer note; the poetry that by reason of its natural beauty assumes a class to itself. "To An Old Dream" and "Messenger," while not the best of examples, have strong claims to a place in this class.

We recommend to every student of "Richmond College" the article on "The Honor System," not because of its literary or rhetorical value, but because of the wide grasp that the author has on a system, which, to be appreciated, must be thoroughly understood. "Plant Evolution" reads like a text-book, and is too technical to be intelligible to many. To those who have studied biology it may appeal, but otherwise it is almost worthless.

"The Last Council of the Holy Mound" and "Experience Through Adventure" might possibly be used to soothe fretful infants, but we can not imagine any other good they might do.

"Meldon’s Redemption" goes a long way toward being the "redemption" of the "Magazine." It is an old but good thought, excellently developed and displaying real ability on the part of the author.

The "Magazine," as a whole, is rather slim in its literary department, and leaves the impression of having been gotten up in a hurry.

TENNESSEE COLLEGE MAGAZINE:

A deplorable dearth of poetry and a superabundance of light flimsy short stories, some of which had better have remained unwritten, are the chief characteristics of the "Magazine" for March. It savors of femininity from cover to cover.

"The History of Song" is a fairly well written paper on a subject that is pleasing to a certain class of people. The article
on “Poe” appeals to us chiefly because of its subject. The style is “choppy” and inclined to be monotonous, but some good thoughts are expressed. “Napoleon,” a translation from Heine’s “Monsieur Le Grand,” is fairly good of its kind. The majority of such efforts we encounter in magazines are usually rather rough; but the article in question shows a polish and skill pleasing to meet with.

“When Ignorance Is Bliss” and “Dick’s Confession” have not the faintest suggestion of literary quality. The former makes strenuous efforts towards being clever, but is anything but that, while the latter is an attempt to picture thwarted tragedy and praiseworthy self-sacrifice, which is equally unsuccessful. We are at a loss to know how the authors could have so little regard for the value of time as to pen such stories.

The story “Tit for Tat” contains just enough human interest to grasp the attention and hold it. It is a refreshing relief after the two articles just mentioned.

THE ACORN:

Some college periodicals amuse, some instruct, and others go deeper yet and touch the heart. “The Acorn” does all three in a more or less different manner.

“To the Spring” is just the kind of poetry we would like to see more of,—the outburst of a poetic spirit in its appreciation for nature. “Drifting” is an old, old theme expressed in the same old way. “The Bells” can hardly be called poetry in the truest sense of the word. It lacks beauty and depth of feeling.

The essay entitled “Twelfth Night: A Masterpiece of Repetition,” shows a fairly thorough knowledge of Shakespeare and his works, but the style might be improved upon and the ending is weak. “The Fiber and Fabric, That Clothes the World, and What It Means to the South” is weighty with statistics and as tedious as the subject would indicate. Such articles may be instructive to those who have the patience to plod through them, but few have.

As to the short stories contained in the April issue, they
call for the same old criticism as their predecessors—they lack human interest and meaning.

"A Story Told by an Old Clock" doesn't reflect much credit on the aged time-piece as a narrator. "The Reason Why" is just the question that suggests itself to us when reading the article by that name. "When the Easter Lily Blows" contains most too much moral. It is, however, well written, and leaves the reader thinking.
