

**ARCADE ECHOES.
SELECTED POEMS FROM
THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY
MAGAZINE, 1859-1890**

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Arcade Echoes. Selected Poems from the Virginia University Magazine, 1859-1890 by Thomas L. Wood

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THOMAS L. WOOD

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SELECTED POEMS

FROM THE

Virginia University Magazine,

1859—1890.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS L. WOOD.

PHILADELPHIA:

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TO
The Memory
OF
HENRY W. GRADY,

WHO, EMBODDING IN HIS LIFE AND WORDS THE FIRE AND ELEGANCE
OF THE OLD SOUTH, DIED WITH THE SWAN-SONG OF THE
NEW SOUTH ON HIS LIPS, THESE

ECHOES

FROM THE YOUNG LIFE OF BOTH AT HIS

ALMA MATER

ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

YOU have in the following pages, gentle reader, a faithful reproduction of student life, thought, and feeling under the arcades. It is not in an exhaustive prose essay on *The Advantages of Historical Study* that we can see how the University men live; the average article on Napoleon gives us little idea of their thought; and *Midnight Reveries* are but poor representatives of feeling other than of cold from the "storm wind without," and the "gray ashes falling from the dying embers." But in some jingling narrative of dark Calithumpian adventure, the writer of which no doubt now indites sundry sage and monitory letters to his own son; in a few tripping, tender lines to some unknown, whose matronly form now probably retains scant traces of the "willowy grace" of yore; in some burst of poetic passion that gleams through the clouds of glory that we trail; in a word, in the poetry of youth there may be plainly seen the lights and shadows, the many joys and the few sorrows that make up the life, thought, and feeling of that time.

Artists, physicians, lawyers, editors may in the following lines have sighed their callow love, breathed their ambitions, laughed at Dame Fortune. The unknown

author of some one of these fugitive poems may have passed out into the great literary world, where, however, the books he now writes for money, I warrant, have less of the genuine ring than the little natural verses of his "salad days." Another may be sleeping where the grasses wave and whisper over the dust of A Georgia Volunteer,—we do not know.

That the collection is no larger is due in the first place to lack of space, but also very much to the fact that most of the omitted poems are of the pseudo-Byronic cast, in which "sadness" rhymes with "madness," and only a line divides "breath" from "death." Dark references in the style, and often in the words, of Mr. Poe, to blighted hopes and saddened lives are, we believe, inspired less by mysterious afflictions than by undigested suppers; and longings to flee to sundry distant isles—methods of transportation being no consideration—where lone seas howl as a steady occupation, and false man ne'er comes and woman's eye is absent, arise frequently from the implacable natures of tailors and misunderstandings with the washerwoman. I have, consequently, been unwilling to drag the effusions of these stricken hearts before the public.

In conclusion, I would say that if this little volume has the effect, no matter in how small a degree, of bringing our University before our people in a new, and, consequently, it is to be hoped, a more prominent light, I shall feel that I have not worked in vain.

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