

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA



THE COLLECTION OF
NORTH CAROLINIANA
ENDOWED BY
JOHN SPRUNT HILL
CLASS OF 1889

C378
UQM
v.11
1891-92
c.3

FOR USE ONLY IN
THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLECTION



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

NORTH CAROLINA
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

OLD SERIES VOL. XXII.

No. 1.

NEW SERIES VOL. XI

EDITORS:

PHI.
GEORGE C. CONNER,
C. F. HARVEY.

DI.
W. E. ROLLINS,
E. PATSON WILLARD.

W. E. DARDEN, }
HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, } Business Managers.

Published six times a year under the auspices of the PIlanthropic and Dialectic Societies. Subscription, \$1.00. Single copy, 20 cents.

ADOLPHUS WILLIAMSON MANGUM.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE UNIVERSITY,
BY JOSEPHUS DANIELS, SUNDAY, MAY 31ST, 1891.

We are gathered in the quiet hush of this holy Sabbath afternoon, here where he lived long and well, in this chapel which he loved, to pay perhaps the last tribute which affection evokes to the memory of Adolphus W. Mangum, who died on the 12th day of May, 1890. There is not wanting appropriateness in the time and place for this last gathering of his friends. Already have the Trustees of this great University, which he served with loving fidelity, placed in durable form their estimate of his valued services. Last December in Wilson the annual conference of his church, to which his warmest and tenderest love clung to the very last, gave official expression to the loss sustained by the church. Fellow-soldiers of the cross, who had stood with him upon the battlements and sounded the warning to a dying world, paused to drop a tear at the fall of a brave and eloquent comrade. The societies to which he belonged were not slow to pay their tributes, and from every section of the State, trustees and parents, who had seen the value of his instruction and example in the better-

50221
W. John Sprunt Hill

ment of the lives of their own-boys, came letters of sweetest sympathy and warmest love to those bereaved. But, perhaps, of all the tributes paid by faculty, trustees, conferences, friends, societies and others, none were more loving and generous in the sorrow which alone touches aspiring youth, than the testimony which came up from the great body of students who have gone out from the halls of this venerable institution since its re-opening in 1875. What a cloud of witnesses they make, as from sorrowing hearts they bear testimony to the piety and usefulness of their old preceptor.

I am to speak to-day of one whom I greatly loved and deeply venerated—one whose confidence I enjoyed and whose prayers for me rested, as I believe, like a benediction upon my head. It was not my good fortune to be a student of this University and to know him as instructor, and to receive the benefit of his teachings. I came to know him well and to esteem him in a short stay in the village, and to continue the friendly intercourse here begun through correspondence and occasional meetings up to his death. He won my esteem by his devotion to principle, and his purity; and gained a lasting place in my affections by his solicitude for my advancement, his willing help in good advice and valued service, and his prayers which I know always followed me in every undertaking. It has been a sad pleasure since his death to read some of his personal letters filled with fatherly counsel and Christian admonition. Need I say that holding him in such esteem, I come to the task of estimating his life-work with grave doubts as to my ability to do so with that judicial discrimination which is alike a duty due to his memory and to posterity. It is no less easy for a friend to divest himself of partial admiration, when he comes to speak in memory of one much beloved, than for an enemy to distort his virtues. I cannot forget that from "the language of mere eulogy" the good man whose memory we honor to-day "would have recoiled with instinctive and resolute disapproval." "But he would hardly chide me, I venture to believe, if he knew that, in obedience to the voice" of the Trustees of the University, I had come here to tell you what I remember of him and sketch the leading incidents of his life—"to recall how in him, as I profoundly believe, the grace of God wrought with singular power

and efficacy, and how in his natural characteristics, enriched and ennobled by the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost, there shone forth a Christian manhood at once strong and pure, and so worthy of our grateful imitation."

Adolphus Williamson Mangum was born at Flat River, April 1st, 1834. His parents were Elison G. and Elizabeth Mangum, whose father, Dr. Harris, was a leading physician of Boyden, Va. His father was a solid and respected farmer—not wealthy nor scholarly, but industrious and ambitious for his son who early gave promise of a brilliant career. Noting the mental calibre, ambitious dreams, reflective powers, and fondness for learning of his son, Mr. Mangum resolved to give him the best advantages and make a great lawyer of him. Dr. Mangum's father was the first cousin of the eloquent and able Wiley P. Mangum. Not himself having a classical education, he had always greatly admired the gifts of his distinguished cousin and the hope of his life was to see his son Adolphus receive his mantle of legal and oratorical greatness when he should be gathered to his fathers. He sent his son early to South Lowell Academy and he was there prepared for college by Prof. J. A. Dean with the view, in the mind of his father, of becoming a lawyer. He then entered Randolph-Macon College, where he graduated in 1854 with the degree of A. B. Afterwards he received the degree of A. M. He was a good student and led his class at college, winning not only honors but the affection of his class-mates and the esteem of his instructors. Although he was always attached to his Alma Mater, was a Trustee of Randolph-Macon, at which he delivered the alumni address several years ago, and from which in 1879 he received the degree of D. D., it was not through choice that he was educated at that seat of learning. He was anxious to matriculate at the University, but through the influence of his maternal uncle, who lived near that college, his father was persuaded to send him to Randolph-Macon.

The limits of this paper forbid more than a passing allusion to his youth and college life. From a small boy he was devoted to nature, beautiful scenery, flowers, landscape. As a youth he was fond of everything that brought him close to animal life and to the woods and flowers. He knew the name of every bird and tree and animal, and felt a comradeship with them. He wrote often of

rural life and the pleasures of the country with a charm born of deep love of the scenes of his boyhood. He had the eye and the instincts and tastes of a poet. Those instincts led him through nature up to God. When quite a boy, running before his parents on a Sunday afternoon, as they walked through the fields of their country home, he heard them talking very earnestly. Little did they reckon that his young mind would follow them or that all they said impressed him more than the butterflies he chased. Tired of his play, he ceased running and came to walk beside his mother who, with a fervor not often exhibited, put her hands solemnly on his head and said to her husband "this is to be our preacher." It profoundly impressed him then and ever afterwards. It was the earliest awakening of the heavenly call to preach, and that "laying on of hands" by a fond mother on that solemn Sabbath evening was a consecration to the high office of a priest which was recorded by the angels; and ratified when, at Salisbury in 1860, Bishop Paine received him as an elder with solemn ceremonies into the rank of those holy men who minister at God's altar.

It was largely through the example and teachings of his mother that his life was hid with Christ in God and that he became, like Samuel, dedicated from his youth to the service of the Most High. Blessings upon her and upon a land full of christian mothers whose highest ambition for their boys is to see them humble, devoted christians.

At Randolph-Macon college he was not only faithful in his studies, but took a deep interest in his own spiritual welfare and the betterment of the lives of his companions, having been converted at Mt. Bethel church, the church of his mother, in August 1849. During those days he kept a diary. It contains the reflections of a boy of poetic temperament and religious convictions. There is an entry in that diary—made April 25th 1853, when he was twenty years old, and at the risk of making this memoir long I quote this entry. It is the key to his whole life, and is an example which is well worthy of emulation.

"Randolph-Macon College, April 25th, 1853, 10 o'clock A. M. I am now forcibly impressed with the fact that it is essentially necessary for the enjoyment of the great reli-

gion of God, that he who professes this religion should have stated times for the prayerful reading of God's Holy Bible; stated times for engaging in saered prayer to God; and stated times for ealm and serious meditation on God and all good. Convinced of the neessity of these things, I do hereby reecord the religious duties which I respectively wish to perform, with the time that I wish to perform them caeh day; and in so doing do most earnestly request the aid of God's blessed spirit that I may have the promptness to perform them.

1st. Immediately after breakfast I design spending 30 minutes in reading religious books, and in praying privately to God.

2nd. At twelve o'clock I design spending 15 minutes in the same manner.

3rd. After supper I wish to take a walk and meditate on the goodness etc. of God.

4th. I design spending twenty minutes every night in reading the Bible and praying, eommencing at 9 1-2 o'clock.

To each of the duties I hope and trust that I shall be enabled diligently to adhere. When circumstances will not permit me to attend to my private devotions at the fixed time, I design attending to them as soon afterwards as is in anywise praetieable.

(Signed)

A. W. MANGUM."

This was not merely the forming of a purpose to perform his religious duties made in an hour of temporary fervor. It was the deliberate convietion of an earnest young man who for forty years observed this resolution made in the spring time of life. It will take no profound thinker to come to the conelusion that the faithful observanee of these religious duties gave him the moral force to impress himself upon the religious and educational thought of the State.

After graduation he returned home to receive the love and admiration of his mother and to gratify the pride of his father's heart. He had given his son more advantages than his condition permitted without some sacrifices, but these he gladly made in the fond expeetation of seeing him take a high position at the bar. It was a great disappointment to his father when his son, whom he had prepared for the bar, resolved to abandon all hope of preferment in the law and bcome a circuit rider. In those days when

circuit riders did not wear beavers and when a circuit embraced a whole county and sometimes a Congressional District, and the salary was meager in the extreme, it is no wonder that the fond and proud father was offended that his talented son should dash all his hopes to the ground and join the band of unselfish and holy men whose labors through hardships and privations rivalled the labors of the ministry in apostolic times. Wounded and grieved at his son's abandonment of the law and the honors which come to those who make it a jealous mistress, it ought not to surprise us that Elison Mangum lost his temper and wrote to his son strong words of disapproval of his course which he thought led only to poverty and privation. He saw not then the glory and the crown prepared for those who wait on Him—of Him who careth for those who leave father and mother and houses and lands to preach His gospel. He closed his letter to his son by saying that if he had known he would employ his talents in no higher avocation than as a circuit rider he would not have spent the money he had expended in his education. This was a great sorrow to Dr. Mangum who was grateful for his father's love and sacrifices for him. With filial love he replied kindly and gently. But, with that faculty for doing the duty to which he was called and not allowing opposition to deter him an iota, he made application to preach, and in 1856 he was admitted on trial to the N. C. Conference and was first appointed junior preacher on Hillsboro circuit. In 1858-9 he was pastor of the Methodist church in Chapel Hill and while here carried on a revival which resulted in the conversion of 112 souls, many of them being students. In 1860 he was pastor of Roanoke circuit and greatly endeared himself to the people of that county. In 1861 he was sent as pastor to Salisbury and in the latter part of that year he went as chaplain to the 6th N. C. regiment. In 1863 he was pastor at Goldsboro where he won all hearts and on Feb. 24th 1864 he was happily married to Miss Laura J. Overman, daughter of Mr. Wm. Overman, of Salisbury. It was a love match and throughout a long married life there was perfect happiness and tender love. He often told how, as a lover, he would leave his books and sermon-making and go the depot to await the coming of the train that would bring a letter from his promised wife in Salisbury. He never forgot that his wife was his sweetheart, and

if asked how long the honeymoon lasted he would have directed the inquirer to ask one who had been married longer than he. Conspicuous in his life was his intense devotion to his family. He was a wise, loving father. He made his children his friends. He racked his brain to give them all enjoyment which seemed to him innocent. To his wife he was ever a loyal, tender lover. He exacted obedience from his children, but it was not irksome to them. They saw how desirous he was of their happiness and they felt grateful to him and cheerfully submitted to his restraints. His fireside was of the happiest. He played and sang with his girls and entered into the sports of his boys. He played the violin well and sang a good song.

I will be pardoned, in alluding to his happy married life, for quoting from a letter which his heart prompted him to write to me three years ago upon my approaching marriage:

"May God bless you both abundantly forever. Put these rules in your united heart: (1) No secrets from one another; (2) Don't expect human beings to be absolutely perfect; (3) There is no union without compromise of will; (4) Love and peace are cheap at any price but principle; (5) There is no such thing as happy marriage except where both hearts are true to God."

These rules were those which had safely carried his matrimonial ship into a peaceful harbor.

There is no period in the life of Dr. Mangum that presents the true unselfishness of his character in stronger light than the years of the war. He was an intense Southerner—believed firmly in the doctrine of the lost cause and loved the Confederate soldiers. A talented alumnus told me that once he found Dr. Mangum alone in Phi Hall. He had been looking at the portraits of Gen. Pettigrew and of other Confederate leaders. His eyes were filled with tears. He said in a half subdued, half musical tone: "It cannot be that all these precious lives were spent for naught." He had strong convictions that southern morals and manners were better than northern. He was an uncompromising opponent to the doctrine that the newest teaching and thought from the north was the best. He refused to concede that the grammar and pronunciation in vogue in the best circles of the north are better than that in

vogue in the best southern circles. This love of his section and belief in its superiority, strong in his mature years, was naturally more intense and deep-seated in the ardor of youth. Entering the ministry just before the sections joined battle, he took a deep interest in the controversies which resulted in the bloody visage of war. He had no patience with the advocates of abolition. He then believed that the best place for the negro was in slavery, and that there was no conflict between slave-owning and the Bible, provided masters were kind and just; and most of them were. Entertaining these views, his heart was in the Lost Cause. On the first call for troops, Col. Chas. F. Fisher, of Salisbury, at once began to form his regiment, the famous 6th N. C. Dr. Mangum was then Methodist pastor at Salisbury. Young, hopeful, impetuous and full of zeal, he entered fully into the ambitions of the young soldiers of the south. Upon the organization of Col. Fisher's regiment, he was elected chaplain. His great popularity among the young men made them desirous of having him in the company and they prevailed upon him to accept the position. Early in June he joined the regiment at Company Shops, where the several companies were ordered to assemble for the purpose of drilling and making ready for the campaign that awaited them upon the fields of Virginia. A few weeks thereafter they left for the front and arrived just in time to take part in the first battle of Manassas—indeed just in time, as many believe, to save the day for the Confederacy. The battle was in full blast when they arrived upon the field and one wing of the southern army was in full retreat. Col. Fisher and many of his brave men were killed in that engagement, among their number being Lieut. Preston Mangum, only son of the distinguished orator Wiley P. Mangum. He was a near kinsman of Dr. Mangum, and he felt it his sorrowful duty to carry his body home and console those who were bereaved by the death of the lovable and aspiring young son of a noble father.

Of the young soldier it is true that

“The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the daring.”

He then returned to his regiment, where he remained until the session of his conference, when he was again appointed pastor at Salisbury. He was afterwards appointed to Goldsboro, but in

1865 was again returned as pastor to the Salisbury church. It was while pastor of that church that he rendered the most faithful, the most difficult and the holiest and sweetest of the services of his useful life. There were several large hospitals located in Salisbury during the entire war. He visited these hospitals daily and ministered spiritually and otherwise to the wounded soldiers who languished there. He attended the trains as they passed on south with the wounded, carrying provisions, and cheering with his sweet and tender words many who were suffering. His labors were untiring. He could not do enough for the Confederate soldiers—his heart bled for them in their sufferings and his prayer was that they might win the fight of faith and come out conquerors through Jesus. Noble was his devotion to the Confederate soldiers, his christian love and fellowship was best displayed in spending his strength in ceaseless efforts to minister to the comfort and spiritual condition of the Federal soldiers who were in prison in Salisbury. Some 11,000 soldiers of the Federal army died in the Salisbury prison and now lie buried in the Federal Cemetery. His love of his fellow-man knew no section. Intensely southern as he was, he was a better christian than a partisan. He visited these Federal soldiers in their prisons, preached to them, prayed with them, and pointed them to the Savior. He was a welcome visitor at that prison and did what he could to relieve their sufferings. His sympathetic nature was deeply touched by the condition of these prisoners. Many were the letters he wrote to loved ones far away to tell them of the death of a poor soldier who wanted to send a last message to those he held most dear. And if he could add "he died believing in Jesus" it would make Dr. Mangum's heart glad. Naturally this strain told greatly upon a nature so sympathetic and a body never over-strong. It reduced him almost to a shadow and destroyed his nervous system. His friends do not think that his nerves were ever restored to their normal condition.

One of the last public addresses made by Dr. Mangum was delivered before the Historical Society of this University upon "Prison Life in Salisbury." The theme was one of great interest to him, and to his audience. In that address he only half covered the ground and proposed finishing the address at a subsequent meeting of the Society. But—his health was shattered, and

though lingering more than a year, he never had the time to deliver the second half of his address. However he finished the account he had begun and left the manuscript, which, when published will be a valuable contribution to the history of prison life of the war. It is one of his last productions, and ought to be widely circulated. It would correct false rumors and give the truth of prison life in the Confederacy.

The limits of this memoir prevent any extended synopsis and extract from that interesting address. A day or two ago I read it to a few friends and as the horrible and revolting results of war were graphically pictured by his graphic pen, they were deeply moved and could not restrain the tears. In that prison it was impossible to obtain sufficient medicine which the Federal government made a contraband of war, and the privations and hunger which poverty enforced taught the lesson indelibly that war is hell. Bibles were very scarce. Dr. Mangum preached to the prisoners, and used the only Testament he had, telling them during the discourse that he intended presenting it to one of them. "I was touched," he says, "by their eagerness to get it, quite a number pressing up with expectant looks." He endeavored to secure reading for the prisoners and wrote to the Tract Society at Richmond. But there was nothing there to be sent. Rev. Mr. Bennett had gone to London to make arrangement to get some Bibles and Testaments.

In that same address, speaking of the few religious privileges of the miserable prisoners, he adds: "But I have seen the light of heaven in the eye of the suffering captive and heard from his lips the glorious eloquence of salvation. From the tongue of another I have listened to the rich avowals of Christian hope and confidence, and heard the failing, almost inaudible voice mutter: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' These are glorious words. And doubtless amid the gloom and horror of that old prison, there was many an upward glance of the heart—many a struggle and triumph of faith—many a thrill of redeeming love and heavenly hope which, all unknown to friend or foe, were recognized by Him whose name is love and who is mighty to save."

After the war he was pastor at Salisbury one year and in 1866

rode Orange circuit. In 1867 he was appointed agent of Greensboro Female College and made a trip to the north to raise money to aid in its re-building. In 1868-'9 he was, at his request, returned to Orange circuit where he could nurse his father who died in 1869. Long before this his father had not only become reconciled to having his son worthily wear the honors and bear the burdens of a Methodist circuit rider, but actually rejoiced that he had chosen "the better part" against his own remonstrance. In 1870 Dr. Mangum was pastor at Greensboro, and in 1871 at Charlotte. In 1872 he became pastor of Edenton Street Methodist church, Raleigh, and for nearly four years filled the metropolitan pulpit of his church at the capital, winning reputation and attaching himself warmly not only to his own congregation but to the leading men in the other churches as well. So highly was he esteemed in Raleigh that in 1887 several of the leading members of Edenton Street Methodist church wrote to him requesting that he resign his chair at the University and again become their pastor. He loved to preach and was strongly inclined to return to the ranks of the itinerants, but his convictions of duty compelled him to remain at the University. He was a clear and animated preacher and occasionally rose to an eloquence seldom surpassed. He was fluent and preached with great ease. His rhetoric was ornate and his figures were clothed with beauty and grace. His descriptive powers were of the best, particularly when he pictured the woods or the fields, or portrayed the love of God. He was a man of poetic temperament, of warm and tropical fancy, of ready command of diction that was full and flowing and that at times was intensely fervid and now and then rose to the heights of a kindling eloquence. He preached "Christ and Him Crucified" and sought to win men to follow in His steps. He was ambitious, but he subordinated everything to the object of his preaching, the winning of souls to Christ. His courage in the pulpit was Pauline. He never spared to denounce social laxities for fear he might strain social ties. The insubordination of children to home rule and discipline—the slackening of vigilance in domestic government and in the relations of servant and master, provoked his sharp and fearless censure. He had a great objection to publicity of women, even in good works. Church-fairs and church-concerts were not

approved methods with him for raising church funds, and women on the platform roused all his antagonism. He thought that no woman who attended to her duties at home as she ought would ever be found there. I never saw any one who valued more highly personal purity. His talks on this subject were peculiarly vivid and strong, and it was a virtue which he sought above all things to impress upon the students and upon all young men with whom he came in contact.

I come now to speak of his connection with the University and his labor here. Elected to the chair of Literature and Mental and Moral Philosophy, upon the re-organization of the University, he entered upon his work with zeal and success. He had an active mind and retentive memory. Until the disease, which finally killed him, poisoned his blood and diminished his nervous powers long before he was stricken at Newbern, he was a diligent student. Owing to the poverty of the University, his work was so extensive, covered such a variety of great subjects, that he had no opportunity to distinguish himself as a specialist. When the increase of the University allowed the Trustees to give some of his studies to others, he began a wide course of reading in his department, but was interrupted in the midst of his labors by the insidious attacks of his fatal disease. His teaching was full of serious hope. He inspired a belief in all his students that no life based upon true principles would fail. He said enthusiastically to one student: "Yes, sir, a life devoted to duty is the grandest thing on earth; it cannot fail."

As a college professor he was dignified and commanded the respect of the young men whom he taught, but in his deportment there was nothing of the starch of the shroud. His nature was so genial and free from pretense, that it would have revolted at the stilts upon which some college professors mount and uncasily and ostentatiously attempt to walk over the heads of the young men they instruct. He never essayed to dazzle his students with an exhibition of learning or to impress them with a display of pedantry. Toward them he was frank, unaffected and sincere. He taught them conscientiously, but when the lesson was finished he did not feel that his responsibility ended and that the student had no further claim upon him. He respected and held inviolate the

responsibility which the calling of teacher, not to speak of that higher call to the ministry, imposed upon him. The student is, in a sense, the plaster in the hand of the moulder. In many ways the impression made upon him by the teacher fixes his destiny—not alone in this world, but often in the eternal world as well. Dr. Mangum felt this truth deeply and sought to inspire every young man who came into his class-room with loftiest and holiest purposes. He set a daily example to scholars and teachers which is the same that the world's greatest teacher has exemplified by his life. It is, in a word, that neither book-learning, nor dry and siccant scholasticism, nor ancient lore, nor modern science are comparable, in lasting influence, with deep personal interest in a boy's right living.

Never again, as in college, will a boy sit at the feet of instructors ready to be guided by them into the paths of literature, science, law and religion. Woe be unto that instructor of the youth who divorces religion from learning, or who is so wrapped up in science that he cannot point out the hand of God in all that he seeks to impart. Few ministers of the gospel of the Son of God have such ready access to plastic hearts as the college professor. Every year they infuse love of knowledge into aspiring young hearts, and every year they send out young men who are to lead the world of intellectual thought. Alas! how often it is that the professor is so indifferent to the claims of religion, or is so engrossed in his studies, or is negatively skeptical that the young hearts receive no moral or religious awakening from four years contact, and goes out into the world impressed with the transcendent value of knowledge and wisdom, but has had no impression from his instructor and guide to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and with all his getting to get "understanding."

There never has been a professor at the University whose influence for good was wider or more lasting than the good man whose memory we honor to-day. His active and fatherly interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of the students was realized and appreciated by all who came in contact with him and his social and genial disposition brought him into friendly relations with all who belonged to the student body during his connection with the

institution. And even in those instances in which his influence for good and his personal solicitude for right-doing, expressed in private interviews sought by him, were not at the time effectual in bringing about immediate reformation, they remained in the memory of the erring boy and often eventually brought him to his senses and stimulated him to an effort at better living. He always appealed to the best instincts of the students, their sense of right and honor and the obligations of morality and religion. In his hands these never became weapons of offense; the student never resented his admonition and never felt that his advice was uncalled for and officious. His sympathy was so spontaneous and expressed with so much delicacy, that his reproof left none of that sting which is so often unintentionally inflicted by well meaning but tactless friends, upon young minds suffering from repentance for wrong-doing.

Whenever he saw a student going wrong he was impelled by his sense of duty, as well as his kindly nature, to interpose his influence and advice. I remember talking recently with one alumnus, who had become distinguished in his profession, of an instance in which Dr. Mangum's kindness and delicate thoughtfulness produced marked results. The young man, who is and was then a high-strung and spirited fellow, had unfortunately gone off on some pleasure excursion and became intoxicated. It was his first experience and he was greatly mortified and humiliated. Dr. Mangum who had heard of it went to see him in reference to it, and said to him that he should not report the occurrence to the faculty as he believed the offense was the first and knew that no member of the faculty could regret it more than did the offender and that he should not even request him to pledge himself not to repeat the offence; that he relied entirely upon the young man's sense of right and his duty to himself and the University as a preventative of further violation of college rules in that direction. So full of kindness, thoughtfulness and tact was the good doctor's admonition that he resolved that it should never be said of him again that he was drunk, and never from that day to this has he been under the influence of intoxicating liquors. The course of treatment adopted by Dr. Mangum was exactly adapted to the needs of the student. A public disclosure and a requirement that he should take the

pledge would, in all probability, have wounded his self-respect and carried him into other excesses in order to alleviate the suffering which such a course would have inflicted upon his sensitive spirit. He never speaks of Dr. Mangum except in terms of gratitude and love, and he attributes in great part his escape from the danger of contracting a habit, the most seductive and dangerous to men of his temperament, to the gentle, affectionate and considerate treatment received by him at the hands of the good man whose memory he will always venerate.

Other instances of like character might be mentioned as evidencing the character of the man and the cause of his strong hold upon the students of the University. He seemed to enter into the feelings and experience of the boys and they felt his sympathy ere he had expressed it, and were on pleasant terms of intimacy and friendship with him, which was productive of many good results. No student who knew him well hesitated to confide in him and to seek his advice, and his easy affable and kindly reception of confidence endeared him to those who sought his aid. The genial and kindly humor which characterized him drew the students close to him, and they regarded him with such kindly affection that they did not hesitate to perpetrate practical jokes on him which they knew beforehand he would enjoy as much as the perpetrators. On one occasion he was lecturing to his class on the attractive power of eloquence and illustrating it by an instance in which an orator was so eloquent that his audience, quite unconscious of what they did, approached closer and closer until they quite surrounded him. As he proceeded to picture the scene the students by common consent, drew nearer and nearer to the good doctor, discussing a theme of which he never tired and wholly absorbed in his enthusiasm until he came to a sudden stop and found the entire class crowded around him, apparently drawn to him by the attractive power of *his eloquence*. He looked at them an instant and then burst into a laugh so contagious that it swept the classroom and put an end to the lecture.

But the students, and all others who heard him frequently, recognized that at times he was as eloquent as any man of whom he spoke and that though his eloquence was not quite that sort that might pull an audience from their seats, it was of a high order

and permeated by his consecrated spirit and his pious and useful life, it attracted the affections of men, sometimes thrilled them with new and strange emotions, and always excited in them the spirit of high and noble endeavor.

Dr. Mangum mingled freely with the students and sought in every way to influence them for good. He inquired what they read outside of the prescribed course and made valuable suggestions which were frequently of great assistance to students, who, for the first time, found themselves in the presence of so many books that proper selection was difficult. As illustrating his habits of intercourse with the boys and his solicitude about the books they read, an anecdote may not be amiss. On one beautiful Sunday morning the doctor, strolling about the grounds and seeing a student, William by name, but who otherwise shall be "nameless here forever more," sitting engrossed in reading a book which seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure, walked into the room of the said William, and after the salutations of the day had been exchanged, inquired the name of the book he was reading with such evident satisfaction. William a little confused, answered promptly that it was "Pilgrim's Progress," and thereupon the doctor launched out into a discussion of the book, the purity of the English, its splendid allegory, and the divine truth which it so graphically portrayed, and of the pleasure it gave him to see his young friend so profitably engaged on the Lord's Day. And William sat and assented to the doctor's praise of the book, and bowed his acknowledgement to the compliment paid him, but never told Dr. Mangum, nor did the good doctor know that William was not reading Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, but one of Mark Twain's books. But William's conscience was never easy and whenever he afterwards told the incident, which he frequently did, with every evidence of extreme enjoyment, he always added with a sigh, as if to make amends for the deception, "God bless the Doctor."

One of the forces that went to shape Dr. Mangum's character was his brotherly interest in "poor folks." By this class of his less favored neighbors he will long be remembered and mourned. He was not a man to go and pray over a sick person and so make an end. He gave his sympathy and he shared his means to the last day of his life. On one occasion he lost the sale of a house

rather than allow a poor woman who had broken her arm and begged for a temporary shelter there, to be disturbed, and she occupied it thenceforth to the day of her death. He believed in the brotherhood of men, in the communion of saints. Among his friends and associates many a one cherishes elegant little notes written by him, and at his best.

Time would fail me to particularize his other labors. He often said that he preached every week to a larger congregation than assembled anywhere in the country. He wrote regularly for the Nashville, Texas and South Carolina *Christian Advocates* and occasionally for other church and some news papers. His pen was prolific, and he wrote with elegance and strength. In 1858, while pastor at Chapel Hill, he wrote and printed a book entitled "Myrtle leaves, or tokens at the Tomb." In 1866 he wrote and published another book "The Safety Lamp, or life for the Narrow Way" and was re-writing it for publication when he was stricken with paralysis. In 1881, the So. Meth. Pub. House published a book of sermons by leading Methodist preachers and Dr. Mangum was the N. C. preacher selected to furnish a sermon. His text was "The Hindrances of the Gospel." At the Centennial of Methodism in N. C., celebrated in Raleigh, he spoke on "The Introduction of Methodism in Raleigh" and gave many historical facts of great interest. Just after the war he wrote a temperance serial story "Percy Brandon." He was getting up the material for the life of his kinsman, Judge Wiley P. Mangum, at the time he was stricken with paralysis. Mention has been made of his elaborate history "Prison Life in Salisbury." He was a member of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. The limits of this paper forbid the reading of a letter from Rev. Chas. F. Deems, President of that great religious organization, expressive of his appreciation of Dr. Mangum's talents and his devotion and esteem for his many excellent traits of character.

He believed in the University, and deprecated any movement that threatened its growth and greatness. He once wrote—"I say that while I love the University much, I love Methodism more. The boys who go out from the University will exert a vast influence in the State. This influence is sure to be secured by some one denomination or several denominations. The question is: Will the Methodists claim and realize their share."

For one hundred years this University has exerted greater influence upon the destiny of the people of North Carolina than any other agency. Dr. Mangum was firmly of the opinion that his church should be as strong as possible at the University and should sustain it. He believed it was not only best for Christianity in general, but best for the Methodist church. He said repeatedly that he had never known a Methodist student quit his church by reason of joining the University, and that he had seen many cases where they were made broader and more influential by such connection. And not only so, but he had known the church to gain influential and scholarly young converts from families in which there were no Methodists. He contended that *for its own sake* it was the duty of the Methodist church to support the University and that it could not afford to fail in this duty. This was no hobby he rode. It was a conviction born of wisdom, and though he may have lost influence with some zealous leaders in his denomination and given up chances of preferment by his insistence upon the Methodists earnestly supporting the University, he was endorsed by the more liberal and progressive ministers and members of his church.

He was intensely devoted to the Methodist church. He regarded it as the representative of Christ on earth. He remembered that Methodism was born in a University—one that was doubly barricaded against anything like Methodism by the dominant power and prejudice of the established church. It was no offspring of religious fervor without knowledge. It was called into being by God himself to purify the church, rid it of its worldliness, and to carry the gospel to the poor. The agencies for this great work of the Almighty were young scholars—not unlettered men of crude ideas, but trained students to carry the gospel alike to the spectacled professor and the ignorant toiler in the slums of London. "The world is my parish," was John Wesley's broad view of the field of Methodist preachers. Catching the breadth and power of so inspiring a faith, Dr. Mangum wanted to see the Methodist church exert its influence among students and thinkers exactly as it does among the lowliest and the most unlettered. He held that to do less was to invite a lowering of Methodism from the high plane upon which its great founder had placed it, and therefore to

circumscribe its usefulness. The wisdom of his belief is already apparent. The University, strictly undenominational and knowing no sect, is, strictly speaking, as much a Christian institution as Trinity College, Wake Forest or Davidson. The only difference between them all in regard to religion is that in the University teachers and pupils from all the denominations meet on a common Christian plane and in the denominational colleges they meet on a sectarian plane. Both have their appointed missions to perform, and there ought to exist no antagonism between them. This was the position Dr. Mangum exemplified in his life, in his writings, and in his teachings.

It must not be inferred from the intensity of his devotion to Methodism that Dr. Mangum was an illiberal Christian. While he was strongly loyal to Methodism, he was always ready to concede the good in other denominations. His last sermon was preached in the Presbyterian church in Newbern. The only thing which roused his indignation, was what he considered using the church in order to obtain power, whether political, social, or otherwise. He was always ready to denounce such attempts in severe terms.

But my memoir grows too long. I must compress the details of his last days. I shall never forget the shock I experienced early in December, 1888. At Newbern in attendance upon the annual Conference, I had met Dr. Mangum who took a deep interest in the proceedings. On Monday morning, as I was going to the depot to take the train, the report came that Dr. Mangum was suffering from a stroke of paralysis. It was soon learned that it was partial and that hopes were entertained for his recovery. Loving friends gathered around him at the station and loving hands assisted him into the cars. He sat by his daughter very quietly, his pinched face evincing pain. There was no word of repining. He tried submissively to suffer the will of God. At Goldsboro, a few of his best friends, young men he had known in college, came to see him to evidence their affection by any slight service they might render. As they shook his hand in affectionate farewell, he could restrain himself no longer, but the tears coursed down his cheeks and his emotion was so great he could not speak.

He came to his home in this "Sweet Auburn." The student

body and the faculty were deeply touched by his affliction and lost no opportunity of showing their sympathy. Days dragged slowly along into months, and before commencement he had gained much of his strength and began to feel that he would be able to take his place in the class-room the next session. When the boys returned in August he resumed his duties, but it was not with his old time vigor and it was not long before it became apparent that his strength was spent and that his days were numbered. His will power kept him up, but with the new year he became too feeble to teach. He suffered greatly, but with christian fortitude. During his last illness, when his body was racked with pain, and nothing else could afford him relief, his daughter would read to him from the German hymn—

Commit thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure trust and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands.

And also from that other inspiring hymn—

Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head.

The reading of these hymns seemed to give him courage and help him to fix his reliance fully upon God.

He steadily failed, and at eight o'clock p. m. on the 10th of May he lost consciousness. On the night of May 10th he said to his wife and daughters that it was bed time and he would go to sleep. He kissed them each good night, turned over on the bed, lost consciousness and never woke again until his eyes rested on the splendor of his heavenly home. He lost consciousness on Saturday, but did not die until Monday.

The funeral services were held in the Methodist church in this place, and students, professors and citizens paid the last mark of respect to an instructor, friend and companion, who, after a well spent and useful life, had entered into that rest which remaineth to the people of God. His death, at home surrounded by those he loved most tenderly, was in accordance with the way he wished to die. When at college, only nineteen years old, he wrote a poem "Where I wish to Die" which is preserved in his scrap book. His

own death was a fulfilment of that youthful poem which I do not quote for its literary qualities but to show how God permitted him to fall asleep in the way his youthful fancy had pictured as an ideal death.

“WHERE I WISH TO DIE.”

Oh! When the hour of death shall come,
I do not wish to be
Amid the gay and frolicsome,
Whose hearts are filled with glee.

I do not wish to breathe my last
In wealth and luxury,
With hearts with anxious care oppressed,
Or filled with revelry.

I do not wish to die upon
The blood stained battle plain,
Midst cannon's roar and war cloud's din,
The wounded and the slain.

I could not be content to die
Upon the ocean deep,
While stormy waves are swelling high,
And tempests fiercely sweep.

I would not die away from home,
Away from every friend,
While none but strangers near me come,
To see my poor life end.

But oh! I wish to fall asleep,
Beneath the shaded cot,
While evening zephyrs gently creep
Around the silent spot.

With friends to sooth my aching heart,
With Jesus standing near;
Oh! I could then from life depart
Unmoved by pain or fear.

R. M. College, Oct. 10, 1853.

In the Chapel Hill cemetery the remains of this good man await the resurrection. A plain marble shaft marks his last resting place, and upon it is an inscription from the Bible which was his motto through life. Not a great while before his death he told his wife that he wanted no inscription upon his tomb that would tell of his achievements, which he reckoned as naught except as they had been blessed of God. "But," said he, "when I am dead and can no more put my hand in love upon the shoulders of the students and give them loving admonition, and when no more I can preach the riches of the gospel in the pulpit, I shall want still to preach to all who look upon my grave." And his wife put as the inscription on his plain, simple tombstone the motto of his life: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct thy paths."

LINES TO THE GOSSIP.

“Convey a libel in a frown
And wink a reputation down.”—*Swift*.

T. M. LEE,

In *Clinton Caucasian*.

Awake! Dalmatia, soar the stars, among,
And sing of that, I'll swear thou hast—a tongue.
Come! seek in every latitude, supply
Of food for scandal, else despairing die:
Through every field, the hemispheres embrace,
Where vileness lurk, or virtue finds a place,
Extend the search: command the world's expanse,
And strow thy seeds, from Borneo to France.
Thy rich domains, in every nook, explore;
Go! wreck some million characters or more.
Condemn the just, the purest deed defame:
The strictest virtue, damn by vilest name,
And if plain arts, suspicion, fail to raise,
By sneer approve: by innuendo praise.

'Tis thine: the bitter scenes of earth supply;
At woe rejoice: deride the tearful eye.
All hates are quicken'd; enmities revive,
They fuel added; they are sure to live.
While poisoned darts, that spite, envenom'd, sends,
Makes foes of brothers, enemies of friends;
Re-open wounds, long since obscured from sight;
Make lovers quarrel, and make preachers fight.

Say where thy dreaded influence best is seen?
In Bridget's rags, or Madam's crepe de chene.
The difference: that while Bridget plainly lies,
Fair Madam's wit corrects deficiencies
Nice points are added: each defect removed,
Refined the whole, and in alembic proved;
Till all full-fledged to soar, it stands thus rich in,
Scandal, first begotten in the kitchen.
What B—dispenses wide, in filth and squalor,
Relates her mistress in her mirrored parlor.
Who makes—so deep in gossip, is she vers'd—

LINES TO THE GOSSIP.

Each lie, succeeding, greater than the first,
 Though oft the stately condescends to borrow
 The very robes her cook will wear to-morrow.

She, conscious of th' importance of her load
 Of gossip, hastes to scatter it abroad.
 The news, at sewing-circle, soon retails;
 With fiendish joy, each character assails,
 While there, with genial souls, the hours are spent
 To clothe the Heathen, or some lie invent;
 'Tis no great matter, how the former fare,
 If, but the last receive the proper care.
 And thus with pleasant gossip, each regales
 Her neighbor, with her repertoire of tales.
 Speaks generous maxims; points a proper course,
 Can name a dozen dames, who wish divorce.

Yet think not, Dalmace, that in age, alone,
 The secret of thy envious art is known
 For younger ones, thy doctrines, have imbibed,
 And to their names, the "gossip," have subscribed,
 In gentle ears, their venom they out-pour,
 Some vast deceit, or treachery deplore,
 Unknown to them, as 'tis to others new,
 Exaggeration base, or else untrue.
 All are created, but for selfish end,
 Which once attained, the d——l scarce could mend.

MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

POND MOUNTAIN HOSPITALITY.

"How far do you call it from here to Jim Greer's, at the foot of Pond Mountain?"

We had halted at a little backwoods country store after a rough ride of three hours on horseback, over a rugged, winding mountain road, and propounded this question, with the usual misgivings, to the shirt sleeved store-keeper. A dirty looking mountaineer with a silly expression of countenance, and on whom the famous "mountain dew" had evidently gotten in some of its deadly work, was sitting by, and, at a nod from the store-keeper, slowly arose with the importance and honor of a great undertaking in his whole make-up. Coming to the door he said: "You may take up that thar road," waving his hand towards where several roads led in various uncertain directions, "till yer come up here 'bout er mile ter whar Bill Brooks lives,"—"Two miles"—interjected the store keeper,—and we made a mental memorandum—"one mile or two miles." "You come up to whar Bill Brooks lives," resumed the mountaineer, "and then yer keep the straight road pine blank till yer come ter whar yer see er sort er imitation white house right off down thar like,"—and here he made a side ways motion of his hand downward to his right. Did he mean our left, we wondered? "Right thar yer take er left—no—er right hand and fol-ler up the creek about three mile, er maybe four, and then yer b'ar off ter yer left and keep the plain straight road. You can't miss it. I live right thar in er quarter of a mile of Jim Greer's." Here the store-keeper interrupted. "Mack you didn't tell 'em whar the road turns off ter the left thar at Concert." "When yer git ter the post-office thar at Concert," resumed the mountaineer, "you turn squar' off ter the left,—like this was the post-office here, and right thar is the road turnin' off." Here he leaned forward and with his bent hand made a rapid motion around an imaginary corner as if he were describing the motion of a comet through space, or a sky rocket in mid air. "How far is it from there to Jim Greer's," we asked. "Jim Greer's? Hits about half er mile, er a mile."

"Aint it more'n that Mack?" queried the store-keeper. "Wall, I reckon hit mought be two mile. You know, I live right thar at Concert, an' hit aint fur from thar ter Bill Greer's, an' hits in plain sight er Jim's." Then as we were about to remount he called out, "You jest keep the plain, straight road an' hit'll carry you right thar."

Extraordinary statement, you think dear reader, after his previous explicit directions. However, it was little more than we expected, for we had had a month or more in the wilds, looking up and describing the extensive deposits of iron ore or "mineral," as it is universally termed by the inhabitants, and had been put to the necessity of asking their directions before.

As usual we took the route which seemed most reasonable to us, regardless of the directions given, and, somehow or other we got there. It was almost night fall, and twilight, on a wild mountain road, in an unfamiliar region where many miles intervene between any human habitation, is an impressive and awe inspiring season. We did a lot of hopeless beating about the cove, following one path until it gave out, then retracing our steps and taking another with the same result, until, when we suddenly came upon the cabin we were wrought up to such a pitch of nervous desperation that we would have welcomed the sight of any living thing, or any sort of human dwelling.

The home, as is the universal custom in the mountain region, was situated at the lowest and most sheltered part of the cove, for the triple reason and purpose of protection against cold, comparative ease of access, and nearness to a spring of water. From this point the ridges on each side sloped up densely wooded to the summit two miles away in the darkening sky. Here around the house was a little clearing, some old apple trees, a big pile of wood, and near by the spring branch that flashed and rippled down the mountain valley and into the ghostly darkness of the primeval forest. It was your typical mountain house, and, coming out bare-headed and with a coarse cotton shirt upon his back, was your typical mountaineer. It was "the 'Squire."

"Is this Mr. Greer.—Jim Greer?" we asked. "That's what I'm called hereabouts," said he in a kindly tone. He was a large boned, loosely built man with bushy head, brows and beard. His

clothing was cotton, woven at home, and he wore a pair of heavy boots one of which had been cut down to the proportion of a slipper, either for the comfort of the wearer or to use the leather for other purposes.

"We are mineral surveyors," said I, introducing myself and my companion, "and we want to take a look at the minerals on Pond Mountain. We were told to come here, and that you would be a good man to show us around." "Well, we'uns is poor folks, but I reckon we kin take ker er ye. Git down and go in." We dismounted, and going through a gap in the fence which served for a gate, walked down the crooked yard-path and stepped down on the "porch" whose loose and uneven boards rattled under our feet. A rude hand loom occupied one end of the porch and at the other was the added room of the log cabin. There were only two rooms. The whole side of the house, under the porch roof, was lined with saddles, harness, and clothing, with many articles of household and dairy furniture.

By this time the squire had dispatched the horses, by one of the boys, to the barn, and soon came in. "Well, men, I reckon ye're about beat out.—Cory, Cory, fetch some cheers for the gentlemen! Here, Jim, run to the spring, quick!" We were glad to accept the "cheer" offered, and sat down wearily, conscious of being stared at wonderingly by half a dozen tow-headed children of all ages and in all sorts of dress, all, however, keeping at a respectful distance. "I reckon ye're finding a right chance (considerable quantity) of mineral about here? Thar's been a heap er *prospecting* done, but I 'lowed I would wait till the money begun ter pass, before I stuck a mattick in mine. Hits too much work unless thar's some chance er sellin' it." Here he got up and felt along in the cracks and ledges between the logs of the house and produced a number of specimens, principally magnetites.

By this time a fire had been kindled in the big fireplace of the annex (it was in midsummer) and we took in our "cheers" to sit down by the fire and examine the specimens by its light. The squire proceeded to give us the facts about them, and as usual with the uninitiated, dwelt long and glowingly upon trifling details connected with their occurrence, which, though having no bearing whatever, are of a nature to strike the eye of such an observer.

It is curious to see what superstition is inspired by the—to them mysterious—subject of mineralogy and how easy it is for them to believe in marvelous possibilities hinted at by a charlatan, from which idea it is difficult for a responsible and informed person to undeceive them.

He told us how on the “yan side of that nigh ridge” was a “lead” of some kind of mineral. “I believe hit’s what they call chromos of iron (probably ochre) what they make so many colored paints of,” said he.

Soon supper was ready and we got a glimpse of his wife. She was an angular, spare built and snuffy, but withal of kindly appearance. She waited on the table, while we, the “men folks,” ate, and the children looked on from various corners, the youngest keeping behind her mother. Corn bread, baked, burnt coffee without “sweetenin’,” and a dish of fried ham, and another of eggs (a delicacy) was the menu. Rather let me add what was always present in unsullied excellence,—abundance of cool milk, and firm fresh butter, with the freshest of honey.

It is true here in this mountain country more than anywhere else that those things furnished by generous nature are abundant and excellent in inverse proportion to those requiring the intervention of the refined mental ingenuity of mankind. Air,—there could be no purer or more exhilarating air under heaven; water,—the face of the earth does not furnish clearer “fountains of tears” than the everlasting mountains. It is literally a land flowing with milk and honey, where the crops grow almost without cultivation and where the flocks and herds fatten without feeding,—but oh, the cooking!

After supper we resumed our place before the fire and the old man entertained us with a disconnected recital of regional events, until the comparatively late hour of nine o’clock. There were four beds in this room, and two were occupied by the four boys, and the other two by my companion and myself. In this region it is usual to have only one sheet on each bed. The covering for us as guests was one heavy, “scratchy,” woolen spread. A glance at the other beds showed that this was a tribute to our “raising” for in every other case a second feather bed was used as a covering, the sleeper thus occupying the space between the two feather beds.

The old man retired to the other part of the house, and soon we "knew no more." We could respectfully suggest as a cure for insomnia, twenty miles exercise, *dehors* and on a horse, repeated every day until relief is obtained. Perhaps, gentle reader, you would prefer the insomnia. If so, we rest contented, our skirts are clear. We make no charge for the prescription.

Did you ever dream of a succession of events, gradually and by slow degrees leading on to a climax, where a sudden noise is expected in your dream to occur? And did you not find that just in the nick of time,—just as the gun is aimed to fire, the noise *does* really occur which seems in your dream to be but the natural effect of the causes dreamed of? Generally it is the sudden creak of a piece of furniture, which is magnified in your dream to firing of a cannon. This time it was a gun in reality and the sound of footsteps outside gradually brought me to my senses. There was a retracing of the steps, a sound of letting down "drawbars," the neighing of a horse in the direction of the barn, and, after a little, a return of the footsteps to the house, across the loose boards of the porch and into the house, and all was still. Everybody seemed to be asleep except myself. I lay awake an hour attempting to solve the mystery of the gunshot and the footsteps, and finally, just as the faint signs of dawn made the small square window visible, I succumbed and slept until the voice of the old man bade the boys get up and do the chores. By the time we were nearly dressed one of the boys came in. I was telling my companion of the sound of the gun and footsteps, and the boy said,—“That was dad that shot. Two fellers was tryin’ to git your horses and dad saw ’em and shot at ’em.”

Before we left there we found out the particulars. I had always heard of the almost unfettered hospitality of the mountain eer, rude and uncouth though he may be, but I never before had realized to what extent the native kindness of his heart would go. We had, in making inquiries, a day or two before, divulged our intention of staying at this place upon this particular night. The information was appropriated, unawares to us, by a country rough, who sized us up and also our horses,—more especially our horses, which were young, spirited and valuable. An agreement was made between him and another of his sort, to "borrow" them, and

make off with them across the state line into Tennessee, and a whisper of it in some way came to the ears of this great rough mountaineer, the squire.

He had sat up nearly the whole night near a little loop-hole, which goes by the name of window, in easy reach of his gun, while we stretched our weary limbs in slumber.

Some day I will tell you of the mica mines of this region of North Carolina, whose unused tunnels and ghostly excavations have never known the pick of a white man, and show the work of a race dating back into the misty ages of the American mound-builders.

HUNTER HARRIS.

EDITORIALS.

After a very pleasant and profitable vacation the MAGAZINE again comes to its readers with new hopes and fresh vigor. Since its last issue, important events have taken place in the life and history of the institution, of whose success we all feel the utmost confidence. With this issue the University begins a new chapter in its career of honor and usefulness to North Carolina. The chapter just closed has been a bright and encouraging one. It is a record of difficulties surmounted, of obstacles encountered and overcome, of success finally achieved. The most prominent figure in this chapter is that of the retiring President, who carries with him the love and gratitude of the many students, who have helped to make his administration a success. There are few men who could have filled his trying position so well. The great secret of his success was his undaunted devotion to, and filial affection for the institution, for whose success he has labored so faithfully and so earnestly.

His place is filled by another of the University's sons, in whose success she may feel proud. His enthusiasm and invincible energy is already seen in the management of the University. This new era has opened with the most flattering promises. Over two hundred students were on the hill, before the work of the University was begun. The number is fast increasing. The repairs and improvements on the buildings, the new arrangement of courses of study, the general enthusiasm and life which seems to pervade everything connected with the University, are all unmistakable proofs that we are at the beginning of a new and prosperous era.

The many courtesies shown our new President while on his visit among the Northern Universities and the distinguished honor conferred upon him especially at Cornell University, show that the University of North Carolina is again recognized as a University, that she has again attained her former high place among the institutions of learning of the United States.

Everything points to another period of growth and enlargement. Dr. Battle has fulfilled his mission. Dr. Caldwell established the University, Gov. Swain carried on his work and under him we had five hundred students. Dr. Battle was called upon to re-establish the University, and adapt it to new conditions, almost to a new civilization. He has succeeded; his mission is fulfilled. The State itself is no more firmly established than is its University. Who shall say that the new era is not to be similar to that

with which the name of Gov. Swain is so intimately connected? We verily believe that Dr. Winston is to be a second Gov. Swain, and that under his wise and able administration the University is to have a similar growth and prosperity.

We have heard it whispered in low and solemn tones that the University was doomed to failure, that her glory was gone forever, that her final overthrow was only a question of time. Believe it, if you wish—but we who have seen her loyal and devoted alumni, with zeal and enthusiasm, discussing means of aiding and supporting her, we who have seen her students alive with the deepest interest and filled with glowing pride in her future prosperity, prefer to believe that before the close of the present century the brightest hopes of her most devoted friends will have been fully realized.

THE MAGAZINE.—At the close of last session, it was found necessary to increase the staff of editors for THE MAGAZINE from four to six editors. The business of THE MAGAZINE had become so much increased that it was impossible for one man to attend to it properly. For this reason the Societies determined to elect two business managers, who should have control only of the business, while the four editors should continue to do the literary work of THE MAGAZINE. This arrangement will, we hope, enable us to give our readers a better magazine, and to get it out more promptly. We have been delayed in this issue by the necessity of changing our publishers but hope hereafter to be more regular and prompt in our issues.

The present editors wish to express their personal and official gratitude to the former editors for their valuable and faithful work on THE MAGAZINE. Under them THE MAGAZINE was prosperous and sustained its former reputation as an able and conservative College Magazine. Of these editors, Mr. Davies is studying law at the University of Virginia, Mr. Collins pursuing the same course under Dr. Manning. Mr. Ransom is *preparing* to join them in the same pursuit, and Mr. Pearsall is editor of the *Clinton Caucasian*. Success to them all.

This year there will be four departments, as follows: The Literary—conducted by Mr. E. P. Willard (Di.); the Book Review and Exchange—by Mr. W. E. Rollins (Di.); the Personal and Local—by Mr. C. F. Harvey (Phi.); and the Editorial—by Mr. Geo. W. Connor (Phi.). The Business Managers are Messrs. W. E. Darden (Phi.), and Howard E. Rondthaler (Di.). These gentlemen will all take a deep interest in the success of THE MAGAZINE, and will give their best work for its success.

There is one feature of THE MAGAZINE which we think deserves especial attention. It is to this more than to all others that it owes its success. We speak of its effort to encourage original work in the study of State His-

tory. In its numbers before the war and since, may be found most valuable articles on prominent North Carolinians and historical sketches of greatest interest to the student of State history. All the volumes of *THE MAGAZINE* may be found in the Library, and we recommend them to our fellow students. Now, the present editors recognize the fact that throughout the State, at this time, there is a general desire to know more of North Carolina and her great men, and it is the purpose of the editors to have in each issue a well written article on some subject connected with our history. In this issue we are very glad to be able to publish the very valuable address on the late Rev. A. W. Mangum, D. D., by Mr. Josephus Daniels, delivered at the University last commencement. This will be read with great pleasure, we are sure, especially by former students of the University. We will also endeavor to have articles by the students on interesting subjects.

THE OPENING.—The University has begun its ninety-seventh year with over two hundred and twenty-five students. The campus is full of fresh men, most of whom have come here to work. The law and medical schools are flourishing. Faculty and students seem to realize that we are at the threshold of a most prosperous era. The money appropriated by the legislature for improvements has been well used, and the south building has been thoroughly renovated. The chapel is now being greatly improved through the kindness of Mr. Worth and his sons, of Wilmington, to whom the students wish to express their sincere thanks for their very valuable gift.

One of the most striking features of this opening to the old student was the almost complete absence of any hazing, even in its mildest forms. We venture to say that after seeing the effect of our resolutions of last spring, a most careful search would not reveal a single student who would favor a return to the old custom. "Mollies" and their "blacking parties" with their thrilling adventures at midnight, and their hair-breadth escapes from the Faculty will exist at the University hereafter, only in tradition. We are all glad that the practice of hazing freshmen has been abolished by the students at the State University.

THE CHANGES.—In the Personal and Local department may be found a list of the changes made in the discipline and courses of study under the new administration. These changes are in the right direction and have been made after careful and thoughtful discussion by the Faculty. The new schedule by cutting down the number of hours for recitation before dinner from five to four, has caused some inconvenience this year, but hereafter will work very smoothly.

There is one change, however, to which we would like to call the attention of the Faculty. That is the change in the commencement exercises,

by which the valedictory and similar class honors have been abolished. We do not object to this change, but we think it hardly fair that it should apply to the present senior class. For certain members of this class understanding that the man who made the highest average in his college career would be the valedictorian of his class, have worked faithfully and earnestly now for three years in order to win this honor. But after the race is almost run, they are told that the honor is abolished, that there is no valedictory. Whether there be such honors or not, certainly cannot effect this editor personally, but we respectfully call the attention of the Faculty to this injustice to certain members of the senior class.

All the other changes have met with hearty approval from the students and they share in the Faculty's desire to see the University occupy its true position in the State.

ATHLETICS.—This important subject is receiving its due share of attention at the University from both Faculty and students. The gymnasium has been refitted with apparatus costing over \$400.00, and, now under the management of the popular and skillful Mr. Charles S. Mangum, ('91), will be a very important feature of college life. All students are required by the Faculty to attend and take part in the exercises three times a week. This we hope will have a good effect upon the student body. Out-door sports are engaged in with great zeal and enthusiasm by the students. As the season for base-ball is over, tennis and foot-ball are the most popular sports just now. Capt. Mike Hoake says he expects to have a team of which we may all feel proud, and if he can infuse some of his energy and enthusiasm into his men, we do not doubt what he says. Ashe S. King and Ferguson are back and the new students are promising. We sincerely hope that all the students will take an active interest in the welfare and success of our team. There are many ways in which you can be of no little help, and if you wish to know how, call on Mr. R. H. Johnston, Business Manager for the team, and he will tell you.

COMMENTS.—The library has been greatly improved by the work done this summer, in the new arrangement of books. The books are no longer divided according to the societies, but according to subjects. For instance all the books, whether Phi, Di or University books on the subject of Political Science are all put in the same alcove. The new card catalogues are a great convenience and decided improvement over the old system. Dr. Alexander and his assistants have done their work well, and deserve and have received the thanks of all the students. There are now in the library about 5,000 volumes of duplicates which will be sold this year and the proceeds used in buying new books.

OF THE GRADUATES LAST JUNE.

"Buck" Andrews is studying Mechanical Engineering at Cornell.

Ashe is with the N. C. Geological Survey.

Ball is taking a business course at Eastman.

Bryan, recently elected librarian for the present year, Batchelor, Paul Graham and McKethan are studying law under Dr. Manning.

Cunninggim has a position in the Agricultural Department at Raleigh.

"Punch" Currie is at home, laughing and growing fatter.

Dalrymple is Assistant Principal of the Greensboro Graded School.

Davies is studying law at the University of Virginia.

Eason is teaching at Elizabeth City.

Fleming is teaching.

Geo. Graham will probably study law under Dr. Manning.

Lewis is on the U. S. Geological Survey in Tennessee.

Mangum is our Gymnasium Instructor and will study medicine under Dr. Whitehead.

Mott. Morehead is Professor of French and Mathematics in Leaksville High School.

Patterson will take a course in Civil and Electrical Engineering at Harvard.

Ransom is sporting.

Spoon has charge of the Diamond Drill of the N. C. Geological Survey.

Thompson is teaching with his brother in Thompson's School, at Siler City.

"Buck" Wills has charge of a flourishing school at Wilson.

—During our absence for the summer, many changes and improvements have been made. The South Building has been entirely renovated from top to bottom. New floors, mantels, doors, windows and stairs have been put in, and the whole building newly plastered. All the recitation rooms have been made more comfortable, having been furnished with chairs. With the handsome donation of Mr. D. G. Worth and three sons, of Wilmington, the Chapel has been remodeled, and is to be carpeted and furnished with two hundred and fifty comfortable chairs. The organ will be presided over by Payson Willard, and the singing will be led by a select choir.

—"We have received a copy of a pamphlet bearing the title: 'The Perception of time. A Thesis. By John Morgan Cheek, '92. University

of North Carolina, 1892.' It contains thirteen pages and is a capital intellectual tonic requiring very close attention, because it is philosophical and metaphysical. It is an able paper, and would have done credit to his teacher, Professor Williams. If Mr. Cheek can produce in his youth such an acute paper upon an abstract subject, what will he not be able to do when he reaches his full intellectual maturity? We have never seen a cleverer piece of philosophic reasoning from a youth. He gives much promise of distinction. Such able students are indeed a credit to the University of North Carolina."—*Wilmington Messenger*.

—The numerous friends of C. W. Toms, class of '89, will be glad to read the following extract from the *Perquimans Record*, published at Hertford, N. C.: "Tuesday, August 25, our quiet town was in a blaze of joyous excitement over the marriage of Mr. C. W. Toms to Miss Mary L. Newby on the above date. The parties named were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Joseph H. Riddick, assisted by Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Plymouth, N. C., at the M. E. Church, in the presence of a large and interested audience. The bride was handsomely toileted in a tan broadcloth, trimmed with heliotrope foile, gold ornaments, and diamonds. The groom wore the conventional black, and was in his best mood. Messrs. Nathan Toms, Sidney McMullan, T. A. Cox and J. S. Parker, handsomely attired, were the perfection of ushers for such an occasion. At 12:45 the doors between the vestibule and the main building were opened, and the wedding march began. To soft and soul enrapturing strains of music, the contracting parties (preceded by the ushers in perfect time) marched up the left aisle to the altar, where the marriage ceremony was performed in the most beautiful and solemn manner, after which they, followed by the ushers, marched down the right aisle to the door, where their carriage was in waiting to take them to the depot. After brief congratulations the happy couple left for a northern tour of some weeks. The bridal presents were numerous and costly, and displayed the taste, as well as the fervent friendship of the givers."

PERSONALS.

—Wooten says Steve Bragaw is the "cheekiest" freshman in College.

—The Y. M. C. A. room has recently been carpeted and otherwise greatly improved.

—Two hundred and twenty-seven students have been enrolled to date, and still they come,

—R. H. Johnston, '92, has been elected Business Manager of the Foot Ball Team. An excellent selection.

—Bart. Gatling should be elected poet of the Senior Class. Ask for and read his latest production, "The Lost Lenore."

—The handsome residence which Dr. Manning is having built on the vacant lot adjoining Dr. Venable's is nearing completion.

—Exclusive of new students in Law and Medicine, just one hundred and three men are on the Hill who were not here last year.

—President Winston has appointed Mr. A. B. Kimball, of Granville county, his private secretary, and he has entered upon his duties.

—Rondthaler and Charlie Toms recently left for home on account of sickness. Rondthaler has since returned, though Toms is still at home.

—The Biological Laboratory has been moved to the room once used by the Phi society as a library on the fourth floor of the New East Building.

—Alex. Stronach, who took the degree of B. L. last June, has become a partner of Judge Strong in the legal profession, with their office at Raleigh.

—The President's, Bursar's and Registrar's offices have been moved to the rooms on either side of the middle entrance, first floor, of the South Building.

—Mr. John S. Hill, class of '89, who was recently elected assistant in English, has decided not to accept the place. The position has not yet been filled.

—Wylie Street Jones will not gladden our hearts by his presence again this year, having decided to continue his course in Medicine at the University of Virginia.

—We notice Dan. Currie, '89, and William James Battle, '88, on the Hill. Dan. will teach school this year; Will. soon returns to Harvard to resume his studies.

—A portrait of Dr. James H. Dickson, an alumnus of the University, and a member of the Dialectic Society, has been presented by his wife to each of the societies.

—One of our law-students was recently heard to compare "Sporty" Cook's moustache to faith—"the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

—"Hube" Hamlen, '92, of Winston, has decided not to return this year, having been offered a position in that city. He will be missed, especially by the Glee Club.

—Bob. Holt, who is successfully engaged in manufacturing at Burlington, and Sloane Huggins, now studying stenography in Richmond, Va., recently paid a flying visit to the Hill.

—"Pos" Ransom and Hal Wood spent a few days with us recently, and their numerous friends were glad to see them. Their stay was short, as they claimed to have pressing business at home.

—Captain Hoke of the foot ball team is now getting together and training men from whom we expect to pick an eleven that will be able to hold its own. Capt. Hoke is the right man in the right place.

—Dr. Manning has moved his law recitation room to the middle entrance of the Old West Building, first floor. Dr. Whitehead will have his recitation room just across the hall from the law room.

—Matt. Pearsall has accepted a position on the staff of the *Clinton Caucasian* where he will be useful as well as ornamental. We shall all miss Matt., but wish him much success in his new field of labor.

—Dr. Whitehead, soon after school opened, delivered before the students quite a practical lecture on the preservation of health. The suggestions were very valuable, and we would do well to act on them.

—Perrin Busbee, '92, will not return this year, having accepted the position of instructor in the Raleigh Male Academy. Perrin was recently elected Captain of the Base Ball Team, and his place will be hard to fill.

—Prof. Caswell Ellis has established a Classical High School in the office near Pres. Winston's home and has already enrolled nearly forty scholars. Prof. Ellis is a good teacher and we wish him success in his undertaking.

—Dr. Thomas F. Wood, editor of the *North Carolina Medical Journal*, has made a very valuable donation to the Medical department, consisting of all the exchanges of the *Journal* and valued at four hundred dollars a year.

—Lost!—On the morning of the 11th of August a coat at Ronda. Don't remember exactly where it was left. Remember having it last at Dr. Hickerson's house. The finder will please return to the Di. Business Manager.

—Dr. Venable has established a new course in Chemistry which is likely to prove very popular. It is to be an advanced course, supplementing the course in General Chemistry, and will also embrace the History of Chemistry.

—We are glad to see out again Mr. H. B. Shaw, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, and Jacob Battle, who have been confined to their rooms by sickness for the past few days. Mr. and Mrs. Battle were with their son during his illness.

—The Senior Class is smaller than usual this year, having lost Hamlen, Cheek, Busbee, Pearsall, Edwards and R. Johnston. The two last-mentioned will pursue a course of medicine under Dr. Whitehead. At present it numbers only fourteen men.

—Dr. Venable is the happiest man in Chapel Hill, and he has a double right to his happiness. We are glad to hear that his "fresh class" is progressing finely. The editors follow the example of one of our Professors and congratulate him with both hands.

—We have never known, nor heard of, such a quiet opening as we have had this year. A very noticeable and commendable fact has been the absence of hazing in any form. The resolutions adopted last session in regard to this have been faithfully carried out.

—The library books of the Phi. and Di. societies have been consolidated and catalogued under a new and convenient arrangement. The arduous work was accomplished by Dr. Alexander, Messrs. V. S. Bryant, Librarian, F. L. Wilcox, T. S. Wilson and B. Wyche.

—Leave of absence without pay from July 1st, was granted to Prof. Holmes by the Board of Trustees. Prof. H. is now State Geologist, and is doing much valuable work toward the development of the mineral resources of the State. We regret very much to give him up.

—The Trustees acted wisely in electing Mr. Hunter L. Harriss and Mr. H. B. Shaw to the positions of Assistants in Mineralogy and Mathematics respectively. Better selections could not have been made. Both are thoroughly familiar with their department and will do well.

—The Durham Base Ball Team played a match game of ball on the University grounds with the Chapel Hill team several days ago. But the Chapel Hillians proved too much for them. They took the lead at the start and held it throughout the game, finally winning by a score of 13 to 6.

—We regret very much to learn that Shep. Bryan, recently elected Librarian, also two of his sisters are ill at Mrs. Graves'. Their parents, Judge and Mrs. Bryan, are with them. They are improving and we wish them a speedy recovery. Wileox and Wilson are now acting as Librarians.

—At the opening of the session we were glad to have with us again for a few days John Stronach and Bob. Bingham. John is now doing a thriving commission business in Raleigh. Bob. will study medicine again at the University of Virginia. Drew Patterson also spent a few days on the Hill then.

—Mr. Hugh Miller, who held the position of assistant in the Department of Chemistry last year, has been elected to the Chair of Chemistry in the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh, and has accepted. This is quite a compliment and we are sure he will reflect credit on himself in his new position.

—At the residence of Mr. J. C. Havemeyer, at Yonkers-on-the-Hudson on the tenth day of June, Prof. Henry Horace Williams was united in marriage to Miss Bertha Colton, Bishop Philip Brooks officiating. Prof. Williams and bride have arrived on the Hill, and to them the editors extend best wishes.

—According to precedent, the students assembled in Memorial Hall on the afternoon of the twelfth of September to elect an orator for the Washington Birthday celebration next February. Mr. Bart. M. Gatling, of Raleigh, was unanimously chosen, and we are confident that he will do honor to the occasion.

—We deeply regret to chronicle the death of Miss Clara, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Martin, which occurred at the home of her parents Sunday, August 30th. She was admired and respected by all who knew her, and at the time of her death was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

—Andrews and R. Johnston, who were elected Business Managers of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for the Di. and Phi. societies respectively, have resigned, and Rondthaler and Darden have been elected to fill the vacancies. Cheek, first editor from the Di. Society, will not return and W. Rollins has been elected in his place.

—During the summer vacation, the University lost two of her brightest and best men in the death of Will. Bingham and Bynum. Both stood very high in their classes, and were deservedly popular with the faculty as well as the students. The MAGAZINE deeply sympathizes with the grief-stricken relatives and friends in their bereavement.

—The marriage of Dr. Richard H. Whitehead, Professor of Medicine, to Miss Virgilia, daughter of Rev. Dr. Paul Whitehead, was solemnized at Amherst, Va., on Thursday, the fourth of June. Soon after the happy event, they sailed for Europe, from which they have but recently returned. The editors of the *MAGAZINE* wish for them a long and happy wedded life.

—The Annual Sermon before the Y. M. C. A. was preached in the Methodist Church Sunday night, September 13th, by Bishop Edward Rondthaler, D. D., of Salem. Bishop Rondthaler possesses rare scholarly attainments, and his sermon was greatly enjoyed by all who had the pleasure of hearing him. He is very popular with the students, and we always enjoy having him with us.

—By the election of Dr. Stephen B. Weeks to the Chair of History of Trinity College, another University boy has been honored. Since taking the degree of Ph. D. at the University in 1888, he has been pursuing an advanced course in History at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Weeks is eminently qualified to fill the position to which he has been elected, and will make his department a success.

—Mr. Chas. Baskerville, of Columbus, Miss., has been elected assistant in Chemistry. Mr. Baskerville was a student of the University of Mississippi, from which place he went to the University of Virginia, graduating there in the department of Chemistry. After his graduation, he pursued a post-graduate course in Chemistry at Vanderbilt. He comes highly recommended and to him we extend a hearty welcome.

—New apparatus has been received for the gymnasium, and the classes have begun work. During vacation, Charlie Mangum the instructor, has been at Springfield, Mass., further fitting himself for his work—among other things, taking a course in boxing and fencing. All regular students are now required to spend a certain number of hours in the Gymnasium each week under the instructor's direction. We are glad to see the interest in physical culture on the increase, and hope it may continue to grow.

—George Howell, who still holds first rank in his class at the U. S. Military Academy, sustained a painful, though we trust not a serious, injury last month. At Goldsboro, while out riding, the horse stumbled and fell on his leg, badly wrenching his knee. However, he has returned to West Point, and we trust that the unfortunate occurrence will not interfere with his studies. R. P. Johnston is also still holding his own near the head of the class. Both are University boys of whom we are justly proud.

—From the paper of a neighboring city we clip the following, which has reference to one of our Juniors:

Mr. T.—(walking into the parlor where Mabel and Sam have been conversing *sotto voce*): “Well, what are you two talking about?”

Mabel: “We were just speaking of our kith and kin.”

Little Lawrence—(who, unobserved, has overheard them, lisping): “Yeth, Papa, they was. Sam athed Mabel if he could kith her, and she said ‘you kin’.”

—We take pleasure in printing the following extract from the *News and Observer* referring to Bowman Gray, who left us a few days after school opened to accept a position in the Wachovia National Bank, of Winston: “The Board of Directors have appointed Mr. Bowman Gray to succeed the late Mr. Geo. W. Brooks, as teller in the Wachovia National Bank. The new appointee is a son of Mr. James A. Gray, cashier of said bank. He is only seventeen years of age. However, he is a bright young man and will fill the position with honor and acceptance alike.”

—Prof. H. V. Wilson, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, but for the past two years Biologist to the United States Fish Commission at Wood’s Holl, Mass., and Prof. Karl P. Harrington, Professor of Latin in Wesleyan University, Middlebury, Connecticut, have been elected to the chairs of Biology and Latin respectively. Prof. Harrington is author of the book “Helps to the Intelligent Study of College Preparatory Latin.” The Board of Trustees have made excellent selections, and the University is to be congratulated on securing these additions to her faculty.

—To the Raleigh *News and Observer* we are indebted for the following extract which shows that Dr. Hume is appreciated abroad as well as at home: “Dr. Hume, of the University, has been attending the National School of Methods at Glenn Falls, N. Y., and this is the way the *Morning Star* of that city speaks of him: ‘Dr. Thomas Hume, who has created a deep interest and an earnest enthusiasm in the study of English literature and Anglo-Saxon, gave yesterday one of the most thoughtful lectures of the session on ‘How to Study a Play of Shakespeare.’ The lecturer selected the play of ‘Hamlet’ for his illustration and held the attention of his audience to the close, imparting to them his own enthusiasm. While exhibiting a thorough scholarship and a full knowledge of the ideas of the greatest students of Shakespeare, his own thoughts and original views were in no wise hidden or oppressed by them, and were received with marked admiration and approval. The lecture was altogether admirable, and on its conclusion the audience showed their appreciation by general applause. We are glad to see the Professors of the University winning laurels abroad. The truth is the faculty there is a very superior one.’”

—The following resolutions were adopted by the students of the University, Oct. 12th, after morning prayers. They were read by Mr. Boyden, of Salisbury. Mr. Harvey, of Kinston, and Mr. Mebane, of Madison, moved the adoption, and there was a unanimous rising vote. It was a grateful compliment:

Resolved 1. That the students of this University, on this the first morning of the occupation of the re-modeled chapel, desire to express their grateful appreciation of the generosity of Mr. D. G. Worth and his three sons, all alumni of the University, who, by their gift of \$500.00 have enabled us to use this beautiful and comfortable hall.

Resolved 2. That we carefully use and protect the property thus generously donated by our friends.

NEW REGULATIONS.

RECITATIONS AND LECTURES.

1. The daily work begins at 9 o'clock.
2. Absence from recitations is not an element in scholarship, but is matter for discipline.
3. The only excuses for absence are sickness, (with the doctor's certificate,) and absence from the Hill, (with permit.)
4. Each student is allowed a gratuity of one absence a week out of 15 recitations, which is intended to cover all trivial, accidental and other cases of absence. This gratuity must not be taken so as to produce a sum total of absences for the month, in any study, exceeding 25 per cent. of the total exercises per month in that study.
5. No conflicts are allowed.

PRAYERS.

1. Attendance upon prayers is required, except in cases of religious scruples.
2. The hour is 8:45 A. M.
3. A gratuity of one absence a week is allowed.

NOISES AND DISTURBANCES.

1. Noises and disturbances are to be confined to the play-grounds and the gymnasium. The following contract illustrates the theory of government, as to this point:

CONTRACT FOR ROOM.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, }
Bursar's Office,.....189... }

Mr....., having paid Five Dollars entrance fee, and \$..... room fee, is entitled to the use of one-half of Room No....., Building, and service from 189..., to189.... It is mutually agreed that the Bursar shall provide satisfactory service and that the tenant shall be responsible for all damage committed in or upon the room during this contract, as well as for all damage committed by the tenant upon any University property. It is further agreed that any malicious damage or any malicious or repeated disturbance of college order shall be a forfeiture of all right to dwell in a college building.

.....Bursar.

.....Tenant.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE GENERALLY.

The following contract explains the theory of discipline:

APPLICANT'S CONTRACT.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, }
Chapel Hill,.....189... }

In presenting myself as a candidate for admission to the privileges of the University, it is with the agreement that so long as I may be a student in the University, I shall make good use of my opportunities for education, and shall conduct myself in a manner that is friendly to its interests. This is not intended to be a pledge of honor, but a contract, the breaking of which shall be a forfeiture of all rights to membership in the University.

.....Applicant.

SCHOLARSHIP AND HONORS.

1. The same grades of scholarship are required, as heretofore, for passing.
2. Numerical marks of honor are abolished, and the *ante-bellum* system of groups is adopted. There will be three "honor-groups," corresponding to the old "first, second and third mite" groups.

COMMENCEMENT SPEECHES.

1. Only six graduates will speak at commencement. These will be selected by competition.
2. Any senior may compete whose general grade in scholarship reaches the point heretofore indicated by 80. The five best scholars in the Senior English class in Essays and Orations may also compete, regardless of their general average of scholarship, provided they average over 70.
3. The special orations, "valedictory," "classical," "philosophical," "scientific," &c., &c., are abolished.

REPORTS.

1. Monthly reports are abolished.
2. Reports will be sent home three times a year, in Dec., March and June, after the final examinations.

ROOMS.

1. There is a special charge for rooms in the S. building. All others are free to those who pay the entrance fees. Law, medical and special students may occupy rooms without joining the societies.
2. Rooms are not reserved beyond registration day, which is the day before the beginning of each term. After that the first comer has choice.
3. Students have no right to sell or transfer rooms.

EXAMINATIONS.

1. Entrance examinations are held the two days preceding the beginning of each term.
2. Conditions on entrance examinations must be made good within one year.
3. Regular written examination of classes will be held in December, March and May.
4. Special examinations for conditioned and deficient students will be held the two days preceding the opening in Sept.
5. Conditioned students, (grade below 70) will also be allowed to stand the regular examinations with the next class.
6. Deficient students (grade below 50) will not be allowed to take an advanced class in the same subject until they have made good the deficiency.
7. Freshman conditions must be made up by the beginning of the Junior year.
8. Sophomore conditions must be made up by the beginning of the Senior year.
9. Seniors who have conditions will be allowed special examinations the last two weeks in April.

HALL OF DIALECTIC SOCIETY,
 Sept. 11th, 1891.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His all wise and all provident foresight to remove from our midst our late fellow member Willie Bingham, be it therefore

Resolved, That in his death our society has lost one of its most devoted and highly esteemed members and the University a most promising student. Be it also

Resolved, That the Dialectic Society, of which he was a member, extend its deepest sympathy to the bereaved family and friends. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the society, and a copy of them be sent to the afflicted family, and also to the press of the State.

A. B. ANDREWS, JR.,

F. P. ELLER,

F. L. WILCOX,

Committee of Dialectic Society.

HALL OF DIALECTIC SOCIETY,
Sept. 11th, 1891.

WHEREAS, God, in His almighty wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our friend and companion, Wm. Preston Bynum, therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That the Dialectic Society has lost a valuable member, and we a cherished companion, whose conduct in our midst gave unusual promise of a bright future.

2nd. That as a classmate he was brilliant, as a member earnest, as a friend generous, as a Christian true and faithful.

3rd. That we hereby tender to his bereaved family our sincerest sympathy, and trust that the remembrance of what he was may prove a constant comfort to their grief stricken hearts.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the *News and Observer*, *Statesville Landmark*, and *Charlotte Chronicle*, and likewise be spread upon a page of the minutes dedicated to his memory.

V. H. BOYDEN,
G. H. CROWELL,
H. E. RONDHALER,
Committee.

NORTH CAROLINA
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

OLD SERIES VOL. XXII.

No. 2.

NEW SERIES VOL. XI.

EDITORS:

PHI.
GEORGE W. CONNOR,
C. F. HARVEY.

DI.
W. E. ROLLINS,
E. PAYSON WILLARD.

HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, }
W. E. DARDEN, } Business Managers.

Published six times a year under the auspices of the Philanthropic and
Dialectic Societies. Subscription, \$1.00. Single copy, 20 cents.

Entered at the Post Office of Chapel Hill as second class matter.

ADDRESS AT THE INAUGURATION OF PRESI-
DENT WINSTON.

WALTER H. PAGE.

(We reproduce from the *State Chronicle* of Oct. 20, Mr. Page's speech,
the sentiments of which should inspire new zeal into every student and
Alumnus of the University for original study in the solution of the Race-
Problem.)

We note here with pleasure, that the Societies have begun to take the
matter in hand, having appointed a committee to confer with the Faculty
in regard to the furtherance of Mr. Page's suggestion, and we hope soon
to see the plan take on a definite course, for in no way could the Univer-
sity of North Carolina be better brought before the people of the United
States than by this.—Ed.)

MR. PRESIDENT:—I greet you with the earnest congratulations
that befit the taking on of a clear duty which leads to a high
opportunity.

For it is much to have one's duty clear; to have a clear duty
that brings a high opportunity is all we can ask the gods to give.

In a time when perplexities hedge men of energy and the
right way is often hidden by the number of roads that lead to

places of rest or to eminences of honorable toil, to you the way is straight. By the gentlest change the dignity of the past now takes on energy for the future. To the headship of this venerated institution, we that live on hope and not on memories, welcome you, pledging what help we can give, and, as workers in other ways, the cheer of most loyal comradeship.

And this hour of your consecration is a time to us of solemn joy. The hopes we build are high, for as we read our calendar it is a day of broadening opportunity. In our gentle contention with them that have sat in the way of progress all that we have ever asked is opportunity.

And we are glad that it is you that have inherited this high trust; for, deep-rooted in the past and clothed with our best traditions, you have kept pace to the quickened step of a new era. I greet you holding the hope of our most venerable institution just when our life swings forward into a larger day.

And the gentleness with which great changes come and the old times blossom into new is a rebuke to our impatience; for how gently this movement forward has been taken!

I see such changes even between my visits here, that the men who die between times seem at once to become part of a long-past epoch. It was only the other day for instance that we had the good fortune (and it was an education in nobility and gentleness)—to have Professor Hooper here—the bearer of her stateliest presence that ever clothed the form of man. And of all the fine sights of enthusiasm in the world there never was a finer than that we saw here for so many years—until just now—when Mr. Paul Cameron, on commencement day rose from his seat and very slowly, marched upon this rostrum, when the company began to sing the “Old North State.” “Give me my hat,” he said, and when some one gave it to him, with a flush on his ruddy countenance as beautiful as the rosy cheeks of childhood and his gray hair flowing, he waved the hat above his head and cried out: “Hurrah!” “Hurrah!” You will never see a more spontaneous enthusiasm than that, nor a sight that you will remember longer.

The very mention of only these two honored and honorable men brings a different atmosphere from the atmosphere you

breathe here now—an air laden with the perfume of a perfect culture of its kind, that comes now as across the years in lonely hours comes the memory of our childhood. Yet the feet of these gentle and noble men have just now ceased to come and go with us; and I am sure that their benediction rests on us. It would be a pleasure to-day to assure them that their memory is held dear and their characters shall guide us and their manners be our manners in the broader way that opens to us.

And for this broader way it is a memorable privilege to be able to thank the clean hands and the noble aims of your predecessor; for he it was that reconstructed the University when the mad revolutionists that desecrated it were driven from it as the money changers were driven from the temple. In a period of desolation it was he who brought back again the fine spirit of the old times; and he will live as the preserver and the transmitter of our best traditions. Him, too, we honor and love, honoring ourselves thereby. For in our annals his name is safe, and he has passed into our history before he is taken from our thankful companionship. The opportunity that came in storm to him, in calm he has broadened and transmitted to you. Thankfully remember, for all men will remember, that much of the reward that you will reap is of labor of his doing. You have a high place, made higher by his bearing in it.

But this would be an hour of only idle compliment—unworthy of your purpose and of our solemn jubilation, if we forgot the breadth of that opportunity or failed to hold up a measure of it to-day.

It were an event of little consequence if this change of Presidents did not bring a change of meaning. The retirement of a veteran to make place for a recruit is not an event worthy of celebration; that were merely the even flow of things as men grow up and grow old. But this change is more than that, and in coming to your christening we think we come to celebrate the intellectual awakening of the people.

For the one fact that it is now our duty to insist on as you take this high trust and we charge you to remember, is that this is the people's institution. Settle all mortgages to-day that all classes and sections of society have on you. Renounce forever

servitude to ecclesiastism and partyism and set out to be the ruling and the shaping force among the energies that stir the people and are making of our old fields a new earth, of our long slumbering land a resounding workshop.

Remembering that this is the people's institution, look with me for a moment over the commonwealth, and we shall see the most interesting social problem on the continent.

These people sprung of hardy stock, living out of the currents of the world's activity, nurtured in the simple creed of frugality and reverence in a land where living is easy, have inherited a tradition that somehow education is a thing for a particular class; and here, by a strange absence of events and by the accident of location, is one of the very sturdiest communities of the whole English race yet in the crude stage of development of a preceding century. On the hills alike of the Catawba and of the Roanoke a hundred years ago men followed plows of the Homeric fashion drawn by bullocks to make shallow furrows in little fields of new ground to grow little stores of corn. To-day alike on the hills of the Roanoke and of the Catawba you may see men following plows of Homeric fashion drawn by bullocks to make shallow furrows in little fields of new ground (now made new for the second time) to grow the same little stores of corn. Meantime their kinsmen; men of English stock, no whit more capable than they, have brought three continents under their sway and the rise of science has made new the intellectual life of men. Here alone, alike on the banks of the Roanoke and of the Catawba great change has come not and the creeds of a century ago have not flowed into wider channels.

What a proof of the power of a hindering tradition! Any other race would have lost its capacity. And what a tribute this is to the fibre of our stock! For the people of North Carolina have not lost their capacity. Whenever an event of the outside world has broken through our barriers of State pride, they have shown themselves capable, as for example, in our civil war. In that stirring time there were uncommon men developed. They went forth showing endurance and courage even when it was folly to be brave.

Of the influences that have chained them, one was slavery, the shadow of which falls long and lingers heavy yet; another was

a pioneer church that hardened its emotional creed into an adamantine intolerance which fashioned for docile necks the yoke of petty ecclesiasticism, whose halter spared not this institution itself; worse than all was a subtle social creed growing out of these things that suppressed individual effort. I recall now how greatly I suffered in my own childhood because at our foremost school (it was then just over the hills here) the boys rated one another according to the military prominence of their fathers, and my father was so unthoughtful as not to be even a colonel.

Under these influences the people have slumbered long, and have been the prey of small agitations (see how, for example, they lie bound by the straw of a Farmers' Alliance, led by them of the long beards, to whose dominating delusion our greatest and broadest and most honored and best beloved public servant paid the homage of surrender).

Now, not in a spirit of blame (for who shall say who is to blame?) it becomes us to-day to see the truth—that during this slumber of the people this institution did not touch them. This institution was little more than the conservator of our best traditions, an asylum where the sons of gentle nature in a rough-time might breathe the air of a preceding era and become the contemporaries of their grand-fathers when their grand-fathers themselves were youths; where they sat down with their ancestors on the easy terms of comradeship in years, manners, doctrines and ideals, and danced (when the preachers allowed it) with their own grand-mothers in their maidenhood.

The strongest men, as a rule, have not been the men of your moulding. In every part of the commonwealth youth have gone forth to be shepherds of millions and leaders of men, whose hands are felt on the markets of the world and who are among the foremost commercial minds in a commercial era. Yet they never felt the moulding touch of your hands in their youth and in their manhood many of them are denied the power of repose and do not know the precious secret of refreshing themselves with the poets, or of finding calm in the classics. Yet if our University had touched (could have touched) the people it would have touched such men, and to have fashioned them would have glorified the

University as its traditions, noble in spite of narrowness, have sanctified it.

But the long, slumbering people are now waking, for a new influence has touched them. The love of gain has never failed as a goad, and it is not failing now. It is calling into activity all the dormant powers of the people. In old fields where time had hardly smoothed the furrows of slave plowmen, we have seen great factories rise; our people are becoming the builders of cities, the leaders of industry, the architects of fortunes. We are even told, on good authority, that within an area that has our mountains for its centre and this village on its outskirts, the coming masters of the markets of the world will live and work. So a new force is already come—a force that sets little store by ecclesiastical or social habits and that will soon mould a people of money makers and this change brings your change.

The University in its new era must become a force alongside this new force—a dominating influence over it. For you know this sacred truth—that the race for wealth leaves the runners exhausted; and men get punier as they grow richer.

What is the proper measure of this new awakening? The measure of the men it produces, and this only. It is not the measure of the wealth produced. Neither here nor elsewhere in this time nor ever is the value of industrial life the sum total of its concrete product, but only and always the sum total of its manhood.

And it is to you, and to you chiefly, indeed to you only, that we have to look for the proper guidance of this new power. To the church we cannot look, for seldom has ecclesiasticism wisely directed wealth towards a broad development. While we are poor we starve the church into mendicancy; when we get rich it is unreasonable to expect it to show independence.

Neither can we look to politics properly to direct our new industrial energy. Politics too clearly and surely profits by wealth and even by the prostitution of wealth for us to expect the wisest training of it. So, too, of the press.

Now when this gigantic energy is newly released it brings a necessity, such a necessity as did not exist even in a period of inertia, for a broad balancing force; and if you look for such a

force will find it only here—here where our high traditions of a manly era centre, among which is the tradition that a true independence of character is better than riches. It is upon this tradition of our earlier times that our salvation now depends. Look forth over the world and in spite of the increasing comfort alike of the few and the multitude, everywhere the dulling touch of money-getting has tamed men's generous impulses and there has been a loss of that virile and prodigal nobility of spirit that made the "old Southern gentleman" before he became grotesque, the most erect man that we have bred.

If it seems absurd that I speak here against the perils of wealth, I pray you remember it is not wealth itself you have to fear any more than it is from actual wealth that you now suffer; but it is the governing habit of mind that puts a pecuniary value on all things, and this habit of mind has already come. Already in most of our new towns you may see that type of man who, after devotion to a narrow creed for several generations has been smitten by prosperity and now presents the spectacle of a gilded and rancid self-righteousness. So the danger and opportunity that now awaits us are the opportunity and the danger of our industrial activity.

The North Carolinian of the past we know; we know, too, the North Carolinian of the present, and he is very like his ancestor. What type of man this new industrial activity is going to make the North Carolinian of the future we can yet only guess, but this is the force that is going to make him. Let yours be the force that guides him.

To guide him you must fall into line with him, along with his activity your activity must be felt.

Now while an intimate connection between an institution of learning and the industrial activity of the people is easy to talk about, it is difficult to make. What is there, for instance, in common between your young men whose delight is reading Horace and the busy men who are laying the foundation of fortunes by the manufacture of tobacco? What can there be in common between an institution whose aim it is to introduce men to the classics, and the activity of men whose aim it is to sell town lots at a premium? Of course, in a general way, this problem has to be met by every

institution of learning, has to be met, indeed, by every individual of high intellectual inspiration.

Nevertheless, I do not think there is an insurmountable wall between these two kinds of activity, because University life has now become so diverse. It is simply a problem of adapting one force to another in a helpful way rather than in hindering way, although I may seem to go very far out of academic paths. I venture to point out one direction in which I think the two forces might be made yoke-fellows, and that of course is in a line of work with which my own labors happen to have made me familiar.

You have now here, lying all about you in the every-day life of the people, facts and tendencies that are the erude materials of one of the most interesting problems of this century, a problem that civilized men in every country are eagerly watching; a problem about which students of social science everywhere are making speculations; a problem on which I dare say you could throw more light than has yet been thrown by all other students put together, because your opportunities are greater than the opportunities of other men.

It is a problem in social development, a clear statement of which would bring a reputation that would be world wide, and the University by taking hold on it would put men everywhere under obligations to you and give the institution a new intellectual rating. It is simply this:

What is to be the outcome of the living and working together of the two races?

Time long enough has elapsed since the emancipation of the slaves to show clearly the main tendencies that point to further development, and yet, except for a few facts that are thrown upon it by the United States census, there is everywhere a confusing mass of discussion, everywhere a lack of exact information. Would it seem to you too revolutionary a proposition if I were to suggest that you organize a *seminarium* of social science and set your eager students to work as a body of enquirers to gather the facts in every county in the State to show precisely what are the relations between the two races, and in what respects these relations have changed in the last twenty-five years? If a company

of twenty-five or thirty energetic young men were to go forth, one in one community and one in another, every one equipped with a set of inquiries upon which they had agreed in advance, and were to gather answers to these inquiries by their own investigation, and then if this whole mass of facts were brought together and properly classified and properly interpreted, I say that you would have a piece of literature on an important subject in social science that would be read and welcomed everywhere that studious men live. Nor do I believe that this would be difficult; for there is not a newspaper in the State that would not feel proud to aid you, and every one could give great aid by opening its columns for you to ask questions, and you might have a volume of correspondence here from men, black and white, from every township in every county in this State even before your next commencement. If at your next commencement instead of orations on abstract subjects about which the learning of youth is so much greater than the wisdom of manhood, you were to present the results of original investigations, I venture the prediction that there will be nothing published from any institution of learning in the United States this year that will be more interesting than of what you would put forth. I am sure, too, that the rigid training which may be got from the collection and handling of a large body of vital facts like this would be quite equal as an intellectual exercise to the training that is got in class rooms.

But the main point is not simply that you would have achieved something worth the doing and that you would be doing good training work also, but more important than these is this: that by such work you would be sure to arouse every man who ever thinks, from one end of the State to the other, in your institution and in your work; and many an old man who follows his bullock over his field of new ground to grow his little store of grain and has wondered whether the negro will always be the negro that he is, would have his attention arrested by the fact that the University of all things in the world, was trying to solve and find out facts about which he too had given serious thought. He would have a profounder regard for University than he had ever had, and it might occur to him that it might benefit his son. If you once got the interest of the common people aroused in your insti-

tution in such logical and natural ways as this, by creating a unity of interests and a unity of aims with the people, I think the day will soon come when your President would not have to wait on the legislature to secure an appropriation large enough to meet your expenses. It would be only a question to submit to a tax and a constantly increasing tax, if necessary, to perpetuate and to make broader the institute that reflects glory on the State and gives him food for his own thought to grow on.

This, of course, is but one little suggestion along one line of work, and out of your fertility and the fertility of your faculty suggestions along many lines worth many times more than this will come. The single hint that I would drop is this, that in proportion as you lay hold on present conditions and show yourself interested in those things in which the people are themselves interested, you will place yourselves in a position where you can question and shape them, building up and balancing their thoughts.

So that when I said you are happy in having a clear duty, before you, I meant that you have not to face the perplexing questions of a complex culture, but a simple and primary task, fundamental, secondary to none, and more useful than mere academic task, and when I said that this clear duty leads to a great opportunity, I meant the opportunity of doing the noblest and highest democratic work, the intellectual awakening of the whole people whose traditions you have perpetuated and whose love you hold—a task that owing to the peculiar stage of their development and the peculiar circumstances of hindering, all the world will watch with interest; and that the builders of commonwealths well might envy you.

As we take up this task, we that look forward, (if I have earned a right to speak for them that look forward) beg to remind you, not in a spirit of admonition but in the spirit of work-fellowship, that there is but one courage and that is the courage of truth, because there is but one victory and that is the victory of truth, which is the invincible voice of God. This is our token.

In consecrating yourself to this, therefore, swear that the day of compromises is done! To every mendicant tradition that shall ask favors of you; to every narrow ecclesiastical prejudice that

shall demand tribute ; most of all to the colossal inertia that you inherit in whatever forms they come, in whatever guises they present themselves—to them all say with kindness but with firmness :

Go honored, hence, go home
Night's childless children: here your day is done,
Pass with the stars and leave us
With the sun.

AUTUMN.

BY RICHARD WYCHE.

There's a sadness in the air,
Leaves are falling everywhere
In the grove,
Down the lane.

All the night and all the day
Frosty fingers work away,
Stripping trees
Of their leaves.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

In the September number of the *Century*, E. M. Howe, a western journalist, has an article entitled "Country Newspapers," in which, in a manner true to the life and humorous, he tells of country papers, as he has found them. With some few exceptions, Mr. Howe's descriptions apply to the rural periodicals of North Carolina very forcibly.

The soil of North Carolina is peculiarly adapted to the growth and flourishing of country newspapers. Our State is without large cities. Wilmington, our biggest town, with its 23,000 inhabitants, is in the strictest sense of the word, not a *city*. North Carolina is the provincial State of the Union, and the only one, excepting probably some new western states, that has no city of 50,000 or 100,000 inhabitants. Consequently she is a State of weeklies. Every one of her 96 county seats has two. It is not risking anything to make this statement, for country newspapers go in pairs, dividing the patronage of their territory or "field" which, while it would furnish a "good living" to the editor of one paper, thus necessarily inflicts two poor editors upon the community.

I believe North Carolina has better country editors and newspapers than other states. Perhaps the very fact of its being a more or less provincial State, has something to do with this. Not having any great city to supply her with a great daily, which her citizens may swear by, as Virginians do by the *Richmond Dispatch*, South Carolinians by the *Charleston News-and-Courier*, and Georgians by the *Atlanta Constitution*, it is incumbent upon North Carolina's country editors to exert themselves all the more to supply this want and to give their subscribers a country newspaper somewhat above the average.

Perhaps another thing that goes to give this State good editors is the mutual discussion as to how to improve their papers, by the members of the State Press Association, as they annually meet in convention. The papers read in these conventions are often found to reveal depth of thought, convincing argument and at times a sparkling wit.

The convention also does a good work in establishing a fellow feeling between the editors, which goes a long way towards preserving journalistic harmony in the State. It is a heap easier to blaze away in rather discourteous criticism at some fault in an exchange when you don't know the editor, than it is to do so, after you and the same editor have staid all night together during the convention, walked arm-in-arm through the city, and mutually exchanged unimportant but charming little courtesies, such as "won't you have something?" "Thanks, don't care if I do."

North Carolina newspaper offices are all alike. I remember well the first day I ever saw the Salisbury *Watchman* office. Ascending on the outside of an old brick store a long flight of stairs, half rotted by the rain that fell on them from the roof above, I found myself face to face, on the platform at their head, with a screeching secession eagle painted on a white back-ground against the brick wall just to the left of the door that opened under the large letters "WATCHMAN OFFICE." This Eagle was full of secession and was letting it out. His wings were outstretched, his neck feathers ruffled and bristling, and you could see to an immense distance down his red painted throat. If he was doing Cerberus-duty at the entrance to the *Watchman* sanctum, he kindly let me by with nothing worse than violent demonstration. In fact he had roosted and demonstrated there on a shield with a star for each seceded state, for more than twenty-five years, and I have often thought that it was due perhaps to his persevering utterance of the secession sentiments of the editors, that led to the ruthless destruction of the *Watchman's* outfit by Stoneman's troopers during the war. They smashed up the presses and cast all of the type out of the windows.

As I passed through the door, I stepped at one stride from the present to the past. The old office was "rich with the flower of antiquity." It was at one and the same time, editorial and reportorial room, composing room, job office and business office. This did not, however, cause any confusion, as the editor wrote all the editorials, did most of the reporting, set type, superintended the job work, and received payment for subscriptions. The press on which the paper was printed was an ancient Franklin press, looking like an iron bedstead. Small busts of Washington and Frank-

lin stood forth from the massive head piece. A curiously wrought old clock hung on the wall, its slow measured "tick-tock," forming, so to speak, the bass to the shrill tenor "click, click," of the type as they dropped in place through the deft fingers of the printers.

On the wall General Wade Hampton smiled approbation, from out a luxurious growth of side whiskers, down upon the workers in the room.

The *Watchman* differed a little from the typical Carolina paper in not having a couple of prints representing the latest democratic candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States hanging on the walls, but nothing so fresh or recent could be allowed to desecrate the hallowed antiquity of this ancient journalistic haunt.

An old square, box-shaped, iron store, cast at a Salisbury furnace before the war, stood and smoked in the centre of the room and close around this the editorial tables were ranged, all covered, as they were, with disarranged piles of exchanges, opened and unopened.

In keeping with his surroundings sat the editor, writing at a little cleared patch, which had been made from the primeval forest of exchanges surrounding and overshadowing him, on the very edge of the table. His thick silver gray hair hung down nearly to his shoulders, old age had stamped his features with the seal of the wrinkles and crowfeet, and the fingers that wielded the pen were long and bony. He was the veteran J. J. Bruner, who for fifty years was editor of the *Watchman*. I remember he always wore an old gray shawl, as he passed and repassed from the office to his home. He never was acclimated to the modern overcoat.

Yes, the *Watchman* office was big with reminiscence and suggestiveness of the past. The shelves upon shelves of musty and yellow-turned leaves of the volumes of the old files, contained entertainment for weeks and months, and the taint of mustiness and yellow-leaves seemed to permeate the whole room. It was not necessary to refer to the head of the editorial columns of "the Carolina *Watchman*" to ascertain that the paper was established nearly 60 years ago. The fire as it roared with a muffled sound in the old stove; the monotonous tones of the ancient clock; the clicking type as it fell in the stick; the hurrying pen as it ran

across the page, yes, all the voices of the old newspaper office seemed to murmur in soft, confidential whispers, (as if fearful of disturbing the old man, as he wrote,)—"Es-tab-lished, eighteen-thirty-one ; eighteen-thirty-one."

The *Watchman* is a type of all the country weeklies of the State. The editor with occasionally an assistant does all the work. Two printers and a devil constitute the force at the cases.

Mr. Howe in his article says "there are four classes of men who usually own country newspapers: 1. Farmers' sons who think they are a little too good for farming, and not quite good enough to do nothing. 2. School teachers. 3. Lawyers who have made a failure of the law. 4. Professional printers who have worked their way?" The last class is well represented in this State, but the representatives of the former three classes are few, I think. There are plenty of able men to be found between Currituck and Cherokee, who chose journalism for its own sake, and have spent their life trying to produce a good paper. The editor of the Statesville *Landmark*, by application and steady, hard work, without which no newspaper man can succeed, has made a reputation in his profession, and when his name was mentioned for Governor several years ago he modestly remarked that he had rather be a good editor than Governor. But the editor of the Charlotte *Chronicle* is one man who is sick of his job. He is the great journalistic apologist in North Carolina. The sins of journalists in general weigh heavily upon him, and he comes with his hands on his mouth, and his mouth in the dust, crying "God be merciful to us newspaper men." In an editorial of October 27, 1891, headed "The true estimate of journalists," the editor of the *Chronicle* says these things, among others: "The very ablest and wisest newspaper men cannot truthfully put a high estimate upon their services. They are really nothing more than clerks." "He (the journalists) is no authority on anything as a rule. There is not a journalist in America to-day that is an acknowledged authority in the elements of politics." "According to the theory of success he must advocate the claims of some men for places whom his conscience condemns." "Let no journalist congratulate himself upon his profession," is the lugubrious conclusion. As a general thing, though, you do not find many country newspaper men but who claim to be important

"moulders of public opinion." I never heard of another besides the editor of the *Chronicle*, who ever stuck his head out of the editorial window and cried "Unclean! Unclean!" It is really unfortunate that a newspaper man whose editorials show hard study and great ability should have no opinion whatever of his chosen calling.

Mr. Howe says country editors are continually accusing each other of being bribed to utter this or that opinion in their editorials. I never knew of such an accusation made in this State, except once when the *Progressive Farmer*, the Alliance organ of Col. Polk, accused the State papers of North Carolina of being a grand "subsidized press." This was at the time the State press turned its guns on the *Progressive Farmer* for its attempt to cause Alliance legislators to disregard their instructions to vote for the re-election of Senator Vance. The utter absurdity of the accusation that North Carolina editors, a number of whom wore cut-away coats to hide the patches in their pants, were bribed, was so apparent that the whole State broke out into a horse laugh. (I pause to remark parenthetically that one cut-away coat lasts a country editor through three generations of trousers.)

Quite a number of Alliance papers have sprung up over the State since the organization of the Alliance, and naturally, because so many subscribers of country newspapers are farmers. Shortly after the death of Editor Bruner in Salisbury, a bright young Salisbury lawyer and myself took temporary care of the *Watchman*. We poured hot shot into young Ramsey, the associate editor of the *Progressive Farmer*, who was making attacks on Senator Vance, and whose red-head and "yellow" shoes had a State reputation. Several months later the *Watchman* was sold at public auction and it seemed to us the irony of fate that the little red-at-both-ends Alliance editor should have purchased it and made it an anti-Vance, Alliance organ.

Some of the country papers are quite unique in their choice of names, affording a relief from the monotony of such commonplace names as the News, Chronicle, Times, Herald, Sun, World, Star, and the like. For example, we have the Asheville *Citizen*, the Statesville *Landmark*, Salisbury *Watchman*, Greensboro *North State*, Goldsboro *Argus* and *Headlight*, Elizabeth City *Falcon*, and

Wilmington *Messenger*. The editor's evident belief in a white man's government is seen in the Clinton *Caucasian*, published where negroes are numerous. We have never yet, though, had the Tar-Heel.

North Carolinians are more fortunate than their fellow countrymen of Virginia in not having the State Coat-of-Arms or some motto, inflicted upon them in the weekly visit of the county paper. All county papers incline toward the use of mottoes, especially Latin mottoes.

Nearly every Virginia paper feels incomplete without the prostrate usurper, the conqueror, and the attendant motto "Sic semper tyrannis," with its title-piece. What saves us from the fate of Virginia newspaper readers, I am convinced, is the Coat-of-Arms is accompanied by no motto.

The State has its full share of one-acre-and-a-mule country papers, run by the man who dosen't know enough to do anything else, among our many excellent papers. About two years ago we made a journalistic splurge, when the Asheville *Citizen*, under Capt. T. W. Patton, the Charlotte *Chronicle*, under Robert Haydn, and the Durham *Globe*, under Edward A. Oldham, approached to the form and excellence of model city papers, but they were never properly supported, and did not last long enough to educate the people up to a thorough appreciation of them. Unless some of our present papers make an extra strenuous effort to build up in excellence, we will have to wait for a big city to grow up before we can have a big paper.

HOWARD A. BANKS.

THE NATION'S LAW AND THE NATION'S LIFE.

Winning Representative Speech, Delivered at the Commencement of 1891.

For the endurance of our institutions, our government and our civilization, we have a steadfast trust in that written constitution, to which England's great statesman, Gladstone, has paid high tribute. It is, indeed, remarkable that a formal instrument of government should have proved so well adapted to the genius of the American people and through so many important changes and for so long a period of time should have worked without serious friction or disorder. It is our boast that upon this constitution has been founded a government which neither time nor man can overthrow.

We believe in the eternal destiny of this Republic. Such has been the belief of all great nations. They, too, have trusted in the character and principles of their governments,—it is this trust that has proved fatal. The falsity of the belief that there is in government itself a mysterious power that guarantees its own permanence is strikingly illustrated in the subversion of the Roman Republic. Here was a government based upon an “elaborate system of checks and balances,” with a constitution affording ample protection against tyranny and despotism, promising to the Roman an eternal life and destiny. The division of the executive, the tribuneship and, above all, the power of the citizens themselves seemed ample safeguards against a tyrannical despotism.

These expedients, however, failed, as all mere expedients must fail. For, without violating a letter of the law, without depriving the citizens apparently, of the exercise of a single privilege, Augustus subverted the Republic and established the Empire. Roman national character and national spirit had changed, and with this change there arose a new civilization and a new government. No government can be maintained when it has lost the support of national character. A strong and enduring government must be evolved from a people's past and established in their life and thought. No statesmanship, no philosophy, however true their fundamental principles may be, can make a government for a people, it must be made by the people. This is as true of the despotic

monarchy of the Turkish Sultan as of the free, constitutional Republic of America. The English government and the English Constitution are strong and enduring because the English Constitution is the English nation. Its history is the history of the English people. In it there has been no attempt to create liberty or freedom. It has grown and developed with the growth and development of the English people. Magna Carta itself gave Englishmen no new liberties—it was simply a written guarantee of liberties and privileges, that had existed under Good King Edward. In the English Constitution there is no system of checks and balances, no abstract theories of the natural rights of man. All is founded upon practise.

Then the strength of England and the endurance of English civilization depends upon and is guaranteed by the national character and national spirit of the English race. Let this fail and all will fail.

To what, then, shall we trust for the perpetuity of our liberties and our institutions? Shall we trust in that "elaborate system of checks and balances," in that written Constitution? Does our strength lie in the truth and justice of our fundamental principles? Or is it in wise and patriotic officials that we must put our trust? Had these been our only hopes, we had failed before we began. Other constitutions have been founded upon theories equally just, equally true and they have failed. Before we inquire into the possibility of failure in our own constitution let us see whether it has not already suffered important changes.

That principle to the maintenance of which the Fathers trusted for the life and vigor of the Constitution was the distinct separation and perfect independence of the three great departments of government. By maintaining this principle they hoped for a true and lasting Republic. But again and again this principle has been overthrown. It was disregarded by President Jackson, who in the removal of the deposits has set a most dangerous precedent—that of the Executive controlling the finances of the Federal government. Congress alone has power to declare war, yet President Polk forced affairs to such a crisis that *he compelled* Congress to declare war with Mexico. The Emancipation Proclamation and the Suspension of Habeas Corpus in territory at peace were acts

destructive of this principle. The powers of the Executive have thus been extended from time to time, until that equilibrium so dear to the Fathers of the Constitution has been destroyed.

Not only has the Executive thus transeended its constitutional limits, Congress also is no longer restrained by this principle. There is no power in Congress to annex new territory, yet this has frequently been done. Its history, especially since the late war, has been marked by the broadest interpretation and almost unlimited stretches of its Constitutional powers. The climax has been reached in the career of the late speaker of the House, who, by his violation of parliamentary usage and constitutional precedent, has shown unmistakably that the guarantee of American freedom and American constitutional government lies, not in our written Constitution, but in our national character and national spirit.

Has not the supreme court preserved its purity and integrity of character? Yes, but congress by increasing the number of supreme court judges in order to obtain a favorable decision for the Legal Tender Act has shown what a dangerous and powerful influence the Legislative may exert over the judicial department.

Our history proves that the Constitution is always interpreted in the interest of the interpreter. We know that even now important provisions of the Constitution exist only on paper—that the electoral college does not elect the President and that not he, but party needs and sectional demands appoint federal officers. Partisan rivalry and the spoils system have so modified as to impair, nay, may I not say, even disrupt the fair fabric of the Constitution.

Let the President secure a Congress subservient to his wishes and there could arise in America another Augustus who would build upon the ruins of another Republic the American Empire. Give the control of the Telegraph and Railway systems to the Federal government, increase the countless army of Federal officers dependent on the presidential favor, pass a Federal Election Bill, giving the President control of the election of Congressmen, and virtually of Senators—then let the American Augustus begin his work. Not a letter of the Constitution shall be violated, not even popular elections or republican customs shall be overthrown, and yet he may become the American Emperor.

This would-be dictator, however, would find one thing lacking to the consummation of his despotic purpose—that is the destruction of American national character and national spirit. This alone gives us strength and stability. This alone thwarted the purpose of the military hero of the North, it was this that checked the recent mad career of the politician from Maine.

Our Constitution and our government must be the product of our national life and character. Those constitutional provisions which have been founded on the life and experience of our race, have endured and will endure. Those which were mere expedients have failed and will ever fail. Thus as is true of the English Constitution, so the enduring Constitution of the United States is not a creation but a growth.

As the nation grows and develops, this Constitution must grow and develop, new conditions and important changes in our national life and character must be reflected in the form and character of our government. The most important question for us, is how shall we preserve the purity and integrity of our national character? Preserve these, and those problems, which to-day seem to strike at the corner stone of our free institutions, will be solved without danger or detriment to our great Republic.

What, then, is the true type of national character? It is that character represented in our Southern civilization, a character distinguished for conservative progress, for that true and tried patriotism, which having its source in a strong love of local self-government and individual liberty, radiates through the family, the church, the sovereign state, into the larger and fuller life of the nation. Let this be the type of American National Character and it alone will be sufficient guarantee of the permanence and future glory of this Republic.

GEO. W. CONNOR, *Class '92.*

OUR COUNTRY AND IMMIGRATION.

The United States are about to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. We involuntarily stop at the mention of the number. Four hundredth! Is it possible! Have there been only four hundred Novembers since that third of November when the bold mariner and christian first beheld the island of Dominica? Have there been but four '92's since that Sunday morning? It is even so. Still more startling is it when we recall that two hundred of those years had passed before the European had scarcely begun his settlements in the new world, that with the exception of a very small strip along the Atlantic, and a few small inland trading posts, this whole country from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico and from ocean to ocean was a vast, primeval forest with the red man as its king. The acme of wonder and amazement is reached in the contemplation of the fact that only seventy-five years ago the great city where the celebration is to be held was a trading post with a few white men and red men, that where now immense wharves stretch out into the lake, then the moss covered trunk of some fallen tree afforded the Indian entrance into his canoe.

These things fill us with pride, no less than wonder. As we have in the material development of our country outstripped any instance the world's history affords, so we have surpassed all other nations in the rapid upbuilding of our great temples of learning and in the great work for humanity that we have done through inventions, and through our religious and benevolent institutions. The untried problems of government that we have experimentally proved are a pride to us, and a benefaction to mankind.

As a wise people and that the glories of the present may be but earnest of the future, we must now and constantly hereafter guard our country and its institutions from all dangers. There is too much truth in the charge made against us that we have yielded to a blind faith in the inherent possibilities of our land and have never provided for an emergency until it was upon us. The forecast of our future reveals one tremendous problem that is even now demanding our wisest thought. Immigration. We

must understand however that there are two classes of immigrants, to only one of which the observations here offered are intended to apply. Throughout Europe there will be found to-day just as in the early days of our national existence, some who are studying the advantages of our country with a view to moving here. These are thoughtful, earnest men who realize that life is a contest, and the basis of its success is labor. They calculate the relative conditions of life in their own country and in this and deliberately determine to come here or to remain where they are. If they come it means to them the adoption of a new country, of identifying their own interest with the interest of its inhabitants, of forever renouncing their former allegiance, of making new friends, new neighbors. This class it is our interest to encourage.

There is another class who are induced or driven to immigrate by causes vastly different from those animating the first class. Some of these causes are pauperism, criminality, disease and contract labor. To this class will our remarks apply.

I have said that immigration is a grave problem resting upon us for solution. Why is this so? An article like the present one does not afford scope for the full treatment of the subject, but a fair idea can be obtained. The coming of foreigners to our shores could never be a source of danger to our nation unless they came in very large numbers, for the capacity of the nation to assimilate them would be ample protection. As a fact, however, they do come in vast hordes until the swarms of Goths and Vandals that overran Southern Europe sink into insignificance by comparison. Even if they do come in large numbers where lies the danger?

First, a very imminent danger threatens the existence of our native population. A strange fact exists growing out of immigration, one that appears so improbable as to be almost absurd, but, which is nevertheless a fact. It has been shown by Mr. Francis A. Walker that the number of births from our native population, has decreased in almost the exact ratio that immigration has increased. In the forty years from 1790 to 1830 the increase of our population was practically entirely by births among the natives, for immigration was then very limited, and that increase was marvelous in its rapidity. About 1830 the tide of immigration began to indicate something of the proportions it has

reached to-day, but in spite of the great annual additions thus made to our population we increased no more rapidly than the ratio of increase by births maintained during the forty years alluded to demanded that we should increase, showing that there must have been a marked falling off in the number of births among the natives. This falling off still continues. Mr. Walker thinks the reason for such a strange result is found in the revolution of social, industrial and domestic conditions the advent of the immigrant effects in a community. If this alleged fact be true, and it has reason and figures to sustain it, then the native population cannot hope to maintain itself for another hundred years against the foreigner.

The standard of morals, of religion, of education among these immigrants is much lower than ours, and unless we are willing that our great middle classes should be no higher than the ignorant peasantry of Europe then we must set our faces against their degradation. In them is our hope, for if they be corrupted, if they have the sense of decency and the ambition hitherto characteristic of American citizens crushed out of them, then is the solid foundation of our government and our social fabric gone.

"Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
 (A breath can make them, as a breath has made)
 But a noble peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Our immigrant comes to us with an entire incapacity for government. He has never exercised that function in his own country, knows nothing of free institutions, and often mistakes freedom for license. When he is clothed by our laws with the right of suffrage he is not as well fitted for its intelligent use as would be the twelve-year old son of a native. The immigrant of the first class, described in a former part of this article, should be invested, with as little delay as is consistent with a proper allowance of time for understanding our system of government, with the power of suffrage, for it is to our interest that he be made to feel that he is a part of our community and has a responsibility imposed upon him. But the immigrant of the second class cannot be appealed to in this way, because of a lack of capacity, and because the motive of his coming is foreign to the exercise of such

a power. Beside this incapacity he often comes to us with a positive hate for us and our institutions which of course unfits him forever for the duties of citizenship. To the policy of protection that the Nation has adopted is to be attributed the inception of this hate, which is brought about by a very simple process. The tariff on certain lines of goods often amounts to a prohibition of the import of those goods, which sometimes so seriously affects the manufacture of the goods abroad as to shut down the mills. This throws out of employment the operatives, and brings starvation to them and their families. Under such circumstances, it cannot be wondered at if they should curse the government that, by its laws, sent starvation and death to their homes. By a strange fatality, these very men must come to our shores to seek the only redress that lies in their power, namely, employment in the same industry here that our laws have crushed out abroad. A government can hope to exist only when its citizens maintain a healthy moral sentiment, have a pride and interest in their country's institutions and a certain veneration for its past. None of these qualities grace these immigrants. Can we be surprised then if, in those cities where the foreigner gains the ascendancy, and this must result since he shows a decided tendency to congregate, indeed has already resulted, he should tinge that city's government with a coloring extracted from his former environment, which may be as unsuited to us as is the white dress of a Southern woman to an inhabitant of Labrador.

When the foreigner obtains a controlling power in the management of local affairs there will be put into his hands one of the most vital interests that can claim the attention of a citizen of the United States. Vital not only to the civil establishment, but to all that is most dear to us,—our religious, domestic and social habits. I refer to our public school system. Aside from the Christian religion, this system has done more than any other agency towards making our population intelligent and broad-minded and imbuing their minds with sentiments which as a nation are distinctively our own. It is through this medium that the principle of religious freedom has been transmitted from generation to generation, and through which we have learned the lesson that all men begin life equals and that *labor*, which alone brings personal merit either

of wealth or of culture, and not *birth*, forms the basis for preferment. In our country has been planted, and in our public schools has been nurtured, the simple, but glorious truth that

“ Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility of birth ; honour of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge,
Is a glorious ignorance.”

In childhood and youth the civil and domestic ideas are received that shall in subsequent years find expression in the established institutions of government and of society. If then our public schools, which have subserved so well the interests of our country, shall fall into the hands of the foreigner, can we wonder if future years shall bring a changed order of things, an order that will not be the natural result of increased enlightenment, that will not be indigenous, but an order that will be the result of a shifting of masters, an order that will trace its origin to the hovels of Europe in ignorance and in religious serfdom, a change like that the Norman fired upon the Briton and which it took the latter nearly six hundred years to throw off.

A very pertinent inquiry in connection with this question is as to the fitness of a foreigner for citizenship with us who has sworn eternal allegiance to the potentate who sits upon the papal throne. What to us would be the value of his services should ever a decree from the Vatican conflict with his duties to us? The world's history is too pregnant with examples to allow of doubt about the result. The delusive hope that such a conflict will never arise may afford consolation to some, but a wise government should trust its welfare to no such fortuitous condition of things. The same wise foresight, as dangerous as it is admirable, that enabled the Pope and his legates to weave the very genius of the English laws into the ecclesiastical establishment of that kingdom, may ultimately fasten upon the citizens of this country a system of pontifical regulations harsher and more rigorous than were the indulgences, dispensations, *privilegiene clericale* and peter pence upon the inhabitants of Britain, and from which our statutes of mortmain and *praemunire* might never liberate us, be they framed never so wisely.

I have but indicated the most patent dangers to which, through immigration, we are liable—namely, the threatening of

the purity of our race, our moral degradation and the probability that our government may fall into alien hands. I must leave to the thoughtful reader the pursuit of this subject in its details, when the degeneracy of our social life, the debasement of domestic conditions and the introduction of industrial complications that follow upon the advent of these immigrant armies will appall and sicken him.

Our nation must awaken. I do not say this in the demagogical stereotyped way, for when I say "our nation" I do not mean only the assemblage of law makers in Washington City, but I mean the people, I mean the individuals of each community, I mean you, reader, for be assured that when we arise and say this thing must be remedied, the national legislature will respond. Then, do you know anything of this danger? Do you understand its proportions? Are you ready to act intelligently in the matter? or are you a living illustration of the truth of the charge that we cherish a blind, unreasonable faith that our nation possesses the inherent vitality necessary to throw off any parasite that may prey upon it?

P. B. MANNING.

HALL OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY,
 UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
 CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Oct. 17, 1891. }

WHEREAS, Divine Providence has seen fit to remove from us our worthy member and beloved friend and patron, Honorable Walter Leak Steele, LL. D., be it

Resolved, That in his death the Dialectic Society, of which he was a zealous member, has sustained a heavy loss; the student body a genial and kind hearted friend; the University a faithful adherent and helper, to whose every call he responded with a generosity begotten of love, and the State which he so ably served, both at home and in the nation's council, a conscientious and valuable son. Be it also

Resolved, That the Hall of the Society be draped in mourning for thirty days and that copies of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and the State Press for publication, and that they be spread upon a page in the minutes dedicated to his memory.

T. B. LEE,
 K. A. JONES,
 MAXCY L. JOHN. } Committee.

HALL OF PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY,
 UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
 CHAPEL HILL, N. C., October 17, 1891. }

WHEREAS, God in His all-wise providence called from our midst yesterday our honored and beloved friend, Col. Walter L. Steele.

WHEREAS, Col. Steele was a man of kind heart, tender sympathies, noble impulses, whose friendship was valuable because consistent and true, yet undemonstrative.

WHEREAS, He possessed those qualities which adorn and elevate society, and exalt and ennoble human character. And

WHEREAS, He has left a high and noble name, a reputation unspotted and untarnished, a priceless legacy to his posterity, an enduring heritage to his State and country, and an example which should inspire those who follow, to seek the aims he sought, and to secure the exalted ends which he attained; therefore be it

Resolved, That in his death, the State has lost a faithful patriot, the University, one of its most ardent friends and able supporters, the church a true and consistent member, the students a wise counsellor and his community a useful citizen.

Resolved, That we tender to the Dialectic Society our sincerest condolence in the loss of so worthy a member.

Resolved, That we desire to extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of sorrow and grief.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Steele, a copy to the Dialectic Society, a copy to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, and that they be spread upon the records of the Philanthropic Society.

P. P. WINBORNE, }
 F. C. HARDING, } Committee.
 W. P. WOOTEN. }

EDITORIALS.

DURING the past year the University has sustained three very heavy losses by the deaths of Mr. Paul C. Cameron, Col. Wm. L. Saunders and Col. Walter L. Steele. These, three devoted alumni always served their alma mater faithfully and wisely and will long be remembered with affection and gratitude by Faculty and students. Their lives have reflected honor on the institution which they loved so well, and our younger alumni will find in them worthy examples, which they would do well to follow.

SINCE our last issue Col. Steele, always the friend of the students, has gone to answer to the longer roll-call of alumni. There was probably no man in the State whose death would have caused keener grief among the students. We all looked forward to the coming of Col. Steele as one of the most pleasant features of commencement. We all, Faculty and students, felt that he was our personal friend. As soon as the sad news reached us the two Societies met and appointed delegates to attend the funeral at Rockingham. Appropriate resolutions will be found on another page. The University is fortunate, however, in that she has younger alumni who will come forward and in time take his place, as a wise counsellor of the Faculty, a warm friend of the students and a wise and faithful Trustee.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.—There have been many improvements in the University during the past three years, but one of the most notable and most desirable has been the great change for the better in the general spirit of the University, both in faculty and in students. Year by year we are reaching a higher ideal of the work which we are to do. One of the best evidences of this is the original work required in the preparation of theses in several departments. For instance, in the Mental and Moral Science Department each student is required to prepare an original thesis on some subject connected with his special study. More stress is put upon this work than upon the mere memorizing of text books. The following are some of the subjects of these theses: "The Origin of the Idea of Space," "Conceptualism and Nominalism," "The Origin of the Religious Idea," "The Idea of Justice," "The part Feeling plays in Religion," etc. Such work gives an excellent training in careful investigation and accurate thinking. Again in the new Department of History, besides the excellent work done in the lower classes, there is an advanced class which is now

making special investigations in the colonial history of North Carolina. The "Culpeper Movement" will be studied well and the results of the investigations given in original theses. The Freshman English Class is working up Longfellow and his poems by a thorough and scholarly method. The Class is divided into sections of ten each, each section having a special side of the general subject to investigate. The results of these investigations will be put in the form of essays. Some of the subjects are "Long fellow at home," "Longfellow and his Friends," etc. The Sophomore Class is studying the early part of the eighteenth century in the same manner. The Professor of Chemistry has offered a new course in chemistry, in which each student will be required to prepare a thesis. This is the kind of work the University ought to do. We are glad to note also that in all the Departments the number of advanced students has increased greatly, especially in Modern Languages and Mathematics. Now, with the fellowships that have been established, the University of North Carolina will be able to rise, although gradually, to the true ideal of University work. We look for this as a consummation much to be desired.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUBS.—The Shakepere Club has re-organized for this year with Dr. Hume as President, Prof. Harrington, Vice-President, Mr. Connor, Secretary, and Mr. Winborne, Treasurer. At the first meeting Richard the II. was the play under discussion. Mr. John Hill read a very interesting and instructive paper on the character of Richard II. Mr. Wooten discussed "Duelling," in a short but very entertaining paper. At the second meeting Love's Labor Lost was on the programme. Mr. Rollins traced, in a very creditable paper, "Foreign Influence on English Life." Mr. Van Noppen discussed, in a very original and happy manner, "The Dialogue in Love's Labor Lost," while Mr. Darden read the first part of a paper on Shakspeare's Education. At the November meeting, the Club will make a very interesting study of the Sonnets, special attention being paid to the question whether it is true that "with this key Shakspeare unlocked his heart." It may be interesting for some of the former members of the Club to know that "The Thomas Hume Shakspeare Club" has been organized at the Baptist Theological Seminary, at Louisville. Also that "Shaksperiana," the best Shakspeare journal published in this country, has asked Dr. Hume for permission to give its readers his picture in one of its issues, together with those of other eminent Shakspere scholars of America.

THE GLEE CLUB has been re-organized and under the supervision of Profeser Harrington promises to be quite a success, with sixteen well-trained voices it will be able to give some very creditable concerts. Mr. Rondthaler is Business Manager and Mr. Lee the Leader.

THE number of Tennis clubs has increased greatly, there now being at least a dozen, all of which have nice courts. This game, which Prof. Williams says is *the* student game is very popular here and affords pleasant and healthful exercise for the players.

COMMENTS.—We would like to call the attention of the Faculty to a very serious inconvenience to many students from the East. It has been the custom here for the examinations to close on Saturday. This has made it necessary for the Eastern men to ask for very early examinations on Saturday morning commencing at seven o'clock. This is not only an inconvenience, but a real hardship for these men. They are forced to get up at five or six in the morning and go on examination without, in many cases, getting breakfast. They are thus at great disadvantages when compared with Western men. But they have either to do this or wait over until Monday which is not only a matter of delay in getting home but is really an extra expense. It would be a very easy matter the Faculty to begin examinations one day earlier and thus stop on Friday. This we respectfully ask them to do.

EXCHANGES.

The *Vassar Miscellany* for October contains several articles of high literary merit.

All of our exchanges are on file in the Library. The students will find them very interesting reading.

The *Free Lance*, of the Pennsylvania State College, is one of the most attractive journals upon our table.

The first number of the University Ottawa *Owl* contains an extended and scholarly editorial on "Religion in Education."

The *Vidette-Reporter* is a breezy tri-weekly published by the students of the State University of Iowa. It is a most welcome visitor.

The October number of the *Davidson Monthly* has reached our sanctum, a new dress and a larger sheet would doubtless add to its appearance.

The *Guilford Collegian* contains some good editorials, but one or two of them dip into politics and are, therefore, out of place in a College Journal.

The University of Pennsylvania, *Red and Blue*, is spiced throughout with original verses. If we would do likewise we might develop more Class Day poets.

The most noticeable feature of the *Trinity Archieve* for October, is that it contains a scholarly article on "The first Libraries in North Carolina," by Dr. Stephen B. Weeks.

The *Athenaeum*, of West Virginia University, is a frequent and welcome visitor. The energy displayed by its editors in getting out such a semi-monthly is commendable.

The *Elon College Monthly* presents a neat appearance and is a dignified College Journal. Some of its editorials are long and drawn out, but the October number has won our admiration.

We are in receipt of a Scholarly address on "The life and services of Brigadier-General Jethro Sumner," delivered at the battle ground of Guilford Court House, July 4th, 1891, by Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL.D.

The *Exponent*, of Emory and Henry College, Virginia, deems it necessary to remind its contributors that it "is strictly a college magazine and neither a newspaper nor science monthly." Right you are. A college magazine that admits politics and general news into its columns, is fearfully ignorant of its mission.

The first number of the *MAGAZINE* had gone to press when the first of our exchanges greeted us with its appearance. Since then they have been coming in rapidly, until now we find such a file upon our desk that it is almost bewildering to attempt a thorough review of them all. But there is so much in common between college students; their mode of life, their interests, their work and their recreations are so nearly one that it is a genuine pleasure to dip into the various College Journals—which are but indices of this common life—and behold the image of ourselves. The breezy editorials upon whatever is vital to college life, the productions of fresh budding genius like our own, and the pithy locals of our exchanges are a source of continual delight. Our task then, though large, is not without vital interest.

The *Polo Alto*, of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, is upon our table. It claims to be the first college journal published simultaneously with the opening of a great University. The first number is merely an account of the opening exercises of the University, but *Palo Alto* will, no doubt, soon take a high stand in College Journalism.

The *Wake Forest Student* for October fully sustains its reputation and crowns itself with fresh laurels at the beginning of the college year. The editor is getting at the heart of things when he says that "one error of the college press to-day is the sacrifice of home productions to the excellence of foreign merit."

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Cricket has invaded Yale.—*Ex.*

Davidson College has 140 students.

There are 190 College papers in the United States.—*Ex.*

The University of Michigan will erect a Grecian temple at the Columbian Exposition.—*Ex.*

Princeton seniors will wear cap and gown throughout the year.—*Ex.*

Last year Harvards class orator was a negro, this year a Japanese.—*Ex.*

Foot-ball in every form has been prohibited by the University of Heidelberg, Germany.—*Ex.*

The late P. T. Barnum has left \$40,000 to Tuft College to found a Barnum museum of Natural History.—*Ex.*

The *Guilford Collegian* thinks that a College Press Association could be formed in this State. So do we.

440 students have been admitted to the Leland Stanford University, and over 1,100 applications for admission have been made.—*Ex.*

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE BEFORE.

The saddest time in our College course,
Of saddest there be any,
Is when we want to buy a "horse"
But cannot raise a penny.—*Ex.*

England with 94 Universities, has 2,734 more professors and 51,814 more students than the 360 Universities of the United States.—*Ex.*

Harvard expends \$16,000 annually on her library, Columbia \$2,000, Cornell \$8,000, Yale \$9,500 and Princeton about \$4,000.—*Ex.*

The Wellesley girls have been measured and the average waist measure of the 1100 students was found to be 24½ inches.—*Ex.*

The roof of the new Yale gymnasium is to be entirely of glass. It will be the second largest roof of the kind in the country.—*Ex.*

A MIXED CATASTROPHE.

(1)

Puer ex Jersey
Iens ad school,
Videt in meadow
Infestus mule,

(2)

Ille approaches
O magnus sorrow,
Puer it skyward
Fusus ad marrow

MORAL:

Qui sensit a thing
Non ei well known
Est bene for him
Relinque id alone.

—*Ex.*

The University Cynic, Vermont is arranging to have a series of articles on different phases of College life to save the Freshmen of much sad experience. An excellent idea!

Professor Harriet Cooke, professor of history in Cornell is the first woman receiving equal pay with the men professors. She has taught in Cornell 23 years.—*Ex.*

There are in the United States 28 National Greek letter fraternities among the male students. There are 638 Colleges represented and there is a membership of 92,279. They own and occupy 64 chapter houses.—*Ex.*

The total endowment of the great Leland Stanford, Jr., University lately opened at Palo Alto, California, will amount to considerable more than 20 million dollars, Columbia is the next best endowed institution in this country with \$8,000,000 and Harvard comes third with \$7,000,000.

An English paper has started a foot-ball insurance system. Foot-ball players are insured against fatal accidents for the sum of £100. A penny secures this benefit, in addition to buying the paper.—*Ex.*

FAHREN HEIT.

Little Johnnie had a mirror
 But he ate the back all off,
 Thinking, rashly, in his terror,
 This would cure his whooping cough.

Not long after Johnnie's Mother,
 Weeping, said to Mrs. Brown,
 "It was a chilly day for Johnnie
 When the mercury went down."—*Ex.*

Oberlin is talking of changing its Fieldday to a Greek "olympiad." The proposition is to dress the heralds in Greek costumes, call the events by Greek names, introduce the hurling of the javelin, an oration by the President, crowning the victors with crowns of leaves, and the singing of College songs by the multitude.—*Ex.*

The cover page of the *Palo Alto* is amusing. It represents the various degrees, offered by the University, in the top of a tall tree. Some of the boys are climbing as fast as possible while others are hastening to begin the ascent. The girls, feeling a delicacy in thus ascending, are hurrying to the tree with ladders, by which they mean to scale the dizzy heights and pluck the object of their ambitions.

HOW JOVE WON JUNO.

"Fair 'ox-eyed' Juno, be my wife,"
 Says Jove in mystic story;
 "We'll live a happy and godly life
 On Elysian heights of glory!"
 "Ah Jove, you're jovial," laughed she,
 "But why for me be crazy?"
 "Because you're the flower of heaven," cried he
 "You're a little ox-eyed daisy."—*Ex.*

PERSONALS.

Mebane and Peschau will spend the Christmas Holidays at Tarboro.

Mr. H. A. Gilliam, a brilliant young law student of the University, was in the city yesterday.—*News and Observer*.

Who was the young lady who was about to kiss "little Patty with the big brown eyes" when he fell off the street car at Raleigh?

T. M. Lee attended the annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity which was in session at Cleveland, Ohio, November 11th and 12th.

Matt. Pearsall was on the Hill shaking hands with his numerous friends a few days after the Inauguration. Matt speaks of going to California in January.

James Sawyer spent several days at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, at the annual convention of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity which met there November 27th.

Bowman Gray, of Winston, witnessed the foot ball game at Raleigh between University and Wake Forest. After the game at Raleigh, he spent a day on the Hill with friends.

W. W. McKinzie, a member of the Medical Class last year, spent a few days on the Hill just before leaving for Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia to pursue his study of Medicine.

Professors Gore, Venable, Cain, Wilson and Harris attended the October meeting of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society at Wake Forest. Papers were read before the society by Professors Wilson, Venable and Harris.

The legal contest over the will of the late Mrs. Mary Smith has been settled by compromise, and the University will receive between \$35,000 and \$40,000. The will provides that the money shall be used for instruction in Agricultural Chemistry and kindred branches.

John Rodman, of Washington, N. C., is now pursuing a course in medicine at Bellevue College, New York, and we are told that he is really studying. This is perhaps due to the fact that there is no Professor of Modern Languages at Bellevue whose door he may tie with ropes or for whom he may place chairs in the dark passages.

Pete Murphy was with us a few days in October. He has since entered the Law Department of Washington and Lee University.

R. T. Wyche, better known as "Bobby" Wyche, is now General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Concord.

Will Ashe paid his old friends a short visit recently. He was on his way to Cornell University where he will take a course in Geology, Forestry, etc.

The Faculty have very generously made tennis courts for the numerous clubs organized this session, and have greatly improved those already in use. There are now nine courts in College.

Prof. F. M. Harper, class '88, who has been Principal of the Raleigh Graded Schools for the past three years, has resigned and is now Superintendent of the Graded Schools at Dawson, Georgia.

Gregory, who, in September, stood a successful examination before the Supreme Court for his license, has returned and will take the degree of Bachelor of Law next June (the degree P. Cook hopes to receive in June, 1893).

Prof. E. P. Mangum, who has been Principal of the Asheville Graded School for three years, has been elected Superintendent of the Concord Graded Schools at a good salary, and has accepted. We are glad to know that he is meeting with the success which he deserves.

Through the kindness of Mr. B. F. Hall of Wilmington, copies of the Baccalaureate Sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Walter W. Moore last June, have been distributed among the students. Mr. Hall heard the sermon and was so much impressed by it that he had these copies printed at his own expense.

The Fraternities have elected the following editors of the "Hellenian" for the present year: McKethan, Beta Theta Pi; Biggs, Zeta Psi; Batchelor, Phi Kappa Sigma; T. B. Lee, Phi Gamma Delta; Kenan, Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Little, Alpha Tau Omega; Moye, Sigma Nu; Cook, Kappa Alpha; Harvey, Delta Kappa Epsilon; C. F. Toms, Sigma Chi. They have met and elected Biggs Editor-in-Chief, and McKethan and Moye Business Managers.

The University Glee Club has been organized as a double octette with the following members: Arrington, Arthur, F. H. Batchelor, Cotten, Harris, Hoke, T. M. Lee, McKinne, Mangum, Peschau, Price, Rondthaler, Roberson, Snow, Willard and Zachary. It is the intention of the Club to visit several places in the State some time soon, perhaps during the Christmas Holidays.

C. D. Bennett, for two years a member of '92, is with the Smithdeal Hardware Co., Salisbury, N. C.

Matt DeVane, an old member, of '91, is now travelling for Bailey Bros. large Tobacco Manufacturers, of Winston.

The Senior Class have elected the following officers: W. Rollins, President; Foust, Prophet; Gatling, Poet; Mebane, Historian; Darden, Orator; Harvey, Marshal. Class Day is Thursday, April 15th.

George Graham, our veteran full back, paid us a short visit several days ago. He is now farming at Stagville, but found time to attend the game of foot-ball in Raleigh between University and Wake Forest.

Alex. Andrews, who has been quite sick for some time at his home in Raleigh, and Ward, who has been sick with fever at Watson's Hotel, are out again, we are glad to know. Brooks (not the orator), and Merritt are still on the sick list.

The University German Club has been reorganized, and placed on a firm basis. V. H. Boyden is President, S. A. Ashe, Vice-President, Geo. L. Peschau, Secretary and Treasurer, W. R. Kenan, Leader. It now numbers over forty members.

Five fellowships, each yielding \$200 annually and free tuition, have been founded by the alumni of the University. Mr. Howard Banks of Asheville, a graduate of Davidson College, was the first to win one of these fellowships, he having won one in English, though there were four other applicants. Mr. Banks is also Assistant Professor of English.

The German given by the University German Club in the Gymnasium Wednesday evening, October 14th, on the occasion of the inauguration of President Winston, was a complete success. Mr. Kenan was chosen Leader by the Club, and performed his duty admirably.

The following young ladies lent additional pleasure to the dance by their presence: Misses Janet Badger, Lucy Hawkins, Annie Busbee, Berta Smith, Mary Hardin and Margaret Hinsdale, of Raleigh; Miss Jessie Kenan, of Wilmington; Miss Mary McRae, of Fayetteville; Miss Mamie Heartt, of Durham; Miss Isabelle Graham, of Hillsboro, and Misses Laura Payne and Eleanor Alexander, of Chapel Hill.

The dancing continued until after three o'clock in the morning. To Mr. Boyden, the President of the club, the success and pleasure of the evening was largely due.

Paul Graham attended the marriage of his uncle, Mr. Benehan Cameron, to Miss Mayo at Richmond, October 28th.

The faculty have excused the members of the Senior Class from attending the Gymnasium as required of the other classes.

On the morning of the 17th of October at prayers, Prof. Gore made the sad announcement of the death of Col. Walter Leak Steele, which occurred at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, at 9 A. M., Friday October 16th. Dr. Manning and Dr. Battle then spoke to the students of his many virtues and his great love for the University and students. Col. Steele had been in failing health for some time, and had gone to Baltimore for treatment. While not wholly unexpected, the news of his death was a shock to all. His devotion to the University, and his desire for her advancement, together with a warm love and personal regard for the students made him very dear to us, and his memory will be cherished for many a day by both students and friends of the University.

Sunday afternoon, October 25th, many students and citizens assembled in the Chapel to participate in the Memorial Exercises to the late Walter L. Steele, LL. D.

Dr. Hume opened the services with prayer after which the University Choir sang the Hymn :

"How blest the righteous when he dies."

This was followed by prayer by Rev. Dr. Carroll, then by a selection from the Bible by Prof. H. H. Williams.

Dr. Winston delivered the Memorial Address, briefly outlining his life and character, his great love for the University and her students, and in return the great love that every one who knew him bore him. He was in the habit of visiting the University annually, and his presence was eagerly looked forward to by the boys who greatly enjoyed his wit, humor, sarcasm, literary accomplishments and sound common sense. He was a member of congress at one time, and reflected honor on himself. He was plain and economical, though by no means stingy, and was always very thoughtful in remembering his friends with presents whenever he came to the Hill. His success in life was due to one main cause—his integrity; he would not stoop to do anything he thought wrong for any one. It could be said of him: "Behold the perfect man and mark the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Dr. Winston's description was true to life, and was very greatly enjoyed, especially by those whose pleasure it was to know Col. Steele.

At the conclusion of the address, the choir sang the ode from Horace :

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus."

After which the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Hume.

The Upsilon Chapter of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity has been reorganized here by Mr. A. W. Cheatham, of Hampden-Sydney College. The charter members are Messrs. Ellis, Cook and Robertson.

The Inauguration of Dr. George Tayloe Winston as President of the University took place in Gerrard Hall Wednesday morning, October 14th, at eleven o'clock. In the absence of Gov. Holt, who was detained by official business, Col. Thos. S. Kenan, President of the Alumni Association, presided.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. C. E. Taylor, President of Wake Forest College, after which the University Choir sang "The Old Bell."

The opening address was made by Pres. D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University. It was a pleasure to have Dr. Gilman with us, and his address was very much enjoyed. Mr. Walter H. Page, editor of the *Forum*, yet a North Carolina boy of whom we are proud, delivered a very scholarly address which was received with enthusiasm. The choir then rendered the song written by Mrs. C. P. Spencer entitled "The University of North Carolina."

Dr. Kemp. P. Battle, the retiring President, briefly reviewed the history of this institution, and in a few fitting words introduced his successor, Dr. Winston. Both Dr. Battle and Dr. Winston were enthusiastically greeted with long and hearty applause. Dr. Winston outlined the policy of the new administration, and made a strong plea for higher education in the South. His address was delivered in his usual happy and forcible manner. Cordial letters were read from Dr. J. L. M. Curry and Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, expressing their regret at not being able to attend on account of official business.

The choir sang "The Old North State," after which Dr. Clewell, Principal of Salem Female Academy, pronounced the benediction.

The stage was fringed with beautiful palm and banana plants, and the walls were hung with the portraits of the new President and his illustrious predecessors—Dr. Joseph Caldwell, who was President from 1797 to 1835 with slight intervals of leave; Gov. David Lowry Swain from 1835 to 1868; Dr. Kemp. P. Battle from 1875 to 1891.

At night a reception was given by President Winston to the Faculty, Senior Class, resident graduates and invited guests. Those who were so fortunate as to be present were treated to a regular old-fashioned "possum" supper. The company threw off formality and restraint and the evening was greatly enjoyed by all.

Among the distinguished guests in addition to those already mentioned, we were pleased to see Pres. Crowell of Trinity College, Pres. C. D. McIver, Prof. E. A. Alderman, Prof. W. L. Poteat, Dr. Bennett Smedes, Rev. I. McK. Pittinger, and Rev. C. N. Hunter.

Died at the home of her parents in Chapel Hill Monday morning, October 26th, Mrs. Gaston Battle *nee* Miss Tamar Manning. The remains were interred in the family burial ground at Pittsboro on the following day.

This was one of the saddest deaths we ever knew, and the news carried sorrow to the hearts of those who knew her.

To the sorrowing friends and relatives, and especially to the young husband on whom the blow falls so heavily, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

At the church of the Good Shepherd at Raleigh Wednesday evening, October 21st, Dr. John Haughton London was united in marriage to Miss Inder T. Tucker, Rev. Dr. M. M. Marshal, rector of Christ Church, assisted by Rev. Mr. Pittinger, officiating. Dr. London is an old University boy having recently located in Raleigh to follow his chosen profession—Dental Surgery. To the happy couple we extend best wishes for a happy and prosperous journey through life.

Young Lady (to W. F. Student). "How did the foot-ball game with University result this afternoon?"

W. F. Student: "Oh, we beat them."

Young Lady: "How much?"

W. F. Student: "Well,—er, the score stood 6 to 4 in favor of the University boys."

The young lady is still puzzled to know how this can be.

The following members of Dr. Manning's Law Class stood a successful examination before the Supreme Court in September and received license to practice Law: V. S. Bryant of Mecklenburg; K. Bryan, of Duplin; J. D. Bellamy, Jr. Jr., L. A. Blue, A. S. Williams, of New Hanover; S. C. Bragaw, of Beaufort; R. A. Crowell, of Stanley; M. R. Eure, of Gates; A. L. Gregory, of Chowan; J. F. Hendren, of Forsyth; W. C. Hamer, of Randolph; Henry Johnston, of Edgecombe; W. M. Little, of Richmond; H. W. Lewis, of Bertie; A. W. McLean, of Robeson; L. P. McGhee, of Wake; W. S. Robeson, of Orange; C. A. Webb, of Warren.

The University Exhibit at the Exposition is very tastily arranged and shows off to advantage. The space is draped with University colors—white and blue. Oil portraits of distinguished members of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies and photographs of the campus, buildings and society halls lent additional interest to the exhibit. Specimens from the various laboratories and the apparatus used, likewise copies of all the University Publications are on exhibition. Through the kindness of the Southern Express Company, all articles were transported free of charge.

The Second Annual Convention of the Durham District of the Y. M. C. A., was held with the University Association October 23—25, 1891. Durham was represented by Mr. R. E. White, the Gen. Secretary of that association; the A. and M. Colleges, by Messrs. Bonitz, Allen and Williams; Davidson College by Mr. W. L. Lingle, Mr. L. A. Coulter, State Secretary, and Mr. W. R. Gales, Assistant State Secretary, were also present.

The Programme was an attractive one, and all the addresses showed much preparation. The meetings were very enjoyable and much good was accomplished. The following was the Programme :

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

3:30—Devotional Exercises.

4:00—Paper, "The Key to Success," Mr. R. E. White, Durham.

FRIDAY EVENING.

7:30—Devotional Exercises.

8:00—Words of Welcome, Mr. W. E. Rollins of University Association, Response by Mr. W. L. Lingle and Mr. W. R. Gales.

8:30—Address "The Distinctive Work of the College Association," Prof. Karl P. Harrington, University.

SATURDAY MORNING.

9:30—Bible Reading, Mr. W. R. Gales.

10:30—Paper, "Some Common Mistakes," Mr. R. E. White.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

3:00—Devotional Exercises.

4:15—Address, "Reaching the Masses," Mr. W. R. Gales.

4:45—Question Drawer.

SATURDAY EVENING.

7:30—Praise Service.

8:00—Address, "The College Deputation Work," Mr. W. L. Lingle.

8:20—Discussion, "The College Association and the Study of the Bible.

PROF. H. H. WILLIAMS,
REV. DR. THOS. HUME, JR.

SUNDAY.

8:30 A. M.—Consecration Service.

4:30 P. M.—Meeting for men, Mr. W. R. Gales.

7:30 P. M.—Union Service in Methodist Church.

W. B. Ricks, who has been engaged in a very lucrative law practice at Buena Vista, Va., has obtained license to preach and has entered the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn.—*Ex.*

After the members of the last law class had stood their examination before the Supreme Court and received their licenses, a very happy incident occurred, in which Judge Shepherd, who assisted Dr. Manning as instructor in the Summer Law School, figured very prominently. Being invited into the Yarboro House parlor, he was presented with a handsome gold headed cane by the members of the University class in token of their appreciation of his kindly interest in them and his excellence as an instructor. A. L. Gregory, President of the Class, presided, and the presentation was made by Henry Johnston in a very neat and appropriate speech. Judge Shepherd, in accepting the cane, replied in feeling terms at this unexpected though gratifying demonstration of their friendly regard.

A handsome chair was also sent by the class to Dr. Manning at Chapel Hill with an appropriate address by Gregory. The presents were selected by a committee consisting of Messrs. Bellamy, Eure and Gregory.

Thursday morning, October 15th, a special train carrying two hundred students and a number of citizens left Chapel Hill at 8 o'clock, arriving at Raleigh at 10:30. This was University Day at the Exposition. The students filled several street cars, and every few yards they gave the yell with a vengeance. It was not long before Raleigh found out that they were there. When they reached the grounds, they formed in line with Pres. Winston and other members of the faculty at their head and marched to the University Exhibit. Here Pres. Winston was called on and made a few remarks, after which the crowd separated to see the various exhibits. The day passed off very pleasantly and the best of order prevailed. The greater part returned the same afternoon on the regular six o'clock mail.

The fourth regular semi-annual debate between the Di. and Phi. societies took place in the hall of the former Saturday evening, November 14th, at 7:30. A large crowd was present, and the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. T. R. Foust of the Di. Society presided and J. F. Gaither, of the same society acted as Secretary.

The Query for debate was: Resolved that England is justifiable in maintaining Turkish Supremacy. The debaters were

AFFIRMATIVE (*Phi.*)

A. H. Koonce.
S. F. Austin.

NEGATIVE (*Di.*)

T. B. Lee.
F. P. Eller.

The committee to decide the debate consisted of Professors Williams, Gore and Alexander. The speeches were all excellent and the arguments well presented, but the committee decided in favor of the Negative. The Di. Society has won the last two debates, the Phi's having won the first two.

Perhaps the best and most scientific games of foot-ball ever witnessed in the State was played between Wake Forest and University Tuesday afternoon Nov. 10th at Athletic Park Raleigh. Much to our regret the game was not finished but after about twenty minutes of the second half had been played, the University refused to abide by a decision of the Umpire, Mr. Prince, of Wake Forest, thus forfeiting the game, though the score stood six to four in University's favor. The disagreement was caused thus: Ferguson, a University half-back, tackled Powell of the Wake Forest team who had the ball, and, as the W. F. men and Umpire claim, throttled him. Hall, the W. F. guard, struck Ferguson for this, and Ferguson returned the blow. Ferguson denies throttling, though he may have tackled high. The W. F. team were trying to force the centre and he was compelled to tackle high or not at all. For throttling, the Umpire gave Wake Forest 25 yards, but refused to disqualify either Hall or Ferguson, though he saw the blows passed, and though the rules provide that a player shall be disqualified if he strikes a player on the opposing team. This decision was too much for the University, so Capt. Hoke threw up the game to Wake Forest. The ball at that time was on Wake Forest's 40 yards line, and the score was 6 to 4 in favor of the University.

In the first half, the ball had been brought out to the 25 yard line from a touch back and was placed on the ground. Barnard dropped on the ball and ran with it to Wake Forest's 5 yard line where he was downed. Mr. Prince, who was then referee, ordered the ball back, ruling that it was not in play until kicked. This lost a touch down, or 4 points, for University. Hoke claimed that Mr. Prince was wrong as the rules say that the ball is in play as soon as it touches the ground. There is very little, if any, hard feeling between the players, and we hope the game will be played over.

Mr. Prince, of Wake Forest was referee during the first half and umpire during the second. Mr. Shaw, of the University was umpire the first half and referee the second half.

To the *News and Observer*, we are indebted for the following account of the game written for it by Mr. Perrin Busbee, of Raleigh :

University won toss and chose the ball, Wake Forest taking the western end of the field. At 3:05 University started the ball, with Barnard in the wedge, gaining 5 yards.

On the first down University fumbled and Garland dropped on the ball.

Blanton and Powell were sent around ends for five yards each but the ball was lost on off side play.

University gained 30 yards on rushed by Ferguson and Whedbee, but they lost 15 on a fumble and were forced to kick. The ball went into goal and was touched back by Powell. Then the first dispute arose, when the

ball was brought out and Barnard got it and carried it to the five yard line. Wake Forest made little gain and the ball went over. The ball changed hands frequently, Ferguson making a brilliant run from the 55 yard line to Wake Forest's ten yard line and Biggs carrying the ball inside the 5 yard line. But Wake Forest got the ball on off side play and Powell kicked. Then there was a lot of fumbling on both sides and the ball changed frequently. Wake Forest had 4 downs on 60 yard line and the ball went over. The ball was passed to Hoke who splendidly guarded by Barnard, Whedbee, Little, and Biggs, ran through the whole Wake Forest team, and went on to glory and a touch down. Barnard held and Hoke kicked goal. Score: University, 6; Wake Forest, 0. Time, 25 minutes.

Wake Forest formed a V on the line up, and by heavy rushing by Wilson, Powell and Howell, brought the ball to University's five yard line, when Wilson was pushed over the line at the right hand corner of the field. Blanton punted out to Powell, who made a fair catch, but failed goal. Score: University, 6; Wake Forest, 4. Time, 42 minutes.

Nothing was done during the remaining three minutes and time was called with University with ball in middle of field.

SECOND HALF.

In the second half the teams got down to work. There was less fumbling which was so noticeable in the first half and more kicking. Wake Forest V. carried the ball 15 yards on the start, but it was soon lost on 4 downs. U. ushered the ball 20 yards but were forced to kick. Powell fumbled and lost ball to Gibbs. University tucked W. F. centre for 4 downs and ball went over. After Powell had gained 8 yards the ball went over and Hoke made pretty run of 20 yards, but Ferguson lost 9 yards, and Hoke again kicked. W. F. tucked centre for little gain, Powell kicked and Hoke returned it. Wake Forest had the ball on her 40 yard line, on the next rush Ferguson and Hall began their little frolic and the game ended. The noticeable features were the blocking of the University team and the heavy rushing and twisting game of W. F. for U. Hoke, Barnard, Biggs, Ferguson and Gibbs deserve special mention in all round work, also the tackling of Little. For Wake Forest, Howell, Powell, Sikes, Garland and Wilson played the game. This is the score:

Wake Forest—Average weight 172. Payseur, left end; Webb, left tackler; Hall, left guard; Fry, centre; Sikes, right guard; Garland, right tackler; Cook, right end; Blanton, quarter-back; Wilson, left half-back; Howell, captain, right half-back; Powell, full-back.

University—Average weight 174. Gibbs, left end; Currie, left tackler; Austin, left guard; Hudgins, centre; Houston, right guard; Little, right end; Barnard, quarter-back; Whedbee, left half-back; Ferguson, right half-back; Hoke, captain, full-back.

Touch-downs, Hoke 1, Wilson 1. Goal, Hoke 1.

Mr. Neill McD. Robeson several weeks ago was taken sick and it became necessary to carry him to his home at Westbrook, Bladen County. Here he lingered until Sunday, November 1st, when God saw fit to take him from us. Mr. Robeson was a member of the Fresh Class and took a good stand in it. He gave promise of a bright future, and was popular with those who knew him. The grief-stricken family and friends have our sincere condolence.

Even the young ladies, especially those of Raleigh, insist on calling our Assistant Professor of Chemistry a Freshman.

HALL OF PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY,
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.
CHAPEL HILL, N. C., October 17, 1891. }

WHEREAS, God in his all wise providence has seen fit to remove from our midst, our friend and fellow member, Mr. Neill Robeson, be it therefore

Resolved, That in his death the Society has lost a most promising member, and one whose upright conduct and christian character during his stay with us, short though it was, gave unusual promise of a bright future, and of much usefulness to the Society and University. Be it also

Resolved, That the Philanthropic Society, of which he was a member, tenders its deepest sympathy and condolence to his family and friends in their bereavement. Be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon a page of the minutes dedicated to his memory, and that copies of these be sent to the afflicted family, and to the *News and Observer* and *Wilmington Messenger* for publication.

J. C. BIGGS, }
S. A. ASHE, } Committee.
M. HOKE, }

NORTH CAROLINA

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

OLD SERIES VOL. XXII.

No. 3.

NEW SERIES VOL. XI.

EDITORS:

PHI.
GEORGE W. CONNOR,
C. F. HARVEY.

DI.
W. E. ROLLINS,
E. PAYSON WILLARD.

HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, }
W. E. DARDEN, } Business Managers.

Published six times a year under the auspices of the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies. Subscription, \$1.00. Single copy, 20 cents.

Entered at the Post Office of Chapel Hill as second class matter.

SOMETHING OF WASHINGTON CITY.

Republics with magnificent seats of government are no new things in the world's history. The remains of the splendor of the ancient capitals of Greece and Rome reminds us, even now, of a wealth, a taste, a genius, which combined in the creation of a solid magnificence more substantial than the structure of the governments which they seemed to embody in their elegance as well as solidity.

The Republics of modern times, Venice, Florence, Geneva, seemed also to symbolize the nature of the governments of which they were the outgrowth; capitals also abounding in all the evidences of taste, genius and wealth. The Capitals remain; the Republics have long since perished, because republics only in name and outward form; oligarchies in fact, governing perhaps in the name of the people, but without their assent or participation, absorbing all power, controlling the labor of the masses, appropriating their wealth, commanding their genius, and constructing what are really splendid monuments to oligarchic tyranny.

The American Capital is the only existing exponent of true republican sentiment and spirit. It was founded in the experi-

mental period of real republican life; in the days when self-government, applicable to a people scattered over a continent, not concentrated within the walls of a city or the confines of a province, was put upon its trial. Feeble, scattered, almost squalid in the first years of its being, the capital, like the government it represented, was distrusted, viewed with jealousy by the older cities to whom it was growing up as a rival, and whose importance it was absorbing, and the topic of ridicule to foreigners; for which perhaps there was cause in the somewhat pompous nomenclatures of the young city. Tom Moore's satirical description, embracing the line, "What Goose Creek was, is Tiber now," no longer has significance; for Goose Creek and Tiber have long since been absorbed in the great system of city sewerage, only to be recalled to original significance by unusual floods following phenomenal falls of rain.

As the country has grown, so has the American Capital grown; as confidence in a republican form of government has strengthened, so has confidence in the seat of government strengthened; as the population of the country increased, so has the population of the city increased; as the wealth of the country accumulated and its taste became more refined, so has the capital shared in the general culture and prosperity; until at the present day, in the grandeur, massiveness and costliness of its public edifices, in the taste and elegance of its private buildings, in the magnificent aspect of its wide and well laid streets, and in the profusion of its trees and shrubbery, it surpasses in fine effects all other cities in the United States, and vies with the most splendid capitals of Europe.

The seat of government during the war of the revolution had been at Philadelphia. During the period that elapsed between the close of that war, and the removal to a fixed and permanent capital, the sessions of Congress were held alternately at Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton and New York. The necessity for a capital isolated from densely crowded centres of population, and safe from the irruptions of turbulent mobs, such as have often overawed the legislative bodies of European States, leading in frequent instances to the overthrow of established rule, was forced upon the American people by one of those very demonstrations of mob violence.

In June, 1783, when the measures for the disbandment of the revolutionary army were being prosecuted under circumstances of great difficulty and embarrassment, chief among which were proper provisions for the officers about to be retired, and the payment of arrearages to the private soldiers, a band of newly levied soldiers who had never been in active service, but had been stationed in barracks at Lancaster, Pa., so exaggerated their own special grievance, that they determined to obtain redress by force, and marched in military array to Philadelphia, to overthrow the congress then in session. On their march, and after reaching the city, they were joined by others equally turbulent and disaffected; and the united body of mutineers marched to the State House, took possession of the entrances, and sent in a written message to the congress embodying their complaints, and demanding ample redress to be granted within twenty minutes. Congress was besieged for three hours, when it dispersed under agreement to meet again at a convenient time at Princeton.

The meeting was quelled; but its influence was most impressive. The great damage to which the representatives of the people might be exposed by the lawless element of a populous city quickened the purpose already conceived, to fix the capitol in an isolated spot, upon which population might gather, but one which would grow up in full and loyal sympathy with its environments.

In December, 1784, an ordinance was passed appointing commissioners to purchase land on the Delaware river, near the Delaware Water Gap, on which to erect the necessary public buildings for the uses of the National Government. This locality did not satisfy the Southern members of congress because it was too far north, was tedious of access, and might fall too much under sectional influence. They therefore opposed the appropriation of the funds needed for the erection of the necessary buildings embraced in the proposed measure. After farther delays and contentions, in which sites on the Delaware and Potomac rivers were suggested and their merits discussed, it was finally agreed that a tract of land on both sides of the Potomac, ceded by the States of Virginia and Maryland, in both of which the tract lay, should be adapted as the permanent seat of government, the territory so ceded to be known as the District of Columbia, and the Capital City to be

called the City of Washington. The district was originally ten miles square, but the portion ceded by Virginia was receded to that State in 1846.

The City of Washington dates from 1790.

The selection of the site must have been very agreeable to General Washington. It does not appear that he used his personal influence to mould the opinion of Congress, though it might have been a grateful as well as a graceful act in that body to bestow such signal mark of gratitude and respect. The new city was within a short distance of his home at Mount Vernon, and he could conveniently superintend the conversion of the fields or the forest to the uses of the new metropolis and of the new born nation, to grow with its growth, and to be a fair measure of its increase in numbers and power. General Washington did indeed take deep and intelligent interest in the youthful capital. He had an abiding faith in the perpetuity of American institutions and their mighty influence upon the development of the Republic with giant proportions. As its destiny was a great one so he proposed to lay the foundations of its capitol deep and broad, and adapted the widest range of expansion. And as the nation over which he presided was not only new in existence, but new in practical principle, as he resolved that the plan of the newly founded seat of government should be new and wide departure from old world models. He was fortunate in obtaining the services of Pierre Charles l'Enfant, a Frenchman, educated as an officer of Engineers, tendering his services to the cause of American liberty, engaging in many battles and receiving severe wounds before the works at Savannah. L'Enfant eagerly seized the opportunity presented for originality in the planning of a city to be the capital of a possibly mighty nation. Nowhere else in the world could such field be found. That field was an open one, and he was embarrassed by no conditions.

Time has illustrated most happily the boldness and splendor of his conceptions. Yet it must be confessed that appreciation, or even comprehensions of his ideas was very tardy. For many years the large area included in the limits of the city, the broad streets radiating from remote central points, cropping each other at sharp angles, leaving large open spaces at their intersection to be util-

ized in the distant future, but for a long time barren and unsightly, subjected the design to much of censure, and not a little of ridicule. The growth of the city for more than fifty years had not developed the utility or the beauty of the plan; and the remoteness of the public buildings from each other, removed still farther by alternately almost impassibly or stiflingly dusty streets, earned for Washington City the satirical title of the "City of Magnificent Distances." Now, with the smoothly paved streets, with the unseemly angles filled with shrubbery or statuary, with a continuity of private and public buildings of pleasing architectural features, and with the grandeur of the government departmental buildings disposed through the city as local central points around which are gathered habitations and business structures to meet other similar radiations from similar nuclei to blend in one common and connected mass, the present beautiful city stands before us a noble monument to the daring and original genius of the engineer l'Enfant.

The dominant edifice of the city is the *CAPITOL*, finely situated on a gentle eminence rising at the east end of Pennsylvania Avenue, overlooking the whole city and country for many miles around, and dominating a landscape of surpassing beauty. A charming feature of the view are the waters of the broad Potomac with its somewhat turbulent and rock broken current above the city, and its wide placid bay-like expanse, spreading out below as far as the eye can reach, and covered with the swift sailing vessels or ploughed by the swift going steamer.

The corner stone of the original Capitol building was laid by President Washington, September 18th, 1793. It was constructed of white sandstone, obtained from Aequia Creek. It may here be stated that the meetings of congress were held in Philadelphia until 1800 under the compromise by which the site on the banks of the Potomac was adopted for the National Capitol. The wings of the new capitol were completed at the time the British forces under Gen. Ross captured the city, Aug. 24, 1814. That vandal Gen. set fire to them and destroyed the interior; and the exterior walls were so blackened by the smoke that they have required and received an annual coat of white wash. The old building now the centre of the great structure grown up around it, is 352 feet, 4 inches long, and 121

feet, 6 inches wide. The vast increase of the public business, and the great addition to the number of members of congress compelled the provision of large additional space. In 1850 a bill was passed to make the needed additions to the capitol; and on the 4th of July, 1851, President Filmore laid the corner stone of the new building. The additions consist of magnificent wings attached to the North and South ends of the original structure. They are built of white marble, obtained at Lee, Massachusettes. The total length of the whole mass is 751 feet, 4 inches, with a width in the widest part, of 324 feet. The whole is surmounted by a cast iron dome, which, including a large statue of liberty, by Crawford, which crowns the apex, rises 300 feet above the basement floor of the building.

Whatever may be the criticisms affecting the architectural purity of the design of the Capitol, common consent is given without question to the grand effect of its noble situation, its imposing dimensions, its majestic elevation, the aspiring height of its symmetrical dome, the profusion and richness of its external decorations, and the purity of color which brings out the edifice in such fine relief against the clear blue sky. The grand *tout ensemble* wins the admiration of all who view the capitol as the type of the development and progress of the youngest born of great nations, only a century ago struggling in doubt and tribulation in the first throes of the daring and detested experiment of self government.

There the proud and beautiful Capitol stands in its lofty height and majestic impressiveness to proclaim to the doubtful and unfriendly that the experiment is a grandly successful one.

J. D. CAMERON.

QUEER EPITAPHS.

It was my pleasure, during the summer of 1891, to visit the oldest graveyard in Massachusettes, and probably one of the oldest in the United States. It was in the township of Lancaster about thirty miles west of Boston.

The township itself once included Worcester, Clinton, Bolton, Harvard, Still River, Shaker Village, and perhaps others, which have split off and become prosperous manufacturing towns of several thousand people, leaving Lancaster as we now know it as North, South and Centre. Two stores are boasted of, carrying a stock of groceries, dry goods and small novelties of every description. They combine with themselves too, the village barber shop, (opened on demand) and harness manufactory!

In truth the village is one of "mgnificent distances!" Its streets are interminable, and the "corporate limits" are practically unknown!

Just across the narrow creek which serves to distinguish between the Southern and Central parts of this quaint old place is the burying ground of the village. Its entrance was an old-fashioned turn-stile, sure proof against any animal save an experienced contortionist.

The grave stones were of various shapes and sizes, and some with no regard for either. The inscriptions were rudely cut and often difficult to make out. The favorite was this:

"The Stroke of Death hath laid my head
Down in this dark & silent Bed;
The Trump shall sound, I hope to rise,
And meet my Savior in the Skies."

Death was apostrophized several times as follows:

"O Death, Thou'st conquered me,
I by Thy Dart am slain;
But CHRIST has conquered thee,
And I shall rise again."

Another:

“Death with his warrant in his hand,
Comes raling on amain;
We might obey ye summons ye
And go return to dust again.”

The following epitaph was engraved by one evidently a novice in the art of sculpture:

<p>HeRe LIeS The Body OF GRASE FAIRBA NK. 1681-1700</p>

Again:

“In Memory of Peter and John, Twin Children of God: Peter died July ye 1st, & John Died on ye Day of his Birth.”

And below was added rather suggestively:

“Death levels all, ye Wicked
and ye Just;
Man’s but a Flower and his End
is dust.”

A bereaved widower, doubtless with an eye to literary merit, had this inscription to mark his wife’s last resting place:

“Now sleeps, God rest her soul,
A Vertuous wife.
Her Hapeless Husband’s only
Pride in Life.
Triumphant mount where Happy
Planets roll.
And open Paradise to her
Immortal Soul.”

In an old church-yard at Newberne, N. C., there is said to be the following reflective sentiment :

“Stranger stop, in passing by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, you soon will be,
Prepare for death and follow me.”

An exasperated, yet pitying old brother, is said to have had the epitaph given below, placed upon the headstone of his deceased servant :

“Poor Mary Ann has gone to rest,
Wit her head on Father Abraham’s breast ;
'Tis very good for Mary Ann,
But rather tough on Abraham.”

E. PAYSON WILLARD.

A BAR OF SAND.

[Although it is somewhat out of our line to publish Senior speeches, yet we feel that no apology is necessary for giving the following a space in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. It is an effort of which Mr. Davies may well be proud, and the Mangum Medal was most deservedly awarded him.]—Ed.

While we gather here to-day under the arches of the Memorial Hall, a million waves break on North Carolina's sand-ribbed coast. A great lesson we learn while imagination's ear listens to the ceaseless murmur and the mind's eye ranges along the white coast islands and sand dunes of our shores.

A truth may be caught from every movement of nature—a lesson may be learned from every material circumstance. From the wonderful labors of the coral insect in the silent chambers of the deep—from the ingenuity of the mother bird in weaving her nest—from the ebb and flow of tides—from the fall and decay of leaves before an autumn blast we glean lessons which apply to man and his various surroundings. A Bar of Sand! Is there a truth hidden here? A great truth does lie buried here, buried almost from human sight. Sad memory looks with blinding tears upon the sands of Hatteras Bar—cruel sands that have held the seaman's prow while angry waves asunder beam and board!

The heart takes a melancholy lesson with it from this death-strewn shore. The geologist comes and learns of the powers of wind and wave. While winged commerce comes and reads a challenge from death and disaster written by Destiny's hand on this long white bar of sand.

Since Sir Walter's ships dropped anchor in Albermarle Sound and an infant colony was planted on our sunny shores North Carolina has labored under a great difficulty. We would not enumerate the many advantages both natural and acquired—the countless resources of climate and soil which the Old North State holds and enjoys. We would not speak of the iron highways which connect coast and mountain—of the factories which hum by the watersides—of the towns which are homes of happiness and prosperity, and of the noble institutions which honor our State. It is a so-called curse upon our domestic development—a seeming

stumbling block in the path of progress—a bar of sand, of sand in the channels of commerce that commands the attention of every patriotic mind. In the excitement of business life—the rise of enterprises—the onward march of booming towns—the struggle of humanity after that which glitters and is called gold, we are prone to forget that an incubus in the form of a sand bar blocking the development of commerce is laid upon our Commonwealth. History has proven that it is the sea king who rules the world—that sea-going peoples—that commercial nations are most potent in position and influence. The Mediterranean was a school room in which Europe learned her lessons of greatness. The wild North Sea was a training field for the rude Saxon whose offspring today float the flag of England on every wave. Fleets and navies have been, and ever will be intimately bound up with civilization and progress. It is not the diamond dug from rock and soil, but the pearl snatched from the stormiest wave which graces most a nation's diadem. Towards a soil dotted ocean civilization turns for support and advancement.

A deep and spacious harbor is North Carolina's greatest need. Wind and wave have conspired in casting along her shores a series of low sandy coast islands which forbid the existence of a natural highway for commerce. The iron at Cranberry, the coal at Egypt, the cotton soils of Edgecomb and the tobacco fields of Granville and Durham are wonderful factors in the State's material prosperity. The influences exerted by this ancient Mother of men and minds together with those going forth from other noble of learning are powerful in developing an intelligent people. Many forces are at work perfecting the State's mental and material condition—but a bar of sand lies across our path. He is a pessimist indeed who reads not in every seeming ill the prophesy of every seeming good. From this sandy barrier then we snatch a lesson—it is this—that through a nation's or an individual's difficulty there lies a road to a golden future. The barbarian thundering at the gates of the Imperial City and threatening constantly it with fire and sword trained the sturdy warrior to carry Rome's Eagles throughout the known world.

The Carthagenean gally stranded on the Italian coast was a model for the Roman in erecting through countless difficulties the

fleet which triumphed in the Punic Wars. Hannibal's bar was one of the granite crags and peaks. Napoleon's was one of the Alpine snows. The son of Mary trod the winepress alone and by his struggle snatched a world from darkness. Freedom of speech, of thought and of action comes to the Nineteenth Century through the flames of Mediæval persecution and the rocks of a religious reformation. The Christian dies for his belief because his master hung between two thieves—because his faith fought unarmed with the beasts of the bloody amphitheatre. The Anglo Saxon loves the Great Charter because the marks of fire on its surface tell of centuries of strife between a people and a despot. All that we hold dearest bears the impress of blood and tears. Give the man or the State a barrier to surmount and you offer the strongest inspiration to greatness.

A bleak climate and sterile soil developed New England as sunshine and fertility never could have done. This is an age of the triumphs of art. Steam and electricity driving a thousand pistons and turning a thousand wheels—ingenuity—genius—endeavor stand ready to scatter the sandy obstruction and throw the State open to the world. The impossible—by modern inventions has been rendered possible, and there are yet great victories to be achieved by the power of genius.

The locomotive steams along the Alpine pass where armies once faltered and fell back. Giant canals connect England's inland towns with the ports of every sea. Hell Gate has been opened for the shipping of all nations. A message flashes in a moment from Wall street to the brokers of London. The next century will witness the flooding of Great Sahara and the arts of man are to convert the Dead Sea country into a fertile and prosperous region. Progress is bought with a price. That which comes to a people through the sweat of the brow, the toil of the hands is infinite in its influence and eternal in its stability. There is a "prize of high calling" set before the eyes of the State—the greatest task of her existence is yet to be performed. It is for coming generations to witness the triumphs of manhood over the ills arising from this obstruction to commerce. A sandy barrier is across our path to ultimate success—it is a menace to our industries. This adversity is the patriot's Kadesh Barnea—it is the riddle of the

Sphinx for the future Statesman. While capital and enterprise turn as if by magnetic influence toward the western hills, our people forget that the harbor question is one of the greatest importance. An effort of brain and muscle is needed and it is from this effort that the commonwealth is to derive its greatest glory. Nature has given to our State an obstacle to surmount and so long as this exists our progress is shackeled and retarded. This then is the great lesson which we learn—this the jewel which we find hidden in the sand—this is the truth which North Carolina must recognize that through adversity lies the hidden highway to the stars and only honest effort can reach the highest goal. Time's hand is to turn the future's sealed page and other men are to read of failures or success. History is to drop a tear for defeat and award a crown for victory. We doubt not that among her stately sisters North Carolina having studied her interests—exercised her greatest energies and triumphed over her darkest adversity shall stand the laurel-browed possessor of peerless internal resources and commercial facilities.

W. W. DAVIES, JR.

CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF GOETHE'S EGMONT.

Egmont is an historical drama. So strongly had Goethe imbued himself with the spirit of the times about which he wrote, that almost every line of his work embodies an historical allusion. To understand the play, therefore, we must study an important volume of the world's history.

We are in the Netherlands—just before the sturdy Dutch rise in arms to crush the tyranny of Spain, and we are powerfully impressed by the serious excitement of the time.

From the beginning of their history, the Dutch have loved liberty, and have been growing in the spirit of freedom. Patient, intelligent labor has brought them the reward of manly courage and carried them far away from the passive subjection of the people in countries where ferdalism is most triumphant. So it is natural for them to find an enemy in Spain. What does the Spanish lord care for the "Rights" and "Privileges" so dear to the Netherlands? To him the people are a servile mass, fit only to labor and to die; to labor for splendor and luxuries which they do not enjoy, to die for the sake of idle quarrels and for conquests that do not make them rich.

Another motive has entered to sever the freedom-loving Netherlanders from the hard-hearted, tyrannical Spain. It is religion. The Protestant preachers of the Reformation found in the Netherlands a fertile soil for the seeds they came to sow. The spirit of emancipation, predominant in the great religious Revolution, was already natural to the Dutch; and it easily became their settled conviction. Consequently, at the time when our story begins, we hear of religious protests not always tempered with moderation, and positive outbreaks against the rites and practices of the Roman Catholic Church.

In times of excitement, the masses move like a swollen stream, like a torrent, relentlessly sweeping away whatever opposes its course. In this case, the masses or the mobs have pillaged the churches, to destroy what they regard as the idolatry of Romanism.

There has been civil war, and Phillip II, tired of his sister's leniency, is about to force his rebellious provinces to be quiet—about to crush them into peacefulness.

All this we feel in Goethe's drama. Not, indeed, that there are long and studied explanations, but rather because the spirit and the troubles of the time speak in every line. We are reading history, but not for history's sake. We are reading of Egmont. Goethe has succeeded in enlisting our sympathy for him so strongly, that we feel his influence at every moment. We are forced to love him, but not as a great political hero or martyr. We love him for himself, for his valor, his justice, his frankness, his genial spirit, his kindly, sensitive soul, his loyalty, his heedless devotion to principle, his splendid personal charms, and even for his recklessness. He is the beau ideal of the dashing young nobleman, dear to the common people, for whom he was a gallant hero and a true friend; dear to the calm and prudent Orange; loved almost passionately by the noble Regent, the daughter of Charles V, himself; ardently beloved and adored by Ferdinand, the son of his bitterest foe, and idolized by the simple Flemish girl, who gave him her life, and refused to live as soon as his life was threatened with certain danger. This is the picture which Goethe has made. This is the man Egmont, whom we see from so many points of view: in the boisterous talk of the citizens, in the complaint of the Regent, in the reluctant, half-reproachful submission of the Clærchen's mother, in the turbulent discussion of the artisans, in the private conference with the Secretary, in the solemn farewell of Orange, in the devotion of Ferdinand, in the fatal interview with Alva, in Clærchen's adoration, enthusiasm and mad despair, and finally in the last reflections of the doomed man, about to face an ignominious death.

The episode with Clærchen is not the result of youthful wantonness. It is designed to illustrate Egmont's tender affection and the charm of his character, which was able to win completely a pure and artless child of the people. Clærchen's association with Egmont was irregular and wrong, but it was not born of lust. It was absolute, untainted love.

In the drama there is variety of movement, without haste: The stage represents, successively, thirteen places—four of which occur

more than once, leaving nine independent. No direct allusion is made to the time necessary for the development of the action. As a fact about one year elapsed between the events described at the opening of the play and Egmont's death. Alva arrived at Brussels, August 22, 1567. Egmont was arrested September 9, 1567, and beheaded June 5, 1568. The play begins some time before Alva's arrival.

Besides the leading figure, we feel a personal interest in Clärchen, Margaret of Parma, William of Orange, Alva, Ferdinand, Brackenburg, Macchiavelli—the other eleven persons, and the the guards, attendants and crowd, belong to the necessary setting of the play, but we are not personally concerned with them. Next to Egmont, we feel most interest in Clärchen, of course. Belonging as she does to the people, her relation to Egmont could never end in regular marriage. She was, therefore, justly open to the sad and bitter reproach of her mother, who saw in her daughter a cast away. But the girl had a wholly different conception of herself. Mistress of a great man, of superior rank? Never, in the world. She was the beloved of Egmont—a princess, therefore, among women. His love raised her to a lofty plane, far above her own sphere, nay, far above all other women.—Her mistake was one of judgment, not of heart. In all other respects, she was a sweet, noble creature, worthy of Egmont's love. Her absolute confidence and trust, her unflinching resolution in the presence of the timid citizens, are noble and beautiful. Having given herself and all to her love, like Juliet, she had to die, when she saw the inevitable ruin of her hopes. In this perfect love is mirrored one side of Egmont's character.

Throughout the play, the characterization is clear and forcible. We are well acquainted with Orange, Margaret of Parma, Alva, the unhappy Brackenburg, and the other important persons.

Egmont's triumph in the affection of Ferdinand, the son of his implacable enemy and murderer, is an invention of Goethe's, which is an important stroke in his portrait of Egmont.

The sketch of Alva and Egmont in the Fourth Act is masterly. Alva is sullen, gloomy, inflexible; an exponent of his sovereign's might and force, and of his assumed right to irresponsible dominion. But he is something else. He is a deadly enemy, about to

attack his victim, to attack him secretly and craftily. What a contrast between his cold, exacting bearing and Egmont's frankness and moderation! Egmont is a loyal subject; but he is also the people's friend, and he fears a despot. He believes that his countrymen can trust the few chosen, tried advisers of the King better than one independent sovereign. He has breathed the free air of his native land. Between him and Alva there was no common bond of sympathy.

The style is condensed and compact; sinewy and rich in idiomatic turns. A part of the play is in prose so rhythmic that it might easily be turned into iambic verse. Everywhere the language is exceedingly flexible. It passes with ease from the popular dialect of the humble artisans to the dignified, diplomatic speech of the Regent, to the mature style of the Orange, to the naive talk of the young girl, to the manly tones of the noble hero, to the shrewd extravagance of the demagogue, to Alva's gloomy haughtiness and to Brackenburch's pessimism.

The closing scene is of rare poetic beauty. To the sleeping hero, about to be rudely snatched from all that he cherishes on earth, comes a heavenly vision. The goddess of Liberty, clothed in the form of Clärchen, hovers over him and consoles him. She assures him by her looks and gestures, and by the emblems of victory which she bestows, that his life and death are not in vain. Protected by this friend, both human and divine, he can afford to die. He awakes with courage to meet his fate.

In representing Egmont as a young man and unmarried, Goethe consciously departed from the truth of history. "For my purpose," says he, "it was necessary to transform him (Egmont) into a character possessing such qualities as are more becoming a youth than a man in years; an unmarried man better than the father of a family; an independent man better than one who is restrained by the various relations of life.—"Having then, in my mind, invested him with youth and freed him from all restraints, I attributed to him an exuberant love of life, a boundless confidence in himself, the gift of attaching to himself all men, and thus of winning the favor of the people, the silent affection of a princess, the avowed

passion of a child of nature, the sympathy of a profound statesman—nay, even the friendship of the son of his greatest adversary.”—(*Wahrheit and Dichtung*, quoted by Buchheim.)

To Eckermann he says: “The poet must know what effects he wishes to produce, and arrange accordingly the nature of his characters. If I had represented Egmont, in accordance with history, as the father of a dozen children, his thoughtless conduct would have appeared quite absurd. I wanted, therefore, another Egmont, one whose character would be more in harmony with his actions and my own poetical views; and this is, as Clærechen says, *my Egmont*.”—(*Eckerman's Conversations with Goethe*, quoted by Buchheim.)

Criticism must be content with noting this divergence. For we cannot refuse the poet the right of forming his own ideals. Indeed, as the historian is concerned with recording the affairs of men, the poet is pre-eminently a maker, a producer, in his own right. In other respects, as we have already said, Goethe gives an accurate and even masterly picture of the Netherlands on the eve of their revolt.

The effect of Beethoven's music in the play is happy. It occurs three times. In one scene of the last Act, Clærechen is in her dwelling with Brackenburg. Despairing of Egmont's life, she has taken poison and told her friend good night, leaving a lamp in the window for him to blow out when he goes. She retires, as she says, to rest. Brackenburg leaves the house, but has forgotten to put out the lamp. The stage is left entirely empty. After a moment, the lamp flickers and goes out; then the orchestra begins and the music gently informs us of Clærechen's death. It occurs again in Egmont's prison. The hero has been relieved of his despondency and strengthened by Ferdinand's fidelity. With peace in his soul, he sinks upon his couch and quietly falls asleep, while the music accompanies the musings of his slumber, as Clærechen appears to him and crowns him with the wreath of victory.

Again, when Egmont has been carried away by the soldiers to the scaffold, and all is over, the orchestra closes the play and relieves us with a grand hymn of victory, foretelling the ultimate triumph of freedom in the Netherlands.

Goethe began to work on this tragedy in 1775, at his father's

house, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and finished it at Rome, in 1787. It may, therefore, be regarded as a specimen of his well digested, conscientious work. The play was first read and favorably received by the literary circle at Weimar. It was performed there first in its original cast, and later, in Schiller's "merciless adaptation." Now it has an honored place on the German stage.

The best edition for American Students is that of Buchheim, published by MacMillan.

University of North Carolina.

W. D. T.

EDITORIAL.

—The work of the Fall term closed on Tuesday, December 22, and after a very pleasant Christmas, spent by most of the students at home, the University begins its second term in a very prosperous condition. The number of new students will probably increase our total number to 250. This increase is very gratifying to the friends of the institution, and we hope, will continue until the number reaches our limit. When this is done we will be prepared to do more real University work and to accomplish more for the good of the State.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.—In his address to the students in Girard Hall at the opening of the term, President Winston said some very wise things. In referring to the depressed financial condition of our people, he said that it was in times of great industrial and financial depression that men should turn their attention to education and the maintenance of educational institutions.

North Carolina does not seem capable of ever becoming a great industrial or manufacturing State. Our people cannot become a wealthy people. Our aim must be to become not a State of great wealth but a State of *men*. Economy, political and private, must and should be our watchword. We must look for happiness not in riches and the material things of this world, but in the invincible and unswerving integrity of our manhood. The glory and honor of our State must be the simple, plain, but strong and eternal virtues of her people. Let it be that when men speak of North Carolina they will think of strong manhood, of a religious and educated people who are happy, not because they possess wealth but because they are a free, independent, great people. To this end let us cultivate sound morality and unconquerable integrity, let us foster and maintain true education and the means of acquiring this education, and let us strive to be a great people because we have a true and enlightened manhood.

THE LIBRARY.—At the close of the past term, Mr. Shepard Bryan offered his resignation as Librarian to the Library Committee. The resignation was accepted. Mr. Bryan had performed his duties very faithfully and satisfactorily and the students regretted that he was compelled, for private reasons, to resign. Owing to the excellent work of Mr. Bryan, under the direction of Dr. Alexander, the Library is now in a very good condition,

and is being constantly improved. Mr. Frank Batchelor, of Raleigh, has been elected to fill the vacancy and, we are sure, will make a very satisfactory Librarian.

There is a growing desire on the part of the students that the Library be kept open on Sunday. This is a very reasonable desire and we recommend it to the Committees. On this day, especially in the afternoon, a great many students find time which they do not find on other days for reading the magazines and periodicals which it has been found wise to keep in the Library. Of course, the regular Librarian could not be expected to stay in the Library on this day, but other arrangements could very easily be made.

INSTRUCTION IN ELOCUTION.—For several years Dr. Hume has endeavored to secure some competent instructor in elocution to supplement his work in the English department, and we are glad to know that he has at last succeeded in securing Prof. Hamberlin, of Richmond, Va., to do this work. This gentleman is very highly recommended and will be with us this Spring as instructor in this very important and valuable art. We trust that the Trustees of the University will ere long provide some means of lightening the very arduous labors of the Professor of English by providing him with a thoroughly competent assistant who will be able to take charge of some of the higher classes, thus relieving our very faithful and overworked Professor and enabling him to do even better work than he has been doing.

The suggestion made by Mr. Page, in his address published in our last issue, that the University make a thorough study of the Negro Question and give the results to the world seems to have attracted the attention of thinking men in the State and elsewhere. The President has received a letter from Dr. J. L. M. Curry in which this distinguished gentleman warmly recommends the plan and promises his support in carrying it out. It is said by some there is no Negro Question, that the problem exists only in the minds of politicians. However this may be, the fact stands that here in the South we have two races, one greatly inferior to the other in manhood, in morals and in industry, both living together and destined to live side by side for many years to come. Every thinking man naturally is concerned as to the outcome of this condition and it would be of interest and profit to ascertain what is the present State of things and what is the tendency of this condition.

The University will have a Lecturer on Social Science next year and it is hoped that under his direction some steps may be taken toward a thorough and complete investigation of the conditions now existing between the two races. It will not only prove fine training for the students of the Institution, but will, we hope, prove of great importance in the results.

SKETCHES.—The work assigned for students in the advanced History classes for this term is the preparation of sketches of Alumni and Trustees whose names are on the tablets in Memorial Hall. These sketches will probably be published in the State papers and will be very valuable and interesting reading. This is a step in the right direction.

CLIPPINGS.

BOTH WERE ADDLED.

"I'm in a hurry," said a farmer, rushing into a hardware store; "just got time to catch the train. Give me a corn popper, quick!"

"All right, sir!" replied the clerk. "Do you want a large pop corner?"

"No, just a medium sized—an ordinary porn copper."

"How will this cop porner do?"

"Is that a pon corper?"

"Yes. But you are getting a little rattled. You mean a corn porper?—no—a porn copper; no—a—"

"I mean a con porper."

"Oh, yes, pon copper!"

"Yes, be quick! Give me a pup cooner, and be quick."

"All right! Here's your pun cooper."

—*Mirror.*

HER PICTURE.

Her charms and graces a queen would well fit,
 And her presence is lit up with gladness,
 But she is so fat she has always to sit
 It a state of uncrosslimbedness.

—*Mirror.*

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS AND EXCHANGES.

—All the Universities of Canada are open to women.—*Ex.*

—The *Virginia University Magazine*, for November, contains less romance than, and is in every way an improvement upon, the previous number. "The old M. A. versus the new" will be read with especial interest by those who have *struggled* for this honor.

Freshman Year: Comedy of Errors.

Sophomore Year: Much Ado About Nothing.

Junior Year: As You Like It.

Senior Year: All's Well That Ends Well.

—*Ex.*

—The *Niagara Index* is one of the most scholarly of our Exchanges. It is indeed a relief to turn from the love tales that fill the pages of so many College journals to such thoughtful articles as are found in the *Index*. Among these we may mention as worthy of especial note "The Supernatural Element in Shakespeare" began in an October and concluded in a December number.

—The November number of the *Wake Forest Student* contains an article entitled "Wake Forest vs. Chapel Hill" which claims to be an *account* of our recent game in Raleigh. Since, however, the article is saturated throughout with a spirit of unfairness and is clearly partial in its distribution of praise and blame, we refrain from giving to it the title which it claims, but rather prefer to regard it as the partial comment of a partisan. It is true that the opinions of the ignorant are colored and biased by the element of *self* that enters into the equation, but more should be expected from a College student. He, at least, should live upon a higher plain.

PHILOSOPHY.

"Does heat expand?" the teacher asked.

"If so, example cite."

"The days are long in summer,"

Said the student who is bright.

Lovers in the hall-way,

Papa on the stair,

Bull-dog on the front porch—

Music in the air.

—*Brunonian.*

—At Iowa Wesleyan University a man must have become a Sophomore and maintained an average mark of 8.5 in his studies before he is eligible to membership to a fraternity; and in many Western and Southern institutions if a fraternity man fails to come up to the requirements of the College the Faculty appeal to his fraternity for their action in the matter.—*Ex.*

—The following from the *University Cynic* contains much truth and should stimulate our Glee Club. It should be remembered, however, in justice to Foot-ball, that the game has for its prime object physical culture and not the advertisement of the institution it represents. "In our mind, if the two are at once beyond the College purse, a thoroughly trained and in everyway superior Glee Club is a more effective advertisement for an institution than the most formidable Foot-ball team. The former appeals to the public, and to the better element in the general public, as the latter, we believe, in the nature of the case cannot. Every selection faultlessly rendered upon the stage of some High School town tells more than could a touch down on Dartmouth's campus—tells more, we insist, if not in fame as current among Colleges, in the actual net results as shown in future patronage.

—The *Swarthmore Phoenix*, for December, is upon our table. All of its departments are well edited; but we doubt if its department of Exchanges has a superior. The following comment well describes the contents of our November Exchanges: "As the characteristic features of our Exchanges during the first month of the College year were welcomes to new students and prophecies of brilliant work to be accomplished the current year, so, during the month just ended there has been an all-pervading element none the less characteristic of the season. In brief, the whole atmosphere of College journalism has been surcharged with foot ball. Editorials, descriptions of games, notes, criticisms and comments, volumes of matter, have been written upon the great American College game. Even the muse has been brought into requisition to sing the praises of the eleven. If we accept *verbatim* the accounts of the various papers, a feat of credulity we might find difficult to perform, we should find that every College in the land has either just closed the most successful season in its history, or else, being defeated in nearly every game, has learned how to win next year. That remarkable faculty of never acknowledging complete and lasting defeat appears to belong as much to the editors of our Exchanges as to the athletes who fight the battles."

A CONFESSION FROM ONE OF THE "TEAM."

When first I came to College, as quite a little youth,
I said I'd always study hard, and *thought* I told the truth ;
But now since they have taught me the pleasures of foot ball,
I scarcely have a moment to look at books at all.

In the morning and the evening, and all times between, I train,
And the strengthening of my muscles leaves small time to train my brain ;
What's the use of digging out of books all sorts of useless knowledge,
If I uphold in foot ball games the honor of my College.

But when from College foot ball into life's foot ball I go,
Though I'll try to make some touch downs and always tackle low ;
Yet I'll leave my "Alma Mater" with small *Conics* and less Greek,
For I've selected foot-ball for eighteen hours a week.—*Ex.*

—THE ANTIQUITY OF FOOTBALL.—The antiquity of football goes back to the Romans, who according to Basil Kennet in his "Romæ Antiquæ Notitia," "played with a large kind of ball, dividing into two companies, and trying to throw it into one another's goals, which was the conquering cast." If this be true, the ancient game bears a strong likeness to the more modern game of football. The antiquity of the sport in Great Britain certainly goes some centuries farther back than cricket, probably because the requisities of the game were much more simple,—only two rude posts stuck in the ground, with a bar over the top. The first distinct mention of football in England, was made by William Fitzstephen in his "History of London," where he speaks of the "young men of the city annually going into the fields after dinner to play at the well-known game of football on the day *quæ dicitur carnilevaria*." In the "Rotuli Clausarum," 39 Edward III. (1365), a clear reference is made to it as one of the pastimes to be prohibited on account of the decadence of archery ; and the same thing occurs in 12 Richard II. (1388). For some reason not quite clear, Shrove Tuesday was chosen as the great festival day for footballers, and on that day the entire population, young and old, male and female, of the villages throughout the length and breadth of England, turned out to play the game. Windows were boarded up and houses closed to prevent damage. This custom prevails at the present time in a few English villages, the most notable example being that of Dorking in the south of England. So rough did the game become even in those early days, that Jame I. forbade the heir apparent to play it, and in his "Basilikon Doron" describes it as "meeter for laming than making able the users thereof." After this, football was played at the great public schools only, and the Rugby game which bears such a strong resemblance to the Roman *harpastum*, was brought into existence at the old Rugby school, from which it takes its name.—*Frederick Weir, in November Lippincott's.*

PERSONALS.

—W. S. Snipes, Class '90, was on the Campus a day after the opening of school.

—A great many new students have arrived, among them several law students.

—Jimmie Baird has been seeing ghosts in his room. The consequence is that one side of the wall of his room is filled with shot.

—The Y. M. C. A. has elected Howard Rondthaler President, and T. Little Vice-President for this term. The other officers are elected annually.

—Mott. Morehead left his business at Leaksville long enough to come down and witness the University's game with Trinity on the 10th of November.

—"Punch" Currie and W. W. Davies have returned to study law. "Marsey" Toms has also left the Junior Class to pursue a course under Dr. Manning.

—Lost.—A box containing five pounds of Royster's best candy. Any one who can furnish any information as to its whereabouts will please see Alex. Andrews.

—John D. Bellamy, Jr., 3rd, and Alex. Andrews attended the annual Convention of the S. A. E. Fraternity, which met at Atlanta, Georgia, December 28th.

—J. V. Lewis, now with the N. C. Geological Survey, and V. S. Bryant, who has recently located at Roxboro for the practice of law, paid us a short visit just before the close of last term.

—It is a pity that our bachelor Professors do not take unto themselves a wife, especially those who do not know their landlady's best linen tablecloths from sheets and use them as such.

—It is said that John L. Gilmer, of Winston, will not return to College next year, but immediately after Commencement will lead to Hymen's altar one of Cherry street's fairest daughters.

—Pete Murphy, who played Centre on the Washington and Lee football team the past season, was on the Hill a few weeks ago. He was then laid up with a broken arm, the result of a recent game.

—The terraces which have been around the Old West and Old East Buildings for many years have been removed, as it was thought that they kept the first floor of these buildings in a damp condition. Their removal has produced quite a change in the appearance of these buildings.

—One of our “brilliant young law students” has some strange things to tell about Tarboro and its people. The latest is that a man committed suicide there not long since; he blew off the top of his head with a shotgun, and then took laudanum.

—The Barbee House challenged the Watson House for a game of football, and the challenge was accepted. The playing on both sides was fine, several times calling forth the applause of the spectators. The game was close, the Barbee House finally winning by a score of 6 to 4.

—In a game of foot-ball some time ago, the Sophomores beat the Seniors by a score of 20 to 4. This gave the Freshmen so much more self-confidence that they were cheeky enough to challenge the Seniors, but of course they were beaten. The score was 20 to 16 in favor of the Seniors.

—One of our Sophomores takes his “grat” on his first recitation Monday morning, fearing that the Faculty may withdraw the right to them before the end of the week, and then they would be “one on him.” A good many seem to think it a duty not to fail to take a gratuity once a week.

—Mr. Morgan, whose father is an alumnus of the University but now living in California, spent several days with us recently. He was at Atlanta on a visit, and always having had a desire to see the University, and it also being his father’s wish that he should, he took advantage of this opportunity.

—We congratulate the Trinity foot-ball team on their recently brilliant victory over the University of Virginia team. The game was hotly contested, but the Virginia boys were evidently “not in it,” as Trinity won by a score of 19 to 0. The playing of Daniels, Trinity’s Captain, was especially complimented.

—We regret to announce that Shepard Bryan, our efficient librarian, has resigned, not having yet fully recovered from his recent attack of fever. He has been elected Professor of Latin in New Berne. The Library Committees of the two Societies have made a wise selection and elected F. H. Batchelor to the vacancy.

—Dr. Wm. Battle Phillips, at one time Professor of Agricultural Chemistry, Metallurgy, and Mining at the University, has resigned his position as Professor of Chemistry, &c., at the University of Alabama, and accepted the Superintendency of a mining and manufacturing company of large capital whose principal fields of operation will be at Grand River in the State of Kentucky. Dr. Phillips is a live, energetic, and talented man and will do well in his new position. His Chemistry class at the University of Alabama presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane.

—Will Snow, George Peschau and Will Kenan are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to Easter, for then Durham will be filled with visiting school girls. Kenan has already received an invitation to dinner on that day, and Snow will also receive one if the young lady does not forget having met him at the Exposition.

—Several articles have been missed from the students' rooms of late, and for a long time the thief could not be detected. But at last, a negro boy, Adolphus Taylor, has been indicted; and after a preliminary hearing, placed in jail to await the March term of Orange Court. The evidence against him is very strong. We hope this will put an end to these thefts.

—Mr. H. B. C. Nitze, Assistant State Geologist, is spending several weeks here preparing a report on the work done by the State Geological Survey during the summer. Prof. Holmes, who has recovered from a severe attack of the "grippe" is also here. The Survey will be at work on the formations along the rivers of the eastern portion of the State until the summer.

—At Immanuel Church, Warrenton, N. C., on the 23rd of December, 1891, Malvern Hill Palmer, a member of the Class of '88, was united in marriage to Miss Jessie Key, daughter of Mr. S. P. Arrington, Rev. Edward Benedict officiating. The groom is a rising young lawyer of eastern Carolina, and well known to many of us. To them we extend our best wishes for a happy and prosperous journey through life.

—A tennis tournament for the championship of College and a gold prize was played just before examinations began. Bingham, T. Little, Willard, W. Rollins, Whedbee, Rogers, W. Graham, Hendren, Peschau, Smith, and R. Gatling entered. The matches were arranged by lot, three sets out of five being necessary for a victory. The contests were, as a rule, close and exciting. Willard won. The following is the score, the names of the winners being placed first :

FIRST ROUND.

Bingham vs. Graham, W.;	6-3, 6-2, 6-4.
Peschau vs. Gatling, R.;	6-3, 6-3, 6-4.
Little vs. Rogers;	6-0, 6-0, 6-0.
Smith vs. Hendren;	4-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.
Whedbee vs. Rollins, W.;	4-6, 7-5, 6-1, 4-6, 6-4

SECOND ROUND.

Willard vs. Bingham;	6-2, 6-0, 6-2.
Little vs. Peschau;	6-1, 6-1, 6-0.
Whedbee vs. Smith;	6-1, 6-2, 6-3.

THIRD ROUND.

Whedbee vs. Little;	6-1, 9-7, 6-3.
Willard vs. Whedbee;	6-1, 6-3, 6-8, 9-7.

- The time for base ball draweth nigh. Shall we have a team?
- C. W. Toms, '89, is now principal of the Durham Graded School.
- The grip has not passed us. Several of our boys are down with it.
- How is a particularly boring speaker silenced in the British Parliament?
- Billy Davies and Robertson are making preparations to go to Chili in case war is declared.
- In all probability a Business Course will be added next session to the already numerous advantages offered by the University.
- The Ovid Musin Musical Company will appear in the Chapel February 10th. It has a very fine reputation, and will have a good house here.
- After a close and exciting contest, the Junior Class has elected Crawford Biggs chief marshall by a vote of 14 to 13. A better selection could not have been made.
- A Department of Elocution is soon to be established here. Prof. L. R. Hamberlin, of Richmond, Va., a very talented gentleman and a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory will begin instruction on the 19th of January. This has long been needed, and we are glad to announce that it is now a certainty.
- The regular annual election of Ball Managers for the commencement dances resulted in the election of the following gentlemen: V. H. Boyden, chief; A. B. Andrews, Jr., Thomas Ruffin, W. H. Wood, Di. subs; J. A. Ashe, Jr., E. W. Meyers, L. O'B. B. Jones, Phi. subs. The two parties wisely compromised, and the result of the election gives entire satisfaction. The success of the dances is assured.
- The foot-ball team have shown their wisdom by unanimously re-electing Mike Hoke Captain for next season. Hoke did his duty well, and deserves the honor. He is undoubtedly the best Captain we have ever had, and a better selection could not have been made. It was mainly by his enthusiastic efforts that the present excellent team was organized and trained, and next year we shall see even better results than we have had this year.
- Just before the recent Trinity-University foot-ball game was called, Captain T. C. Daniels of the Trinity team, who holds the championship of North Carolina for the 100 yards dash, and C. E. Landis, claiming to be from Wheeling, West Virginia, ran a race of 100 yards on the foot ball field. Daniels was beaten, though doubtless he would have done much better had he been in training. Landis is a professional runner and his real name is said to be Ross or Rice.

—The Trinity foot ball team, accompanied by several Trinity students, paid the University a visit the afternoon of the 10th of November, for the purpose of playing a game of ball with the University team. As the train was late and did not arrive until three o'clock, only thirty minute halves were played. At 4:15 the teams lined up and then began one of the most exciting and brilliant games ever played in the State. Trinity won, the score being 6 to 4 in her favor, but she had a narrow escape, for had Hoke kicked a goal from Ashe's touchdown, the score would have been 6-6.

The brilliant play of the game was made by Sam. Ashe in the second half. The ball was on University's 5-yard line. Ashe broke through Trinity's line, and with Hoke and Ferguson blocking, started toward Trinity's goal. Daniels, Durham, (R.,) and Harper, were blocked off in quick succession. To Dr. Venable's earnest pleadings, "Come on, Sam, come on," Ashe responded nobly. But Durham, (P.,) overtook and downed him on Trinity's 10-yard line, though not until Ashe had made a run of 95 yards and covered himself with glory.

Trinity's blocking was superior to the University's—it was excellent, but her tackling not so good. The ball was kicked very little. The University suffered worst from the hard, quick rushes of her opponents, especially Davis, the right tackler. Captain Daniels would give the signal "16-98-142-27-31-153-64," then "Come on, Jakie," and "Jalie" did not have a bit more sense than to come, and come for 5 or 10 yards each time.

Each player, on both the University and the Trinity team, played his position admirably, and the team work on each side was fine. Whitaker and Hudgins had their hands full (the former his arms full once) in holding each other. Better Captains could not be found than Hoke and Daniels, both for their management of the team and for their individual playing.

The game was especially free from unnecessary roughness or words. The umpire and referee gave entire satisfaction. Not a hard word was spoken on either side, neither was there the least exhibition of ill-feeling. Everything passed off as smoothly as could have been wished.

After the game, the visitors were tendered a banquet by the Athletic Association. They left on the 6:40 train the same day with the best wishes of the University boys for a victory over the Virginia team.

The following is the account of the game for which we are again indebted to the *News and Observer* :

"U. won toss and took the ball, T. having western end of field with sun at their back. Then began a series of rushes and downs in which the ball changed hands frequently. Then Daniels made a good run around end for 15 yards, and the centre is bucked by guards and tackles, and the ball is brought to U. 5 yards line, where Daniels is shoved over. Harper held ball, and Durhan (R.) kicked goal.

Score—T., 6; U., 0.

Time—15 minutes.

The ball is brought out, and U. tries the V. again with little success. Ferguson was sent through left end for 25 yards, and Hoke tries same trick for 10 more. Ashe then carries the ball to T.'s 5 yard line, but Ferguson looses ground, and Hoke drop-kicks for goal but fails. Trinity form a V. on 25 yard line, and by subsequent rushes of guards and tackles carries the ball into University's territory, where it remains until time is called. Ten seconds before time, Durham tried goal from field but failed. Score—Trinity, 6; University, 0.

SECOND HALF.

Trinity makes 5 yards on V, and in one minute has ball on University's 5-yard line. University then fought like demons. On the third down Daniels is sent around left end, but is beautifully downed by Hoke, and the ball goes over. It was a supreme moment for University and they put up a weak wall for the rush line. Then, "42-112-64" comes from Capt. Hoke and Ashe goes through the line and makes 95 yards before he is downed. The play has already been described. Then Hoke and Ferguson gained 5 yards and Ashe is sent through centre for touchdown. Hoke failed goal and this lost the game to University.

Score—T., 6; U., 4.

Time—20 minutes.

This was the extent of the scoring. During the remaining ten minutes, Trinity carried the ball into University's territory where it remained the rest of the time.

The teams lined up as follows:

<i>Trinity, 6.</i>	<i>University, 4.</i>	
MCDOWELL,.....	Left End,.....	WHEDEBEE.
PLYER,.....	Left Tackler,.....	CURRIE.
CAVENDISH,	Left Guard,.....	AUSTIN.
WHITAKER,.....	Centre,.....	HUDGINS.
AVERY,	Right Guard,.....	SNIPES.
DAVIS,.....	Right Tackler,.....	LITTLE.
DURHAM, (P.).....	Right End,.....	BIGGS.
HARPER,.....	Quarterback,.....	BARNARD.
DANIELS,.....	Right Halfback,.....	FERGUSON.
DURHAM, (S.)	Left Halfback,	ASHE.
DURHAM, (R.).....	Full Back,.....	HOKE.

LUMMARY.

Athletic Field, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, Nov. 20, 1891. —Attendance, 300; Touchdowns, Daniels 1, Ashe 1; Goal from Touchdown, Durham, (R); Umpire, Mr. Shaw, of University; Referee, Mr. Turner, of Trinity."

—A handsome oil portrait of our highly esteemed Governor, Thomas M. Holt, has been presented to the Dialectic Society. The portrait is the work of a University boy, Mr. W. G. Randall, of Raleigh, who is making for himself a name in his chosen profession.

—The numerous friends of Dr. Kemp Battle Batchelor, now a promising young man in his profession, will be glad to know of his marriage to Miss Ferebée Guion Dewey, one of Raleigh's most popular and most accomplished young ladies. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. M. M. Marshall, at Christ Church, Raleigh, N. C., December 30th, 1891, in the presence of a large number of friends, after which the happy couple took the train for Philadelphia where they will spend a few days with friends before leaving for Baltimore, their future home. The *MAGAZINE* extends very best wishes.

—Prof. Harrington has organized a Latin Seminarium which is destined to do much good. A room has been comfortably furnished on the fourth floor of the New East Building, in which over a hundred very valuable books on Latin Language and Literature and Philology have been placed. All students have the privileges of this room. It is the plan to have the Latin classes, especially the higher, make original research and study in this department, and to have papers, embodying the results of such study and research, read at the regular meetings of the Seminarium. Courses in this work will also be assigned to those desiring instruction in post-graduate Latin. We hope that Prof. Harrington's plan will receive encouragement and support from the students.

—At Freeport, Ill., Tuesday, December 29th, 1891, Mr. Needham Tyndale Cobb, of Raleigh, N. C., was married to Miss Eleanor Hope Atkins, daughter of General Smith D. Atkins, of that city. The bride is the granddaughter of Pres. Swain, her mother, as some of our readers will remember having braved, for the time, the open displeasure of many friends throughout the State, by marrying the young officer in command of the Federal troops stationed at Chapel Hill just after the war. Now their daughter, true to her Southern blood and Southern training, returns to North Carolina as the wife of an old University boy. Mr. Cobb, who paid his Alma Mater a short visit a few weeks ago, was, we believe, the youngest member of the class of 1886. He is now Private Secretary to the General Manager of the Seaboard Air Line. We extend North Carolina's welcome to the bride, our congratulations to the groom, and the University's best wishes to them both.

NORTH CAROLINA
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

OLD SERIES VOL. XXII.

No. 4.

NEW SERIES VOL. XI.

EDITORS:

PHI.
GEORGE W. CONNOR,
C. F. HARVEY.

DI.
W. E. ROLLINS,
E. PAYSON WILLARD.

HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, }
W. E. DARDEN, } Business Managers.

Published six times a year under the auspices of the Philanthropic and
Dialectic Societies. Subscription, \$1.00. Single copy, 20 cents.

Entered at the Post Office of Chapel Hill as second class matter.

IN THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

“La grande, cuisine” the maiden said
In tones sweet as treacle,
“Et la grande salle-à-manger, toute
Du treizième siècle.”

We looked about from stone paved floor,
To rich, old panelled ceiling,
And to our thoughts the days of yore,
The storied days, came stealing.

Once more in courtly revel meet
The stately knights and ladies,
And merry cheer with laugh and song
About the table eddies.

Into yon cavern's spacious jaws,
The serfs great logs are leaping,
And upward from their burning bed
The ruddy flames are leaping.

So real it grows the very smoke
Seems still the air to leaven,—
I step within, and raise my eyes
Toward the bright blue heaven.

Ye shades of all romantic thoughts
To your foundation shaken!
That same wide chimney piece is filled
With nineteenth century bacon!

ADELAIDE L. FRIES.

A SERMON ;

*Preached in St. John's Church, Fayetteville, the Sunday next before
Advent, November 24th, 1889, at the Centennial of the
Fayetteville Convention of 1789 ;*

BY JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,

Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Charlotte.

“Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.”—Psalm cxxvii: 1.

We are accustomed to think of religious truth as having relation solely to individuals, and not to the larger life of the community. But Christianity has its religion to States and Nations, as well as to men and women. St. Paul told the men of Athens that God, who made of one blood all the nations of men who dwell on the face of the whole earth, did also appoint to each its time and the bounds of its habitation. Without curiosity inquiring into the full significance of these words, they are certainly an assertion that the divine purpose and providence are concerned no less with the great affairs of this world than with the small. God, who hath so constituted man that social, civil and national institutions are essential to his proper welfare and development, cannot be supposed to be absent from those great affairs between peoples and nations, whereby the history and character of generations and of continents are determined.

It is well, therefore, the Church should note the great anniversaries of our national history, and should with the State rejoice in all the memories of past achievements. The religion of our Lord Jesus Christ does not take us out of this world, or relieve us of its responsibilities: rather, it raises political and civil duties and relationships to a higher plane. We cannot fail to recognize the great place which our country holds in present power and in future possibilities for guiding the development of the world's progress: we cannot, therefore, refuse to recall with thankfulness those providential orderings by which we have been brought hitherto. If we can realize, my dear brethren, that what we are now, is not only the outcome of human struggles, but represents also the workings

of the divine purpose; that the independence of the Thirteen Colonies, the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the growth, prosperity, perils, trials, deliverances, triumphs of these United States, are factors in the great problems of God's world and work;—if we can realize this, we shall prove the services of this day, carry back with us into the life of our country and of our State a purer patriotism and a more earnest purpose, and we shall thereby be the better fitted to bear our part in the great work, whatever it may be, which is set before us as a people.

This day we remember before God that great event, the Ratification and Adoption by North Carolina of the Constitution of the United States of America. Do you ask, What has a sermon to do with such a topic? I reply, that though questions of present party differences are properly excluded from the pulpit, yet the people of God must recognize His hand in the particular orderings of His providence, and not merely in a vague and general way; and when time has taken great political events out of the region of party contention, and enables us to come to some agreement as to their true character and results, it cannot but be useful to look back over our past, and to discover and to thank God for the blessings and deliverances which the past discloses in our civil and political annals. I shall therefore ask your attention to the great events which have this week been in all men's minds and mouths. Those events of the years 1788 and 1789 made possible the America of 1889. All our subsequent history and achievements are hinged thereupon.

I believe that our people generally have a very inadequate estimate of the importance of the second act in the drama our country's independent existence,—that act which closed with the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the putting into operation of the new machinery of government. In order that we may this day give thanks with the understanding as well as with the voice, bear with me while I summarize very briefly the condition of the country at large during the period from the treaty of peace in 1783 to the date which we commemorate, 1789.

In the affairs of modern government money is ordinarily the measure of prosperity; not the absolute amount of money, but the amount of money with reference to the necessities of government.

A country may be poor, and yet free, independent, virtuous, contented, administering its affairs prudently, and making its scanty income answer its necessary expenses. But no country can be permanently independent, virtuous, contented, or free, which cannot raise a revenue, one year with another, equal to its necessary annual expenditures. Not to go into details, it is sufficient to say, that at the recognition of our independence by Great Britain in 1783 the Congress of the United States was left with a debt of some forty-five million dollars, and annual liabilities running up into the millions (leaving out all obligations on account of the principal of the debt), and *with no power whatever to raise a single dollar of revenue, except by requisitions upon the several States.* What these requisitions availed may be judged by the fact that in 1785, two years after the treaty of peace, hardly a third had been paid upon the requisition made in 1781 during the very crisis of the Revolution, though it was largely payable in the depreciated currency of the period. In this connection General Davie stated in the Convention of 1788 at Hillsboro' that "when the last great stroke was made, which humbled the pride of Great Britain, and put us in possession of peace and independence, so low were the finances and credit of the United States that the army could not move from Philadelphia until the Minister of his most Christian Majesty was prevailed upon to draw bills to defray the expense of the expedition; these were not obtained upon the credit or interest of Congress, but by the personal influence of the Commander in Chief." When in 1786 a mint was established by Congress, they had nothing to coin but a few tons of copper cents. Such was the condition of the public finances that Governor Johnson declared in the same Hillsboro' Convention: "The United States are bankrupts. They are considered such in every part of the world. They borrow money and promise to pay—they have it not in their power, and they are obliged to ask of the people to whom they owe, to lend them money to pay the very interest. This is disgraceful and humiliating." The financial condition of the several States, and the great mass of the people, was almost as bad.

But besides being bankrupt the government was utterly feeble and helpless. Called together with no definite powers or distinct purpose, the Continental Congress had taken up the common

cause of the Colonies, and backed by the enthusiasm of a united people, it had successfully carried through a gigantic undertaking, and had thereby won for itself a name, perhaps, second to no legislative or administrative assembly known to history. It had organized a new government, raised armies, negotiated treaties, fought out successfully a long and exhausting war with the greatest empire of the world, and given a new luminary—or rather a galaxy of new luminaries—to the political heavens. But it had done all this because it was the real representative of the life and aspirations of the people of America, and because the common peril produced on all hands a subordination of all feelings and interests to the common cause. From the nature of the case such a government could not survive a return to the ordinary course of affairs. With the relaxation of the intense strain of the war, the power and influence of Congress disappeared. Helpless at home, despised abroad, it dragged on a feeble and useless existence. Five years after the treaty of peace England still held the forts on our Western frontier, which she had agreed to surrender, refusing to give them up because the several States neglected to pass the stipulated laws in favor of debts due to the British subjects; and Congress was equally powerless to secure the performance of these treaty obligations by our people and by Great Britain. Mr. Pitt refused to negotiate a treaty of commerce with so deficient a government, and did not condescend so much as to send a representative to our country.

And worse than all! the people of the United States were divided among themselves. Concessions absolutely essential to the general welfare and universally seen and acknowledged to be thus essential, could not be obtained from the State governments on account of local jealousies and selfishness. In some States civil commotions threatened general disorder and strife. All over our country personal controversies, more or less embittered by political and professional prejudices, were carried on with the greatest rancour and violence. Some of the wisest and best men of America began seriously to contemplate the possibility of having to go back to some form of monarchical centralization in order to restrain and to counteract the destructive development of the democratic spirit.

Yet, on the other hand, there were elements of wonderful power and promise wrapped up in all this temporary disorder and helplessness. Our vast territory offered every national advantage. Our geographical position cut us off from the perplexities of the Old World alliances. We possessed the glorious heritage of Anglo-Saxon blood and memories, and Providence had made us the pioneers of that race, which had already given abundant evidence of its imperial endowments, and which had begun to feel and to see dimly before it, the great part which God intends it to play in the enlightenment and Christianization of the world.

And incorporated in the very blood of our people were the great principles of the Common Law, still dominant in in the American Commonwealths in spite of the fermentation produced by the admixture of the yeast of French democracy. We need not fear, my fellow countrymen, to paint in faithful colors the weakness, the follies, the errors of that troublous period from 1783 to 1789. The dismembered limbs of the British Colonial system were left like the scattered bones in Ezekiel's valley of slaughter. But the spirit of life was breathing upon them, and with the irresistible impulse and power of life they struggled through that dark period, until bone came to bone, and limb to limb, and the body of law and order and civil government stood forth a young giant among the nations.

It has always seemed to me a most interesting and significant fact that though Jefferson made the opening sentences of the Declaration of Independence speak the language of French theorists, yet the sturdy good sense of the common law speaks out unmistakably through the whole body of that great instrument. And though Jefferson and his sympathizers distrusted and opposed the common instinct of the people, leading them to seek a more perfect union, yet the genius of the Anglo-Saxon asserted itself, and out of the familiar principles of English law, disregarding theories and speculative refinements, the common sense of the country, sublimated into genius by the stress of a great emergency, built up a new, yet old, system of government, and set before the world as the evidence and the measure of American greatness, **THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.**

It is impossible at this time to go into the history of the forma-

tion and adoption of the Constitution. I have only designed to indicate the condition of weakness, division, and incipient anarchy, which characterized the preceding period, and the wonderful way in which the vitality of our people and of our ancient institutions asserted themselves in adjusting our civil and political machinery to the changed condition of affairs. But if any one will carefully examine and consider the history of this transition period; if he will note the innumerable and seemingly inseparable obstacles which stood in the way of a more effective organization; if he will observe how the New Englander's commerce, and the South Carolinian's interest in continuing the slave trade, the ambition of the large States and the jealousy of the small, and a thousand other interests and designs, seemed so opposite as to be totally irreconcilable; and, above all, how the ignorance of the great mass of the people left them at the mercy of interested politicians (and especially was this the case in North Carolina); and then if he will observe how, in spite of all, and against odds which seemed the most desperate, the desire for union and settled authority and an efficient central administration, conquered—overbore the eloquence of Patrick Henry in Virginia, and the logic of Luther Martin in Maryland, and the popular authority of Clinton in New York. I think it will not be hard to realize that there was present in this crisis of our country's history a providential influence which preserved us from all threatened dangers, which inspired our statesmen with moderation and made our people feel which way lay their true interests, and along what lines their true destiny must be worked out. Without this power upon the minds and hearts of the people, all the statesmanship of Wilson, of Franklin, of Randolph, of Ellsworth, of Hamilton, of Davie, would have been helpless to arrest this country's downward progress to the mire which seemed to yawn before it: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

The strength of the common sentiment for union was most strikingly illustrated by its failures. Where the narrow prejudices of section or of party seemed to prevail their success was only temporary and illusory. The cause of union and of American greatness triumphed even where it seemed overborne. Our own State and

the great event which we to-day commemorate afford a notable example of this.

When the Convention of 1788 met in old *St. Matthew's Church, Hillsboro, there was a solid majority of one hundred delegates opposed to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The ablest and best informed members of the Convention were all but unanimously in favor of its adoption, but they could make no impression upon their opponents, who sat mostly silent, and apparently impervious to reason, but unshaken in their determination to defeat the ratification. The ablest, the wisest, the most learned, the most eloquent men of the State—James Iredell, William R. Davie, Samuel Johnston, Archibald McLaine, Richard Dobbs Spaight—expounded, argued, illustrated; and at the end of a fortnight, by a vote of one hundred and eighty-four to eighty-four, the Convention refused to adopt the Constitution. And yet the word spoken seemingly in vain, had along with the march of events, done the work. In a free country the cause which cannot maintain itself by reason cannot retain the allegiance of the people. When the next Convention met in this town to consider the same Constitution in November, 1789, the opposition, though apparently strong in numbers before the meeting, had in fact melted away, and the vote for adoption stood one hundred and ninety-three to seventy-five; while the real strength of the opposition was so much less than even these members indicated, that it has left no mark upon the page of history by which its reasons or purpose can now

*Mr. McRee, in his admirable work, "The Life and Letters of James Iredell," says that the Convention of 1788 met "in the Presbyterian Church." This is an error into which Mr. McRee was led by the fact that the edifice now occupied by the Presbyterians, of Hillsboro, stands upon the site of old St. Matthew's, in which the Convention held its sessions. There was no other Church in Hillsboro until some years after the beginning of the present century. After the old St. Matthew's, a wooden structure, had fallen to decay, the present building was erected on the same site by a public subscription, and was used as a free church until the Presbyterians, being the first to have a settled minister and a permanent organization, acquired by use the exclusive possession, which they still retain. These facts were well known to the older inhabitants of the town. I had them from the late John W. Norwood, Esq. The property was secured to the Episcopal Church by an ordinance of 1776.

be known. *It had nothing to say for itself which after years have cared to remember*: it only voted, and died. And as marking the popular estimate in which the leaders of the minority at Hillsboro were held, the General Assembly in session here at the same time chose Samuel Johnston to be the first Senator from North Carolina, and named a county after James Iredell.

We thank God to-day for this union with our sister States under the Federal Constitution, which was consummated in the good town of Fayetteville one hundred years ago. I do not say that all the evils which I have mentioned disappeared at once after 1789. As a matter of fact, some of them for a time may have seemed aggravated by the change. But in the Federal Union lay the remedy which in the end worked the cure.

I should like to go on, did time permit, and to point out in how wonderful a manner our political institutions have borne every strain to which they have been subjected. Most of us remember the terrible struggle of 1861-'65, and the bitterness of disappointment in which it ended. And yet I believe we can all see how, in spite of our sins and our many and grievous faults on both sides, the Constitution of 1789 still survives, and exhibits to the world the brightest example of liberty, justice, equality and stability which man has ever been able to devise. God has overruled the wrath of man to His praise: He has preserved for us and for our children that which doubtless, if we had had our own way, our rash hands would have destroyed.

We cannot, on this occasion, forget the great part which church men had in the splendid achievements of patriotism and of statesmanship which we have been commemorating. It has been common for ignorance and prejudice to accuse the Church of disloyalty to the American cause and American institutions. I thank God that the Church has never been so narrow that it could hold men of only one political party. And I thank God also that the time has come when we can do justice to the many brave and virtuous men in the American Colonies who drew the sword for King George. I had rather reckon among my ancestry one of these brave Highlanders or Regulators who followed McDowell and fell with McLeod at Moore's Creek Bridge, than any vaporing patriot who was a fair-weather Whig, and yet could take the oath of allegiance to

save his property from Tarleton's raiders. But while doing justice and rendering honor to all brave men who loved the right, however differently they saw it, certainly we can claim for the Churchmen of our early history the first place when we meet to honor those who won American freedom and established American institutions. The President of the Constitutional Convention of 1789 was George Washington, a Churchman; a majority of the leading men of that Convention were Churchmen. The three men who exerted the greatest influence in securing the adoption of the Constitution throughout the United States were Hamilton, Madison and Jay, three Churchmen. Of the three members who signed that great instrument on the part of North Carolina, Spaight, Williamson and Blount, Spaight and Blount were Churchmen, Williamson a Presbyterian. The five men in the Hillsboro Convention who failed to convince the hostile majority, but who converted the State, were Iredell, Davie, Johnston, McLaine and Spaight. Davie was a Presbyterian; Iredell, Johnston, McLaine and Spaight, Churchmen. To these should be added another Churchman, Hooper, who, though defeated for the Convention, exacting a very great influence in bringing about the final result in favor of the Constitution. The President of both our Conventions was Samuel Johnston, and the Vice-President of that of 1789 was Charles Johnson, a Churchman. And both the Senators elected from North Carolina in 1789 were Churchmen, Samuel Johnston and Benjamin Hawkins.

Since 1789 God has dealt graciously with our land. Our present prosperity, power, wealth, and increasing development are the wonder of the world. But nowhere has the hand of a beneficent Providence been more visible than during that period and in those experiences whose happy issue we have this week been celebrating: "God hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoice."

As we look back one hundred years, and see America laying the foundation of its greatness in its heritage of Anglo-Saxon life and principles; and as we thus realize our relation to the preceding history of the world, and our share in all the foregone trials and triumphs of our English-speaking race, is it a mere fancy which sees in each recurrence of the closing years of the ninth decade of the centuries since the discovery of America, a time of peril, and of Divine intervention on our behalf? In 1788 and 1789 there was,

as we have seen, the travail and labor whereby the new system of government, confederated yet united and vigorous, was given to the world. One hundred years before that, in 1688 and 1689, America no less than England, under the influence of a pusillanimous race of Kings, was threatened with absorption into the imposing fabric of French Empire. If ever the complications which beset any course of human policy seemed past man's sagacity and management to unravel, and in need of the special favor of heaven, such were the difficulties which confronted William of Orange, when he undertook to maintain the cause of Constitutional liberty and Protestant independence in England. Yet by the good hand of his God upon him he overthrew the portentous structure of French ambition, and delivered the Reformed Church of England from a fatal connection with the Stuarts, and from the more dangerous domination of vicious ecclesiastical and political principles.

And then look back another century, to the years 1588 and 1589! Where was our country and our race at that time? A little band of men, women and children, the first English settlers in America, were perishing upon the sands of Roanoke Island or of Croatan. The England of that day, which had not yet sent out your fathers and mine to found this new Empire, was in the midst of a death struggle with the great world-power, Spain. She was a little country, barely larger than our own State of North Carolina, without a single colony, with no ally save the struggling and all but destroyed Dutch, with no army save train-bands, and with a navy which seemed contemptible beside the towering ships of Spain. Philip II, "That sad, menacing tyrant, who mischiefs the world with his gold of Ophir," saw in our fathers a spirit forever hostile to the tyranny of Pope and of Emperor, and already aspiring to dispute with him the possession of the western world; and he put forth his giant hand to crush out liberty and life.

To my mind, friends and countrymen, there is no more heroic scene in the history of nations, than that presented by the English fleet as it lay in the harbor of Plymouth expecting the appearance of the "Invincible Armada." And it belongs to us just as really, in its essential connection with our history, as the Declaration of Independence, the surrender at Yorktown, or the Federal Constitution. I love to think that some ancestor of yours and of mine,

of some of us who are here to-day, had a place in that gallant band, and fought there for the liberties and the prosperity of us, his children. Not only was the fate of Europe involved in the expected conflict, but the whole future of the Anglo-Saxon race in every continent and for coming ages. The destinies of America, of India, of Australia, *of the world*, hung trembling in the balance, as the great galleases of Medina Sidonia bore down upon the Cornish coast.

And then and there God fought for us, for His Church, for that race which he destined to such wonderful achievements. Raleigh and Drake and Hawkins and Howard, and the hardy fishermen, and the gallant knights, squires, and yeomen, who pushed out from every bog and creek along the Southern coast of England, and hung like swarms of hornets around the great floating fortresses, above which blazed the gorgeous banner of Spain, all fought for America, and helped to make this day possible to us. And God gave them the success which such courage and faithfulness merited; well did Charles Wesley interpret the issue of that heroic struggle:

“Vainly *invincible*,
 Their fleets the seas did hide,
 And doomed our sires to death and hell;
 And Israel’s God defied.
 But with His wind He blew,
 But with His waves he rose,
 And dashed, and scattered, and o’erthrew,
 And swallowed up His foes.”

In 1589 England saw herself and her people—*our people*—delivered from the towering pride of Spain, whose stranded navies, in the language of Milton, *larded* all her Northern seas. In 1689 the rising Colonies of America rejoiced with the mother-country in their release from Popery and the Stuarts, and in the same prospect of the defeat of Louis XIV’s imperial schemes. In 1789 we showed to the world that our ancient principles and institutions of civil government retained such essential vitality that they could be adjusted to the necessities of every situation and of every emergency in the great march of peaceful conquest and development upon which we had entered. The wisdom and moderation

of our fathers preserved and transmitted to future generations those principles of personal liberty and of local self government which they had so bravely defended, while at the same time they provided for an efficient and steady control of general interests and a strong front against external enemies. In all these difficulties God sustained our fathers and so directed them in all their doings with His gracious favor that their works do yet show forth His praise. What has he done for us in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine?

At this time, my brethren, we may be passing through a crisis as important as any of the past. The trial of prosperity is more searching than that of poverty and danger. The full significance and importance of the day's duties are seldom apparent to the actors therein. It cannot but be a great peril—the possession of such power and wealth as this country now enjoys! In order that these things may be for our true welfare there must be on our part an appreciation of the greatness of God's blessings, and of its corresponding responsibilities and duties. Certainly the history of the world shows no parallel to the experience of our great Federal Republic during the first century of its existence. This experience of temporal prosperity and success imperatively demands the development of a type of citizenship equally above that of past ages and of other countries. If our moral horizons do not expand, and our ideal of duty rise to higher perfection, our national character will only be the more surely debased by our prosperity, and an national decay be more rapid and inevitable. It is folly for us to expect the cessation of party divisions and party strifes. They are not only unavoidable, but within proper limitations, they are healthy and elevating. But into this necessary strife and contention we must carry the consciousness of principles of eternal right and justice more important than temporary success or material wealth: and our American civil and political life must be purified and elevated, that we may be able to exert the great and renewing influence upon the nations of the earth, which God has put it in our power to exercise. The privileges of citizenship must be claimed and exercised by Christian men, and its responsibilities and burdens faithfully borne, that the great cause of virtue, honesty and purity, social and political, may prosper, that vice

may be discouraged and repressed, that all men may be protected in life, liberty, property and character, that the public administration of government may represent and express the highest attainments of our people in intelligence and in social and moral culture. God has a purpose beyond our selfish advancement in the blessings which He has so abundantly poured out upon us. This is the lesson which we should learn from such anniversaries as this. The deliverances and triumphs of the past testify of the good providence of God over our fathers; and thus implies the same eye upon us for good if we will walk in His ways. We belong to God not only in our secret souls, but in our outward lives, and in all their manifold activities and relationships; and for the discharge of our duties of citizenship, and for our use of its privileges He will call us to account. May He be with us, as He was with our fathers! May he build us up upon His sure foundation of truth and justice! May His righteousness go before us, and the glory of the Lord be our reward!

THE FOOL IN KING LEAR.

(University Shakespeare Club, January, 1892.)

The fools in Shakespeare deserve special mention in that they are a distinct type of human character, and as such are well worth studying. In fact, we have the declaration from the Great Characterizer himself that "he did know a many fools." Only one of them time permits us to treat of.

The office of Court-fool was peculiar to the middle ages, but was in vogue even in the time of Shakespeare. Descended from the vice of the early Morality Plays, whose business it was "to tickle the devil," for the amusement of the audience, the fool is, no doubt, also the ancestor of our modern circus clown.

Who knows but that Shakespeare had some of the great court-fools of his day in mind, when he wrote so interestingly, so wittily and yet sometimes so touchingly of these dispensers of wisdom clothed in the garb of folly?

Which one of these well-known clowns furnished the material out of which our fool was created it is of course impossible for any one but the Great Dramatist himself to say. Yet there can be no doubt that the peculiar characteristics of some one of these, or perhaps several of them, were incorporated into the fool of Shakespeare, coming out from his brain a new, but not less distinct type of his kind. The office of artificial fool was not as some have thought within the province of idiots, but was peculiar, as some one has rightly said, in that "it was something that none but he that hath wit *can* perform, and none but he that wants it *will* perform." Being privileged characters, often under the cover of their humorous sallies and seeming idiocy there lurked a truth which was unmistakable in its meaning and application, and which came home closer than an open reproof would have done to persons whom to reprove openly meant certain death.

Will Somers, the famous court-fool of King Henry VIII, is thus said to have administered a stinging rebuke to the haughty and avaricious Cardinal Wolsey. The King and the Cardinal were at

dinner one day, when the fool approached and demanded ten pounds to pay some of the Cardinal's creditors. When the Cardinal strongly denied having any, Somers said, "Lend me ten pounds, if I pay it not where thou owest it, I'll give thee twenty for it." To this the Cardinal agreed. So he lent Will the ten pounds. Will went to the gate, distributed the money to some poor beggars standing there, and brought back the bag empty, saying, "There is thy bag again. Thy creditors are satisfied and my word out of danger."

"Who received it," said the King, "the brewer or the baker?"

"Neither," said Will, "but Cardinal, answer me in one thing, to whom dost thou owe thy soul?"

"To God," answered Wolsey.

"To whom thy wealth?"

"To the poor," he replied.

"To the poor at the gate, I have paid the debt which thou yieldest is due. Therefore thou hast lost, Cardinal."

The King laughed heartily, and so did the Cardinal, but it grieved him at the heart.

The fool of Charles I, Archie Armstrong, once also administered a severe criticism on another churchman, Archbishop Land. One day when the Archbishop and several great lords were dining with the King, Archie begged the privilege of saying grace. This being granted, he folded his hands and solemnly said, "Great praise be given to God, and little Land to the devil."

The Archbishop, wild with rage, never forgave Archie, and afterwards, it is said, secured his dismissal from Court.

The verdict of succeeding generations, however, is that the fool was correct in his estimation of Land's character.

In the fool, as in his other characters, Shakespeare gradually reaches a climax of development. Thus from the clowns of the *Comedy of Errors*, or the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is gradually evolved the greater conception of Touchstone in "*As You Like It*," who nevertheless in this process of character-evolution is far inferior in nobility and verisimilitude to that wisest of fools, The Fool in *King Lear*.

This character, than whom none other shows Shakespeare's power of delineation better, was cast into heroic mould, and is the

key, in our opinion, to the proper understanding of the whole play, bringing into grand relief the gigantic figure of Lear, with all of its strength and passion. Like all others of his kind "he uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit."

We notice, too, that the character of the fool grows upon us the farther we advance into the action of the play. Introduced rather precipitately, he immediately becomes "part and parcel" of the story and fully understanding the situation he throws himself on the side of his master, whom he most heroically defends, shielding him against the vile vituperations of the "dog-hearted" Goneril. Thus when Goneril first comes in, to rail at her aged father, the fool divines her meaning even before she speaks, and breaks into the most bitter sarcasm, indicative of his master's improvidence and consequent present insignificance.

This gives Goneril an opportunity to complain and to cover her innate ingratitude by an assumption of injured innocence and long-suffering forbearance that is made all the more black and hideous in its profound hypocrisy and revolting deceit, by the timely interruptions of the fool, who pertinently says, in the assumed tone of imbecility: "The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long that it had it head bit off by it young." Which couplet, worthy of a philosopher in its applicability and truth at this particular juncture, is then set off by the following blank, irrelevant expression, "So out went the candle and we were left darkling," assumed only for the better display of what precedes, and also to indicate his irresponsibility.

And when at last the horrible truth, the dreadful reality, for which the previous philosophizings of his fool had somewhat prepared him, bursts upon the old King, his mind benumbed by the blow, refuses at first to believe the awful fact.

But not being able to discredit the testimony of his senses, he feebly essays to disbelieve in his own identity, as if that were the only way to ward off this unfilial nightmare, which hangs over him like a threatening Nemesis, ready to swoop down and hurl him into hopeless misery.

Thus he mutters, "Does any one here know me? This is not Lear. Who is it that can tell me who I am?" And like the

knell of the funeral bell to the ear of the condemned deserter, the fool sadly answers, "Lear's shadow."

And when, at last, Lear heart-broken with the agony of the realization, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," is leaving the designing Goneril, with curses on his lips, the fool's comment, expressed in the jingling rhyme of idiocy, yet containing a world of meaning is the healthful expression of a noble, generous heart. Thus voicing the sentiment of a natural and just resentment, he says,

"A fox when one has caught,
And such a daughter
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool followed after."

Then Lear, in all the noble confidence of his great soul, rides post-haste to his other daughter, Regan, from whom he fondly expects different treatment. But the fool, keener than his master, foreseeing this other withering truth, the still more ferocious temper of Regan, prepares his master for her utter heartlessness by a series of riddles which cannot but convey even to the enfeebled mind of the old king, the expectation of the hardly-to-be-believed reality of her wickedness and entire lack of filial love.

Almost maddened by this premature revelation, by this prophecy, he yet rides furiously onward, determined to disbelieve.

Finally he comes upon his messenger, Kent, in the stocks. This is another terrible awakening. Even then with his former perversity increased by an unwillingness to credit the testimony of his eyes, or even the words of the unfortunate Kent, he refuses to believe. It cannot be true. And when at last he goes into the storm, for shelter, turned, like a vile beggar, out of doors, into the drenching rain and cruel beating wind with a heart bursting with woe, a mind shattered by blasted hopes, and the sharp words hissed from the venomous throats of those fiends in human shape, his daughters' still rankling like poisoned arrows in his memory, the poor King yet finds an ardent though sorrowful sympathizer in the poor fool, who now vainly strives to "outjest Lear's heart-struck injuries."

And thus, the now utterly demented King wanders aimlessly

through the terrible violence of that awful storm, unmindful of its fury, with no one but a poor fool for his companion and protector-

This is surely one of the saddest passages in all literature.

The very elements, seem in their demoniac rage to be conspiring against the "poor old man," who, with no place to lay his aged head, or to shelter his decrepit body from the cold chilling rain, raves with fury terrible, manifesting a strength of passion, which is sublime in its grandeur.

The character of Lear, so full of passion, of that which is emblematic of all that is terrific and powerful, intense and distorted in man; as the wild lightnings and the roaring thunder, the cold rain and the howling hurricane are typical of all that is wild and fierce in Nature, would strain the mind with its superhuman excess, were it not relieved by the presence of his solitary companion, the sole sharer of his misfortunes, the faithful fool. The contrast is indeed a powerful one.

Side by side, in life, we see the beautiful and the sublime, the ridiculous and the base. It is then that the wise man's madness, made emphatic by the bitter surroundings, assumes a more determined cast. It is then, too, that the fool's wisdom shines out the more brilliantly; for we feel that of the two he is the wiser, and instinctively lean on his peculiar personality to aid the King in his dire extremity. The ravings of Lear, the wise, and even philosophical rejoinders of the fool alternate, and together with the sublimity and grandeur of the tempest impress the reader with such lofty magnificence of effect as has been excelled by no other writer.

This effect is undoubtedly largely due to the seemingly incongruous element of the fool. And, just here, is where Shakespeare rises above all other artists in his greater subtlety and knowledge of the secrets of nature as manifested in the workings of the human mind. Thus his methods of combination are sometimes what a superficial critic might deem unnatural and inartistic, when a deeper insight and a profounder mind would discover the truthfulness and hidden beauties of the picture.

Nothing, indeed, can be finer than the scene in the hovel, where Lear, Kent, Edgar and the fool crouch shiveringly for refuge. How diversified in character, expression and action, are the indi-

viduals of this group. The sturdy common sense of Kent, the madness of Lear, the wise babblings of the fool and the assumed idiocy of Edgar, together show a power of character differentiation, which has never been surpassed.

This scene may truly be called, the tragedy of fools, since every person in it either has, or assumes some mental infirmity, with the exception of Kent, whose sanity only throws into greater prominence the imbecility of his companions.

Who, indeed, in this play is more of a hero than the poor fool? When dangers threaten, who but he sympathizes with and soothes to rest the tottering intellect of the king? Who is kinder and more true than he? Like some guardian angel he unceasingly watches over his old master, with never a sigh of weariness, or regret, ever on the alert to amuse and to be of service. And when hopeless despair like a vampire has fastened itself on the mind and fortunes of the King, he yet remains true.

Well, might this play be called, the triumph of Love, which so discloses the simple devotion of so sweet a character.

Just as certain delightful odors are only exhaled, when their parent flowers are crushed; so does his sweetness rise from the wreck of his misfortunes.

Poor fool, as the personification of sympathy wilt thou go down the ages, admired and blessed as long as the human heart has feeling, and the mind, nobility and truth.

LEONARD C. VAN NIPPEN.

HALL OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY,
 UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA,
 CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Feb. 11, 1892. }

WHEREAS, Divine Providence has seen fit to remove from among us our great and honored fellow-member, Alfred M. Scales; there fore be it

Resolved, That in his death the Dialectic Society loses a faithful and active member, the University a wise counsellor and sincere friend, and the State a man whose courage and devotion to duty were tested and proven on the battle-field, whose wisdom and integ- rity were conspicuous at the nation's council-board, and whose high executive ability adorned and graced the gubernatorial chair.

Resolved, That we extend our warmest sympathies to his family in this sad hour.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Dialectic Society; that a page be dedicated to his memory; that the hall be draped in mourning; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and the various State papers.

F. P. ELLER,
 V. H. BOYDEN,
 L. C. VAN NOPPEN, } Committee.

EDITORIALS.

—The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE each year meets with the same criticism and as this criticism seems to be offered in a friendly spirit by certain of our contemporaries, we have thought it might not be amiss for the editors to express their views on what should be the aim and scope of a college magazine. Certain of our friends tell us, in rather a confidential way, that we do not make the MAGAZINE *interesting*, that it lacks *sprightliness*. We know of only one way by which we can get the exact meaning of this word "interesting," and that is to judge by the character of those of our contemporaries who have kindly offered us the criticism—for, of course, they are "interesting." If this interpretation be a correct one, we would say that it is not our aim to be "interesting" and hence no adverse criticism should be passed upon us on this score.

As we understand it, there should be, at least, some difference between the aims and purposes of a daily newspaper and a college magazine. They differ widely in this general position in journalism. It is certainly not to the pages of his college magazine that a reader looks for his political information. For instance, he does not wish to find in his monthly collegian, an editorial on "The People's Party," or "Cleveland and Hill," or "The War with Chile." Editorials on these subjects are altogether out of place in such a magazine. Nobody cares for the editor's private opinion and all information desired can be obtained from the daily papers.

College journalism has a distinctive field and a college magazine is made neither instructive nor "interesting" by wandering from its true sphere into that of the political or religious newspaper. It is no evidence of his ability as a writer or as a thinker for the editor to fill up his pages with editorials on subjects entirely out of his line. The editors of this magazine endeavor to make it "THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE" and they believe that it is the business of any college magazine, first, to give alumni and friends information about the institution, about both her present and her former students—what they do, and think concerning college matters, and secondly to publish interesting and instructive articles on historical, literary or scientific subjects. In other words that a college magazine should deal with college subjects.

This is our aim and we flatter ourselves that we come somewhere near it. If any of our readers do not find the MAGAZINE "interesting," we are sorry, and would recommend him to read "Puck," "The Sportsman," or "The Daily Newsgatherer," which, we hope, he will find worthy of that excellent adjective, "interesting."

—The Course in Elocution is nearly over. Mr. Hamberlin has done good and faithful work and has impressed himself on his classes not only as a most efficient instructor but also as a pleasant and highly cultured gentleman. We hope that this course will become a permanent one and that Mr. Hamberlin can be secured as the instructor. The course ought to last, at least, two months and the Faculty would do well to consider this matter from all sides. The students who have been enabled to improve themselves in the Art of Expression feel grateful to President Winston and Dr. Hume for their interest in this matter.

—It is generally understood that the Fellowships which were established recently, are to be given upon certain conditions, one of which is that every Fellow must teach in that department of the University in which he is taking a post-graduate course. For instance, that a Fellow in English must teach a class in Freshman English a certain number of hours each week. We hope that this is not true, but if it is true, that the Faculty will carefully consider this matter again. One principal reason why a graduate of the University wishes to return and take a post-graduate course is that he may devote his whole time to some particular study. Now, if his time is to be taken up by teaching Freshmen and preparing for his class-room work, the most important object which he has in view when he returns, is lost. No student can do high-grade work in any special line, unless he can give his undivided efforts to his studies in this chosen line. We respectfully ask the authorities of the University for a consideration of this side of the matter, as several members of the present senior class, who have been thinking of applying for Fellowships after their graduation, will not do so, if this condition is retained. We would like to see a large number of post-graduate students at the University for they would not only do work which would reflect great credit on the Institution, but they would also have a decidedly beneficial effect on the character of the general body of students.

—The *Wilmington Messenger* in a recent issue has a very valuable suggestion which we hope will meet with the approval of Dr. Battle. It suggests that the History Department collect all the important historical and biographical addresses which have been delivered at various times in the State, and carefully edit them for publication in good book form. The University Library has a great many of these addresses, but as they are not indexed or even in many cases bound together, it is very difficult to make much use of them.

These biographical addresses, prepared in most cases by intimate friends of men who have been distinguished in their State, are most invaluable materials for the historical student and are also very interesting for the general reader. If they could be collected and well edited, the History Department would deserve the gratitude of the people of the State.

—The Lecture-rooms of the University have been greatly improved both in comfort and in convenience, all except one have had new seats put in them and the small tables add greatly to the convenience in note-taking. But the seats in the English room are exceedingly uncomfortable and it is impossible for the student to take any notes or do any writing whatever in this department. There are more students in the English classes than in any other of the University and it seems that the room ought to be at least as comfortable as the other rooms. On the principle "put yourself in his place," we suggest that the Faculty hold several long meetings in this room and then we will have chairs and tables like those in the History room, for example. If the Faculty will investigate the matter, we are sure they will make the much-needed improvements.

—The University Glee-club has become an important and well-established feature of our student life. After long and careful training under Prof. Harrington, to whom great credit is due, the boys ventured to give a public entertainment first in the college chapel. This was such a splendid success that they went further and have given very successful and highly creditable performances at Raleigh, Winston, Greensboro and Durham.

Everything that helps to broaden our life should receive encouragement from Faculty and students. This the Glee-club, Athletic Association, etc., do, and any who are disposed to regard these features of University life with an unfriendly eye, ought at least to understand them well before declaring against them. It should be remembered that we are situated in a small village, away from the outside world and that unless we, now and then get a glimpse into the life of our larger towns and cities, we will go away from the University with knowledge of books only. To study books, while it is the chief reason why we come here, is not the only reason. These features which draw us occasionally away from our studies have been the means of doing a great deal of good. We have in mind several students, who came from the country and in some cases had never seen a large town, but who were greatly improved in their *scholarship* by several visits to Raleigh with the Foot Ball Team. By all means let us encourage the Glee-club, Foot Ball and Base Ball teams and we will see great benefits coming from them.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

—The reorganization of the University Athletic Association was effected a few weeks ago, with the general supervision of athletics, including foot ball, base ball and track athletics. This is a step in the right direction for without organization and methodical work there can be no effective results attained. Our efficient captain of last year's foot ball eleven, has been re-elected and candidates are now in training, and from the present out-

look we will put a strong team in the field next fall. We would recommend that a business manager be elected at once. As for track athletics, this is a new feature in our University and one that, we hope, will meet with the hearty co-operation of the student body. It is impossible at this date to say with any degree of certainty whether or not we will have a team to put in the field this spring, yet our gymnasium instructor, Mr. Chas. Mangum, who has been elected captain will, we feel confident, put forth every effort to develop a good team. Mr. Oldham, who did such good work as catcher last year, has been elected captain of the base ball nine and will be a harder worker in this responsible position.

Our prospects are not what we would call flattering, but it is only by hard work and steady training that a good team is developed. Without these we cannot expect to do much. Too much attention cannot be paid to this feature. We are aware that the candidates are rather averse to working in the gymnasium, but this part of the training is essential so that when the weather admits outdoor work, they will be hardened and in condition to make the best use of the short time for practice.

The interest among the students is not what it should be. The players are greatly encouraged and stimulated by the presence of students on the field. Last but not least we would earnestly request every one to aid not only by their presence, but financially, for this is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the team.

B.

We would call the attention of the students to the above and recommend their hearty co-operation in the athletic features of the University. There is no reason why we should not take a creditable position in athletics and we can do so if all the students give their support and sympathy to those upon whom the greater part of the burden falls.—[Ed.]

—We give below some college regulations which we found in an old catalogue of a University in China and as they have quite a foreign sound we will give them as illustrations of the differences between some Universities in America and one in China. It was quite difficult to translate, but with the help of Gilp's Lexicon and Anglo-Saxon translation we have succeeded in at least, getting the spirit of these strange, foreign Rules. (The Italics are not our own.)

RULE I. Since promptness is a desirable thing both in students and in Professors, it is ordered that students must be in the Lecture room promptly, and that *Professors must dismiss their classes promptly at the ringing of the bell.*

RULE II. Since continued conversations and the asking of useless questions during a lecture, by members of the different classes, interfere with the rights of the whole class and consumes the time of the Professor, any

member of any class guilty of either of the above shall be denied the use of the *Shakspeare club library* for one whole week. (Notice that Shakspeare has been translated into Chinese.)

RULE III. Since this is a University, and as such must maintain its dignity, students are prohibited from playing all childish games with hard, round bits of clay (meaning *knucks!*) and further from congregating under other students rooms thereby preventing them from studying.

RULE IV. Since all men are created free and equal, no Professor shall be allowed any privilege outside the class-room, not accorded to students. This is to prohibit Professors from talking or wearing their hats in the library, which is owned by students and the Institution.

RULE V. Since all persons are entitled to equal protection by the authorities of this University, any and every person who shall willfully perpetrate a pun upon an unoffending student shall die and his soul be condemned to dwell upon the *banks of the river Styx*.

RULE VI. Since truth crushed to earth will rise again, no student need hope to escape any punishment by telling a falsehood.

EROGY'CES.

EXCHANGES.

—The *Wake Forest Student* for January, if we except an inappropriate editorial on "The Speakership" and one or two others that have no place in the editorial column of a college journal, is unusually unique. The article on "North Carolina as a field for writers," by Houston Neal, is worthy of especial mention, but more for its suggestiveness than for its exhaustiveness. The writer closes with the following appeal: "May a writer yet come forward who will give a complete history of our State—not in one volume, for in one he could hardly tell the beginning, but let him write till he has told us all, and may the novelist and poet immortalize the deeds of North Carolina's sons, as can so well be done by the gifted writer."

—We are glad to welcome to our board *The Sequoia*, a bi-weekly published by the students of Leland Stanford Jr. University. The last number is a "Congress edition" and thus speaks of the organization of a students' Congress in the University:

"The members of the Students' Congress met for organization December 12th. The movement was in response to a general desire on the part of the students for some kind of a society which would afford them needed training in parliamentary practice and debate. The form adopted is also intended to render them conversant with the leading social and economic problems of government and with their practical treatment.

"The Congress is a hypothetical House of Representatives in which the members are appointed to the several States upon the basis of representation in the national body, and the work is intended to conform as nearly as practicable to that of the original."

—Much has been said, but little written, and still less done about the disgusting and unhealthy habit of throwing filth out of our dormitory windows. Bowdoin College seems to have the same trouble and the *Bowdoin Orient* thus speaks in regard to it:

"There is a vigorous stand that should be taken by those in authority. There should be an absolute prohibition of throwing filth from the dormitory windows. The practice can be stopped if the proper remedy is applied. When a man knows that as goes his waste material out of the window so goes he out of college, he will be exceedingly thoughtful and have exceedingly good command over himself, and he will not be so until he feels the horrors of the above mentioned doom hanging over him. *La grippe* and typhus are too prevalent for the permission of garbage around the halls.

—In this issue we give unusual prominence to the quotation of original college verse with the hope that it may inspire our own students to similar efforts. The writing of poetry is excellent literary training, and then it adds greatly to the interest of a college journal to have it spiced throughout with original verse. The *Red and Blue* of the University of Pennsylvania has arrived at an unusual degree of excellence in this line. It is perhaps because her poets have found that the only true road to poetic success is the "jagged way." The following from the *Red and Blue* doubtless explains our own failure:

Wings! Wings! It ever is the cry
Of many a one who fain would try
Ideal nights of poetry,
The more fools they, who cannot see
There's many a one who might have "flown"
Had he let thought of wings alone,
And labored up the jagged way,
Nor tried for easier paths than they
Who, toiling up in pain, have told
Glad tales of heaven to ones less bold.
Poets whom fame tells us have "flown,"
Climbed by the hardest work ever known.

—The *Amherst Literary Monthly* is one of our best exchanges. The following pointed editorial on the conduct at morning prayers at Amherst may contain suggestions for us:

"The *Lit* has had its attention called to the generally disgraceful conduct of students at morning prayers. With few exceptions there is little or no attention given to the exercises, and a great deal given to other affairs. There is much loud whispering and sometimes even talking. The *Lit* has no doubt that this state of affairs is largely due to the fact that attendance on these exercises is compulsory and it is obliged to admit that it is a very natural result of such compulsion. But so long as it is a fact that there is a large number of students who wish and expect to derive benefit from attendance at chapel, will not a sense of common politeness lead the rest to remain quiet during the exercises?"

—We are glad to welcome to our board the *College Message*, a monthly journal published by the students of the Greensboro Female College. The *Message* is large, neatly printed, and well edited—in fact is in every way as interesting and as attractive as the young ladies who edit it. On the frontispiece is an excellent portrait of the President of the College, Dr. B. F. Dixon, whom we all remember so pleasantly.

—We congratulate the *Davidson Monthly* on its new dress. The *Monthly* seems to be improving in every way. There is no reason why Davidson should not publish one of the foremost literary magazines of the South. The present board of editors is making steps in the right direction.

—We notice a similar improvement in the dress and size of the *Palo Alto*. This magazine has developed wonderfully in the last few months until now it is one of the most attractive journals that ever reaches this editors board.

—The *Trinity Archive* for January is hardly a representative number. It lacks that interest in college life that it usually possesses. The editorials on "Home," and "Political Corruption" and possibly also the one on "Formative influences upon character," were more appropriate elsewhere, we think, than in the editorial columns on a college journal.

—Thanks to our friend the *Guilford Collegian* for its frank criticism. Whether we can agree with the *Collegian* or not we take the criticism in the best spirit. We invite that same frankness of criticism which we endeavor to make use of in speaking of our contemporaries. If such frankness were more common we might have an improvement all around.

—We desire to add to our exchange list the *Richmond College Messenger*, and the *Georgia University Magazine* in addition to those above spoken of.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS AND CLIPPINGS.

“The editor sat in his sanctum,
Letting his lessons rip ;
Racking his brains for an item,
And stealing all he could clip.

“The editor sat in his class room
As if getting over a drunk,
His phiz was clouded with awful gloom,
For he made an awful flunk.

“The editor returned to his sanctum,
And hit himself in the eye,
He swore he had enough of the business ;
He would quit the paper or die.”

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

—The Princeton Senior elections lasted all night.—*Swarthmore Phœnix.*

—James Russell Lowell bequeathed a large part of his library to Harvard.—*Swarthmore Phœnix.*

—The average expenses of the Yale class of '91 was \$1,000 yearly.—*Ex.*

—Bryn Mawr and Wellesley talk of organizing an inter-collegiate athletic association.—*Free Lance.*

—In the last six years, 389 students of the Prussian schools have committed suicide on account of failure in examinations.—*Ex.*

—The amount of elective work which Harvard allows is 80 per cent ; Michigan University allows 75 per cent ; Kansas State University 33 per cent ; Oregon University allows nine.—*Ex.*

“How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour ?
And gather honey all the day
From every open flower ?

“It's largely done by industry,
By hustling round the earth ;
And working everything that's green
For all the thing is worth.”

—*Brunonian.*

—At the Nebraska University Chancellor Canefield suspended chapel exercises so as not to interfere with a cane rush.—*Palo Alto*.

—According to an exchange, the girls of Smith College have formed a Hare and Hound club. The young women, dressed in gymnasium suits, had a cross-country run a few weeks ago, in which they covered seven miles.

—At Johns Hopkins the students have a House of Commons modeled after the English body, with a Speaker and Secretary of Home and Foreign affairs. The ministry brings in the subjects for discussion.—*Ex.*

—Northwestern University has taken a new departure in college government. Hereafter matters of difference between faculty and students will be referred to a committee of ten students and five members of the faculty. Three of the ten students are chosen by both of the upper classes and two by the lower classes.

BY DERIVATION.

In Anglo-Saxon we discover
 "Lemman" is the word for lover.
 Perhaps with them began the pleasing
 Modern art of lemon squeezing.

—*Brunonian*

Said Atom unto Moly Cule,
 Will you unite with me?
 And Moly Cule did quick retort
 There's is no affinity.

Beneath electric light plant's shade,
 Poor Atom hoped he'd metre,
 But she eloped with a rascal base,
 And her name is now salt petre.

—*Exchange.*

—The following verse of Latin, says the *Vanderbilt Observer*, was found by a student in his travels during his vacation:

"Hos sed Mare Heres ago.
 Fortibus es in aro
 Nos sed Bila Thebe trux
 Vatis enim! Pes et dux."

Translated:

"Ho!" said Mary, here's a go!"
 Forty busses in a row."

"No," said Billy,
 "They be trucks."
 "What is in em?"
 "Peas and ducks."

—A feature of the new Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell is a professorship of the History and Philosophy of Religion and Christian Ethics, the first of the kind in America. Professor Tyler will trace the origin of religious tendencies in man ; and, though not denying the theory of evolution, will consider prehistoric man as the son of God, since he had in him the potentiality of all that he has become since.—*Ex.*

—President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr. University, seems to have aroused the anger of the Farmers' Alliance of California by criticising the idleness of the farmers. The Napa County Farmers' Alliance passed the following resolution: "We denounce as false and malignant the charge against the farmers that 'they idle away their time' made by President Jordan of the Stanford, Jr. University, and consider the man very much out of place at the head of the greatest institution the world ever saw."

—First girl (exclaims suddenly while reading Horace)—"I don't like him, he's too conceited."

Second girl (with a far-away look in her eyes, and evidently thinking of something else)—"I think he's real handsome"—*Ex.*

STUCK ON EACH OTHER.

"The scene was in a billiard room,
And I was there to view it:
The balls rolled close together and—
They kissed, I saw them do it."

—*Brunonian.*

"METRICAL."

To meet her is my chief delight:
All care and sorrow take their flight
Whene'er I chance on path or stile.
To meet her.

And so in verses gay and bright
In praise of all her charms I write,
My fancies running all the while
To metre.

—*Brunonian.*

Freshman—Walks, Talks.
Sophomore—Moon, Spoon.
Junior—Kiss, Bliss, Gate, Late.
Senior—Nice, Splice.
Alumnus—Boy, Joy.

—*Exchange.*

I'm flunking, Prexie, flunking,
 In my old familiar way ;
 For I disdain to study,
 So I bluff it every day.

I despise the man who worries,
 Over text books all the while ;
 I believe in calling,
 My leisure to beguile.

For we all have social natures,
 To which we must attend ;
 And though the people gey us,
 We always stay till ten.

I am flunking, Prexie, flunking,
 That you know full well,
 I am semper non paratus ;
 My flunks no tongue can tell.

But I am fresh and gaily,
 My cheek is solid brass ;
 I shall e'er be "*semper idem*,"
 E'en till I flunk my last.

—*Athenæum*.

—Bishop F. J. Hurst, of the M. E. Church, has been chosen chancellor of the Grant University about to be erected at Washington, D. C. This institution will be non-sectarian and wholly conducted on a European plan, will be a source of pride to our country. Valuable property has been secured and a large portion of the requisite amount (\$10,000,000) has been raised. When completed it will be a university in the true sense of the word.—*Ex.*

IN THE HISTORY EXAMINATION.

Vainly he racked his cranial store,
 Seeking to find histic lore,
 "History repeats itself," said he,
 "Oh ! now repeat thyself to me."

—*Brunonian*.

MODERN ADVERTISING.

"We are the undertakers
 Best in the East and West ;
 You've just to kick the bucket
 And then—we do the rest."

--*Brunonian*.

—An interesting debate between Harvard and Yale took place at Cambridge January 13th. The question was: "Resolved that a young man casting his first ballot in 1892 should vote the Democratic ticket," Harvard was on the negative. It was wisely decided that no decision should be rendered. The debate is said to have been a great success. The second debate is to be held in New Haven March 25th. The subject for discussion will be: "Resolved that a college education unfits a man for business."

—The Harvard-Yale Union debate has called out numerous editorials in the college papers. All vibrate to one melancholy strain; all lament the lack of interest for debate in colleges, and demand action. Bowdoin, within the last few years, has reiterated the same thing; but to no purpose. The fact is, the phases of college life have wonderfully multiplied within fifty years. No student can take in all, and those which appear least desirable to the students in general go to the wall. So it has been largely with public debate. The question merely is, have students made a bad choice, have they let go that which they should have kept? The doctrine of psychology, that we must deliberately murder some desirable things, has been carried out. Debate has been murdered for the sake of other things. Is the murder justifiable?—*Bowdoin Orient*.

—The following paragraphs contain welcome news for the American scholar:

"One of the largest book deals ever consummated in America was closed this afternoon, by cablegram, the University of Chicago being the purchaser, and S. Simon of Berlin the seller. The library contains 280,000 volumes and 120,000 dissertations in all languages. Among these there are 200 manuscripts from the eight to the nineteenth century; 1,600 volumes of paleography; 25,000 journals and periodicals; 65,000 volumes of Greek and Roman archæology, 65,000 Greek and Roman classics, 2,400 volumes of Greek and Latin authors of modern times, 2,000 volumes of general linguistics, 2,500 volumes of history, 1,000 volumes of illustrated works of art, 5,000 volumes of physics, astronomy and mathematics, and 5,000 volumes of natural history.

President Harper obtained an option on the library when in Berlin, until Nov. 1. At a meeting of the board of trustees this afternoon, Major H. A. Rust, Martin A. Ryerson, Charles L. Hutchinson and H. H. Kohl-satt subscribed enough money to purchase the library, and Professor Harper cabled the owners in Berlin that he would take the library, and ordered the packing to begin at once. The books will arrive here by March or April next. This deal gives Chicago fully 200,000 volumes not found in any library in the West, and many volumes and manuscripts not found in

America. When packed the books will weigh 250 tons. The price paid is not made public. The catalogue price is between \$600,000 and \$700,000, and the estimated book-sellers' prices \$300,000."

The University of Chicago is indeed fortunate in being able to secure such a library for its students. The enterprise of Dr. Harper reveals to Europe that Americans are not altogether destitute of the desire of literary attainments. The other American colleges cannot but feel a pride in the achievement of Chicago University.—*Quoted by Vanderbilt Observer.*

LOVE'S WAYS.

(*Villanelle.*)

I little thought that Love would go
So soon, or make so short a stay,
But better now his ways I know.

Love came with quiver full and bow
Prepared to shoot so many a day
I little thought to see him go.

More like a friend he seemed than foe
Who tuned my pipe and penned my lay;
But better now his ways I know.

His face with fun and joy aglow
He seemed to like with me to play
Who little thought to see him go.

But when I learned to love him, lo,
The little Parthian ran away
To other hearts that nothing know.

Ah me, he seemed to love me so!
He seemed so very bright and gay,
I little thought that Love would go;
But better now his ways I know.

—*Brunonian.*

HIS LAST SEASON.

High up in the closet he tearfully hangs them,
 Those old canvas garments bespattered with mud
 From fields upon which he had tussled, fought, scrimmaged,
 And covered himself with glory and blood.

He seemed to see tears in the eyes of the jacket,
 To hear his shoes hang out their tongues and exclaim,—
 'Tis hard, yes 'tis fearfully hard to believe it,
 That you, you poor senior, have played your last game.

Next year you will live upon starvation wages,
 In a boarding house, say, in some dingy old town,
 Far off from the rush and the noise of the scrimmage,
 The referee's whistle, the loud cries of "down."

Then sadly, ah sadly, he leaves them in darkness,
 And carefully straightens his disjointed nose,
 Then he winks his swelled eye and longingly gazes'
 O'er the field that's now covered with winter's chill snows.—*Ex.*

ONLY ONCE.

It was a pitiful mistake,
 An error sad and grim ;
 I waited for the railway train,
 The light was low and dim.

It came at last, and from the car.
 There came a dainty dame ;
 And looking up and down the place,
 She straight unto me came.

"O Jack!" she cried; "O dear old Jack!"
 And kissed me as she spake;
 And looked again and frightened cried,
 "Oh, what a sad mistake!"

I said: "Forgive me, maiden fair,
 That I am not your Jack;
 And as regards the kiss you gave
 I'll straitway give it back."

And since that night I often stood
 On the platform lighted dim,
 And only once in a man's whole life
 Do such things come to him.

—*The Columbia Spectator.*

SONG.

There are days when the sun shines warm and bright,
When the skies are clear and blue,
When the earth is filled with joy and light,
And hearts are strong and true.

Love, I love thee and thee only,
Thee, and thee alone,
What is sunshine, storm or rain ?
What is sorrow, joy or pain ?
Love is all our own.

There are days when the sun is hid away,
When the clouds conceal the blue,
When the world seems dull and old and gray,
And loving hearts are few.

Love, I love thee and thee only,
Thee, and thee alone,
What is sunshine, storm or rain ?
What is sorrow, joy or pain ?
Love is all our own.

* * * * *

But whether the world be gay and bright,
Or dull and blind with rain,
My heart, in spite of sorrow or joy,
Sings ever the old refrain.

Love, I love thee and thee only,
Thee, and thee alone,
What is sunshine, storm or rain ?
What is sorrow, joy or pain ?
Love is all our own.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

—We clip the following poem from "*The Owl*" making such changes as would be necessary to give it a practical application to our University. We are aware that our changes have somewhat mutilated the poem, but what it loses in *literary merit* we trust has gained in practical application. We hope the *Owl* will excuse us for the mutilation :

DI-VARSITIES—HE WASN'T IN IT.

Bill orter larn philosophee,
An' be high toned and literree,
I'll chuck him down to Varsitee.
Bill wasn't in it.

He swaggered round so recklesslee
You'd think he owned all Raleigh,
He had a splendid libraree,
But was'nt in it.

His nights were spent at pokee
At socials or some whist partee,
He found English so prosee,
He wasn't in it.

Then went he with the Glee Clubee
And swaggered all over the Statee,
But such a thing as hard studee—
He wasn't in it.

But at exams he was afraidee
He couldn't quite them passee,
And as for Junior Englishee
He wasn't in it.

Then "Wilkes" he bought a papee,
Which asked him to the facultee,
Aloud Bill wailed so biterlee,
O, I ain't in it.

You ask what did the facultee?
They shipped poor Billee homee,
Of course they were awful sorree,
But Bill wasn't in it.

His father said disgustedlee :
"My son, yer done with Varsitee,
Ye'll get yer hoe and stay with me,"
And William did it.

PERSONALS.

—Perrin Busbee, Captain of last year's base ball team, paid us a short visit recently.

—The editors of the *Hellenian* are busy with their work and hope to have the Annual ready by May 1st.

—No news has been received from John D, of late, but we suppose that he and his "dear angle" are still true to each other.

—Chas. E. Shelton, of Salem, has been elected third sub-ball manager from the Di. Society, to succeed W. H. Wood, who has resigned.

—John D. Bellamy, Jr., 3rd, Class '94, and Pete Winborne, class '92, have been compelled to go home on account of sickness, and will not return this year.

—The societies have chosen the following gentlemen as Representatives to deliver orations Tuesday night of Commencement: Di., F. P. Eller, T. J. Cooper, W. P. M. Currie; Phi., F. C. Harding, S. F. Austin and W. P. Wooten.

—Prof. Hamberlin's Elocution Class now numbers over forty. Prof. H. has made a very favorable impression on everyone, both in and out of the class room, and his instruction has been very beneficial. We shall regret to see him leave.

—The Watson Hotel property has been purchased by a northern capitalist, we are reliably informed, who will at once build a new hotel on the site now occupied by the old one. It is the intention of the purchaser to make this a winter resort.

—Dr. H. (to Charlie Shelton on English)—"Mr. Shelton, what is the etymology of the word *kirk*, line 97?"

Shelton immediately begins to blush, gets confused, but finally is able to stammer out, "I have forgotten; Doctor."

—Sunday evening, Jan. 31st, Rev. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, of Charlotte, preached the first of a series of sermons to be delivered monthly before the students by representative ministers of the different denominations. From Mark, 13th chapter, 12th verse, he preached a forcible, scholarly, and instructive sermon, which was greatly enjoyed by those whose pleasure it was to hear him. This movement, inaugurated by the Y. M. C. A., together with the University lectures will prove of incalculable benefit.

—Mr. Patrick H. Winston, a native North Carolinian and an alumnus of the University, but now U. S. Attorney for Washington State, recently spent several days on the Hill on a visit to his brother, our highly esteemed President, and his son, now a student here.

—For the next regular semi-annual inter-society debate in March, to be held in the Phi. Hall, C. F. Harvey has been chosen President, and Nathan Toms, Secretary. W. E. Darden and W. F. Harding will represent the Phi., and H. R. Ferguson and L. C. Van Noppen, the Di. society in the debate.

—The Athletic Association of the University of North Carolina has been organized, a constitution adopted, and the following officers elected: H. B. Shaw, President; W. R. Kenan, Jr., Sec. and Treas. The Association will have charge of athletics of all kinds—foot ball, base ball, tennis, etc., and good results may be expected.

—The following members of Dr. Manning's law class were granted license by the Supreme Court at the semi-annual examination, January 29th and 30th: Wm. S. Bailey, Jas. L. Fleming, Daniel E. Hudgins, Lloyd J. Lawrence, Hersey B. Parker, Jr., Thomas M. Lee, Geo. W. Ward and Henry A. Gilliam. It is quite a compliment to Dr. Manning's instruction that no applicant, holding his certificate, has ever failed to pass the examination before the Supreme Court.

—J. M. Oldham, catcher on last year's base ball team, has been chosen Captain for this season, and S. A. Ashe, Business Manager. Both are well qualified for their respective positions. The following games have already been arranged: University vs. Trinity, April 29th, at Raleigh; U. vs. Wake Forest, May 3rd, at Raleigh; U. vs. U. of Virginia, at Charlottesville, Va., May 10th and 11th. Washington and Lec has been challenged for May 12th, at Lynchburg, Va., and Guilford College for April 16th on the University's grounds, but no answer has yet been received.

—On the evening of the second of February, the faculty and students and a few citizens assembled in Gerrard Hall to listen to a lecture on "The Influence of the Physical Features of North Carolina upon her People" by Prof. Joseph A. Holmes, State Geologist. The lecturer traced the settlements of the various portions of the State by the colonists, described the physical features of each section, the character of the people, the present condition of the industries, and their probable future. "Suffice it to say," Prof. Holmes did justice to his subject, and his audience was highly entertained. This was one of a series of University lectures to be delivered before the students each month by eminent scholars.

—The University Glee-club has visited several cities in the State, and wherever it has appeared has been complimented in the highest terms. Concerts were given at Winston, Salem Female Academy, Greensboro, Greensboro Female College, Raleigh, Durham and in the University Chapel. The club assisted in a concert given at Raleigh for the benefit of St. Mary's Guild. The proceeds, in excess of expenses, were devoted to benevolent purposes. The President, T. M. Lee, and Business Manager, H. E. Rondthaler, deserve credit for their management, and the club fully merits the praise which it has received both from individuals and from the press. To Prof. Harrington the Glee-club is especially indebted for his many kindnesses, his invaluable aid, and for the interest taken by him in its success. The following are the members and the programme :

FIRST TENOR—F. H. Batchelor, Chas. S. Mangum, J. A. Arthur, Jr.

SECOND TENOR—F. B. McKinne, G. L. Peschau, R. E. Zachary, H. E. Rondthaler.

FIRST BASS—H. L. Harris, Chas. Roberson, W. B. Snow, T. M. Lee.

SECOND BASS—Michael Hoke, E. P. Willard, J. H. Price, R. B. Arrington.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

1. Medley.
2. { The Pope,..... *Yale Songs*
 { Mermaid,..... " "
3. Quartette—"Stars of the Summer Night,"..... *Hatton*
 Messrs. Batchelor, Mangum, Lee and Hoke.
4. Matin Bells,..... *Yale Songs*
5. { Drinking Song, *Burton*
 { Church in the Wildwood,..... "
6. Ching-a-ling,..... *Students Songs*
 Whistler, Mr. Lee. Solo, Mr. Rondthaler.
7. Johnny Schmoker,..... *U. N. C. Version*

PART II.

1. We Meet Again To-night,..... *Yale Songs*
2. Huettelein,..... *Beschnitt*
 Solo, Mr. Harris.
3. { Chapel Steps,..... *Gow*
 { Nut-brown Maiden,..... *Yale Songs*
4. Trio—"A Little Farm Well Tilled,"... *Parry*
 Messrs. Mangum, Lee and Harris.
5. Little Dog,..... *Carmina Collegensia*
 Warbler, Mr. Mangum.
6. Quintette—"Come Away," Polka Serenade,..... *Schaefer*
 Messrs. Batchelor, Mangum, Harris, Lee and Hoke.
7. Who was George Washington?..... *Ryley*
8. Old North State,..... *Gaston*

—Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard University, spent a week in Chapel Hill during February, and delivered three lectures before the faculty and students in Gerrard Hall.

In the first lecture on "The Romance of American Political Geography," Dr. Hart traced the development of the United States from the early settlements up to the present time, showing by means of maps and charts prepared by himself, the various changes in the boundaries of the United States brought about by war and purchase. The claims of the various States to the great western territory, the purchase of Louisiana, Texas, Florida, California and Alaska, and the influence of this newly acquired territory, the struggle of half a century between the free and slave States for more territory, giving rise to several compromises, finally terminating in the Civil War, were taken up and discussed in an able and instructive manner.

The subject of the second lecture was "The Organization of Congress." The number of Senators and Representatives to which each State is entitled, the districting of the State, "gerry-mandering," the organization of the two branches, the election of officers, the appointment of committees, etc., were treated in a very interesting manner by the speaker. Maps and charts were again used to show the representation of the different States in both Senate and House by parties, the increase in numbers in the two branches, and some of the peculiarities in the shape of the districts of the "gerry-mandered" States.

The last, but none the less instructive and enjoyable, lecture was on "Methods of Teaching History."

Dr. Hart is a gentleman of pleasing address and rare scholarly attainments, and his visit will be productive of much good to the University.

—The village was disturbed by two alarms of fire Friday, February 12th. While the faculty and students were listening to Dr. Hart's lecture on "Methods of Teaching History," Prof. Williams' residence was found to be on fire. Immediately faculty, students and citizens hurried thither and the fire was soon extinguished.

About three o'clock in the afternoon flames were discovered on the roof of the kitchen at Capt. Payne's residence. The kitchen adjoins the house and but for the presence of mind of Miss Payne the result would have been serious. She discovered the fire and by means of blankets and rugs managed to smother the flames until help arrived.

The loss in each case was small, but had the flames once gotten under headway, the loss would have been great, as a strong wind was blowing at the time.

—Crawford Biggs, Chief Marshal, has appointed the following gentlemen sub-marshals to serve with him Commencement: from the Di. Society, A. S. Barnard, K. Jones, John A. Gilmer; from the Phi. Society, Julian Ingle, W. B. Snow and R. J. Southerland.

—On the morning of the 12th of February, the exercises of the University were suspended at 12 o'clock, and the faculty and students assembled in Gerrard Hall to do honor to the memory of Ex-Governor Alfred Moore Scales, an alumnus of the University and president of the Board of Trustees.

The services were opened with a suitable hymn by the choir, after which Dr. Hume read several appropriate passages from the Old and New Testament, and offered prayer.

Dr. Battle and Dr. Manning, being called upon, spoke of Gov. Scales' upright character and irreproachable conduct as a lawyer, member of the State Legislature, on the field of battle, in the halls of Congress, as Governor, and as a private citizen. He was a man of the highest integrity, both in public and in private life, fearless in the performance of his duty, and deserving the boundless confidence placed in him by the people of his native State. By his death the State loses one of her most loyal citizens, and the University a faithful friend.

Dr. Winston then paid a strong tribute to Gov. Scales, Colonel Walter L. Steele, and Judge J. J. Davis, who were intimate friends in Congress, living in adjoining rooms, and though unlike in many respects, yet alike in possessing a blameless life and spotless record.

The audience then by a rising vote unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the faculty and students of this University feel the profoundest sorrow at the death of one of its most eminent and esteemed Alumni, the late President of their Board of Trustees, Ex-Governor Alfred Moore Scales. As citizen, soldier, statesman, he was always a model of courtesy and kindness, of open-handed generosity, of unflinching moral and physical courage, of the most straight-forward rectitude of purpose, of large intelligence and broad views, of energy, faithfulness and wisdom in the performance of all duties. This University is indebted to him, not only for constant friendship, but especially for active and successful aid in procuring a large addition to the powers of usefulness.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved wife and relations our sincerest sympathy under this great affliction.

Another hymn was then sung and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Hume.

—Washington's birthday, in accordance with an honored custom, was observed with appropriate exercises in the Phi. Hall. Mr. Geo. W. Connor acted as President, and at 11 o'clock called the house to order. Selections from the farewell address of Washington to the people of the United States were read by the President, after which Mr. Frank Carter Mebane of Madison, in a few well-chosen remarks, introduced the orator of the day, Mr. Bart. Moore Gatling, of Raleigh. Mr. Gatling's oration was very appropriate to the occasion, reflecting great credit on the orator. It was listened to with great attention by the audience, and they showed their high appreciation by long and hearty applause at its conclusion.

In the afternoon the students assembled in Gerrard Hall to award medals to the deserving Freshmen.

S. T. Honeycutt was given ugly man's medal, though Isler and Moore were not far behind. Alex Winston received cheeky man's medal, though Henry Clay Brooks received a large vote. "Hawkins" Pruden and Rogers tied for lazy man's medal, and the President cast the deciding vote for the former amid loud cries of "Illegal Election!!" from the disappointed friends of Jake Battle. Pretty man's medal was carried off by Tom Little, with "Little Pat" a close second. Several were nominated for Dude, and though the friends of P. G. Graham, Ingle, John Gatling and Dick Arrington worked hard, Horne C. was the successful candidate. Borer's medal was awarded to Weil without opposition, as were twister's to Van Noppen and fool's to Morris. Welsh, of course, received the medal for general cussedness, and Shelton was thought most worthy of blusher's medal as was Ruffin of conceited man's. When nominations for liar's medal were declared in order, Buck Guthrie, who carried off the same medal last year, was nominated and unanimously elected, showing the good judgment of the house. Much to the regret of his many friends, he was declared ineligible for a second term and W. R. Robertson was thought next best by the house.

At night the University German Club gave a most enjoyable german in the Gymnasium, beautifully led by Will Kenan. Misses Mary Snow, Janet Badger, Kate Denson, Janet Fuller, Lucy Hawkins, Mattie Higgs, Susie Timberlake, Mamie Cowper, Minnie King and Etta McVea, of Raleigh; Lizzie and Rebecca Collins, of Hillsboro; Sallie Hill, of Faison's; Bessie Dortch, of Aberdeen, Miss.; Eleanor Alexander and Laura Payne, of Chapel Hill, graced the occasion with their presence. Mrs. Dr. Alexander, Mrs. Julian Timberlake, (of Raleigh), and Mrs. R. S. McRae acted as chaperons. The thanks of the club are due Victor Boyden, the President, for his valuable services in the arrangements for the occasion.

—We are glad to learn that Peace Institute has organized a Glee-club. A concert was given during the second week of February, at the Institute, for the especial benefit of one of the young ladies who was unavoidably prevented from hearing the entertainments of our own club. In fact, as we understand it, the features of the programme were kept, as nearly possible, similar to ours. The warbling of Mr. Mangum is said to have been excellently rendered, while the “chords” were struck with a grace which no countryman can ever hope for! On the whole, it was described as “rich, rare, and racy” treat.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT-CUT NO. 1 CIGARETTES.



CIGARETTE Smokers who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find THIS BRAND superior to ALL others. The *Richmond Straight-Cut No. 1 Cigarettes* are made from the brightest, the most delicately flavored and highest cost Gold Leaf grown in Virginia. This is the *Old and Original Brand of Straight-Cut Cigarettes*, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,

and observe that the firm name, as below, is on every package.

THE ALLEN & GINTER BRANCH
OF THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.,

MANUFACTURERS,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

OUR
NEW
PRICE
LIST

—OF YOUR—

SOCIETY BADGE

Will be Mailed to You Through Your
Chapter Upon Application.

Wright, Kay & Co.,

Manufacturers of Finest Plain and Jeweled Society Badges,
DETROIT, MICH.

HEADQUARTERS

Fine Dress Shirts, Full Dress
Shirts, Latest Styles Hats,
Underwear, Gloves,
Shoes, Etc.

DRESS SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Large Assortment of Patterns
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED

CLOTHIERS & HATTERS

Raleigh, N.C.

NORTH CAROLINA
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

OLD SERIES VOL. XXII.

No. 5.

NEW SERIES VOL. XI.

EDITORS:

PHI.
GEORGE W. CONNOR,
C. F. HARVEY.

DI.
W. E. ROLLINS,
E. PAYSON WILLARD.

HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, }
W. E. DARDEN, } Business Managers.

Published six times a year under the auspices of the Philanthropic and
Dialectic Societies. Subscription, \$1.00. Single copy, 20 cents.

Entered at the Post Office of Chapel Hill as second class matter.

GENERAL THOMAS J. GREEN, OF WARREN.

Despite the possible imputation that praise of a near kinsman is only a sort of reflected self-laudation, I venture to give the outline of the life story of my nearest male progenitor, premising that if space permitted a fuller recital, the lives of few would furnish more varied and startling incident.

To briefly summarize. In the fifteen years of his active public life he had been a representative in one or other branch of no less than four different State legislatures, a brigadier-general in command during the Texas revolution, had laid the foundations of three cities now in train of full-fledged development, had by legislative enactment established the boundary line between Texas and Mexico, which led to the war between the U. S. and Mexico, and the resulting acquisition by us of New Mexico, Arizona, California and Nevada, and was the first active advocate of a railroad to the Pacific, giving as reason imperative public necessity gauged simply from a military standpoint and without reference to the great (East) Indian trade, which has been the making (omitting the unmaking), of every State claiming its monopoly.

There's a record and a sustainable record of which no man need be ashamed. Born amidst the throes of political revolution, of

which Jefferson and Hamilton were the incarnate embodiment of antagonizing ideas, he received the name and espoused the teachings of the first, and clung to them with unwavering tenacity until his final dissolution amidst the mighty clash of arms resulting some three score years later on. He ever held that his namesake was the wisest political thinker of all times, and that Mr. Calhoun was his worthy disciple. No public act of his did he ever deplore or deprecate, save his ungenerous persecution of a kindred intellect and one on the same line of thought. Speaking of this last self-poised and self-reliant giant, shipwrecked by emotional clamor and the force of circumstances, he has been heard to declare that "the best directed bullet that ever left the mouth of a pistol was when Col. Burr pulled trigger on the heights of Weehawken."

He once took that unfortunate gentleman as text to inculcate a lesson to me, "Whilst Col. Burr pushed his contempt of invidious public opinion to a fatal extreme, I would nevertheless have you my son imitate him to the extent of not attaching undue weight to the fulsome praise of over-zealous friends or the covert dispraise of inimical mouthers. He whose life motto is, '*meos sibi conscia recti*,' will not be unduly elated or depressed by either."

He was partly educated at Chapel Hill and partly at the U. S. military academy. Returning home, he was elected to the General Assembly, shortly after attaining his majority. Shortly thereafter he married the daughter of Hon. Jesse Wharton, of Nashville, Tenn., who had figured in both Houses of Congress from that State.

Thereupon he removed to Florida, then a territory, and engaged in planting until the death of his young wife five years later, having represented his county in the Legislature during that time. He thereupon repaired to Texas, which had lately declared her independence of Mexico, and tendered his services to the young republic just then emerging into statehood.

It is safe to assert that no corresponding population of any age or country ever possessed such a galaxy of adventurous, daring spirits, and brilliant, brainy, cultured men. They poured in from all sections and many countries, but notably from the Southern States. A common impulse actuated all, namely to throw off the Mexican yoke and to erect a new republic identical with that on the other side of the Sabine.

When it is taken into account that the incipient State covered an area about seven times greater than North Carolina and was occupied by a meagre population barely exceeding that of Wake county to-day, and that these had deliberately resolved to measure blades and try conclusions with an adjacent nation nearly two hundred to a unit in excess of numbers, the purpose ranks either as the superlative of madness or the sublimity of heroism. They dared to do it and they did it.

Odds considered, it eclipses all the revolutions of antecedent time. Of course minimum in numbers had to be compensated by maximum in men, and so it was. There were no dwarfs or cowards there, "but men, high minded men," and mostly of good old English stock. By any others the attempt would have been the acme of lunacy. Consider but a few of them, for small as their number was, it was too extended for a muster roll. There was Branch S. Archer, "the old Roman," the father of the revolution. Albert Sidney Johnston, by a later war catalogued with the recognized few greatest captains of all time. John Wharton, "the keenest blade that flashed on the field of San Jacinto," and William, his well mated brother. Mirabeau Lamar, Statesman, soldier, poet, philanthropist, with inherent intellect permeating every drop of his blood. There was Felix Huston of fame punctilious, and grand old Rusk, and Henderson and Hamilton, and Houston, Burleson, Burnet, Hunt, Milam Travis, Crockett, Bee, Buleson, Hays, McCulloch, Moore, Fisher, Sherman, Wilson, Anson Jones, Lubbock, Smith and a legion of others too numerous to mention; heroes one and all.

"Souls made of fire, and children of the sun," were they, imbued with hatred of oppression and love of adventure. *We challenge any historic State, numbers considered, to mate at juncture that matchless chivalry in all the lofty attributes of truc manhood. Let the slur of witlings be admitted, that some there were in that heterogeneous population, "who had quit their country for their country's good;" I for one will maintain, if needs be before a col-

*General (afterwards Governor and Senator) Foote places the subject of this memoir in the fore front rank of those gallant spirits for services rendered his adopted country. ("Texas and Texans.")

lege of cardinals, that self-sacrifice that prompted the following of such as these, condoned much previous offending.

Charity is first in the eye of the most High. Where can higher illustration be found than in heroism which prompts self-immolation for principle and for posterity? Who knows that when the golden gates are being besieged by clamorous claim for admittance, that "Goliath" and "The Alamo" will not constitute better passport to the sympathetic old Janitor, who upon a generous impulse could chop off an ear, than will psalmody unsupported by regard for the rights of others? I can but believe that Peter will strain a point when Crockett and Travis and Fannin knock.

Arriving in Texas in 1836, he was commissioned Brigadier-General and directed to return to "the States" and raise a brigade. This he promptly did, absorbing his entire fortune in the effort. Whilst so engaged in New Orleans, a ludicrous incident is reported to have occurred in one of the Episcopal churches of that city. There was a striking likeness between his kinsman, the Rev. Leonidas Polk, and himself. One Sunday some of his recruits chanced to stray into a church where the latter on fighting bishop was officiating. One of them mistaking him for his senior officer, who was not over clerically inclined, remarked loud enough to be heard by most of the congregation: "Well, boys, who'd a thought it, Uucle Jeff a preaching and in his shirt tail at that." It is needless to add that an unorthodox smile spread over the worshippers. In the meanwhile the decisive battle of San Jacinto had been won against overwhelming odds and the Mexican Generalissimo was a puling prisoner. Fate so ordained that Gen. Green should arrive at Velasco on the identical day that Santa Anna was released and placed on a war vessel to be carried to Vera Cruz. General Green believing this to be an unauthorized exercise of power on the part of some one, protested against its being carried out. Together with Gens. Hunt and Henderson under authority of President Burnet he went on board and brought him ashore. This action was fully sustained by the government, and the tyrant was consigned to his custody for safe keeping. During the time, he was my Father's guest and bedfellow. When their relations were subsequently severed, Gen. Green was made to feel acutely his long pent-up venom. The Mexican assassin ordered him heavily ironed and made to work

the roads. This last he emphatically refused to do though threatened with death as the alternative. (See his Journal.)

For awhile the young republic enjoyed comparative immunity after her big neighbor had been taught on the San Jacinto the sort of material she was made of. But later on, Mexico relying on numbers and resources and her President having partially recovered from his panic incident to the San Jacinto "grip" and consequent confinement, began his incursions again and carried them on in a most merciless and demoniac spirit, scarcely equalled in barbaric atrocity by any civilized people since the devastation of the Palatinate. Then it was as if by common consent of the sturdy settlers, a counter invasion was resolved upon. A force of two or three thousand was assembled, and all clamorous for retaliation. But through executive sharp practice and chicane, President Houston being opposed to the movement, the bulk of them were induced to disband and return to their homes.

Some seven hundred, however, resolved to remain, and under command of Gen. Somerville an appointee of President Sam Houston, crossed into Mexico. Their commander, however, imitating the King of France, marched over and then marched back again. Then under implied executive authority he started homewards with something like one-half of his command. Three hundred and four gallant fellows, however, refused to go and determined to recross the Rio Grande and try conclusions on the enemy's ground. The battle of Mier was the consequence, in which 261 Texians after inflicting a loss of over three times their number, upon a force of 2340 under General Ampudia, were cajoled into a surrender by false claim and falser promise. It is a well established fact that Gen. Green, the second in command, protested most loudly against such purpose and called for a hundred volunteers to cut their way through the enemy's lines. These not being forthcoming, he was surrendered with the rest after firing with effect the two last shots and breaking his arms.

They were then started on foot for the Castle of Perote for safe keeping, that being the strongest fortress in Mexico, Col. Fisher, Gen. Green and Capt. Henrie as interpreter being kept in advance as hostages for the good behavior of the others. When considerably advanced in the country, he found means to communicate with

the command and enjoined upon them to make a break if opportunity occurred without regard to himself and the other two. This they did at Salado, overpowering and disarming a guard of more than twice their number and started back for Texas. Subsequently they were recaptured in the mountains in a starving condition and perishing of thirst. Then ensued one of the crowning infamies of Mexico's President, the tyrant Santa Anna. By his blood-thirsty order every tenth man of that little band of heroes was by lot taken out and assassinated. Upon receipt of news of the outbreak at Salado, the Captain of the advanced guard ordered a halt and the hostages to dismount in order to carry out his orders to shoot them.

All preliminaries to the command "Fire" being arranged, the Captain who was a devout son of the established church, bethought himself of one oversight. "Gentlemen," he said through the interpreter, "would you not like priestly consolation before we part company?" "Tell him no," was my Father's rejoinder, "that we belong to a race that knows but one Father confessor, and He seems to be unknown in this God-forsaken country."

Being then asked if he would like to make a dying speech, the reply was, "Tell him yes, Dan, I have a dying speech to make. That I had begun to think we were in charge of a gentleman and a soldier, but now discover the mistake; that like most of his mongrel race he is only a d—d cowardly assassin and hireling butcher."

Poor Dan, who taught me Spanish a little later on, and who was by act of the U. S. Congress a little later the recognized hero of "Encarnacion" and of incalculable service to Gen. Taylor on the eve of Buena Vista, by information conveyed by him by means of one of the most reckless escapes ever made after that surrender; *Captain Henrie, I say, used laughingly to remark, that whilst

*The incident deserves more than passing notice. Captain Henrie was an ex-midshipman in the U. S. Navy, and laughed at danger as he did at most other things. He was amongst the first to volunteer in the Mexican war giving as reason that he intended "to get even with the green backed mulattoes over the Grande." When Col. Clay's command on advanced service were surrounded and captured at Encarnacion, Dan was of the number. Gen. Ampudia recognizing him, remarked, "and so Capt. Henrie we are to have the pleasure of your company back to Perote!" "Ex-

the General's "dying speech" was rendered in my best and most expressive "Castillian," I took the liberty of adding on my own hook, "Captain them's not my sentiments, I know you to be "*muuy valiente*." Dan further added that the effect produced by the "dying speech" was electric and just the reverse of that anticipated. "Tell him," exclaimed the Mexican officer, "he is not mistaken. If Gen. Santa Anna requires paid butchers he will have to find a substitute for me. Mount gentlemen, and let's push on." Close shaving that. Finally the whole party were locked up in Perote's dungeon keep. Before they had well gotten their new quarters warm, objecting to the cold comfort they afforded, sixteen of the most resolute determined to vacate them and to reimigrate to Texas. To do this they had to cut through an eight foot wall composed of a volcanic rock harder than granite, and with most crude and indifferent utensils to work with.

It was a conception sufficient to have appalled even Baron Trenck, whom all the State prisons of Prussia could not restrain. It required weeks and months of unremitting work to do it, but finally it was done; and on the night of July 2nd, 1843, they

cuse me General," was the saucy reply, "when I travel I generally select my company." The Colonel who was riding a high mettled thoroughbred, by courtesy of the captor, rode up to Dan shortly after the march was begun and told him in undertone that it was all important that Gen. Taylor should be advised that the enemy were concentrating in overwhelming force in that quarter. "Get me in your stirrups, Colonel, and I'll take it to him or die," was the prompt reply. This was effected on the plea that he, the Colonel, would like for one of his men to *tone down his charger*. Dan of course was the man selected. As soon as he was in the saddle he began to make the noble animal restive by a sly application of the spur, and then suddenly driving them both in to the rowels, he rode through and over half a dozen mustangs and their riders and though a thousand "escopitas" were emptied at him, he and his horse escaped without a scratch. Waving his hat, he yelled back, "*Adios Ampudia*, tell old Peg Leg (Santa Anna) we'll give him hell." In briefest time possible the news was conveyed to "Old Zack." In recognition of the feat Congress voted the hero six thousand dollars and two thousand acres of land (if I'm correct as to quantity), and Dan lived upon it like a fighting cock for three whole months, and a little later on died in the Charity Hospital, true to the last to man's noblest instincts and to all of his host of friends, except—himself.

crawled through the narrow aperture, which six months of starvation made easier for them, let themselves down by means of a small rope to the bottom of the moat some twenty or thirty feet below, scaled the opposite side and a "*chevaux de frise*" beyond, and stood up free men once more, but carrying their lives in hand. Here they separated by preconcert into parties of two, Gen. Green and our old friend, Captain Dan Henrie, going together and striking out for Vera Cruz. Eight of them after incalculable sufferings, hardships and hair-breadth escapes, including the two last named, got back to Texas. The other eight were recaptured.

All of the special details, incidents and anecdotes connected with these splendid achievements, were graphically told by Gen. Green in "The Texian Expedition against Mier," an octavo volume of some 500 pages published by the Harpers in 1845, a work extensively sold and which many of your older readers will doubtless recall, now out of print.

Shortly after his arrival home, he was returned to the Congress of Texas, where he was unremitting in his efforts to effect the release of his unfortunate comrades whom he left in Mexican dungeons. This was finally effected some twelve months later on, after some half of their original number had paid the extreme penalty that cowardly tyranny can extort from Freedom's Champions when the opportunity offers. This imperfect tribute to their valor and endurance is being penned on the 49th Christmas anniversary of that wonderful fight.

During his legislative service he introduced the bill making the Rio Grande the boundary line between the two contending countries, which became a law, the "Nueces" being the extreme limit that Mexico would either directly or indirectly recognize. It was upon the basis of claim then set up, that President Polk after annexation ordered troops under General Taylor to the mouth of the first named river, which resulted in the battles of Palo Alto and Resoca and the war ensuing. That the acquisition of the vast and indispensable territory by the treaty of peace, was worth hundreds of times more to the U. S. than the cost of the war amounted to, is now generally conceded.

On the eve of annexation, he returned to the United States, and

shortly after married the widow of John S. Ellery, of Boston, a lady of rare worth and manifold attractions.

Four years later (1849) we find him journeying alone through Mexico, from Vera Cruz to Acapulco on his way to California, which was just then looming into consequence by reason of large gold discoveries. After working in the mines for awhile he was elected to the first Senate and served out one term, being a prominent candidate for the U. S. Senate in the ensuing year.

Whilst in that State he projected and laid out the towns of Oro and Vallejo, the last for awhile the recognized capital, and both now places of considerable repute. During his citizenship in Texas he in connection with Dr. Archer and the Whartons had purchased and laid out Velasco at the mouth of the Brazos, now of recognized importance owing to recent deepening of water on the bars. During his sojourn in California he was made Major-General of her militia and sent with an adequate force to suppress Indian disturbances in the interior, which was done. But a greater work was the defeat of what was known as the "Divorce Bill" in that first legislature, which authorized absolute separation upon mutual request of man and wife. Unless mistaken, this infamous measure making marriage a practical nullity had passed the House and was about to be brought up in the Senate with every indication of an almost unanimous vote if taken on that day. At the time there being few women in the State, the far reaching and pernicious effects were not duly weighed and considered. Senators Green and McDougald (afterwards Governor and U. S. Senator), were amongst the very few in opposition to the measure; but they were earnest, and after exhausting all the devices of Parliamentary strategy possible, succeeded in postponing a vote, thereby defeating the measure.

During the same session he introduced and had passed a bill for the establishment of a State University, which has grown to be one of the most flourishing and best endowed schools on the continent. That world renowned scholar, Professor David C. Gilman, was called from its presidency to fill the same position in the Johns Hopkins University, which he has done in a way to elicit the admiration and astonishment of the scholastic world.

The reader will, I trust, pardon a personal reminiscence in this

connection of the narrative. Shortly after Mr. Polk's inauguration as President, Gen. Green returned to the United States, and taking me then a small boy with him, repaired to the Hermitage and passed the greater part of the day with his old and honored friend Ex-President Jackson. It was a visit ever to be remembered. Although but six short weeks intervened between that day and the one that saw him borne to the corner of his garden for interment, his old time vigor of expression and enthusiasm seemed in no wise abated. The old hero had himself lifted out of bed and whilst sitting bolt upright in an easy chair entered warmly into conversation with his visitor upon the current topics of the day, upon men and upon horses. Upon the question of Texas annexation he was especially interested. "Let me live to see it consummated," he said, "and I can truly say, let thy servant depart in peace." As we were leaving, he arose with an effort, and placing his hand upon my head gave me his blessing.

Some four and forty years thereafter and almost to the day antecedating dissolution, it was my singular good fortune to have been present at the death-bed, as it were, of another patriot hero, sage and statesman. Some six weeks before his death and by his invitation, I passed three or four days with Ex-President Davis in his quiet and lovely retreat of Beauvoir. It was indeed a personal privilege to have seen and heard those two immortal men at the same stage of their sunset. In grand heroic qualities they were of kindred type and cast in kindred mould. Self-reliant conviction and devotion to conviction pedestalled on high principle, was the ruling trait of each. It was the ruling trait of Caesar, and in lesser degree of Cromwell, of Frederic and of Napoleon. Coupled with high genius, and the hero is the inevitable outcome.

In those two old men I see, and methinks posterity will see, the two most pronounced and Titanic figures of this country during the century. But a truce to digression, and return to our subject. That he was the friend of such and of Mr. Calhoun and Albert Sidney Johnston is a no mean letter of credit of itself.

During the pending of annexation negotiations, he was tendered by Mr. Polk's administration the post of confidential agent in that matter, but declined on the ground that he was then a citizen of the other contracting power. Later on he was indirectly offered

by President Pierce another important diplomatic appointment, but again requested that his name might not be sent to the Senate.

In his declining years he returned to his native county and settled on a plantation on Shocco creek known as "Esmeralda," and passed his remaining days in the cultivation of corn and tobacco, old friendships and old fashioned hospitality. He had long foreseen and foretold as inevitable, the great political crisis which resulted in the clash of arms between the sections in 1861. Whilst devotedly attached to "the Union of the Constitution," nevertheless when he saw the trend of events and could deduce therefrom but the one alternative of sectional domination or sectional assertion, he did not hesitate which to espouse. In fact he may be said to have been what few now are willing to confess themselves to have been, an "original Secessionist," a Secessionist *per se*. He reasoned that the solution of the dread question "by wager of battle" was unavoidable, and each recurring census told him that the longer it was deferred the worst it would be for the assertive and weaker side. The unceasing regret of his latter days and hastening cause of death was, that when the crisis came he was debarred by chronic disease (the gout) from taking part. He died as some have said from a broken heart, sequent upon a succession of disasters in 1863, including Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson and operations incident to the two last.

He died on the 12th of Dec., 1863, and was buried in his garden, whilst the writer was a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island. In manner he was suave and polite, although strangers might have thought him a little brusque. In form and feature one of the finest specimens of physical development of his age. Simple and straightforward in his intercourse with all, he loathed duplicity and hypocrisy in others. Had he made accumulation and money making the object of his life, he had died wealthy, for few ever had such opportunities.

This poor notice of a marked historic figure and gallant gentleman, cannot be more fittingly closed than by excerpt from oration of a gifted friend—Mr. Tasker Polk, of Warrenton :

"Among all her illustrious sons of the past, there is not one at the shrine of whose memory Warren county bows with greater love and reverence than at that of General Thomas J. Green. He,

generous to a fault, noble and grand, fiery and impulsive, heard the Texan cry for freedom; left a home of luxury; sought the field where blood like water flowed; unsheathed his sword in defense of a stranger's land, nor sheathed it till that land was freed. The cry of the oppressed reached his ears and was answered by his unselfish heart—that heart gave its first beat of life 'neath Warren's sky. Bravely and gallantly he fought—his blood stained the plains and broad praries of Texas; the cause for which he fought triumphed; the 'Lone Star State' was saved from Mexican persecution, and his chivalrie nature was satisfied. Years passed, but the memory of old Warren still remained fresh in his mind. He returned to spend the remainder of his illustrious life among his people; and many yet there are, who remember with pleasure, how 'Esmeralda's' door, whether touched by the hands of rich or poor, ever swung upon the hinges of hospitality."

WHARTON J. GREEN.

ON PINEY PROSPECT.

(NEAR CHAPEL HILL.)

[The visitor is supposed to meet an old darkey near a cabin just before reaching the hill.]

Mighty po'ly, young Mars'r, thank de Lawd!
En times is mos'ly putty hawd;
But Ise watched yere so long, it seems ter me
'At dis is de place for my een' ter be.

Yasser,—das de road—hit'll take you dar—
By de grave er Mars Louis—en roun' ter whar
You kin see thoo de clearin' de county road
Wat goes ter Rawley. You nebber knowd

Erbout dat grave on top er de hill?
Jes wait, young Mars'r, ef you will,
Twell I fas'n de do', ter keep de pigs out,
En I'll show you wut I'm ertalkin' erbout.

Yasser,—all dis hill's been a clearin' since den,
Ever' tree tuk off by me en ol' Ben.
Young Miss hed it done—'so de sun could shine
All day on de spot whar Mars Louis is lyn'.

Hit do seem odd, but dat's jes wut she said
De ver' nex' day arter he wus dead.
Hit seem ter me—'at her po' little brain
Went sumut wrong wid all uv its pain;

En maybe de darkness in her min'
Wus pressin' down lak de shade er de pine;
En ter clear de shadder fum whar he res'
Ud lif' de weight fum off'n her bre's'.

Dunno 'bout dat—but I love her so,
I seem ter feel de grief wut grow

En break her down in her sweet young days—
Des lak 't'us mine, in ever' ways.

Yasser—das de rock; en dis is de place
Mars Louis en de ter man, face ter face,
Stood up in de moonlight en shoot at one ner,—
Fer de sake er Miss Fannie—das wut fur.

I wus puttin' de hosses en ca'aige away—
Fer dat was de College Commencement Day,
En our folks hed been ter de ball dat night—
'Twas des lak day, de moone 'us so bright,—

En w'iles I was foolin' aroun' in de lot,
I heerd a voice, putty low, but hot,
Say'n, "Damn him! he strack me, en call me a houn',—
En bofe on us shan't live above de groun'!"

Dey wahn't in de big road, en so I know
Dat sump'n' wus up, en I thought I'd go
Thoo de bush en see wut de mischief gwine—
Mars Louis didn' cross my po' ole min'.

Dey stop right yere, en wait, en den
Yere come a talkin' two yuther men.
One say, "Gib her dis, my frien', ef I go"—
"Good God!" I say, "Mars Louis, sho!"

I run ter de house—in front over dar
Er my cabin—burnt down endurin' de war—
En tole Miss Fannie, 'Ef she keer
Fer Mars Louis' life, fer ter hurry up yere!'

De blessed gal wus ready fur bed;
But she flung er big white shawl on her head,
En jes in her ball-room slippers en gown,
She followed me—skacely techin de groun'.

But des es we come ter de tu'n er de hill,
De pistols fire; Miss Fannie stopt still.

I look behin', en fo' God, I clar
I never see nuthin' lak she wus thar!

Her shawl hed dropt off, en her long black hair
Wus loose—wid runnin', I reckon', en thar
She stood—one han' on her heart, en de ter
One erholdin' her temple—des like dis yer.

En her eyes wus shut, en her putty head
Was drapt on her bres', en er streak er red
Wus tricklin down on her snow-white gown,
Right fum twixt her lips, clear down ter de groun'.

Hit seem ter me lak she gwine ter fall,
But I couldn' move;—I des sorter call,
“Miss Fannie!”—she raise up her head, en her eyes
Look hard up de road, like a pusson's wut dies.

Den she sway a little fum side ter side,
En hol' out her han', des lak she tried
Ter go, but couldn'. I put her shawl
Aroun' her, en start ter go back,—but she call

Out easy-like en sad to hear—
“To Louis—take me ter him!”—en yere
I fotch her in my arms—de red
Blood tricklin' all de time. “He's dead!”

De gent'mens say des es we got yere;
En I felt Miss Fannie shake mighty queer
En she slid fum my arms en stood up stiff—
Like a blood-stained ghos' wut make yer hair lif'.

De gent'mens move back fum de awful place,
En dar wus Mars Louis—de moon in his face.
Young Miss never move, en she ain't say a word,
Des a big long sigh wus all I heard.

She look at de co'pse a while, en den
She tu'n her eyes on de three young men;

She ain't say a word, but one on 'em come
En kneel at her feet—lak dey bofe wus dum'.

He look in her face, en she look in his;
He hol' up his han's, up todes her—lak dis;
Den young Miss p'int wid her long white han'
Ter de face er Mars Louis: de man un'erstan',

En he hang his head lak he wan' ter confess
En ax fer mercy: Young Mistis des,
Wid her yuther han'—all red with blood—
Pint baek, she did, down de village road,

En de young man riz en walked away—
En we ain't hearn tell uv him since dat day.
My Tildy came up fum de house jes den,
En we ca'aied young Mistis baek ag'in.

Arter dat, hit seem lak she drif' away—
Not die—des driftin', day after day—
Ter whar her lover hed gone befo',
En er gittin' silent, mo' en mo'.

She'd go ter de spring jes baek er de hill,
En look in de water—a smilin' still,
Des lak w'en she hear Mars Louis say
He love her, befo' dat awful day.

Den she sigh, en come ter de roek down yan,
Whar he uster set en hol' her han';
En she blush, er settin' dar all alone,
Des lak he kiss her—en he dead 'n gone.

Den she wander dar ter de eastern brow
Er de hill, whar de clearin' is, en 'low,
“He's comin', he's comin', he'll soon be yere!”
Erwatchin' de road whar he uster 'pear.

But he ain't never come—he wus yere in de groun',
Wid dat hole in his bre's', whar the blood triekle down;

En she seem not ter know, jes only she'd wait
 Fer de lover wut never uster come late.

En my ol' eyes, w'ile I watch her yere,
 Ud fill en blin' wid many a tear.
 By 'n by, she got too weak fer ter go
 Ter de places her lover en her love so ;

En she set at de winder wut look dis way,
 En wait fer Mars Louis ter come all day.
 At las' she say, wid a sweet low tone,
 "I'll go ter him—he is sad alone."

En das de way Miss Fannie went,
 One evenin' w'en de day wus spent.
 She's bu ied yere 'long by de man she love,
 En I prays ter God dey're together above.

Oh, thankee, Mars'r!—Wut?—Well, I'se black,
 En ol', en po'—but, no, sah!—take back
 Yer silver—de son er de man wut kill
 My Mistis shan't never my pocket fill.

L. B. HAMBERLIN.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., February, 1892.

SOME OF NORTH CAROLINA'S WORTHIES AND UNWORTHIES.

Dr. Kemp P. Battle, at our request, furnishes us some sketches of men who figured in our Colonial Days. They are a small part of an address delivered by him in Tarboro in 1889, which will soon be published in book form, together with other addresses relating to the history of the State, by the DeRossets, of Wilmington.

THOMAS POLLOCK.

The successor of Governor Hyde, who as President of the Council, assumed the duties of chief executive, in 1712, was one of the most conspicuous men in our early annals, Major-General Thomas Pollock. He was born in Glasgow in 1654 and emigrated to Albemarle as the deputy of Lord Carteret in 1684. He came from an ancient family, whose heir owned the estate of Balgrie contiguously from the reign of James III of Scotland. In the Colonial Records is an interesting letter from him to Sir Robert Pollock, written five years before his death, stating that he had been prevented from revisiting his native land by the troubles in Albemarle and the Indian wars. He was a member of the Council until his death in 1722. He was twice its President and acting Governor; first during the stormy times of the Tuscarora war from the death of Hyde to the coming of Eden and secondly for a short time after the death of Eden. His management seems to have been energetic and prudent. From his letter book we get glimpses of the horrors of the time. The terrors of the Indian foe paralyzed the labors of the farmers outside of Albemarle. There was great difficulty in feeding the troops from South Carolina who came to suppress the insurrection. Pollock complains that Col. Moore's Indians consumed the corn and the cattle so that the people were as ready to rise against them as against the enemy. He himself lost during the contest as much as £2500, besides £682 lent DeGraffenreid, who left the Province in his debt. The war tax was £5 on every titheable (i. e., white males 16 years old and upwards, slaves of both sexes 12 years old and over), and in addi-

tion 6 bushels of corn and 25 per cent. of all the wheat from each family. He has given his testimony that while the Quakers would not fight they paid their taxes cheerfully.

Pollock was a warm supporter of Glover and Eden and at one time took refuge in Virginia to escape the wrath of Cary. In his private affairs he possessed in full share the thrift of the canny Scotchman. Thousands of acres of the richest land of the east went into his possession and many slaves, both negroes and Indians. The old records prove that many of the light colored negroes of our time are descendants of Indian slaves. In advancing money to DeGraffenreid he was careful to take a mortgage on the lands bought by him for the Swiss and Palatine colonists and these lands on foreclosure went into the hands of his heirs, for which loss, however, by Tryon's kindly influence they received compensation out of crown lands in the interior. He was the pioneer of the town builders and land improvement companies of our day, in laying out and settling lots in the town of Edenton, $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre for 20 shillings, with the privilege of clearing and cultivating 3 acres of wood land.

Pollock was a generous supporter of religious efforts, being prominent as an officer of his church. On the first subscription paper I find in North Carolina for the support of a minister, the pioneer of an unending line of similar documents, his name is first and opposite to the largest sum, £5, the only subscriber equalling him being the prosperous lawyer, Edward Mosely.

In the letter to his kinsman, already mentioned, Governor Pollock spoke with pardonable pride of his three hopeful sons, Cullen, George and Thomas. Of these Thomas and Cullen became frequently members of the Council, after acting as assistant judges in the General Court. Thomas Pollock, the younger, was appointed Chief Justice by Governor Burrington during the absence of Chief Justice Gale in England. He left three sons, Thomas, Cullen and George. This third, Thomas Pollock, married in New Jersey Eunice, a daughter of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, and from this union was Frances, the wife of John Devereux, who became the mother of the late Thomas Pollock Devereux, and of Frances, the wife of the late Bishop Leonidas Polk. The last survivor of the

name was George Pollock, of Halifax county, who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1839.

GOVERNOR EDEN.

The Governor, who succeeded Hyde, was of a good English family, one of whom afterwards became Lord Auckland, Charles Eden. He assumed the duties of his office in May 1714, and died in 1722. Opinions differ as to his character, his enemies charging him with complicity with Blackbeard, the Pirate, and with injustice to Mosely, the leader of the people's party. The first charge is supported by no tangible evidence, though it is impossible to acquit Chief Justice Tobias Knight, who married Governor Glover's widow, of receiving Blackbeard's stolen goods except on the ground that he thought they were only smuggled. As to the second charge Eden must be judged from the standpoint of his times. As Hawks, Wheeler, &c., have this matter all wrong I will explain it as the records show.

The facts were that Col. Maurice Moore, then of Perquimans, Mosely and others, of the party opposed to Eden, suspected him of complicity with the pirates and believed that such complicity could be proved from the Council records. They claimed that under the law these records were open to the public and being denied access to them they broke open the office in which they were kept and spent some hours in inspecting them. For this they were criminally prosecuted. When the officer arrested Mosely, in the heat of anger he indulged in violent language, accusing the Governor of acting illegally and despotically, and threatening to blacken his character. For this alleged seditious language he was indicted, fined £100 and declared incapable of holding office for three years. Hawks and others say this punishment was for breaking open the public office, but they are mistaken, for that trespass Mosely was fined only one shilling and Moore £5.

Accustomed as we are to boundless ferocity in the criticism of public men, the punishment of Mosely for angry words reflecting on the Governor, seems to us harsh and tyrannical, but in Eden's time the views especially of those in authority were very different. In Queen Elizabeth's reign poor Stubbs waved the bloody stump of the right arm from which his hand had been

struck by a cleaver, for saying that the Queen was too old to get married, and cried God save the Queen. *Scandalum magnatum*, was most severely punished as late as the beginning of the present century in England and America. The imprisonment and persecution of the seven Bishops for presenting to James II, about 25 years before Mosely's offense, a respectful petition, and the prosecutions and convictions under the Seditious Libel Law of John Adams' administration, are cases in point. We must admit that Eden showed courage in grappling with so powerful a leader as Mosely, though we disapprove his action. He showed vigor in pushing the survey of the Virginia boundary line, and was thanked by the General Assembly of South Carolina for prompt and effective assistance in their contest with the Yemasseees.

As to his religious character the testimony is favorable. Rev. John Urmstone, who was a chronic grumbler and reviler, calls him "an honest gentleman." "Our new Governor," he writes, "seems resolved to promote the church discipline by being a strict observer himself." Eden had what was rare among the Proprietary Governors, a kindly feeling towards the people. "They are as willing," he says, "as any people on the continent to pay provided ministers are of good lives and affable behavior and conversation." He urges the sending of ministers and teachers. "In their absence," he writes, "lay-readers are paid as high as £30 per year—a larger sum than appears at first sight, because of the low price of farm products." Wheat, for example, brought only six pence a bushel in English goods.

Eden showed his kindly temper too, by taking the part of the people in their claim to pay quit-rents in commodities, instead of sterling money, but he was ruled over by the Proprietors. In his last days his mind must have been weakened, for John Lovich offered witnesses to prove that he had made him his legatec and the Council believing the story gave him the executorship.

The will was contested by his sister, wife of Rev. Wm. Lloyd, of London, possibly for his daughter, but the records do not show this fact, nor the result of the litigation. At any rate his lands seem to have descended to his daughter, who became the wife of Governor Gabriel Johnston. They resided at Eden House on Salmon creek in Bertie county, and their daughter became the wife of

a lawyer from Virginia, named Wm. Dawson. A son of theirs, Wm. Johnston Dawson, became a prominent man: a member of Congress, and one of the commissioners to locate the capital, his name thus being affixed to one of the streets of Raleigh.

The fact that Eden's sister, instead of his daughter, should have contested the will, makes some doubt whether there was such daughter. I have been unable to find any explanation of this historical puzzle.

GOVERNOR BURRINGTON.

The successor of Eden after a short interval, was George Burrington, of a good family in Devonshire, twice Governor, once by appointment of the Lords Proprietors, and afterwards of the King, was what might be called a double man. He had a strong mind and tireless energy, both in private and public affairs. He underwent terrible hardships in acquainting himself by personal visits with his province. His official papers show that he studied the interests of the people with intelligence and was sagacious in devising means for advancing them. He was practically a friend of the church and a warm advocate of its extension. In theory, though not in practice, he was a church-member. The Province prospered under his administration and many of the people bestowed unstinted praises on him.

On the other hand he was excessively despotic and impatient of contradiction. All who opposed his will, in small as well as great matters, he hated with extreme virulence, and his hatred found expression in opprobrious epithets and personal violence. His most trusted officers as soon as they ceased to follow his arbitrary lead were at once transformed, to use his own words, into "liars," "perfidious scoundrels," "egregious sots," "silly boys," "guilty of innumerable villanies," "infamous characters," "would be assassins." He led a midnight attack on Chief Justice Gale, threatened to slit his nose, crop his ears, reviled and insulted him in open court. When Everard became his successor, he assaulted the Governor's house, swore he was a *noodle*, an ape, no more fit to be Governor than a hog in the woods, no more fit than Sancho Panza—dared him to come out and fight, offering benignly to scalp his thick skull. He attacked the house of the marshal, broke open that of the collector and beat a constable. And when indicted for

these offences, he resolutely defied the law and was never even put on trial.

His father distinguished himself in behalf of the Hanoverian dynasty, and the extraordinary courage and loyalty of the parent accounts for the preferment of the son, at a time when the memory of the rebellion of 1715 was fresh in the minds of the statesmen of George II. The records show that the old story about his being killed while brawling in London cannot be true as he was found in North Carolina at a ripe old age in 1754 and as Col. Saunders shows must have died not long before 1759.

SIR RICHARD EVERARD,

probably from Tipperary, Ireland, as there were Baronets of that name there residing not many years before 1725 when he became Governor of North Carolina by appointment of the Lords Proprietors, was no improvement on Burrington. He had less ability, less energy and spirit of improvement. On the other hand his brawling was on a smaller scale. He was evidently much given to convivial habits. I suppose no Governor in ancient or modern times ever procured from his Council, as he did, in order to rebut the charge of habitual intoxication, a certificate that they had never seen him publicly drunk. Another charge against him was of clandestine questioning by him and his lady of the servants of those whom he suspected of enmity towards him, thus imitating the example of the Roman emperors in the employment of *delatores*. He showed some activity in procuring missionaries to the Colony, but it must be admitted that his adversary, Burrington, slandered the Governor of Baratavia, when he placed Everard and Don Quixote's faithful esquire on the same level.*

*NOTE.—Since the delivery of this address I find in Bishop Meade's "Old Churches and Families in Virginia," that Everard's daughter married Andrew Meade, of Virginia. Their son, Richard, was one of Washington's trusty aids-de-camp, and he was the father of Bishop Meade. The old Governor must have had noble qualities in order to have been the ancestor of such excellent men.

MATTHEW ROWAN,

(pronounced, I think, Rō-an), whose name belongs to a county once stretching from about the longitude of High Point to the Mississippi river, for nearly two years, by virtue of his office of President of the Council, acted as Governor. He was always faithful and trustworthy. He was a member of the Council from 1732 until 1760 and for seven years its President. He showed activity and wisdom in the performance of his private and public duties. He was the son of a clergyman of the church, Rev. Andrew Rowan, of an old Scotch family, rector of Dunaghy, diocese of Connor, County Antrim, of Ireland.

He settled as a merchant in Bath and was one of the church wardens in 1726. He represented his county (then called precinct) in the Assembly. He was an importer of Irish goods and as such often crossed the ocean to his native country. He was for awhile Surveyor-General of the Province and as such assisted in 1735 in making the boundary line between North and South Carolina. He became before his death an inhabitant of New Hanover county. As he seems not to have been involved in the bitter quarrels so prevalent during his long official career, and as we find no censure of him by the people or Board of Trade, and, although one of nine children of an Irish clergyman, as he accumulated a handsome estate and left legacies to three of his brothers in Ireland, it is clear that he was a good specimen of the level-headed and good-hearted, sagacious and energetic, cautious and wide-awake Scotch-Irish. The sense of justice which led to the provision in his will for an illegitimate child reveals the only obliquity in his conduct of which we have any knowledge.

SAMUEL SWANN,

of Perquimans, was one of the most influential and honored of the early colonists, of large earthly possessions, and eminent for energy and usefulness.

There is an ancient family of Swanns, who have owned landed property in the county of Derby, in England, ever since the Conquest. A Samuel Swann was founder of one of its branches. I conjecture that the founder of the North Carolina family was a seion of that in Derby.

Samuel Swann settled in Perquimans county in the year 1694

His grandfather, Wm. Swann, was an Alderman of Jamestown, in Virginia, and bought the land called Swann's Point opposite, on the south side of James river, in 1635. His father, Thomas Swann, was a member of the Governor's Council in Virginia, and was married five times. Samuel was a son of his second wife, Sarah Cod, and was born in 1653.

Samuel Swann was twice married, first to Sarah, daughter of Governor Wm. Drummond, and secondly to Elizabeth, daughter of acting Governor Alexander Lillington. He held several important offices, was often Associate Justice of the General Court, and sometimes acted as Chief Justice. He was for many years a member of the Council. He held the responsible post of Collector of the customs for Roanoke. He was the leading supporter of the church of England in Perquimans. Rev. Mr. Gordon, after praising the neatness of the unfinished church, states that its completion was hindered by the death in 1707 of Major Swann, who "zealously promoted the interests of religion in general and forwarded by his continual pain and expense the building of that church in particular." There is a family record written by him, a copy of which was furnished me by one of his ablest and most useful descendants, Samuel A. Ashe, of Raleigh, which breathes throughout the spirit of piety and affection. One or two of the entries I note for the edification of parents who have need to make occasional memoranda of similar character.

"Samuel, born the 31st of October, 1704, being Tuesday, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the moon being full at 12 o'clock, was baptized Thursday the 23rd of August 1705."

He had an older son of the same name by his Drummond wife, concerning whom we find this tragic entry: "My dearly beloved son, Samuel Swann, was drowned at Roanoke Inlet, his boat over-setting, on Friday the 1st of May, 1702, in the dusk of the evening, who, had he lived until the next morning, six o'clock, would have been 21 years of age."

This brings to our mind the like fate of two noble young sons of the University in our day, who both bore promise of future greatness in Church and State, Frank Hines and Charles U. Hill.

The descendants of Samuel Swann have been in all generations, and are now, as a rule excellent people, influential in public or

private stations, and many of them distinguished. His sons, William and Thomas, by his Drummond wife, were both Speakers of the Assembly and Thomas was likewise a member of the Council. The last of the descendants of the Drummond wife was Thomas Swann, a member of Congress of the Confederacy in 1787, a man of unusual cultivation, who married a daughter of Governor Samuel Johnston, and died young without issue. Samuel Swann, the son of the Lillington wife, was a very eminent lawyer and legislator. He was selected as one of the commissioners to compile the laws of the Province, and as he finished the work, it is called Swann's Revisal. He was for twenty years Speaker of the Assembly and opposed with ability and firmness the exertion of arbitrary power on the part of the Governor. He was one of the commissioners to run the boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia, and the first white man to cross the great Dismal Swamp.

Through his sons and his daughter, Elizabeth, wife of John Baptist Ashe, and another daughter, Sarah, wife of Thomas Jones, a lawyer of the Cape Fear section, are descended such prominent families as the Ashes, Swanns, Lords, Cutlars, Davises, DeRossetts, Wrights, Halls of Georgia, and others.

COL. MAURICE MOORE,

was a man of great influence, at one time sharing with Edward Mosely the distinction of being the strongest man in the province. He was the first son of Governor James Moore, of South Carolina, whose ancestors belonged to one of the oldest and most eminent families of Ireland, of which the Marquis of Drogheda is the present head. His grandfather, Roger Moore, is mentioned by Hume, as a man of great capacity who was forced to fly from his country in consequence of an unsuccessful rebellion in 1641 against the English. The mother of Maurice Moore was a daughter of Governor Yeamans. He first came to North Carolina as an officer under his elder brother, Col. James Moore, who with signal ability finished Col. Barnwell's work by crushing the Tuscarora rebellion, and was afterwards one of the best of South Carolina's Governors. Col. Maurice Moore married the widow of Samuel Swann, the elder, Governor Lillington's daughter, and for several years resided in Perquimans county. While dwelling there, he led under orders of Governor Eden, a company to defend the people of South Carolina

against the Yemassee Indians, for which the Assembly of that State voted him most cordial thanks and a bounty of £100. About 1723 he with his brother Nathaniel and Roger, commonly called King Roger Moore, and other relatives and friends, such as the Porters, Howes, Daniels, and the children of John Moore, concluded to emigrate to the Cape Fear, and purchasing large tracts of land on the waters of Town creek below Wilmington, laid out and settled the town of Brunswick. This town for many years was inhabited by distinguished and refined people. The Assemblies were sometimes held there. In it Governor Dobbs lived and for awhile Governor Tryon. In the course of time Wilmington absorbed the population of Brunswick.

As the settlement of his ancestor, Sir John Yeamans, had failed, Col. Maurice Moore is entitled to the distinction of being the pioneer of the Cape Fear. Owning large estates and possessed of great weight of character he and his brothers dispensed a generous hospitality, and exerted commanding influence in their community.

His sons, Maurice and James, one in civil and the other in military life, were among our most distinguished men.

Maurice was an Associate Judge of the General Court under Tryon, along with Richard Henderson. He was an able lawyer and a staunch advocate of the rights of the people. His pamphlets, one against the Stamp Act, and the other signed "Atticus," criticising the acts and character of Tryon, show much literary power. In him alone of the three judges did the Regulators appear to trust. He was a member of the Congress which formed our State constitution and aided to start the machinery of free government.

James Moore had high reputation as a military man and was elected in 1775 Colonel of the first regiment and in 1776 as General, was placed by Congress in charge of the Southern department. He lived long enough to show the promise of a brilliant career. In the same house and in the same hour in 1777 the struggling patriots lost two of their strongest men: Maurice Moore, the civilian, and James Moore, the soldier.

Alfred, a son of Judge Maurice Moore, after some efficient service in the war, became Attorney-General of free North Carolina, and at the close of the century a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

CHRISTOPHER GALE

was the most imposing figure in the early judiciary. We have his portrait—his noble countenance, surrounded by his flowing wig, showing true judicial dignity. We learn even from his enemy Urmstone that he was so much trusted that he was called on to fill every office in the Province except the executive. Under his administration as Chief Justice the General Court for the first time took shape as a worthy imitation of the Court of the King's Bench in England. So far as the records prove he was the first judge to deliver a charge to the grand jury, instructing them in their duties and the first to hold court in a court house, which was at Edenton. He was equal to Mosely in the universality of his employments: Major in the militia, Councillor, Commissioner to settle the Virginia boundary line, Commissioner to procure aid from South Carolina in the Tuscarora war, Collector, Agent to England to procure the deposition of the terrible Burrington. Burrington praised him until he refused to allow his court to be made the instrument of the Governor's despotic conduct and then the praises were changed into curses and vilification, followed by attempts at personal violence. The Lords Proprietors sustained Gale. He was Chief Justice, with a short interval when he was absent in England, until 1731.

He stands higher for piety and zeal than any other of the men of his day. He was a son of Rev. Miles Gales, rector of Kighley in Yorkshire. His letters to his father and to the Bishop of London show an earnest desire to procure missionaries for the people so destitute of religious privileges.

HUGH WADDELL.

A most notable soldier of the period nearest the Revolutionary struggle was General Hugh Waddell, the founder of an extensive family, of great influence in our State, one of whom, Alfred Moore Waddell, has recently published an interesting biography of his ancestor. His father of the same name belonged to a leading family of the great people who emigrated from lowland Scotland to North Ireland, and was a friend of Rowan and of Dobbs. Hugh Waddell, the younger, emigrated to North Carolina in 1754 when about twenty years of age. He won laurels when barely of age in the campaigns in which Washington gained his first military expe-

rience, being promoted from Lieutenant to Captain. As Major he marched with General Forbes to Fort Du Quesne. In the next year, 1759, we find him protecting the North Carolina frontiers against the Indians by building forts and fighting when need required.

Two years later in command of the North Carolina troops he assisted in humbling the Cherokees. In 1765 he joined with John Ashe in leading forcible resistance to the execution of the Stamp Act. He took part in the campaign against the Regulators, being in command of the militia of the West. Gen. Waddell was interested in civil as well as military affairs, serving as a member of the Assembly from Rowan and from Bladen.

Marrying Mary Haynes, he settled on Cape Fear river at Rocky Point, at a plantation then and now called Castle Haynes. Having great military talents and experience, being of indomitable pluck and energy, possessed of large wealth, a big brain, commanding manners and inpetuous zeal for liberty, he seemed destined to stand high on the roll of the great Generals, who justified the confidence reposed in them by Washington. He was cut off by disease two years before blood flowed at Concord and Lexington and before his kinsman and friends began to arm in preparation for the coming conflict.

It is remarkable that North Carolina should have lost by disease in the opening days of the Revolutionary struggle, two of her most eminent military leaders, James Moore and Waddell, and also her most trusted statesman, John Harvey.

EDITORIALS.

—We esteem it quite a good fortune that we are to have with us at Commencement two such distinguished gentlemen as Senator John G. Carlisle and Hon. Alfred M. Waddell. The latter gentleman will deliver an address on the life and character of Col. Wm. L. Saunders, who was such a warm friend of the University, and to whose untiring zeal and invincible patriotism the "Colonial Records" stand as imperishable monuments.

Of course we do not know what will be the subject of Senator Carlisle's oration, but there may be no fear but that the "best-posted statesman in the Democratic party" will deliver an oration worthy of himself and his very enviable reputation. We hope that a great many of the alumni will be present on this occasion, and we recommend to the young alumni the example of Col. Steele and others, who always came to the Commencement and showed great interest in the welfare of the University and of the students.

—In one of his short talks to the students at prayers, President Winston recently said that there were three problems for the administration of the University: 1st, that of discipline; 2nd, that of patronage; and 3rd, that of endowments and of establishing new chairs. We would like to call the attention of the alumni and friends of the University to these problems. The first has been almost settled by the President and the students. Noise, idling and playing in and about the buildings have almost ceased and old students will be surprised to learn that now the South Building, during hours for study, is as quiet as a church. This is not a sudden change, but it is the result of a gradual, almost imperceptible change that has been going on for the past four or five years. Hazing and even the mildest freshing have passed away so completely that the time-honored exercises on the afternoon of the birthday of Washington were a complete failure this year. A decidedly healthy tone pervades the University and this has been brought about by the co-operation of the President and students. The oft-heard charges that the student-body at Chapel Hill is immoral and vicious, can only come from ignorant opponents of the University or from opponents who do not care to be otherwise than ignorant. We can assure our friends that while the angelic wings have not yet begun to sprout on some of us, the discipline of the University is what any one might expect to find among gentlemen.

This most important problem being settled satisfactorily, there remain

the two latter. In the settlement of these there will be a hearty co-operation between faculty and students. The two controlling forces at the University will work together, there will be no diffusion of energy. But right here, is the point at which the alumni can help us—to increase the patronage and enlarge the number of chairs. The existence of the University is due to the active energy of the alumni, and we look with a reasonable hope for their aid and encouragement in extending it.

—Under the supervision of Dr. Alexander, Chairman of the Library Committees, an excellent catalogue of the duplicate books of the library has just been issued. These books are in many cases as good as new and are offered for sale only because we have the duplicates. Many of them are out of print and are very valuable. Judging from the orders that have come in so far, there will be no difficulty in selling them, and those who desire books would do well to send in their orders early. A catalogue, giving the price, edition and condition of each book may be had upon application to the librarian.

—As Commencement approaches the Senior's heart grows sad and joyful, hopeful and despondent. Sad, because he must soon leave friends and places endeared to him by a long and happy acquaintance, of four years full of pleasure and pleasant recollections. Joyful, because he will in a few weeks receive his well-earned diploma and begin life in the world for himself. For four years he has been longing to begin the great battle of life a foretaste of which his college-life has given him, and now he finds himself almost at the starting point. We trust that each young man who leaves his Alma Mater in June will always remember that the State of North Carolina has given him most of his education and that he owes to her a debt which a useful, well-spent life can only discharge.

COMMENTS.—There has been much improvement in our little village during the past year and many handsome residences have been erected and several older ones have been repaired and beautified.

—The annual village election is approaching and there are many who chose to be first in Chapel Hill rather than second in Raleigh.

—The *Hellenian* which has become a well established feature of college life is in press and will soon be out. Orders should be sent to Mr. Crawford Biggs, Editor-in-Chief.

—No town in the State has a more efficient or obliging postmaster than Chapel Hill. Mr. Kirkland and his very polite assistant, Mr. Mason, fill their positions very satisfactorily to the community and make excellent postmasters.

EXCHANGES.

—What is going on in the college world? Read almost any of our representative Exchanges and you will find that the College World just now is absorbed mainly in athletics, class-day and preparation for commencement. The representative college paper, ever true to its mission, reflects the spirit of the college, and is, therefore, necessarily surcharged with base-ball, tennis tournaments, field day, &c. If we are to judge by the prominence given to these topics by our Southern Magazines more importance is being given to college athletics this year than ever before. In the South especially foot-ball has given way to base-ball which has a better claim on our warm spring weather. It is interesting to note how many colleges have “a better team than ever before” and how many are “sure of overwhelming victories,” or how “never in history of the college has the interest in athletics been so great.” Numerous editorials will doubtless appear next month on the “Value of Defeat,” &c, but no space is given to such a topic now. Again some of our editors are commenting upon the interest in class-day, writing long editorials upon its usefulness, and looking forward with eagerness for its approach, but some take on a melancholy strain and lament that the good old custom of class-day has been abolished. Orators, debaters, &c., are being chosen for commencement and all the preparation necessary for the interesting occasion is being made.

—The best college boat race this spring will probably be that between Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania, at Poughkeepsie on the Hudson.—*Harvard Crimson*.

—A movement is on foot for the formation of a base-ball league between Cornell, University of Michigan, and University of Toronto.—*Ex*.

—Harvard loses but one man from last year's base-ball team, while Princeton loses four.—*Ex*.

—Two thousand five hundred dollars has so far been raised by the Undergraduates of Princeton toward the Brokaw Memorial Athletic field.—*Ex*.

—The annual eight-oared race between Oxford and Cambridge will be rowed April 9th.—*Ex*.

—A new Harvard song book has just been issued by Oliver Ditson Co. It contains 35 songs, among which will be found nearly all the most popular of those sung by the Glee Club in the last three years.—*Ex*.

—President Harper, of the new Chicago University which is to open this next September, is but thirty-six. He receives \$10,000 a year, and has almost unlimited power in the creation of his University. The University itself has a magnificent endowment, second only to Stanford, and expects to open with 800 students.—*Ex.*

—The University of Michigan base-ball team will make an eastern trip during the coming season. Among their dates are University of Pennsylvania, May 21; Princeton, May 25; Harvard, May 30; and Yale, June 1. They will also play Johns Hopkins, Lafayette, Fordham, Wesleyan, Brown, Hamilton, and Cornell.—*Free Lance.*

—A Union College Scheme.—Arrangements have been made at Union to endow a chair in some practical "every-day" subject. The scheme is to have a course of lectures throughout the College year delivered to the whole body of students. The lecturers will be men at the head of their various professions, and will include prominent lawyers, merchants, journalists and others. Among the prominent men who will lecture are Ex-President Cleveland, Governor McKinley, Chauncey M. Depew, and Andrew D. White.—*Amherst Student.*

THE LAUREATE ON FOOT BALL.

The sunlight falls on stuffed foot-balls.
 And 'sanguined 'levens fierce and glory;
 The long light shakes o'er frauds and fakes
 And undergraduates howl for glory.
 Kick, cullies, kick,
 Send the big sphere flying;
 Answer cripples,
 Dying, dying, Dying.—*Exchange.*

FROM THE GREEK.

Alcibiades :—" Can'st tell, good Fagan, why this theory
 Scientists call " motion perpetual "
 So much resembles him they call the tramp ?"

Fagan :—" Hold now a trice ; I'll tell the presently.—
 Ha! now methinks I have it. 'Tis because
 It moves, nor ever ceases, am I right?"

Alcibiades :—" Nay, nay, my friend, not quite. Though of a truth,
 In that respect it doth resemble him,
 But it appears to me they're nearer kin
 In this,—that neither of them e'er will work !"—*The Owl.*

PERSONALS.

—Base-ball! Base-ball!! Base-ball!!!

—“Have you made all your engagements?”

—Another set of examinations gone.

—The course of the Senior is nearly run.

—Guilford College vs. University on our grounds, April 16th; Oak Ridge vs. University, April 22nd.

—It pains us to know that Pete Winborne is quite sick at his home near Edenton. We wish for him a speedy recovery.

—Commencement day has been changed to the first Wednesday in June, and Alumni day moved up to Tuesday. A good idea.

—A chair of Political and Social Science is to be added next year, with President Winston in charge. The University is booming!

—Senator John G. Carlisle, Col. A. M. Waddell, Pres. C. D. McIver and Rev. Dr. J. W. Carter will draw a large crowd Commencement.

—In answer to Dr. Hume's question on examination, asking for the etymology of *remorse*, a bright freshman answered: “It is made up of two Latin words, *re*, a thing, and *mors*, death,—a thing of death.” He passed.

—The Fresh class have met and elected the following officers: C. R. Turner, President; H. H. Horne, 1st V. Pres.; McAlister, 2nd V. Pres.; Howell, Historian; V. A. Batchelor, Orator; Brogden, Prophet; J. O. Carr, Poet; Kimball, Secretary; Alexander, Essayist.

—The next inter-society debate will be held in the Phi. Hall, Saturday evening, May 7th. In place of H. R. Ferguson who has resigned, R. H. Hayes has been chosen by the Di. society to represent them on that occasion.

—Van N. (examining some pictures of Latin masks in Prof. Harrington's recitation room)—“Professor, did these masks always have their mouth open?”

Prof. H.—“Yes, sir, very much like a great many other things I know.”

Mr. Van N. asks no more questions.

—The Durham Academy of Music, assisted by the University Glee Club, gave an entertainment in Gerrard Hall, Thursday evening, March 31st, for the benefit of the King's Daughters of Chapel Hill. The concert was a decided success, and those who did not attend missed a treat.

—Several delegates from the University Y. M. C. A. attended the recent State Convention at Greensboro, and report one of the best Conventions ever held. The results of the work during the past year are especially gratifying, and the outlook for the coming year is very promising, particularly among the colleges. All agree that the hospitality of Greensboro is unsurpassed.

—J. M. Oldham has resigned as Captain of the University Base-ball Team and R. H. Johnston has been elected to the vacancy. We regret to lose the valuable services of Oldham in this capacity, but we are glad to know that he will retain his position on the team; a better catcher could not be found. Dick Johnston will make an excellent captain, and will successfully pilot our team to victory. The team has been chosen as follows: Oldham, c.; Floyd, p.; L. Jones, 1 b.; Robertson, 2 b.; Hoke, 3 b.; Wood, s. s.; Moye, l. f.; Johnston, (Captain), c. f.; Hendren, r. f.; Lanier, p. and c.; substitute, Kenan. The team is subject to change at any time.

—The University Glee Club have about completed arrangements for concerts to be given in Goldsboro, April 28th, and in Wilmington, April 29th; an entertainment for the benefit of college athletics will also be given in Durham Monday evening April 18th. The Glee Club have also arranged for a concert before the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly at the coming session in June. The club is practising almost daily, and will make these concerts a success.

—The second monthly sermon under the auspices of the University Y. M. C. A. was preached in Gerrard Hall Sunday evening, February 28th, by Rev. Dr. B. F. Dixon, President of Greensboro Female College. Dr. Dixon's reputation had preceded him, and though our expectations were high, we were not disappointed. The sermon was very forcible and scholarly, affording much material for reflection and study, and was greatly enjoyed by the large audience that had assembled to hear him.

—Since our last issue, several changes have been made in the dates for the Base-ball team. The correct list to date is: April 16th, Guilford College vs. University, at Chapel Hill; April 22nd, Oak Ridge vs. U., on the latter's grounds; April 29th, Wake Forest vs. U., at Raleigh; U. of Va. vs. U. of N. C., at Charlottesville, May 10th and 11th; Washington and Lee vs. U., at Lynchburg, May 12th; Richmond College vs. University (probably), at Richmond, May 13th. The manager of the team has also written

to Wofford College and Furman University for dates, and to Vanderbilt University for a game in this State. Davidson College will be unable to play any games, and Trinity College has cancelled her date with us, as she is unable to organize a team. Steps are being taken to arrange a game with the University of Virginia team to be played Wednesday afternoon of Commencement on our grounds.

Our team is in good condition, and continues to improve. The team that downs the white and blue will have to hustle.

—Dr. R. L. Payne, Jr., of Lexington, N. C., an alumnus of the University, and one of the most distinguished physicians of our State, delivered a very instructive and entertaining address on "The Relationship of Mind and Body," in Gerrard Hall Thursday evening, March 10th.

Throughout the address, the speaker exhibited a thorough knowledge of his subject, and treated it in an able and pleasing manner. He spoke of the number of great minds the usefulness of which have been greatly impaired by a lack of attention to the simple laws of health, and impressed upon us the importance and value of physical culture under proper direction.

Unfortunately the lecture was delivered while we were in the midst of examinations and many were thus deprived of the pleasure of hearing Dr. Payne.

—By the kindness of President Winston we are able to furnish to our readers the following

PROGRAMME OF COMMENCEMENT.

Sunday morning, May 29th, Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. J. W. Carter, D. D.

Monday evening, May 30th, annual reunion of the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies.

Tuesday, May 31st, Alumni day. 11 a. m., annual meeting of the Alumni Association; annual address, by Pres. C. D. McIver; Memorial address on the Life and Character of Col. Wm. L. Saunders, by Col. A. M. Waddell; Reunion of the Class of '82. 8—10 p. m., Oration by Representatives of the Societies. 10—12 p. m., President's Reception.

Wednesday, June 1st, Commencement day. 11 a. m., orations by the graduates; award of medals, prizes, etc.; reading of reports; conferring of degrees. Commencement Oration by Senator John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky. 8—10 p. m., Concert by the University Glee Club.

—The Annual Field Day will be April 18th this year. The exercises, under the direction of Prof. Mangum, promise to be very interesting. They will consist of one-mile run, 100-yards dash, hurdle race, barrel race-pole vaulting, high jump, etc., etc., prizes being awarded to the successful contestants in each case. Arrangements are also being made for another tennis tournament for a prize and the championship of college in singles to be played sometime during the present month. Would it not be a good idea to have a tournament for the championship in doubles?

—Mr. N. T. Cobb, an old University boy, whose marriage was recently referred to in these pages, and for many years private secretary to Major John C. Winder, General Manager of the Seaboard Air Line, has been promoted to the position of Auditor of Receipts and Disbursements for the R. & G. R. R., R. & A. Air Line, D. & N. R. R. and the G. C. & N. R. R., with head-quarters at Raleigh. We are glad to know of Mr. Cobb's deserved promotion.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT-CUT NO. 1 CIGARETTES.



CIGARETTE Smokers who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find THIS BRAND superior to ALL others. *The Richmond Straight-Cut No. 1 Cigarettes* are made from the brightest, the most delicately flavored and highest cost Gold Leaf grown in Virginia. This is the *Old and Original Brand of Straight-Cut Cigarettes*, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,

and observe that the firm name, as below, is on every package.

THE ALLEN & GINTER BRANCH
OF THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

OUR
NEW
PRICE
LIST

—OF YOUR—

SOCIETY BADGE

Will be Mailed to You Through Your
Chapter Upon Application.

Wright, Kay & Co.,

Manufacturers of Finest Plain and Jeweled Society Badges,
DETROIT, MICH.

HEADQUARTERS

Fine Dress Shirts, Full Dress
Shirts, Latest Styles Hats,
Underwear, Gloves,
Shoes, Etc.

DRESS SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Large Assortment of Patterns
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED

CLOTHIERS & HATTERS

Raleigh, N.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Wherever he may appear

The Wheelman on a Columbia Bicycle is an object of admiration. He is gracefully and naturally posed on a wheel which is perfect in construction and of elegant design and finish. Will you join the throng? We make and guarantee the

**CENTURY COLUMBIA,
COLUMBIA LIGHT ROADSTER SAFETY,
COLUMBIA LADIES' SAFETY,
EXPERT, LIGHT ROADSTER, and VOLUNTEER COLUMBIAS.**

Catalogue free on application to the nearest Columbia Agent, or sent by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

**POPE MFG. CO.,
221 COLUMBUS AVE., BOSTON.**

WANTED: TEACHER OR STUDENT

AS PERMANENT OFFICE ASSISTANT.

Either Gentleman or Lady. No preference qualifications being equal. Salary \$750, and Railway fare paid to Office if engaged. Enclose reference and self-addressed stamped envelope to

HENRY JONES, SECRETARY,
CHICAGO, ILL.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. MAHLER,

RALEIGH, N. C.,

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE,
DIAMONDS.

MEDALS, BADGES, EMBLEMS, &C.,

Made to Order at Short Notice.

SEND FOR GAUGE-CARD TO OBTAIN CORRECT SIZE OF FINGER IN ORDERING RINGS.

SMOKE



Blackwell's DURHAM. EVERYMAN'S TOBACCO.

None Genuine
without the Trade-
Mark of the Bull on
each Package.

Situated in the immediate Section of Country
that produces a grade of Tobacco, that in texture,
flavor and quality is not grown elsewhere
in the world, and being in position to command
the choice of all offerings upon this market, we
spare no pains nor expense to give the trade

THE VERY BEST.

T. J. Lambe,
HEADQUARTERS FOR FINE CLOTHING,
SHOES, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
CUSTOM MADE SUITS A SPECIALTY.
DRESS SUITS FURNISHED ON SHORT NOTICE.

Mr. BART GATLING will represent me at Chapel Hill. Call on him when
in need of anything.

T. J. AMBE,

The Clothier and Gents' Furnisher,
105 Main Street, Durham, N. C.



Walter Clark

NORTH CAROLINA
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

OLD SERIES VOL. XXII.

No. 6.

NEW SERIES VOL. XI.

EDITORS:

PHI.
GEORGE W. CONNOR,
C. F. HARVEY.

DI.
W. E. ROLLINS,
E. PAYSON WILLARD.

HOWARD E. RONDTHALER, }
W. E. DARDEN, } Business Managers.

Published six times a year under the auspices of the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies. Subscription, \$1.00. Single copy, 20 cents.

Entered at the Post Office of Chapel Hill as second class matter.

JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

Walter Clark was born in Halifax County, on the nineteenth of August, 1846.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, there were many enthusiastic young patriots at Col. Tew's Military Academy at Hillsboro, but out of all of them an athletic, handsome young fellow of only fourteen years was chosen to be Drill-master of Pettigrew's Twenty-second North Carolina Regiment. The youth was Walter Clark. He went with the regiment to Richmond, and Evansport on the Potomac, and the next year he was made Adjutant of the Thirty-fifth North Carolina, then commanded by Col. Matt W. Ransom. In this capacity young Clark served in the first Maryland campaign, being at the capture of Harper's Ferry, and being mentioned for gallantry in the reports of the battles of Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. His regiment was among those which bore the brunt of the attack on Marye's Heights.

When his brigade returned home to recruit in 1863, Clark resigned, and as he had pursued his studies while in the camp, he was enabled to enter the Senior Class in the University of North Carolina, from which he graduated with first honors in 1864.

Among his classmates were W. A. Guthrie and Judge Augustus Van Wyck,*of the City Court of Brooklyn.

The day after graduation he received the appointment of Major of the Sixth Battalion of Junior Reserves, and shortly after was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-ninth North Carolina, attached to Hoke's Division, being at that time only seventeen years old. He fought at Southwest Creek and Bentonsville, and surrendered with Johnston at High Point, May 2, 1865.

He studied law under Judge Battle; also at a law office on Wall Street, New York, and at Columbia Law College, Washington, D. C. Receiving his license in 1868, he practiced law first at Scotland Neck, then going to Halifax, he established the law-firm of Clark & Mullen, his partner being Mr. J. M. Mullen, a prominent lawyer, now of Petersburg, Va. While there, he was twice a candidate for the legislature, suffering defeat narrowly and greatly reducing the usual Republican majority of 2,500 in that County.

In 1874 he married Miss Susan Graham, the only daughter of Hon. W. A. Graham, of Hillsboro, and removed to Raleigh where he has made his home ever since.

Mr. Clark being elected a lay delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Council in London in 1881, embraced the opportunity to take an extensive European tour. In 1885 Governor Scales appointed him to the Judgeship of the Superior Court, to which he was again nominated by acclamation in the Democratic convention of 1886, and elected by the people the same year.

Judge Clark withdrew his name voluntarily from the list of aspirants for the gubernatorial chair in 1888, when his prospects for receiving the nomination were flattering. The same year he was honored by being selected to deliver the Literary Address before the two societies of the University.

Governor Fowle appointed him to be a Justice of the Supreme Court in November, 1889, and again he was honored by receiving the unanimous nomination of the Democratic State Convention in 1890 to be continued in the high office to which he had been appointed, and again was triumphantly elected for a term of eight years. Judge Clark is reflecting great credit upon the highest tribunal of our State by his opinions, which show that with a

profound erudition in the law, he combines unremitting research and labor.

Judge Clark is probably as well known as a writer as a jurist. It is remembered that some years ago the State was threatened with a movement similar to that of the Readjusters in Virginia, on account of the bad feeling between the eastern and western sections of North Carolina, occasioned by bad management in the construction of the Western North Carolina Railroad. Judge Clark studied the situation and wrote what is commonly spoken of as his famous "Mud Cut Letter." It was an exceedingly well-written and forcible communication on the policy of the State's relationship to the management of the Western North Carolina Road, which greatly enhanced his reputation as a strong and luminous writer, and was a potent factor in the change of policy which resulted in the completion of the road. The echoes of another strong article of his have not yet died away. It was on "Government Telegraph and Telephone," favoring governmental control and management as in the postal service. It has attracted much attention and been widely copied.

Judge Clark is the author also of "Overruled Cases"; "Laws for Business Men," and Clark's "Annotated Code of Civil Procedure."

'NEATH SOUTHERN SKIES.

'Neath Southern skies, whose crystal blue—
 Star-jeweled at night its coneave through—
 Flings sunshine down like golden mead
 Whose bird-songs thrill with Cupid's erced
 And maidens mock and youths pursue.

Loves rose, that flower of flame and dew,
 It springs, it buds, it blooms for you—
 Swift as to earth you toss its seed,
 'Neath Southern skies.

And fades as soon? If one but knew!
 Is't arbor vitæ, or is't rue,
 Say Cupid? Oh, thou rogue indeed,
 I trust thee not! Thy flower's a weed!
 Yet, I could wish thy words were true
 'Neath Southern skies.

CUPID'S REPLY.

If you believe my words not true
 You doubt the power of your eyes;
 Those eyes of deep and tender blue
 Can fill my heart with love, most true,
 And make me give my soul to you
 'Neath Southern skies.

'Neath Southern skies? Yes, everywhere,
 For where thou art my heart is there,
 And everywhere the skies are blue
 If they only bend o'er you.
 The sweetest flower lifts its head
 Where'er thy footsteps chance to tread.
 And so my love would be as true
 'Neath *Northern* skies.

A PINEY WOODS ECHO.

When one speaks of the wild forests, of camps and hunting expeditions and the like, some remote region, far from the older settled parts of the country, presents itself to the mind. There is at once the idea of primeval woods and wild beasts, and the hardy pioneers of civilization with all the rough features of frontier life.

And yet almost in the heart of the oldest settled parts of this country there are great stretches of unbroken forests as wild and solitary as may be found in the farthest frontier Territory—woods in which the bear leads her cubs through tangled thickets, and the wild cat glides with fierce green eyes, and the brown deer strolls, feeding nervously.

To say nothing of the mountain regions, parts of which are still as wild as they were a century ago, there are all along the South Atlantic coast-range tens of thousands of acres of pine woods and swamps, and savannahs, and "bays" (as the evergreen thickets on the North Carolina coast are called) which are almost literally in a primitive condition, and which are filled with game of every kind, while the lakes and streams within their limits are alive with fish and wild fowl. In this region the sportsman can, for all his purposes, get almost as far away from the disturbing influences of the "madding crowd" as if he were in Alaska, while he will escape the rigors of a harsh climate and be surrounded by a flora and breathe an atmosphere unequalled on earth. If he can find anywhere else the same sport, with the same or equal concomitants, it must be in some, as yet, undiscovered country. Occasionally too, indeed quite often, he will meet some native whose companionship in these solitudes will be a source of rare entertainment, and furnish opportunity for the study of a quaint and peculiar type of civilization. He will hear a dialect, too, which although often affected by writers for periodicals and newspapers is as different from their representation of it as the stereotyped expressions which they attribute to the negroes are, from those

actually used by them. For instance the expression "dis am" so and so, which is universally put into the mouth of the negro, is one which in a life-long experience among them I have never once heard. "He are" and "dey is" are constantly used, but "dis am" and "he am", never. For "are you going"? a Northern New Englander sometimes says "be you goin"?, while an old-fashioned negro on the coast of North Carolina will say "is yunner gwine"? As great misapprehension exists, too, in regard to the characteristics of the piney woods white man. He is not a long-haired barbarian, filled with whiskey and always fighting, but ordinarily a kind and polite, but courageous fellow; careless and generous, but ignorant and prejudiced, with strong local attachments and great faith in his ideals, one of which is that dogs are absolutely essential to human happiness, and that without at least one gun in every house, even if "she's out o' fix," liberty is impossible. He is generally a religious man fond of "going to meeting," but regards the doctrine of non-resistance and the turning of the cheek to the smiter (except to hit him) as intended for somebody else. He is not the tallow-faced loafer whom travellers see hanging about railway stations, but, although his complexion is generally typical of a climate where the sun shines and the trees are ever green, he is often a ruddy man and averages well in height and strength. He is not as great a hunter as formerly, because he has caught the spirit of the age, albeit in a mild form, and now regards the woods and the soil with an eye more speculative. Still the force of habit asserts itself in him, though less frequently, and a camp-fire enlivens him as of yore.

One of the quaintest and most original characters I ever met was one of these piney woods people. Tall, brawny, stooping in his broad shoulders and slow of movement, with full bearded face, out of which looked two grey eyes whose mixed expression of pity and humor was most winning, his most striking characteristic was the indescribable drawl with which he spoke. It was impossible to resist its effect; it invested even the most serious subject with fun, although its owner rarely smiled. I believe the most boisterous hour of my life was after midnight, while on a camp-hunt with this man and several others, and while lying under a brush

tent through which the rain was dripping and in front of which a large log fire was burning. He had waked up, and being unable to sleep again rose, and lighting his pipe, sat gazing at the camp-fire. The rest of us were asleep. He was silent, but by that mysterious influence which seems to operate under such circumstances I opened my eyes and lay watching him for a few moments. The glow of the fire, resting full on his face, and the intense darkness all around made every feature and every line of that quaint countenance distinctly visible. From a seriousness that was really solemn, it gradually relaxed into an expression of amiability, and, finally, into one of such irresistible fun that I laughed audibly and said:

“Old man what are you thinking about?”

“Hey? I didn’t know any of you was ’wake,” he drawled.

“Yes, I’m wide awake, and I want to know what it is that has got you to smiling so at this time of night and in such weather as this?”

Our conversation roused the other sleepers, who at first lay listening, but presently rose and began a general pipe-lighting as the old man answered my question.

“I was jist a thinkin’ to myself,” he said, “’bout the time me an’ Ellick Hudson was a courtin’ the same gal up here in Bladen county, an’ ’bout how mad I made Ellick by makin’ up some poetry on him, an’ how the gals all laughed, an’ Ellick wanted to fight me—an’ all sieh stuff.”

“Let’s have the poetry, old man,” was the general exelamation.

“Oh, hit’s bin so long sence them days I’ve done forgot now ezactly how the poetry was, but I know hit made Ellick powerful mad, an’ the neighborhood gals was allus a sayin’ some of it when Ellick was about, tell he natally left the neighborhood an’ moved out to the Western country—an’ I haint heerd nothin’ of Ellick sence befo’ the war,” replied the old man, with slow and plaintive utterance.

“So you ran him off, did you?”

“I didn’t run him off, for Ellick weren’t afeered of no man that ever trod shoe-leather, but he jist couldn’t stand the gals a throwin’ up that poetry at him wherever he went.”

"Couldn't you give us a sample of it, if no more?" asked one of the party.

"Lemme think a spell and maybe I kin," said the old man.

He was in the same position as when I first awoke and saw him; seated with his back against one of the props of the brush tent, his arms clasped around his knees, a short stemmed cob pipe in his mouth, his felt hat pulled down over his ears, and dripping the rain on his broad shoulders, and his eyes, with a far-away look in them, fixed on the log-fire. After a pause, he said:

"I can't remember the whole of it now, but part of it was this-away," and in a sing-song style, with the longest possible drawl, he began to recite the poem, so urgently requested by the Company who sat and lay around under the brush-tent. I have seen an audience "paralyzed," as a colored orator of my acquaintance calls it, when a crowd of darkies become frantic with excitement, or are roaring with glee—but the effect of the old man's recital of his poetry upon his audience stands alone in my memory. If it were possible to recall it, even with perfect accuracy, it would, in cold type, convey no adequate idea of the scene. Although he said he did not remember it all before he began, it must have been at least twenty minutes before he finished repeating it; and the seriousness of his manner, the indescribable intonation of his voice, the homely wit and the broad humor with which he depicted his rival's efforts to win the object of his affections, and the disasters that befel him—culminating on his last visit to her, in his being chased by a bull whose wrath was kindled by a piece of red flannel which a mischievous boy had pinned to his coat tail—threw the company into spasms, and the woods rang with their shouts. During all this hilarity the old man preserved his grave, almost solemn, expression of countenance and remained in the same position, only removing his pipe from his mouth occasionally for a moment or two.

"Old Bill Willis," the oldest hunter in the county, was in the party, and though he couldn't help laughing at the "poetry" (which he had listened to before) he felt that it would never do for him to cut no figure in this entertainment, and therefore when the storm of fun began to abate a little, he tenta-

tively observed that he remembered Ellick Hudson "mighty well," and had "seed him a heap wuss skeart an' run a mighty sight faster'n he did when the bull was atter him." Of course there was an immediate inquiry as to the event referred to by old Bill and, before he answered, the grey eyes of the poet turned sadly toward him, and the pitiful look came into them.

"Well, the time I'm a talking about," said old Bill, "was when the hoop-snake came so nigh gittin' him."

"The what?" asked one of the party.

"The hoop-snake—Some folks don't believe there's any sich a thing as a hoop-snake, but 'cause they hain't never seed one 's no reason why there hain't none. A man's a pizen fool to talk that away. Hoop-snakes hain't mighty common to be sho' but I've seed several of 'em in my time. The one I'm a talkin' about, though, that come so nigh a gittin' Ellick Hudson, tuck the lead. The way hit happened was this: Me an' Ellick was a drivin' down here in the Dead Neck, an' the dogs they struck a trail, an' from the way they worried about, we know'd hit was a ole' buck, an' as they kep' circlin' funder towards the pond we know'd the ole' buck was a leavin' the drive: So me an' Ellick lef' our stands an' cut acros't the head o' the bay to git to two other stands, an' jist as we got on a little risin' ground we thought we heerd the dogs a turnin' back, an' we stopped to listen. Ellick was a standin' right by a hickory tree 'bout six inches thick, an' I was 'bout twenty foot away from him. Presently I heerd a sort o' whizzin' sound, an' at the same time Ellick he yelled wuss'n a Injun an' jumped behind the tree, an' as I looked that way I seed what 'peared to be a hoop, rollin' like a streak of lightnin' right at Ellick, an' jist as he jumped behin' the hoop riz up in the air, an' sorter straightened out an' drove one eend in the tree with a whack, an' swung thar a swayin' from side to side. Then I know'd what was the matter, an' I went an' killed the snake; but, gentlemen ef ever you seed a man run, hit was Ellick. There were'nt nary dog in the woods that could er cotch him for the fust quarter. He drapped his gun an' jist sorter seemed to lift hisself from the ground an' pais over the wire grass an' logs same as ef he had wings, an' "

"Hold on Uncle Bill?" said one, "did you say the snake drove one end of himself into the tree?"

"To be sho' he did. He had a horn like a chicken spur on the cend of his tail, an', *gentlemen*, you may believe it or not jist as you please, by the time I got through a killin' that snake an' a pul-lin' his horn out'n the tree I'll be durned ef the tree wern't plumb dead, an' the hickory nuts an' leaves were't a fallin' off'n hit like a shower o' rain.

The negro cook, a grey haired old darkey, who was lying under another shelter a few yards away, groaned and said to himself (but loud enough to be heard) "please de Lord, dat licks de skil-let," and the hunting party slept no more that night.

At day light hot coffee, venison steak, corn bread and fried eggs perfumed the atmosphere around the brush tent, the horses were saddled, the dogs were fed just enough to whet their appetites, and the "driver" with one suppressed toot of his horn which called them all to his side, mounted and after designating the "stands" to the several hunters took his departure for the place, a mile distant, where he would enter the drive. The hunters, after he had gone a little while, sought their different stands, and each hitching his horse in a concealed spot and taking a position between the horse and the drive, awaited the coming of the hounds.

There is, for a man blessed with a poetic temperament a charm in such a situation. "The breezy call of incense breathing morn"—the silence of the grand woods—the soft whisper of the wind in the pine tops—the changing hues of the sky before the advance of the still hidden sun—the gradual awakening by imperceptible degrees of the dawn—the first faint stir in the insect world—the fresh and fragrant smell of the damp bays and savannahs—the far distant and mellowed sound of the "cock's shrill clarion" in some isolated settlement—the reveille of the wood-pecker, vigorously beaten on a lightning-blasted pine—these, and the keen edged expectancy of the sportsman who strains his eye and ear for the music of the hounds, and the plunge of the frightened stag, combine to make a charming situation, I say, for a man with poetic temperament. And yet I cannot assert that our poet, "the old man," was as deeply affected by his surroundings, as he

appeared to be by the hope of getting meat. His stand was nearest mine, (about a hundred yards distant) and in the open pine woods he was plainly visible, except from the direction of the driver. He was sitting on a log, with his gun across his lap, his elbows resting on his knees, his chin supported by his clasped hands, and his face set fixedly toward the drive. Presently was heard, indistinctly because of the distance, the voice of a single hound—that sound which, like the first shot on a skirmish line, sends the blood tingling along the veins and quickens the action of the heart. Then a little more distinctly the same voice and with it, two or three fainter and more distant ones; then a confusion of sounds, and finally the clear and stirring cry of the pack gradually swelling in volume as it bore towards us, and sinking again as the course of the chase varied. In a few moments came the report of a gun, but away in rear of the dogs who were still bearing toward us, and then we knew that there was more than one deer up, and that the driver had got a shot at one that had circled and was going in a different direction. I looked toward the “old man” as the dog came on. He had not moved a muscle, apparently, but sat like one of the bumps on the log. The game, unless he should be diverted, was evidently bound to pass either my own or the old man’s stand, and in a very few moments.

Eagerly hoping that luck would favor me, and anxious to show the old man that a “town feller” knew a thing or two about the business, I stood, with both barrels of my “Parker” cocked, ready to tumble the antlered monarch, or two of them if there should be two, as soon as he or they came in range; but I was doomed to disappointment, for when nearing the edge of the bay and while his leaps were distinctly audible, the buck turned down towards the old man’s stand, and I called to him, “look out old man, he’s going straight to you,” and then turned to see how he would act under such circumstances. He still sat motionless in the same position, and fearing he might have dropped asleep, I yelled to him again, and just then the buck, clearing the outer fringe of the bay with a splendid bound, right opposite to his stand, went straight towards where he sat. The distance between them was not forty paces, and there sat the old man with his elbows on his

knees, his chin in his hands, and his gun on his lap, looking right at the buck who must inevitably run over him, if he remained where he was. I was disgusted and was about to express my sentiments in a loud voice, when, simultaneously as it seemed to me, the old man was on his feet, the report of his old single barrel rang through the woods, and the buck was on his back with all four feet in the air. Then he blew one short blast on his cow horn, and sat down again on the log as before.

When I walked down to where he sat, he drawled.

"You haint much used to drivin', are ye?"

I replied that I considered myself a veteran in the business and had killed several deer. The pitiful look came into his face again for a moment; he drew from his hip pocket a plug of tobacco, bit off a piece and said, after chewing in silence for a few minutes, "Old Bill Willis 'pears to be improvin' in his memory as he gits older. The last time I heerd him tell that story 'bout the hoop-snake he said hit was a gum tree the snake struck hits tail into, an' that hit was in the Spring time o' year, an' he never said a word 'bout Ellick Hudson bein' thar. But I reckon hit does jist as well one way as tother." "That was a pretty hard story, old man," I replied, "but Old Bill told it just as if he believed every word of it." "Yes, an' hit seems to do him a power o' good, too, when he gits a chance to tell 'bout that hoop—hello run back to your stand, there's another one a comin'," he cried, and began to load his gun as fast as he could while I ran back and took my place. Scarcely had I done so when the longed for opportunity presented itself, and in full view of the old man I "downed" one with each barrel, out of three that passed me, and in my exultation called out;

"Old man, how will that do?" He took off his hat and waved it, but said not a word, for it was contrary to an established principle with him never to "holler" while at a deer stand. That night there were four deer hanging up in camp, and everybody was in good humor except old Bill Willis, who seemed to be depressed and disinclined to conversation. This was so unusual that after the pipes were lighted the old man, sitting in his accustomed place, drawled out:

"Uncle Bill, 'pears like you don't have much to say to-night. You haint seed any hoop-snake to-day have ye?"

This produced a laugh at old Bill's expense, but he was equal to the occasion, and "brought down the house" by his reply.

"No, I haint," he said, "but I heerd the fool-killer was in the neighborhood, and I'm a grievin' to think how short your time is." With perfect equanimity, and with the inimitable accent long drawn out, the old man replied:

~~"Ef-I-could-only-live-long-enough-to-see-a-hoop-snake-kill-a-hickory-tree-and-see-the-nuts-and-leaves-a-fallin'-in-five-minutes! But-ef-I-had-to-wait-for-that-I'd-never-die."~~

"Winner by a length," exclaimed the sporting editor, who was the life of the party.

When the camp-hunt ended, and the "town fellers" were returning home, the old man accompanied them as far as the cross-road which led to his home, and on the way (which was several miles) the subject of conversation was the election which had recently occurred. He had little to say until the cross-road was reached, where he was to take leave of the party; but when he got there he reined up his mouse-colored nag, and, leisurely throwing his left leg over the pummel of his saddle, said:

"I've got to leave you here, but 'fore we part I jist want to tell ye what old Bill Willis said to Squire Moore 'bout the tariff. He'd been out here to Town Creek to hear the candidates speak, an' when he was a gwine back home he met Squire, an' Squire axed him what they was a talkin' 'bout, and he said the tariff."

"Well, what do you think 'bout it, uncle Bill?" said Squire.

"I think hit's onconstitutional," sez uncle Bill.

"Did you ever read the Constitution?" sez Squire.

"Read thunder; I don't know a letter in the book," sez uncle Bill.

And the old man, resuming his position in the saddle, and clucking to his horse, drawled out:

"'MORNIN' GENTLEMEN." A. M. WADDELL.

RESPONSE.

A breath,
Vague, tender, trembling as the Summer star
That, through dim azure, heralds from afar
 The long day's death.

A glance,
Shy as a startled fawn, that fleeing, turns,
Glowing, as when, through folded rose leaves, burns
 The sun-god's lance.

A word,
That spoken, floods with crimson cheek and throat
And thrilling falls, as if some wild bird's note
 The faint air stirred.

'Tis all;
And yet 'tis Life—'tis Love! Within my arms
She trembling lies, and all Love's vague alarms
 In soft tears fall.

—E. P. C.

ALUMNI ADDRESS,

BY CHARLES D. McIVER, PRESIDENT STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL.

COMMENCEMENT 1892.

No association of men can be permanent without having constantly before it an object to be accomplished. In order that this Alumni Association may live, it must have at least one well defined serious purpose. The pleasure of our annual meetings alone will not hold it together. But it will strengthen the zeal of those who are already members, and others will be attracted to join us, if, in addition to the natural pleasures of annual re-unions, it is made clear in the outset that the Association is going to have an honorable and successful career of usefulness to the State and to the University. Aimlessness, whether in individuals or institutions, means stagnation, dissipation and death.

I believe it to be our greatest concern on this occasion to map out the work that this Association ought to undertake and to decide on a policy for its future course. An association that does nothing but meet will soon meet no more forever. It is the purpose of my remarks this morning to suggest three things that we can do which will give life and dignity to our organization, materially aid the University, and be instrumental in promoting education throughout the State.

First. The Alumni Association ought to nominate to each General Assembly a certain number of the trustees to be elected by that body. There are eighty trustees of the University, divided into four classes. The terms of twenty expire every two years, and there are always a few other vacancies caused by death. It is probable that ten of the twenty whose terms expire will be re-appointed, leaving from ten to fifteen vacancies to be filled by new men. I believe the Alumni Association ought to nominate, or

practically name, at least half of these new men. Or it might be better for this Association and the local associations to name twenty men and ask the General Assembly to select at least half of their new trustees from this list. I do not think that the Legislature would disregard the request, and I am confident that our selections would be equally as good as those that a small committee from the General Assembly could make. This course would not only put the interests of the University into the hands of its best friends, but it would add a new interest to this and the local associations. It would increase our membership and attendance, and thereby help us to carry forward other work that we ought to do.

Second. The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE ought to have a better support from the Alumni than it has now, and at the same time it might be made an effective means of helping the work of the Association. Among the Alumni there are many editors of ability. I believe that we ought to have a department in the MAGAZINE under the direction of one or more editors selected annually by this Association. In this way we could add to the interest that the Alumni take in the MAGAZINE, and we could also publish and emphasize any plans that the Association desires to put before the public.

Third. In my estimation, the chief work of the Alumni Association, to which all other undertakings ought to be secondary and subsidiary, should be in the line of co-operative philanthropy. Every living alumnus of the University ought to be a member of the Association and ought to pay into its aid fund for students at least \$2 a year, which was the amount of the annual dues under the old organization. There are nearly 2,000 Alumni of the University living in this and other States. If each man here will take a little trouble on himself, we can have 1,500 of them members of the Association before next commencement. This would mean an annual income of \$3,000 or \$4,000, or equivalent to the income from an endowment of \$50,000 or \$60,000. In my short experience last summer in the interest of this fund, I found that there were many friends of the University, not alumni, who were glad to join the Association as honorary members and glad to help in

our work of aiding worthy young men to get an education. So far we have on our roll of members about 400 names, about seventy-five of whom are honorary members and never came to the University a day. The average annual subscription of all of our members is nearly \$4. About \$1,200 has already been paid in on the first year's subscription. That is for 1891. A number who subscribed asked that their payments begin in the second year, 1892. Nearly every alumnus who is properly approached will join the Association with an annual subscription of \$2, \$5, or \$10. Quite a number have made their subscriptions \$25, \$50, and \$100.

Of course it is understood that these subscriptions can be changed at any time or be discontinued altogether, but it is not probable that we will lose many members, if any at all. I have found only three alumni who refused to join. One plead poverty and the other two had personal reasons for not joining. The number of subscriptions I could secure for this fund was limited almost solely by the time I could give to the work. Literally time was money.

In my report as Treasurer there will be printed the names of the members of the Association, and an account will be rendered showing what disposition the Executive Committee has made of the contributions for 1891. A copy of this report will be mailed to each member, and he can see who in his community has not yet joined the Association.

The Executive Committee appointed by the Association last commencement, consisting of President Winston, Prof. E. A. Alderman and myself, directed that all our funds this year should be spent in free scholarships and fellowships, or in loans, without interest, to young men of brains and character who have not sufficient money to pay their way through college. About twenty young men have been helped and one fellowship of \$200 has been awarded. In this way we are accomplishing three very important results:

1. Helping those who need help and who are worthy of it.
2. Increasing the attendance and revenues of the University.

3. Raising the standard of scholarship by tempting studious and ambitious young men to pursue a post graduate course at the University.

We have done well for the first year, but there is no reason why we should not do a great deal better. The reason we have only 400 members is because your committee did not have the time and opportunity to see more alumni. Let us not be satisfied with what we have done. If every member will do his duty, we will have \$3,000 next year to invest in the education of worthy young men, instead of \$1,200, as we had this last year.

One reason why there is so little progress in the world is that we are so much inclined to make past achievements the highest standard of excellence.

In a town where I once lived there was an old colored barber who was commonly known as Aleck. He was fond of white people, and his greatest delight was to compliment his customers while they sat in his barber chair. He was blessed with an inexhaustible supply of taffy, which he dispensed to his customers with good-natured impartiality, and yet with some discrimination. Flattery flowed from his lips like water over Niagara Falls. When he could not compliment the shape of a man's head, he turned his batteries on the color of his hair, the beauty of his mustache, which then was or was going to be. When all these things failed or were exhausted, he began to ask about what beautiful lady that was he saw you with a few days ago. Or he would say to a proud father, "How beautiful your little daughter is, and what beautiful manners! She certainly is a perlite little lady! De very image of her mother and looks jess like you."

But on one occasion the ugliest man in the county and a stranger came into Aleck's shop. He was painfully ugly. He was so ugly, as I once heard a man say, that he hurt. No greater tribute can be paid to his ugliness than to say that the very sight of him baffled all Aleck's powers of flattery. Aleck shaved him in solemn silence.

The visit was repeated and still Aleck could say nothing. But, finally one day, he took a long breath, worked up his most amiable smile and said: "Mr. Jones, when you fust come into my shop

and I fust commenced shavin' of you, I thought you was one of de homeliest men I ever seed, but now since I's come to see you very often and shave you frequently, 'You holds yer own 'emarkably well.' "

The trouble is that too many people are content to merely hold their own.

But it must be a pleasure to all patriots to see that North Carolina is more than holding her own educationally. In spite of general financial depression all her educational interests are in better condition than ever before.

This University has more students than it has had since its re-organization, and probably the number from North Carolina is as large as it ever was before the war.

There is more liberality among our wealthy men towards educational institutions than there has ever been before. There are two reasons for this—

First. They have more money and can afford to be more liberal.

Second. There is getting to be a general recognition of the fact that the surest way to do a good that will perpetuate and multiply itself is to put money in a good, strong institution of learning. In Daniel Webster's tribute to the school teacher in his great Dartmouth College speech before the Supreme Court of the United States, he said: "If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with right principles—the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen—we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity."

The greatest philanthropist in the world, as well as the greatest monument builder, is the true teacher. Next to the greatest (and the world will consider him the greatest) is the man who establishes a great college or university, where the teacher can build his immortal monuments. If a man sees fit to erect such a monument to his name instead of building one of marble or of hoarded gold, let him do so, and let him be appreciated for doing it. His monument will be a blessing to humanity—a thing that is not true of all monuments.

There are few exhibitions of worse taste than to see men criticise the motives of the giver after they have accepted the benefit of his gift. Besides, even the lowest order of philanthropy—giving merely to gain the praise of men—has merit in it. Nobody is condemned for aspiring to be the richest man in the State or country. Is it not a higher ambition to want to be the most liberal man in the State or country? Which is the more creditable, for a man to have the ambition to give away a million dollars, or for him to aspire to be a millionaire?

The millionaire who gives away \$50,000 or \$100,000 may not rival in liberality the widow of mite fame, who cast in all that she had, but he certainly is several grades above the man who, having little or much, gives nothing, and does nothing but diagnose and criticize the motives of the man who gives.

To whom much is given, we are told, from him much will be required. True, but you and I have not yet been appointed to do the requiring. I hope the day will never come when a North Carolinian will claim what another man possesses merely because the other man has more than he has.

There has always been among people without money a disease that amounts to an epidemic. It is an infinite ability to direct how those who have money should use it. I confess that I am somewhat affected by the contagion myself. I have some excellent advice to give to such people when occasion offers. But it is not my purpose to speak to rich people today. I want to talk to a larger audience.

Not many of us can do great deeds of philanthropy, but by a combination of effort we can easily do a work that will astonish even the most sanguine among us. All great enterprises in business now require combination and co-operation. So does the great business of helping our fellowmen. Co-operative philanthropy does not glorify the individual, but it glorifies and blesses humanity.

I have heard on two or three occasions since we have undertaken this work that there is danger of letting boys get an education with too little self-sacrifice. Passing by the little inconsistency of those who talk that way, in that they do not seem to think that their own boys will be hurt by getting an education without self-

sacrifice, I would say that there is no danger from this source to the average North Carolina child.

Did you ever see an energetic, open-hearted sixteen-year-old boy ploughing in the field? His father's only possession is a large and growing family, three or four mules and some old rocky land. That boy is practically working for his board and clothes—very ordinary board and very ordinary clothes. Suppose the father tells him he may go to school—may go to this University if he is prepared. When the boy stops ploughing his board stops and he can buy no more clothing except with borrowed money. Does it not seem that he will have to go through enough hardship in order to be able to come here and stay at dead expense for four years, even if he had not one cent of tuition money to pay? Three-fourths of the tuition of young men who come here is paid by the State appropriation, and it all ought to be free, not only here, but in all colleges and universities. States, churches and communities can well afford to furnish free instruction to all who are willing to go through the drudgery and self-denial and to give the time necessary to become genuinely educated people. If making tuition free would be considered charity, then giving three-fourths of it is charity.

No, my friends, do not be afraid that the boy described above, and the large class of which he is a type, will practice no self-denial and therefore will lack the virtue of self-reliance. Rather let us fear that the hardships of poverty and the lack of inspiring associations may cower the timid by chilling that spark of hope and ambition which I believe nature has, in greater or less degree, implanted in every youthful heart, and without which development and progress in individuals or nations would never be known.

Some say if a boy has anything in him, poverty and unfavorable surroundings cannot keep him down; it will come out. Then they proceed to illustrate by giving you a list of men, who are really such notable exceptions to ordinary humanity that their names are on the end of every tongue. This theory is on a par with that of the man who would put all his children out in the cold winter, bare-footed, without hats or coats, to harden them, and because some fellow, who is naturally a physical giant, is strong enough to

live through it, the father boasts of his excellent method of developing a boy.

Nearly a century and a half ago the English garrison of a fort at Calcutta was captured. The prisoners, 146 in number, were confined in a cell twenty feet square and with only two small windows. The story is familiar to you all. Thirst, heat and foul air caused the death of 123 of them the first night. Twenty-three survived and one of them has written the story of the sufferings of that dungeon, never to be known again except as the "Black Hole of Calcutta." The twenty-three who came out alive next morning were probably the strongest of the 146, but who will say that the 123 who perished were worthless because they did not have the genius of vitality in such degree as to enable them to live in the midst of the death and suffocation of that horrible pit?

A great portion of the masses of humanity to-day are in the Black Hole of Ignorance. They breathe no good intellectual atmosphere; have no hope and no great aspirations; associate daily with narrowness, prejudice and superstition; and at best their companionship is with commonplace, ambitionless mediocrity whose intellectual scope is no broader than its physical horizon. Some men will overcome such obstacles and survive, but they must have the genius of grit to do it. Nearly everybody in this house knows some such genius. But let us remember, he is a genius not because he had these hardships and survived, but he survived because he was a genius. The great bulk of humanity is not composed of geniuses and has not enough courage, self-reliance and ambition to survive such hard conditions. Strong men will live through what will kill ordinary people. There are always in this world a few choice spirits who cannot be held down—men who seem not to be affected by circumstances, but who, as Napoleon said, make circumstances; but they are so rare we make heroes of them all.

We ought to make the path easier for average humanity. The survival of the fittest implies the death of almost the fittest. Many a timid person, lacking confidence in himself and the world, and with no inheritance but poverty and ignorance, has become a blessing to humanity by a kind word and a helping hand when help was needed; but who can estimate the number who have despaired

and died without the encouragement and help the more fortunate might have given almost without knowing it?

I wish I could picture to this audience and to the State what I have seen among the boys and girls of North Carolina. So far as the comforts and luxuries of intellectual life are concerned, there is a great deal of destitution among the State's best material for citizenship. Indeed, the most worthy field for educational philanthropy has been scarcely touched. The State, in the name of patriotism, the leading churches, in the name of religion, and wealthy people, in the name of philanthropy, have for years paid from three-fourths to nine-tenths of the collegiate and university instruction given to boys and men, black and white, and to colored girls and women; but the white woman in North Carolina has received no substantial financial recognition from the State, the church or the philanthropist. The result is that the white girl's tuition alone costs her as much as the negro girl pays for board and tuition. The reason of this is simple. Three-fourths of the salaries paid to college professors who teach white boys and colored boys and girls is paid by the annual State and national appropriations and by the income derived from endowment funds; whereas the money that employs the white girl's faculty must come from board and tuition fees alone. This discrimination strikes at the very foundation of educational progress. Civilization must be advanced by good homes and good schools, and homes and schools are made by women and not by men. The contention made by those who have advocated a reform in this matter has been not necessarily for co-education nor for the same kind of education, but for the same rate of expense in securing such education as is needed for women. States, churches and philanthropists ought to do at least as much to cheapen the cost of a woman's education as it does for a man's.

But the strangest feature of this whole question and the reason I call attention to it, is the fact that not only have the Legislatures and church organizations and wealthy men made their appropriations for the education of men only (except that for colored women), but the women who have had money to give have generally given it in the same direction.

During the past few years this University has received in do-

nations and bequests more than \$100,000, and about half of it was given by two women. A woman has given a Divinity building to Trinity College, and the student's aid funds of different institutions for boys in this State have been liberally helped by women. I do not mention these donations to criticize them, but simply to show that women themselves seem not to have discovered the discrimination against their own sex in the matter of education.

I trust that the next decade will witness a revolution in this particular. I am glad that the State has finally established a college for women on the same financial basis with this University, and that after September of this year the sisters of the boys who have almost free instruction at the University can have similar help at the State Normal and Industrial School at Greensboro. I am glad that the great Baptist denomination has decided to treat its women as it does its men, and that it is working now on an endowment fund for the Baptist University in Raleigh, where the sisters of the Wake Forest boys will receive their collegiate instruction. My reason for referring to this matter is to indicate a great field for general philanthropy, and to suggest that not only could women of wealth with philanthropic inclinations find a good opportunity to do good by helping institutions for their own sex, but also to bespeak for them and their institutions a generous encouragement from all the friends of this University, which has been so often and so liberally helped by those who could enter neither this nor any other State institution, unless they were blind or deaf or criminal or insane.

If all this should seem to some to be a digression, I will only say that my object in accepting the invitation to address you was to emphasize the great need of co-operative philanthropy in North Carolina, both here and elsewhere. My special desire was to influence as many as possible to aid us in our particular enterprise in connection with this University. But I would be glad to know that those who do not desire to help through the channel proposed by our Alumni Association would join with others in similar schemes at other educational institutions. Of course I would be glad for you to do it here. But above this Association, this University, and all other institutions, which are only means for accom-

plishing an end, I want to keep in constant view that great end, namely, the gradual abolition of ignorance and the flooding of the earth with the light of truth. We are fond of quoting, "Knowledge is power," but I fear we are inclined to forget the tremendous and perilous power of ignorance. I use the word in a broader sense than illiteracy. It is not a power to save or to make alive, but it is a power to damn and to destroy. Ignorance is ignorant even of its own friends. It is the blind Samson who destroys the temple, self and all. It is the wild furor of the multitude crying of its best friend, Crucify him! crucify him! Give us Barabbas! It is often most dangerous when combined with the highest moral virtues. Give to it sincerity and courage and they only add to its stubborn violence and its terrible destructiveness. It has destroyed its best friends and called it self-preservation; persecuted and tortured in the name of the Prince of Peace; enslaved in the name of freedom; killed its best prophets in the name of progress. It makes the Hindoo mother throw her innocent babe to the crocodiles as the very climax of religious virtue. It has sent to the stake many of the purest men this world has ever seen and nailed to the cross its only perfect model. It is a sort of delirium that suspects friends and trusts enemies, that always sees danger where there is none and never sees it where it is. It is blind as night and thinks itself omniscient. If angels ever weep, it must often be over the works of honest ignorance. Not in the spirit of anger, but rather with that brotherly love and pity which says "Forgive them; they know not what they do," let us devote ourselves to the abolition of this great curse which mars every blessing and deepens every woe that the sons of men are called upon to experience. And let each of us do his part, whether great or small, in this work. Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. We all like the story of the good shepherd who left the ninety and nine and went after the one sheep which was lost, but it seems to me that we see the ninety and nine in the wilderness of ignorance appealing to us for light. The danger is that the undertaking seems so great and each of us alone can do so little, that those of us who have only one talent will bury it. Let us remember that doing nothing is one of the great crimes

of the earth. The slothful servant's sin was not in making only a little gain, but it was in doing absolutely nothing; the fig tree was cursed not because it brought forth evil fruit, or only a little fruit, but because it was barren.

When each of you has finished his work on earth I trust that his epitaph will be worthily written, He served his God by serving his fellow men; and may you hear from the other shore, Well done good and faithful servant; inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, you did it unto me.

EDITORIALS.

—With this issue of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE our editorial career ends, and a new board of editors, full of new ideas and fresh energy, assumes control of the fortunes and destiny of the MAGAZINE. As we promised in the beginning, we have failed to give our readers an ideal College Magazine, but we trust that our honest efforts have been appreciated, and that our labor—one indeed without money and without price—has not been entirely fruitless. It has been our endeavor to catch the true University spirit and to reflect it in these pages. This we consider the only true object of a College Magazine and its only reason for existing. Under the able administration of our successors, we hope to see great improvements in every department. The following able and promising young men will edit the MAGAZINE for 1892-'93: From the Philanthropic Society, F. C. Harding, of Pitt Co., and W. P. Wooten, of Lenoir Co.; from the Dialectic Society, F. P. Eller, of Ashe Co., and T. J. Cooper, of Cherokee Co. The business managers will be Messrs. A. H. Koonce, of Onslow, and T. J. Wilson, of Orange. These gentlemen have charge of the subscriptions, advertisements, etc. We bespeak for our readers a most excellent MAGAZINE, one of greatest interest to them and of credit to the University, and in bidding them farewell we would beseech them and all friends of the State University to give this MAGAZINE a warm and earnest support.

COMMENCEMENT FOR 1892.—This was a great occasion in the lives of sixteen young men of North Carolina. It makes the closing days of their boyhood and their entrance upon the race of life. Amid all the pleasures and enjoyments of a Commencement time, there must be in each many sad sorrowful thoughts. It is a birthday for many and the pains and perils of birth are beneath all the gayety and pleasure of the occasion.

The great disappointment which we sustained in not having Senator Carlyle with us cast a gloom over the bright hopes of the students and Faculty for awhile, but when our own Charles D. McIver and Hon. A. M. Waddell had made their admirable addresses, and when Hon. Hannis Taylor, a University man delivered his charming oration on Wednesday, we began to feel that we had not lost so much after all. The details of the Commencement are given in another department, but there are some features worthy of special mention. One of these is the Reception of Tuesday night. This, like so many other happy ideas, originated in the mind of our honored President and was a decided success. For many

years there has been no social opportunity offered to the young ladies and gentlemen of the State, who for various reasons do not dance. It has been generally understood that no young lady who does not dance, would enjoy a visit to the University Commencement. It was partly the intention of the University to correct this false notion that the Reception was put upon the programme, and its success this year, although the weather was not favorable it was very gratifying to those who were interested in it. We hope that it will become a permanent feature of the University Commencements.

The baseball games and the Glee Club entertainments mark a decided change in the University. These features are taking their due place in our life and no one who understands the need they fill will disparage them. College athletics have become a legitimate feature of college life and when it is remembered that these ball games bring all our Southern colleges into close connection and manly rivalry they will recommend themselves to all. This year's Glee Club has shown the necessity and benefits of such an organization, and it will take a prominent position in the University.

ALUMNI EDITORS.—In his address before the Alumni Association on Tuesday, Hon. Chas. D. McIver, as usual, delivered some very sensible and practical suggestions. We heartily endorse him when he says that the Alumni ought to take great interest in this Magazine, and that there ought to be an Alumni editor. We would look for good results from an enthusiastic and energetic editor of an Alumni Department and hope that some means will be adopted to have one. It should be remembered, however, that we want an editor who will do more than leave his name on the first page. There is room for great improvement here, and we hope it will be made.

EXCHANGES.

—The following comment upon the Exchange departments of College Journals, from the *Georgetown College Journal*, is very appropriate. It should be added, however, that no sooner than this editorial wisdom is gained most College editors lay down the pen, a new board of editors appears, and thus it goes.

“The progress that editors and exchange men of the collegiate world are making was very evident from our exchanges of last month. There was a technicality of get-up and the roundness of phrase that betoken a growing experience of the tricks of the trade. This, however, is the annual course of events, especially in those papers whose managing board changes yearly, and who every autumn introduce a new batch of green hands to engineer their publications. As the term advances it is not uninteresting to note how the editor learns to mince his words, assume dictatorial airs, and then repose in sedate quiet that is refreshing; and how the exchange man begins to qualify his praise or blame, once so earnestly expressed, joins in the mighty chorus that quotes and sings pæans of praise to the large college journals, but engages in contests of literary throat-cutting with smaller papers and rivals. These are the signs that, with the violets and the ‘House To Let’ placards, tell the experienced observer that spring is near.”

—Says the *Palo Alto*: “At Boston University the faculty have voted to permit work on the College paper to count as work in the Course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor, and two hours per week to each of his assistants.”

This is an excellent plan, and some such arrangement as this is what our University Magazine most needs. How about it gentlemen of the faculty?

I have a weight upon my mind,
I overheard him say,
“That’s good,” she said, “’t will keep the wind
From blowing it away.”

—*Bowdoin Orient*.

—Harvard’s foot-ball account for the season of 1891 shows a balance, after all expenses are paid, of \$6,978.28.—*Ex.*

—Williams will celebrate its centennial in 1893.—*Swathmore Phoenix*.

—Attendance at recitations has been made voluntary for Brown's Senior Class.—*Ex*.

—The University of Leipsic will admit women for the first time this year. Six are already enrolled, of whom four are Americans.—*Ex*.

—Among the recent additions to the faculty of Leland Stanford, Jr. University, is Mrs. Mary Sheldon Barnes, well known both as a student and author.

—In a German university a student's matriculation card shields him from arrest, admits him at half price to theatres and takes him free to art galleries.—*Univ. Cynic*.

MODERN AGNOSTICISM.

"The professors are wrong," said the student at college,

"In giving me marks that are low.

For, with Huxley, I think that the height of all knowledge

Is in the three words: 'I don't know!'"

—*Trinity Tablet*.

RETROSPECT.

I never was fond of swinging a cane,
I never disliked the taste of beer;
And I never saw Soldene—but once,
Æons ago, in my Freshman year.

I never frequented Parker's much,
For drops and conditions have had no fear;
So never suspended was I—but once,
Of course, in my Sophomore year.

I never read Descartes and Kant,
Talked of the "ego" and reason mere;
And I never heard Joseph Cook but once,
'Twas enough—in my Junior year.

I never took life in a serious way,
And thought of my prospects of leaving here;
And I never was really in love—but once,
Well—yes,—in my Senior year.

—*New verses from the Harvard Advocate*.

SHE PREFERS THE COLLEGE PRESS.

What magazine is best? Come, tell!"
I asked three maids one day;
"The Cosmopolitan," cried Nell,
"The Century," said May.

With merry twinkle in her eye
And saucy mien, sweet Bess
Declared—I know the reason why—
"I love the College Press."

—*Univ. Cynic.*

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Chief Marshal Crawford Biggs and his assistants performed their duty well commencement.

—“Gentlemen, this is a very short and easy examination on Biology; even Mr. Scott ought to pass.”

—George Connor has accepted the position of Principal of the Goldsboro Graded School for the coming year. A deserved compliment.

—The Editors of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for '92-93 have been elected by the societies. Harding, F., Wooten and Koonce have been chosen by the Phi Society; Eller, Cooper and Wilson will have charge of the business department. We congratulate the societies on their selections.

—The annual contests for the medals given in each society for excellence in debate, composition and declamation were held in the halls of the two societies Friday evening, April 22d. In the Di. society the debaters' medal was awarded to T. J. Cooper, the declaimer's medal to H. H. Atkinson, and the essayist's to Walser. The committees for the Phi. society decided that George W. Connor, C. F. Harvey and C. H. Harding were entitled respectively to the debater's, essayist's and declaimer's medals.

—At 8:30 o'clock Saturday evening, May 7th, C. F. Harvey, President, called to order the large audience which had assembled in the Phi. hall to listen to the fifth semi-annual public debate between the Philanthropic and Dialectic societies. The Secretary, Nathan Toms, read the query for debate: Resolved, That the execution of Charles I was unjustifiable. The affirmative was well argued by W. F. Harding and W. E. Darden for the Phi's, and the negative ably sustained by R. H. Hayes and L. C. Van Noppen for the Di's. The earnestness, clearness and force which characterized the arguments on both sides, together with the pleasing delivery of the speakers, made this debate one of the most enjoyable of the series. At its conclusion the committee, consisting of Dr. Manning, Dr. Alexander and Mr. J. H. Southgate, were escorted by the marshals, George Marsh and Harry Howell, to a room where they might reach a decision. There was unusual interest in the decision, inasmuch as the Phi's had won two and the Di's two of the series. The committee soon returned to the hall and announced that they had decided unanimously in favor of the affirmative. Amid much cheering the President then declared the house adjourned.

—It will be with deep sorrow that the students of the University will receive the news of the death of F. P. Eller, '93, which occurred Wednesday, June 15th, at 1 A. M. But few young men have so identified themselves with our University during a three years stay. The President of his class, winner of the Debater's Medal, successful contestant in the 4th inter-society debate, Mr. Eller left an enviable record behind him, and he will be sorely missed by his class-mates and friends.

His body was conveyed for interment to his home in Ashe county. A. H. Eller, his brother who had so faithfully watched by his bedside, together with Howard E. Rondthaler, accompanied the remains.

Inasmuch as his death was very sudden, the news proved a sore shock to his parents, and the happy vacation towards which they had looked forward bringing with it the return of their son, has proved, through an inscrutable dispensation of Divine Providence, a season of sadness and sorrow.

—Saturday afternoon, April 16th, a large crowd gathered on the University baseball field to witness the first game of the season—Guilford College vs. University. Floyd and Oldham formed the battery for the home team; Smith and Hodgin for the visitors. Reagan, the regular catcher for the G. C. team, was laid up, and an inexperienced man had to be substituted; consequently Smith did not receive his usual support behind the bat. The visiting team could do nothing with Floyd's balls. This, together with the sharp fielding of the U. team, prevented them from scoring until the ninth inning, when by a bad throw to third they scored one run. The Guilford College men had several fine players, but the hard hitting of the U. team and costly errors on the part of their opponents enabled them to score fourteen runs. The occasion was made much more pleasant by the presence of a party of fifteen young ladies from Peace Institute, spending an Easter holiday at Durham.

The University's second game was played on their grounds Friday afternoon, April 23d, against the Oak Ridge Institute team, resulting in a victory for the former by a score of 7 to 4. The battery for the visiting team was Stevens and Stafford; for the home team Floyd and Oldham. The game was very close until the sixth inning, when the O. R. boys allowed U. to score three runs. The home team were allowed to score three more runs in the eighth inning. In the ninth the visitors rallied and two men crossed the plate, but this only lessened the final score. The work of the batteries was very fine, each pitcher striking out seven men. Six base hits were made by the Oak Ridge team; five by the University. The features of the game were the long running catches of Hampton in right and Og-

burn in center, the latter one-handed. Hendren made a beautiful running catch of a foul ball behind first base; the crowd also heartily cheered his three-base hit. Stafford made a long hit behind third which, fortunately for the U. team, struck just a few feet within foul lines, otherwise three men would have scored, there being two men on bases. The work of Wood and Tucker as short stops was also highly complimented.

A game was played with Davis School on their grounds Wednesday morning, April 27th, University winning by a score of 6 to 2. In the afternoon an exhibition game was played with the Winston professionals. Both sides made a good many errors, the Winston team scoring thirteen runs, principally on the University's errors. The final score was 13 to 3 in favor of Winston.

Friday morning, April 29th, the team left for Raleigh to play a game with Wake Forest College at Athletic Park. On their arrival there, they learned that Quarles, a noted professional pitcher of Virginia, would go in the box for W. F. Upon inquiry it was learned that Quarles had registered at Wake Forest College the preceding day, had gone on recitation, but had not recited. He denied that he was a professional, whereupon telegrams were sent and answers received that he had played last season in Winston for salary, and furthermore, that he had signed up for the present season with Fort Worth, Texas. Nor was or could it be denied that he was paid over and above his expenses to play with the W. F. team. Under these circumstances the University did not consider him a bona fide student, notwithstanding the certificate signed by members of the Wake Forest faculty to the contrary. The U. team came down with the intention of playing a W. F. team, composed of bona fide students; not finding such a team, they refused to play. On the other hand it was claimed by Wake Forest that Floyd and Lanier were professionals. This Floyd and Lanier denied and defied them to prove it. Though they had ample opportunity if it had been true, they failed to do so. They simply continued to contend. Both these players attended recitations in law daily, recited, had entered college in the early spring and remained until the close of the term; whereas Quarles left Wake Forest two or three days after the date set for the game. Captain Johnston offered to play without Lanier and Floyd the moment it was proven that they were professionals, or that they received anything more for their services than that received by every other member of the team—board and expenses while on the trips with the team. The University offered Floyd and Lanier inducements to come here; she offers the same inducements to every young man, and two hundred and forty-eight took advantage of them this year. They were not professionals, but if that game had been played, Wake Forest would have

thought so before they were through with them; and not only them, but several others on the team.

After travelling all night, the University of North Carolina baseball team arrived in Richmond at 7 a. m. Tuesday, May 10th, to play their first game with the University of Virginia team. Only a small crowd had gathered at Island Park when at 4 o'clock the game was called. This was partly due to the disagreeable weather, partly to the memorial exercises. Hume and Marshall formed the battery for the Virginians; Floyd and Floyd (and Oldham) for the Tar Heels. The U. N. C. boys threw away the game in the first three innings by their errors, allowing the Virginia team to score five runs. During the six succeeding innings they failed to score. At one time it looked like a shut out for the visitors, but in the ninth inning two runs were scored from hits by Floyd and Robertson. Hume struck out three men; Floyd fifteen. Our team batted Hume rather freely, but the sharp fielding of our opponents, particularly the in fielding, prevented us from scoring. The work of Shelton as shortstop was especially complimented. Hendren, right fielder for the U. N. C. boys, hurt his shoulder in the sixth inning and Kenan was substituted.

The team then had to take the train at 10:30 p. m., reaching Charlottesville about 2:30 a. m. The second game with the U. Va. boys was called on their grounds at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Jones pitched for the home team and was well caught by Marshall. Oldham for the visitors caught Lanier in his usual good style. Both sides played well, but the Old Dominion boys were beaten by a score of 7 to 4, the victors making only two errors, their opponents seven. The balls of Lanier were as deceptive to the Virginians as those of Floyd were on the preceding day. The feature of the game was Wood's three bagger when three men were on bases. The throwing of Oldham to second also elicited much praise.

The tired and weary Chapel Hillians were aroused at 3 o'clock Thursday morning to take the train for Lynchburg, arriving there at 5:15. They played the Washington and Lee team at the Y. M. C. A. Park the same afternoon, but were beaten by a score of 9 to 3, two of these three, however, being earned runs. After having played two games in succession and travelling the greater part of three successive nights the University team was in no condition to play, and made many errors. This, together with their heavy batting, allowed W. and L. to run up a large score. The batteries were Pratt and Davis for the Virginians; Floyd and Oldham for the Carolinians. The W. and L. team was composed principally of professionals, as was evident from their manner and bearing on the field. The feature of the game was Moye's long running catch in left field. Wood also did good work as shortstop, his throws to first being very fine. The

umpiring was very unsatisfactory to the Chapel Hillians. The umpire seemed determined that Washington and Lee should win, and at the conclusion of the game made himself very conspicuous by his cheers for the Virginians.

Our team were given a warm reception at every point, and the memories of the occasion will always linger pleasantly in the minds of those whose good fortune it was to take the trip.

The whole team have worked hard this year, and every man has played his position well. They certainly deserve great credit for their work. Nor should we forget the valuable aid rendered by the faculty. To them, and particularly to the encouragement and active interest of Professors Venable and Williams, is our success and the present progressing athletic spirit in a great measure due.

—The Hellenians are ready for distribution. Copies can be had by sending one dollar to Dr. A. B. Roberson, Chapel Hill, or Alfred Williams & Co., Raleigh, N. C.

—Two hundred and forty-eight students!

—The ninety-seventh annual commencement was a fitting close to the past collegiate year—one of the most prosperous in all the history of this honored institution. The weather was pleasant, the crowd large and very agreeable, and the exercises enjoyable from both an intellectual and a social standpoint.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached Sunday morning, May 28th, by Rev. J. W. Carter, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Raleigh, N. C., in Gerrard Hall. The text chosen by Dr. Carter was "Truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from heaven." He discussed the question, "What is truth," its value and relation to righteousness, and how they must be blended to form true character. It was a grand sermon and made a deep and lasting effect on the congregation, particularly on those to whom it was especially addressed.

Tuesday, May 31st, was Alumni Day. At 9:30 a. m. the Board of Trustees held their annual meeting, which was followed by a meeting of the University Alumni Association in Gerrard Hall. The Alumni address was delivered by Mr. Charles D. McIver, President of the State Normal and Industrial School for girls. The speaker made many good, practical suggestions, and a committee was appointed by the Association to carry out these suggestions.

The chief event of the day was the oration by Col. A. M. Waddell on the

Life and Services of Col. Wm. L. Saunders. The orator, by reason of his long and intimate acquaintance with Col. Saunders, was well qualified for his duty, and he performed it admirably. This fitting tribute to one of North Carolina's most honored sons and heroes was delivered in Col. Waddell's usual happy style, completely capturing the audience, which showed its high appreciation by prolonged cheering at its conclusion.

Tuesday evening the orations by representatives of the two societies were delivered in Memorial Hall before a large audience. The speakers and their subjects were:

S. F. Austin (Phi), Saxon Ideas in America; T. J. Cooper (Di), Footprints of Individuals; F. C. Harding (Phi), The Conflict of Forces; W. P. M. Currie (Di), Scotch Character; W. P. Wooten, The Future of Southern Europe. Much to the regret of his many friends and admirers, F. P. Eller, who had chosen for his subject Institutions, was prevented from delivering his oration by sickness.

Immediately after the conclusion of the speaking Mr. Locke Craig, of Asheville, presented to the Phi Society an oil portrait of Hon. Charles M. Stedman; likewise an oil portrait of Hon. Richmond M. Pearson was presented to the Di. Society.

The audience then adjourned to the handsomely decorated Gymnasium where the President's reception was held. Here two hours were spent in a most pleasant manner by visitors, as well as by Faculty and students. Cream and cake was served and the evening was one of rare enjoyment.

Wednesday morning, long before the hour for the commencement exercises, visitors began to gather in Memorial Hall, so that it was nearly filled when at 10:30 the Trustees and Faculty, followed by the Senior class, marched down the long aisle to the rostrum. After prayer by Dr. Hume and a hymn, Dr. Winston announced that the next thing in order was the delivery of the Senior orations. Though the class numbered sixteen members, only seven were allowed to speak, these being chosen partly for oratory, partly for scholarship. The orations, on the whole, were unusually thoughtful, and were said to be among the best ever delivered here. The orators and their subjects were as follows:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| W. E. Rollins, Asheville, N. C. | —Prophets Past and Present. |
| Geo. W. Connor, Wilson, | “ —Truth and Tradition. |
| Geo. H. Crowell, New London, | “ —Ideal Manhood. |
| L. C. Van Noppen, Durham, | “ —False Verdicts of Our History. |
| Plato Collins, Kinston, | “ —Reformers Before the Reformation. |
| W. E. Darden, Kinston, | “ —A Political Anachronism. |
| F. C. Mebane, Madison, | “ —The Philosopher and the Apostle. |

The honor of valedictorian has been abolished, otherwise the last speaker would have enjoyed that distinction, he having made the highest average of any member of the class.

Next on the programme was the Annual Address by Hon. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky. Unfortunately we were denied the pleasure of hearing this distinguished gentleman, he being detained at home by sickness. However, a most agreeable surprise was in store for us. Rev. Hannis Taylor, author of the celebrated work on "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution," and, we are proud to say, an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, kindly consented to speak a few words to the graduating class. Mr. Taylor, after a few allusions to his own college life and associates, spoke earnestly and eloquently on the value of citizenship in this great American republic and our duty as citizens, closing with a few words of advice and encouragement to those about to leave forever, perhaps, these historic walls.

The hour being rather late, the reading of the Annual Report was dispensed with, and the medals and prizes were delivered.

It was not long before the committee announced that Mr. G. H. Crowell, of New London, N. C., had won the Willie P. Mangum medal, which is bestowed upon that member of the graduating class delivering the best commencement oration. The Representative medal was won by Mr. F. C. Harding; Hume Essay medal by C. F. Harvey; Philosophical prize, Mr. Buie; History medal, Mr. Van Noppen; Greek Prize, Mr. Wilson.

The customary closing exercises took place, and it was already well on past noon when the vast company left Memorial Hall.

At 5 o'clock the afternoon dance was given in the Gymnasium, which had been superbly decorated for the occasion.

Thursday evening was the german, beautifully led by Victor H. Boyden, Chief Ball Manager, assisted by A. B. Andrews, Jr., Thomas Ruffin and G. H. Price from the Di Society; S. A. Ashe, Jr., E. W. Myers and L. O'B. B. Jones from the Phi. The ball managers performed their duty admirably, and deserve all the compliments paid them.

The First Regiment Band, of Richmond, furnished music for these and other commencement exercises.

It was estimated that there were sixty couples present, representing the grace, beauty and culture of the Old North State, as well as several of her sister States.

Thursday evening the rosettes and regalias were presented. Rosettes were presented to the following young ladies: Misses Katherine Fuller

(chief ball manager's), Emma Katie Jones, Etta McVea, Bessie Henderson, Rena Burwell, Marion Hamilton, and Madge Morehead. Regalias were presented to Misses Minnie Tucker (two, chief marshal's, also one assistant's), Matilda Heartt, May Davies, Sadie Taylor and Mittie Ward.

Long before the gay dancers dreamed of it, the gray streaks of dawn announced the approach of day; the band very softly and very sweetly began to play that most beautiful of all waltzes, "Home, Sweet Home," and as the last sweet strains died away, the commencement of '92 was at an end.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**RICHMOND STRIAIGHT-CUT NO. 1
CIGARETTES.**



CIGARETTE Smokers who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find **THIS BRAND** superior to ALL others. *The Richmond Straight-Cut No. 1 Cigarettes* are made from the brightest, the most delicately flavored and highest cost Gold Leaf grown in Virginia. This is the *Old and Original Brand of Straight-Cut Cigarettes*, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,

and observe that the firm name, as below, is on every package.

THE ALLEN & GINTER BRANCH
OF THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.,

MANUFACTURERS,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

OUR
NEW
PRICE
LIST

—OF YOUR—

SOCIETY BADGE

Will be Mailed to You Through Your
Chapter Upon Application.

Wright, Kay & Co.,

Manufacturers of Finest Plain and Jeweled Society Badges,
DETROIT, MICH.

HEADQUARTERS

Fine Dress Shirts, Full Dress
Shirts, Latest Styles Hats,
Underwear, Gloves,
Shoes, Etc.

DRESS SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Large Assortment of Patterns
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Whiting Bros
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED

CLOTHIERS & HATTERS

Raleigh, N.C.

