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No. 9

REVERIES OF YESTERDAY.

V. S. Metcalf, '16.

The purple stars of evening through the mist
Gleamed ne'er so dim as on yester eve;
The sun gave place to the transient lights of heaven,
And in the vale the brighter lights of man
Proclaimed the coming of the frosty night.
Thus, in meditations of the past,
I sorrowed over the tasks as yet undone,
For all the striving of my human soul.
O, western star, thou hast imperfect light;
Th' unfinished chasms of the mountain side
Betoken Nature's incompleting hand.
Not mine to cease, to flee the measured toil;
Alas, I dream until the glowing morn—
Wilt tell me, what is life but fragmentary?

"BUDDY."

J. A. L., Jr., '16.

RELIGION had come to the mountains!

At the end of the first week of "preachin'" the new log school-house could scarcely hold the crowd that poured in from every part of "Old Baldy" to hear the strange message brought by the kindly gentleman from the city. His quiet manner and soft, earnest words soon drew in the shy, backward mountaineers, who at first preferred to stand outside and peer solemnly through the little windows. They crowded in, some bare-footed, clothed in jeans and homespun, and some carrying rifles slung carelessly over their arms.

They listened with increasing eagerness as the humble missionary told of the life they had never known. At first they did not understand, but soon they began to marvel at this new gospel, different from their only creed, so narrow and so meager—the mountain code of honor and justice. The more they gazed in awe at this quiet, wholesome figure the more pleasing grew John Corbet's smile of friendliness. He watched them carefully, cautiously, earnestly, praying for some opportunity to bring home his message, or for some hints of its reception. One night he saw a boy slip noiselessly through the door and take a seat in the back row. As noiselessly he slipped away and disappeared when the service was done. The same thing the next night, and the next. He was in striking contrast to the rest of the men folks there. He seemed too frail, too white—a timid, wild thing, out of harmony with his fellows, the slow, rough men of the hills. "I wonder who he is; I must find him," thought the minister, as he moved through the crowd to shake hands with his congregation at the door and to invite them back again.

"Who was the boy who sat here near the door on this back bench to-night, and ran away as soon as the prayer was over? Where does he live?" he asked of a man who was lingering on the steps.

"Yuh mean the li'l feller with the pale face and black hayr?

That thar's 'Buddy' Tolman. He lives over yander nigh that big rock yeh see a-hangin' over by them chestnuts. I'll show yeh whur he lives at, ef yeh want me to."

They walked together up the narrow, rutty path that could hardly be dignified by the name of "road," and the preacher asked about the boy, his people, why he seemed so timid, where he lived.

"He ain't got no folks no more. His pa got kilt nigh onto two yar ago in a li'l trouble, an' his ma died soon arter. The boy lives thar by hisself, an' don' seem to be doin' no good. They say as how he's a-waitin' fur the man as kilt his pa, an' he's a-aimin' fur ter git 'im."

"Too bad, too bad," the preacher murmured, pity mingling with curious interest, as they neared the cabin, set back from the road, in a homeless, desolate clearing, half-hid by scrub pines and chinquepin bushes. It was a lonesome place. The moonlit shadows only added to the gloom, as they seemed to sink softly in the moss-covered rocks and rotten stumps near-by. Behind the cabin a shaky chicken-house, made of unstripped slabs, tilted back, as if waiting for a gust of wind to push it over and end its weariness. A rooster crowed weakly, and the faint sound echoed back from the cliffs, as one of his distant neighbors answered his call somewhere far over the hill. The remains of a one-time fence, fighting bravely for existence, lay where it had fallen some time before, about the home of the mountain boy; the stone steps before the door were loose and crooked. In the space between the cabin floor and the ground the earth was hard and smooth, worn down by dogs and pigs, many of the former, but a few of the latter the estate had boasted of in the past. The visitors found the lad seated on his door-step, shy, unresponsive, skeptical.

"Howdy, 'Buddy'!" greeted the mountaineer. "We 'lowed we'd drop in on yeh a spell. How air yeh?" But the boy did not seem particularly pleased by the intrusion, and responded with a guarded "Howdy," looking from one man to the other in silence.

"I saw you at the meeting to-night. I am sorry you ran away. We must know each other better now, you and I, and

you won't be hurrying away any more, will you?" The boy merely gazed at the man in silence, but, in a way all his own, the preacher, with simple words and pleasing smile, soon woke the boy from his non-committal attitude, talking of mountain things and life in the hills until the boy began to gain confidence and trust. No one had ever treated him this way before, and he wondered. He promised to wait at the church door the next night (he would have promised anything now, in spite of himself), and his visitors went on their way. The boy wondered what the man had meant by "Good night." He had never heard it before!

As soon as the men had gone the boy crept out into the night, and climbed to the brow of the cliff behind the house, where he fell down between two mounds of earth and sod—and cried! Tears were not a common thing to him, for men of the hills deal little in sentiment. But he was a boy; his ma and pa were lying there, and he was lonesome to-night. The stranger had affected him in some peculiar way. His wild passions were running swift and hot in his blood—he was tired of being alone. He *was* alone now, else he wouldn't have dared, but somehow he couldn't force back the peculiar choking in his throat. Hatred for the murderer of his pa was rising again. He soon got up and, with fists clenched, muttered between his teeth: "I'll git 'im, pap." Presently he returned quietly and went to bed.

The following night the parson told, in simple words, the story of Jesus, and anxiously watched the face of the boy for some signs of understanding. After the service he found him waiting at the door; arm and arm they wandered up the path together. The man from the world answered the lad's simple questions with eagerness and patience, telling him of the Child of Nazareth, who came to save all men, and gave His life that men might be good and might *not kill other men!* He told him of heaven, where happiness would abide forever; where no hate or sorrow can ever come, and loved ones never part; where there is no killing, and no death or sorrow; where they say the streets are all covered with gold, and no night ever comes; where a beautiful sun shines forever, and angels in flowing robes of white sing with ten thousand voices.

"And you may see and have all this, my boy, if you will only

care for it. You can come with me to the city when I return, and learn to read and to know the things I know. You won't have to stay alone any more, but you can do things for people—many good things—and have lots of friends. I will teach you to be good, and you will be happy."

"Will yuh take me? Yuh're foolin' me. Nobuddy ain't keered fur me none sence pap got kilt. No, yeh ain't a-meanin' it."

"No, boy, I am not fooling you. You must go away with me. I want you, boy. I will leave next week, and you must go with me, and you may learn the things you ought to know. The mountains are bad for you, and I must take you. Will you go?"

"I reckon I cain't leave none yit," answered the boy, as he seemed to remember suddenly some tie that was holding him back. "I got er li'l work to do fer pap a-fore I kin git erway." The boy's voice broke, and he walked in silence, ashamed, his chin fallen on his chest.

"No, you mustn't do that little work, my friend. To kill a man is murder, and no murderer can ever enter the beautiful city I told you of. No, you must forget that work—it's too late now, and will do no good. I want you to be good."

An hour passed before he had convinced the lad that it would be wrong to avenge his "pap," and they finally parted, with the promise of a wonderful life together. All night long the wild mountain boy lay awake, thinking of the life his friend had promised him—he longed to see the things he had heard of that lay beyond the hills. His attachment for the minister had sprung rapidly into the dominating passion of his life. He recalled the thing that held him to the old life, but quivered with emotion and dread at the thought of being separated from his friend. Yes, he would go, and leave all this behind. He wanted to be good; he had learned of the life that was best, and he wanted to leave the hills, which he knew now were bad. And he knew he could never look Corbet in the face again if he should have the stain of another's blood on his hands. Then he knew that the men in the hills would, sooner or later, kill him, too, on sight, if he assumed the *role* of a man and avenged his father's death

and his family's wrong. He didn't much mind being killed himself, but, strange, now he had no desire to kill! Yes, soon he would be free!

The next service was one of enthusiasm and inspiration. "He gave His life for you—what will you do for Him?" The crowd pushed forward to the crude altar to receive the gracious gift that would mean the life eternal. Buddy hung back, but gazed with wonder at the mass of faces so eagerly pressed forward. Suddenly he whitened! His heart jumped, and he gripped the seat until his nails almost crushed in the wood. That face! He slipped out the door and ran, reckless, seeing or hearing nothing, to the cabin, through the door, until he reached a gun-rack of antlers, where an old Winchester lay. He grabbed the gun, but stopped— He could never see his friend again! This would be worse than death itself! "For God so loved the world—" seemed to echo back from the darkness, and calmed the anger in his breast. But then over him flashed a memory in a flood of passions—a shot, the old bay mule riderless on the trail, his "pap" by the road-side, a gun-shot wound, and bloody stains where the bullet tore his shirt. He had carried, dragged, him home, and dressed the wound, with his mother's help, in their poor mountain way, silently. He could see the pale, lean face, the shaggy beard, and look of hate, as the last of his race, save one, had lain there fighting against death. Then the whispered summons to the bedside, the solemn mountaineer's oath to "git" the man who had done the thing.

For two years now he had waited. The feud was over, for he was the last of his clan and they didn't see the use of killing a boy. He knew the man who had waylaid his pap, and knew some day he would see him; he wouldn't hunt for him, because he wanted to "git 'im" out there on the same old trail where he had found his dying pap. And to-night he had seen him! The end of watching and waiting—

But there arose another picture, a man hanging on a cross, His torn and bleeding hands pierced by nails, His body dripped in blood. He saw the angels carry Him into heaven, and heard some voice calling: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." He saw the life for which he yearned, free from filth and lowness,

walking through life beside his good friend, and doing good to everybody; then some day reaching the wonderful happiness in that fair place, the golden city the man had told him lay up there somewhere in the skies. But to kill was murder, and no murderer could enter the beautiful city! Slowly his mind grasped the truth of all this, and reluctantly he turned and laid the gun back on the shelf.

Suddenly, conjured up by generations of tradition, and drawn out by the inborn creed of honor deeper in the mountaineer than blood itself, through the dimness of the shadows there seemed to rise the image of a pale, lean face, and shaggy beard and frown of hate, which bored into his very soul, shaming and mocking. The boy shrunk back, and shook with amazement and fear. Then he understood and remembered. Without a pause he took the old gun down again, and glanced at the lock with an experienced eye. A tear or two started down his cheek, as he looked out into the night with a whispered "Good-bye" to his friend far across the other hill. He would never see him again!

He stole softly out the door and up the mountain trail, to wait. Hours it seemed he lay there crouched, and then—a shot, a groan, and—"Pap, we're squar'! I got 'im!"

ON READING SOME OF BYRON'S POETRY.

R. L. B., '17.

Oh, could I sing as Byron sung,
In the days of long ago!
When wild desire to fancy clung,
While dashed the thoughts from a fiery tongue
Like spray from the rocks below.

A Waterloo inspired his tongue—
A Verdun raptures mine;
An echo from a distant fen
Of a throbbing ocean crossed his ken—
Still beats the billow brine.

A soul in palsied passion's bars,
A wild, unearthly fate;
Too wild for man, or sea, or stars,
Or vivid tale of teeming wars,
Or words, or love, or hate.

I would not have the lonely life,
That vast, uncharted sea;
But with a home and noble wife,
Amid the surging, waning strife,
Is the place I'd choose to be.

What was it made Lord Byron write?
Not lust, nor love, nor sin;
Not an arrow tipped with venom'd spite,
But a vast, abiding vision bright
That lived unmarred within.

So might I see a vision, too,
And feel the call to tell
(In raptured strains that hope renew)
Of boundless love, or judgment true,
Or toil, or heaven, or hell.


The troubled, teeming human tide,
The dusty mart of earth—
And rich, pure nature, sweet and wide,
From whose broad fields and rose-decked side
This ocean had its birth.

Oh, could I sing as Byron sang
When he struck his tearful lyre,
I'd curb the restless, poisoned fang,
I'd thrill the heart, and loose the pang,
And light a deathless fire.

THE ENGLISH THEATRE IN DRYDEN'S TIME.

Weston Bristow, '17.

I like not this last proclamation, * * *
 Does this look like a term [play season]
 * * * * *
 Our poet thinks the whole town is not well,
 London is gone to York.

HE above lines are very significant in the history of the English theatre. They were selected from the prologue and drama entitled "The Sisters," written by James Shirley. This drama was acted on the English stage in April, 1642, and was among the last legal public performances just prior to the Puritan supremacy. Charles I. and his court left London on the last day of February, 1642.

The Register of the Master of the Revels closes June, 1642, with the ominous entry of a play called "The Irish Rebellion," and here he says ended his allowance of plays, for the war began August, 1642. The career of the stage was apparently doomed. The new era, just opening in a revolution, was not only to tear down the royal throne with the family thereto, but the theatre seemed to be sharing the same dreadful fate. On September 2, 1642, was published the Ordinance of the Lords and Commons, which, after a brief and solemn preamble, commanded "that, while these sad causes and set times of humiliation do continue, public stage plays shall cease and be forborne."

But what have these things to do with the theatre in Dryden's time? The relation is obvious, for hardly could that most spectacular and glaring period in the history of the English theatre, known as the Restoration Period, be appreciated without a *resume* of the period just prior. Hence let us look a little closer into the career of the stage during the civil war.

At the outset we must keep in mind that, notwithstanding the fact that the theatres had been ordered closed, there were some still open.

The Parliamentary ordinance of September 2, 1642, referred to above, continued until 1647, when the war was virtually ended. Nevertheless, during the early part of that year, Beaumont and Fletcher's "A King and No King" was attempted at Salisbury Court, but the play was stopped and one actor arrested. In 1648, six years after the strife begun, there were three quite famous theatres open for patronage. It is said one hundred and twenty coaches carried people, eager to be amused, to the "Fortune," and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit Without Money" was played at "The Red Bull." Fletcher's "The Bloody Brother" was acted in the "Cockpit." These are a few cases, cited only to show that play-acting was of such an extent that Parliament, with the Puritans in the majority, was aroused to action. On February 11th, of the same year, an ordinance was passed ordering the Lord Mayor, justices of the peace, and sheriffs to pull down all stage galleries, seats, and boxes, and publicly to flog all actors and compel them to enter into recognizances "never to act or play any plays nor interludes any more, on pain of being dealt with as incorrigible rogues."

Such a severe reprimand as this tended to check play-acting for a while. It might be well just to notice here what became of some of the actors and playwrights. A large number of them were "at the front" in behalf of the royal cause. Such action was a most natural one, since they had been driven from their vocation by the enemy of the royal line. William Robinson, who had been a member of Queen Anne's Company in 1619, was reported to the House of Commons as having been killed at the taking of the Basing House on October 14, 1645. There is only one actor recorded as having chosen the side of Parliament. Others left the island, and went over on the mainland, while others lingered in poverty about London. John Lowin, who had been a member of the King's Company with Shakespeare, is said to have, in his latter days, kept an inn, "The Three Pigeons," at Brentford, where he died a very old man, and his poverty was as great as his age.

Returning to the play-acting, we find that it did not cease entirely even after these extreme measures. In 1656 Sir William D'Avenant, who had been released from the Tower through

the influence of the Lord Keeper, Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, realizing the admiration which the old Lord Keeper had for him, used his influence in this way upon Sir Whitelocke, and secured permission to give an entertainment in the Rutland House in London. The entertainment was given on May 21, 1656, in the *back part* of the house. It consisted of declamation and music, after the manner of the ancients. The play opened with a concert of music, followed by an argumentative dialogue between the poet, Diogenes the Cynic, and Aristophanes, sitting in two gilden rostra. After this there was more music, both instrumental and vocal. The last was another dialogue. A Parisian and a Londoner, clad "in livery robes of both cities," each declaring the pre-eminence of his respective city. The satirical element comes in the close of this last dialogue:

"London is smothered with sulph'rous fires;
 Still she wears a black hood and cloak
 Of sea-coal smoke,
 As if she mourned for brewers and dyers.
 But she is cool'd and cleansed by streams
 Of flowing and of ebbing Thames."

Again, at the close of the epilogue, there is a hit at the Puritan:

"Perhaps some were too cozen'd as to come
 To see us weave in the dramatic loom.

* * * * *

These were your plays, but get them if you can.'

This playing continued, and toward the latter part of 1658 D'Avenant produced "The Cruelties of the Spaniards in Peru" in the "Cockpit" theatre, in Drury Lane. This was rather a bold step, for at the time England was at war with Spain, and such a production would hardly be conducive to the best results under such circumstances. In 1659 this same man, at the same place, produced such plays as "The History of Sir Francis Drake," "The Fair Favorite," "The Law Against Lovers," founded on "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Measure for Measure," and, lastly, "The Siege and the Distress."

The next year marks another epoch in the history of the English theatre. The Commonwealth Period, with its Puritan

Parliament in control, was ending. The strong forces which had been holding the actors in check were now no more, and the theatre was about to enter upon that which was to be known in history as splendid degeneracy. But back to the theatre itself.

General Monck, of the Royalist forces, entered London in February, 1660. As a proof of the desire for an expression of its pleasure, London life asked for a theatre. Even before law and order had been established, John Rhodes, a book-keeper at Charing Cross, obtained a license from the General for the re-opening of the "Cockpit" as a regular theatre. What a sight that must have been to see those pleasure-loving Londoners once more joyously hurrying to the "Cockpit." How eagerly they talked while waiting for the play to begin. One might imagine John Dryden himself a spectator there. It is hardly too extravagant to say that many were the humorous remarks about the strict Parliament who had forbidden them "to be amused."

Evidently one theatre was not sufficient for the pleasure-seekers, because soon after the "Cockpit" was re-opened as a regular theatre several old actors formed another company, and re-opened the "Red Bull." This was followed by a third at "Salisbury Court," in Whitefriars.

In addition to these, on August 21, 1660, King Charles II. issued a patent granting to Thomas Killigrew and Sir William D'Avenant the right of creating two companies of players. There soon arose quarrels and disputes among these players. There was no definite arrangement concerning the players for each company, and it is readily seen that where there was no organization nor system quarreling would soon arise. Finally, in November, the patentees and actors agreed upon a distinct and definite division of the actors between the two companies. One was to be called the King's Company, and to be under the management of Killigrew; the other to be called the Duke of York's Company, and to be under the management of D'Avenant. The wisdom of this plan is seen in the very arrangement itself, for it was the beginning of system in the new era. They agreed that neither company would attempt a production of any play that had been given or attempted by the other.

The King's Company, from 1663, occupied the "Theatre Royal" in Drury Lane, although it was not called by that name. The Duke of York's Company, from 1661 to 1673, acted in a house built for them in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Portugal Row. In 1673 it moved into the magnificent theatre (erected after D'Avenant's death) in Salisbury Court, Fleet street, on a site known as "Dorset Garden."

With the foregoing as a brief chronological record of the theatre during the civil war and part of the Restoration Period, we will see the theatre in its social aspects in relation to London life at this time.

It is generally popularly said that the theatres exerted a very degrading influence over London life. The issue we must face is, did the theatre influence the social life of London, or was the theatre a public expression of London life. In other words, did the theatre affect the social life, or did the social life affect and really make the theatre?

Let us look into this matter. It must be kept in mind that the Restoration Period was simply a reaction on the Puritan Period just closed. A large number of people had been *kept away* from the theatre; there were performances, but not for the "crowd." The people had not been taught anything about the evils which might be found on the stage. Teaching such was not the method of the Puritans. To them the theatre was wrong, entirely and absolutely wrong; hence they must be closed. From 1642 to 1660 was too short a period for a nation to swing so suddenly from a long-time practice—*theatre-going*.

One writer has said, "From the day on which the theatres were re-opened they became seminaries of vice—and the evil propagated itself." This is putting it rather too severe. There is no reason that at the very beginning the theatres should have been dens of iniquity. Such things do not happen of themselves.

It is a little more reasonable to see the situation from the angle of cause and effect. As we have noted above, a large majority of playwrights and actors were thrown out of employment during the civil war. They were now about to "come into their own again." Then the question is asked, why should

they not open the theatre, and conduct it upon a high moral plane?

There are two reasons why this did not take place. First, the theatre attenders, and, second, the court of the royal family. The theatre attenders realized the "bonds of oppression" were thrown off. The shackles of Puritan hypocrisy, as it appeared to them, no longer bound them. They were masters of the situation; they could demand, and would obtain their demands. Therefore, this very situation in itself caused a general relaxation of morals. They wanted something spectacular, something which would make the reaction against pious Puritanism more striking and pointed, something to make them laugh, something which they knew would cut the very heart-strings of a Puritan. Torture, rather than teaching, calls forth rebellion rather than response. These people had been tortured, from their point of view; therefore they rebelled, and hence the situation.

But where do the playwright and actor enter these melodramatic proceedings? Neither of these at this time was rich; nevertheless, they needed money, they must live, and such existence as had been theirs for some years was intolerable any longer. Therefore the playwright responded to the wishes of the crowd, and the actor carried out the response.

Again, the other reason—the court. The very nature of the restored monarch demanded flattery. He must needs be complimented. Homage must be done to him. Public as well as private honors must be bestowed upon his royal head. He once was driven from his own, but, by his prowess, he had regained it, and driven the usurper out. Why not honor him! Why not flatter him! And the playwrights did vie with each other in paying homage to the court in their plays. This was not at all unnatural; the Puritans drove them from their desks while writing plays, they went to the field for the royal cause, and, upon the final restoration of the sovereign, they would shower honors upon him. The actors, in a similar relation to the King, and void of any independence of spirit, strove to put just the spirit and thought of the words on the stage.

There are other reasons why the deplorable situation came to be what it was; but mere mention of a few others will suffice

the scenery, dresses, and decorations were such as would now be thought mean and absurd, but such as would have been esteemed incredibly magnificent by those who early in the seventeenth century sat on the filthy benches of the Hope or under the thatched roof of the Rose. In addition to these, women were now appearing very numerous on the stage. One writer has very aptly said, loose verses, recited by favorite actresses, could bring naught but ill upon a depraved audience.

The plots and characters were borrowed from old masters of Spain, France, and England; but Calderon's stately and high-spirited Castillian gentlemen became styles of vice, Moliere's Agnes an adulteress, and Shakespeare's Viola a procuress. Nothing howsoever pure or heroic but it became foul and ignoble by foul and ignoble minds.

There is another reason for the degradation of the theatre during this period, with which reason we shall close the list. As has been stated, the Restoration brought a rush of impulses and influences which only genius can withstand. Was there no genius at this critical time? There was, indeed, and one of the greatest geniuses the English nation has ever produced. He is ranked to-day among the most versatile men of letters of the world. This man was John Dryden. But, most unhappily, he, the foremost writer of the Restoration period, lent himself, with a facility without parallel in the history of our literature, to the *reflection or satisfaction of demands, sanctioned by no more authoritative stamp than that of the fashion of the day*. In his own incomparable words, he "hurled down" his age, instead of helping to guide it.

In the hands of Dryden and others, the tragedy of the Restoration lends itself to diatribes against limited monarchy, and to exaltation of the right divine. The wit of comedy in the same period directs itself either against the memories of republican government, or against the adversaries of the policy of the crown. Tragedy fell to a level of dullness and lubricity never surpassed before or since. Comedy did retain some redeeming wit and humor. The stage was made a vehicle of political partisanship, more particularly in the days of the Exclusion Bill, and of the consequent political troubles, which lasted more or less till 1684.

In Dryden's case, as in many others, the reason of his attitude is, first, the pressure of necessity, and, second, the garish light of royal favor and party patronage, which were as much courted and prized by Dryden as they are by any man of the twentieth century.

It was said, in a general way, the artists corrupted the spectators and the spectators corrupted the artists. If this statement were reversed the state of affairs would possibly be more accurately defined; for we must remember that this state of degeneracy was a growth, rapid, it is true, and not an instantaneous product of the Commonwealth Period. It took the playwrights but a short time to discover what the public desired, but then the desire was gratified in large instalments. Therefore, the statement that the responsibility of these aberrations cannot be shifted from the patrons to the dramatists seems a logical conclusion.

Thus far we have seen only the evil and ill in the Restoration drama and theatre. Is there nothing but degradation and scandal "in front as well as behind the curtain"? There are some things about the drama and the stage of the Restoration Period which are well worthy of the best of the time. All was not bad. Just as in any great transitional period, there are some individuals and things that were not swept from their footing. This, however, does not contradict our conclusion above, relative to the influence of the people upon the dramas and stage, but rather strengthens it.

The extremes of the Restoration were not national; literature and the stage were not now national products. Even large sections of the inhabitants of London at this time regarded the theatres in no other light than that of centres of idleness and mischief; and, although the classes which composed their public were probably even more restricted than they had been in the Elizabethan days, it was the *tastes of these classes only which the dramatists of the Restoration were anxious to gratify*. The literature of the stage was out of sympathy with the opinions and sentiments of the people capable of thinking—on the other hand, it was an insult to them. The drama had lost its *full* connection with national life, and was an expression of part of London life.

However, there still remains the good in the drama and the stage. Looking at the stage with an unprejudiced and unbiased mind, one is forced to admit that the ease of manner and freedom of movement on the Restoration stage are superior to Elizabethan and Georgian comedy. It is incontestably true, whatever the cause may have been. Viewing the drama from the same angle, one readily confesses that it is not an imitation of an extinct form of the drama, but something new—a new *form*, which is expressive of the real intellectual power in the genius of the age.

It cannot be denied that the larger part played by the Restoration theatre is of a destructive nature to the moral life; while it must be acknowledged that the drama did no destructive work upon the *forms* of literature, but, on the other hand, has contributed a new form, which has saved it from oblivion and destruction, and makes it worth while, in spite of its low moral tone.

Therefore, in conclusion, the situation seems about this. Because of the insistent demands of the larger part of London life for degraded stage literature, and, in addition, the precarious financial condition of playwrights, the Restoration period has handed down to posterity a stage literature of unquestionably low moral standard. But, in spite of this, it, in this very literature, has contributed to the world a form which has never been excelled nor equalled. The stage has left an unmistakable dark stain upon its history, but, in spite of this, it, too, has made its contribution in ease of manner and freedom of movement.

* * * * *

Two years before Dryden died the "Glorious Revolution of 1688" took place. This revolution brought to the throne a prince whose marriage with the Princess Royal had been hailed as a well-omened event by at least one dramatic writer—Edward Cooke, in his "Love's Triumph," or "The Royal Union."

William III. never showed the slightest sympathy with any of the excesses of religious or political partisanship, and, having at no time cared much for any amusement but hunting, never darkened the door of a theatre.

This attitude of the court naturally had its effect upon the

literature. In addition to this, the extreme reactionary spirit of the people had had sufficient time to subside.

Therefore, just as it was in the Restoration Period, the people formed the thought of the drama. Such manifestations of feeling as the dramatists now indulged in had to accommodate themselves to the principles of the new *regime*.

MAKING THE MOST OF TO-DAY.

Francis Lee Albert, '19.

There stood on the threshold of manhood
A youth in boyhood's full prime,
And his spirit yearned for the combat,
As he gazed down the vista of time.

There stood at the end of man's journey
A veteran of life's way;
His mind went back to what might have been,
And he longed to re-enter the fray.

O, you who should wage in the combat,
Forget not my simple rhyme;
Neither yearning nor bitter longing
Will excuse for neglect or lost time.

UNCLE JOB.

Frances D. Glassell, '18.

IT was many years after the close of the War—the only war that was ever known to the old-timers of Oakland. These years had been long and strenuous, filled with privations and hardships. The former slaves, with an affection characteristic of their race and age, had unanimously agreed that they would “stay wid Marse Henry,” and they had stayed.

In the kitchen at Oakland, as well as in the quarters where dilapidated white-washed cabins faced one another in a long row, set with a ragged and motley array of trees, might be found at almost any time, a group of typical old negroes, who were involved in heated discussions concerning the “white folks at de gret house.”

But on this particular day there was no time to bother either with “young Marse George’s ’tentions to Miss ’Lizabeth Beverley,” nor “Miss Sallie’s rheumatix,” because Aunt Mirandy, the former “nuss to all de chillun at de gret house,” and the leader of “de quality and industrus niggers,” was returning on the afternoon boat from a visit to her son “way out yonder in Jersey,” and everything was in a “corruption,” as Eliza Jones expressed it, getting ready for the return.

No person was as conspicuous in the preparations as old Uncle Job, gray, stooped, and patriarchal, who, leaning on his never-absent walking stick, hobbled slowly to the barn to hitch old Ready to the buggy, for to Uncle Job had been given the particular honor of meeting Aunt Mirandy at the wharf.

He, too, had been “quality” in his day, serving as “Marse Henry’s” body-servant all through the war, and it was rumored that he and Aunt Mirandy had long been devoted lovers, but neither had ever been able to give up their independence and the control of their respective cabins even for love, or, who knows, perhaps, some hidden reason of their own had postponed their “nuptials.” At any rate, it had long been a source of much

conjecture and dispute, but no definite facts had ever been gathered, though the wiser ones attributed it to a certain shyness, long characteristic of Uncle Job when affairs of the heart were mentioned.

He was much excited, as he whistled, in a shrill cracked voice, to the old white horse.

"Wall, is dat yo'? Yo' gittin' deaf as wall as blind, I 'spose! Kyarnt hear me callin' at yo', I reckon! Whyn't you come on out heah, hoss? You'se so spilt yo' kyarnt hardly walk! Jes as able to git about es I is. Thinks I'se got to wait on yo' jes' 'cause you'se white an' I'se black, but I giss you'se got fo' legs and I ain't got but two. N'em mind, I ain't a-gwine to do it." Then, as if he feared the horse would not understand his jesting, he added apologetically, patting his mane: "You knows I don' mean nothin' by what I sez. I'se jes' prodjickin' wid yo', but Mirandy is a-comin' back dis ebenin', an' I are a lettle excited at seein' her agin'. I'se done been a-prodjickin' an' a-prodjickin' eber sence she went out yonder, an' I'se 'bout done made up my mind to pop dat question dis ebenin' 'ceptin nohow. I'se done been berry loneful, I is, eber sence she done been away, an' I ain't a-gwine to let her go no more doutin' I can't help it. Now yo' jes' let me git my beaver off dat thar buggy seat whar I lef' it for fearin' it would git spilt, an' I reckon we'll be joggin' along."

To-day he was setting out on an important mission, and was, therefore, arrayed in his Sunday best. He wore a long-tailed grey coat and a pair of striped trousers, which had had already many owners. His deep-cut waistcoat, from the topmost button of which depended a huge brass watch-chain, disappearing conspicuously into a side pocket, displayed a huge expanse of one of "Marse Henry's" long-discarded pleated-bosomed shirts, crowned by a collar which insisted on rising often to the edge of his chin, leaving behind a flaming scarlet tie. Over all this the old man's thin and crinkled beard fell in uneven fringes, surrounding a sable, wrinkled face, which shone with kindness and good humor.

But the crowning glory of Uncle Job's "meeting-house brigalia" was a high silk hat, moth-eaten in places, and so much too big that it had been stuffed under the sweat-band with wads

of newspaper; yet, in spite of this wadding and constant adjustment by the wearer, it often assumed most ridiculous poses.

"Young Marse Henry" had presented the beaver to him many years before, and, by careful preservation, it still was "very fittin' " to wear on Sundays. It was his most cherished possession, and no king ever wore a crown with more pride and dignity than did Uncle Job wear this hat on that November evening, as he mounted to his seat, gathered up the "lines," and drove off with an expression on his ancient countenance that was an adequate index to what was going on in his heart.

The horse's placid movement grew even more leisurely and sedate than usual as he passed along the road between the white-washed cabins of the "quarters," under the faintly rustling walnut trees; but Uncle Job no more noticed this than he did the little pickaninnies, who left their mud pies to hang on behind the buggy, wondering at the reverend Uncle, on this week-day, dressed in his "high-top hat" and "Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes," so lost was he in thoughts of Aunt Mirandy, as he hummed absently, "Gawd don't want no coward soldiers." Now and then he paused to jerk out the whip and strike at the dog that ran barking and jumping beside the buggy. "Git away from heah, yo' durn yallow dawg! What yo' think yo' doin' gittin' messed up in my affairs. Yo' ain't nivver bin nowhah wid me. Don't speck ye gwine now, do yo'?"

A faint whistle up the river warned him that the boat would soon be in. Suddenly he was all astir, clucking and calling "giddup" to Ready at the top of his cracked voice. "Dis heah hoss do 'pear slower dis ebenin' dan I ever knewed him before. Giddup! giddup! Lawd 'a mercy, if dat boat ain't a-gwine to beat me! Dat won't nivver do! Excusin' de delay, Sister Mirandy she'd be a snortin' aroun' like a young iliphant, an' wouldn't let me say one word to her all de way home, much less any love-making. For Lawd's sake, yo' old fool, giddup! Giddup!"

Ready reached the wharf just as the boat drew alongside, and it was a heated and much awry old man who hobbled sprily up to the gang-plank, jerking his hat from his left ear, whence the race had sent it, with a bow which took in the length of the wharf.

Thus he stood for several moments, but no Sister Mirandy appeared. His smile grew less expansive, and he looked anxious. Surely he would not be disappointed now!

The whistle blew, the gang-plank was drawn in, taking with it his last hope, and leaving a dejected Uncle Job looking around in a bewildered fashion. Ah! there was "Parson Jones," just returning from a visit to "de city." Surely he could tell where Sister Mirandy Johnson was! Uncle Job crossed over to him, and indifferently inquired after her.

"Wall, I'se powerful sorry dat yo' ain't seed Sister Mirandy, but, as it's gettin' long towards de shank ob de ebenin', p'raps you'd like to ride a piece up de road wid me; might put yo' long home 'fore dark."

Uncle Job's disappointment was soon forgotten as he listened eagerly to "de parson's 'speriences" on his first visit "out yonder."

"Wall, Brer Job, yo' know de Bible seys, 'Poverty ain't no disgrace, but it sartainly is ill-convenient.' I'se done fully realized de truthfulness of dis statement sense I'se been in Jersey whah dar ain't no chicken coops nor no watermillion patches. (De "parson" cast a knowing glance at Uncle Job.) Yes, it sure are true! Out deah yo' has to pay for eben de water yo' drink, an' half de time yo' don't know what ye gittin' ater yo' pay for it. Now, take one day when I went into one dem deah resurants—you know de place whah yo' buy yo' victuals. De gal she comes around to me, an' she seys, 'Will you prefer hyar or pok chops?' I seys, seys I, 'Considerin' dat we has hyar at my house very frequent like, I'll take some pok chops.' Wall, 'fore Gawd, Brer Job, when dem pok chops got deah dey want nothin' but hog meat.

"But I 'clar to Gawd, doutin' no exception, dem elebaters is de most curioses things I ever did seed. My daughter, she carried me into one of dem big compartment stores, and dere was a nigger all ilegantly dressed in uniform a-standin' in a iron cage. Seys he 'Up?' to Eliza, and she seys 'Yes.' Wall, we steps in, but I must seys I had some compunctions 'bout gittin' in. Fust thing I knewed we was being drawed right up in de air. I hollered an' I hollered, but 'twouldn't do no good.

De nigger he kept a-working a wheel, and a-laughing fit to kill hisself, and Eliza she kept a-tellin' me to shet up. As we was drawed fust up an' den down, I couldn't help a-hollerin', 'Gawd A'mighty, nigger, is yo' gwine to take me to paradise or to de debbil?' 'Rectly dey seed how scared and trembly I was dey opened de cage an' let me out, an', so help me, Gawd, I ain't a-gwine to git in one ob dem things agin. Brer Job, would it ill-convenience yo' any to stop a minute an' let me step in dat yonder store to git me a plug of tobacco. I chawed up my last piece last night on dat yeah steamer, and I'se pretty dry now."

"Aw, now, Brer Jones, yo' jes' step right along. 'Twouldn't hurt dis heah bones to blow a minute nohow."

In a few minutes Brother Jones, very much excited, came out on the store porch, and shouted to Job, "Aw, Brer Job, de boss seys dere's a 'fone message bin a-waitin' heah all day for some nigger at Oakland, and he 'specks you'd better come in and take it."

Uncle Job, beaming with a mingled feeling of importance and fright, for his conversations over the 'phone had been few, entered the store. The clerk got the agent for him, and it was a shaky old man who, after climbing cautiously up on a soap box, took the receiver in his hand, and bellowed into the instrument, "Hello, hello, is dat yo', central?"

"Wall, did any one want to speak to a nigger from Oakland?"

"Is dis de agent at Baltimore?"

"Wall, I'se Marse Henry's Job, yo' knows Marse Henry, don't yo'? What! Ain't nivver heard o' Marse Henry? Lawd, mister, yo' sartainly is ignorant like. Why, even ebery nigger in dis county knows Marse Henry. What? Yo' don't want no foolin'? Yo' want Job Jackson? Well, yo' needn't be so pertinent; I reckon dis is Job Jackson now. Yes, sir, says youse in a hurry? Wall, I sartainly ain't de one to keep yo' waitin', as I'se due long down de road 'fore now. What did yo' say?"

"'Fore Gawd, man, yo' kyarn't mean it! Mirandy dead! I tole dat nigger somethin' was a-gwine to happen ef she went out yonder! What d'ye say? De body has been sant as far as Baltimore, and can't git no funder? What done stop it?"

"Twenty dollars 'spress charges? Lawd, Mister, she could

travel for less dan dat when she was alive. What? Wall, dat's 'tirely too 'sponsive, an' as we niggers down heah is havin' special hard times, I guess you'd better let it come along doutin' no cost. What! can't let it come until you git de money?

"W—a—ll, I'se moughty sorry, mister, 'cause I would like powerful to tend Mirandy's funeral, but dere sartainly ain't no niggers heah what can pay twenty dollars eben for a funeral. so you just leave it right dah, an' I reckon you'll be glad enough to send it in a few days doutin' no charges. Good-day, boss.

"What, d'ye say? Can't we possible raise de money? I powerful 'fraid we kyarnt. I'se berry sorry, but Marse Henry will be oneasy ef I don't hurry up an' git dat hoss home, so guess I'll be movin' along.

"What? For Gawd's sake, wait a moment?

"Yes, yes, you'll send it down on de next boat! Now, you'se talking sense. I thought you'd come around. So long! I'd better be a-spreadin' de news."

Leaping, bounding, trembling, radiant Uncle Job ran out to where the impatient "Parson" awaited him.

"Lawdy, Brer Johnson, I'se so berry oxcited I scarcely can 'spress myself, but we'd better be a-steppin' long lively, 'cause Sis Mirandy's done ceased, an' yo' an' I'se got to plan a gret buryin' fer her. Bein' es I ain't niver had no near relations, I ain't nivver had dis pleasure afore, but I'se gwine to be de boss of dis heah affair sure's yo' born, an' dere's gwine to be a grand reunion of all de niggers to-morrow. But we'd better be a-drivin' on 'fore dark, les' we might miss formin' de neighborhood. Brer Johnson, ples take des heah 'lines'; I'se so upstirred I jes' can't settle down to drivin'. Jes' to think how dat black nigger Mirandy done gone an' stole sech a march on us!"

And so on the homeward journey Uncle Job was so delighted at the prospects of being chief mourner at a funeral that he forgot the intended marriage altar.

ICHABOD.

William McCallum Plowden, '19.

I stand among the ruins of a place
Where once, in ancient years, a mighty kingdom
Flourished, and from whence the laws went out
To half the world. But, lo! its power is gone,
And on the very spot where solemn temples
Reared their giant forms aloft, where orators
In all the heat and warmth of disputation
Swayed the listening crowd, and where the serried
Ranks of legions, unconquered by the Parthian
Spear, untamed by northern cold, and unsubdued
By Afric's desert heat, marched proudly on
To victory, or to death, while far and wide
And all around the plaudits of the multitude,
The thunderous acclamations of the rabble
Crowd, rose one blended shout, that shook
The very air; lo! on that self-same spot
The ravages of man, and time, have wrought
A mournful ruin. The pillars of her Parthenons
Have fall'n athwart the way, the statues of
Her mighty, half buried by the rubbish,
Lie strewn around in mutilated form,
And e'en her ramparts of defense have crumbled
Into dust. A kindly vine, deep rooted
In the compost of decaying buildings,
Twines itself around the remnants of her ruins,
As if to hide from all observers
The greatness of her glory
And the terror of her fall.
Yea, on this very spot where once, in days
Of yore, the voice of eloquence rang out,
The drum-beat called to arms, and where the busy
Thoroughfares and marts pulsated with
The blood of trade, or echoed to the songs

Of mirth, the horned owl now keeps her nightly
Vigils, and the mottled viper glides
Unchecked by any human hand.

It is while looking on such scenes as this
That thoughts of human impotence in power,
The brevity of life's short day, and all
The pomp, and pride, and vanity of man,
In rearing for himself such symbols of
His might, are forced upon our minds. The greatest
Kingdoms, and the mightiest empires, all feel
The sunshine for a while, and then go down.
And when we look across the years of time,
Since first the waves of history rolled away
From Eden's gate, the span of human life
Seems even shorter; a little bubble on
The ocean's tide; a little insect which
Beholds the light of one day only;
A transitory glow, as evanescent
As the momentary light that trails
A falling meteor. Such is life. Then let
Us act our little part like men,
That, when the final consummation comes,
We may receive the verdict of a labor well performed.

YE BORROWERS!

Emily Gardner, '18.

CO all those who have been blessed with the generous good fortune of being able to live in the inner sanctuary (I must thus express it!) of a college, the place of good cheer despite the seasons of salty showers, the home of all classes and descriptions of humanity, the meeting place of characters painted in all hues, to all these, I say, in these few brief lines I may be able to strike a chord in their past existence which will stir up or rejuvenate some fond or, perchance, some bitter recollection. The dormitory (if I may use the material collective word) of a college, I care not how few the number of students, is a museum containing a heterogeneous collection of humanity. Each one stands out in vivid outlines, apart, different from the rest, and—may I shyly hint—rather priding and puffing herself over the thought.

Ah, come before me, just for a moment, ye friends and acquaintances of my youth! There is Afreeda R——! Look upon her as she strides past, a spectacle of self-importance. See the deep frown upon her brow. One might think that she thought, and the profound look in her eyes would certainly be mistaken for something of the deeper sort. Behold her as she approaches a group of her college chums, and as they receive her with open arms—her, the genius of wisdom, the leader of her college (in her own opinion). They have been indulging in a fearful discussion over some necessary college problem, and they turn to her in their perplexity (for college problems are as difficult for the student to solve as the great life combats and trials that we, who have already embarked on life's great whirlpool of mix-ups, of ups and downs, have encountered), who has never failed them with an answer. Little do they know that her sagacity is that borrowed from the store-room of other brains; that she is the gatherer of ideas long since expressed, but which suit the present occasion; that this moment she is giving them the knowledge that but a few moments before she had obtained

probably from some timid by-stander, who feared to openly announce her opinion, which she had just concocted in her original brain. How often, oh, goddess of borrowed wisdom, hast thou presided over the council of heated discussions with a knowing air! How long hast thou made thyself esteemed sage of the sagest! How long hast thou flaunted others' opinions! Perhaps 'twere better as it were. Some one must be the transporter of ideas, else who would be receivers?

I hear a vicious tap on my door. Some one is angry, for how could such vigorous language be expressed so powerfully! I fling the door open. What can be the matter? A pair of angry brown eyes meet my gaze, flashing (as the common phrase runs) with fire. They bound in, propelled along by a human body. I inquire the reason of this stormy entry, and I am informed that Matilda has borrowed the blazing (now tearful) brown eyes' new dress, the dress she had never even yet had the overwhelming delight of christening, the dress "that passeth all understanding." I ask of her why she lent it, and receive the emphatic retort, "What else could I do?" And I smiled as I thought of the offender. While her loving parents had supplied her with all that was in their capability, had spoiled her from infancy, yet never, in her mind, were the ornaments which were rightfully hers quite beautiful enough, quite resplendent enough, to set off all the girlish charms of her figure. Often had I heard the complaints of the oppressed, and I had felt sorry for them from my corner of the untouched—untouched, did I say? because (and I smile as I recollect it) I was considered withal not stylish enough to be the proud possessor of any Athenian garment which would so wonderfully contrast the glowing color of her cheeks and the white forehead with the band of pearls gracefully draped on her raven locks. And I felt so slighted, so very like an orphan. I wonder now how I bore the tremendous shame, the hurt of hurts to all females. That borrower of clothes never had anything from a pin to a dress, or, at best, it was not obtainable, and her cry of "May I borrow this just for to-day," reverberating through the halls, fell piteously on the ears of the hearers, until, with tears streaming down their cheeks, they gave to the poor afflicted girl all that they possessed.

What pictorial face is this I see before me now? Indeed, it was as well painted as any I have ever seen at the Art Gallery in Washington. The blossoming red of the cheeks and lips would well become a glorious, awe-inspiring sunset. Ah, woman's masterpiece, (not Nature's forsooth,) what would you have of us poor mortals? Dost thou not, oh, borrower of beauty! realize that we must be affected by such as thou? How could we withstand thy fearful sway, O, thou master-maker? Thy visage, so resplendent, would move rocks and mountains to protest. The deep circles, so coyly blackened under your azure eyes, would wring the heart of a Nero—but what God hath not given let woman supply!

But enough of this. I mean no harm; I love you all. You have the hearts of queens, notwithstanding, and I, alas! the heart of a rascal.

THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

Edloe Bryan Snead, '16.

LITERARY Societies have been factors of inestimable benefit to those who have been members of them. It is obvious that they have been sources of usefulness and instruction to their members, in that they have encouraged thinking, writing, and speaking. To the Literary Societies, past and present, of Richmond College, we owe much of the success and merit of the College publications. The Literary Societies have been the backbone of practically all of our College publications, and an attempt to present the history of this magazine is futile unless I give some recognition to the force that gave it birth and carefully reared it.

The ten years following the founding of Richmond College was entirely devoid of any papers, either issued by individuals, by a few, or by a Literary Society. But September 10, 1842, marked the beginning of an era in College activities which was literary from the outset, and destined to continue. This new era dawned when the Franklin and Columbian Debating Societies, so called then, found expression in the first paper in the history of the College. *The Observer* was the paper. It was not printed, but written by hand, and carefully and diligently prepared. *The Observer* was the pride and joy of the two Societies. It was not a voluminous issue. It consisted usually of only a sheet or two.

Precisely four years later a new organization was established. It was the Mu Sigma Rho Society, which has since continued, and has crowned itself with many noble victories. September 10, 1846, is a memorable date to the Mu Sigs. The new organization continued for four years without feeling the need of a paper. But when the need came it came like a streak of lightning. The Society found light in the paper, which they named *The Star*, on November 15, 1850. It was, indeed, an interesting

issue, full of humor, wit, and intellect. It was analogous to *The Observer* in that it was written by hand. It was short, and read to the Society at each meeting.

A date equally as important to the Philologists as September 10, 1846, is to the Mu Sigs. is October 12, 1855. This month, day, and year marked the creation of an organization whose object was sincere and hard work. The organizers, many of whom are well known—W. E. Hatcher, C. H. Ryland, Harvey Hatcher, Edward Eppes, and Thomas Binford—were men of iron in their determination to do things. Their career in after light is an inspiration to every American boy and girl. The progressiveness of these men was the means of the Mu Sigma Rhonians being aroused from their lethargy.

The Star continued on its successful career for a period of six years. On April 25, 1856, however, a member of the Mu Sigma Rho Society suggested a change. His suggestion was that a committee of four be appointed each month by the President to edit a paper to be called *The Mu Sigma Rhonian Star*. Now there was nothing startling about this suggestion. The recommendation was purely for the betterment of the paper. The new paper was merely the enlargement of *The Star*. Opportunities were now bright for the paper.

The Mu Sigs. were very much elated over the enlarged paper. But, after two years' time, they appear to be a little dissatisfied with just one paper, and a gentleman by the name of Thornton suggested an additional paper. It was to be called *The Gladiator*, on recommendation of the same gentleman. A board of four editors was provided for in the motion. Both papers, *The Gladiator* and *The Mu Sigma Rhonian Star*, were read in the Society at the same meeting. The former was started on January 22, 1858, and continued for some time.

One year subsequent to the establishment of the Philologist Society, the Philologists felt the need of a paper in their Society, to be devoted to their interests. The name which was proposed, *Philologist Organ*, was adopted, but the Society did not long remain contented with the title. As a result of the dissatisfaction the name was changed to that of *Classic Gem*. The Society felt that they alone were able to write such a paper. It met

with great success, its topics being of much interest and well thought out.

On November 23, 1867, a motion was made that the *Classic Gem* be published. A committee was appointed to consider the motion, and later it was adopted. There were three editors at this particular time, and later another was added. This paper was the literary paper of the Philologian Society. Records show that the *Gem* was still being published as late as 1877.

The students had felt keenly the need of a paper to be devoted to their interests, and to serve as a medium of communication between them and the outside world. Many efforts had been spent, energy wasted, and time lost to establish a paper, but in most cases the paper, such as they desired, was always deemed to be inexpedient. The literary societies grasped the situation, and made inquiries as to the expediency of issuing a monthly journal in lieu of their weekly manuscript papers. High water washed both hopes and plans away. The matter was dropped.

The inception was with the session of '76, when a student procured a hand press. He issued a sheet, small in size, called the *College Mercury*. The effect on those about was said to have been electrical. It was so successfully received that the students conceived the idea of forming a company to publish a larger journal. The idea was executed presto, the company was formed, officers and editors were elected, and, as a result of their labor, those who had awaited were showered with the first number of the *Monthly Musings* on January, 1876. Curiously enough, the *Gem* offered its tribute of sorrow to the departed *Mercury*, wishing the editor a happy future where the *mercury* never falls."

The *Monthly Musings* was purely an organ of the students of the College, devoted to the furtherance of practical knowledge. The news was purely that of the College, discussions, correspondence, sketches, both historical and biographical, reminiscences of college life, and reports of all public exercises. The publication appeared the first of every month during the session.

In January, 1877, the *Monthly Musings* changed owners. At a meeting of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Societies the complete stock, subscription list, and good will of this paper was formally presented to the Societies, and accepted by them.

From that time the management of the paper devolved upon the Societies, or those appointed by them. Shortage of funds had *negatived* many papers in this direction, but at the close of Volume I. the paper had succeeded well. Expenses had been paid; capital had been increased. Sympathy and encouragement were expected from every member, and they were received. The *Monthly Musings* was the first paper published jointly by the two Societies.

The *Mu Sigma Rhonian Star* and the *Classic Gem* were still in existence. They were being edited by their respective Societies.

Following the death and funeral of the *Monthly Musings*, which was attended by members of both Societies, THE RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER came into existence. The death of the former paper was attributed to general debility, brought about by exertion. THE MESSENGER, which followed the *Musings*, was similar in many respects to the latter. Of course, it was larger and more robust in form. Before the present name was accepted for the publication, it is indeed interesting to know that another title had been proposed. That objections always follow suggestions, it is true, but for such an objection to have been offered and accepted as this, "that, in getting the pronunciation correct, there was fear that the 'rats' would ruin their vocal organs," it is evident enough—at least, obvious enough—that such a title as *The Philo-Mu Sigma Rhonian* was altogether inappropriate.


The truth of the matter is this: There was no death, no funeral; it was that the *Musings* entered upon a career of greater opportunity and prosperity under a new name and in a new form, much improved. The change took place in October, 1878.

THE FLIGHT OF A VISION.

AN ECLOGUE.

V. S. Metcalf, '16.

ARGUMENT.

HE poet Amoritus strives to view, in concrete images, his conception of his ideal. Each time, however, he realizes that the vision is the Spirit of Love itself, which he cannot analyze. He sees it in the city, in the meadows, fields, and in the storm. The mature Sapientio vainly tries to awaken him to the reality of life. A Spirit comforts Amoritus.

Amoritus is seated in garlands of flowers; Sapientio, reclining near by, listens to the poet only now and then. The Spirit hovers in the background.

Amoritus—Let Nature have her dazzling fields,
 And radiant meadows decked with gold;
 In these I glory, more inspiring
 Than hardening uniformity.
 Yet the seeker after beauty,
 Rich its brightness, gifted grace,
 Comes not upon his cherished flower.
 'Tis not always in those fields
 The gem lies glowing on its kind.

Sapientio—Remember not th' elusive form—
 Avert thy thoughts too long astray
 From city and from dewy field.

Amoritus—I stood and gazed, forgetting all,
 E'en the care of the morrow's toil;
 And on my now enraptured soul
 Eyes of wondrous lustre turned—
 Sapphire hue or deeper azure.
 Happy glimpses now and then
 While I sit in meditation—

Gorgeous western softening light
 Spread its tint o'er both our faces,
 Wrapt in musing thoughts.
 Ere long the vision's sudden flight
 Left a soul in deepest gloom;
 May some day dawn on its return;
 My soul arises, finding visions new.

Sapientio—In all the thoughts I had and loved
 But one alone clave unto me,
 When in grief I groaned aloud:
 Lose not thy faith in fellow-man.
 I turned my mind to other things
 To avoid my melancholic gloom—
 The western sunset caught my eye.
 Thy roseate light aglow as fire,
 With shining clouds above,
 Drives out all worldly thoughts I have—
 Gives place to those of love.
 And, as the waning twilight flame
 Sinks down o'er neighboring hills,
 A calm repose sweeps through my soul,
 A turbulent passion stills.

Amoritus—The sweet-toned lyre poured forth its rhythmic notes
 To trees and sprouts unchanged in verdure's hue,
 Where thou art resting as a care-free soul;
 No dark'ning clouds speak out in angry roar,
 Nor troubled winds disturb thy melody.
 Ling'ring by with light of treasure gold
 The setting evening sun reflects its beams
 Upon those sapphire gems—thine eyes, as jewels,
 Until I stand in contemplative awe,
 And ask, "Is this the land of Heart's Desire?"
 'Tis said the heart assumes enormous breadth,
 Assailed by all the darts of Cupid's quiver;
 So did mine own as I beheld the scene.
 With many happy days spent in those fields
 I felt as if the time moved not apace.
 The vision's sudden flight brought back the earth,

Whereon I stood in loamy, sinking tracks;
And still I pause, with steady, searching glance
For light to glow, amidst the darkening clouds,
Wherewith the realistic vision comes,
And music from the lyre—the strings now snapp'd,
Will spread its notes whereon thy footsteps tread.

Spirit—I was once a human form,
Roamed the earth, forlorn of hope
And destitute. 'Twas as a storm,
The many troubles bursting forth.
The torrent drenched each shiv'ring tree—
Through flesh and blood it drenched the soul,
E'en to the inner soul it rushed,
Which, like a sponge, was oozing brine
Of bitter meditations forth.
The lightning tore its vacuous path
To that decaying cankerous core;
And while Jove's right released its bolt
I shrank as one far in despair!
Behold! A glow above the tempest's ire
Sends soothing rays to the tortured sore—
And healing tints of mellow hue
Gird about with radiant stream
The once forlorn and dying growth.

Sapientio—Hark ye, O, poet—
The many crowded dreams of nobler things
Whirl by in swerving, dizzy undulation;
And e'en a change of heart it brings,
Although that heart defied all penetration;
And in my sleep, a sleep so dearly won,
The threshold ope'd, the radiant gate swung wide,
While soulful strains of ambling rhythmic tone
Possessed my inner ear, now open wide.
From ev'ry fiery stream of gorgeous hue
The light shone on the golden harpsichords—
I grasped the gate—a voice far in the blue
Spake out in wrath—I felt it was the Lord's:
"Thy earthly home, though but a place of toil,

Calls for its own thy willing, working hand;
For human weal that hand thou canst not soil
In service for thy fellow-man."

Amoritus—O lovely vision of my heart,
Why fade from me alone in drear—
A sigh now mingled with a tear—
To me a gleam of hope thou art.
But now a darkening mist creeps o'er
The grandeur of the glowing sphere;
Within, a beam yet shining clear
Keeps bright fond memories of yore.
And when once more the slothful days
File in never-ending line
To thy return, and also mine
From desolation's solaced ways.
Then the latent spark, still true,
Bursts forth its shell of ashen care,
And, blazing out in brilliance rare,
Restores the old, insures the new.

Spirit—Fear not, O, Soul; to thy relief I fly.
A pang of grief throughout thy sunken frame
Once held its grasp that none could tear asunder,
Yet not 'mid gorgeous radiance blessed of God.
I snap the chord, and let unprovindenced woe
Crash on its path to ev'ry open breast.
As beats the stream against the stubborn rock—
E'en greater doors than thine, unfettered thought,
Have I hewn down, scarce to pause and knock.
But ne'er was such until the spirit far within,
Desiring, hailed me on my swift but thorough way.

THERE ARE RATS AND RATS.

"*Caasi Segid.*"

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This story, or incident, or what you will, was told to the writer in much the same manner that Augustus Pym narrated his hair-raising story to Edgar Allan Poe. No names will be revealed in this, as per contract.]

I AM a Senior, with all the necessary qualifications of a Senior. I need not tell you that I am an atheist, a cynic, a believer in my own infallibility, and an exponent of Swift's "Whatever is is wrong" theory, for these things would not interest you. Suffice it to say that I am a Senior. Since I am a Senior, I am unnaturally going to be frank, and make some general admissions about that body of students who hope to have, in a few days, a series of unalphabetically arranged letters after their names. Seniors among themselves are gullible, frank, and frequently effervescent; among under-class men they are snobbish, patronizing, superior. Every Senior that ever existed has always possessed these qualities, and every Senior will always possess them, for they are the qualifications, or essentials, of being a Senior.

Seniors enjoy a retrospective turn of mind. It is their balm of existence to talk of the things that were, in blatant, bombastic talk—with just a touch from the imagination—and to contrast the things that were with the things that are. They glory in the past, and cynicize the present.

Admitting all these things about Seniors, I yet have doubts about the way in which this narrative should be related. I am trying, you can realize, to get as far away from those things that limit the ability of a Senior in writing, and to write frankly and realistically. With these various apologies for writing, if I have made any, and with this little *joie d'esprit* introduction, fit or unfit, I will start on my theme proper, if the stage is set.

One night, not so many weeks ago, when spring began to assert itself (no, this is not going to be an ephemeral poetic

output) and the pine-tags began to grow greener (I hope there is nothing poetic about pine-tags) I wandered out on the campus with my ukalali, strumming a chord now and then, and puffing on my pipe—all college men smoke pipes. I wandered over to the vicinity of that relic of the ancient Greeks, the concrete stadium, where the mud was soft and of a juicy red variety, and peculiarly friendly with my new white shoes—yes, the same shoes that caused such a ripple of comment at supper.

Soon the moon came creeping over the stadium, just as it has been doing for years, revealing a picturesque conglomeration of hilly roads, mud puddles, and red clay. It also showed the stadium off to some considerable advantage. The tiers of seats reminded one of the mediæval catacombs of Europe, and the doors at the entrances were as gates to the terrors within. What a comfortable feeling it was! The pine trees behind the stadium cast their shadows before them, and, in the rustling breeze, they bowed to and fro, looking like veiled mourners entering the vaults. I demanded a closer, more intimate view, for I had nothing to fear, and walked boldly over, feeling safe and contented.

Underneath the nearest pine I sat down, and struck a chord. The low, musical whine from the strings sent a thrill through me. Then I sang "Aloaha Oe." It was peculiarly pretty, for I really can sing. The weird fascination of the music soon grasped my brain, and I found myself carried away in the beauty of it.

Probably a hot breeze swept over my face. I am not certain about this, but something happened. I was in Richmond. I had been there all the time. No? But we will not discuss that now. Probably an explanation will show itself later. In a moment I was on the old campus, resplendent with its gigantic oak, elm, and cedar trees. So happy was I to be again in familiar surroundings I could scarce believe my eyes. Yet it was all true. I rubbed them again, to be sure that this was no passing dream, and then made a dive—a veritable dive—for Ryland Hall, where is situated the museum, in which historic spot I had formerly spent many joyous hours. The doors were unlocked. I entered. The whalebones greeted me with a sardonic smile, and I was again at home. I walked up the steps to the library, the same old steps with the creaking boards in the third, fourteenth, and

eighteenth planks. I joyed in the experience. Now, at the top, I looked at the familiar stained glass, with the unreadable inscription. The moon, throwing its white, illuminating rays through the giant windows, lit up everything. The door to the museum gave way easily, and I marched in, while the dust of the ages sifted down on my trousers and white shoes. Three steps to the left, and then circling Valentine's statue of Lee, and a diagonal turn brought me face to face with the Egyptian mummy, who had been sleeping in her sackcloth and dust for, lo, these thousands of years. I knelt at her shrine and did due obeisance.

I actually believed her to be *smiling*. Oh, God, what a sensation! This corpse was smiling at me—this carcass of the ancients. What! What had I to do with her? This was no place for me.

Cold beads of sweat began to trickle down my face and obscure my vision, splitting the moonbeams into millions of discordant and multi-colored rays. I moved back. I must get out. Why had I ever been tricked into coming into the damned hole?

As my hand, trembling, closed over the creaking knob of the door, a voice called me, "Why wilt thou desert me? Knowest thou not thy Diogena?" The voice was in a language which I had never heard before, but which I understood.

I turned again. This time my senses were confounded with another sight. Instead of the embalmed image of an Egyptian princess in a discarded casket, there stood a beautiful, enticing creature on the banks of the Nile, beckoning to me to come.

Then my soul was relieved of an awful burden, a chain that had bound me all my life, and which was unaccountable, an invisible yoke, always clutching at my heart-strings, and continually suggesting things entirely foreign to my immediate life.

But this sight of Diogena, beautiful, haughty Diogena, brought it all back to me. I was not Elvric Chesterton at all. I was the re-incarnated lover of Diogena. That, then, was the secret that the gods had thus far withheld from me. All was now clear. I rushed to Diogena, and clasped her to me. This delicious moment filled me with ecstasy, as I rumbled back over the ages, two thousand and nine years before the birth of the

Christ. What a glorious joy it was to disinter the past, especially so with my knowledge of the present!

We sat thus on the banks of the Nile, not uttering a word. The torrid sun was just sinking beyond the distant Sphinx, who now had a frown upon her countenance, and the refreshing breezes from the rippling water made it heaven. We wanted nothing. We were the universe to each other.

As Diogena related to me how she had watched my career through the ages, my reincarnation from time to time, I sat amazed. She spoke of things of which I was unconscious—no, not unconscious, for a certain subtle sub-consciousness about the things she spoke of made me shudder. Then, as she bent her supple, well-oiled, and highly-perfumed body over, placed my head on her breast, and a kiss upon my lips, telling me how I had remained faithful for all time, that I had never loved another, I knew that this was all the heaven I should ever desire, and wished it might remain ever thus. Our souls had transmigrated through eternity, and had met these four thousand and nine years later. Would the gods allow our souls to remain together, or were we fated to part and take up our Herculean duties in other parts of the world? What had I to wish for except Diogena? Had I not been buried alive in the stone recesses of an Egyptian pyramid, and mortared up, just for her love? I, an insignificant member of the court of Rameses, who had dared love the princess? If we were to be parted, was there no way of killing our souls that we might suffer this hell no longer?

These things passed through my mind, as well as much else, but I could not satisfy my soul with a solution. I cared nothing for the body. It was the soul!

I turned to Diogena. She was weeping. I asked her that she might tell me why she wept, but she closed up, just as the Sphinx once closed. How had I offended her? Mayhap she had married some one else in her reincarnations, and his soul was also pursuing.

Trembling, I again turned to her. She uttered a scream—a horrible, piercing, heart-rending scream, much such a scream as a person in mortal terror would make on his death-bed, knowing the terrors of hell to be imminent. I would know the trouble.

She was now shivering in my arms. The sun was now entirely gone, and the shades of night were drawing a sombre curtain over it all. She was slipping from me. I closed my eyes, and made my first prayer to the gods, that they should be merciful to me.

As I opened them the last vestige of Diogena disappeared. A large surly rat scampered across my feet.

What! Had my Diogena been transformed into a rat? Was that her fate? Was there no mercy even in the heavens? Were the gods idly playing nine-pins while I tore and beat on my soul, chuckling at my predicament?

I raised my voice again in supplication. This time I was answered. * * *

I got up, rubbed my eyes, played a few more strains of "Alaoha Oe," and then went back to my room, wondering on the strange effect of the weird, enchanting music of the Hawaiians.

THE MESSENGER.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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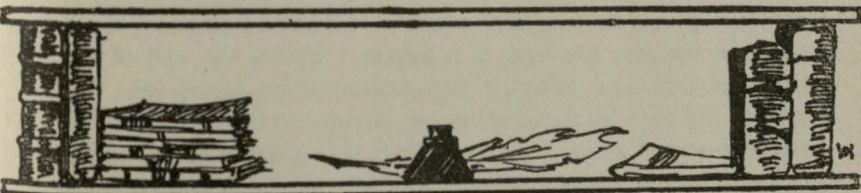
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EDITORIALS.

The idea that education should last only through the winter months is wrong. The vacation season should bring with it experiences of even greater pedagogical value than the classroom work of the winter. The value of change of work, of travel, of camp life, or making friendships in the outside world, of roughing it, or any of the other experiences that vacation may have in

store for us, can scarcely be estimated. Summer schools within the past few years have become of vast importance, but we can't help feeling that for the college man the vacation that is spent out of doors and in hard physical work counts for more than advanced standing in the winter school. At this time, just before the vacation season, we wish to call attention to two summer institutions that, within the last five years, have come to mean a great deal to college men.

The first is the Plattsburg military instruction camp. At least one of the sessions of this camp will be especially for undergraduate students of American colleges.

THE PLATTSBURG CAMP. This military camp has now been held in three successive summers. The camp is under the control of the United States War Department, but the student session is supervised by a board composed of the presidents of the leading American colleges. Regular army officers give instruction in military tactics, that is intensive, if not extensive. In addition to the numerous benefits of the out-door life and the military discipline, there is pleasure and profit to be obtained by meeting representative men of all the various American colleges.

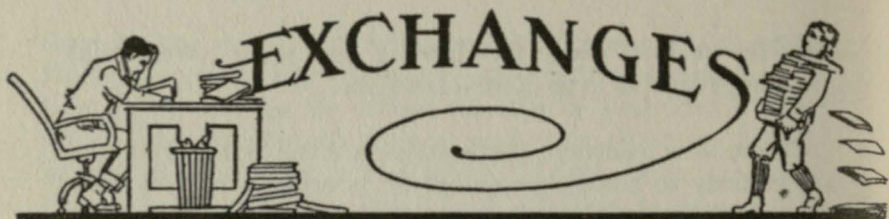
Personally, we do not believe in the kind of "preparedness" that would saddle this country with a large standing army. But individual preparedness, that consists of trained manhood, is the backbone, the *sine qua non*, of a nation. This is the sort of preparedness that the military instruction camps stand for. We regret to say that, so far as we know, Richmond College has never been represented at any of the camps. If a number of our undergraduates would spend a month at Plattsburg this summer, not only would they profit by the experience, but Richmond College would feel the good results.

The other gathering of students which we wish to call attention to is the Y. M. C. A. Conference to be held at Blue Ridge, beginning with the 16th of June. This will BLUE RIDGE. be the twenty-fifth session of the Conference, and the fifth held in the present Association buildings at Blue Ridge. Richmond College has had repre-

sentatives at Blue Ridge for three or four years. We should have a large number to go down this summer.

There is a tendency, particularly in small colleges, for the student body to become provincial in its attitude toward other colleges. The student body should be proud of its college, but when they come to think that their college is altogether right, and everybody else's is wrong, they are narrow-minded. The best antidote for such provincialism is found in such conferences, where men from all the colleges of the South can come together and exchange ideals. At Blue Ridge the point of view of the men who attend is widened, and, consequently, the view of the student body of the colleges they represent. By all means go to Blue Ridge.

It is with sincere regret that we have to apologize for a rather gross error in the May MESSENGER. The little poem used last month under the heading "A PROPER CREDIT. Selection," and signed "Anon.," is from Lowell's "In the Twilight." The stanza is well known, and we should have recognized it. We hope our readers in this instance will show more leniency than we deserve, and pardon the mistake.



E. J. Fox, '17.

In this, the last issue of our magazine for this session, we wish to extend to the rest of our tribe of exchange men and other editors our well wishes and a word of appreciation of their efforts and aid. To all with whom it has been our pleasure to exchange, we extend our thanks. We also wish you success and joy in the future. We have cherished, with pleasure, your generous spirit of helpfulness and co-operation in the past. We trust that it will continue and grow in the future. It has been a pleasure to me, as well as a source of knowledge, to review the literary efforts that have come to our desk from other colleges and secondary schools. All has not been read. All was not worth reading. However, much has been commendable and worthy, even though no mention of such was made through our columns. The editor feels that he has been unable to do justice to his department, and no one feels more deeply his shortcomings than himself. Through all his efforts, however, he has been actuated by no motive other than the spirit of helpfulness. Accordingly, we submit our efforts to the world, to meet with whatever fate they deserve.

We shall review but one magazine this month. In the past we have hesitated about criticising this publication, because of the fact that it does not contain an exchange department, and we do not wish to offer our criticism where it is not wanted. Evidently they do not appreciate the value of an exchange department, since it has been omitted from their editorials. Accordingly, it is a hazard this time, but we venture the following suggestions.

The University of Virginia Magazine has always held a high

place among college publications. Generally speaking, it is one of the best that come to our desk.

The University of Virginia Magazine. It still maintains the high literary standard of the institution (and when we consider the great literary talent that has received training there, this

statement is fraught with deep significance). Its cover design is too plain. There is an entire lack of artistic decoration whatever, and, consequently, the magazine fails to make the proper first impression. The list of contents should be on the inside, and the space it now occupies should be filled by a cut of some nature—for instance, the seal of the State or of the institution.

The April issue contains several articles of genuine literary merit. Especially are we pleased with the two sonnets, "Shakespeare" and "A Maryland Spring Sketch." The air is full of Shakespeare, and, as this sonnet strikes the keynote of the great bard's charm, I take the liberty of transcribing it below.

"The Red Room" is a wonderful bit of imaginative description. It portrays a curious craving of a drink demon's imagination for the horrible. The emotion of terror was the sole object of the maker of the "Red Room," because on it alone his soul fed. "Caroline Street" is, on the other hand, a realistic description of the horrible results of drink and its attendant vices. Amid the squalor and filth of the under-world, two sailors become embroiled over a mere phrase of a song, which leads to a life and death struggle, in which one stabs the other to death. The realization of the deed sobers the drunken brute, and he bewails the death of his comrade, whom but a few seconds since he loved.

The editorial department is too short. It covers but one page.

SHAKESPEARE.

Who stands at eventide upon thy shore,
O, great Atlantic, sees the waves fringe white
In rhythmic swell; spies here and there a light
Far out at sea that never shone before;
Feels on his cheek fair winds that evermore
Shall hold their fragrance—and when falling night
Envelops him, still knows the tranquil might

Of deeps that lie beyond the breakers' roar.
So we, lone gazing from our shore of Thought,
Do breathe eternal freshness from the sea
Of thy vast Book, thou poet of all Space,
Great Shakespeare! Nor when Life's dark eve hath brought
An inland silence, are we yet full free
To sound such truths as filled thy mind apace.

—*The University of Virginia Magazine.*

Westhampton College Department.

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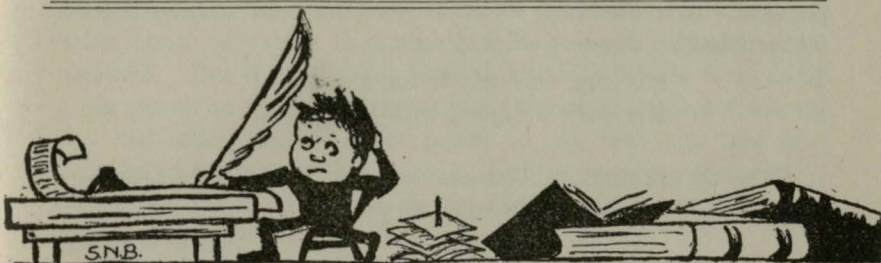
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EDITORIAL.

"I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter;
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the meter;
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought,
Or if ever a painter, with light of shade,
The dream of his utmost heart betrayed."

This little piece of poetry came to us from we hardly know

where, but it brought a big message with it. Every person is a singer. Life is one great symphony, and the Great Master of Song has given us each a little tune to add to this symphony of the ages. *How* we sing it is what we give in return. Often we criticise those next to us. We say, "Oh, that girl sings off the key; somehow her high notes are flat, and her voice just jars." But stop and listen again. Yes, now we understand, and we know the tune is far braver than we guessed. Perhaps now we hear the rich fullness of the low tones and the sincere feeling with which the song is uttered. Look into your heart, and then listen to your own voice. Is *your* song as beautiful as you had dreamed it? Do not the muscles of *your* throat sometimes contract, so that you sing a false note? "I wonder if ever a song was sung but the singer's heart sang sweeter." So let us try not to judge too quickly, but to learn to appreciate these brave little tunes, and to help make them as happy and care-free as possible. And one day we shall find that our song is a little nearer what we dreamed of making it.

"His song was only living aloud—
His work a singing with his hands."

The Westhampton Association for Student Self-Government—what do those words mean to you?

WORDS THAT MEAN SOMETHING.	Perhaps you never had a very formal introduction to that Association. When you came to College you found
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it for granted that you understood the duties and privileges which it brings. If you asked, very timidly, what you did in Student Government, you were very probably told that you needn't do anything, for it would "do you"! When you met the President you looked upon her with awe, and when you had paid your dues you resolved that the less connection there was between you and Student Government the better it would be for your own comfort and pleasure. This resolution was probably strengthened by rumors of campus sentences and call-ups. And the ability to "get away" with little things which weren't exactly right added to your vanity, never disturbing your conscience	it here, and every one seemed to take
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at all. But this is not the way you will look upon Student Government if you will only think about it a little. And certainly we all want the best attitude—the one which our highest sense of honor, loyalty, and right will give us—to hand on to the new students, the class of 1920.

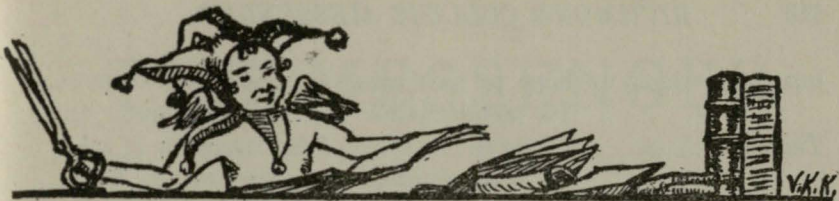
What membership in any kind of an association or club implies depends, to a great extent, upon the nature of the organization, but there is always a mutual give and take. One never expects to give all and receive nothing, or *vice-versa*. If organization stands for anything, or if membership is not easily obtainable, to any one who becomes a member the honor and reputation of her organization becomes something very vital, and something to be guarded assiduously. Did you ever belong to a little club, or perhaps a real sorority, and feel that you must always conduct yourself so that every one would think your bunch was the nicest one of all? Some one will say that, since membership in this organization for self government is an honor thrust upon us, rather than one sought, our attitude cannot be the same. But if we did not have it, wouldn't we do everything in our power to get it, and have it here ready for those students who will follow us? We are proud to say that any one who becomes a student at Westhampton College becomes *ipso facto* a member of the Student Association for Self-Government, and we should always have its interests in mind.

The relation between the officers of Student Government and the students themselves should be one of shared responsibilities and loyal co-operation. Officers should not be regarded as the only ones who stand for law and order. They do not want to take all the responsibility, any more than they want to settle things without your aid and co-operation. Each student is not only responsible for herself, but also for the influence which she exerts and the sentiment which she creates, just as much as any officer of the Association is responsible. The Council makes regulations which are thought to be for the good of every one, but it is no more their duty to be policemen, as it were, and see that these rules are kept, than it is yours. It is left to your honor—that is all. And if you cannot be trusted in these things, small as they may seem, and if you have not honor concerning

them, the habit will grow until you can be trusted in nothing. The fact that you do not agree with Council rulings does not free you from conforming to them. They are made in accordance with the Council's idea of your sense of right and wrong, for it would be very foolish for any Council not to be affected and guided by the sentiment of that student body whose loyal support is their chief source of strength.

This is not a plea for an over-scrupulous or prudish sense of honor, but rather for a sensible and admirable one. Neither is it a plea for a puritanical adherence to the letter of our laws, but rather for a little more thoughtfulness in following the spirit. Petty rules are an abomination, and the number which we have is going to be in inverse proportion to the care and judgment with which we exercise our freedom. Often the thoughtlessness of a few seriously affects the freedom of many. We would do well to remember this fact, and always be guided by it.

We have an Association for Student Self-Government. If we give it the best that we have, then the best will come back to us. We like those words—Association for Self-Government. Let us think what they mean, and all be members in the truest sense.



EXCHANGES.

Eleanor Robertson, '19.

ANOTHER COLLEGE'S SHAKESPEAREAN CELEBRATION.

For the past month we have all felt as though Shakespeare's three hundredth anniversary had come only in Virginia, and that it was the special duty of our College to celebrate it. The Woman's College of Alabama was the first to remind us that we were not the only celebraters. Their *College Bulletin* has issued a special Shakespeare

*The
Alabama College
Bulletin.*

number, which gives us a good description of their festivities. Instead of having a big Pageant, this college held a three days' celebration, with different programs, which must have been beautiful. The invitations were made up of lines from Shakespeare, put together so as to describe the revels. On the first two days there were addresses on "The Significance of the Shakespeare Tercentenary," "Shakespeare's Women," and "The Universality of Shakespeare's Genius," varied by selections of Shakespearean music. Scenes from "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Macbeth" were given, to illustrate Shakespeare's best comedy and tragedy. On the third day Alabama's celebration was more like ours, with dances, and scenes from English life of the time. This number of *The Bulletin* has Milton's and Ben Jonson's odes on Shakespeare, as well as several attempts by college girls. The nicest club in any magazine, so far, is the Shakespeare Club in this one. It played a large part in the celebration, presenting several scenes, and taking entire charge of one program. We wish we had a club like it!

The Sweet Briar Magazine is very much like the ideal monthly

magazine which we hope to have when we grow a little more.

The Sweet Briar Magazine. Its departments are well balanced, and all good. A third of the magazine is taken up with editorials and departments, Y. W. C. A., dramatics, and athletics having

about equal spaces. The literary side, while not nearly up to Vassar, is above the average. "A Parallel Case," by Margaret Bannister, is a story of the often-described daughter who is tired of her hum-drum life and thinks her mother unsympathetic, only to find that she, too, had longed for a life of excitement before she found the quiet happiness of true love. The story moves well and has good details, such as the fixing of Sunday night supper, which we miss so when off at college, but which does sometimes get monotonous at home! "My Kingdom for Some Bacon" is the old story of a locked dining-room door at breakfast time, in a jingle.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, the following exchanges: *The Tattler*, *The Wells College Chronicle*, *The Lesbian Herald*, *The Acorn*, *The Wellesley College News*, *The Vassar Miscellany*, *The Alabama College Bulletin*, and *The Sweet Briar Magazine*.

THE MESSENGER.

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